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AN HONORED CITIZEN OF QUEBEC.

Felix Carbray, Esq., M.P., M.R.I.A.

In view of the latest distinction conferred upon Mr. Carbray, that of his election as a member of the Royal Irish Academy, it may be well to tell the outside public something of the career of the recipient of this mark of well-deserved honor.

When we find a man of this type it is but right that the public should be made familiar with his character, and it is especially welcome that the rising generation of some men should learn from worthy examples, lessons as to the safe methods and principles that lead to success in business life, and which also tend to uphold the honor and repute of the commercial and social centers in which they live.

Mr. Carbray was born of Irish parents, some 60 years ago under the old foot-rot at St. Foye road. In his early days he showed a preference for the study of the sciences, and made good progress in the branches he wished to master.

His lecture, delivered in the Hall, Dublin, on the subject of Gaelic literature proved him to be an apt student of the history and value of the ancient and expressive tongue of his forefathers; it also established his powers of industry, as it surprised his friends here, and made deeply engaged in mercantile things could spare the time to make the necessary studies and to compile and deliver such a lengthy and instructive discourse.

In the beginning of Mr. Carbray's business career he had good practical training, and he improved his talents and opportunities, and in 1859 he entered as a partner in the present substantial commission and shipping firm of Kelly, Routh & Co. The house has become a family name in the ports and mercantile centers of Europe and America, and does a large business at those points.

At the Quebec house Mr. Carbray directs the affairs of the concern, and in Montreal Mr. Routh performs a like duty.

In the year of its establishment the business was of modest dimensions, and was confined to Quebec, the Montreal office being opened in 1870, under Mr. Routh's management. The firm began as general commission merchants and steamship agents, drifting gradually into a large lumber business with the United States, Europe and South America; then into the coal business, wholesale commission. At present the firm are agents for the celebrated "Old Sydney" mines of North Sydney, Cape Breton. As giving an idea of the firm's steady growth it is enough to mention that from the handling of a few small schooner loads in '73 the house now in 1900 brings up the St. Lawrence over 150,000 tons of Old Sydney coal, and they supply the Lakeville Company, the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway Company, the large factories in and around Montreal and the leading coal dealers in Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, Sorel, etc.

Messrs. Carbray, Routh & Co. are also wholesale agents for the Lethbridge and Wilkesbarre Coal Company of New York and Pennsylvania, owners of the celebrated Plymouth and also the Honey Brook and Wilkesbarre; also wholesale agents for several other large coal companies of the United States. Besides their coal business, they sell to a large lumber business, also a large steamship agency business, both at Quebec and Montreal. Mr. Carbray is consul for Portugal at Quebec, is a member of the Quebec Board of Trade and a member of the Board of Commissioners in which body he and Hon. John Sharples represent the shipping interests.

It is the good fortune of the path of the ordinary Christian parents, this, in an especial degree, has been the privilege of Mr. Carbray's children, and it has borne fruit in their individual lives. Under the teaching of their parents, they learned to look with confidence on the future of life, without fear or distrust of their companions and fellow-men, as they were taught, they rather inclined to over-estimate goodness and merit in others, and were ever ready to trust a fellow being, instead of being hampered by doubts and misgivings in any enterprise we may undertake.

The last cloud that spread its shadows over Mr. Carbray's happy domestic household was in the death of his devoted wife, a few years ago. From words, however, it is not possible to catch the full force of the crushing blow, but the memory of good deeds of his deceased helpmate and his consciousness of the merits they deserved in the next life softened his sorrow and buoyed his spirit into a feeling of resignation.

The subject of this all too brief sketch is still active, stirring and energetic, and punctual as clockwork in attending to the duties of his office, as well as to the sacred duties imposed by nature and other such demands. In his life of unceasing activity the lesson is made dear that occupation, no matter how close and severe, is no detriment to a man's physical powers, but rather a chief cause of their vigor and his mind and brain clear, and his whole being contented and happy. Of Mr. Carbray's faithful partner in business a brief word may be spoken. Mr. Francis Alexander Routh is the late Sir Randolph Routh, formerly commissary-general in the British army, who had charge of the distribution of the Government famine fund in the great famine year of 1847. He is the elder brother of the late Cardinal Taschereau, and of Chief Justice Taschereau. He is Consul for Portugal at Montreal.

It has been a prosperous partnership, members well suited to each other in ability and business aptness, and all the transactions of the firm, as well as those of its individual members, have been marked by a sense of high honor and integrity.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE LITERATURE.

Preliminary Study.—Why does he describe the house as a "modest structure, set well back from the road?" State why they are described as "dignified and stately." What tended to arouse his suspicions? Give a description of the appearance and manners of the new neighbors. Show the appropriateness of the discovery being announced by the children.

Explain "architect, assiduity, intelligence, domestic utensil, contrived, clandestinely, inappreciable, brusque, dignified, venerable, tenants." Class Study.—"The tenants." The purpose of this sentence is to awaken our curiosity; the mention of the exact locality serves to make it appear more real.

"Inmates, a season." Ponkapog is set out as a fashionable suburban resort, near Boston; the inhabitants would probably be greatly interested in the people of fashion. Give "stylish equipments in your own words; show the character of the "newcomers." "The passing." The passers-by. What is peculiar in this construction? "Seemed.... architect." The wonderful skill shown by birds in constructing their nests, some of which are in the crevices of the rocks, are of elaborate design, is very surprising to us. The female does much of the actual fashioning of the nest.

"Superintended.... details." Write this in your own words. "Executive ability." The faculty of carrying out an undertaking. "Congratulated.... neighbors." Was he disappointed in this? Show why he had this prospect? "Quite...." These birds appear early in the neighborhood of Boston on their migration from the South. "First.... manhood." Explain the implied comparison.

Baby's coming should be a time of joy and happiness. Fear should be forgotten, and the mother should be reassured. How often is it so? As the time approaches how often the poor expectant mother is nervous and apprehensive, and almost suffering death. On the right Nature never meant it to be so. If the mother is very strong and well in health, and her husband is a thoroughly trained man, of wide commercial experience, and can fluently discuss budget matters and other topics concerning the welfare of the province. Mr. Carbray is also a member of St. Patrick's Church and of St. Bridget's Asylum, president of some of the patriotic Irish societies and is always to be found when words of wisdom and calm advice can tend harmony to the discussion of affairs relating to the welfare of his Irish fellow-countrymen in Quebec. In the early years of his manhood he married most happily, a young woman of noble family and raising a large family, most of whom have left the parental root and are comfortably settled and pursuing life's pleasures and responsibilities. Mr. Carbray, C.S.S.R., an eloquent and zealous priest, doing parochial or missionary work in the United States. A younger son chose the legal profession and recently took a brilliant examination in Montreal, and is now practicing his profession in Quebec, in connection with one of the city's dis-

"Know.... personally." In what way were they known? "Thought.... introduction." People look to a young place often receive from their friends' notes of introduction to persons in such places. "For.... names." What effect on the interest of the sketch would such mention have at this stage? "My.... families." State this in your own way.

"Postoffice.... chance." In such a suburban place the postoffice would be probably the chief meeting-place of the residents, so the surprise that he never was seen there.

"Flouriculture.... exercise." In such a community of well-to-do summer residents the culture of flowers would be a more likely gain an occupation than any other. What was the real occupation of the oracles in the garden?

"Specimens.... hatchets." In certain spots in Canada and the United States these relics of the Indian are found abundantly. Flint hatchets, because they were unquarried by the use of primitive stone weapons. Such as these mentioned in the preceding sentence show the appropriateness of "primitive." What other meaning has it? "Disadvantage.... domain." Express this in your own way; why disadvantagefully? "Emulating.... Troy." Trying to rival the work of Dr. Schlemmer, who unearthed a considerable collection of implements, weapons, etc., long buried in this city, once a leading place for the old work states, Lucie it. What led him to make this conjecture? Do you consider these as good examples of groceries? Why may they have been selected?

"Tolerant.... existence." What was the detail? Why unimportant? Compare the statement with what is stated in the first of these paragraphs. "Perceptible.... existence." Visible means of getting their living.

"Government bonds." The Government of a country in borrowing money gives bonds on which a stated rate of interest is paid each year. Some people invest in such security to get an assured income.

"Toil.... spin." Consider the fables of the field how they grow; they labor not neither do they spin. Matt. vi. 28

"Numerous.... advantages." Such as money, honor, leisure, etc. "David Copperfield." One of the best of Dickens' novels.

"Occurrence.... turning or winding course." opposed to a straight one—here a turning aside from the subject.

"To risk.... call." When a new family comes to a neighborhood it is the custom for the old families to make a formal call to welcome the newcomers, etc. The new neighbors are described as not having letters of introduction and being known to no one there; hence "call."

"Occurrence.... penetration." It became clear to my mind. "Alone.... me." State in your own words.

"Force.... him." To seek his acquaintance with the woman proposed to him. "Formulate.... suppositions." Began to entertain serious doubts about their honesty.

"Moon.... cherries." Month when cherries are ripe. "Sufficiency.... impressions." Characteristically enough not to tell his suspicions. These suspicions were about the honesty of the new neighbors, how they lived etc.

"Interest.... low." On their first coming he had taken much interest, see earlier paragraphs; now fearing they were not desirable acquaintances, he was losing interest. What is the comparison? "Honey-moon.... eclipse." State in your own words, bringing out the points of the comparison.

"Blue Hill," "Norfolk county," Near Southampton. "Conquered.... rattles." Note the effect of introducing this fact into the description of the beauty of the scenery.

"Allopathic.... horse." The meaning is probably that this belonged to the physician who practised allopathy. Homeopathy is the theory in medicine that "like cures like," the opposite to allopathy.

"Reproached.... thoughts." What were these her thoughts? "Memory.... repulse." When trying to make the husband's acquaintance on the road near Fisher's Mill.

"Burst.... sparkling." Show how true these terms of description are. Note also "cried" and "squeaked."

"Hang-bird." A description of the oriole's nest, which is suspended from the end of the branch, as a means of safety from enemies. "Bird the oriole's name." Barefoot Boy.

"There's.... one's." Notice the boy's disregard of grammar. Note the happy termination of this account.

"What do you think is the purpose of this sketch? After the discovery had been made, what other readings will show the skill with which, keeping strictly within the limits of truth, the writer has given an account of bird life as if it were of people he wrote.

"But.... humor." Show how true these terms of humor in the extract. Sketch in your own way the account of bird life here given.

"Executing.... arietta." Singing a show. "Conjunctively.... widow." What is intended to describe? "House.... turnpike." State why. "Husband.... bars." Is it the male or the female bird that usually sings?

"Arcadian business." Arcadia was a state of ancient Greece, whose people were noted for their simplicity and happiness show the application here.

"Asked.... community." State in your own words and show why such an assertion could be made. "Piqued.... curiosity." Exalted my desire to know. "Morbid." Here perhaps excessive.

"Unlawful.... unlawful." What unlawful action was being hinted at? "Hypothesis or element." Supposition of their having run away to be married.

"Mystery.... letters." Where was this sketch brought to our notice? If they had eloped they might wish to keep a knowledge of their where-

abouts from their friends, and so would write no letters. "Epigrams sport." Quite a distinct puzzle. "Vehicle.... don't." Write this in your own words. "Inexhaustible.... shop." Explain clearly the implied comparison. "Gratias." Without charge. Explain "it" in advertise it.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

How delicate their meaning, how aware their ties, how intimate their friendship. There is something irresistibly beautiful and holy in their relations—something God-given and God-sustaining. In his sister the brother sees his better self, and in her brother the sister sees her true self. In their veins courses the same blood, and in their hearts is the same love. Ofttimes striking is their resemblance. In the face of the brother is mirrored his sister, and in her countenance is seen a resemblance to her brother.

They have both in their own way, a kind of superiority to their themselves; they depend upon each other in a way that is oppressive to neither. The brother is gifted with a stronger intellect and a firmer will; the sister has a more tender heart and quicker perception. When she is pleased, her fatherly pride when she is praised. He feels fatherly over her virtue as over a treasure which belongs to himself. He corrects himself of his rough ways in his relations with her; he who is in the habit of yielding to no one else will gladly yield to her. She, on her side, will assume to be the upper hand, and will assume to be the stronger. Even before the years of childhood he has become the protector of his sister; she looks upon him as such, and he himself already feels the responsibility of his position. She, on her side, after his consolation in every misery. She is one who checks his unwise spirit, and him, and her pleading is heard. It is she who deters him from wrong-doing. She is the sunshine of home; she is his good guardian angel, ever visible before him. The it between them is a common tie, a sacred tie, a holy tie, a tie that shall never be broken. Happy is the brother in his sister; blessed is the sister in her brother.

MEXICO'S LOVELY WOMEN.

An American correspondent of a New England paper says that Mexico has the noblest of women. They are well treated here, he writes, and are sweet and gracious, but they are not so sweet and gracious as the women of the States. They are keepers, mothers of families, and not reformers, intellectual leaders or radicals. The Mexican woman is respectful and religious. She is the ornament of the home and useful as well. For her great stone houses, the wide corridors, the fountain and the birds, and she is happy in her quiet way. I have written much of the Mexican woman, but have never been able to depict her worth as it should be related. She is a home goddess, still believes in her ancient faith, and is the chief comfort and consolation of the men.

People who regard the Mexican woman as sorely oppressed do not know her. She rules often by a sweet influence, and is honored in her old age, for here, it is still proper to regard elderly people as the chief persons in the community. Old age is honored. The women go to mass in the morning at various hours, according to their habits of early or late rising, their social status, or their piety. But they all go. The Church is their second home, and they love it with a deep and abiding love.

Negro Worked the Eclipse.

Sunday night, prior to the recent eclipse, while negroes from several large plantations in the eastern part of Tyler County, Texas, were at church, a strange negro appeared and told them that he had been told in a dream that early the next morning a small black spot would appear on the sun, and that this would become almost obscure. This he explained, would be a sign of God's displeasure at their sinful ways and of their miserly gifts to the church and the poor, and that in case liberal donations were not made to appease God's wrath, an awful calamity would befall the people. He was furnished a member of each family with a darkened glass, with instructions how to use it, and warned them in case the spot appeared to lose no time in getting to church and to come prepared to make liberal gifts and to pray.

The game, it is said, worked like a charm, and as soon as the spot on the sun was observed the negroes hastened to church with whatever small change they had, which was turned over to the strange negro. Shortly after the eclipse the negro left on his errand to distribute the gifts to the needy and has not been seen since in that section.

It is said that when the present Emperor of Russia proposed to Princess Alix of Hesse the following scene took place. He was Czarowitch at the time, and thus addressed the lady: "My father, the Czar, has commanded me to offer you my hand and heart." The Princess smiled at the queer, formal wording of the sentence, but immediately answered: "My grandfather, the Queen of England, has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand—your heart I shall take for myself."

Lord Russell of Killowen (when Sir Charles Russell) was his hand for the witness. The question was about the size of certain footprints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness, honestly, "it was just an ordinary hoof."

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SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIZATION. The idea is pretty commonly entertained in this country that with the ending of the war, Englishmen will flock into the Dutch provinces of South Africa, and there will be a new Sir William Balfour, who has had experience in South Africa, gives his opinion on the point in the current issue of the "Humanitarian." The rapid growth of English colonization cannot be held to be seriously retarded by those who are thoroughly acquainted with South Africa and its people. Whilst the Dutch spread themselves into the far interior, and are with their large families the real leading colonists of the land, the English, except for mining purposes at Kimberley, Johannesburg, and like localities, are mainly to be found in coastal towns. Comparatively few more in Natal than elsewhere—more in agricultural pursuits and numbers of them have no intention of settling permanently in South Africa. But for temporary mining purposes, British emigration to South Africa is not likely to be a large development. South Africa, he asserts, cannot compete with the inducements offered to English emigrants by the United States of America, Canada, or even the British Empire. That, of course, is the question which remains to be solved. There will certainly be a rush to South Africa at least for a time.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

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It is well that Catholics in every part of the country should take note of the declaration made by the Secretary of State in his letter to the B'nai B'rith Board. Close on fifty years ago that board made an arrangement of a portion of the local cemetery for the use of Catholics. The arrangement was notified to the Home Office and sanctioned by it. Recently the B'nai B'rith Board claimed the right of interfering with the Catholic part of the cemetery, holding that the Catholics had not an exclusive title to it. The Rev. Father Burns felt it to be his duty to maintain the rights of Catholics in accordance with the law, and when the burial board seemed determined to persist in the course they had taken the matter was brought before the Secretary of State. A correspondence with the board followed, and now the Secretary of State has clearly defined the law on the point in question. Having consulted the law officers of the Crown, he is advised that the board has no right of a burial ground carried out by the consequence that no service other than that used by the religious body to whom the allotment has been made can be held at a burial in such allotted ground. The board is therefore liable to be proceeded against by the duty of the burial board to enforce the allotment by declining to permit the service of any other religious body in the allotted ground. Should the board call in question the duty they are liable to be proceeded against by the name of the Attorney-General. The B'nai B'rith Board has given in with bad grace. It might well have recognized that it is as unsound in principle as it is as unwise in action, and afterwards to make an allotment and afterwards to cancel the concession by interference.

JESUITS MUST GO.

The parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, are in deep sorrow over the removal of the Jesuit Fathers from the city. Every effort was made to retain them, but all to no avail, as the present superiors of the Society of Jesus of the Fathers for the various duties required by their constitution. In fact, the going of the Jesuits from Troy is felt by people in all parts of the city. In St. Joseph's parish, where the devoted sons of Ignatius labored in and out of season for the salvation of the people during the past fifty years, the sad announcement of their departure falls upon the members of the congregation like a calamity.

St. Joseph's is one of the largest, if not the largest, parishes in the diocese, having over 6,000 souls. Some 1,700 members are enrolled in the various societies and over 1,000 children attend the parochial schools taught by the sisters of St. Joseph and the Christian Brothers. Father Quinn's work among the boys of South Troy wrought a wonderful good for which the citizens of Troy are justly proud. It was just an impressive and extol. This good Jesuit

labored incessantly for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his young charges. Father McDonnell, the venerable and faithful follower of his illustrious spiritual father, Ignatius Loyola, was none the less zealous among the adult members of the community. No labor was too great for him when the consolation of a soul was in question, and thus it was that he spent his last year of a century of his life in the service of his Heavenly Master. The other members of the society who at various periods have been stationed at St. Joseph's, were known for their zealous and watchful guardianship over those parts of the Lord's vineyard that were given them for their special keeping.

On the departure of the Jesuits from St. Joseph's parish, the Rev. Father Burke will appoint an able and worthy pastor to take charge with the necessary assistants. We believe no one better than the Rev. Bishop of the diocese can better appreciate the loss of the people of St. Joseph's, and therefore he will send zealous laborers to continue the work so nobly performed by the Jesuit Fathers.

The parishioners should be reconciled with the constant reminder that God's will that the Fathers should go to engage in greater and more meritorious work, perchance in the classroom, directing youth in the various sciences and in the way of salvation, perchance out on the foreign seas, leading souls from the darkness of paganism to the light of grace and salvation.

The Magistrate—What, you here again? You promised last week to reform. Prisoner—I know that, your worship. But a man can't reform all at once. Give me time. The Magistrate—I will; thirty days.

Hotel Man—(who thinks he is calling down his butcher): "Say, I am short a heart and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now, I want 'em right away." Railway Officer (who has been contacted by mistake): "Sorry, sir, but the wreck has been cleaned up."



Some time ago the Rev. Father Dollard, of St. Mary's, Toronto, addressed a letter to Mr. Wm. O'Brien advocating the cessation of emigration from Ireland and the retention of its people on the soil. In his letter Father Dollard most graphically described the hardships which Irish immigrants to America have to undergo. This letter was widely published and most favorably commented on by the leading Irish Catholic journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

In support of Father Dollard's contention we publish the following: "A Warning to Emigrants," by Mr. Edward J. Sullivan, of New York City, and a native of County Limerick. Mr. Sullivan, in writing to the Irish Daily Independent on the terrible exodus which is taking place from Ireland, says:

"I desire to impress on our people not to be led away by false and fancied reports of the business conditions that exist here. Thousands of our people are flocking here, only to find untold hardships, privations, and in many instances actual want and privation. The labor market is flooded, and the condition of our working classes miserable in the extreme. The dens of pestilence and vice, the unclaimed dead, the Potter's field, all bear sad but truthful evidence of the ruin and moral degeneracy of thousands of our innocent young men and women, who were led on by false doctrines to come here. Would to God, for their eternal salvation, that their pure hearts had gone down to the bottomless deep ere they set foot on this land!"

"Recently in one week nearly 8,000 persons left Queenstown for America; the numbers, it is said, would have been more than 8,000, only some hundreds additional who applied for passages were blocked and others were put back to join the succeeding week's ships. Compared with the corresponding week of last year, the numbers mark an increase of nearly 1,400 persons. The cause of the exodus, according to a home authority who has often talked to the departing emigrant on the subject, may be summed up in the invariable answer returned by departing emigrants themselves. 'Any life,' they say, 'is better than what we had at home. Starvation wages are no inducement to keep us in Ireland.'"

"Others—there are countless thousands—say: 'We are going out to join our own; they sent us our passage money, and wouldn't we be fools to remain in Ireland when we do better in America.'"

And it is true to say, adds the same authority, of the thousands who leave the country, more than half of them seem to have been filled with one hope from early childhood, namely, that the day might come when they would go to America. America seems to have gotten into the very blood of the children of the soil. But a strenuous and systematic effort should be made to keep the Irish people at home, to hold and keep the land which is surely coming back to them. Statistics show that from May, 1851, to December, 1899, 3,796,181 left Ireland, 1,981,438 of whom were males and 1,814,688 females. In the year 1899 alone 387,000, or 0.7 per 1,000 of the population, left the country; 82.9 per cent of them were between the ages of 15 and 35, and this is the saddest feature of all the sad tales of Irish emigration. They go to add to the great army of hewers of wood and drawers of water, which unfortunately

has been to reach the fate of the ordinary Irishman in America.

Nationalist Convention.

The Irish Nationalist Convention, held on June the 19th and 20th in Dublin under the Presidency of Mr. John Redmond, Chairman of the United Irish Parliamentary party, adopted a constitution for the United Irish League. The provisions included the abolition of the right of the crown to challenge jurors in Parliament cases, except for cause, the repeal of the felony treason and arms act, educational equality for Catholics, compulsory extension of the laws providing agricultural laborers with cottages and acre allotments, and similar demands.

Whilst it cannot be said that the Irish people at home or in other lands have that confidence in Mr. Redmond and the United Irish League which they reposed in Parnell and his brilliant band of Nationalists, still they are watching anxiously and trusting for continued unity and united effort in the cause of Ireland, as it has to be presented to Parliament.

There is, just at the present time, an inclination on the part of Irishmen in Canada to yield to the stress of the moment, and not to extend to Mr. Redmond and his colleagues that moral and other support which they formerly gave to the leaders in the National movement. If Mr. Redmond handles his cause well and presents a solid front in Parliament, there never was a more likely time.

It must be distinctly borne in mind that the struggle is legitimate and carried on along legitimate and constitutional lines, and therefore the Irish Nationalists, fighting for the rights of their people, should not be read out of the pale of citizenship and even true loyalty to the Empire.

We in Canada have had our troubles, but so long as a burning question is fought out on strictly constitutional lines there was no cry of disloyalty, treason and kindred characterizations. The section of the people suffering under a grievance were permitted the right to present and establish their case, and if possible to wring from the Government any just concessions.

This is what Mr. Redmond and his colleagues are doing, and so long as they carry on the struggle within constitutional bounds they are merely exercising their rights of citizenship, and must be accorded a fair hearing and fair play. The Irish people in Canada should and will stand by the band of Nationalists fighting the nation's cause and employing only such means as the laws of the land and of Parliamentary procedure permit.

If these rights of citizenship cannot be respected, and that without insult, then the British constitution had better be flung to the winds. If we might be pardoned the reference, it is this same rank, domineering spirit, the denial of the right of Irish subjects to seek redress of grievances, that has irritated the Catholic minority in Manitoba. In this respect Canada is far more intolerant than is the mother country. This spirit may subvert party and political ends, but it is not British.

Another Manitoba School Question

We clip the following from the London Universe:

"People ignorant of the extent of the work being done by the voluntary schools all over the country, and of the number of children educated within their walls, are incapable of understanding what would happen were they to cease to exist to-morrow. For example: During the past year the total number of voluntary schools under inspection was 14,482, as against 14,382 in 1899, giving an increase of 80 on the year; in 1899 the number stood at 14,479. The number of children in average attendance during last year was 2,499,188, being an increase of 17,879 over the preceding year. The average attendance in Board schools was 2,187,905, as against 2,072,911 the year before. In other words, 2,600,000 children are receiving their training and education in these voluntary schools, which are erected and maintained by private charity. Were they to close to-morrow the cost—the total cost—of the education of these children would fall upon the ratepayers, also the cost of erecting the requisite buildings for school purposes." From which it may be seen that the

Catholics of Manitoba and the Catholics of the great American Republic are not the only people in the world who have their school question.

The Separate School system of Ontario works admirably, and might well be put forth to the world as a model system for Protestant countries that wish to maintain a national system of schools to which Catholics cannot subscribe, and of whose advantages conscience forbids them to avail themselves.

China.

The eyes of the civilized world are fixed with a feeling of terror and doubt upon the celestial Empire. The terror springs from the dread thought of the massacre of all the Christians in China; the doubt arises from the want of tidings from the legations who perhaps have suffered the same fate. For ten days not a word has been heard from this diplomatic colony in Peking—amounting to about 600 souls. A relieving force of 2,600 sailors was despatched from Tien Tsin under Rear Admiral Seymour of the British fleet for the protection of the Ambassadors and their families. These British soldiers were followed a few days after by a Russian military column. On Saturday last the daily press stated that a large commercial house in Brussels had received a message announcing that the Seymour relief force and the Russian column had reached Peking simultaneously and that the legations were safe. "Nothing," concludes the despatch, "is known respecting the legations, and anything may have happened at Peking. Vice-Admiral Seymour's force of marines was not supplied for a march of twelve days, and it has been out off from communication with Tien Tsin." A despatch dated London, June 22nd, says: "It is reported from Japanese sources that 1600 foreigners have been massacred at Tien Tsin." This last named city was bombarded for some days by regular Chinese troops with fearful loss to the foreign concessions.

In the whole question there are three central points, upon which the attention and fears of the civilized world are fixed—the legations, the missionaries, and the suzerainty of China itself, which last Lord Salisbury regards as the crucial point. Our thought for evident reasons is directed towards the missions. To murder an ambassador is undoubtedly a crime against a whole nation. It is only through ambassadors that one country can deal with another. But grave as such a crime is, it is not so bad, or nearly so disastrous as the murder of missionaries and their converts. Such crimes and in a single day the work of fifty years—indeed another fifty years would not see the same result; for even if brave and high-souled men will carry their lives in their hands, the natives will recoil from them in fear and hatred. To the missionary China has been too open a grave. The Jesuit missions to China began under the direction of that great apostle of the East, St. Francis Xavier. But the Saint died before his wish to enter the country was fulfilled: it was not till 1682 that the Jesuits founded the mission of Kiang Nan. Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries the Jesuit missions struggled hard against the hatred of the Chinese towards foreigners and the jealousy of the sois. At last the storm passed away and in June 1842 two Jesuit Fathers arrived in the vicariate of Nan-King. By a treaty with France imperial protection was granted in 1844 to all French missionaries. To-day the Jesuit Society counts vicariate-apostolii, 192 priests, of whom 17 are natives, 24 scholastics, 23 secular priests and 2 seminarians. Beside the establishments of Shanghai and T'Kai-Wei there is a total of more than 120,000 souls.

This fruit was made by no means without great suffering and many martyrs. Last year, in several districts, chapels and churches were burned. Christian establishments, pillaged and converts massacred. T'ien was published, March 15, 1899, the famous edict establishing the relations between the local authorities and the Catholic clergy on a basis more favorable to the Church. But the destructions continued. In May of last year Mgr. Reynaud, Vicar Apostolic of T'oh-Kiang, wrote: "Never so much trouble, never so many storms; many conversions." Bands of robbers and rebel troops number-

ing several thousand, destroyed what they could not carry away—and using for their motto: "Protection to the empire; death to religion." In the South, in the Province of Yan-Nan, the French consulate of Mung-tze was attacked by Chinese.

This year we have what are called "the Boxers," who started committing crimes in large bands against foreigners. The Boxers belong to one or more of the numerous secret societies which germinate and thrive with such astounding ease in China. Sometimes the presence of a few foreigners of one nation or another, sometimes a spirit of vengeance, or even reasons of a private nature are quite sufficient to secure the offices of some of these secret societies. A village is converted, then no more contributions to the pagoda, no more exactions, nothing but legal taxes; that is enough to kindle the fires of persecution in a whole province. But many of these are so distant that the plague has full possession before a remedy can be applied. And the infection spreads so fast by the agency of secret society methods that the central power is too weak to control the force for which there may be a lurking sympathy, as is evident now, in the heart of that remarkable woman, the Dowager Empress of China.

The history of the Church in China is largely the propagation of the faith. A single soul in her eyes is worth more than any earthly kingdom. With sad heart and fearful eyes she gazes upon the trials, the success and failure of her distant missions. The zeal of her apostolic sons and daughters fills her heart with consolation, the generosity of all her children is a support, where ruin too often has destroyed the work of generations. To the propagation of the faith our people ought to contribute much more generously than they have done. Our religion is one of self-denial—and every child of the Church is bound to be an apostle. In these summer days of pleasure how many are the ways in which our young people can deny themselves just a little, and keep alive the missions in the distant East where so many hundreds of millions of our fellow beings sit in darkness and the shadow of death. A cent a month from each Catholic boy and girl in a Canadian diocese for one year would be the greatest help to some of those missions. And now that dark days are upon the Chinese missions we ought to be more zealous than ever, and strive to console our brethren in the faith who are in such dire straits.

Censorship.

In one of the Protestant synods or conferences lately held here it was gratifying to find a few earnest advocates of a censorship over advertisements—and more particularly those pictorial bills which befoul so many fences and walls in our city. That is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. It does not, however, go far enough—not only because it began and ended in that class of god intentions which never attain their purpose, but because it did not strike at the root of the evil. If there was no show there would be no advertisement. And we may assume that the advertisement is the least offensive part. To prevent the advertisement is simply getting rid of the effect: the cause still remains. Why not be candid, and come all the way with the grand old Church that insists upon reading the Index and a censorship upon reading? Even old Pagan Rome had a censor of morals—and our contemporaries are beginning to feel the want of one again. It is high time. Non-sectarian schools, irreligious education, looseness of morals, license in writing, degradation of art, vitiated taste, fondness for sensual pleasure, aversion from any restraint—all these and a legion like them stalking in their train, are poisoning the moral wells of society. No wonder some feel the want of strict censorship. It needs authority to impose and support it; and it needs religion to direct it. What is the alternative in place of this morbid object? There must be something to offer taste. It will not do to sweep away even things which shock us all without a substitute—more spiritual, more simple and more ideal. Our life, and our amusements more particularly, should be much less simple and less artificial. And we

should strive to be more ideal in our tastes. This, some may consider to be a retrograde movement. We do not care: to get back to spirituality, to christian simplicity, and a higher idealism—this will not hurt anyone, and it will lessen the necessity for a censorship such as some of the ministers desire to see, but are afraid to advocate too freely.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The notorious "Boxers" in China, who by their lawlessness have caused so much bloodshed, were originally, and are still, an anti-Catholic organization, and as such are not worthy of the sympathy of any section of the Irish people. Their fanaticism was and is directed chiefly against the Catholic missionaries. The Catholics are numerous in Western Peking, and at the commencement of the recent troubles collected themselves for protection and defence in the magnificent cathedral in that city.

DR. MILLIGAN ON TRUE WORSHIP.

Never were Shakespeare's well-known words, "The devil can quote scripture for his purpose," better exemplified than in a sermon by Rev. G. M. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's Church, on June 25th in the Toronto Evening News. The preacher took for his text the words of our Lord to the Samaritan woman, "God is spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth." The occasion, which these words were uttered was one of the most inspiring in the whole record of our Lord's life. Here was He, the God-man, hungry and spent with the toil of a day's journey, and with a woman of sinful life belonging to a nation detested by the Jewish people to whom He belonged according to the flesh. Surely this incident might have been a little more alluring to Calvinism. But evidently Rev. Mr. Milligan's religion is of the Chinese Boxer variety, and he was evidently inspired by the deeds of his confederates in the Yangtze-Kiang, to make an onslaught on Catholics on last Sunday evening. In one respect, however, the Chinese Boxers are far above their Toronto brother. They show some courage and fight like lions, whereas our back is as cowardly as it is spiteful.

After giving out his text, Rev. Mr. Milligan remarked that in these words "Christ brought a unique view of God, man, and the universe." "The God of God in spirit and truth adored by our Lord was unique; that is, completely new. Now, as Cornelius A. Lewis remarks in his passage, 'The heathens maintained that God would be worshipped in spirit and truth. And the most curious acquaintance with the prophetic words of the Old Testament is that how frequently the same is insisted on. For example, in the Psalms the Jewish people are told again and again 'to sacrifice the sacrifice of justice.' 'Nor must I eat the flesh of man, an afflicted spirit.' Therefore in saying that God must be worshipped in spirit and truth, Christ was simply emphasizing a great truth admitted by Jew and Gentile, but sometimes overlooked by both."

Rev. Mr. Milligan, however, probably means to insinuate that all external worship is incompatible with adoring God in spirit and truth. This would be a unique view indeed, so unique that the most elementary knowledge of human nature should have shown it to be a purely mental. Man is a purely spiritual being, and his worship is composed of body and soul, and on that account is bound to render to his Creator an external as well as an internal worship. External is to be thought. Surely it would be the height of absurdity to maintain that the use of words is fatal to the act of adoring. On the contrary, the words would be inclined to form a low opinion of the thinking power of the man who does not know how to put his thoughts into words. Man is naturally inclined to give expression to his thoughts and feelings. This rule holds as strongly in religion as in everything else. Hence at all times mankind has had recourse to external worship in its highest form of sacrifice to express its dependence on the Creator. Moreover, man is a social being. Society, as well as the individual, is based on God and dependent on Him for its well-being. Such outcomes as a market are placed in his charge. Well, Father Larkin was sent to Graton, whom I deemed to be timid has become fearless and bold, even aggressive when dealing with sin and vice; the man whom I thought was unable to preach is recognized as one of the cleverest pulpit orators in the diocese of Peterborough and the mirror of the times. I doubt if he is loved, revered and honored because of their firm, yet paternal character.

About five years ago a religious kind of rare importance took place in Graton, which I witnessed and in which it was my good fortune to participate. It was that of a mission given by two Paulist Fathers from New York, one bearing the thoroughly Irish name of Hauley or O'Hauley, and the other the name of a classic, one of Klouder. I shall never forget that mission. Every morning at daybreak during the week of its continuance, large crowds were present, many of whom came a distance of over six or seven miles. They came on foot, they came on horseback, in carriages, in wagons, in burghes, in buckboards, indeed every conceivable kind of vehicle was utilized except bicycles. And these were not the only men, but many women on that occasion. Every Catholic in the parish attended with one or two exceptions, and these a zealous body of laymen hunted up, but without success. I have been told, but will not

with all these forms of material sacrifice. How did He do away with them? By giving them a depth of a meaning that they had never had before. He did away with them by merging them into that tremendous sacrifice of Calvary. Viewed in the light of that awful oblation, the sacrifices of the Old Law are seen to be so many finger posts pointing to the bleeding Victim, at whose expiring cry creation shuddered on Good Friday; also Cross is seen to dart its beams to the very beginning of the human race, and the blood of the Cross offered by Abel and Noe reflects the blood which flowed from the hands and feet and side of Jesus Christ. This is the way in which Christ did away with the material sacrifices of the Jews, namely, by replacing or succeeding them by a material sacrifice, as bloody and as agonizing as they, but infinitely grander, holier, more powerful. By this great act of which appeared the Law, just as we put out lights when the sun appears above the horizon. But He left us a perpetual memorial of His death in that "clean oblation" instituted at the Last Supper, when He daily continues on every Catholic altar that intercession for us and application to our souls of His merits, in which, according to St. Paul, He is ever making Himself oblation, always living to make intercession for us.

Instead of doing away with, Christ gave sacrifice an infinitely grander, holier, more spiritual form than it had before. He did not do away with the altar (for does not St. Paul say, 'I have an altar')? He gave the altar a divine grandeur by linking it with Himself. "He combined the extraordinary, deductive and festive aspects of Jewish ritual with the solemnity," says Rev. Mr. Milligan, Yes, Sir Oracle, but how did He combine them? You will certainly vainly try to find the combination anything with which Old St. Andrew's is familiar.

LETTER FROM THE RAMBLER.

Tranquilly for Thomas Heenan, at the close of his earthly career, he saw the beautiful child of Graton, in the erection of which he had taken so deep an interest, reach a successful completion; and, whilst I deeply regret that the broad acres which he had accumulated have no longer any influence to foster the growth of catholicity, and that whilst he was the father of a very large family, none are to be met with here sharing in those blessings the foundation of which he was largely instrumental in laying. Yet it is pleasant to contemplate that charming site, dotted with the neat arches of a porch of which I am writing, was his generous gift, and that for all time that portion of the fruits of his industry will be dedicated to the spread of Catholic truth.

It would be difficult, indeed, to name a more attractive or more picturesque spot than that which I am endeavoring, however feebly, to describe. Whether the traveler goes east or west, by rail or by road, he cannot fail to strike the eye and make a pleasing impression on the mind will be the handsome structure to which I refer, with its stately spire shooting heavenward, to mount the cross, a glorious emblem of human redemption, which will ever will hear, with gladness to his ears, the shrill notes of the church bell, as Mr. William Lavery pulls the rope with all the determination of a death-struggle. Nor must I omit to refer to the imposing presbytery, with its face looking towards the midday sun. This is the work of the excellent man who now, fortunately for all, ministers to spiritual affairs of this happy community.

As the church to which I am hurriedly alluding was in process of construction there appeared in Cobourg a young priest, almost fresh from ordination, who was sent to assist the venerable Father Quinlan, who had been many miles-ten, the allotted three-score and ten, and whose physical and mental powers, had, in the natural order of things, become very much impaired. It is a fact which is the priest to whom I now allude is a native of the Province of Quebec, and brought with him much of that piety so characteristic of Irish-Canadian priests in that section of the Dominion in which he was born.

About a quarter of a century ago I first met Father Larkin in the house of Father Timlin at Cobourg. He was friendly as the Irish priest generally is, but he was a man of great energy, and that I regret that his method of enforcement in any parish would result in failures. On this side of the grave I never want to see so dreadful and so humiliating a calamity as that of the late ruling of a priest, who, instead of the priest and the church ruling the laity. As I sized up the modesty and shyness of Father Larkin on that afternoon when I first met him, I confess that I dreaded some such outcome as I have now witnessed in his charge. Well, Father Larkin was sent to Graton, whom I deemed to be timid has become fearless and bold, even aggressive when dealing with sin and vice; the man whom I thought was unable to preach is recognized as one of the cleverest pulpit orators in the diocese of Peterborough and the mirror of the times. I doubt if he is loved, revered and honored because of their firm, yet paternal character.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, Ottawa, and enclosed 'Tender for Building, Collingwood, Ont., will be received at this office until Friday, the 30th July, 1900...

Foreign Countries—\$88,358 44 Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom—241,903 07

By order, J. D. WILKIE, General Manager. The customary resolutions were moved and adopted.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA. PROCEEDINGS. Twenty-Fifth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders on Wednesday, 20th June, 1900.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. H. S. Howland, and the General Manager, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, was requested to act as secretary.

THE REPORT. The Directors have much pleasure in meeting the shareholders at this their twenty-fifth annual meeting...

Branches of the Bank have been opened in London, E. C. 4, at the corner of King and York streets, Toronto, and in the east end of St. Thomas, Ont.

Recognizing Ottawa as not only the political metropolis of Canada, but of growing importance as a financial centre...

—Profit and Loss Account— Dividend No. 48, 49 and 50, December, 1899—\$1,024 50 Dividend No. 50, 4th June, 1900—122,150 24

Balance at Credit of Account, 31st May, 1899, brought forward—\$3,706 17 Deposits hereof—238,695 25

—Credit Account— Balance at Credit of Account, 31st May, 1899—\$1,300,000 00 Transferred from Profit and Loss—400,000 00

Notes of the Bank in circulation—\$1,710,477 00 Deposits not bearing interest—\$3,663,000 91

CONRAWALL. The annual meeting of the C.M.B.A. was held on Wednesday last at Lawrence Park...

None knew him but to love him; None named him but to praise! HAMILTON. Loretto Academy closed its scholastic year on 21st inst...

Gold cross, for Christian doctrine, obtained by Miss Mary Hunka. Bronze medal, for English literature, obtained by His Excellency the Governor-General...

ATTON. His Lordship Bishop Dowling of Kingston held Confirmation service in St. Peter's Church here on Monday, the 18th inst...

NEWMARKET. Rev. Fr. Morris, the well-known parish priest of Newmarket, has made arrangements to hold a grand picnic on Monday, July 2.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I. Sunday, the 17th, being within the octave of Corpus Christi, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Dunstan's Cathedral...

LONDON. Bishop McEvay, of London, has made the following appointments in the diocese: Rev. Fr. Parent, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Kent County...

Given Free. Davidson's famous graniteware for your homes, free with a \$2.00 purchase of any price Tea or Coffee, Baking Powder, Pepper, Mustard, Ginger, Spice...

Canadian News. OTTAWA. Very many will hear with deep regret the death of Philip J. G. Griffin, second son of Mr. O. Griffin, the Parliamentary Librarian...

HAMILTON. Loretto Academy closed its scholastic year on 21st inst, when His Lordship Bishop Dowling conferred the honors on the successful candidates...

Gold medal, for mathematics, donated by Rev. Father Mahony, obtained by Miss Mary Hunka. Silver medal, for English essay, obtained by Miss Mary Mills.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th inst., St. James' Church was filled with a throng of people who had gathered to witness the ceremony which united Mr. James Bondfield and Miss Katharine Quigley for life.

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There are many, at the two Catholic schools, who have brought out the fact that they in a language stamp for the next hour so as to avoid capture.

Looking backward, I find missing the loss of countenance of a number of the most notable Irishmen, whose acquaintance I made in the early '60s.

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There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

The Home Circle.

LED BY A CHILD.

By Annie Lyons.

One beautiful afternoon in early spring, as an elderly lady and gentleman strolled from a carriage in front of a fashionable clothing house in one of our large eastern cities, about the tentacles of a wind attracted by a beautiful child, perhaps two summers old, alone, and unheeded by the passing throng, was weeping bitterly.

Approaching the child and gentleman kindly asked: "What is the matter, my little girl?" "I'm lost!" cried the child. "I want mamma!" "Where is your mamma?" asked Mr. Day.

"At home," "Where is your home?" "Up-stairs," she tearfully replied. "Where is your papa?" "In heaven."

"What is your name, little girl?" kindly asked the lady. "Alice," replied the child. "Up-stairs," she wearily replied. "Where is your papa?" "In heaven."

"Have you got any little brothers or sisters?" she then asked the child. "No. But I've got a mamma and a darpa somewhere."

At that moment a young girl came hurrying around the corner; pale with fright she gazed at the child in the street; as she stepped the group, near the store's entrance joy overspread her countenance. Running forward she exclaimed:

"Oh, Alice, Alice! I'm 'most dead with fright, looking for you!" "Whereupon little Alice clasped her hands, crying with joy: "Now I see found, now I see found."

"Well, my good girl," said Mr. Day, "please tell me whose child this is, and how you came to leave her alone?" "Please, sir," replied the girl, "she is Mrs. Merton's little daughter, a widow lady who lives in our house and earns her living by doing fine sewing for this store. I came with some of the work just now, and as I was hurrying home, got separated from Alice in the crowd, and did not notice till quite a way off."

At mention of the name, Merton, both listeners grew pale for a moment, their eyes gazed expectantly beamed in both faces, as they murmured the name of "Alice, Alice Merton."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the lady, "it may be she, let me seek her." "We will go and look for her," replied Mr. Day, "and if you will please to give me Mrs. Merton's address," he said to Lizette, the girl, "I will take her little daughter home."

"Yes, sir," replied Lizette, "No. 10 Myrtle avenue, up one flight."

After thanking the girl for the information, and giving directions to the driver, Mr. Day took his seat in the carriage with his wife and the now wondering little Alice. They were driven rapidly to the address given.

What emotions welled in the hearts of that elderly couple, during that drive, what sad and painful recollections of the past flooded their minds of their home; the disappointed marriage; then all tidings lost. Now the bright future in store, if their surmising should prove correct. At length the husband spoke.

"Helen, I feel sure it is she." "Let us pray God that it is," fervently replied Mrs. Day. As the carriage stopped, both alighted. Mr. Day, taking Alice in his arms, they proceeded to ascend the long, narrow flight of stairs. Arriving at the top, they perceived a door, just a little to the right.

"That my 'ome," lisped Alice. Mrs. Day knocked gently at the door. The next instant it was opened by a sweet, yet sad-faced young woman whose dark mourning garb told the sad loss of a dear one. As she opened the door, and her gaze rested on the group outside, ere they had time to utter a sound, "Father!" she cried, and would have fallen senseless to the floor, had not the loving father clasped her to his heart.

"Oh! Alice, darling daughter, we have found you at last," exclaimed the sweet mother through her tears. Alice recovered quickly from her swoon, and related all events that took place since she left her happy girlhood home. An hour passed quickly by during which it was decided that Alice and her little daughter would be permitted to leave, with her parents, the next day, to return to her childhood home.

"Little Alice was delighted at having found her 'dad' and 'danna,' and her Grandmamma softly murmured, while she gently caressed her. "To how much happiness we are led by a child!" Warren, Mass.

The President of the German Reichstag, Count Balserstrom, a Catholic, is recognized by all parties to be an ideal President. One of the most eminent promoters of the welfare of the workmen and the farmers in Bavaria is Dr. Helm, a deputy of the Landtag and Reichstag by Catholics and Protestants. A new Catholic "Church Times"—the "Kirchenzeitung zur Deutlichen Katholiken"—has been founded in the capital of Bavaria. It is the first "Kirchenzeitung" in the German Empire, and well supplied with funds. The Antisemitism of the German Empire has its adherents chiefly in Protestant, not in Catholic States.

"That tall man seems to be the busiest person around the establishment. What does he do?" "It is his duty to see whether the others are working or not."

THE ANCIENT RACE.

What shall befall the ancient race? What shall befall the ancient race? What shall befall the ancient race? What shall befall the ancient race? What shall befall the ancient race?

What shall befall the ancient race? The poor, unforgotten faithful race? Where plaudits song made too him to let him.

What shall befall the ancient race? Is treason's stigma on their face? Do they coward, or traitors? Go ask the shades of England's foe.

What shall befall the ancient race? They tell a tale of the ancient race—Of matchless deeds in danger's face: They speak of Britain's glory's face: On blood of Celt right bravely shed.

What shall befall the ancient race? Then why cast out the ancient race? Grim war's dust with the ancient race? And hell-torn laws, with prison jaws, And groans of woe with tiger jaws.

What shall befall the ancient race? Will no one shield the ancient race? They fly their father's burial place? The proud lords with their heavy purse—Their father's shame—their people's curse.

What shall befall the ancient race? They dig a grave for the ancient race? On highway side full of weeping eyes? They weep and the wretches keen? They for the limbs, and gnaw the face, Of some dear child of the ancient race.

What shall befall the ancient race? Without our struggle wrong to keep? The old soil where their father's sleep? The dust and the earth's wide space—Why leave it so, O ancient race?

What shall befall the ancient race? Light up one hope for the ancient race? Oh, priest of God—speak forth! Lead but the way—we'll go full soon, Is there a danger we will not face? To keep old homes for the Irish race?

They will not go, the ancient race? They must not go, the ancient race? Come, gallants, Celt and take your stand—The league—the league will save your land.

They will not go, the ancient race? They shall not go, the ancient race? The cry swells loud from shore to shore. From emerald vale to mountain hoar—From clime high to clime low—They shall not go, the ancient race.

A Plea for a Picture. A kodak she's carried to mountain and shore, She's snapped it in country and town; And she's bought out a chemical store.

In making her blue-prints and brown She spends in the dark-room one-half of her day. Developing-tray bends above; She's so wrapped up she won't listen to a word.

And turns a deaf ear to my love. A Senator here and a Congressman there She snatched; yes, and two or three Counts; Why, of cardboard she's used, if a guess you may dare.

At least a car-load in her mounts; And nothing she talks of save "light-ings" and "shades." When one word of love, please the Fates, I'm waiting to hear How the romance all ends.

As his clatters of films and plates She has taken pug-dogs (ugly creatures as they are), And pussy-cats (curse the felines!) And newboys and bootblacks, cowboys from the West.

Grimed folks of rills and of mines; She has taken all types of humanity, you. All objects of earth, air or sea. It seems and in living in hopes that some day She may be induced to take me.

—Roy Farrell Greene. As His Mother Used to Do. He criticized her puddings and he found fault with her cake; He wished she'd make such biscuits as his mother used to make.

She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew. Nor even mend his stockings as his mother used to do. His mother had six children, but by night she'd be alone.

His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one. His mother always was well dressed; his wife would be so too. If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best. Until at length she thought her time had come when one day he went the same old signmare all through.

She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do. New Paulist's House. The house of St. Francis de Sales, the new establishment of the Pa'ist Fathers, will be opened for active operations this week in Winchester, Tenn.

Father Youman has been appointed superior of the southern mission and Fathers Handley and Sullivan have been selected as his associates in this new field of labor. It was at the request of Bishop Byrne, of the diocese of Nashville, Tenn., that the Paulist Fathers undertook this extension of their work in the south and southwest.

A YOUNG MAN'S COMPANION.

A few days ago the door of a prison opened to admit a man whom I had known intimately for eighteen years. He had been tried and trusted, and he had looked upon as proof against any temptation that could assail him, but he had fallen. His story was told in one sentence by his attorney, as he begged for leniency. The man had been a constant attendant at the school had dragged him down to their own level and to his ruin.

The business man who writes to young men out of his own experience feels as if it were unnecessary, and a mere waste of time, to say a word to them about the influence upon their lives of the company they choose—just as he would consider it superfluous to write an essay to prove that two and two make four. Yet every business man, in his dealings with his clerks, is largely influenced in his opinion of their characters by his knowledge of the men they associate with out of business hours.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that employers are indifferent to what a clerk is or does on his own hours. This state of affairs might be true in very large offices, but these are few as compared with the legions of smaller concerns that cover the business world. One of the brightest men of my acquaintance, one fast working to the head of a large concern, a place that meant a good salary and honor in the community, was found face to face with this question when those in authority over him demanded his resignation, because they thought a man who was filling his position should not turn Sunday into a day of carousal. A man was found with very little trouble to take his place, but the discharged man was out of work for a year or two, and then accepted a situation at one-half his former salary.

An officer in an institution who was a marvel of rapidity and accuracy, who never left his desk with any task lying there undone, fancied that he had the right to make such acquaintances with his clerks as he pleased; but his position through his unwarranted assumption, and his future is probably ruined. When a merchant sees his employee nod in a friendly way to a man who is known to be a gambler, he does not feel so easy in mind therefore.

He wonders where the acquaintance was made, and how far it has gone. When he knows that a good friend of his clerk is regular in his visits to the saloon, he fears that his young man is starting on the same course. When the boon companions of his clerk are a crowd of loud fellows who shift from one job to another at frequent intervals, he begins to look for someone else to take that clerk's place.

Those were good old days when the apprentice was taken into the house of his employer and made one of the family, but they are no longer possible. The employer can know the character of his clerk out of business hours only by observing what his pleasures and who his companions are. The impression seems to be quite general that every young man who goes as a stranger to a larger place finds it much easier to make acquaintances among the dregs than among the better class. I think this is true only when the young man's tastes and desires lead him to seek naturally the company of the tainted.

If there are fifty saloons on his homeward route, he is sure to find a plainer relative to whom he can talk to enter; if he goes in it is because he desires to do so. If the lights and music tempt him it is because he has thoughts of these, and the life they represent, until they appear attractive to him.—Catholic Mirror.

THE QUIET GIRL.

The quiet girl never wears high colors in the streets; you do not see her flaunting in the dress that when the fashion is to be in style. When high heels are in, she does not plie hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky. She does not wear the longest train to her teagown, nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign.

But because she does not chatter and gesticulate, and make herself conspicuous at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions and on all subjects, and profess her admiration at every hand's turn, it must not be supposed that she has no ideas or convictions or enthusiasms. She is quiet because she has no power to make herself heard, to change her condition, or because she is maturing that power. In the meantime it is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant; who manages the servants, runs the sewing machine members of the family, who retains the reminiscences of the old, and often keeps the wolf from the door.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS. Abbot Snow's paper on "The Apostolate of the Press," which was read at the Catholic Truth Conference in Chicago, and which is printed in full in our present issue, is like his other writings, pithy and stimulating. He avoided all matters of dispute, and laid stress upon the broad fact that, amid the hurry and crush of modern life, in the insatiable craving for reading a golden opportunity is afforded for the spread of faith and truth, and the Abbot forgot not to point out that the press is freely made use of by all who aim at progress. Its power is fully appreciated by every society that has life and energy. Everyone with views to advocate needs to attain to a certain height in the press. Every association, whether in politics,

trade, finance, science, art or literature, has its organ. High Church and Low Church, and done as possible, socialist and free-thinker, pour forth a stream of leaflets, tracts and pamphlets. These publications, of course, influence the people, and whilst it is correct to say that truth is great and will prevail, it is equally correct to say that it will not prevail unless it is made known as widely as possible by those who hold it. Abbot Snow's words as to the importance of utilizing the Catholic press for its diffusion are worthy of the earnest attention of all who desire to see the old faith professed once again by the people of Great Britain.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

A HOMEY WOMAN'S CONFESION.

Perhaps no woman was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent Orléans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she writes of her own appearance and manner:

"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress because I thought my husband made me rough, which I did greatly against my will. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head when I passed a mirror—everybody else did. I answered, 'Because I have so much self-love to bear the sight of my own homeliness.' I must have been very homely in my youth. I had no sort of features, with little, twitching eyes, a short, stub nose and long, thick lips. My face was large, with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person.

Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover anything like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The King often told me so, as was sure of being very ugly. I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter.

"One thing that always surprised me was how anybody could ever fall in love with me. I was notoriously the most homely woman in the French court, and yet I was only 19 when I was married. I often asked my husband whether my looks did not repel him, and what he saw in me that he should fall in love. To my questions I have never received a satisfactory answer, but it seems to me that other qualities, in lack of beauty, caused his attraction."

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