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The Catholic Register.

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

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The event of the week of most importance to the Catholic Church, and therefore to the world, is the Encyclical of the Pope. It is an invitation to all of those who are not in the Unity of Faith to return to the sheepfold which contains the sons of Christ. More than twenty years ago, before the Vatican Council, His Holiness Pius IX. issued a similar invitation to the world, and among the many who responded to it was Rev. James Kent Stone, a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose "Invitation Heeded" gave the reasons for his conversion. All Catholics should join in a fervent prayer that the heartfelt words of the saintly Leo may have similar effect on the minds of many.

The Encyclical begins with a grateful acknowledgment of the many congratulations heaped on him during his jubilee year. Then follows the prayer that all men may be led through grace of Jesus Christ into the bonds of peace and unity—the pagan nations who know not Christ, the Eastern peoples who have been led from the Church by political leaders, and the heretics of all denominations, who are brought up in the errors of their ancestors and have not seen the light of truth. The Freemasons are denounced for their secret and open attempts to eradicate Christianity from the life of the century. The Holy Father deprecates the position of European nations in regard to one another, and laments the continual necessity of large armies, the growth of discontent, and the decay of pro submission to authority. He advises as the only remedy for the evils of the times that nations should accord proper freedom and assistance to the Church in its efforts to preserve morality and peace on earth. It might be thought that an old man on the verge of the grave, with his heart consumed by a desire to prevent the evils he can see so clearly, would be pessimistic in his address. But not so. Leo XIII. is one of a line of men who have coped with a worse condition of affairs than even these faithless times present and his whole letter breathes a spirit of holy confidence in the Bridegroom with whom all things are possible, and in whose strength the apostles of the world can do all things.

The state of affairs nearer home recalls the advice given in another famous letter of the zealous Pontiff, in the great strike against Pullman, which is just drawing to a close, both employer and employed have shown the consequences which follow the neglect of the wise advice of the Father of Christendom. Mr. Pullman refused to arbitrate, and Mr. Doherty of the America

ed members of his union to refuse to handle Pullman's cars. This led to complications with the railway companies, and for two weeks scarcely a car moved on the lines west of the Ohio. Mr. Sovereign, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor called out his men to enforce the principle of arbitration, and the result of the whole complication was a loss in property and wages of millions of dollars. Moreover, the United States troops were brought into the contest and several lives were sacrificed in the preservation of order.

On Friday last Mr. Doherty and his associates surrendered their position, and through Mayor Hopkins made the offer to resume work if the railway men were reinstated in their old positions. However, they claim a moral victory, as President Cleveland intends to appoint a commission of arbitration on the provisions of the O'Neill Law. This commission, though unable to force submission to its finding, can call on the Pullman Company to produce its books, and thus public opinion will be enlightened on the merits of the original grievance. The labor leaders claim that when this is done, they will be justified in the extreme measure they have been forced to adopt. However this may be, it is a subject of general rejoicing that the business of the continent can proceed on its customary course once more.

From the consideration of such scenes we turn with glad relief to our own favored land, where the representatives of three continents have been in discussion of plans for the peace and prosperity of the British Colonies. The Colonial Conference has ended its sittings, and whether or not they have accomplished anything practical, the meeting of representative men from different lands cannot but be for the best interests of the Empire. The delegates attended a banquet in Toronto previous to their going home. We were especially pleased to see among the delegates the representative of Victoria, Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, whose solid ability and fine delivery were great sources of both profit and pleasure to the Conference.

The time at Ottawa has been spent in the discussion of the French treaty of reciprocity in certain lines of goods. It was ratified by the highest majority of the session, as Mr. Laurier and other Rouges voted in its favor. As the French do not make the concessions on goods entering France by an indirect route, it is probable that a line of ships will be established between Canada and French ports. The ratification of the treaty is a triumph for Sir Charles Tupper, who was almost the sole agent in drawing up the terms.

As a result of the strike in the United States an agitation was commenced by a number of members of Parliament in England to have the Australian mails sent by the C.P.R. instead going through San Francisco. Col. Vincent and Mr. Bowles pressed the matter on the House, but they were informed that the railway strike had caused no delay in the Australian mails and it was not the intention of the Government to make a change.

The Anarchists are still busy in Europe. On Friday, at the launching of the new ironclad Carnot, flames were discovered bursting from the hold. Several arrests have been made, and it is reported that one of the workmen confessed to having set fire to the vessel. At Barcelona the Anarchist Franch, who threw the bomb into a crowded theatre, cynically confessed his guilt. An Anarchist plot to blow up several public buildings has been discovered in Paris. The French Chamber is even now passing a vigorous law against Anarchists, but unless vigorous international action is accomplished it will only crush the toes of the giant.

The complications arising from the murder in China of the Korean, Kim O' Kim, who represented the Japanese in that strange peninsula, is likely to lead to war. Japan has landed 10,000 troops in Corea, and holds possession of several towns. The Chinese residents are fleeing for their lives, and China is preparing to defend her interests. England and France are using diplomatic interference to prevent a struggle, but it is scarcely probable that the Japanese will be easily deterred from adopting harsh measures to restore their lost influence. The Asiatics are not very good fighters when they oppose European troops, but a war among themselves would probably cause more bloodshed and horror than a strife in Europe.

Mr. Chauncey Depew has obtained the signature of the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House, and numerous Senators, Representatives, and College Presidents to the following invitation to Mr. Gladstone to visit America:

To the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone:

"Fully recognizing the far-reaching and beneficent influences upon our common race of your long and brilliant career, we would, if possible, add something to the almost unprecedented expressions of good will attending your entrance upon the pleasant season of well deserved rest and recreation now opening up before you.

"Desiring to contribute in some measure to your happiness, in the name of a number of gentlemen and ladies who have enjoyed the privilege of your acquaintance in your own hospitable land, more than one remembering to have heard you express the pleasure that it would give you to see this country, we cordially invite you and Mrs. Gladstone, together with such members of your family and household as you may be pleased to bring with you, to visit this country during the coming autumn at a date best suiting your convenience.

"We confidently assure you that your presence in America would not fail to be regarded by your 'kin beyond the sea,' as an honor to themselves and to that country whose destinies your pen has glowingly and memorably depicted.

"Preliminary arrangements have been made of such character as to justify the fullest assurance of your utmost comfort in all respects, with entire freedom from intrusion of every kind upon your privacy. You would be our guest from the moment of leaving your home until your return, which would be, we trust, with a new lease of life and increased power for its enjoyment.

During the past month Lady Aberdeen has been making a tour of her industrial schools in the South of Ireland. Needless to say she was received with unbounded affection and enthusiasm in every city. Her practical work in creating a market for Irish industries has won her a place for all time in the affections of that "long-memoried race," who never forget a friend or a foe. At her reception at in Cork, her Excellency said: Canadians and Irish Canadians took the deepest interest in the work. The Premier of Canada, Sir John Thompson, had sent his heartiest good will for the progress of Irish industries. He spoke of himself as an Irishman and a descendant of Irishmen. He was proud, he had said, to be a Waterford man. Her Excellency said that a house had been established in Montreal for the sale of Irish manufactures, and she hoped to see them also in Toronto and Kingston. The Irish people in Canada can give great assistance to the poor, struggling people over the water, and encouragement to the kind lady who is aiding them, by patronizing the places where these goods are sold. It is a better way to give help than to send the money over the ocean.

Mr. Geo. P. A. Healey perhaps the most noted portrait painter in the world, died last week in Chicago at the advanced age of eighty years. During his lifetime he has painted the portraits of the most famous men of his times, including Leo XIII., Prince Bismarck, King Louis Philippe, Guizot, Clay, Webster, Grant, Sheridan, Stanley, Longfellow, Phil Sheridan, and De Lesseps. Like so many noted members of his profession, the painter was a devout Catholic, and two of his daughters have become nuns.

A deputation of Catholic laymen in Winnipeg waited on the City School Board on July 10. They said that there were 1,000 Catholic children requiring school accommodation, which they would give if the city aided them with \$18,000. If the city would agree to this they would come under the supervision of the Board, subject to inspection, while the teachers should continue under a permit until they should take out certificates. Of course religious teachers and instruction would be continued, but otherwise the school should comply with the usual regulations. The Board promised to consider the offer at an early date.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

Luke Wadding, Saint and Scholar.

Rev. Luke Wadding, who was one of the most eminent of European scholars of the seventeenth century, was born in Waterford city in 1588. His father, Walter Wadding, was a prosperous and enterprising corn merchant, who had many ships on the high seas and traded with Venice, Genoa and other southern ports. His mother was a near relative of Peter Lombard, who was also a native of Waterford, and who became afterwards distinguished as a scholar and theologian, and was eventually raised to the see of Armagh. On the occasion of his appointment, however, to the Primacy of All Ireland, Archbishop Lombard, most of whose life was spent on the continent could not return to take possession of his see, owing to the persecution and proscription of Catholic bishops and priests by bigoted and heretical officials. Luke Wadding's father was anxious that his son should become a sailor, and help him to extend his trade; but the young man had no desire for the life of either a "tar" or a merchant. He had a higher and a holier ambition—that of devoting whatever talents and energy he possessed to the service of God's Church. He was encouraged in his vocation by his mother, who was a sincerely pious lady. His father, once convinced that Luke really desired to become a priest, offered him every facility for attaining to that high dignity.

Unable to obtain an ecclesiastical training in Ireland, he went abroad at the age of 14. The Irish College of Lisbon, Portugal, opened its doors to the young Levite. Here he commenced his philosophical studies and surroundings which awoke all the poetry of his mystic and enthusiastic soul. A blue southern sky was reflected, as in a mirror, in the waters of the azure bay on the slopes leading down to which the college itself was situated, flanked by golden vineyards in the autumn, and in summer by parterres of roses, and guarded in the rear by orange and olive groves, the aroma of which, mingling with that of the flowers and the ozone of a southern sea, stole in fragrantly through the half-open window of the student's cell, and gave him, as he afterwards said, "his first foretaste of heaven." His vocation inclining towards a membership of one of the great religious orders, he subsequently entered the Franciscan convent of Matozinos, near Oporto, where, after he had passed through the usual curriculum, he was ordained priest. After his ordination he was sent to the College of Coimbra, where the famous "J. K. L." of Kildare and Leighlin, Dr. Doyle, studied a few generations afterwards. Here he was professor of ecclesiastical history. While holding this position he perfected himself in the knowledge of canon law and theology, and had already won at an early age a European reputation for scholarship—thanks to the learned pamphlets that used to emanate periodically from his gifted pen. He also acquired a mastery of Spanish, Portuguese and Hebrew, and for several years occupied the pulpit of the cathedral of Coimbra, from which he addressed his congregations in the choicest and most eloquent Portuguese.

With the consent of his ecclesiastical superiors, and at the request of the bishop of Carthage, he left Coimbra for Rome in 1618, accompanied by the latter prelate, who had nominated him his chaplain. The bishop's mission to the Eternal City was for the purpose of investigating at the fountain head in the Vatican library the vexed problem of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, a question which was then, and was always, a matter of debate between churchmen until it was solved by the late Pio

Nono, who declared it *ex cathedra* a dogma of the church on Dec. 8, 1854. The bishop of Carthage was assisted by Father Wadding in his researches among the archives of the Vatican. After a long and laborious investigation both ecclesiastics came to the conclusion that the majority of the fathers and other theological scholars were fervent believers in the stainless conception of the Mother of God.

After this work of piety was concluded Father Wadding became an inmate of the Franciscan convent of St. Peter in Monterio, in the church attached to which were interred the ashes of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the gallant chieftains of Ulster. This edifice stands on the summit of the Janiculum, and commands a fine view of the city and the Alban hills in the distance. It is also adjacent to the Doric temple planned by the famous architect Bramante, and erected over the exact spot—so tradition says—where St. Peter was crucified head downwards, as a penalty for his championship of Christ.

The next important event in Father Wadding's life was the founding of the Irish Franciscan Convent of St. Isidore in Rome. In 1621 three Spanish friars made application to the then reigning Pontiff, Gregory XV., for authorization to erect an hospice for their brethren on the Pincian Hill. The permission having been granted they attempted to raise funds for the erection of a cruciform church, portions of the walls of which were already built, but failed. In this crisis the superior general of the Franciscan order had recourse to Luke Wadding, who was then one of the most influential personages in the city of Rome. Father Wadding consented to undertake the work himself on the understanding that a college would be attached to the hospice for the exclusive education of Levites for the Irish mission. He secured the warm approbation of Urban VIII. for the project. The Pope and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, including several cardinals, helped him financially in the undertaking, with the result that a stately edifice, comprising a church, a Franciscan convent and a college, was built on the summit of the Pincian Hill, not quite a thousand yards away from the present Piazza di Spagna. Luke Wadding made a present of 5000 volumes to the library of the new establishment. Authorized by the bull of institution given him by Pope Urban, he gathered into one fold in the building on the Pincian Hill many of the Franciscan monks of Irish birth who were then scattered all over Europe.

It was in his humble cell in St. Isidore, whither he removed his household goods from the monastery of St. Pietro, that Father Wadding wrote the great literary work of his life, assisted by three brother monks, Fathers Ponce, Hickey and Harold. This work, which was written in Latin, and was entitled "Annals of the Franciscan Order," was undertaken by him in obedience to the command of the superior general. Having, through his intimate friendship with the then reigning Pope, his entree into the Vatican library, as he had with a previous Pontiff that helped him in his researches on the Immaculate Conception, he spent hours daily transcribing documents bearing on the history which he was commissioned to write. He subsequently travelled over Europe in search of further material, visiting the libraries of Brussels, Perugia, Padua, Naples and Assisi, where he gleaned information about the order from old musty parchments, some of which had lain covered with dust and wreathed with cobwebs on the shelves for years. Several of the more ancient of Franciscan monasteries loaned him MS. memoirs of their superiors as well as records of their past. When he had gathered all these documents together they

weighed several tons, and had to be transported to Rome in a wagon. This initial or preparatory stage being over—it had occupied ten years of his life—ten more years were spent in writing the "Annals," with the assistance of the monks already referred to. At last when the series of volumes appeared from the printing press they were bought up by thousands of ecclesiastics, by scores of universities and hundreds of colleges. He was congratulated by the Pope and other prominent church dignitaries on the marvellous success of his contribution to Franciscan lore. He was now regarded as the most brilliant intellectual star of the order to which he belonged. Yet with the modesty of a sincere Christian he attributed any merits which the "Annals" possessed to the three monks who assisted him in his labors.

Another proof of Father Wadding's retiring disposition and self-depreciation is instanced in the fact that when he heard that a number of highly influential friends were putting their signature to a petition to the Pope, praying the latter to create him a cardinal, he induced one of the parties connected with the affair to intercept the document before it could reach the hands of his Holiness. And yet, though Father Wadding considered himself unworthy of the honor, there were few ecclesiastics of that day who merited as much as he the red cap.

"All this time," writes the historian Ware, "he grew into such authority, and the world had such an opinion of his wisdom, dexterity, industry and his good fortune in transacting business, that every person was fond of consulting his advice on different matters."

Throughout all these years he was not forgetful of the interests of the land of his birth. Like St. Columba in Iona, his eyes were never weary of striving to catch a glimpse in dreams of the beautiful isle of the west. During the period in which he was engaged on his "Annals" there was no hope for the political and religious freedom of his country. Now, however, in 1642, when English parties were figuratively cutting each others' throats, the opportunity for an armed insurrection came for Ireland, and with it the man, in the person of Owen Roe O'Neill, who was the friend and fellow-exile of Father Wadding. The latter threw himself with all the ardor of his patriotic nature into the movement that was inaugurated under the shadow of the spire of St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, where the confederation was established. He was appointed by the council of that body, which was Ireland's real Parliament just then, Irish agent in Rome, and its accredited representative at the Vatican and other Catholic European courts. This period of his life was the most active. He travelled all over Europe once more—interviewing Catholic kings and statesmen, and inducing several of them to lend a friendly hand to the Irish cause. Hundreds of Irish officers and thousands of Irish soldiers were dispatched by him to Ireland. He collected funds from the various Catholic governments for that object, and he was, moreover, the medium through which the arms and ammunition were supplied to Owen Roe, the victor of Benburb, and his gallant troops. Owen's death by poison, however, crushed the high hopes of Father Wadding; and the subsequent Cromwellian burnings and massacres of innocent Irish women and children filled his soul with anguish. Yet up to the moment of his death, which occurred some years afterwards, he never ceased to work and toil for the liberty of his native land. Like many other Irishmen he tried loyally to cut the gordian knot that bound her to her ruthless anti-Catholic oppressor, but tried in vain. The sorrow he felt over this disappointment is said to have hastened his demise.

His remains were interred under a marble slab before the high altar of St. Isidore's Church. His last resting place under the frescoed ceiling of the handsome edifice which he was the means of erecting in honor of St. Isidore and Patrick is visited by Irish Pilgrims almost every day in the year. When I visited the sacred spot some years ago, I was accompanied by several Irish exiles banished from California and the Rocky Mountains, one of the objects of whom in touring through Europe was to see and kneel at the graves of illustrious Irishmen who are sleeping their last sleep under the green sward of that continent. On the same occasion my companions and myself were escorted into the spacious theological hall of the college by a courteous lay brother. The walls were literally a net work of the most artistic frescoes. The great artist who wrought these exquisite masterpieces was a lay brother of the monastery, named Emmanuel of Como, who lived and labored here some 200 years ago. The most strikingly beautiful of all the frescoes was a group comprising Luke Wadding and his three assistants in the act of compiling the "Annals of the Franciscan Order." It was probably the devotion of Emmanuel to the great Irish scholar that induced him to contribute the best of his services to this work of art. The frescoes are interspersed with pictures of St. Isidore and Wadding. That of the latter was drawn from a photograph of a wax mask taken of his face immediately after his death. A thoughtful, intellectual face it decidedly is, with its high forehead scarred by the wrinkles of age, its aquiline nose and its firm mouth that indicated a man of iron will and virile power.—*Eugene Davis in the Republic.*

A Legend of King Edward.

In the course of his sermon in Westminster Abbey on Holy Innocents' Day Dean Bradley said that was the day on which, eight centuries ago, the great church of the Abbey of Westminster was solemnly consecrated to the service of God. He wanted to tell them a curious legend which had come down from far-off early times, and which formed part of a story told on a stained-glass window recently unveiled in the chapter house.

The story was that of King Edward the Confessor, who had passed most of his time in poverty and misery before he ascended his throne. His courtiers thought to show him, who had known poverty so well, the wealth to which he had become entitled. He was taken into his treasury and shown casks full of gold and silver, which had been raised by heavy and oppressive taxation. The courtiers thought the king would be delighted with the sight, but they were mistaken. He saw on the top of this money a black and hideous demon fattening on the misery of the people, and the sight made him feel sorrow and pity, for it brought to his mind the sufferings of his poor subjects.

The king's heart was softened so he ordered the money to be returned, and so won the blessing of his people. From this story the Dean deduced the lesson of charity in the midst of prosperity.

Signor Salvini is in Florence. He never acts now, but he takes the keenest interest in all the theatrical affairs of London and elsewhere. He is in excellent health, and is reputed to be very rich.

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

A PRELATE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Archbishop Tache was 22 years of age before he set his foot in the Northwest. At the time of his arrival there the country was a silent wilderness, in which some wandering tribes of Indians and a few score of white men made their homes. He lived to witness a shabby fortress on the Red River blossom into an important city, and to see civilization spread her influences over all the vast territories that were once included within his diocesan bounds. The Archbishop was a descendant of Verendrye, that sturdy explorer who made his way into North western Canada when the whole country west of the Ottawa River was practically an unknown land. What- ever hardships Verendrye experienced they could not have been exceeded by those of the young Father Tache when he arrived in the Red River Valley in 1816.

He was consumed with zeal, and the prospect of performing the slightest service for a soul within his care was sufficient to engage him in journeys of hundreds of miles, even in the depth of winter. Almost as soon as he arrived at St. Boniface he was commissioned to accompany Rev. L. Lasleche, now Bishop of Three Rivers, to Isle a la Crosse, a thousand miles away. The journey was a most trying one, occupying two months in the performance. The zeal of the young missionary is illustrated by the fact that on his arrival he heard of an Indian chief who was lying at the point of death at Lac Vert, some 90 miles away. He immediately set out for the deathbed of the savage, and was in time to administer the rite of baptism. On his return, after four days' rest, he undertook the voyage to Lake Caribou, 850 miles east of Isle a la Crosse, and was the first who ever reached that desolate spot to announce the gospel of peace. There he instructed and baptized several poor Indians. His next missionary expedition was to Athabasca. On his way thither he was warned of the fierce and savage character of the Indian tribes who frequented that region, but nevertheless he pursued his weary journey of 400 miles to the end. In the course of three weeks he baptized 194 Indian children of the Cree and Chippewyan tribes. His travels were through the wilderness, where no roof offered shelter. After a long day's walking through deep snow, or running behind a dog sled, with nothing to appease his hunger but the unpalatable pemmican, he had to seek repose on the ground. In 1861 he was called to France and raised to the episcopate. After a short residence in Rome he returned to his charge. He has himself, *The Winnipeg Free Press* says, left a vivacious account of his duties at this period:

"My episcopal palace is twenty feet in length, twenty in width and seven in height. It is built of logs cemented with mud, which, however, is not impermeable, for the wind and the rain and other atmospheric annoyances find easy access through its walls. Two windows of six small panes of glass lighten the principal apartment, and two pieces of parchment complete the rest of the luminary system. In this palace, though at first glance everything looks mean and diminutive, a character of neat grandeur, nevertheless, pervades the whole establishment. For instance, my Secretary is no less a person than a Bishop, my valet de chambre is also a Bishop, my cook himself is sometimes a Bishop. The illustrious employees have countless defects, but their attachment to my person endears them to me, and I cannot help looking at them without a feeling of satisfaction. When they grow tired of their domestic employments I put them all on the road, and going with them, I strive to make them cheery."

He also gives a picture of his establishment on the march as follows:

"The entire household of his Lordship is en route, with two Indians and a halfbreed, who conducts a team of four dogs. The team is laden with cooking utensils, bedding, a wardrobe, a portable altar and its fittings, a food basket and other odds and ends. His Lordship puts on a pair of snowshoes, which are from three to four feet in length, real episcopal pantofles, perfectly adapted to the fine tissue of white carpet on which he has to walk, moving with more or less rapidity, according to the muscular strength of the traveller. Towards evening this strength equals zero; the march is suspended, and the episcopal party is ordered to halt. An hour's labor suffices to prepare a mansion wherein his Lordship will repose till the next morning. The bright, white snow is carefully removed, and branches of trees are spread over the cleared ground. They form the ornamental flooring of the new palace; the sky is its lofty roof; the moon and stars are its brilliant lamps; the dark pine forests on the boundless horizon its sumptuous wainscoting. The four dogs of the team are its sentinels; the wolves and the owls preside over the musical orchestra; hunger and cold give zest to the joy experienced at the sight of the preparations which are being made for the evening banquet and the night's repose. The chilled and stiffened limbs bless the merciful warmth of the kindled pile, to which the giants of the forest have supplied abundant fuel. Having taken possession of their mansion, the proprietors partake of a common repast; the dogs are the first served, then comes his Lordship's turn: his table is his knees; the table service consists of a pocket-knife, a bowl, a tin plate and a five-pronged fork, which is an old family heirloom. The Benedicite omnia opera is pronounced. Nature is too grand and beautiful in the midst even of all its trying rigors for us to forget its author; therefore, during these encampments our hearts became filled with thoughts that are solemn and overpowering. We feel it, then, to be our duty to communicate such thoughts to the companions of our journey, and to invite them to love Him by whom all those wonderful things we beheld around us were made, and to give thanks to Him from whom all blessings flow. Having rendered our homage to God, Monseigneur's 'valet de chambre' removes from his Lordship's shoulders the overcoat which he has worn during the day, and, extending it on the ground, calls it a mattress; his cap, his mittens and his travelling bag pass in the darkness of the night for a pillow; two woollen blankets undertake the task of protecting the Bishop from the cold of the night, and of preserving the warmth necessary for his repose. Lest they should fail in such offices, Providence comes to their aid by sending a kindly little layer of snow, which spreads a protecting mantle, without distinction, over all alike. Beneath its white folds sleep tranquilly the prelate and his suite, reposing in their calm slumbers from the fatigues of the previous day, and gathering strength for the journey of the morrow, never dreaming of the surprise that some spoiled child of civilization would experience if, lifting this snow mantle, he found lying beneath it Bishop, Indians, the four dogs of the team, etc."

Leading a life of such hardship, it is little wonder that the Archbishop's health should at length give way. In 1860 he began to experience an abatement of his powers of endurance, and from 1872 till the time of his death he was seldom a moment free from pain. His was a noble life of toil, suffering and self-abnegation in the cause of humanity and Christianity.—*Globe*.

"The Anti-Catholic Crusade."

Some time ago Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., an eminent Congregationalist minister, wrote an article in the *Century Magazine*, criticising and condemning the American Protective Association. The main charges by Dr. Gladden were that the A.P.A. made it the duty of its members to prevent Roman Catholics from enjoying political and social rights, to which they have a claim, in common with the rest of the community; and that as a means of stirring up Protestant hostility against Roman Catholics, they had published forged documents, in the form of an alleged papal encyclical and other statements, said to be by Catholic authorities, but which were not authentic.

In the July *Century*, the Rev. Adam Fawcett, of Columbus, Ohio, the Supreme Vice-President of the A. P. A. order, replies to Dr. Gladden. His main points are that the A. P. A. is a political and not a religious association, and interferes with no one's religion; that there is need of such an organization to oppose Romanism; and that, while Dr. Gladden alleges that these forged documents, designed to excite hostility against Roman Catholics were published in A. P. A. organs, the A. P. A. has no organs.

Dr. Gladden, in his rejoinder to Mr. Fawcett, intimates that this statement about the A. P. A. having no organs, is a quibble, in common use to avoid responsibility for what is said in papers that are as much the organs of the A. P. A. as the political papers are organs of their respective parties. Dr. Gladden makes good this position against Mr. Fawcett, as will be seen from the following statements. He says:

"As for the Rev. Adam Fawcett, it is easy to test his veracity. He says that the A. P. A. has no organs. This is a quibble to which these defenders all resort. An order which endeavors to conceal its own existence is not likely to have any acknowledged official newspaper. But there are scores of newspapers all through the West which are just as much organs of the A. P. A. as any Republican or Democratic newspaper is the organ of its party. One of those is published in Columbus. It is the *Columbus Record*. In its issue of August 2, 1893, under the heading 'Very Encouraging Words,' is printed in double-leaded type, the following:

"From the National Vice-President and Ohio President of the American Protective Association of the United States and Canada.

"It gives no pleasure to certify that the *Columbus Record* is a true blue and ably edited A. P. A. paper (the only one in Central Ohio, and very justly entitled to a large share of the credit for the united and very flourishing condition of the order in Columbus. B. T. HAWLEY, State President.

"Perhaps Mr. Fawcett will admit that I had some reason for regarding this particular newspaper as an A. P. A. authority." In the same issue of the *Columbus Record* which contains Mr. Fawcett's official endorsement, the bogus encyclical is printed twice, in large type, with these flaming headings: 'Americans, Beware! The Lord God the Pope says, "Thou Shalt Surely Die!" Will You Heed the Warning?' 'The Great Event to take place on or about September 5, 1893.' The Rev. Adam Fawcett knew when he signed this endorsement of the *Record* that the 'Encyclical,' and the 'Instructions to Catholics' had been appearing for some months, nearly every week in the columns of this newspaper. I will not accuse Mr. Fawcett of believing these documents to be genuine. He is a member of the School Board of Columbus, and has aspired to be its president. Undoubtedly he believed them to be forgeries. But he greatly wished the country to be flooded with this kind of 'patriotic literature.'

It was certainly rather barefaced for the Supreme Vice-President to deny that the A. P. A. was responsible for the publication of these forged documents and false statements, when he knew that these things were published in the very paper that he himself had endorsed and commended as an A. P. A. paper, that had been an important factor in promoting the prosperity of the order.—*Christian Guardian*.

In Far Samoa.

Standing on the lawn at "Vallima," the residence of Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa, and looking at his splendid mansion with its park-like surroundings, it is almost impossible to realize that years ago this delightful

place had no existence. In lieu of the stately mansion and beautiful park, gigantic trees, linked together by tough vines and innumerable creeping plants, flourished luxuriously, and the place was rarely trodden by the foot of man. Now all is changed. Wild nature is replaced by ordered civilization; smooth green lawns, in places bright with flowers, spread themselves before us. Groves of bananas are seen on the one hand, their bright green leaves flashing in the sunshine, on the other pine apples and other tropical fruits. On the deep verandah that surrounds the house on all sides may perhaps appear a slight figure dressed in the light and airy attire affected by dwellers in the tropics. White flannel shirt and trousers, the feet bare and over all perhaps a light Japanese kimono, confined at the waist by a red silk sash. The delicately formed features, bearing slight traces of past sickness, and the brilliant dark eyes that light up at every wild fancy or rare conceit, are easily recognized as those of Robert Louis Stevenson, the magician who, by a stroke of his wand, has caused the impenetrable forest to disappear, and in its place "has built himself a lordly pleasure house," filled with all the luxuries of our nineteenth century civilization. The simple native admitted to view these treasures is at a loss for words to express his wonder and admiration, and regards their possessor as a superior being; but men of the English-speaking race know that he has done even more wonderful things. For has he not created gallant Allan Breek, with trusty David Balfour and Will of the Mill, Prince Otto, and a host of other delightful characters? And does he not still from time to time send forth from his island home a masterpiece to astonish the world? Robert Louis Stevenson came to Samoa four years ago. Weary with long wanderings among the islands of the Pacific, he determined to settle down and make for himself a permanent abiding place, Samoa appeared to him as the Promised Land. This is hardly to be wondered at for the climate approaches perfection and the scenery is lovely beyond description. The novelist has obtained a great ascendancy over the inhabitants, who have always possessed a certain civilization and are a fine race, with graceful manners and amiable disposition.

A Beautiful Charity.

If we but realized that our talents are but entrusted to us for the general good, how many darkened lives we might brighten, how many despairing hearts we might cheer, and how many wandering souls recall by the generous use of song, or speech, or pen, or whatever tool the great Master of all workers for humanity has placed at our command.

For example, the power of music to soothe suffering is borne witness to by the effect it had upon a number of patients in an English infirmary. In one case a woman who was suffering from melancholia was so affected by a lullaby that she spoke for the first time in two weeks. The experiment of distracting the mind by means of soft music was tried in a hospital ward, where there were fourteen patients, and the doctor who watched its effect says: "Four patients were put to sleep. Some liked it too well to sleep, and others felt sad, but delighted." Here is a hint of a beautiful use that the young woman with musical gifts can make of her power.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

PRECIOUS BLOOD MONASTERY.

A religious reception and profession took place at the monastery of the Precious Blood on Wednesday the 11th inst., when the following young ladies received the habit of the Order: Misses Sarah McNovin, in religion Sister Mary Patricia; Mary Frances Harrison, Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, and the following made their religious vows: Misses Ellen Harrison, Sister Mary of the Cross; Mary Lee, Sister Mary Augustino; Kate O'Hara, Sister Mary Victorino. Owing to the absence of his Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Father Marijon, C. S. B., performed the ceremony. Rev. Father McBrady, C. S. B., was celebrant of the Mass; Fathers Brennan, C. S. B., Martin, C. S. B., were in the sanctuary. Rev. Father Dedsworth, C. S. S. R., preached an eloquent sermon on the text, "Give me thy Heart," from the book of Proverbs, of which the following is a summary:

Now, my dear Sisters, God requires the gift of the heart from every man. He has created us for Himself and He desires us to give ourselves to Him. He says to the Christian in the world as well as the Religious "Give Me your heart," but He expects, and has a right to expect, from the Religious a more perfect gift than what He receives from those in the world.

You have now to-day, my dear Sisters, some of you become the Spouses of Christ for life, others have professed their intention and their desire to become His life vow Spouses, they have not accepted the Vows for a year or so, being only desirous to make them for their life. God wills it to test their virtue, to test their spirit of Perfection - if they made their Vows for only a short time I feel sure it was no want of will on their part, they would have desired and they long to take their Vows for life—others have, as it were, engaged themselves to their Heavenly Spouse by receiving His Livery, the Livery of His service if you will, but also the bridal garment of the Spouse, that with the Graces God has given you to day, the Grace which is given comparatively to so few, the Grace of a Religious Vocation to this Order of the Precious Blood, you must give to God your full heart, for surely He deserves it.

Christ, our Spouse, has, as God and man all that we could desire in a Spouse. He is the most faithful among the children of men, He can love us as no other can love us, because being God He can love each one of us infinitely as if we alone were in the world. We have divided our affections between different objects of this dross world, but God being Infinite, He, as I said, can love each one of us as if we alone existed in the world. He is thinking of us from morning to night, and from night to morning—His Ear is ever open to our prayers—His Eyes are ever gazing upon us and His Sacred Heart is ever yearning for the love of our hearts. His Love has been from all eternity—there was never a moment as long as God was God, and that is from Eternity, that God has not thought of and loved each one of us, and if we are only faithful to Him then He will, and has promised to continue to love us for all Eternity. But what does He ask of us, and especially of the Religious? I say again, He will be content with nothing but the gift of the whole heart. He will not take willingly a part of our hearts, He must have them all.

But, you may perhaps ask, does God require us to be perfect before we take the religious vows? If this were the case why then no one would dare to approach the altar to make his or her vows. God does not require perfection, but what He does require is the gift of the heart.

Now we find in the world there are certain obstacles in the gift of the heart and these obstacles are, the wealth of the world, our own self-will

and our perverse passions. One might ask, why does one make the vows of religion when wishing to aim at perfection. No doubt perfection has been attained without the vows, but no perfection has ever been obtained without the practice of these virtues.

No one has ever reached Heaven who was not obedient. No one has ever been saved who was not mortified. Now we take religious vows and promise to keep them until death in order to remove the obstacle that has been in the way of our giving our heart to God, and then secondly, in order to make a most pleasing sacrifice to God, we give up all we possess. By the vow of poverty we remove this obstacle because the vow of poverty will enable us to practise the virtue of poverty.

Then the care of the things of this world is a great obstacle in the way of perfection. By the vow of poverty we give up all we possess. Still we are assured that we shall have the little that God wills us to have, and we can have that without trouble or anxiety and then we can offer to God whatever we possess, make this a present to Him as you have done. Say to God, "You gave it to me and yet I give it back to You for the love of Thee."

Then we all have our self-will, which is the root of all evil in a certain sense and we sacrifice this by obedience. We are willing to be ruled by those whom God has placed over us. We listen to God and we believe what He has said, "Those who hear you, hear Me," when speaking to the Church and to lawful superiors. Therefore in religion by vow and virtue of obedience we get over another great obstacle to our salvation and perfection. And then as you well know, we offer to God by obedience that which is most dear to man, his will and his judgment. Then by this vow of obedience we acquire real liberty of the children of God. Self-will is the slave—holy obedience is perfect liberty. Self-will is the liberty of license, is liberty in obeying the passions, in obeying the human respect, in being slaves of the bodies, ideas of the will being a slave of our own perverse judgment, is this liberty? Surely not.

We are free when every obstacle is removed but to the attainment of the great end for which God has created us, and by Holy Obedience we remove these obstacles as far as possible and therefore we gain the freedom of the Children of God.

Then we have our poor miserable passions to which so many in the world are slaves. These passions we try to subdue by the Vow of Chastity and of mortification. By the virtue of purity then you have offered to God what is most precious to man, namely, his liberty, the false liberty, in order to gain true love. You have offered to God the poor dross of this world, which is called wealth, to obtain in return in this world the peace of the Children of God, and in the next world to obtain the eternal joys of Heaven.

You have offered to God these sacrifices in satisfaction of the senses that you may not be a slave to them in this world, that they may not trouble your conscience nor interfere with the actions of the intellect and soul, and in the next world that your body may be satisfied fully by the joys that God will give to the bodies of those who are saved.

But, I say again, it is not enough simply to make the vows, we must give our hearts to God. It is not necessary to be perfect, but there must be the sincere desire of becoming perfect. There are two laws—the law of perfection, and the law of imperfection. The law of imperfection has thousands of different degrees, but it consists in the voluntary attachment to some sin, no matter how small, and as long as the heart of the Religious is attached to

one little habitual fault, that Religious has not given her heart to God—she may be good, she may be holy, but there is a part of her heart she is keeping for herself, and the saints say that such a Religious will make but little advance in the way of perfection. If again that fault is voluntary and habitual, then what does it prove? It proves that the will is not fully given to God, there is a reserve, and God wants our whole heart—"Thou shalt love Thy Lord, Thy God, with thy whole heart," not part of it, not reserve one little part of our hearts for ourselves or the world. I say if we so desire, sincerely desire, ardently seek to obtain this perfect union with the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, then we can, and then we shall make strides in the way of perfection.

Why some do not advance—they may die to the world, they may not commit any great sin, but they reserve in their hearts some little attachment which the world would laugh at, but God is jealous of the hearts of His Spouses, what He would pass over perhaps in the world He will not pass over with you.

Recollect, my dear Sisters, therefore that that little attachment which the world would look on as a mere scruple, as some unnecessary disturbance of the soul, our jealous Spouse will not be satisfied unless we renounce it.

There is a difference then in being perfect and accepting the law of perfection. There may be frequently perhaps a fault committed, but yet that is not habitual, which does not come from the heart, which comes in a moment of temptation, but the heart is not with that sin and hence the heart not being with that sin, the moment that it is done an act of Contrition can be made and the heart will be restored to its former purity.

Let us give our hearts to God, say "O Lord I have now engaged myself to your holy service, later on I hope to become your holy Spouse—I have little to give you of things of this world, but even if I had they were all yours—I wish to love you with all my heart—I wish to make no reserve for myself—accept this gift." And then, my dear Sisters, He will reward you for this gift. We never can give any thing to God that He does not reward us a thousand-fold. If we will only give our hearts to God, then God will give us the Holy Peace that He has promised. We have given our hearts to God and in return God gives us as He has promised a hundred fold in this world, but this depends upon our fervor. Oh, let us then, my dear Sisters, you who have made your Holy Vows before, join those who have made their Holy Vows this day, renew your engagement to this Divine Spouse and cling to Him. When death comes it levels all—then O how many would not have wished to have joined you in the Convent.

Thank God that He has given you the Grace to see the folly and the vanity of the world. Call on the Immaculate Mother Mary, the Spouse of the Holy Ghost—Let us ask her to plead for us the grace of a true Spouse of Her Divine Son—ask that dear Mother through the powers which she has over the heart of Her Divine Son, by the powers which she has over The Holy Ghost to obtain for us the grace to give our hearts fully to God in this world, that God may be able to give us the full measure of glory for all Eternity in Heaven.

Picnic at Richmond Hill.

A grand picnic will be held at Richmond Hill on Toronto's C. P. Holiday, August 13, for the benefit of the church, which is now in the course of erection. Arrangements will be made to meet the Street Car and Railroad trains, so that every convenience will be afforded persons wishing to attend.

For gas cooking stoves see Bigley's patent. The newest and best out.

A. O. H.

The regular meeting of Division No. 1 was held in Temperance Hall on Sunday afternoon, July 15th. It was as largely attended and interesting as usual, and important business was taken up and transacted. A very progressive report came from the delegates of the Executive Committee, stating that final arrangements were completed for the grand union excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Saturday, August 4th, per palace steamer *Empress of India* and Erie Railway. On arrival at Buffalo the excursionists will be invited to a grand union picnic to be held under the auspices of the A. O. H. of Buffalo in honor of the Toronto visitors. It promises to be a grand day's outing for the members of the Order and their friends.

The election of officers and appointing of committees, left over from the last regular meeting, were then taken up and disposed of, and the newly elected officers were installed for the ensuing term by the retiring President, Brother Joseph Rutledge. They were conducted to their respective places by the Sergeant-at-Arms. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers for the capable manner in which they discharged their duties during the past term. Brother Joseph Rutledge, the retiring President, replied, thanking the members in appropriate language for their flattering compliment and the hearty support he had received from them during his term of office. He also paid a well deserved tribute to his successor, Brother T. McKeague, and resumed his seat amidst applause.

There were present at the meeting, amongst others, Brother M. J. Ryan, Secretary of Division No. 2; Brother T. Marshman and Brother G. Richardson of Division No. 3. A few remarks from the President, instructing all the members to meet at Temperance Hall on Sunday afternoon, July 29th, for the purpose of attending a church parade in conjunction with the several other Divisions to St. Joseph's Church, brought to a close an interesting and successful meeting. WM. RYAN, Rec. Sec.

CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Whereas, the members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., having learned with deep regret of the death of our esteemed Brother, John Grogan, whom Almighty God, in His divine wisdom, has called to Himself; and while bowing in humble submission to His most holy will, be it

Resolved—That we, the members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., do hereby tender our most sincere sympathy and condolence to the relatives of our late respected Brother, John Grogan, in this hour of their sad bereavement, which it has pleased Almighty God to afflict them with, trusting that God will give them grace to bow with Christian fortitude to His divine will.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes; a copy forwarded to the relatives of our late Brother, and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

Signed on behalf of Div. No. 1.

WM. RYAN, Rec. Sec.

At last week's meeting of Division No. 5, the following officers were elected:—President, Hugh Kelly; Vice-President, Michael Burns; Recording Secretary, Arthur Trayling; Financial Secretary, Ambrose McTiernan; Treasurer, John Kane.

In the list of the newly elected officers of Division No. 2, published by us last week, the Treasurer's name should read T. Dorgan instead of P. Falvey.

At the annual meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., St. John, N. B., the following officers were installed: President, T. Kickham; Vice-Pres., J. C. Ferguson; Rec. Sec., J. J. Ryan; Fin. Sec., R. Coleman; Treasurer, H. Flanagan; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Cosgrove.

Personal.

The Very Rev. Dean Mangan, of Chicago, is at present in Ottawa visiting the educational institutions and remaining with his connections, Mr. Gorman, of the Auditor General's department; Mr. Howard, of the Post Office department; Mr. Gorman, lumber merchant; and Mr. Gorman, barrister. The Rev. gentleman was originally a distinguished professor of Ottawa University, and notwithstanding his advanced age (nearly 80) he is apparently not more than 40 or 50 years old, fully possessed of his fine mental and physical faculties, which are considered far above the average.

Lourdes Parish.

The annual reunion of the parishioners of Our Lady of Lourdes will be held in St. John's Grove, Sherbourne street, on Tuesday, Aug. 7th. Further particulars later on.

Prince Henry of Bourbon, Duke of Savoy, died during a voyage from the Ph. islands to Barcelona.

LINDSAY LETTER.

BY MACAN.

In a previous communication I intimated that this county was a rural district. Such is the case, but on that account however it may be in other respects, spiritually at least, we do not possess any less of advantages and conveniences than the large population centres. We are part and parcel of the Diocese of Peterborough, and no place is too small, no settlement too humble for episcopal care. Only a few weeks ago in the village of Downeyville, a mere group of some ten houses, his Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, made an official visit. The day will not soon be forgotten at Downeyville. On the previous evening Chinese lanterns were hung out and a display of fireworks given in honor of the auspicious visit. The next day was a busy one. Two Masses—an unusual thing—were celebrated. At the first children to the number of 150 received their First Holy Communion, and at the last Mass his Lordship preached a sermon full of dignified power; then 150 children were confirmed. That over his Lordship addressed the children and directed his remarks to a large extent on the drinking evil. His words were warm, and delivered with an eloquence that struck home, and kindled a spark that, if kept alive, will be more lasting, more comforting than the fire of intoxicants. The proposition was then made that each should voluntarily take the pledge till the age of 21. No compulsion was used; each acted as a free agent. In a clear voice the Bishop put the question as to whether they would abstain, sickness only excepted, and straight the chorus came back "I will." There was no mistaking the spirit shown. High and unalterable resolution was easily discoverable in the ringing responses.

A pleasing feature of the day was the giving of prizes to the more successful in the examinations held by His Lordship. Nicely framed pictures representing pious subjects were the rewards to those who had labored with success, and the pleasant remarks bestowed by Bishop O'Connor, which made the gifts the richer, must have been gratifying to the parents as well as the children. The Bishop took occasion to say he was pleased with the knowledge and intelligence displayed by all the children; which indicated that the present pastor, Father Bretherton, had not been idle since his coming to the parish, and that the children had not forgotten lessons instilled by their former pastor, Father Connolly.

In this connection an incident may be mentioned, which illustrates how deceiving appearances are. I had noticed a frail, diminutive lad, and the thought occurred to me that he was too young for the sacrament of Confirmation. The matter then occupied my thoughts no longer. Bye-and-bye I heard a boy's name called for making most excellent showing in examination. I turned as a boy went up the aisle, and there, carrying away the prize along with what was more valuable—the Bishop's best smile and the words "this boy may be a bishop yet"—was the frail lad before spoken of. Besides the Communion and Confirmation, great good was done by his Lordship's visit in another direction.

The priest's house is a structure than which few places, large or small, whether an Episcopal see or an "alternate" Sunday mission, have anything larger and more beautiful. This is attributable to the personal popularity enjoyed by Father Connolly, for whom the house was built. But the church is not in keeping in point of—well in no point. His Lordship held a meeting in the afternoon of Catholic gentlemen of the township of Emily, and that meeting can report progress. It was decided that the church be en-

larged and improved; that each pay according to his means, taking the Municipal Assessment Roll as a standard; that each give promissory notes covering their share, and that the work be pushed forward right away. This work is a good one and should prosper. Father Bretherton, the recently appointed parish priest, is an energetic worker, and he has workers, too, in his parishioners. Between them it may be depended upon that they will deal with the matter vigorously.

MACAN.

July 14th, 1894.

Notes by the Way.

To those who are fond of beautiful scenery a sail down the Bay of Quinte at this season of the year will prove itself to be one of special interest. From the Murray Canal, which separates Prince Edward County from the mainland, to Kingston is about ninety-one miles. On board the Veruna we leave Trenton and proceed down the Bay, passing Baker and Nigger Islands. On the former are seen a few houses, but no signs of domestic life are visible. I learn by enquiry that formerly there was a mill on the island, and the houses were occupied by the employes; but the mill having been destroyed by fire was not rebuilt, and the houses were deserted. After a sail of one hour we arrive at Belleville, which has a population of about ten thousand, and by some of the citizens is termed the "Excursion City." It is claimed that more excursions leave from this place in one week than from any city of its size in Ontario. From Belleville we start for Deseronto, eighteen miles distant. The first stop is at Massawaga Point, a beautiful summer resort four miles from Belleville.

Seven miles farther we touch at Cornwall Port, another resort, and half a mile farther the small village of Northport. The mainland on the left and Prince Edward County to the right with the many fields of grain just now assuming the "golden hue," in marked contrast with the rich verdure of the foliage, present a very beautiful picture. Four miles farther we pass Telegraph Light house—this is said to be one of the best spots on the bay for bass fishing. We next pass Forester's Island Park, which is within easy distance of Deseronto, and is to be formally opened on July 20th. This park, I learn, is owned by Dr. Oronhyatekha, Supreme Chief Ranger of the I.O.F. Deseronto, is quite a busy place, with a population of three thousand five hundred, and by reason of the variety and extent of the manufactures carried on by the well-known Rathburn Co., and is a town of no small importance. Deseronto was the place selected by the "Truly Loyal" brethren of this district to celebrate July 12, '94, amid the din and clamor of the fife and drums, used mostly by "way backs," who act as though they only dress up in their best once in the year.

We start down, what the sailors term, "the Reach," to Picton, fourteen miles from Deseronto. The scenery through is very fine, and we have here the five points: the land being in the form of a hand. The thumb as it were being Grass Point, Pleasant Point, South Bay Point, Long Point and Presqu' Isle Point. Half way down the Reach, we pass Hay Bay, which is said to be a great spot for muskellonge fishing; we soon arrived at Picton considered one of the prettiest towns in this part of the country, of which more anon. M.

The Late Charles Burns, J.P.

We briefly announced last week the sudden death of Mr. Charles Burns, and the shock occasioned thereby to the large number of friends whom he had made during a long residence in this city. Mr. Burns was a native of the County of Wicklow, Ireland, but came to Canada some forty years ago, and for nearly the whole of that period was a citizen of Toronto. He identified himself in Catholic affairs, and was prominent also in Irish national circles, taking a leading part in movements inaugurated in the interests of his fellow countrymen in Ireland as well as in this country.

For many years Mr. Burns held the important position of Grand President of the Emerald Beneficial Association, the onerous duties of which he executed acceptably to that organization and with credit to his skill and judgment. He was also a valued member of the C.M.B.A., and the esteem in which he was held by both societies was shown by the large delegation from each which attended his funeral.

Mr. Burns was for many years a Justice of the Peace. The honor was conferred by the Government of Ontario, and the functions of the office were discharged with fairness and impartiality.

On Friday the funeral took place, and it was an expression of public sympathy called forth from Protestant and Catholic alike. The Mass of Requiem was offered by Rev. Father Ryan, and following the remains to St. Michael's Cathedral were the chief mourners, Alderman William Thomas and

Sylvester Bar, brothers of the deceased; and John, Charles and Joseph, his sons. The pall-bearers were his Worship Mayor Kennedy, Eugene O'Keefe, Daniel Kelly, J. J. Mallon, William Wilson and Peter Rooney.

Among others in attendance at the funeral were H. T. Klely, C. J. McCabe, Peter Small, John Ross Robertson, Vincent McBrady, Daniel Kennedy, K. A. Cullerton, Patrick Boyle, Hon. T. W. Anglin, William Gormally, L. J. Coogrove, Alex. Thomson, William Downey, R. J. Fleming, C. B. Doherty and M. McConnell. Representing the Separate School Board, of which the deceased was for years an active member, were Rev. Vicar General McCann; Deans Cassidy and Bergin; Fathers Haud, Cruise and Rohleder; Messrs. James Ryan, Michael Walsh, P. J. Mulqueen, D. A. Carey and V. P. Fayle. Several hundred members of the Knights of St. John, C. M. B. A., and E. B. A., of which orders the deceased was a prominent member, attended in a body.

The musical service, profound in its solemnity and impressiveness, was conducted by Rev. Father Rohleder, Mr. Lemaitre presiding at the organ. Among those who assisted were Misses Murphy, Killott and Fletcher, and Messrs. Forbes, Bissonette, Derham and Caron.

The last prayers having been said and the absolution pronounced, all that was mortal of Charles Burns was taken to St. Michael's Cemetery and interred. May his soul rest in peace.

Condolence.

At a meeting of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society (Saint Paul's Conference), held on Sunday, July 15th, after eulogistic remarks by several of the members, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Moved by John Wilson, seconded by Frank Rosar, that this Conference, having heard with profound regret of the premature death of our late brother, Charles Burns, J. P., Vice-President of this Conference, we desire to place on record our high appreciation of his many Christian virtues and untiring zeal in the good works of our Society. In him we lose a most respected citizen and a worthy member for the last thirty years of this Conference. We now most fervently pray that Almighty God may abundantly reward him for his many generous acts in behalf of the poor of this parish; and we offer our most heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widow, sorrowing sons and numerous relatives of our dear departed brother in this their great affliction.

Signed on behalf of the Conference,
J. J. MALLON, President.
P. HYNES, Secretary.

At a special meeting of Leo Commandery No. 2, of the R. C. U. Knights of St. John, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Moved by Sir Knight T. Callahan, seconded by Sir Knight J. Spencer:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death from our midst our late Brother, Charles Burns; and whereas in the death of our late Brother his family has lost a loving husband and a kind and indulgent father, the community a public spirited and exemplary citizen, and the Church a good and practical Catholic; and whereas we, the members of Leo Commandery R. C. U. Knights of St. John, have, in the death of our late Brother, lost one of our most exemplary members, and one who has endeared himself to us by his many good qualities and by the lively interest he took in promoting the welfare of our beloved Union, and of our Commandery in particular.

Therefore be it resolved that we, the members of Leo Commandery R. C. U. Knights of St. John, in meeting assembled, tender to the bereaved family of our deceased Brother, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained, and pray that God, in His infinite goodness, will have mercy on the soul of our deceased Brother, and comfort his family in this hour of their affliction.

Be it further resolved that this resolution be inserted in our minutes, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of our late Brother, Charles Burns; also to the Catholic press for publication, and that our charter be draped for sixty days.

JAS. J. MURPHY, Rec. Sec.

St. Vincent de Paul Society Picnic.

On Monday the 16th St. Patrick's Conference of the above society, held their 11th annual excursion and picnic to Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, Ont., members from all the parishes throughout the city were present. Fully 600 having availed themselves of the opportunity of spending a day at the Falls, the trip being a most enjoyable one and of easy access by the many steamers and railway lines.

A long list of games was an interesting feature of the day, while many availed themselves of the opportunity of being present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Carmelite Monastery by his Grace Archbishop Walsh (a full account of which will be found elsewhere). The varied courses of amusement scattered

many, who only turned up in time for the last boat, is a true indication that a pleasant day was spent by all, and in the Government Park itself excursionists could spend a day and still find objects of beauty to admire.

Trips to Chippawa were made by some, while others were content admiring the Falls, and all returned content with having spent a most enjoyable day, and also in the true interest of charity, to which this great society devotes itself by its labours amongst the poor throughout the year.

Interesting Ceremony.

A most solemn and interesting ceremony took place on last Thursday forenoon in the chapel of the Good Shepherd Convent of this city—the occasion being the reception into the order of that Sisterhood, either as novices or as professed nuns, of some nine young ladies who there and then renounced the world to devote their lives to the raising of the fallen, the education of youth and the many other good works for which the devoted sisterhood of the Good Shepherd are famous. Among the members, we notice more particularly the names of Miss Margaret Byrne, daughter of our old and respected friend and fellow citizen, Mr. T. Byrne, of the Gros Pin, who took her final vows under the name of Mother St. John the Baptist, and Miss Alma Bedard, daughter of Mr. Levi Bedard, of Charlebourg, under the name of Mother Marie de la Fol. Mgr. Marois, V.G., assisted by Rev. Messrs. Tremblay, of Chicoutimi, and Fillon, of the Quebec Seminary, officiated at the solemn and touching ceremony, which was witnessed among others by the family and relatives of Miss Margaret Byrne, including her young brother, Mr. T. Byrne, who is qualifying for the priesthood at the college of the Redemptionist Order at Erie, Pennsylvania, and who arrived in town a few days ago to spend the summer vacation with his parents—*Quebec Telegraph*.

Death of T. P. Gorman.

T. P. Gorman, for seven years editor of the Ottawa Free Press, died in that city on Tuesday evening at his residence on Cooper street of consumption. He rallied during the afternoon, and was so strong and cheerful that hopes were inspired, which, however, proved vain, and at 9 o'clock he breathed his last peacefully. Mr. Gorman was born in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, 38 years ago, and entered at a very early age on a journalistic career, being employed first on the Island press. After a season in Montreal on the editorial staff of the Herald, he went to Ottawa in 1880. He was Parliamentary correspondent for the Herald for a few seasons, and then became Ottawa correspondent for the Toronto Globe, which position he resigned to become editor of the Free Press in 1887. There was no more vigorous and incisive political writer on the Canadian press, and he was one of the best-informed on public Canadian and foreign questions. He had a wide acquaintance, and many persons in all quarters of the Dominion will read of his demise with regret. His social disposition was of the strongest, and to his intimate friends he presented a sterling character, replete with amiable qualities. He leaves a widow and six children. May his soul rest in peace.

Our Lady of Good Counsel Society.

On last Tuesday evening the ladies of the above Society met in their hall on Bathurst street, it being the second open meeting of the Literary Association. Mr. Wm. Cahill, the indefatigable Secretary of St. Paul's Temperance League, gave an eloquent and highly interesting lecture on "The Life and works of Isabella the Catholic," which was listened to with wrapt attention by an unusually large and select audience.

The Chairman, Rev. Father Cruise, addressed the meeting afterwards at some length. Messrs. C. McCabe and D. Carey gave some excellent advice on the various objects which the Society proposes to embrace. The Lady President, Miss Brown, thanked the speakers and the audience for their efforts in promoting the social good of the Society. An excellent musical programme was a special feature at this meeting.

A number of priests and nuns were among the laureates designated at the meeting of the French Society for the Encouragement of Good Work. The priests thus honored included the Abbe Delauze, who is devoting his energies to evangelize rag-pickers and scavengers; the Abbe Girard, military chaplain of Nancy; and the Abbe Debarbes, director of the workmen's clubs of Laon.

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ON FOOT AND ON CAR.

Letter from the "Jambler."

Prescott is situated on the River St. Lawrence, opposite the city of Ogdensburg, in the State of New York. It is the second town in population and importance in the united counties of Leeds and (Grenville)—Brockville, in every respect, taking the lead of all others. Despite the fact that the country immediately to the north of it is rich in agricultural resources—that it is the home of a hardy and enterprising population, and that it is the *entrepot* into Canada from the northern part of the State of New York for passengers and merchandize. Prescott clings tenaciously to its short clothes. Unlike good wine, it does not improve with age; indeed it is the veritable Prescott, with very slight changes, which I saw nearly thirty years ago.

Prescott is a fortified town, and has been the scene of some stirring events in the history of Canada. Around its all but impregnable fortress deeds of heroism have been witnessed which would do honour to the martial spirit and patriotism of older communities.

Prescott is not without possessing in an eminent degree all the elements that go to make up a live town. The spiritual happiness of the people is secured by no less than half a score of able-bodied preachers. Physically everybody looks well—a circumstance which I suppose, is attributable to the fact that their temporal infirmities are attended to by Dr. Buckley. The mysteries of law are acceptably elucidated by J. R. O'Reilly, son of that eminent jurist and warm-hearted and patriotic Irishman, the late lamented James O'Reilly of Kingston.

I have alluded to the fact that the spiritual affairs of Prescott people are attended to by a number of controversialists of the church militant, in which connection I should have recorded the supplementary force of two breweries and one large distillery. McCarthy's Ale is favourably known far beyond the confines of Ontario. Of the founder of this establishment I would like to take the present opportunity of saying a few words. John McCarthy was born in the State of New York, nearly seventy years ago, dying here before he had completed his sixty-eighth year. I am not given to bestowing undue praises on men, nor am I inclined at all to step out of my way to do so; but none who knew the man in his lifetime will accuse me of fulsome exaggeration when I say that the late John McCarthy was about as grand a type of an Irish-American as I ever met. Cordial, high minded, of unbending integrity, hospitable to all, and kind to the poor, by his death a void was created in this community which will be long felt.

Besides attending to a business which he had made prosperous, Mr. McCarthy found time to devote a portion of his attention to political affairs. As far back as 1867 we find him in the field on the Liberal side, a candidate for the Local Legislature in the South Riding of Grenville—the late Mr. William Patrick running for the Federal Parliament on the same political lines. They were opposed by Messrs. W. McNeil Clarke and Walter Shanley, who were the candidates for the Provincial and Federal Legislatures respectively. Notwithstanding the existence of that "corporate" vote about which we hear so much, the late Father Roche, who was then one of the most robust ecclesiastical politicians of those days, threw the whole weight of his great influence against Mr. McCarthy and his associate, which, with other adverse influences, resulted in the defeat of those gentlemen, only by a very narrow majority. From that period Mr. McCarthy may be said to have withdrawn altogether from politics, and to have devoted himself entirely to the development of the immense business of which he was

the head, and which to day is successfully carried on by his sons, who inherit not alone his name, but his other many qualities.

The Ale manufactured by Labatt and the whiskey produced by Wiser are, I am informed by connoisseurs, both pleasant and exhilarating; indeed I have been assured on the authority of some steel-clad and copper-lined toppers that those "brands" are entirely free from headaches and other unpleasantness.

The Catholic Church at Prescott is decidedly a gem of architectural taste. Father John Masterson, so well and favourably known in the parish of St. Raphael's in the County of Glengarry, is Pastor, and from the monuments of his zeal which he has left behind amongst the warm-hearted Gaels we are safe in predicting that his ministrations to the Catholic population of Prescott and surrounding country will be rich in a harvest of blessings.

Catholic education has never been neglected in the town of Prescott; indeed the greatest zeal has ever been manifested for preparing the youthful mind to play its proper part in the great drama of life.

In the commercial world of Prescott the Irishman has always been fairly represented. Over its doors in conspicuous letters we read such names as Kavanagh, Buckley, McDermott and others—all racy of the soil. The Irishman has also conquered military titles in Prescott, Mayor Bartholomew J. White, the efficient Town Clerk, being among the number.

A visit to the market satisfied me that Mr. John Hughes, the well-known cattle importer and butcher, is fully competent to cope with any demand which the people of Prescott may choose to make on his resources.

My hurried notice of this quiet little town would be scarcely complete did I not speak of the great pleasure which I derived from a meeting with my old friend, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, for many years a well-known merchant of Perth. Mr. O'Brien, who has by several years passed the span of life allotted by the psalmist to man, has retired from active business and is now living with his family in Prescott, where they are well known and highly esteemed. A daughter of his is the wife of Mr. Patrick Ryan, a brother of those other well-known contractors—Messrs. Hugh and John Ryan. Another daughter is the wife of Mr. D. J. McCarthy, one of the proprietors of the Prescott Brewery. Readers of the press will remember the great loss sustained by Mr. O'Brien in the death of his talented son, which sad event took place in this town five or six years ago. Mr. E. H. O'Brien was a most able and honorable young man, as he was a most conscientious and successful lawyer; and had the years of his life been lengthened, a useful future lay before him. He left a widow, the daughter of Mr. Michael Flanagan, the veteran City Clerk of Kingston.

OGDENSBURG.

The city of Ogdensburg is situated on the shores of the River St. Lawrence, in St. Lawrence County, Northern New York, and contains a population of about 21,000 souls. Ogdensburg is a beautiful city, with broad streets regularly intersecting one another at right angles, those containing private residences being beautifully shaded with the stately maple, a circumstance that has won for it the appellation of the "Maple City."

The Catholic population, which numbers about 8,000, is made up equally of those of French and Irish extraction. There are two magnificent Catholic churches, one being attended by the French section of the community, and the other by what may be designated the Irish. A visit to St. Mary's on a Sunday morning during High Mass will be amongst my most pleasing recollections of the

placo. The Rev. W. J. Conroy was both celebrant and preacher; and well did he sustain his reputation for pulpit eloquence; and I was by no means astonished to learn that his sermons are regarded as a treat by many of the most ultra-Protestants of the "Burg," who flock in very large numbers to hear him.

Ogdensburg was created a separate diocese about twelve years ago, being carved out of the diocese of Albany, with the Right Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams as first Bishop. The saintly prelate, who is so fondly remembered here by all classes of the community irrespective of creed or country, passed away after a career of usefulness, having attained his seventy-fourth year. Bishop Wadhams was of Puritan stock, and, until he embraced Catholicity, a Protestant of the most orthodox type; but whatever opinions we may have of the Puritans, whether favourable or otherwise, we are almost tempted to lament their extinction, since learning that from those who landed at Plymouth Rock there descended a man of the kindly nature of Edgar P. Wadhams.

The Right Rev. Dr. Gabriels, a native of Catholic Belgium, is the present Catholic Bishop of Ogdensburg.

Ogdensburg may be said to be divided into two equal parts, by the River Oswegatchie, which, a little further up, furnishes an excellent water power. The name given to the stream, like other names, has a very strange if not an amusing origin. A horse falling one day rolled down its precipitous embankment towards the water's edge, when his further descent was intercepted by the arms of a stalwart Indian, who, in his joy, exclaimed "horse we catch he." The crowd on the bank, who beheld the feat of the aborigine, echoed the notes "horse we catch he," and ere the setting of many moons the stream which meanders through Ogdensburg and discharges its waters into the River St. Lawrence was known by the Indian name—Oswegatchie.

RAMBLER.

Unwritten Books.

Goldsmith often raised money on some projected work, then put it aside and started another. He once drew up a prospectus for a "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," and obtained promises of help from his friends Johnson, Reynolds and Burke, but the booksellers were too wary for once, and the scheme fell through. One of his last proposals was the "Survey of Experimental Philosophy," which met with the same fate.

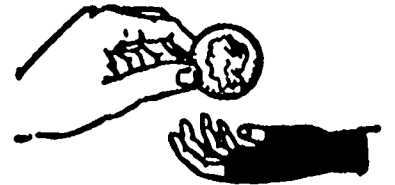
The more practical Dr. Johnson could himself devise and not undertake. He once thought of writing a life of Oliver Cromwell, but it is as well perhaps that he changed his mind. His constitutional indolence was too great to admit of his undertaking many great literary enterprises, and unlike Coleridge he was well aware of the fact. He dawdled over his edition of Shakespeare for nine years, although he had promised it in a year, and only finished it in consequence of the attack of Churchill, who accused him of cheating his subscribers:

He for subscribers baits his hook
And takes your cash, but where's your book?
No matter where; wise fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe.
But what to serve our private ends
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
—Chambers' Journal.

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To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

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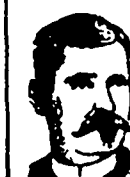
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The Bleeding Heart.

By HENRY M. CALMER, S. J.

The fadless starblowns of the night
Were wreathed around her royal head,
And, like perfumes, their lambent light
On Myria's golden lids was shed

Thickly on every shrub that swung
Its bell-like blossoms in the breeze,
The silver-sparkling dew-drops hung,
As brightest pearls of India rose.

The broad palms in the thicket
Wave haughtily their grassy plumes,
While proudly 'neath each lowering tree
Red roses lift their radiant blooms.

Lo! suddenly a cloud o'er spreads
The starry splendour of the sky.
The tall palms bend their stately heads
And seem with bitter grief to sigh

Their carollage the lark's shrill
The dew drops turn to tears of wood;
The flowers bow their roseate blush
And how their pallid faces low.

For Jesus, filled with anguish knelt
In these dim solitudes alone,
And breathed a prayer whose power might melt
Our hard, ungrateful hearts of stone.

While from his brow the crimson sweat
Of precious blood rilled on the sod,
Until the garden's grass was wet
With these mysterious tears of God

Where'er they fell, the legends tell,
There sprang a strangely lovely flower,
Which was not seen in world or field
Before the triumph of that hour.

A blood-red heart, pierced by a sword—
Inspiring awe, yet heavenly fair—
And to the Cross and its dear Lord
It doth a silent witness bear

For still clasped in the Spring's soft hand
That mystic, bleeding heart we see,
An emblem of Love's just demand,
The Sacred Heart on Calvary.

Let the Facts Prove the Superiority.

BY KNOXIAN.

We have been hearing a great deal lately about the evils of Popery. Of course the inference sought to be drawn, is that Protestantism is a much better kind of religion than Roman Catholicism. Naturally enough we Protestants think that it is better, but some of us are old-fashioned enough to believe that the superiority of Protestantism can be better shown by good lives than by shouting at ward meetings and issuing campaign sheets that might make old Achanias turn green with envy. There is an old authority not so much recognized in election campaigns as it should be, which says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Sometimes one can hardly help saying to some of the self-elected defenders of Protestantism, "Well, if your life is a fair specimen of what Protestantism does to a man, it makes precious little difference whether one is a Protestant or a Catholic."

There are few localities in Ontario that have not been roundly with denunciation of Separate Schools. Separate Schools exist because Roman Catholics think that giving religious education is part of the work that should be done in the school. If they wrong in so thinking they err in excellent company. But supposing they do err—supposing the schools should be made purely secular and the very name of God banished from every school reader, is there not something sickening in the conduct of a man who savagely denounces Catholics for desiring to have their children taught religious truth, while his own children run the streets every night and every Sabbath like little Arabs. If we must have an anti-Separate School, campaign every four years let it be conducted exclusively by men who believe that their own children have souls.

There has been a good deal said in Ontario against the tithing system by which the clergy of Quebec are supported. The stalwart Protestant, Mr. Joly, told a Toronto audience not long ago, that the system is a fair one and works very well without doing injustice to anybody. Of course, Mr. Joly does not understand the matter as well as Ontario people, who feed on the

misrepresentations of journals that keep up their circulation by inflaming the passions of the P.P.A. But supposing the tithing system to be all wrong, would it not be better for the Protestants of Ontario to pay their own ministers living salaries before making a noise about the mode in which the Catholics of Quebec pay theirs. We have been hearing about "fat, sleek priests" since our boyhood, but we fail to see that it is better to keep a minister pinched, half-starved and half-distracted with trying to make both ends meet, than to keep him fairly comfortable. It ill becomes a Protestant to denounce Catholics for feeding their priests well if his own minister is pinched with poverty and grim want is stamped on the faces of his minister's wife and family. For humanity's sake, if not for the sake of Protestantism, see that the children in the manes and the personages of Ontario are decently fed and clad before entering into a campaign against the methods in which the French of Quebec pay their pastors.

It must be a painful fact for Presbyterians that at the very time the denunciations of Popery were loudest in Ontario our Home Mission Committee was engaged in cutting down the salaries of the pastors of augmented congregations. The people would not find the money and the reductions had to be made.

There has been a great deal said about the amounts paid to Catholic hospitals, though we believe the grants were made in all cases in proportion to the amount of work done. That part of the business, however, can be explained by the men who made the grants. What we want to point out is that the loudest shouting about these grants was made in counties that have for years refused to build a poorhouse for the care of the aged, the deformed and the infirm, and in township municipalities that have put aged and infirm people on the cars and shipped them like cattle into neighboring towns and cities. And yet these people shout like fanatics because public money is paid to Catholic hospitals, at the same rate as is paid to Protestant hospitals for caring for the aged, the deformed and the dying. They would rather see an old or deformed man die like a dog on the street than put their hands into their pockets and provide a poorhouse for him or pay their Catholic fellow-citizens for providing one.

The subject is not exhausted, but our space is. There may be more to follow. Meantime we close by saying again, "If our religion is superior, let us show its superiority by our deeds."
—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A Happy Medicine.

When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: A kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to one who fears failure; a left-off garment to some needy one—trifles light as air in themselves, but they are plenty for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, depend upon it, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity.

By the most simple arithmetic sum, look at the result: If you send one person away happy through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years after you have commenced this course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand, six hundred persons happy, at all events for a time. Isn't it worth trying?

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NIGHT TO DEATH'S DOOR.

How a Young Lady was Cured of a Terrible Malady When Near the Brink of the Grave.

The large pretentious brick residence at 80 Miami Avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Margaret Steubaugh, and her interesting experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am to day. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time living at Scotland, Brant Co., Ont.) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the church yard, and as I was such a sufferer I cared not whether I lived or died; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter. "I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer and how he said with tears in his eyes that he would be willing to do it always if he could only have me with him. It was evidently foreordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read, of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from Jas. A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six months I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public.
Wayne Co., Michigan.

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

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

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
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THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

July 10—St. Symmachus, Pope and Confessor.
20—St. Jerome, Emilianus, Confessor.
21—St. Alexius, Confessor.
22—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost,
St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
23—St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.
24—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
25—St. James, Apostle.

The Unity of Faith.

There is no scene in our Lord's life more pathetic than that in which, knowing the divisions that would come, he prayed for unity of faith among his children. "I pray . . . that they may all be one, as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee; that they may also be one in Us." And so the Vicar of Christ on earth, knowing that his days in this world are short, sends out his tender appeal to all peoples that they may follow out the last testament of Jesus Christ and enter into that fold where alone unity is possible.

The Holy Father makes little attempt to urge upon his readers the actual proofs of the necessity of unity of Faith or of his own supremacy; but he calls on all to look into the facts and follow their consciences in the way in which grace will lead them. So it is not presumptuous in us to point out the reasons which may induce our Protestant brethren to ponder on his words and follow his tender counsel.

The necessity of Unity of Faith cannot be denied by anyone who holds to the Scripture. At present, when the bitterness of feeling which blinded intellect in the 16th century has almost passed away, the sects which have inherited the principles of that century are seeking to effect some sort of union, and in order to overcome the difficulty of the text, they say that the union which Christ meant is an invisible or spiritual union of all good souls in the operation of the Holy Ghost. But if we believe in the essential and substantial Unity of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, such a position is absolutely untenable. Our Saviour prays "that they may be one as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee," and this Unity is complete, so much so that we cannot fathom its simplicity.

This unity demands oneness of faith and practice and government, as other words of our Lord, as well as the practice of the Apostles and early Christians, go to testify. Christ founded a Church of Peter, "upon this rock I will build my Church," He appointed a guide "Feed my lambs . . . feed my sheep;" He made that guide infallible, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren;" and the Church in general also infallible, "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and

the publican." This Church was to be guided and taught by the Holy Spirit. "I shall send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth . . . and He shall teach you all things . . . and abide with you forever." Finally, He gave them a mission to teach in His name, and a promise of protection; "Go, therefore, teach ye all nations . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

The practice of the Apostles proves that they understood themselves to form a hierarchy to teach and govern the world in spiritual affairs. They taught with a certainty of truth, excommunicated the unworthy, censured the slothful, made rules of discipline, selected and ordained successors, condemned heretics, and acted in all things as men who know that they were constituted in authority. It is evident from reason alone that such a Church is necessary for the preservation of any unity of faith or government, but we prefer to depend on the words of Scripture.

The attitude of the Apostles towards heretics or followers of private judgment is a valuable proof against the advocates of that destructive doctrine in modern times. St. John, the meek and loving, condemns them in words of fire; St. Jude writes an epistle against them, and St. Paul forbids true believers to associate with them. Now if we accept the doctrines of private judgment and personal inspiration of every man there can be no such thing as heresy. If truth is thus made a subjective thing, the individual cannot depart from it except by not believing what he does believe, which is rather absurd; and the Apostles, or rather the Holy Ghost speaking through them, wrote in vain, to say which is blasphemous.

The doctrine of private judgment is false and pernicious. It contains the germ of corruption within, and the sad divisions of Christian denominations are a logical consequence of it. The true Church, as we have seen is visible and indivisible, infallible and indefectible. Any departure from its doctrines is heresy, and is to be condemned as such. There is no union, no authority, no truth outside its fold. It is the city built upon the mountain, the bark of Peter, the vineyard of the Lord. All nations can see it, all men must enter into it to be saved from the flood about them. Hence the successor of St. Peter, the representative of Christ calls upon all men to take thought of their position and hasten to enter this saving ark before the deluge cometh.

And now what are the duties of Catholics at this time. The world is waking up in a new life, the principles of the rebellion of Luther are dying out, and men are eager to study new systems of doctrine to suit their case. The Catholic Church has now to cope with the enemy of infidelity which is the latest phase of Protestantism, but on the other hand she has an opportunity of placing her doctrines before people who formerly closed their hearts against the truth. Every Catholic may not be competent to instruct his fellows in the truth of faith but everyone can, like St. Francis,

preach a much stronger sermon by the acts of his daily life than he could by entering the arena of controversy. If we would live up to the holy teachings of our faith and show the world what Catholicity is in practice, we could induce more people to study its doctrines. Every Catholic, we are sure, desires the advancement of faith in the world, and the way we have pointed out is the only sure way to do it. Each one of us, however poor or illiterate, can thus become an apostle of Jesus Christ and a Saviour of the souls of his brethren.

Orange Tolerance.

The *Mail* objects to our strictures on the principle and methods of the Orange Order, and denies that they are intolerant because "as a matter of fact, we have their own declaration to the contrary." But if we accept this lame defence in every case, we would believe that even the *Mail* is a friend of toleration, that it does not deliberately assault things Catholic because they are Catholic, that it is inspired by a lofty desire to do absolute justice to all men. But we do not think that an "ipse dixit" is sufficient proof of the aims of an order or a newspaper; we prefer the ancient standard "By their fruits ye shall know them." We are ready to believe that many of the outrages committed by Orangemen and their associates are done without the sanction of the leaders of the organization, even that such acts of outward violence are contrary to their expressed principles, but it is hard for them to deny the fact that from its very inception a hundred years ago, the progress of the Order has been marked by deeds of violence and bloodshed which would disgrace the annals of the Buccaneers. The spirit of the Order, as we see it, has been one of enmity and intolerance, not so much indeed in this country as in Ireland, but sufficiently so to justify us in condemning it as injurious to the growth of true Canadian sentiment and patriotism.

Has the *Mail* ever heard of the famous Charter Toast, or the historic towns of Lurgan and Portadown, or the classic precincts of Shank Lane? And nearer home we have the diverting little incident of last Thursday's procession, when the Prentice Boys playfully stopped the street car driver with their swords at their breast, while a friend from the sidewalk gently bled his nose. This is but a passing incident—in the town of Lurgan a crowd of Orangemen returning from a funeral assaulted and cruelly beat a Catholic priest, Rev. Father McCartan, simply because he was a priest—a fine reason for the apostles of toleration. No, it is indeed difficult to persuade Irish men that the Order exists for any such good purpose. We have no doubt indeed that they would gladly succor Catholics, "when they call for relief from temporal or spiritual dictation," but it is not difficult to perceive what that dictation would mean.

We find it difficult to diagnose the attitude of our contemporary. It poses as an advocate of a united and peaceful Canada, but when we suggest that such an order is a barrier to this happy event, and propose that all

those processions which tend to disturb the feelings of others should be abandoned, it answers with a defence of the Orange Order, and presumably, of its processions, its music, and its utterances. We are informed that "Catholic writers are not the best authorities as to the motive of the Orange association." But surely the laic can form an opinion of the chase as well as the hounds. Irish Catholics have felt the weight of Orangism for a century, and it is a strange fact that not one Catholic who has known the association in Ireland or Canada can be persuaded that its spirit, at least as outwardly manifested, is favorable to religious freedom. It is a secret organization, and we can only suppose for clarity's sake that religious toleration is the secret it guards, and guards so jealously that no outsider could possibly guess its existence.

The Constitution of Canada.

A writer in the *Toronto Saturday Night* pauses from his social duties long enough to revise the Constitution of Canada, leaving out Separate Schools and French language, and thus forming a peaceful and united country. As it takes three columns to effect their change and depict its results, we cannot quote this valuable contribution to Canadian statesmanship in full; but we shall select from it a few paste jewels of philosophy and history for the pleasure of our readers. In connection with the question of the repeal of the B.N.A. Act, we are told: "Long before the period at which we date the beginning of the larger growth of what we call civilization, might was right, and all that the softening influences of culture and Christian kindness have been able to effect is the diverting of the course of power from brute strength to the voice of the majority. From the voice of the majority there is no immediate appeal; the only hope of a change is in the fluctuation of public opinion, and this must be accomplished by an appeal to either reason or passion."

This bit of philosophy is exactly tantamount to saying that might is practically right, even in our own days, only it is the might of numbers and not that of strength.

But does the might of numbers always constitute right? Are there not rights which majorities cannot touch or mutilate? And is there any private right, except the right to live, more precious to a man than the right over his own child? These are questions to answer. They cannot be dismissed with glib talk of the right or might of the majorities. Catholics will never submit in spirit to the semi-socialism which refuses them their parental rights, nor to the venerated infidelity which seeks to banish all consideration of the Creator from the mind of youth.

But the cause for the disturbances which disgrace this promise at every election is said to be primarily the existence of Separate Schools. Do Catholics stir up this strife, or Protestants? The answer to this question contains the real reason for these discussions and difficulties. Who is injured by the action of the Catholic people in educating their children in the practice of religion? Many tell

us that we ourselves are injured. In any case, peaceably disposed Protestants find this no reason to make trouble with their Catholic neighbors. Men of both religions work together at the same bench, and find no difficulty in leading peaceful lives.

But there is a certain class of people who can be stirred to fanaticism, and party leaders use the Separate Schools for that purpose. Should Catholic schools be therefore abolished? Ingersoll says that religion should be abolished because people killed each other on account of it. His reason is as good as the other. If we pursued the same course in all things, if we abolished a law or a right on account of popular outcry, there would be scarcely a law on the statute-books.

One more selection and we shall conclude. "Did not the Catholic Church lend its influence to the defeat of Clancy and Sol. White, and what can be expected of a party that has been robbed of all restraining influences? Generally the Roman Catholic Church has been remarkably astute in its management, but I cannot conceive of anything more blind and fatuous than the decision that no Catholic Conservative should enter the present Legislature."

To the first question of this remarkable quotation we answer, No! the Catholic Church did not lend its influence to the defeat of Mr. Clancy or Sol. White. Catholics may have voted against them in their constituencies, but there was no influence of the Catholic Church used to nominate, elect or defeat any candidate. The spokesmen of the Catholic Church—all honor to them!—spoke manfully against Mr. Meredith's truckling with the P.P.A., but the Catholics of the Province voted, as other citizens, for the best men or for the best measures.

As for the fear lest the so-called Conservative party should assume a position of hostility to the Catholics, we can only answer that Mr. Meredith has played Faust to the Mephisto of anti-Catholicism on two different occasions, and there is little good to be expected from him for any Catholic institution. So much for the astuteness of Catholics in general, though the remarks about "the decision (of the Catholic Church) that no Catholic Conservative should enter the present Legislature" are totally unfounded. The Catholic Church did not interfere, and when it needs advice it is not likely to look for it in the columns of the *Saturday Night*.

Death of Mr. G. W. Kiely.

The whole community was shocked and grieved by the report of the sudden death of Mr. George W. Kiely at his residence on Tuesday last. Mr. Kiely had been suffering from heart disease for some time past, but his death was nevertheless totally unexpected. The funeral will take place to-morrow (Friday) to St. Basil's Church, and thence to St. Michael's Cemetery.

Mr. Kiely was born in Port Stanley of Irish parents in 1831. His first important business venture was in London, where he and his brother established the finest line of stage coaches in the Western District. Twenty-five years ago they came to

Toronto, and in connection with Mr. Hyman bought the Street Railway, and by careful management established the business on a paying basis. Sir Frank Smith succeeded Mr. W. T. Kiely in the partnership, and together Messrs. Kiely and Smith managed the business until a few years ago, when Mr. Kiely was made President of the newly-organized Company. On account of increasing ill-health he withdrew from the company, selling his share, the value of which had greatly increased under his able management, to Mr. Mackenzie. Since then he has withdrawn almost altogether from business, finding in the circle of family and religious duties peace of soul and consolation in his ill-health.

The deceased has ever been an ardent Catholic, faithful to the principles and practices of his religion, and liberal with his wealth in every good cause. Two years ago he bestowed a full scholarship on St. Michael's College for the education of deserving youth for the priesthood. He will never lack the fervent prayers of those whom he has benefited, nor the supplication of all Catholics whose his generosity is known. To his bereaved wife and family we offer our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of so kind a husband and father, but the best offering we can make is our prayer for his eternal rest.

Editorial Notes.

The action of Mr. Justin McCarthy in adding his voice to the vote of sympathy offered to the family of President Carnot is indeed graceful and fitting. The connection between Ireland and France is of ancient date, and thousands of Irishmen from Sarafeld and MacMahon, have testified their devotion to that country by their valor on half the battlefields of Europe. Mr. McCarthy, speaking as the representative of the Irish race, said that he felt it his duty to his people to testify to their sincere grief and sympathy with the noble French people in the loss of their President. These were no vain words, as there is no people in Europe who so thoroughly feel with the losses of France as their brother Celts of Ireland.

If the Grand Old Man would accept the invitation tendered him by representative men in the United States, he would be accorded a reception which would dwarf anything of the kind even given on the continent. Not the grateful Irish alone, but all classes of people would join in the welcome to the man who has been for half a century a conservative but consistent upholder of constitutional freedom for the masses of Great Britain and Ireland unfortunately, it is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone's health can stand the fatigue of such a journey so he will probably never give a chance to his faithful friends in America to bid him welcome.

The *Mail* speaks of a "Roman Catholic party" in Ontario politics, with a "French Canadian Catholic faction" and an "Irish Catholic faction." This is an age of fiction, especially historical fiction, but never since the days of Sir Walter has there

existed a writer of such lively imagination as this writer in our contemporary. Sir Walter built his fiction up on some array of fact, but the *Mail* young man can dispense with all this and launch out into realms of fantasy whither no man can follow him. Where do we find evidence of a "Roman Catholic party?" Because Catholics when baited and standered by one party, fly to the other, do they constitute a special party. We have had Protestant parties enough, with their platforms and puppets to perform thereon, but where is the Catholic party to be found except in this bounding imagination? Did any Catholic run last election as a Catholic? By no means. Catholics ran as members of the two great parties, and won or lost on the merits of their platform.

An article in a religious contemporary speaking of France as becoming good missionary ground for Protestantism contrasts strangely with the lachrymose address of M. Hollar delivered at a Protestant Conference in Paris. He says that Protestantism is a foreign growth and is not quite at home in France. The French mind does not accept it, and the French heart rebels at its coldness. The old Church, too, he says, is a great obstacle in the way of their work. Let not our Protestant friends deceive themselves. The money they throw away in the establishment of missions in France might be even more wisely spent in buying moral pocket handkerchiefs for the natives of Borioboola Gha. The French of our day are either Catholic or nothing—their intellects are too keen and their nature too lively to be imposed on by a compromise. Macaulay remarks it as a strange fact that since the Reformation whole nations have gone from Catholicity to Infidelity and back again without leaving even the stragglers in the lap of Protestantism. The propagation of Protestantism in France is only an adjunct to the spread of infidelity. The infidels recognize this and give every opportunity to the Calvinists, while they couple the Catholic Church with the name of Jesus Christ as being their objects of enmity.

The investigation into the police force in New York has been discontinued for the summer. The iniquities revealed have been blamed altogether on Tammany men, while an examination of officials accused shows that at least one half are Republicans. The only man who gains honor from the investigation is John W. Goff, a distinguished Irish Catholic lawyer, whose Wexford ancestors fought for faith and country for generations. It is wholly due to his energy and ability that this Committee, one of a long series of such, is the first that has revealed any actual wrong-doing on the Police Force.

A tribute to another Irishman who has done much for justice is the following passage selected from an article in *Saturday's Empire* on Detective Murray would have baffled many clever men.

It is a curious fact that fully 90 per cent of the noted detectives on this continent are Irishmen. There is a cunning in the Irish temperament, mingled with a faculty for

jumping to conclusions, that is an inestimable boon to the detective. In such a man as John Murray, as he is called all over the country, you see these qualities carried to their highest development. As you talk with him—and a rugged hearty Celt he is—you discover his passion for small details, his keen sense of their value, and his ability to construct, by the exercise of a mercurial imagination and a ready wit, a theory founded on these details, these thousand and one circumstances which burst out to be provable and true. It was such a capacity that brought the truth to light in the notorious Henwell murder, for which J. Reginald Birbhall suffered death, which is but one instance of Mr. Murray's skill as an unraveller of mysteries.

His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, in his address to the Anglican Synod, made the following beautiful remarks on his Grace Archbishop Tache: "Upon referring to-day to the Roman Catholic Church, I cannot forget that that great prelate who has long presided over it in this land is this morning being laid at rest. I have been associated with him in many ways in the past twenty-nine years, from the time we sat together in the Council of Assiniboin, and I learned with others to admire him, not only for his great abilities, but for his sterling worth—his unassuming character, his invariable courtesy and consideration. He was in no ordinary sense the father of his people, and many, even outside his own church, feel to-day that they have lost a friend—perhaps a generous benefactor."

The following letter sent to the *Globe* explains itself. It was an act unworthy of the *Globe* to speak thus of the Hon. Mr. Curran. No doubt many were led to think that the Solicitor-General was in some way connected with the scandal concerning the building of this bridge. The *Globe* has made amends for the fault, though there will still exist in the minds of numerous people that Curran-bridge scandal and Curran bridge-scandal are convertible terms.

Mr. M. J. Gorman of Ottawa writes: "I beg to respectfully protest against the insinuations in two separate items of your 'Notes and Comments' in yesterday's paper against Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General. In the first item you say, in speaking of the colonial delegates, that they will not want a share in paying the bills certified by Mr. Curran of the bridge, and in the second item you speak of the 'Curran scandal', in the same category as the 'Caron-Langevin scandal.' The apparent object is to lead uninformed people to believe that Mr. Curran has had some connection with the building in the erection of the Wellington bridge at Lachine, which is commonly known as the Curran bridge on account of its being built in Mr. Curran's constituency, and his having obtained the passage of the grant for its construction. Now it is well known that Mr. Curran had no connection directly or indirectly with the building of the bridge or the certifying of the bills in connection therewith, and that, while the exposures that have been made of the misappropriations and over-charges are and may properly enough be referred to as the 'Curran bridge scandal,' it is neither true in fact nor fair to Mr. Curran to speak of them as 'the Curran scandal,' nor to refer to that gentleman as 'Mr. Curran of the bridge.' I trust that your usual sense of honesty in dealing with political opponents will prevent any such unfair insinuations in the future."

In justice to Mr. Curran and to the *Globe* we think it well to do a little more than Mr. Gorman asks, and to say that we have no desire to connect Mr. Curran's name with the bridge in any way that would mean discredit to him. The works have acquired the name of the Curran bridges, but, now that a scandal has arisen in connection with them, it would be only fair not to continue to connect his name with them.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, presiding at a private conference of Unionists at Birmingham on Tuesday, spoke very hopefully of an ultimate re-union of the Liberal party, to which he said events were plainly pointing. In the circumstances, he advised his colleagues to modify their tone and attitude toward Gladstone.

Once in a While.

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue.
Once in a while and clouds of doubt
Faith's fair-ost stars com- peeping through,
Our path lead down by the meadow fair,
Where the sweetest l'bosoms nod and smile,
As- I we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We feel the hand of a steadfast friend.
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to ble- d,
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile,
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the dearest land
We find a spot of the fairest green,
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of paradise are seen,
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A Joy that the world cannot defile,
We trade earth's dress for the purest gold
Once in a while.

—J. W. L.'s Companion.

Selected Receipts.

SUGARED CHERRIES—Beat the white of an egg enough to break its stringiness. Dip fine stalks of cherries well into the egg, then into powdered sugar until thickly covered, and dry on a sieve.

LEMON FROSTING—Beat together one cup of confectioners' sugar, the white of one egg and one tablespoonful of lemon juice until of a consistency to spread. This is a simple form of frosting, convenient to make at times.

CHERRY CHARLOTTE—Line a pud- ding-dish with thin slices of bread and butter, turn in one pound and a half of stewed cherries (sweetened) with as little of the juice as possible, cover with thin slices of bread and butter, and bake in a good oven three quarters of an hour. Turn out on a dish and strew with sifted sugar.

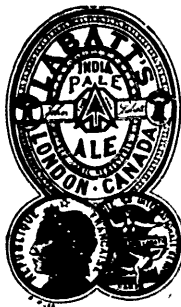
GROUND RICE GIDDLE CAKES—Boil half a pint of sweet milk, wet two tablespoonfuls of ground rice in cold milk, and stir into the boiling milk, and let it boil up. Add a small piece of butter and a tablespoonful of sugar and let it cool. Then add two tablespoonfuls of flour thinned with cold milk, two well beaten eggs and a half a teaspoonful of soda.

MAGIC CAKE—This requires no milk. Cream one-half cup of butter, add gradually one cup of sugar, three table- spoonfuls of ice water, three eggs well beaten, one and a half cups of flour, into which has been mixed one and a half tablespoonfuls of baking power measured slightly rounding. Beat thoroughly and bake in layers. Be careful not to use too much baking powder, as it will tend to make the cake dry and porous.

Devotion to Our Lady.

If we establish a solid devotion to our Blessed Lady, it is only to estab- lish more perfectly devotion to Jesus Christ, and to put forward an easy and secure means for finding Jesus Christ. If devotion to our Lady removed us from Jesus Christ, we should have to reject it as an illusion of the devil; but on the contrary, so far from this being the case, there is nothing which makes devotion to our Lady more necessary for us than that it is the means of find- ing Jesus Christ perfectly, of loving Him tenderly, and of serving Him faithfully.—*Blessed Louis Mary Grig- non de Montford, O. P.*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse has given the Catholic University of Lille an important relic of St. Thomas of Aquin. In 1874 Pius IX permitted Mgr. Desprez to open the reliquary containing the holy doctor's remains, with the request that he would de- tach a bone for the purpose of sending it to His Holiness, and at the same time remove another portion to be kept in reserve. It is this latter relic which will henceforth be venerated by the students of Lille.

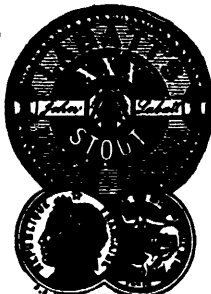


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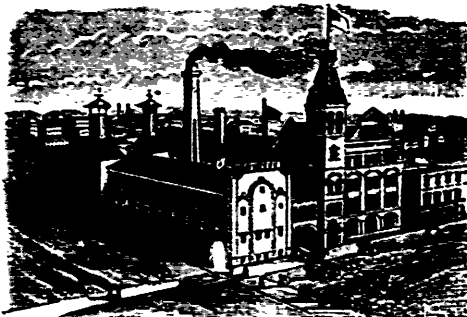
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Fleischmann's Yeast, half a cake
Sugar, two pounds
Lukewarm water, two gallons

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An Act of Reparation.

In Saint John Lateran's on a Sunday, fourteen years ago, I noticed large companies of people reciting the Rosary. As soon as these rose to go, their places were immediately taken by newcomers. Going to the door to investigate, I saw a long procession walking over to Santa Croce. I asked a man what it all meant.

"Eh, my friend, it seems a dog of an apostate has been putting up placards, in which he said he would give a lecture to prove that la Madonna Santissima is not the Mother of God. These people are making reparation."

I went over to Santa Croce. The church was crowded with worshippers, and there was benediction with the Passion relics. Then I saw thousands going toward Saint Mary Major's. When Saint Mary Major's was reached, it was found to be nearly filled; at sunset, the time for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the throng was so dense that we could not kneel, and Saint Mary Major's easily holds twenty thousand people.

The candles were lighted, and one hundred Roman nobles, bearing waxen torches, managed to get near the sanctuary rail. A great quiet came upon the multitude. They seemed to be grieved, hurt. If the man had insulted the Pope, spoken against the clergy, one might have let it pass, but he should not have spoken so of Her. The organist had the inspiration to start the plain chant *Tantum Ergo*. Then the twenty thousand voices caught up the melody, and the old basilica shook. At last the *Amen* died away, as thunder is stilled; and the tinkle of the tiny silver bell could be heard everywhere, while Cardinal Chigi uplifted the Sacred Host. Just as he replaced the monstrance upon the altar, a woman's voice, sharp and passionate, rang out: "*Erriva Maria!*" A shudder ran through the great multitude. You could hear one quickly-caught breath, then a roar: "*Erriva Maria! Erriva!*" went up to God till the walls reeled. Oh, but it was good to be there!

Near me was a party of southern French boys, seminarians. They flung their hats into the air, and they grew frantic. Beyond these were Germans, in scarlet soutanes, and you could hear their "*Hoch!*" above the din as they answered the French and Italian cheers. I happened to be in the midst of a party of lads from the Irish College. They were dazed for a moment, they trembled: then their eyes flashed, and you should have heard those Irish! They sent up one wild "*Erriva!*" that was quick and clear like the rattle of rifles. That was all. In the next breath they were weeping quietly.

It was a superb reparation. Perhaps it is wrong, but I can not help calling that apostate's work a "*felix culpa.*"—*Archie.*

A Falpable Hit.

The Hon. Mr. Gibson made a capital point the other day, when he said to a Hamilton audience, that an incalculable amount of good might have been done if the same amount of energy had been employed in advancing the interests of labor as has been displayed in working up the P.P.A. Where was the P.P.A. last winter when hundreds of hungry men and women had to be fed. Who ever heard of it doing any charitable work. Some of the men who have been spending their time and money for weeks in working P.P.A., lodges, will in all probability need to have their children fed before next winter is over by men who don't believe in the P.P.A.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Twelve members of the New York's "Four Hundred" were lately received into the Catholic Church in New York.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The annual statement of shipping and navigation for 1893 affords another opportunity to ascertain the facts as to the relative position of Belfast among the ports of the United Kingdom, as to which some controversy prevailed while the Home Rule Bill was in Committee. The tonnage of ships entered and cleared, whether on the foreign trade or coastwise, decreased during the year at most of the Irish ports, including Belfast; but, as the decrease was greater in Dublin, for the first time on record, Belfast tops the list of Irish ports with a total of 2,221,464 tons, as against Dublin's 2,203,463, Cork's 618,541, Waterford's 605,687. The total for Derry, 305,412 tons, is lower than in any recent year, but we are glad to notice an increase in the trade of Newry, which now stand 6th in Ireland with 266,202 tons. Glasgow is the only Scotch port which beats Belfast. The following English ports, however, exceed it:—Cardiff, Liverpool, London, the Tyne ports, Sunderland, and Hull.

Armagh.

News reached Armagh on June 15th that a farmer named Jas. Lang, who had resided at a place called Brougham, about three miles from Armagh, was discovered by a neighbouring farmer lying in a ditch quite dead. It appears that the deceased, who had lived alone for a number of years past, had been out visiting a house some distance from his home. He had left the house, and was proceeding homewards when death overtook him. The suddenness of the affair caused a great shock to the people living in the immediate vicinity, as deceased was a quiet, inoffensive person, and was well liked by all in the neighborhood.

Carlow.

Resolutions in favor of the Christian Brothers' claims have been adopted by the Carlow Town Commissioners, at a special meeting, at which Mr. Hammond, M. P., spoke in support of the resolution.

A meeting of the parishioners of Carlow was lately held in the Cathedral for the purpose of considering the necessity of making some improvements in the church, and to take steps for its redecoration. The Rev. John Cullen, Adm., presided. It was decided to hold a bazaar and drawing of prizes in order to raise funds. A subscription list was opened, and £300 subscribed, including £100 from the Bishop.

Cavan.

Mr. Young, M. P., has given an impetus to the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Forwarding the handsome subscription of £25, the member for East Cavan sends a spirited letter urging the necessity that exists for supporting the Fund. "Some may be impatient, (says Mr. Young,) and sick at heart from hope deferred. There is no reason for this feeling considering the ground which has been covered, and the work that has been accomplished since the present Government came into office. I can scarcely see how a great measure like Home Rule, complex and far reaching in its possibilities, having had to encounter fierce opposition from a powerful Tory party, and determined hostility from the House of Lords, could have made much greater progress in the time. The climax of the struggle has arrived, however. Success is certain. It only requires a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull *altogether* to arrive at the goal on which the Irish have set their hearts." If the hope of the Unionists, as Mr. Young says, was to make the poverty of the Irish people break down the efforts of their Parliamentary hand, the hope is doomed, like so many others harbored in the same quarter, to bitter disappointment.

Clare.

O'Donovan Rossa's visit to Ennis and lecture on his prison experiences, on Sunday, June 17th, were marked by an extraordinary incident. It had been originally contemplated to have the lecture in the Town Hall; but the Ennis Town Commissioners Letting Committee declined to give the hall for the purpose, inasmuch as the address would be a political one, and there is a clause in the lease under which the building is held against letting it for such uses. A special meeting of the Commissioners subsequently ratified the action of the Committee, and it was understood that the meeting would be held in the Ennis Temperance Hall. However, after O'Donovan Rossa's arrival in Ennis, some of his friends succeeded in getting into the Town Hall, through the caretaker's apartments, and opened the front door to the public. An enthusiastic public meeting was then held, under the chairmanship of Mr. P. J. Linnane, T. C. After the lecture speeches were delivered by various speakers, and the action of the Town Commissioners in refusing the use of the hall was criticised sharply. Subsequently an open air meeting was held.

Cork.

O'Donovan Rossa lectured to a very enthusiastic audience at Midleton on June 15th on his experience in English prisons. Owing to circumstances already stated, the Town Hall was not available for the purpose of the lecture, but this is no way interfered with its success, as all sections of Nationalists in the town and district joined in carrying out the affair; and on the lecturer's arrival from Cork, he was met by the mem-

bers of the Reception Committee, composed of the leading men of the town, while outside the station a great crowd of people headed by the local brass band had assembled. After the presentation of an address at the Forester's Hall, the procession moved on to the spacious enclosure at the rear of Mr. J. J. Bransfield's premises, where it was arranged that he should deliver his lecture. Here a fine platform had been erected, and from this Rossa addressed the crowd, which by eight o'clock had assumed big dimensions. On the next day O'Donovan Rossa proceeded to Ballymacoda for the purpose of visiting the graves of sixteen of the patriot dead of '05 and '07, who are buried there—notably Peter O'Neill Crowley and Tim Daly's graves, and on his arrival there he received an enthusiastic greeting.

Derry.

At a meeting of the Board of Nomination for the Parish of Lower Comber, held on June 20th, in the Diocesan Office, Londonderry, the Rev. Wm. McKenna, Rector of Learmount, Derry, was unanimously appointed to the vacant incumbency.

Dowry.

On June 16th, the Governors met in the Board room of the Infirmary, Downpatrick, for the purpose of appointing an assistant surgeon and registrar in the room of Dr. McComiskey, appointed dispensary doctor of the district of Killough, where Dr. Garner, son of Dr. Garner, resident medical Superintendent of the Clonmel Asylum, was appointed by a large majority.

Dublin.

Rev. Michael O'Gorman, C.C., the Cathedral, Marlborough street, Dublin, died on June 16th, at the early age of 33 years, nine of which he spent in the sacred ministry. Deceased was extremely popular with all classes. By the poor especially he was greatly loved. To alleviate their sufferings, to improve their condition and to lift them up spiritually and socially was the object of his life. A native of the diocese of Ossory, he made his ecclesiastical studies at Mount Mellera, at Clonliffe College, and at Maynooth, holding at every stage a foremost place amongst his contemporaries in every department of intellectual competition. In the Cathedral parish he found an inexhaustible field for his energy. He toiled day and night unheeding the fact that his constitution was not very robust. The temperance cause was specially dear to him. He battled for weeks with an attack of typhoid fever, and though hopes were entertained of his recovery he eventually succumbed to the disease. On the 18th, his remains were interred in the vaults of the church in Marlborough street, amid the lamentations of the people for whom he had labored, and in the presence of an enormous gathering of the clergymen of the diocese.

Fermanagh.

On June 10th, a splendid Nationalist meeting, which was announced by placard, was held in St. Michael's Hall, Enniskillen, for the purpose of raising subscriptions for the support of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Although the meeting was not so large as could be expected, owing to the counter attractions in the town, those present were most enthusiastic in the object of the meeting. Rev. A. Maguire, C.C., who was moved to the chair amidst applause, said that in order to gain Home Rule, it was necessary to maintain the Irish Party compact and united at Westminster. The party deserved well of the country. It was admitted, even by their opponents, that whatever had been done for Ireland, had been effected either directly or indirectly by the Irish Party. Messrs. Lindsay, J.P.; J.F. Wray, L.L.B., solicitor; and J. Maguire, J.P., also spoke. Some £30 was collected on the spot, and arrangements were made for a great collection throughout the county. Mr. Jordan himself gave £5. The proceedings then terminated.

Galway.

Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly has appointed Rev. Mark Egleton, C.C., to be Parish Priest of Cummer, in room of the lamented Rev. M. Heany.

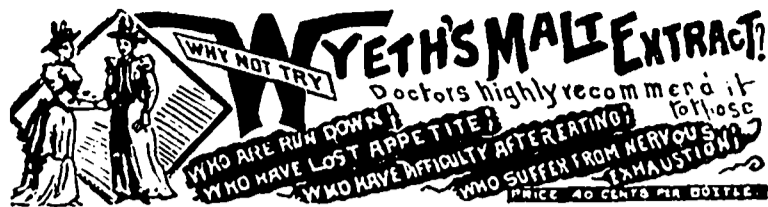
During the holding of a yacht race by the members of the Galway Royal Yacht Club, on the evening of June 10th, the yacht Nita, belonging to Sebastian M. Nolan, Esq., brother to Colonel Nolan, M.P., capsized. Mr. Sebastian Nolan and the boatman were thrown into the water, where they were for fully twenty minutes paddling about before they were rescued; and this was effected by a crew belonging to Mr. M. P. Walsh's boat, of New Docks. Mr. Nolan and his boatman were very much exhausted when they were taken out of the water, and there is no doubt that, were it not for the timely assistance rendered, both would have been drowned, as the place where the accident occurred was fully two miles out in the bay.

Kerry.

Excellent new potatoes were sold in the Tralee market on June 16th for 2s. per stone.

On Sunday, June 17th, the ordination of the Rev. Michael O'Donoghue, son of Mr. John O'Donoghue, draper, Cahirciveen, took place at St. John's Cathedral, Waterford. Father O'Donoghue has been ordained for the English mission.

Universal regret was occasioned throughout North Kerry by the announcement of



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the death of Mr. W. C. Hickie, J.P., of Killeton, which occurred on Sunday morning, June 17th, and came as a sudden shock, deceased being apparently no worse in health and general appearance on the previous day than he had been any time during the past few years. The immediate cause of death was apoplexy. As a landlord and magistrate the deceased was always indulgent to the poor, and in years gone by the hospitality of Killeton was known for outside of the bounds of Kerry, and the many excellent qualities of the deceased were widely appreciated by a circle of friends which were confined to no class or party.

Lectures.

The Hon. George Greville has, within the last few days, accepted as tenant for an evicted farm at Conlars, within four miles of Carrick-on-Shannon, which has lain derelict for the past two years, a Mr. Thomas McLaughlin, nephew to the evicted tenant, Luke Glen. A few months since it was surmised that the farm was about being grabbed, and a public meeting, at the time, was held to protest against such being done. The action taken by the landlord is conclusive proof that the surmise was without foundation, as Mr. McLaughlin has given over possession of the evicted farm to his uncle; and, although it was not stipulated that he should do so, there was an implied understanding to that effect. Heavy arrears of rent have been wiped out by the landlord. Needless to say, this action of the landlord is regarded with much favor by the people of the neighborhood.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin, and writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Romer Morull, who attempted to assassinate the civil governor of Barcelona on June 26, has been sentenced to 17 years' imprisonment.

An anarchist has been arrested in La Junquera, near Gerona, upon suspicion of being concerned in a plot to assassinate President Casimir-Perier of France.

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Catholic News.

Rev. A. F. Kolzowaki, the leader of the rebellious Catholic Poles in Cleveland, O., has been excommunicated.

A gift has just been made to the Holy Father of several ancient Mexican manuscripts. The gift is destined for the Vatican Library.

In the Patagonian missions there are twelve colleges with 5,000 students, a hospital and an industrial school.

The first band of "White Sisters," a new French order, recently left Paris for the great lakes of Equatorial Africa, to help in the conversion of the natives.

Two bombs have been found in a church near Rovigo, Italy. The priest who observed them extinguished the fuses with his foot. Two arrests were made.

Mgr. Latti, Bishop-elect of Challons, is in Rome, where he took the documents for the process of beatification of Madame Baret, the founder of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

St. Francis Xavier's day, Dec. 3, 1894 will be the fiftieth anniversary of the Apostleship of prayer, League of the Sacred Heart. This association has grown most amazingly until it is now estimated that no fewer than 20,000,000 members join every day in the prayers for general and particular intentions.

Those who will participate in the Pilgrimage to Lourdes from Brooklyn, are very much pleased that Rev. Mother Catherine Aurelie, the founder of the Order of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, will come from St. Hyacinth, Canada, to see them start for Europe, July 18.

The public procession of Corpus Christi through the streets of Vienna was marked by its accustomed splendor. The Emperor and eight archdukes, among whom was the octogenarian Archduke Albert, followed the Blessed Sacrament on foot.

Towards the end of July Monsignor Nugent will pay another visit to the United States. This time he will be accompanied by Father Berry, a Liverpool priest, who for the last two years has followed in the footsteps of his venerable colleague.

Miss Rosa O'Halloran.

The only woman astronomer of any importance on the Pacific coast is Miss Rosa O'Halloran. She is also the only woman member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, having been nominated to the honor by Professor Holden. The San Francisco Chronicle gives a sketch of her life. From her earliest childhood, she was attracted by astronomy, and it was the only study that was always a pleasure and never a task. In appearance Miss O'Halloran is interesting. She is very small with a well shaped head firmly set on small shoulders, and held up with that indescribable air that denotes character. Her eyes are gray, with circles about them that tell of watching at night, but they are very pleasant, cheerful eyes for all that. She dresses with the utmost simplicity. Miss O'Halloran was born in Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, Ireland. Her father was well to do, and his daughter received a good education. After his death the family wealth rapidly disappeared, and the carefully raised daughter had to think about earning a living. Miss O'Halloran came to America and began teaching, and she naturally chose astronomy, her favorite subject, as her specialty. She managed to keep up her independent observations in spite of the difficulty of teaching all day and star gazing all night. Her chief difficulty was the lack of a fitting instrument for her work. She was at last enabled to obtain her heart's desire. Professor George Davison became interested in her struggles, and it was by the help of his wife and himself that she finally obtained a 4 1/2 inch Brashear



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refractor. The room where Miss O'Halloran and the telescope do their work is an observatory and class-room combined, for she still finds it necessary to teach. In place of pictures the observatory is hung with maps and charts of the heavens. Just now she is looking for variable stars. On every clear night she scans the heavens in the region of Scorpion. Each night she draws a map on which the positions and magnitude of the stars are indicated. In 1894 she will have completed her third set of maps. From these she will determine what stars she supposed to be variable to Scorpion. On Jan. 19th, 1893, she observed and sketched a rapidly developing group of spots near the sun's western limb. The return of the group on the eastern limb was first seen on Feb. 4th. This group was identified with the great February sun spot group, so that Miss O'Halloran was one of the very earliest observers, and possibly the earliest, which shows what can be accomplished by industry even with nothing better than a 4 inch telescope. During years of struggle and study she has added to her income by writing astronomical articles for the *Scientific American* and other magazines. At present Miss O'Halloran is collecting material for a book. She expects it to take years but some day all the maps and diagrams she is drawing will be collected and published.—*The Republic*.

A motion made in the House of Commons by Sir John Lubbock to reject the budget bill was rejected by a vote of 283 to 263. On Sir William Harcourt's motion, the bill then passed its third reading, amid loud cheers.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, July 18, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 59	0 60
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 63	0 65
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 75
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 29	0 21
Butter, in dairy tubs.....	0 15	0 17
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 90	1 00
Celery, per doz.....	0 90	1 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Onions, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 30	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	4 00	5 00
Straw, sheaf.....	6 00	7 50
Hay, timothy.....	10 00	12 00
Hay, clover.....	7 00	9 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, July 17—Cables from England quoted lower prices there and overstocked markets; the demand for shipping cattle here was very slow, and not much sold at over 4 1/2c per pound. Butchers' cattle were also weaker, and prices were from 3 1/2c for the best down to 2 1/2c and occasionally less for inferior. About 1,000 lambs and sheep came in; the market was overstocked, and prices showed no improvement. Calves were in easy demand. About 100 came in; sales were slow and prices weak. A few milk cows were here, but prices ruled low, \$40 being seldom touched, and from \$22 to \$30 each being a common price. Close on 500 hogs were on sale, and prices were firm, with as much as \$5.75 occasionally paid. All grades sold.

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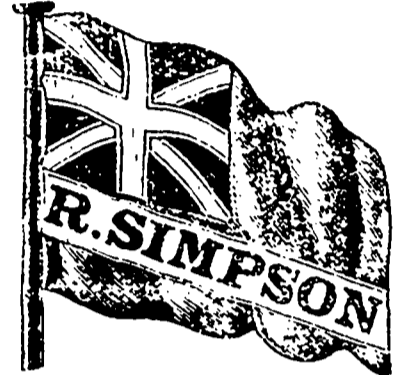
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LET THE WOMEN SPEAK.

Mrs. A. Sampson, 208 Bennington st., East Boston, writes: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad that I did not dare to eat as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K. D. C. I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not been so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine have no excuse for suffering."

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- SHAKER FLANNELS—Plain colors for Bathing Suits—5c, worth 10c.
- VASSAR SHIRTS—Plain and figures. \$1.15, worth \$1.50.
- SWISS MUSLINS—Checks and Stripes. 6 1/2 cents, worth 10 cents.
- BEST TEAS—We sell no others. Choice Black or Mixed Tea, 25c, worth 40c.
- JAPANESE WASH SILKS—All shades—45c, worth 55c.
- ALL SILK CREPE LIAU—A Parisian Novelty, 35c, worth 75c.
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THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY

CHAPTER XXVI.—(CONTINUED).

"Not if we consult the Divine Mind," replied Lord Charleton. "None but the Creative Hand must touch the social chess board. It is good, after listening to the sopbistries of those who would fain bewilder more honest minds, to take up the simple rudiments of the Christian faith, in a child's catechism; and after listening to theories of general good, ultimate benefit, choice of the lesser evil, impediments removed, a too prolonged or inopportune life abridged, &c., to read the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. We Christians have no excuse in letting our minds become bewildered, while we possess these simple and accessible tests of truth. In pagan times, the most heroic virtue was that which involved the greatest personal sacrifice. Brutus, therefore, might stab his friend. But, however we might personally suffer and our country gain, we have been told, 'Thou shalt not kill'—thou shalt not, from the most heroic spirit of self-sacrifice, send a soul into eternity.

"We are advancing very gradually discreetly, and diplomatically to the point," observed the duchess: "the suspicion, if not conviction, that the minds of two of our acquaintances require a return to first principles."

"In fact," cried Colonel Whyne, "we want to know whether a man and his daughter, natives of Jamaica, are to come to England from Germany, expressly to kill two men who stand in the way of that particular adjustment of society, in a pretty German court, which they deem advisable; and, whether, from politeness, we are to take no effectual remedies against them, but let them help Divine Providence to abridge the too-prolonged life of the Earl of Charleton, and the inopportune life of Viscount Stanmore, in order that this immense good—this ultimate benefit—may be given to Europe and all creation, in the elevation of a young witch called Hortense Woolton, to be her serene highness, right-handed wife of the fourth son of the late reigning Duke of Wolfenschrüdenfel. No, my dear friends; your tender sensibilities do not suit a plain soldier. I will now relate my morning call this very day, in Lower Brook street, before meeting my wife, by appointment, here in Stanhope-street. My visit was in reply to an invitation to dinner, on whatever day the Earl of Charleton should name for an all but public meeting, on friendly terms, of the two branches of the Wooltons in the sympathizing company of mutual friends. Mr. Woolton was alone, and hoped my answer would be as practically friendly as all my conduct towards him had been since his arrival in England. I told him that to dine, or permit the Earl of Charleton to dine in his house, must depend on the explanation he could give me of a certain paper, left by his daughter at my house. Now see the guilt of the man!—He thought I meant a paper containing a powder; for he first turned pale as death, then, exerting himself, laughed and said: 'Oh! it's only a powder to be dissolved in a certain acid for cementing glass and fine china. Do not let the children get at it, however; for the inventor warned me it was a subtle poison. I hope no harm has been done! It was careless of Hortense to leave it.' I asked, in my turn, what a young lady could possibly require of a powder to mend china, or of a subtle poison at a country fete, at a distance from her own home. To which he replied that were it not that I had given hospitality to his daughter, he would ask me how I dared make such a remark. I then told him that the paper in question contained no powder whatever: that it was the rough draught of a letter dictated by his daughter, and written by mine.

That the circumstance of the handwriting being that of her own child had induced Lady Emily to retain the original; but that I laid the exact copy before him. I think nothing of the agitation of his countenance as he perused it. On the contrary, an innocent father would have showed more horror. At length he recovered himself and again laughed, saying, "Oh, come—this betrays itself to be a complete history to mystify Miss Whyne. This is a school-girl's frolic. No truth in it from beginning to end. I am sorry it has so frightened you all—you sober English! But I will, if you will permit me, keep this production to show Hortense; and I will reprimand her well. Tell your sweet Georgina to teach a little of her steadiness to my wild puss."

"Well!" cried Lord Claud, his countenance radiant with hope; "perhaps he is quite right. Perhaps it is merely a girl's frolic after all. It is by far the most charitable view to take. Hortense is a genius—full of wit and spirit; just a creature to love a little mischief with her more sedate friend."

"Lord Claud, you are in love—you are bewitched. Now do not be angry. We are all confidential friends here," said Colonel Whyne. "Would to God I could think with you. Remember that this so-called 'girl's frolic' took place during the night following Lord Stanmore's plunge into the river. She believed he was drowned; she was too excited, too nervous to steady her hand. She could only dictate."

"Suppose we all drive together into the country," interposed the duchess; "and as we have fully discussed one dinner-party, let us accomplish another in the rural shades of the Marquis of Seaham's villa, at Richmond. Come, Lord Claud, you and I will perform the honors, as your brother has often invited me to do."

After a little hesitation, and a note or two despatched to promise a return for later engagements, the little party heated and nervous by painful topics—resolved to cast aside care for a while; accordingly they drove in the two carriages, already at the door, to the proposed pleasant bowers at Richmond.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MONTAIGNY CHAMBER.

The dinner-party of the elder to the younger branch of the house of Woolton took place as appointed on the 28th of June, at the residence of the Earl of Charleton, in Carlton Gardens. The mansion was well adapted for an entertainment; and arches of colored lamps and evergreens, produced the words of "Welcome" and "Hortense," with great effect. The dinner, being one of state, was of long duration; and a band of music filled the pauses of the conversation. This was succeeded by a select party of professional vocalists in the drawing-rooms, who were invited to remain for the crowning entertainment, a lottery of prizes.

Still, as the Duchess of Peterworth had observed, this dinner and evening festivity were but palliatives. There was the dinner, *par excellence*, in Lower Brook street, threatening the lives of one party and the damnation of the other. Accordingly, in the following first week of July, embossed cards appeared for a dinner at the house of Mr. Gerard Woolton, on the 20th instant, in honor of the Earl of Charleton, the head of the family, and others of similar elegance for Viscount Stanmore, in the handwriting of Hortense.

This wonderful girl had so well contrived, during the dinner and succeeding hours in Carlton Gardens, to interest, delight, and even inspire, with confidence, both grandfather and grandson, that on their consulting together on the prudence of venturing to accept the invitation to Brook street, on the 20th of July, each found the other disposed to risk the visit, as not deserving the fears of any reasonable man. The Marquis of Seaham was

not on visiting terms, but Lord Claud had accepted the invitation sent him.

"I think the chain armor I sent you, Stanmore, need not be thrown off that day," observed the Marquis; and remember that tobacco is an anti-dote to arsenic."

It so happened that a small party of intimate friends of Colonel and Lady Emily Whyne met at their dinner-table in Belgrave square, on the day previous to the proposed entertainment in Lower Brook street: the Duke and dowager Duchess of Peterworth, Lord Claud Chamberlayne, the Marchioness of Penzance, and her younger son and daughter, Lord Albert and Lady Charlotte Fitzjames, who, with fair Georgina Whyne, made a pleasant number for general conversation. Georgina was happy to have Lord Claud on one side, while her cousin, Lord Albert, was on the other beside her at the table; for, both being ardent admirers and chivalrous defenders of the much-discussed Hortense Woolton, still, as over, her idol; she was assisted in bringing back the subject, however it might wander, to the one theme of her daily thoughts—her nightly dreams. Perhaps the supposed persecution of her father, in forbidding further intercourse, and, in the family circle, further mention of the beautiful West Indian, might have heightened the delight with which, on this day, she fearlessly indulged in the prohibited topic.

"Quite a mental possession," sighed Lady Emily, at length, to the duke, at her right hand.

"Never mind, Emily," returned he, "Georgina looks so unconsciously beautiful, while raving nonsense about her friend, that I am obliged to forgive her."

This was at the close of dinner; the servants had retired, the little subdued movements of eating sweet-meats and drinking choice wines had also ceased, the softest sound could be heard, and Lord Claud looked and smiled his full assent to his uncle's defence of his niece. A few instants later, the butler entered, and whispered to his master that the confidential valet of the Earl of Charleton wished to speak to him.

"It is something very serious, sir," added the man. "It is better for you to be prepared. It is something very shocking!"

"Come, Bookham," said the colonel, "I see you know all about it. I prefer hearing the bad news here among my friends. The earl himself is quite safe, as he sends the message. Bring in the valet."

Monsieur Julien entered, and bowed in silence to the whole company; then stood near the colonel, who, fearing for Lord Stanmore, became agitated.

"Who is the object of this bad news?"

"Miss Woolton, colonel."

"Miss Woolton! Oh, my God! who has she been poisoning?"

"Herself, sir!"

A wild shriek from poor Georgina, a low groan from Lord Claud, and an entreaty like a command from the duchess, to relate particulars, followed simultaneously. Julien, who had been expected to be thus called on, commenced as follows:

"Last week a packet came from the Foreign Office, to Miss Woolton, the contents of which appeared to agitate and distress her, almost to madness. The letter which is supposed to have most affected her, is in German. Mr. Woolton, the day before yesterday, found from Miss Woolton's maid, that she had not been able to gain admittance to her young lady's room. It was then late in the afternoon, and Mr. Woolton became alarmed. He had the door opened, and directly he saw his daughter, he sent for medical assistance. The nearest doctor came, and found that the young lady had been dead some hours. Mr. Woolton then asked for a pair of scissors, and making the maid undo the hair, cut

from the roots a long tress. He next kissed her on the forehead, and said to the maid: 'Lucille has turned traitress. All now rests with you and your husband. Let Jerome find my lawyer directly, and have all things done, as belits my eldest daughter and heiress. I shall leave two letters in Mr. Childer's hands: one to guide your proceedings, the other for the Earl of Charleton.' The maid cried, 'What, sir, are you leaving us before your daughter is buried?' He replied, 'All is contained in my letter to Lord Charleton.' Yesterday he left London forever. My Lord received this letter last night, and immediately desired to have a visit from Sir Bentley Burder, who was fortunately at home, and came directly to Carlton Gardens. He took me in his carriage to Brook-street, and into the death-chamber, which the two confidential servants had fitted up with the greatest solemnity, although they were both convinced that their young lady's death had been an act of suicide. In her jewel box was a small case containing poisons in powders, indorzed, in her own handwriting, thus: 'slow'—'immediate'—'leaves a sediment'—'no sediment.' This case was placed out of its usual corner in the jewel-box, as if it had been used. When Sir Bentley Burder entered the death-room, he stood in grave silence at the foot of the bier; then spoke these important words:—'This is no case of poison. We all stood in respectful astonishment. Then one servant pointed out the poisons in the little case; another recounted the disappointment conveyed in the letter from Germany: but Sir Bentley, who had moved to the head of the bier, said, on closely examining the countenance, 'My opinion to the jury is, that this young lady has died by sudden cessation of the action of the action of the heart.' Sir Bentley left this opinion in writing for the foreman of the jury. They met this morning, and their verdict was—'Died by the visitation of God!'"

"Ah! good old language, good old truth," exclaimed the Duchess of Peterworth. "It is exactly as the verdict worded it: 'Died by the visitation of God!' Did God, in His eternal councils, foresee that a further prolongation of life would only add to her resistance to grace!—did He so care for the living, that he cut the thread of her guilty young life, before she could be fatally successful!—did she ever approach the tribunal of penance! Ah! good old language, good old truth: 'Died by the visitation of God!'"

"Oh! how cruel," exclaimed Georgina Whyne, starting from the stupor of grief which had succeeded her cry of anguish. "Hortense—my Hortense—has died of a broken heart! Oh! take me to her, Lord Claud. Let me see once more the broken-hearted girl, lying there alone—desolate—in her cold beauty. No! I will not go with grandmama; I will go only with you, Lord Claud."

"Is the thing possible?" asked Lord Claud of Julien.

"Quite, my lord," replied he. "There has been a mistake in the length of the coffin, or the body has extended since death: for another has to be made, and the young lady still lies on the bier."

"Where?"

"In the back drawing-room of the house in Lower Brook-street."

"Oh! my dearest aunt," cried Georgina to Lady Penzance, "you, who introduced Hortense, in all her beauty and bright hopes, to the Queen and Court of England, take me now to her. I cannot, I suppose, go alone with Lord Claud at night. He is too young, perhaps—"

There was a pause. The marchioness trembled with nervous terror: at length she said:

"My dear child, if your uncle will take care of me, and Lord Claud of you, and Monsieur Julien can admit us

quietly, for your sake—as we may hope the soul is not lost—I will go.”
 “Oh! bless my soul, Charlotte,” cried the duke, “I never thought of intruding on the dead in this unheard-of way. I suppose there is no altar, or religious rite going on, to warrant the entrance of strangers.”

“Oh! uncle, dear uncle, we are not strangers. This was the first house in London Hortense was ever in; and my aunt came to fetch her to St. James’, in all her gayety and beauty, the delight of all hearts. You, uncle duke, were then, like all the rest. Do not refuse this last respect to the one I have so loved. You will come, I know.”

The good natured duke turned round to look at the countenances of the rest of the party, but no one seemed so much in earnest to prevent, as Georgina to persuade him; and at length, the duke's carriage being announced, the four departed in awe and silence for the chamber of death.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STILL THE MORTUARY CHAMBER.

The customs of her mother's Isle of Cuba, had been followed in laying out the remains of Hortense Woolton; for the two confidential servants were natives of that island. The court-robe in which she had been presented, in all the brilliancy of her wonderful beauty, as the future Countess of Charleton, in her own right, and affianced princess of the ducal throne of Wolfenschriedenfel; this robe now arrayed the sternly majestic corpse. A small diadem of brilliants was fixed high across the forehead, and corresponding ornaments were profusely scattered over the whole person. The friends, who had so enthusiastically followed at her chariot-wheels in life, now stole into the death-room, in respectful sorrow. Julien relit some more of the many tapers that had burned alternately round the bier, and the arrangement then truly deserved the term, to “lie in state.”

The two ladies of the group knelt, and commenced the psalm *De profundis*—“From the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord!” Lord Claud, much agitated, attempted to join them, while the duke remained perfectly silent, with his eyes, that had been fixed on Hortense, now turned as fixedly on a solitary figure standing near him, in comparative shadow—it was Lord Stanmore. The duke grasped his hand, and led him aside.

“Can you pray?”

“I am in doubt,” was the reply, “whether —”

“Exactly so,” interrupted the duke; “whether our prayers may not increase her sufferings. I have such an internal conviction they will do so, that I cannot utter a word. I firmly believe that the wicked soul of that proudly handsome corpse, is now one of the queens of Lucifer, the fallen angel. She is in a larger court than that of Wolfenschriedenfel.”

“Oh, stop, duke!” said Lord Stanmore; “we dare not pronounce. Remember, she did not commit suicide; she died suddenly of the heart disease.”

“And the case of poisons,” whispered the duke; “all labelled to send others scientifically and prudently out of her path of ambition. You cannot reason upon that, Stanmore. Come into the next room with me, and leave poor Georgina to torment her lost friend, by prayers worse than unavailing. Now, tell me,” continued he, when in the front drawing room, with the folding-doors closed, “what has her father requested of Lord Charleton, in the letter I have heard of?”

“Mr. Woolton,” replied Lord Stanmore, “has written, that if the best medical authority can pronounce that his daughter did not commit suicide, he makes it the last request, with which he shall ever trouble the head of his family, that Hortense may lie in the vaults of her ancestors.”

“And what has the earl decided?”

“He has consented.”

“I thought so—I feared so. Now, Stanmore, we both know that souls wander about where their bodies lie—good souls as well as bad ones—and therefore we cry, ‘Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord!’ and God hears that cry. But just see in what you are going to involve yourselves, with a restless, wandering soul that cannot be prayed for, and whose one especial line of damnation was to raise herself, at the cost of all living obstacles—yourself in particular. I know of your engagement to the Marquis of Seaham's charming daughter; and that you are to be married in two years: may God bless that marriage. Now, some things have fallen curiously in my way through life, which prove of use as warnings. I have one of these to mention to you in Lord Charleton's presence. Have you your carriage here?”

“I have.”

The duke rang the bell, and Julien entered.

“Tell the ladies to make use of my carriage back to Belgrave-square, and then send it to Carlton Gardens. I am going with Lord Stanmore.”

Julien re-entered the death-room in time to assist Lord Claud and the Marchioness of Penzance, in gently compelling the nearly fainting Georgina to quit the body of her friend. Julien advancing, unexpectedly, covered the face of the corpse; and Georgina's two protectors bore her from the room. After assisting the aunt and niece into the carriage, Lord Claud said to the footman, accompanied by a *douleur*:

“Request the coachman to drive very slowly.”

This was complied with, to the surprise and regret of Lady Penzance, who, wearied with the painful emotions of the evening, wished to lay her head on her pillow; but she soon rallied her spirits, when Lord Claud explained, that he desired to speak to Miss Whyne in the sole presence of her ladyship, whose kind influence he hoped to obtain.

“The only event that has saddened our two families,” said he, “the early mutual affection that existed between Lord Edwin Fitzjames and my poor sister-in-law—a prepossession of heart never, alas! confided to my brother—has made me resolve not to marry any one whose first affections have been won by another man. I think, I perceive in the enthusiastic attachment to Miss Whyne for her young friend, that no other absorbing affection has gained her heart. I can promise her, on my part, the devoted fidelity of my life.”

“My dear Georgina,” said Lady Penzance, “there is do one who would make you more happy than Lord Claud.” (TO BE CONTINUED)

“The Bible, Science and Dogma” is the title of a new work which Rev. J. A. Zahu, O.S.C., the well-known professor of Notre Dame University, has in press.

“REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPESIA.”—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—“In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case.”



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THE CARMELITE FATHERS.

A correspondent of the *Globe*, writing from Niagara Falls, Ont., on Monday, says:

The Carmelite Fathers to-day laid the corner stone of their new \$80,000 hospice, which is being erected back of the old hospice and west of Loretto Convent, situated on the eminence overlooking the Horseshoe Falls and Queen Victoria Park. The event was an important one in the history of the Order, and transpired on the day, July 16th, of the annual feast of the Order. The occasion was honored by the presence of his Grace Archbishop John Walsh of Toronto and other distinguished priests and clergy of the United States and the Dominion. The day was perfect and drew out a large gathering of Catholics from both sides of the river to view the interesting ceremonies.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the little church near the hospice, and it was crowded to suffocation. Father Pius R. Mayer of New Baltimore, Pa., Provincial of the Carmelite Order in America, conducted the Mass. Archbishop Walsh occupied the seat of honor, and Very Rev. P. J. Kavanagh was honorary deacon. Father Dominick O'Malley of Niagara Falls officiated as deacon, Father Bernard Finck of Kansas as sub-deacon, Father Timothy Sullivan of Thorold as master of ceremonies, and Father Lynch of Niagara, assistant. Siebold's Mass in C was sung by the Holy Redeemer Church choir of Rochester, under the direction of the composer, Prof. F. W. Siebold.

At the conclusion of the Mass the Archbishop made a brief address, referring to the high standing throughout the world of the order of the Monks of Mount Carmel. He cited the objects which his predecessor, Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, had at heart in establishing religious educational institutions on both sides of the river. Niagara University and Loretto Convent, but it remained for the Carmelite Fathers to do a greater work, and to-day was the first step in the great and grand future which the order had before it in founding a large and handsome hospice. The Archbishop said that here nature and God were together, and no more fitting place could be found where the soul could commune with God and find peace and rest. His Grace's remarks were simple and effective, and he invoked the Papal blessing upon the work and the ceremonies which had taken place, and also on the people.

Following the prelate's remarks and blessing a procession was formed and wended its way to the site of the new hospice. The foundation walls and cellar are completed, and a rough shed had been erected over the place where the corner-stone was to be laid, and the handsome piece of stone hung on a derrick ready to be dropped into place. When all were assembled Archbishop Walsh blessed the stone, and while the choir chanted it was lowered to its place and set in cement, the Archbishop using a little silver trowel tied with white ribbon. The litany was then chanted by the assembled fathers and the choir. After the benediction the choir sang beautifully Kam's Ven Creator, and the Franciscan Father, Rev. Raphael Fuhr, O. S. F., of St. Francis College, Quiney, Ill., delivered the oration.

The idea of having a Franciscan deliver the oration arose from the fact that Father Hennepin, the first white man to look upon the great cataract, was a Franciscan, and to honor him and his order a Franciscan was chosen. The theme of Father Fuhr's oration was the Scapular, the insignia of the Blessed Mother of Mary, who was the patron of the Carmelite Fathers. He cited the fact that the fathers of Mount Carmel were the oldest religious sect in existence, and had special favor from Popes and Princes. He

referred to the hospice too, and to the great work the order had accomplished in America as well as other countries. He felt that this grand hospice, so auspiciously begun here, would prove one of the greatest of blessings to the United States as well as the Dominion. After the oration the ceremonies ended, and the visiting and resident fathers surrounded their Archbishop and adjourned to the old monastery and hospice, where dinner was served.

The new hospice will be a very handsome structure. It will be of Medina sandstone, three storeys high, with circular towers on the front entrance. The roof will be of red tile. The main portion will be 130 feet 2 inches long by 47 feet 8 inches wide, with a wing 60 feet 8 inches by 49 feet, having an arcade extending along the west side of the wing 10 feet 8 inches wide, supported by heavy stone pillars. This hospice is designed for the accommodation of the fathers and as a retreat for the laity and clergy for religious communion and rest. It is also designed to in time make the Monastery the headquarters of the order on this continent. The present prior of the hospice is Rev. Father Kreidt, under whose direction this good work is going on.

On the stone was chiseled the following:—"In honorem B.M.V. Demonte Carmelo, positus die, 16 Julii A.D. MDCCCXCIV."

Working for Ireland.

Lady Aberdeen, the indefatigable worker in the cause of developing Irish industries, is now in Ireland. We quote the following from a London paper in reference to her visit: "The Countess of Aberdeen arrived at Queens-town from Canada on Saturday morning last, and has since been touring in the south of Ireland in the interests of the Irish Industries Association. Everywhere she was well received, and her zeal in establishing the Irish village in Chicago was cordially commended. Her ladyship brought back the last of the Irish girls taken out under her auspices in the person of Miss Sullivan, and expressed her desire that Irish goods should be brought before the notice of passengers on Atlantic steamers. She declared that her husband and herself were grateful to the Queens-town convent which had worked so heartily in their cause. The mayor of Cork hoped that under the future and happier time of home rule Lord and Lady Aberdeen would be the first rulers of Ireland as the representatives of the Queen. Her ladyship pledged herself that the links which bound her household would be forged faster by what they had heard, and reiterated their pride and delight to do all they could for the promotion of Irish welfare. The American consul sent a telegram of deep interest and warm sympathy in the labors of the countess, and the real good of the Irish people, which should be of concern to every one of his countrymen."

While the cause of Ireland finds such enthusiastic and influential advocates

as the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen there can be no doubt of its ultimate success. There is no more popular statesman with the Irish people to day than the viceroy of Canada. As lord lieutenant of Ireland he won the confidence and respect of the Irish people, and he retains it to the present day. His noble and energetic wife has an equal share in the affections of the people.—*Boston Republic*.

The *Westminster Gazette*, commenting on the report that Lord Salisbury has decided to accomplish the throwing out of the budget bill when it reaches the House of Lords, on account of the estates duty clauses, expresses hope that the report is true. If such a thing were done, the *Gazette* says, it would unite the whole of the Liberals, and would demand that the Government give immediate effect to the mandate of the Leeds anti Lords Conference.

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