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THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Malls from Ireland, England and Scotland.

Dr. Howley, Bishop of Newfoundland, at Maynooth—A Characteristic Speech—Cambridge University and Catholic Education—A Second Important Step in the Right Direction.

Antwerp.

At the Ballymalinch Petty Sessions Samuel Dodd was charged by Constable Doddson with having been drunk and disorderly, for cursing the Pope, and with assaulting Patrick Olemager, a Catholic employed at the water works. The chairman said such conduct was serious and calculated to lead to a riot, and the spot was padded with take precautions to be put down such riotousness. A fine of 10s and costs was bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

The House of Commons has negated without a division Mr. Johnston's attempt to procure the rejection of the settlement arrived at by the Belfast Committee in regard to Catholic claims. The exhibition of intolerance to which Mr. Johnston treated the House was not, however, without its uses, and Sir James Hasetlet, who is quite as bigoted and narrow minded as the gentleman from Ballykilbeg, though he is a little more oute, thought it necessary to make a show of acquiescing in the arrangement with as good grace as possible. There was a sinister ring, however, in the observations of Mr. Arnold Foster. He indicated plainly that the Orangemen would take the same measure to prevent the representation of the Catholics on the Council that had proved so effectual in the case of West Belfast. The Orange workingman would be transplanted into the two wards in sufficient numbers to return Orange councillors.

Armagh.

A very pertinent question of Mr. McCartan elicited from the Chief Secretary some interesting figures regarding 48 cases in the County Armagh in which second judicial rents had been fixed. The aggregate of the original rents was £320. The first reduction pulled them down by close on £200, and the second by very nearly the same sum.

On June 25 a fatal accident occurred on the Great Northern Railway at the Metal Bridge near the Omagh railway station, when a man named E. O. Schultz, an artist and decorator (a German), lost his life.

Cork.

A successful bazaar was held in Blarney on June 23rd and 24th in the grounds of Blarney Castle in aid of Father Lynoh's church. Two agricultural tenancies named John Croxey and Daniel Croxey have been evicted from the lands of Ballyanno, a mile from Middleton, for non-payment of £50, two years' rent. The landlord was Lord Middleton.

A great shock was felt in Cork on June 23rd by the news of the death of Mr. J. M. Fitzgibbon, managing director of the Munster and Leinster Bank. The circumstances under which it occurred are particularly painful and distressing. Mr. Fitzgibbon left Cork for Crosshaven, where he has been staying at Conit terrace for the season. He arrived at his seaside home at 4.30 o'clock, and at once took out a new Enfield Safety bicycle which he had purchased a few days ago and then rode on for the first time. He walked the machine from his house to the level opposite the coastguard station, where he mounted it. He was not very expert as a cyclist having learned only during the present season. He rode slowly along the road in a level part of the road when he was unconscious. He never rallied.

Dublin.

The following letter appears in The Spectator:

Sir—I have a notice, excellently intended to be kind in The Spectator of June 6th, of a paper of mine in The Contemporary Review, you are good enough to draw the inference that the first root of Irish bitterness is jealousy of English success. Permit me to point out in the same page, and only a few sentences removed, you yourself furnish a far truer explanation of how even the best meant English patronage has its bitter source. You are dealing with a notice of the work of the late Mr. J. A. Tuke, who, you generally remark, "did more for Ireland than most of her present agitators," and you refer to "an amusing anecdote" by an English lady of how the peasants of Balmulleet led gaily to their children's graves, as a good piece to excite sympathy," and get included in Mr. Tuke's conclusion of his fustian. Upon your own observation is: "Is not that Ireland?" I am afraid you rather lay yourself open to retort "Is not that England?" For what is the fact? The only person proven to have been guilty of fraud in reference to Mr. Tuke's assisted emigration scheme was not of the Balmulleet peasant class, but a landlord of purely English blood named, I believe, Birding who was detected in the act of defrauding the Government of emigration grants by false representations. I am not aware that any Irishman has ever been proved guilty of such a crime. "Is not that, England?" still less hoped to obtain English goodwill by such a line of operation. I make no remark on Mr. Tuke's unhappy experiments in the United States, although, having met some homeless mendicants in the streets of Toronto the victims of his unfortunate philanthropy, it would not be possible to draw from my experiences a useful moral as to English attempts to teach Irishmen their own business. Mr. Tuke's intentions were undoubtedly as excellent as your own.—I am, Sir, &c.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Mallow Cottage, Westport, Co. Mayo, June 16th.

The Lord and Lady Lieutenant are having the wedding cake for the marriage of her daughter, Lady Sophia Cadogan, made in Dublin, though the marriage is taking place in London. The cake is to be surmounted with a crowned Irish harp, and the floral decorations are to be orange blossoms and chambrakes only.

The Evening Mail announces that Lord Justice Fitzgibbon has resigned his position as a member of the Board of National Education. The Mail states that "his lordship is deeply incensed on account of the action of the Government in relation to the Irish share of the school grants, and his resignation is attributable to the suggestion by Mr. Hanbury that the National Education Commissioners, and not the Government, were responsible for the short payments that have been made." We are not surprised at the Lord Justice's action, says The Freeman, though we deeply regret it. He was one of the most efficient and most industrious members of the Board, and was absolutely fair and impartial towards all the interests with which he had to deal.

On the 19th of June a meeting was held at the Imperial Hotel in furtherance of the movement inaugurated amongst the past students of Blackrock College to erect a memorial to late Father Refie, who was for so many years connected with the French College, Blackrock.

The Dublin United Tramways Company have entered into an arrangement to acquire the undertaking of the Dublin Southern District Tramways Company at the price of £278,500.

A man named McGarry, of 13 Cinnamon street, attempted, it is alleged, to kill his wife Catherine McGarry, by cutting her throat. He had been drinking all morning, and on meeting his wife in Durham street it is alleged he drew a pocket knife from his pocket and attacked her.

On June 20 the Royal Irish Military Tournament was opened at Ballsbridge. There was a large attendance of spectators at the opening hour, who, seated on a row of benches which lined the area, formed an effective framework for the scene in which the several displays came off. At half past two o'clock Field Marshal Lord Roberts arrived at Ballsbridge, and was received with cheers as he passed up to his seat.

The mimic warfare at Ballsbridge proved a serious affair on the second day for Sergeant Hart and Gunner Light, of the Royal Horse Artillery. The military spectacle or sham battle, which concludes each performance, was taking place. In this encounter two sections of the troop were engaged, and field pieces were employed on both sides, and while the battle was proceeding a heavy piece of ordnance—said to be a heavy pounder—was brought into play. Just as some of the infantry engaged were moving out of sight firing was heard in the distance, and the big guns came into action. During the sham fight the big guns fired several shots, and, as the programme actively added: "Directed operations the wounded are attended by the Army Medical Service." Unfortunately the much-despised Army Medical Service men had to be requisitioned for more than mimic work. When the smoke of the sham battle had cleared off there were seen on the field the prostrate bodies of Sergeant Hart and Gunner Light. One lost an arm and the other his eyes.

We rejoice to learn that active steps are being taken to secure the due celebration of the 13th century of the great Saint Columba, which will take place next summer, says The Irish Catholic. It was on Sunday, the 9th June, A.D. 507, that the Dove of the Obvian the saintly servant of the Most High, was called from earth to heaven, to receive the reward of a life re-creation of the glory and the merit of which is destined to live for ever in the hearts of his people. It may be doubted indeed if, of all the saints whom Ireland has given to the Church—with the exception of St. Patrick—there has been one the memory of whose services and labors is so deeply enshrined in popular veneration as is that of the toils and efforts of St. Columba. Other servants of God are honored in various portions of the land, and their memory endures in the love and legends of sections of the people. In the case of St. Columba, however, things are different. Like St. Patrick and St. Malachy and St. Brigid, he is pre-eminently a national saint. Go where the traveler may—into Ulster, Munster, Leinster or Connaught—let him mingle with our peasantry when and where he will, he will find everywhere the same undying, unchangeable reverence for St. Columba.

On June 25 shortly after six o'clock, the well-known window blind factory and shop belonging to Mr. O'Hara, of Angier street, was destroyed by fire.

On June 26 the Nationalist members of the Corporation assembled in the City Hall for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the office of Lord Mayor for 1897. The meeting was summoned by Alderman O'Reilly and presided over by Alderman O'Reilly, one of the Nationalist members. There was a large attendance of members. Alderman Sir Robert Sexton received a large support, but the Lord Mayor was declared elected.

At a meeting in the Mans on House

on June 26 presided over by the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. Wm. Field, M. P., proposed a resolution.

"That the meeting pledge itself to support the project of establishing a Catholic Boys Home as a memorial to the late Canon Daniel."

Galway.

It appears that Mr. Tener, who is chief instrument of the Marquis of Clanricarde in the extermination of his tenants over the vast estate that is cursed by his ownership in the county of Galway while engaged in "this devil's work" (the words are those of the Attorney-General for Ireland) for the last three years, has ceased the public just £9,000 for his protection. By a refinement of cruelty these people are compelled to pay in rates for this encouragement to their own extirpation.

Kildare.

The Right Honorable Earl Clonmel died on June 19th at his residence, Bishops Court, about three miles from Naas. His lordship, who had been away for a short period, returned on the 6th inst., and afterwards attended the races at Leopardstown. On the 10th inst. he took ill. The successor to the title will be Beauchamp Henry John Scott, born in 1847, and married in 1875 to Lucy, daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Wilson.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James Leahy, formerly member of Parliament for Kildare. Mr. Leahy, who was very much respected, was elected to Parliament in 1860, and re-elected in 1865 and 1868.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal, of June 23, contains a report of the inauguration at Maynooth on the previous day of the new Academic Union of past Maynooth students and their friends in the sacred ministry. The day was the anniversary of the Centenary meeting, at which it was resolved to found the Union. Already the organization of the Union has proceeded fast and far. The Executive Committee appointed last year have drafted a constitution which was ratified without amendment. Over seven hundred members have been enrolled. The Holy See has blessed the work and richly endowed it with indulgences. The members of the Union sent a large representation to the inaugural meeting. Upwards of two hundred priests from Ireland and England attended. The presence of nearly all the Irish Bishops at the College on their annual visitation added to the importance of the occasion. Missionary Ireland was fittingly represented by the aged and venerable Archbishop of Madras, the Most Rev. Dr. Coigan, a past student of Maynooth, whose half century of labor in the East Indies is typical of the work done by the sons of Maynooth wherever their lot has been cast. The Bishop of Newfoundland, Most Rev. Dr. Howley, was also present, and took occasion to express, as the prelate of a Church that looks to the Irish Church as its mother Church, the affection and pride with which the grand old College is regarded in every land where the Irish exile has scattered the seeds of the faith. The proceedings were opened by High Mass, which commenced in the College Chapel at 10 o'clock. The function was most impressive, attended as it was by His Eminence Cardinal Logue and many of the Irish Bishops and by a body of several hundred priests and students.

After the High Mass the academic meeting was held in the Aula Maxima. The chair was taken amidst applause by His Eminence Cardinal Logue. Right Rev. Monsignor Molloy then read a paper entitled, "Note on the Historical Character of the First Chapter of Genesis." In the course of that about five and twenty years ago he brought out work on the relations between Galgoly and Revealed Religion—in which he tried to show that the geological evidence of the antiquity of the earth was not inconsistent with the history of Creation presented in the First Chapter of Genesis. The Very Rev. Robert Carberry, S.J., read a paper on the "Higher Catholic Education the Hope of the Future." The Most Rev. Dr. Howley, Bishop of Newfoundland, who was greeted with prolonged cheers, supported a vote of thanks to Father Carberry and said that although he had just come from Rome, he had not even there seen anything more impressive than the demonstration of that day, and which gave them the highest idea of the glory and magnitude of the Church in Ireland. He was glad to be there to represent Newfoundland on the first anniversary of the Maynooth Union (cheers), and he thanked them heartily for the welcome they had given him. In the evening His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Archbishop of Tuam, and the other right reverend prelates and Fathers were entertained at dinner by the College. The Right Rev. Monsignor Gargan, President of the College, presided. His Eminence Cardinal Logue proposed the health of the Most Rev. Dr. Howley, Bishop of Newfoundland.

The Most Rev. Dr. Howley, who was greatly cheered, returned thanks, and said that in his diocese they were Home Rulers in every sense and form, and they were also the nearest point to Europe, whilst their thoughts and

sentiments went towards the East and the old land rather than the West.

The commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of Pheobold Wolfe Tone was celebrated on June 22 at Bodonstown Churchyard, the last resting place of the patriot. There was an extremely large attendance, which included, besides the Dublin contingent, a large number of delegates from all parts of the County Kildare and other places. The Irish National Foresters turned out in great force from Dublin, and dressed in the insignia of their order presented a picturesque appearance. There were several bands also present from Dublin and other places. They included the Irish National Foresters, the Corporation Employees, Barrack street Band, Kilcock and Straffan Bands, &c. Delegates attended from the following places—Maryborough, Queen's County; Buttevant, County Cork; Naas, Caragh, Kill, Newbridge. And other places.

Limerick.

Michael Austin an English M.P., claimed five thousand pounds damages from the Central News, Limited, for stating in a report of a speech by plaintiff at Rathkeale that plaintiff asserted that he hoped the time was not far distant when every Irish constituency would elect men of John Daly's stamp. As Daly had been convicted as a dynamiter, the plaintiff contended that the innuendo was that he himself sympathized with dynamiters. Messrs Leng and Co., the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph," the "Birmingham Gazette," and "Norfolk News," were also included as defendants.

The jury, after about a quarter of an hour's consideration, found for the plaintiff, damages £1,000, which they divided thus—Central News Agency, £400; "Birmingham Gazette," £200; "Norfolk News," £100; "Sheffield Telegraph," £100.

Londonderry.

An amusing case came before County Judge Curran at the Longford Criminal Quarter Sessions. Some twenty years ago a young man and a young woman who reside in the A-baysbrule district of the county began their love affairs. The young man in course of time emigrated to America but the lady still entertained the old love for him. On his return from America the friendship was renewed. According to the evidence the young woman, named MARGARET McGARRY, gave him 10s 6d to buy an engagement ring, but the accused, MICHAEL MCGARRY, had not spent the money in drink but quite sufficient, if properly used, to have bought the girl a fine ring. The jury said if the prisoner were found guilty he would have ordered him to refund the 10s 6d, but the jury deprived him of that opportunity.

On the 10th, on the arrival of the 9.40 train at Amiens street with passengers from the Boyle regatta a considerable amount of excitement was occasioned when five respectable young men were arrested the moment the train reached the terminus. The persons taken into custody were Trinity College students, and some of them were members of the University Boat Club, which competed with marked success at the Drogheda Regatta. It is alleged by the railway company's officials, that the students behaved not only in a disorderly manner, but that they further did much damage to the carriages of the train.

Monaghan.

On June 19 before County Court Judge Orr and a special jury, Miss Ellen M'Gorman, formerly a National school teacher, but at present a shopkeeper and dressmaker, residing near the village of Rookycrook, County Monaghan, sought to recover £250 damages from Michael Cassidy, a police constable stationed at Castle-shane, a village about three miles from Monaghan.

Miss Mary Anne Tate, one of the defendant's witnesses, a girl 16 years old stated—I never knew defendant to know him. I carried some letters addressed to the defendant, but I never delivered them (laughter). Miss M'Gorman gave me some letters addressed to defendant at Westport last Tuesday. He came there to summon me to appear before him about the letters. I wrote two other letters, but they were not affectionate ones (laughter).

Mr. Ross—Did Miss M'Gorman ever give you letters addressed to Cassidy? Witness—She did.

Mr. Ross—What did you do with them? Witness—I opened them and read them.

Defendant was then sworn and stated that he had never offered marriage to the plaintiff. He repudiated the letters. His Honor, in directing a verdict for the defendant, said that Miss M'Gorman had been the victim of this little girl's acts. Miss M'Gorman firmly believed that the defendant had the intention of marrying her, and all this mischief and all the expense of this action had been the fault of this wretched little girl.

The jury found for the defendant in accordance with the direction of the judge.

ROSCOMMON.

At the annual meeting of the Roscommon Town Commissioners, Mr. L. P. Hayden, M.P., was unanimously re-elected chairman of the board for the seventeenth time.

Tyreone. William Steele, secretary of the Tyreone tenant farmers' organization having forwarded to Mr. John Dillon a resolution adopted on the Land Bill, the Irish leader replied as follows:—

House of Commons.

18th June, 1896.

"Sir—I have received your letter of June 10th, enclosing a copy of the important resolutions passed at a meeting at which men of all political parties were present.

"I heartily agree with the views put forward in those resolutions; and I desire to draw the attention of all friends of the tenant farmers to the fact that the Government intend to carry out the resolutions on Friday night. An amendment was moved on behalf of the Irish Party to Clause I, which would have had the effect of allowing all tenants whose rents were fixed before 1887 to enter the Land Courts immediately, and any reductions which they could obtain would have dated from the period of their application to the Courts. The Government refused to accept the amendment, although Mr. Balfour admitted that the rents fixed before 1887 were excessive, and had proposed if the tenants could not now obtain relief, that he would do his best to say that he admitted they were impossible rents if maintained for many years. He said, however, that the tenant-farmers in Ireland should not get into a state of mind that their attention to business, and were paying their rents well. You will, however, notice that the amendment was defeated only by a majority of 31, although the normal majority of the Government is 46.

"Three or four weeks will elapse before the Land Bill comes on again for consideration, and I feel confident that if farmers of Ulster, of Connaught, of Leinster, and of the south-west of Ireland, would join heartily together and avail themselves of this interval to raise a genuine agitation throughout the province, the Government would be compelled to yield on the two important amendments. Meetings should be held in every parish in Ulster, and reports of the proceedings sent to the Press and also to the Irish Secretary. The time is short, but quite sufficient, if properly availed of, to impress upon the Government the absolute necessity of making their Land Bill a real measure of relief.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN DILLON.

William Steele, Esq., Gortin, Co. Tyrone."

Waterford.

On speech day at Mount Melloray His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford made an address in which he said how deeply he felt, remembering the labors of the fathers of Melloray within the walls of this monastery, and he believed in his heart that the diocese was blessed day and night by the possession of such an institution (applause).

England.

Two locks of the hair of Napoleon I. were sold in London the other day. One fetched thirty pounds, and the second five. The locks, it appeared, were severed from the great man's head during his stay in Plymouth Harbour as a prisoner of war on board the Bellerophon.

Death of a Jesuit scholar.

The sudden death of Father Welshy, S.J., the Rector of Grayston College, deprives the English province of a Jesuit who was widely known as a scholar of distinction. Father Welshy was successively at Farm-street and Beaumont College, was in his sixty-fourth year.

The New Bishop of Banedin.

The consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Verdon, as Bishop of Dunedin, took place on Sunday, May, 8th, amidst circumstances of great pomp, in the Cathedral, Dunedin. The consecrating Prelate was his Eminence Cardinal Moran.

Fashionable Wedding.

On June 22nd at the Brompton Oratory the marriage took place of Mr. Henry Lionel Pilkington, eldest son of Mr. Henry Mullock Pilkington, of Westmeath, and Miss Louisa Ellice Grattan-Edmond, sister of Sir T. H. Grattan-Edmond, M.P., for West Kerry.

Anglican and Divorce.

The Divorce Bill introduced into the House of Lords to render it illegal for Anglican clergymen to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of divorced persons passed its third reading in the House of Lords. After the third reading the Archbishop of York pointed out that when the penalty originally proposed in the Bill had been struck out, no alternative one had been inserted, and as it stood there was no power to inflict either fine or imprisonment for a breach of the Act. He proposed that a fine of £100 be inserted, and this was agreed to. It is a curious feature of the procedure of the Lords that even after the third reading of a bill is passed it is still possible to insert amendments. Unlike the House of Commons they have a further stage in the Lords, and a bill does not take its grasp until the motion that "this do now pass" has been carried. The present bill is not likely to go through the House of Commons this session.

Catholics at Cambridge.

It is announced that by a grace of the Senate of the University of Cambridge the Catholic College of St. Edmund at Oldhall has become an affiliated college at that University. Vested in the Archbishop and Chapter of Westminster, under the government of a president, St. Edmund's College takes rank as one of the first and oldest Catholic educational institutions, having sprung directly from the ancient and famous English College of Douai, the constitution of which it adopted. Measures are now about to be taken by the authorities to bring the college course into harmony

with that of the University. In connection with this subject is the announcement just made by the leading organ of Catholic opinion in England that the Holy See has duly considered and overruled the objections which were raised to Catholic ecclesiastics pursuing their higher studies at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

RHEUMATISM'S VICTIMS

AFTER SPASMODIC EFFORTS FOR A CURE USUALLY GIVE UP.

There is One Medicine that has Cured Thousands After Other Remedies had Failed.—A Restless Sufferer Finds His True Remedy in This Wonderful Remedy.

From the Trenton Courier. What an innocent sounding name has Rheumatism, and yet how much a reality to the thousands who suffer with it. Doctors agree that rheumatism results from poison of acid deposits in the blood, but as to just how they can be reached and eradicated, it would seem that their knowledge fails. The usual treatment is a long series of medicines which may give temporary relief, but do not cure, and then the patient usually gives up, thinking that there is no medicine that will cure him. This is a mistake. Rheumatism is not a necessary evil, and because one is cured, it is not imperative that one should accept rheumatism as a "natura" accessory to advancing years.

There is a remedy for rheumatism despite the general belief that it cannot be cured, for it has been cured thousands of the most severe cases. A noted instance of the truth of this assertion which has just come to the knowledge of the editor of the Courier, is the case of Robert Francis Esq., formerly of Trenton, now retired from business at Rat Portage, Ont., and still residing there. He has been a victim of rheumatism for over three years. Last winter he visited his friends in Trenton and was then contemplating a visit to the south in search of relief from his constant suffering. He was to use a stick in walking and went to slow pace. "This Christmas he was here again on a visit to his friends, smart and erect with no sign of the stick or the sorrowful look of a year ago. His friends and acquaintances all accord him as a new man and congratulate him on his recovery. It was an active and active appearance in contrast with a year ago. He has cheerfully and gratefully given the following statement of his effort after a cure. "My home is at Rat Portage, Ont., where for years I was engaged in business and who are still residing here. For three years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried several highly recommended remedies to no purpose, as I continued to grow worse till it was difficult for me to walk. I was for thirteen weeks confined to my bed at home and in the Winnipeg hospital. I was then induced to try the Mount Clement Springs. I took six courses of baths of twenty-one baths each without any seemingly beneficial result. I read of several cures in the Courier from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and friends who used them with benefit to themselves urged me to try them. I did so and after a short time I felt an improvement in my condition. I have taken twelve boxes in all and my present content has been continuous and satisfactory. I think I need the cans no longer and I have increased my weight from 140 pounds to 175 by the use of Pink Pills. I am not entirely free from rheumatism but I am a new man, one thousand per cent better than I was a year ago, and I attribute my health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. They cure rheumatism, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc. these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by directing the order to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

An Heroic Remedy.

There was once a little girl who was so very intelligent that her parents feared she would die.

But an aged aunt, who had crossed the Atlantic in a sailing-vessel, said, "My dear, let her marry the first man she falls in love with, and she will make such a fool of herself that it will probably save her life."—Edith Wharton, in the Century.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people are troubled with a headache every day or every night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Parmentier writes: "I find Parmentier's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

She was rich, but somewhat old and ugly. He poor, but young and handsome. She was doing all the wooing, and murmured fondly "Why won't you marry me, Harold, darling? You know, with me, money is no object." "No. I know; but you're such an object," he said, brutally.

FREE TO MEN.

Any man who is weak or run down can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure. Address, with stamp, E. C. Smith, P. O. Box 888, London, Ont.

John Carroll, Archbp. of Baltimore.

By GEORGE J. SAVAGE.
[The writer of the following essay was the successful candidate in the competition for the valuable silver medal awarded by His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, to the student of St. Michael's College, Toronto, presenting the best paper on some subject in American Church History. In January of the present year, John Carroll, first Bishop in the United States, was announced as the subject chosen for this year. Three of the best writers, of the College named in the contest, and the result was three excellent essays of which that of Mr. Savage was considered the best. The winner of the medal is an American student, belonging to Ogdensburg, Wisconsin—a brilliant and capable young man, having completed a very successful course in Toronto, where he has also made many friends. We wish the young gentleman success in his future life, which, so far as it will result in letters, or in the social sphere; and we think he will be well fitted to uphold the honor and dignity of the priesthood in the land of the star-spangled banner.]

The name at the head of this paper recalls to our mind the memory of a man of a warm, generous heart that was in unison with his time and with his country; the memory of a man that laid the foundation of the Catholic Church in the United States on a firm and unimpeachable basis; the memory of a man of liberality, of diplomacy, of action, prayer, whose every thought and not was for the improvement of mankind and the greater honor and glory of God. These are a few of the pictures that flash upon the imagination when the words Archbishop Carroll greet the eye or fall upon the attentive ear. To narrate hastily the biography, and to sketch in the briefest manner the character of John Carroll is all that I aim at in this essay.

The name of John Carroll indicates the noble race from which he sprung, as well as the creed bequeathed him by his fathers. Born from a family in whose veins coursed the blood of royalty, he was himself a man of royal nobleness; but the place and surroundings of his birth were far removed from the scenes of regal pomp. In a distant province among the wilds of the American forest the child destined in after years to add new lustre to the Catholic Church was born in 1735. His parents were wealthy and of liberal education; nevertheless at the first dawn of reason young Carroll perceived that he was of a race and creed that was hated and reviled by those that dwell about him. His earliest recollections were those of continually and contempt for his religion showered upon him by the companions of his childhood. These unkind feelings saddened his childish heart but weakened not his faith; nay, rather they endeavored him to more fervent exercises of piety in reparation for the insults offered by the deriders of his faith to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

As this time the Catholics of Maryland were ostracized from the society of the state and the schools were closed against their children. The Catholic parent must either seek schools elsewhere for his children or rear them in ignorance—the latter an alternative ever repugnant to the feelings of a Catholic father. Therefore, as a consequence of Protestant persecution, John Carroll, at an early age, was torn from all the comforts and tender attentions of the home and sent to the Jesuit College of St. Omers in France.

It would be both interesting and profitable could we follow his career, step by step, from the day he entered St. Omers' down to the last day, when, in the fulness of years, with the peace and consolation of the Church he had served well, he closed his eyes upon the world forever and commended his soul to God. In his life at college we would be able to read lessons of faithfulness to duty, obedience to rule, and attention to study. At St. Omers' we would see him filling with ability and distinction the chair of moral philosophy. We would find him inculcating lessons of morality and virtue, moulding the characters and filling with zeal the hearts of young men soon to go forth to break the bread of life to poor, famishing souls, some in the crowded streets of populous cities, others in the desert wilds of barbaric countries. We would see him giving up parents, home and country, and exchanging the land of estates and all the honors of the world for the black robe of the Jesuit. A little later, in 1778, when it had pleased the Holy Father to suppress the Society of Jesus, we would see him bearing up with more than Christian fortitude under the greatest and cheerful obedience to the See of Peter. All these would furnish profitable subjects for discussion; but as it is within the work, character and policy of John Carroll in connection with the American Church that Catholics of this continent are most deeply interested, his European life in an essay of this character will be more wisely passed over and our attention directed to his labors and achievements in America.

The year 1774 marks the beginning of that long contest between England and her American colonies which resulted in the birth of the United States as a free and independent nation. The first alarm and war aroused all the patriotic feelings of Carroll's noble heart and he recalls to the feet of the patriot leaders all the resources of his versatile mind, his powerful pen, his persuasive eloquence, and his sound diplomacy.

Side by side with his patriotic cousin, Charles Carroll, of Baltimore, he worked with all the intense earnestness of his noble soul for the success of his country's cause and the greater glory of God's church. For he saw with almost prophetic vision the success of the one carried with it the glory of the other. He looked into the future and saw in a

land of liberty and equality the church, unaided and unimpeded by state aid or interference, strong in the Gospel of Truth, marching on to greater and nobler conquests. It need not be pointed out the manifold services rendered to his country during the war for Independence. Suffice it to say that they were of the greatest value to the patriotic cause, and were so recognized by Washington, who honored him with the most capable of appreciating true merit.

At length, when victory had crowned the sufferings and sacrifices of the sturdy patriots, Father Carroll contended all his zeal and talent in the task of building up and organizing the church in the young Republic. He had been appointed Superior of the clergy in 1784, at a time when the interests of the church were in the worst possible condition. The few priests that were in the country yielded obedience to no one. Each covered as much territory, or as little, as he liked in his missionary field; made his visits to his people when and as he pleased. There was no system, no order, in the work, and no success. No valiant, however, righteous could succeed under such conditions, and no man knew this better than Father Carroll. Still, in his present position, he was powerless to improve the efficiency of the clergy. Priests were not given to him from general supervision and government refused to yield obedience to a man no higher in church authority than them selves. Without a firm, broad-minded, diplomatic bishop, a bishop who could touch with the senses and with the people, little or nothing could be done towards the organization and improvement of the church affairs. At last the Holy Father, ever watchful for the interests of his children, acted all that was needed for the complete triumph and future prosperity of the Catholic Church in the United States by appointing John Carroll Bishop of Baltimore with ecclesiastical authority extending over the entire country.

Bishop Carroll now raised to the full power of the apostles, and clothed with all necessary authority, entered upon a grand constructive policy. The task before him was great and his policy was clear. He would not utilize his position for an emergency or an age, but for all time; a policy which, followed to its logical conclusion, has made the Catholic Church in the United States what it is to-day—the most vigorous and the most flourishing institution of the continent. He first made a visit to all the Catholic towns of the country and noted the interests and needs of each community. Next he summoned the priests to the first Catholic Council in America. In this Council laws for the government of the diocese and the guidance of the priests were enacted. To each priest a definite territory was assigned as the field of his pastoral labors. Then, dismissing his priests, vice, he turned his attention to matters of education.

There were no Catholic schools, colleges or seminaries in the country. These were absolutely necessary for the well-being of the Church, and the Bishop set about to provide them. In 1791 Georgetown opened its halls to Catholic students, and the year following St. Mary's, of Baltimore, was ready for occupancy. The bright, talented American youth, in numbers here to those of any other land of the world, were now opened for the training of native clergy, and the zealous Bishop felt confident of ultimate success.

The Sisters of Mercy, founded by Mrs. Seton, also opened schools for the education of young women, built hospitals and erected asylums for the care of the aged and the protection of the fatherless. Schools, seminaries, hospitals and asylums, all the appliances necessary for the success of the Church were now provided. In every quarter the Church was prosperous, advancing, conquering. The priests rallied round their Bishop and the laity round their priests. All were united, zealous, progressive.

Amidst all this prosperity Bishop Carroll laid the corner stone of the present Cathedral of Baltimore in 1806, and in the evening of his life had the great pleasure and satisfaction of dedicating the first cathedral in the United States to the service of God forever.

During the next twenty years of Bishop Carroll's administration the Catholics of the country had increased ten fold in population and wealth. The work of governing the whole Church had become too great for the declining years of the great Bishop. Accordingly, in 1808, the Pope raised Baltimore to the dignity of a Metropolitan See with four suffragan dioceses in the ecclesiastical province.

For ten years Archbishop Carroll remained the head, the ornament and the glory of the hierarchy of the United States. The closing years of his life were like a beautiful sunset; they were peaceful, shedding a flood of glorious, mellow light over the entire Church. All Americans venerated him, all Catholics loved him. But the evening was rapidly drawing to its close. A life for after years to study and to imitate, a life that left behind it a footprint on the sands of time, a life that is both a model and a help to all students aspiring to the holy priesthood was the life of John Carroll.

At an early age, under the firm rule of the Jesuits, he had learned to conquer himself. This first great victory, gained when but a boy, paved the way for all his subsequent victories; and placed him among the leaders of mankind. His judgment was sound, his heart was large, his charity great; his piety, his fervor and his zeal intense. Would you have proof of all these qualities look to his accounts with the Holy See, and there you may find them in letters of living light. But his life is now at an end, his labors over, his reward at hand. In his quiet home in Baltimore, surrounded by his sorrowing priests, and a silent evening in which he called the father of the Catholic Church in the United States, paid the debt of nature, and stood before the judgment seat of God, there to hear the judgment, "well done," there to hear the words, "I give thee the kingdom, and I give thee the kingdom in brief is the life and works of John Carroll, patriot, priest and bishop.

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THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- July 9 - Marcellus of the B.V.M. 10 - Seven Brothers, Mrs. 11 - S. Pius I., P.M. 12 - St. John Gualbert. 13 - St. Alexander, P. 14 - S. Bonaventure, Bp., Dr. of the Church. 15 - S. Henry.

St. Catherine has appointed a splendid delegation to the Irish National Convention. Other cities should lose no time.

There is a prospect that the French Committee of the Ottawa Separate School Board, will re-engage the Christian Brothers who recently withdrew from the schools.

The sons of Ireland beyond the seas were represented last week at the inauguration of the new Academic Union of St. Mary's by the Most Rev. Dr. Colgan, Archbishop of Madras, and Right Rev. Dr. Howley, Bishop of Newfoundland.

Rev. Dr. Langtry, a Toronto minister of the Anglican denomination, having undertaken to discuss the latest letter of His Holiness regarding Christian Reunion, the editor of The World pointed out with a great deal of good humor, but with perfect fairness, that in order to preserve consistency between all his statements it would be necessary for Dr. Langtry to take the side of the Pope.

Mr. Chamberlain has been carrying things with a high hand of late. He has been forcing Mr. Balfour out of public life, getting nearer himself to the leadership of the Unionist party; and, as a side issue, he has been snubbing Sir Hercules Robinson, who is in London on leave from his South African post.

Our readers will recall the news published in this paper recently concerning the arrangements made by the Jesuits whereby an increased number of Catholic students could pursue their higher studies at Oxford. It appears an objection was carried to Rome, but the Holy See has fully approved of the new foundation.

religious instruction they desire for their children. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that the writer in The Church Evangelist is a gentleman of earnest religious views, and he presents an entirely logical and forcible case.

The Antigonish Casket makes an unexpected attack upon Mr. James Clancy, M.P. for Bowdell, speaking of him as 'Clancy,' a man for whom we have little respect, and 'a good kind of a man, to keep in private life.'

What would any of us think of a Catholic who made it his business to go around among his acquaintances sneering at the religious character of his neighbor? What is wrong for the individual is wrong for the newspaper. Indeed it is a hundred fold more culpable in the newspaper, because the slander is spread far and near and once printed there is no telling what pain it may cause and what injury it may inflict.

The School question still remains the foremost difficulty that confronts him. The views of English-speaking Catholics concerning that question have been in no way changed by the result of the general election. They regard the existence of Catholic schools as a necessity which the whole Catholic world insists upon in this age of compulsory education, permeated as it is by the spirit of rampant Secularism.

But they realize, also, that the vote of the French-Catholics of Quebec has withdrawn the settlement of the Manitoba School question some distance away from their influence; and they are deeply concerned that the final disposal of the matter should not be injuriously affected by the altered situation. Therefore, they are all the more inclined to demand a fair field for the trial of Mr. Laurier's plan of removing the vexed matter from the arena of politics.

If we are to see their natural and constitutional rights restored to the Catholics of Manitoba by a French Catholic Premier, certainly the prospect is one that ought to be pleasing to Catholics. Nor could the bitterest partisan deny the greatness of the achievement to the new Premier.

Upon the appointment of Sir Herbert Tupper to the Solicitor-Generalship, which had remained vacant for some time after Mr. Curran's elevation to the Bench, an article appeared in THE REGISTER calling attention to the matter of the representation of English-speaking Catholics in the Dominion Cabinet. The method by which Sir Herbert Tupper was brought back seemed to threaten Catholic interests as recognized both by Conservative and Liberal Governments; but inasmuch as the Montreal seat was then lost to the party in power, it could be fairly said that the disposition of Sir Herbert Tupper was only a temporary matter.

In the Government of Sir John Macdonald, as in the Government of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, there were always two English-speaking Catholics with portfolios. After the death of Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson became Premier, which did not lessen the Catholic representation, although Mr. Curran soon became Solicitor-General. The recently revealed confusion which followed the death of Sir John Thompson may explain why Mr. Curran was never brought into the Cabinet; but at all events had would be insisted upon both in Ontario and Quebec. Thus the proper representation of English-speaking Catholics would have been restored.

We have been examining all the slates of the coming Cabinet in order to see how Mr. Laurier proposes to preserve the Cabinet representation of English-speaking Catholics so long recognized by the Premiers of Canada. If the forecasts made are at all accurate, Mr. Laurier does not intend to adhere to the precedents set by all his predecessors. But we can hardly credit the information so far supplied as correctly describing the plan of the Liberal Cabinet and the timber of which it will be formed. According to The Globe's forecast the French representation is to be increased, and as we view the situation this must be

all Canadians may rejoice as signifying the confidence in each other of the two races forming the population. It is also a fact which must appeal to men of all political parties to accord Mr. Laurier fair play for the credit of their common country. In this connection it must be remarked, as a matter to congratulate the press of Canada upon, that papers without distinction of party have sternly condemned the action of The Mail newspaper in endeavoring to incite race animosity in Ontario because of the enthusiastic spirit of jubilation that has, naturally enough, broken out in Quebec over an event which, under the circumstances, any people on earth would glory in. We cannot discern in any other direction a disposition to make Mr. Laurier's position harder than any other man raised to the place would find it.

While THE REGISTER as a Catholic paper has no axe to grind for any individual, and is concerned only with a great and important principle, we have no hesitation in saying there are other men than Mr. Scott who are ready to take the principle up. For years a strong feeling has existed among the Catholics of Ontario that they are entitled to have a representative in the Dominion Cabinet. The popularity of Sir Frank Smith and the confidence that has always been reposed in him, although he was without a portfolio, took the edge off of the disappointment felt in this Province; but now that no man of position corresponding to Sir Frank Smith is likely to have a place in Mr. Laurier's Cabinet, the demand of the Catholics of Ontario must become imperative. Two men must be put forward worthy to represent in Mr. Laurier's Government the places of Messrs. Scott and McDonald in the Government of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

Whoever may be appointed the principle is one that every English-speaking Catholic in the Dominion will stand up for. We press the matter now in no ill-considered way, but deliberately, as in the forecasts up to date we read a disposition to deny the principle of English Catholic representation; and we venture to say that Mr. Laurier cannot under any species of pressure set aside a precedent which has been recognized by every Premier of Canada. This is no time for new and menacing changes of front towards a great body of the citizens of the Dominion.

Parents as well as teachers should give their attention to Cardinal Gibbons' essay in the July North American Review on 'The Teacher's Duty to the Pupil.' The Cardinal offers reflections that are wise and moderate upon the spirit of this country and this day, which seems to be growing more and more averse to the application of the rod.

One aspect of this question was forcibly presented in the conversation between Dr. Johnson and Boswell at Slains Castle, concerning Lady Errol's methods with her children, which our readers may recall from the 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.' Lord Errol's brother had been telling the travelers that:

Lady Errol was one of the most pious and sensible women in the Island; had a good head and as good a heart. He said she did not use force or fear in educating her children.

Johnson—Sir, she is wrong; I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all to make them learn, than let a child if you do this or that, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas by exciting emulation, and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other.

Cardinal Gibbons presents a ripper view. He opens with the lesson drawn from Plutarch that to be effectual the moral precepts of the teacher must be enforced by his own example. The

Horatian axiom puts the same truth in other words. We are reminded that the good name of Quintilian was marred by the vicious conduct of some of his scholars. 'The reputation of Seneca suffered on account of the crimes of Nero, his former pupil.'

The Cardinal points to Jesus Christ as the model teacher. His conduct towards Peter, the Sons of Zebedee, Thomas and others are examples showing that the natural spirit of each disciple was directed to high and holy ends. The following rules for teachers are quoted from the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore:

Let the discipline for regulating the whole course of life in the seminary be so arranged that it may favor neither of excessive rigor nor indulge pernicious laxity. The vigilance of superiors should be so tempered and moderated in maintaining it that it will not pry too closely into minute details, nor so hamper the minds of youth, as it were with chains, as to impede the normal expansion of their energies.

The discipline of the rod belongs to the parent, and when the Christian teacher is worthy of the confidence of the parent there is no reason why the parental prerogative should not be delegated. The Cardinal is in favor of the rod; but, recognizing the unwillingness of American parents to admit in practice Solomon's maxim: 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son,' he comes to the conclusion that the model teacher of to-day should exhibit the tenderness of the mother in the exercise of the paternal prerogative of applying the rod to the youth who must be disciplined.

The article suggests a comparison of the present age with that period in Grecian history when every man propagated his own notions and all sound thought was smothered in the general melee of the Sophists.

In Plutarch's time corporal punishment was not tolerated. The teacher 'had no power to extinguish the flame of freedom or break down the noble independence of the soul by the degrading application of the rod.' The Cardinal goes on:

Plutarch informs us of a novel and ingenious method employed by his preceptor Ammonius in correcting his pupils. Our master, he says, having one day observed that we had indulged too freely at dinner, ordered his freedman, during his afternoon lecture, to give his own son the discipline of the whip in our presence. The philosopher all the while had his eyes upon us, and we knew well for whom the example of punishment was intended.

'Our American youth,' comments the Cardinal, 'would, I presume, submit with patient resignation to this vicious sort of punishment, for it is easy to bear the misfortunes of others.' Which is not more complimentary to the American youth than it is to the spirit that forbids the application of the rod.

Prof. Clark and St. Irenaeus. Prof. Clark of Trinity College, preaching on Sunday evening in one of the Anglican churches of the city, gave his attention to the Papal encyclical on Reunion, a summary of which has been published by Cardinal Gibbons; speaking of it as the utterance of 'the first Bishop of the Christian Church.' It is to be regretted that Prof. Clark, who as a learned debater is always courteous and invariably interesting, was not more fully reported in the daily papers. Enough is given, however, to show us the substance of his argument. Without pinning him down to any of the contradictions manifest in the published report of the sermon, we cannot misrepresent him when we say he took his stand against the Papal authority, and the doctrine that the Holy Roman Catholic Church is the same identical Church founded by the Apostles, and which was succeeded to the present day by an uninterrupted succession. There is nothing very surprising in the position taken by Prof. Clark of ours; and it is only when we come to look for his reasons that we are surprised. He says:

The English Church held and taught the doctrines of the first five centuries, not those which had been promulgated in the nineteenth. As regards the sacraments there could be no real question. But the question of authority was a more serious one. There was a sense in which they all held that the church had authority; that was too long a subject for individual discussion. But the constitution of Rome, that Christ constituted St. Peter His viceregent on earth, and that St. Peter transmitted his powers to the Bishops of Rome as his successors,

is absolutely without foundation in early Christian antiquity. It cannot be doubted,' the Pope says, 'that the church, by the will of God, rests in St. Peter.' It means that the words of our Lord here referred to can have only one meaning; he must know that fathers of the greatest authority have differed widely in their exposition of them. If he means that St. Peter was invested with any teaching authority not possessed by the other apostles, then the whole testimony of Scripture is against it. Peter was foremost among the apostles—call him prince if you please—but he had no authority over them. Nor is there the slightest trace of St. Peter laying hands on the Bishops of Rome any authority he possessed. The testimony of Irenaeus might settle that for ever.

So far as he is reported the only authority appealed to by Prof. Clark in support of his objection to authority is St. Irenaeus. Is it not a matter for regret to all who are interested in this discussion that Prof. Clark did not quote the testimony of St. Irenaeus upon which he relies? We suppose that if Prof. Clark had quoted any particular words or passage from St. Irenaeus the reporter would not have omitted the point upon which the whole of the preacher's argument depended. St. Irenaeus is an excellent authority, an authority whom our Anglican friends should accept. And when they have accepted him they will find that, as far as he goes, he settles the question of authority, not as Prof. Clark would settle it, or (unsettle it); but quite the other way. St. Irenaeus is a second century Greek authority. And if Prof. Clark and the Anglicans desire to profit by his writings, and to stand 'upon the old ways,' they are quite right in going back so far. This is what St. Irenaeus will tell them:

'All the Churches must depend on the Church of Rome as on their source and head. With this Church, on account of her more powerful headship, it is necessary that every Church, that is the faithful everywhere dispersed, should agree. . . . Pointing out that tradition which the greatest, and most ancient, and universally known Church of Rome—founded and constituted by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul—derives from the Apostles, and that faith announced to all men, which through the succession of (her) Bishops has come down to us; we confound all those who in any way, whether through self-complacency or vain glory, or blindness and perverse opinion, assemble otherwise than as behoveeth them. For to this Church, on account of more potent principality, it is necessary that every Church, that is, those who are on every side faithful, resort; in which (Church) ever, by those who are in every Church, has been preserved that tradition which is from the Apostles.'—[Adv. haeres. I. 3. c. 8.]

Anything further from St. Irenaeus is wanted. Prof. Clark knows where to look for it. We have taken the liberty to quote St. Irenaeus for him. And if he says St. Irenaeus must settle the question of succession and the Papal authority 'for ever,' we say well and good.

Irish Education Bill Rejected. A cable despatch says that Hon. Edward Blake, on behalf of the Irish members, has rejected the Bill introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour dealing with the schools of the Christian Brothers in Ireland. The emphatic refusal of this measure has been a foregone conclusion since the Irish Bishops over a month ago put on record their entire disapproval of it. On that occasion the Bishops passed the following resolution:

Resolved—That we, the members of the Standing Committee of the Irish Catholic Bishops, having given the fullest consideration to the Bill now before Parliament to amend and explain the Irish Education Act of 1892, regret that we feel it our duty to express our entire disapproval of it.

Amongst other grounds of objection we have to state that, in accordance with the terms of the letter addressed in our name by His Eminence Cardinal Logue to the Lord Lieutenant before this Bill was introduced, and in pursuance of the settled policy of the Catholic Church in Ireland as expressed in a letter addressed by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. in the year 1866, we firmly protest against public funds being voted for primary education in Ireland to schools open to children of different religious denominations without giving these children the protection of a Conscience Clause.

Why Mr. Balfour should omit the control of a Conscience Clause for the Irish Christian Brothers' schools is

Why Mr. Balfour should omit the control of a Conscience Clause for the Irish Christian Brothers' schools is

hard to conceive, unless this was intended as one of the many objectionable features with which the Bill bristled, and which amply rendered it, in the words of the Bishop, "not much less than an affront."

We cannot attribute it to any desire to advance the interests of proselytizing schools, yet there can be little doubt of its efficacy for that purpose.

How Ireland Under the Union Has Been Robbed.

Complaints have frequently been heard that under the working of the Act of Union Ireland has been systematically plundered. Some three years ago these complaints were deemed of sufficient weight to warrant the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland.

One—That Great Britain and Ireland must for the purpose of this inquiry be considered as separate entities.

Messrs Blake, Slattery and Sexton have brought in a separate report, which not only presents the fiscal injustice of the Union in all its nakedness, but shows that the act itself was violated in no less than eight different points, all facilitating the plunder of the weaker party, the unfortunate country that had been bought and sold in the business by corrupt politicians.

relations with Great Britain until the pre-Union debts of the two countries should be brought to the same proportion as their respective contributions to the common expenditure.

Some figures presented in the report of Messrs Blake, Slattery and Sexton sum up the excess of Irish taxation since 1801. Ireland has been robbed of £200,000,000. Her fair contribution to the Union ought to have been £8,000,000 annually; £6,000,000 have been squeezed out of her.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Daughters of Erin.

Auxiliary No. 1, Daughters of Erin, gave an ice cream social in Temperance Hall, on Thursday evening June 25th, to a large and fashionable audience.

MAGAZINE.

The most thorough and authentic study of William McKelvey's character and career that has yet appeared in periodical literature is contributed to the July Review of Reviews by Mr. E. V. Smallley, the well-known journalist, whose intimate knowledge of Republican party politics in Ohio renders him peculiarly adapted for such a task.

Mr. Maxion Crawford contributes to the Century for July the third of his four papers on Rome, dealing with St. Peter's, with illustrations by Castaigne.

In the July North American Review we find an important contribution to the literature of the day in a carefully prepared essay on "The Teacher's Duty to the Pupil," by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. A consideration of the "Night of Privacy" is presented by John Gilver Speer.

Retreat at Loretto Abbey.

There are few ladies of the world who would not enjoy from time to time some days of freedom and respite from the cares of daily life and the importunate demands made by society upon time and patience.

Every preparation had been made, and no pains spared by the good Ladies of Loretto to contribute to the comfort of their guests and to render the "retreat" a successful and such (D.G.) we feel it has been, judging from the numbers who from early morning until late at night filled the Abbey chapel and the spirit of recollection and fervor with which every one seemed imbued.

The retreat closed on Monday morning with the Holy Mass at which all the ladies received Holy Communion.

Freemasonry in Italy. Signor Ernesto Nathan, having been elected Grand Master or Grand Orient (in the terms used to be convertible in Italy) of Freemasonry has issued a circular letter to his adherents.

St. Paul's School. The annual closing concert of St. Paul's School was given last Tuesday in the hall, Power st. There was an unusually large attendance; all the available space being occupied.

St. Mary's Catholic Truth Society. St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society held a successful regular meeting in the afternoon of July 6th.

DEATHS.

WINTERBURY—At his mother's residence, 113 Bond Street, Toronto, on Monday, July 6th, Arthur C. Winterbury, aged 30 years.

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25c. OAKVILLE 25c. STR. GREYHOUND CHANGE OF TIME TABLE. Commencing on Wednesday, 1st of July, will leave OAKVILLE, 7:15 a.m., 12 noon and 6:15 p.m.

The Staunch Sidewheel Steamer Eurydice... is now open for charter for excursions to any port on Lake Ontario or Thousand Islands.

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Children's Straw Hats have been selling too slow to suit us. Our remedy is a two days' special sale, during which we'll sell Boys and Girls' Straw Sailor Hats, which were 25 and 35 cents - - for 10 cents

Men's Straw Hats Regular 50-cent Hats for 25 cents

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And our great offer for the whole week—this week only—when we make the regular eighteen and twenty-dollar Men's Suits to order for \$9.99

Two-Piece Suits, for Boys 3 to 11 Yrs. \$1.49—worth \$2.50 to \$5 Three-Piece Suits, for Boys 10 to 16 Yrs. \$2.99—worth \$5 to \$7 Boys' White Duck Suits, with Blue Collars, 99c—worth \$2 Boys' Outing Caps; Blues and all Summer Shades, only 9c

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The undersigned offer two prizes of \$25 each for the best design for the cover of the Canadian Almanac for 1897, which will be the semi-centennial issue, and a poster to advertise the same.

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RECOLLECTIONS
—OF—
BOYISH ADVENTURES

A Story for Boys in the U.S.A. by Sir William G. Stanger

Some people are so made that humdrum existence is intolerable to them. If they are speculated into offices, they become speculative or originators of business ventures. The English-speaking race is made of such people. That is why sport has so much charm for them. Its uncertainty is its fascination.

The desire for adventure, that is to say for the unexpected, leads some of us to strange places, the stranger the better, for in strange places who knows what may happen next? I suppose this is why I took to mountain-climbing from boyhood, and why I love it now.

How well I remember my first snow climb, when every step was into a new world to me! The start was in the night—Orion was shining low down in the south. The woods were first passed through seemed like fairy glades. Then came the grassy hill-side, and then the snow. I had never seen snow like it, granular and ivory. The dawn broke like a forest fire in the east, the mountaintops flamed, the snow-field glittered, and all the world seemed new.

Snow clouds came down and enveloped us, but what cared I, so long as my friends were willing to go forward? Snow fell, wind blew, we shivered with cold, we could not see twenty yards in any direction; but the guide knew the way, and my eagerness warmed the kindness of my shivering companions, who doubtless would gladly have turned back.

Truth to tell, it was a miserable day for the hills and a wretched expedition. We saw no view from our summit, we were wetted to the skin and we lost our way, but never again shall I have a day so full of delights. I have been in more dangerous places since, and had an escape or two here and there, but the unknown never came so near to me as then, nor will come till I stand on the ultimate shore.

But it is not necessary to travel to find adventure. The most exciting adventures often arise in daily life. There are more accidents and hair-breadth escapes in modern cities than in all the savage regions of the world put together, whilst the days of our every day are full of adventures, and the work of survey and collection very humdrum and hard. Adventure comes to the adventurous like laughter to the merry.

Babies are of all living things, except puppies, the most adventurous; but, unfortunately, they forget all the fun they have. I have a dim reminiscence of seizing hold of the chimney of a cousin's toy locomotive and being handsomely burnt, and a variety of the like scrapes, but the two most glorious episodes of my childhood remain with me still.

One was a quite magnificent head-forward glide down a very long staircase, the rush of which is a memory of perfect delight; the other was more serious, and it was too undeveloped to appreciate it aright.

I believe I was two and a half years old when it happened. My people always told me that I could not possibly remember it, but, as will be seen, I proved them wrong. It came to pass in this way at a place on the Thames called Gravesend, which is now more manufacturing and wharves, but was then a watering place handy to Rochester, where I was born.

My parents and grandparents took two houses facing the river and about a quarter of a mile apart. A road ran in front of them, and there was an elevated path on the far side of it on top of a bank by the river. Oaks and pines were chiefly associated in my mind with my grandmother, a that I always counted the hours till I was taken to see her.

One day, being left alone by my nurse and with the reach of my hat, I clasped it on my head and slipped out of the house unperceived. I remember climbing the steps on the far side of the road, up to the path on the bank. I was so small that I had to use both hands and feet for the ascent. Then I hurried along, fearful of being caught, and with my mind set toward cakes at the other house.

I was off alone for the first time, and the sensation was delightful till some dirty children came along and jeered me. There were ships in the river and the sun in the sky. I toddled forward, forgetting one thing in another as young children do, and only held to a definite direction by the hope of cakes. At last I came opposite the other house, and only the road remained to be crossed.

There was a great cart coming down it, drawn by a team of horses that I could in my memory like elephants. I seem not to calculate relative velocities. So I started over at once, and arrived just in front of the leader's feet. He must have tried to avoid stepping on me, but I got mixed up between his legs, and he came to a standstill.

The cart-puncher me up; I can remember his brawny fist, and it seems to me his face was kindly. He set me down on the far pavement and I stood over at reach. This was far out of reach. This was an unforeseen difficulty, at which I suppose I cried, and so got it overcome, for the next thing I remember is a

terrible hullabaloo of friends and servants and nurses, and a running to and fro between the houses and much joy because I was safe, the line of which in other forms I have known to happen since.

The main thing, however, was that the cake was forthcoming, but it was long before I had another chance of an exploring expedition.

A few years ago I was going by road from London to Rochester, and passed this place. I recognized the houses and the path, but did not know we had ever been there. It afterward appeared that this was the scene of my earliest adventure.

Folkstone was our summer holiday place, and on the cliffs there I began climbing, but the chief difficulties to be overcome were due to the watchfulness of attendants. Once, however, I managed a small alpine accident and had a good roll down a steep slope, after which scrambling was wholly forbidden.

Two older boys were the companions of those days, and both of them became mountaineers; I suspect that had something to do with my eagerness to climb. I began on the Malvern Hills, down which you can have splendid grass glissades. At the age of seven I walked up and down Snowdon, but beyond getting firmly stuck in a bog, I had no adventures on that Welsh journey that I can recall.

When the time came for me to be taught riding I was handed over to an old trooper. He used to take me out with a girl about whom I only remember that she tumbled off one day.

It happened in this wise: We had gone to see some athletic sports in a field at the edge of a wood near Bourne-mouth. Something occurred behind us, and the young lady looked round, lost her balance, and fell over on the off-side of her horse. The trooper jumped down and caught her before she touched the ground; with praiseworthy promptitude. A way went his horse and away went hers as hard as she could pedal. I was riding a little Arab, and quite unable to control him, so off he went with the rest.

The crowd shouted, and some men trod to get out of us, but the horses dodged them. The air whistled in my ears and the world seemed to be in a turmoil. Presently we headed for the wood, the big horse leading. The branches were low and elastic, for the trees were young. The horses had to dodge about to avoid the trunks, and so went slower, but as long as there was room for my beast he did not care about me.

My legs shivered a trunk or two, but presently abranco caught me across the middle, the pony bolted away from under me, and I was left suspended. The animals disappeared and I descended at leisure and returned to the crowd, who were quite excited at the accident. An old gentleman greeted me, and said I was a good boy because I had not shouted out, and had kept hold of my whip.

It must have been a year or two after this that we spent a summer on the Clyde, and I had the exquisite pleasure of boating. The water was generally calm, and I was allowed to go out alone, but not far from shore. About two hundred yards out was a rock, whose top above the water was perhaps a yard square. This was my kingdom. I imagined a castle on it, and soldiers and guns. It was besieged, and there was a desperate battle in which my people were victorious.

One day I rowed forth out, and got into a mass of seaweed, not knowing it until the boat was well in. It was being carried along by the current, I rowed and rowed in my unskilled fashion, and could not get free. The stuff took me a great distance, and then I had to row back against the tide. The evening came on, and the lights were lit upon the shore. It seemed hours before I got back, and every one was frightened again, not, I believe, excluding myself.

But the greatest day I ever had on the sea as a boy was off the Land's End when I was about fourteen. About a mile away from the point is an island, called the Longships, on which was an old lighthouse. A new one had to be built, and my uncle was the engineer. It took them a long time—a couple of years or so—to build the landing-stage and quarry cut the foundations. At last, however, all was ready for the laying of the foundation-stone, and my uncle took me with him for the ceremony.

We started overnight in his steamer from Penzance and I was horribly seasick and could not relish the herrings for breakfast. We anchored at a safe distance from the rock and waited for day. A boat was launched, and we were all put into cork jackets and rowed toward the rock.

The great Atlantic swell was coming in, and it was very hard to land. One moment the landing-stage was far above our heads, and the next we were level with it, but beyond jumping distance. At last one man got off, and then another. My turn came. "Jump!" they cried, and I leaped wildly, and should have been into the sea but for the strong hand of a sailor which grasped me in time.

Half an hour later the great stone was lowered into its place, and pronounced "well and truly laid," and at a signal flags were run up on shore, and the bells of a neighboring church pealed. We could hear them over the water between the breaking of the waves.

The sea went down with the tide,

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be sent.

and our departure was easier than our landing. We were rowed to the mainland, and walked up to the nearest village, where we called on the parson. He supplied our ravenous appetites with food.

The canoe is the natural boat for a boy on a river. You see which way you are going, and you have it all to yourself. The first time I ever got into one I was nearly drowned, for it was a wintry day, and as I was sailing I wore a thick jacket, which made swimming almost impossible.

I remember I was sailing up an avenue reach of a stream which was not more than twenty yards across, but very deep. The wind was blowing up-stream between the trees as through a tunnel. My little boat went merrily before it, and I was having the best of things, when I came to a place where there was a wide gap in the trees on both sides, and the wind blew across through the gap instead of up stream as before. I sailed straight into the fresh current of air, and was blown over promptly.

As I went over I remember feeling singularly foolish. I lost my paddle, but came up near the overturned boat, which I lay hold of at the end and on to the bottom of which I scrambled, for it was mid-winter, and the water was ice-cold. There I sat astride in midstream, awaiting developments and shivering.

There was practically no current, and the two banks maintained their distance. My hat floated near me, but just out of reach, and various objects decorated the neighborhood. After what seemed an age another boat was heard coming along, and presently it rounded a corner and I beheld an old schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for years, plying the paddle.

Our greeting was as warm as circumstances permitted. He helped me out of my troubles and all ended happily.

A few days later, when the floods were out, I was again upset, but close to a shallow place, to which I succeeded in kicking my way rather than swimming, for I was in an ulster this time. It took two men to hoist me and the water in my clothes on to a bank!

In these and many other ways, which it would be too tedious to mention, the unexpected met me at home in boyhood. The experiences of most boys are more adventurous than were mine, for I was more looked after than many.

I don't think I ever fell out of a tree. I only once tumbled through the ice when skating, and then not into deep water.

The best fun that came to me always came in dreams and imaginings, when I voyaged through the air and penetrated to the bowels of the earth and explored the North Pole and the Sahara, and had the best sort of a time generally; but then, that is what dreams and imaginings are for—to expand the meagre outlines of actuality and endow the impossible and the superhuman with all the glory of fact and experience.

Capacity of St. Peter's.

It needs fifty thousand persons to make a crowd in St. Peter's. It is believed that at least that number have been present in the church several times within modern memory; but it is thought that the building would hold eighty thousand—as many as could be packed on the piers, beneath the braided canopies which were required at the opening of the (Ecclesiastical Council in December, 1869, and at the two jubilees celebrated by Leo XIII; and on all three occasions there was plenty of room in the aisles, beneath the braided canopies which were required for the functions themselves.—Marion Crawford, in the Century.

Clearly Slanderous.—"I hardly know whether to feel aggrieved or not," said the One-Ounce. "Mr. Talcott told me I was a true daughter of Eve." "What impudence!" said the Sweet Young Thing. "You don't look to be more than a granddaughter of Eve, at the very utmost."

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

"He was a man who did not know what fear was." We read of this inexperienced individual every day without a thought of cavil. Did any boy ever really know such a man? I have for one firm in the belief that he never lived. The bravest man I ever knew was the doctor. His heroism had been proven in four years of war, and all about the country side his courage was proverbial. He had been known to risk his life with such hardihood that it was a question as to whether heroism or folly was uppermost in his character. Yet this hero not only had a knowledge of fear, but had felt it himself. He had been literally scared out of his senses, and, worse than that, the danger was only the shadow of a danger and had no real existence.

This is the tale of it as he told it to me: "It was a good many years ago. I had quite a practice among the country people outside town and used to drive nearly every day over the road that runs south into the Hamson valley. Four miles out close to the road in a large yard where there was much shrubbery and many trees. The house had been vacant for some time, and one day I noticed people moving in. They were Northern people, a gentleman and his wife. His health was delicate and he had come to try our milder climate. She was a slight frail, sunny-haired little woman very young and girl-like."

"I saw them often after they had settled down. They evidently loved the open air, and seemingly spent the whole day outside the house. I have often seen her working with garden tools among the shrubbery while he looked on leaning upon his cane. Again I would see them at lunch or late upon the gallery or under the trees. They were a pleasant sight for I love to see husband and wife so unconsciously fond of each other."

"Several months were along and the winter was near at hand. With its approach there came a spell of cold times, weather, good weather for a doctor's practice but very disturbing to his convenience. The genuinely sick are more numerous and then there is a vast increase in those who think they are sick which amounts to the same thing in the wear and tear of a medical man."

"One raw night I had just returned tired and sleepy from a far visit to an exasperating old woman hoping I might be at peace for the rest of the night when my hopes were shattered by a ring at the door. I opened and found a negro standing shivering in the drizzle."

"'Well, I said as he stood dumb unmoved, 'What's the matter? Who is sick?'"

"'Boss, he answered, finding his voice, 'You wanted out to Mistah Winkam's night away. He's been sick's down bad and de Missus sent me to get you to come quick as you kin.'" "

"'Who's sick? I don't know him. Where does he live?'"

"'Why dey is de new folks what's took de ole Hamson place on de rock road. Me an' my ole woman been a working for 'em since dey fust come.'" "

"I knew then where and by whom I was wanted. I roused my own servant, had my gig brought round and in a very few moments the negro and I were on our way. When we reached the Hamson cottage the negro took charge of my horse and vehicle, and I went to the stable to get the rear and telling me to go right up to the front door and ring the bell which I did. The door opened. There stood the little sunny-haired woman, her eyes all drawn with the marks of anxiety and distress. She spoke rapidly to me in a nervous half-whisper as I took off my hat and went out in the hall."

"'Doctor, I began to fear you were never coming. I am so uneasy about my husband. Come, follow me at once.'" "

"She led the way along a hall and into a large bedroom. In the centre was a solid, heavy oaken table and over opposite the door a bed in which lay some one, evidently my patient."

"His face was turned to the wall and one hand lay motionless outside the counterpane. He seemed to be asleep. His peculiar quiet did not impress me at the moment. Bringing a chair close to the bedside I laid my medicine case on the floor and proceeded to examination. The little woman stood close by holding the lamp so as to assist with its light."

"I felt for the pulse. The hand and wrist were cold as ice. There was no pulse. I hurriedly passed my hand beneath the covers to find if there was any turned the head toward me. The jaw had fallen, the eyes were wide open, fixed in the awful stare of death. The man was a corpse. Surprised and shocked out of my ordinary professional bearing I exclaimed: "

"'Madam, I am too late. Your husband is dead. He must have died four or five hours ago. It is very strange that you should not have known his condition.'" "

"She turned hastily and set the lamp up on the table. Then, going around so as to place the heavy attire between us she faced me leaning forward with her hands resting on the polished surface. The look she turned upon me was one which no man

could ever forget who had once seem to set her. She spoke. Her voice had a harsh, vibrant, rasping sound that made my nerves jump at every word."

"'Dead! Dead! It is not true you are lying to me. You are one of our enemies. He is yet living and you would bury him. My God! you would bury him alive. You shall not. You shall not.'" "

"I was so amazed, surprised and overwhelmed that I could not think or act but rose half up from the chair. At my motion, still repeating those words "You shall not you shall not," she stepped backward, tore open a bureau drawer, took out something and again faced me. I saw then what that something was. It was a six shooter of largest size, a weapon having almost the power and accuracy of a rifle. She held it cocked full up on me using both her hands to steady it, the weight being too much for the slight strength of her single arm. I could plainly see her slim forefinger resting against the trigger. I sat down again as she hissed at me those words: "

"'Liar! Murderer! You shall not do it. Restore my husband now, at once, or I will shoot you as you sit there.'" "

"It was four good long steps between us. There, too, was the barricade of the table. Should I rush upon her I must receive at least one and probably two or three shots. She could not miss me, and a bullet would surely disable me. Those things flashed through my brain and the idea was dismissed in the twink of an eye. The woman's brain had turned. She was crazy and possessed of that one fatal idea. Between myself and death was the slightest pressure of a finger, a mere muscular contraction responsive at any instant, to a disordered impulse of a lost mind. I am not ashamed to say that when the fall realization of my critical position came upon me that I was seared, badly seared, scared completely out of my senses. I sat there helpless and dazed and bewildered. The woman's voice aroused me."

"'Restore him,' she said. 'Begin now.'" "

"What I did was not the result of any forethought, but simply a mechanical act induced by fright. I reached down, and plucked up the medicine case, opened it, and began fingering over the vials, saying all the while: "

"'Well, well, be patient and we will try what we can do.'" "

"'There is a possibility,' I said, 'that he is in a cataleptic trance. Living, but presenting all the appearance of death. If this is so, I may be able to revive him.'" "

"'Revive him, then,' she answered, 'do your work and do it quickly. Bring him to look at me, to talk to me.'" "

"'Ah, me, no one has ever worked such marvel since the gentle Nazarene walked the earth. My patient had gradually worn away, however, but the sense of deadly peril still remained. A careless movement, an incautious word, might bring a bullet crashing into my brain. But the quick movement of my mind brought a suggestion of a means of escape. Pulling myself together I spoke again: "

"'Madam, I will use my utmost skill in spite of the extraordinary situation in which you have placed me. That I would do in any event, and is all I can do. I had no idea of being called to such a case, and the simple medicines I have with me are useless in this instance. I require rare drugs of extraordinary power. With your permission I will return to town and get what I need. The delay will in no way affect your husband's condition.'" "

"'Would the pretence deceive her? She did not answer at once, and when she did the structure of my hope fell in ruins.'

"'No,' she replied, 'you can not leave here. I will call a servant, and you can send for what you wish.'" "

"My despair was only for a moment for her very words were pregnant with a great idea. I would send a message for what I wished, but it would be for help to a living man, not impotent drugs for a dead one. I took out my prescription pad to write, and came near spoiling all with my precipitancy. Of course she would insist on seeing what I might write, and reading a summons for help, her crazy fury would go beyond all restraint. Deceit must wear a more careful guise. How to write such a message as would be intelligible in town and unintelligible to her, puzzled me considerably until I thought of Latin, though there was a chance of her becoming familiar with the language. As opposed to the certainty of English there was no choice in the matter. I went to work at once, and the necessary words came to me with surprisingly small effort, considering I had allowed years to pass without any attempt at furnishing up my old college studies. My completed prescription read like this: "

TO SATTERLEE & FINK, DRUGGISTS.

In nomine Dei, 2 drachms.
Statin misti auxilium, 5 ounces.
Hemo mortis, ut, 10 ounces.
Uxor furiosa, me 2 drachms.
Tenens cum potior, 3 drachms.

ARAM EDWARDS, M.D.

"'It was very bad Latin, so bad that I expect the soul of my old professor up in heaven grew heavy with indignation, but if the right man got hold of it, its purport was plain. Translated, it meant: 'In the name of God

send help immediately. A man is dead, his wife insane holding me with a pistol.' I put signs of drama and ounce at the end of each line to add to the prescription like appearance of the whole. When I had finished I said "the prescription is ready. You can call the servant."

"She made the negro take the paper from me and hand it to her. I felt my heart beat wild and heavy with anxiety as she attempted to read it. She gave me sign but handed the message to the man telling him to go to town at once and procure what it called for. He left the room. So I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the traveled pathway in the yard, the slam of a gate, and I knew that my call was on its way."

"'Alone there in that room with that crazy woman and the dead man I could do nothing but sit and wait and think. As the moments passed with leaden slowness, possibly long before it could in reason be expected, my nerves grew tense with anxiety, and every sense keenly alert for signs of approaching rescue. My brain grew sick with apprehensions of probable miscarriage of the message. Again my mind began to call up visions of all the bloody, mangled wounds I had ever seen or imagined. A feeling of anxious hope and a sickening impression of evil all around and about to close in and destroy me."

"'At last the welcome sound came. I heard the front door of the house open suddenly with a crash and a noise of hurrying people in the hall. She heard at the same instant, a look of startled questioning crossed his face and the fury of a maniac possessed her as she screamed at me."

"'So, villain they come to help you! They may bury my husband, but you will go with him.'" "

"I saw her finger contract upon the trigger, I covered my face with my hands expecting the explosion, the pain, the crash. What I did hear was a sharp crack, a noise, half smothered ejaculation, a rush of struggling and something that was heavy which fell upon the floor. I looked up. 'Two men had hold of her. She was trying to free herself, wild-eyed but silent. Another man picked up her pistol from the floor, looked a moment, pointed it downward, snapped it six times, and said: "

"'Why Doo, there ain't a thing in this gun!'" "

Flax Culture.

Mr. John A. Donaldson writes: Now that spring is at hand we hope the farmers will find it to their interest in Ontario, as well as in the Northwest, to enlarge their acreage in the cultivation of flax, an industry that is growing rapidly in favor with the agriculturists of the Dominion at large.

The growth of this valuable plant is only in its infancy in Canada. We are informed that the Belgians sent a company to British Columbia last fall to open a large flax manufacturing concern to commence operations there. This will put new life in the project; Belgian sown flax being worth just double the price of the flax of any other country in the world. As a proof of this I hold in my possession samples from the different flax growing countries. While Belgian is quoted at £110 sterling per ton, the next in quality is valued at £60 sterling. We may gain valuable information in the near future from the operation of this firm in British Columbia.

Before closing these few remarks, however imperfectly thrown together, let me say that of the 10,000 acres of Mr. John Lowe, formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, he has a plough, drawn by a steam engine, that ploughs twenty acres a day, something unknown before in the history of Canada or any other country, keeping pace with the general improvements that are cropping up every day.

The Dead of St. Peter's.

And far below all are buried the great of the earth, deep down in the crypt. There lies the chief apostle, and there lie many martyred bishops side by side: men who came from far lands to die the holy death in Rome—from Athens, from Bethlehem, from Syria, from Africa. There lie Leo the last of the Stuarts, with their pitiful kingly names, James III, Charles III, and Henry IX; the Emperor Otto II has lain there a thousand years; Pope Boniface VIII of the Caetani whom Scipione Colonna struck in the face at Anagni, in 1268, and Rodrigo Borgia; Alexander VI lay there awhile, and Agnese Colonna, and Queen Christian of Sweden, and the Great Countess, and many more besides, both good and bad—except the Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, of romantic memory.—Marion Crawford in the Century.

There are amusements involving passion and vanity, which dissipate the soul; and there are others, only entered upon with simplicity, for recreation and refreshment, while the heart remains steadfast to its sacred moorings.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after one's own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Victory for Silver Men.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The silver men have won the first day's fight in the National Democratic Convention.

Catholic Movement in England.

The annual pilgrimage to Canterbury, under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, took place on July 7.

Russian Intolerance.

A report has reached Rome that the Russian Government has resolved to act with rigour against the Poles for the demonstration of their Press during the coronation festivities.

M. Felix Faure and Jeanne d'Arc.

The President of the Republic was placed in somewhat of a dilemma when he was asked to preside at the "insurrection" (Anglic) "unveiling" of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

The Desire to Leave a Name Behind Us.

We have an involuntary reverence for all witnesses of history, be they animate or inanimate, men, animals, or stones.

Leo XIII. and Spain.

The Holy Father's sympathy with Spain is profound, and the letter lately addressed by him to the Queen-Regent is a touching proof of it.

AYER'S Hair Vigor advertisement featuring an image of the product bottle and text describing its benefits for hair restoration.

AYER'S Hair Vigor advertisement with text: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored my hair, which was fast becoming gray back to its natural color."

LATEST MARKETS.

TORONTO, July 8, 1896. Wheat—The offerings are fair, the demand small and the market is lower.

Butter—Dulness continues to be the only prominent feature of the local market. There is very little trade in progress.

Wheat, white, \$0.70; red, \$0.68; yellow, \$0.66; corn, \$1.00; barley, \$1.00; oats, \$0.40.

Some Canadian apples, very green and sour, in fact not fit to sell, were on the market today.

MONTREAL, July 8.—The grain and flour markets show no change. Flour, per 100 lbs, \$3.40.

Butter—Best creamery sells at 16c to 16 1/2c. The demand is slow, but prices are steady at 16c to 16 1/2c.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC advertisement with an image of a man and text: "RECOVER HEARING."

My wife suffered from heart disease and sleeplessness. After using your Nerve Tonic, she has recovered her hearing and is now able to do her usual work.

FREE A Valuable Hoop on Persons \$100. Dr. J. H. Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a valuable medicine for all cases of nervous debility.

COENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 40 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

ALL of the Following Responsible Persons Write to the Publisher of this Paper: Dr. J. H. Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

As the belief has been widespread that Rheumatism was incurable, we publish the above facts as evidence that a sure cure has at last been found.

The June Consistory. A Rome telegram describing the public consistory on June 25 for the purpose of conferring the cardinal's hat upon the new cardinals.

The Holy Pillar of St. Peter's. In the same small chapel stands a strangely wrought marble column in closed in an iron cage.

Prize for Designs. The publishers of the Canadian Almanac are offering prizes for the best designs for the 1897 edition.

THE ALE AND PORTER OF JOHN LABATT, LONDON, CAN.

RECEIVED MEDAL AND HIGHEST POINTS AWARDED ON THIS CONTINENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893.

GEO. J. FOY, LONDON, CAN. Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO.

ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD. advertisement with an image of a flag and text: "Dress Goods Clearing."

Dress daintiness that will please every shopper. Summer dresses among the lot and dresses that will suit for the cooler evenings.

Black Dress Goods. A table of fancy and plain goods, including Lustras, Batiste, Figured Grenadines, etc.

THE ROBT. SIMPSON CO. LTD. S. W. COR. YONGE & QUEEN STS.

ICE CREAM Delivered to any part of the city. Healthy and Delicious.

NASMITH'S, PRINCE ST. 1410, 51 KING ST. EAST.

MONUMENTS D. McINTOSH & SONS Manufacturers and Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Carvers.

Trent Canal. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned.

DOMINION STAINED GLASS CO. ESTABLISHED 1881. MANUFACTURERS OF CHURCH Domestic and Ornamental GLASS.

HEINTZMAN & CO. COLLEGE NOTRE DAME COTE-DES-NEIGES, MONTREAL, CAN. Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

SADLIER'S PERFECTED SANITARY OIL The Original! The Cheapest! The Best!!! It gives a constant light WITHOUT SMOKE.

D & J. SADLIER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Bookbinders and Stationers. 123 Church St., Toronto Ont.

NEW NECK THINGS As soon as they are produced you get a sight of them here. We don't know a better way to keep on the latest.

M. J. CROTTIE, 844 Yonge St.

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY. HEADQUARTERS: 256 Queen Street West, Opp. Fire Hall.

WEDDING CAKES Webbs' ARE AS GOOD AS THE BEST MEN AND THE BEST MATERIALS CAN MAKE THEM.

Madame Palmira Bonvini (MRS. PROF. O'BRIEN). Prima Donna Soprano from Milan, Italy.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) Brewed from the finest malt and best Bavarian bread of hops.

THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, LTD. Malsters, Brewers and Bottlers, TORONTO.

ALE AND BROWN STOUTS Brewed from the finest malt and best Bavarian bread of hops.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS N.Y. & N. TORONTO. 35 to 31 WILLIAM STREET. TELEPHONE 1720.

HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King St. West, Toronto. Concert Grands Uprights Baby Grands Transposing

St. Michael's College. (In Affiliation with Toronto University.) Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

Miscellaneous SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 118 Yonge St., Toronto.

PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) Brewed from the finest malt and best Bavarian bread of hops.

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