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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Marcella waited for a few moments and then put her hand on the woman's shoulder. There is as much difference of expression between one light touch and another, as between gentle tones of voice.

"What is the matter with him? What can we do for him?" she whispered, kneeling beside the poor woman, and stealing an arm round her.

"Oh, it's only the hunger, Miss—he can't eat the yellow meal, an' I've nothing else for him. We haven't had a tint o' milk these three days."

The next minute Marcella was warming some milk that she had brought in the car, and was presenting it to the mother, who, after making an effort to speak, had fallen forward again on the cradle, embracing the little white set form it held with both her lean brown arms.

"I think it is only exhaustion, and this may not be too late," she said. "Let me try," and gently putting the dazed creature aside, Marcella lifted the child in her arms, and sitting down on a broken stool, began to moisten the infant's lips with the natural nourishment.

The pale lips moved and received the fluid, and after a time the eyes opened and seemed to look for more. In a quarter of an hour the child was unmistakably better.

Marcella remained yet another half hour nursing, feeding, caressing it, while the mother knelt speechless watching her, no more daring to interfere than if it was the Holy Mother herself who had come down out of heaven and taken her child's case out of her hands.

The tall lad with the shock head stood by, his great hollow eyes fixed on Marcella, a look of eager appreciation of the scene on his pallid face.

Finally, when the child seemed to fall into a natural sleep, Marcella restored him to his mother's arms.

The poor woman pressed the babe convulsively to her breast, as she took the seat from which her visitor rose, and, not attempting to speak her thanks, merely lifted the hem of Marcella's dress and put it to her lips.

"I will leave you this bottle of milk, and to-morrow I shall send you more. Mike will come for it, perhaps," said Marcella, looking in the youth's face as if making a personal request.

Mike's ready, "I will, Miss," nearly choked him. He brushed his hand across his eyes and escorted the lady from the cabin, and then glanced at her with a kind of reverential rapture as she stood on the grass, looking up and down for Kilmartin, who, having witnessed something of the foregoing scene in the cabin, was now making a meditation upon it at a distance, as he fed Father Daly's little fat trotting horse.

The pig, who had been another witness of the scene within the cabin, now also came forth to see the lady off.

"Why do you not sell that rather than be hungry?" asked Marcella of Mike, as the animal stood grunting at her, whether in reproach or thanksgiving, who can tell?

"Is it the pig, Miss? Sure that's the rint. He's all we have betune oursel an' the cowl mountain side. Whin he goes sure we'll all have to folly him, barrin' his smile into the lan'lord's pocket."

Marcella smiled broadly at the notion of Mike and the pig in her pocket.

"I am going to buy him from you," she said, "and you can keep him for me till the landlora wants him. I will give you the price for him to-morrow when you come. Best market price. Honor bright. And by the way, who is your landlora?"

Mike was so struck dumb, not only at this announcement of her intended purchase, but by her peculiar idea of her rights as a purchaser, that he made no answer, only turned crimson up to the roots of his hair.

"Who is the landlora, Mike?" But Mike could not even hear the question, so wildly was the pig still running through his head.

"It's too much, Miss," he blurted out at last. "Sure you don't know how much that baste is worth. The half year's rent's inside of him."

"Seven pounds, Mike."

"Oh, misha, Miss, not so much as that." And then, utterly abashed by such magnificent generosity, he hung his head, while his thoughts whirled riotously in expectation of coming affluence to the family.

"But you have not told me yet, Mike, who is the landlora?"

"Sure she's dead, Miss, an' the agent's turned off, an'orra wan owns this minute, for the new landlora's lady too, an' we haven't seen her or heard tell of her, an' maybe never will. But the new agent 'll be down on us for the next glaze of rint. An' av course he'll be harder than the last one."

"Why should he be harder? And how do you know there will be an agent?"

"Ladies always has agents," said Mike, "and the next agent is always worse than the one before. That's all we know about it yet, Miss."

"Well, Mike, we'll march our pig to meet him when he comes, and we needn't be afraid for a while, anyway," said Marcella, laughing. "But how have you managed up to this?"

"Ye see, Miss, me brother-in-law, that's her husband (jerkng his thumb towards the cabin), 's away in Eng-

land workin' at the harvest, an' he'll bring a bit o' money home wit him. Meself would ha' been wit him only for the faver I've just riz out of, Miss. I'm the last of a long family meself, an' only for bein' sickly I'd be in America like the rest o' them that sends a pound now and again to help stop the gap.

Sure only that the weather does go dead again us we'd always have potatoes and turf, and could go abroad to airn the rint. But whin the rain rots the potatoes, and there's no dryin' for the turf, an' the yalla male's that dear-och, we'd need to be angels wit wings, and no atin' at all, to get on wit it."

"Now, what do you think, Mike? Would you not be better off if you were away entirely, all of you! To a country where it's easier to get something to eat?"

"Faix, Miss, an' maybe we would. Only I'm thinkin' the cowl hills would be lonesome without some of us. An' there's a power of us gone already ye see, Miss. There's a power o' us gone already."

Mike did not know what a weighty truth he had uttered. Surely enough the accumulated masses of exiled Irish are proving themselves a terrible power.

The desire to hear the praises of Kilmartin here constrained Marcella to ask a reason for the superior appearance of some of the houses down yonder in the valley.

"Sure that's Mr. Bryan's land, Miss, an' isn't he makin' their own owners of the whole o' them! It's what they call *pisan't propriety*, Miss: maybe ye have heard of it?"

"He has been good to the people. Do they like him for it?"

"Sure Miss, they love the ground he walks—barrin' them"—he broke off and looked around him cautiously. "Them that we needn't be mentionin'." There's some that has an ouid crow to pluck with him, an' I'm feared they're on for pluckin' it."

The change in Mike's face was even more remarkable as he spoke his last words than were the words themselves, and as Marcella noted this, her own eyes took such a scared expression that Mike said suddenly, as if a light had dawned on him:

"Maybe he's somethin' to ye, Miss. I mane, maybe he has you bespoken."

Though the words were audacious, the anxious delicacy of Mike's manner of saying them forbade all offence. Marcella colored, but said frankly:

"Mr. Kilmartin is a friend of mine, but that is all. Nobody has me 'bespoken'."

Mike's countenance brightened. What was it to him, poor lad, what gentleman might have a claim upon the beautiful lady who was as far removed above himself as the stars are above the little bog pools that occasionally reflect them? Yet somehow it pleased poor, gaunt, shock-headed, ragged Mike, that this creature of his sudden worship belonged as yet to no man; had, as he might imagine if he liked, no fixed place among the "gin-thry," and could wander at her own sweet will among the mountains, as likely to have come down out of the clouds as to have come up out of the lowlands.

Nevertheless with the quickness of perception of his race and class, he had read in Marcella's eyes that Kilmartin's safety was dear to her; and he said, as Bryan himself was seen leading the horse and car to meet them:

"Tell him to take care o' himself, Miss, for there's thim that's set to hurt him. Ax him to take a trip to see Ameriky."

There was no time to question him as to the meaning of his ominous words. The next minute Marcella was looking back from her seat on the car, at the wild figure of Mike, as he stood gazing with reverential eyes in the direction towards which her face was set, long after he could see it no more.

With a cold shudder she felt that in return for her exertions a thorn had been planted in her heart, and one which it would be hard to eradicate. She felt indignant at Mike for suggesting what could hardly be true. Had not Kilmartin's fault in the eyes of his friends been only too great a sympathy with a disaffected people, and had it not been made clear to her that any danger threatening him (and, thank God, it was blown over) had loomed from a quarter directly opposite to that now so strangely indicated?

How could she convey such a message to Kilmartin's ear? And yet she must not dare to sleep without communicating it to him. As they moved on, Bryan noticed her changed and dejected looks, and said:

"You must not take the sufferings of these poor people too much to heart. Happily, you have the power to alleviate it."

In saying this he was thinking of a power distinct from that which mere money had placed in her hands. But Marcella's thoughts did not follow his words, being quite filled with the idea of his danger, and, thinking her tired, he remarked that it was now too late to pay further visits.

"You gave so much time to that baby," he said, "that if we do not now get on quickly Father Daly will be reading his office in the Windy Gap till it grows too dark to see, even with spectacles."

"But we can easily get home before dark," said Marcella, anxiously, and Kilmartin, wondering at the sudden change in her spirit, urged the horse to a faster trot. As they spun along the road in silence the girl's mind was distracted with doubts and questions. Ought she not to put him on his guard at once, and yet why should she spoil the drive which he was so evidently enjoying, and bring back the cloud of

care to his eyes which were shining on her now with a happy tenderness? She hated to be the messenger of evil to him; and, after all, did she not utterly disbelieve in the vague warning which she had got to give him? Of course it must be given. She would not take the risk of withholding it. But there was no need to think of it now, not till these beautiful moments of travel and companionship should be displaced by the inevitable future, and pushed back to the greedy past gaping for them.

Kilmartin, having felt the mountain air grow keener as they ascended the pass leading to the road by which they were to return toward Inisheen, wrapped her in a woollen shawl, and then set himself to beguile her fatigue with stories of the country through which they were passing.

"Over yonder, Miss O'Kelly, is the old home of the Kilmartins, the house in which I was born. Does not it present a wild spectacle, a striking instance of the thrift of Irish landlords, for you see when that roof tree began to decay rents were paid, and those who received them ought to have been able to keep the wolf from the door. In that old house what dreams I have dreamed! As a lad, I felt that there was something terribly wrong in the existing state of things, and I wanted to redeem Ireland! My mother, as you have discovered, has warm national blood in her veins. Some of her family fled to France long ago and joined the Irish brigade there. Almost all of her people are exiles through political causes in the past, and she—God bless her!—fed me on Irish history and poetry, while my father, good easy man, thought of little beside his hunt and his hunt-drum, and his flowing punch-bowl. The consequence was that I even went beyond my mother in ardor for the Irish cause, and at seventeen rushed into the arms of the Fenians."

Marcella uttered a little cry of dismay.

Kilmartin smiled. "You needn't be frightened," he said, "I am not a Fenian now. My mother discovered the matter and appealed to my father, and I was sent to Cambridge and afterwards to travel. In the course of a few years I had learned to think; and though my enthusiasm for Ireland was no way cooled, I saw the folly and wickedness of dreams of war which had not the remotest chance of success. Since then I have turned my attention to the consideration of more rational ways of benefiting my country than those proposed by Fenianism, which, though it began with a bold scheme for war, has, I am sorry to say, degenerated so far as to be connected with societies for assassination. I shook myself free of it with some trouble and at some risk, but over yonder, Miss O'Kelly, in that romantic little green hollow between the two purple hills, is the spot where we used to drill. Convert as I am to sane and peaceful aims, grown old in wisdom and experience, I can yet feel the thrill of an exquisite sense of daring and danger, the strong rapture in the vivid hope of one day marching to battle for Faith and Fatherland to win a triumph which was to be followed by the blossoming of the wilderness and food in plenty for the famishing. All the heroic patriots of antiquity were my models, and I may well regret the passing of the youthful fervor of spirit that brought me yonder in the silence of a moonlight night, my gun on my shoulder, my heart beating like a martial drum, and my mind fixed on the determination to risk individual destruction for the sake of the future of my race."

Marcella was silent. From all this revelation she had gained a few ideas. In the first place, he had really been a Fenian, and, in the second place, by renouncing Fenianism, he had incurred the enmity of that formidable body. From which side now did his danger proceed, a danger of which he himself was perhaps in this moment in ignorance? Was it as a former Fenian, an offender against the law, or as a seceder from the secret society that he had become a mark for vengeance at unknown hands? His escape from the police on that memorable night seemed to point to the one, and the warning given by Mike implied the other. If a mingling of the two might be imagined—

Here a sharp turn of the road brought them into the Windy Gap, and Father Daly climbed upon the car. Then Marcella made an effort to rally her spirit, and related the experience of the drive to his reverence.

Father Daly rubbed his hands in delight. "Capital!" he cried, "capital! What will become of the poor creatures with joy when they find whom they have got for their landlora?"

The priest returned with them to Inisheen for the night, and, after dinner, at his urgent cry for a little music, Mrs. Kilmartin's harp was carried to the side of her couch, and she sang for the little company.

"Only Bryan and Father Daly would listen to an old woman's song," she said to Marcella: "they have so long been accustomed to hear me, that they will not allow either the voice or the harp-strings to be cracked. As for you, my dear, you will have to try to be patient."

"Give us the *Wild Geese*," said Father Daly. "Miss O'Kelly, the song which Mrs. Kilmartin sings for me every time I come here, was translated from the Irish, long ago, by an ancestress of hers, whose lover had to fly the country, and whom she never saw again."

The little white-haired lady sitting up on her sofa touched her instrument as if with fairy fingers, and a wild flowing melody that sounded to Mar-

cella's ears like fitful weeping trickled over the harp strings.

"I had no sail to cross the sea, A brave white bird went forth from me, My heart was bid beneath his wing; O strong white bird, come back in spring!"

"I watched the wild geese rise and cry Across the fading western sky, Their winnowing pinions clove the light, Then vanished, and came down the night."

"I laid me low, my way was done, I longed not for the morrow's sun, But closely swathed in swoon of sleep, Forgot to hope, forgot to weep."

"The moon through veils of gloomy red, A warm yet dusky radiance shed, All down our valley's golden stream, And flashed my slumber with a dream."

"Her mystic torch lit up my brain, My spirit rose and lived again, And followed through the windy spray That bird upon its watery way."

"O wild white bird, O wait for me, My soul hath wings to fly with thee, O! beam waves lengthening out afar, We'll rise toward the western star."

"O'er glittering plains through forest gloom, To track a wanderer's feet I come, 'Mid lonely swamps, by haunted brake, I'll pass untroubled for his sake."

"Alone, afar, his footsteps roam, The stars his roof, the tent his home, Saw'st thou what way the wild geese flew To sunward through the thick night dew?"

"Carry my soul where he abides, And pierce the mystery that hides His presence, and through time and space Look with mine eyes upon his face."

"Beside his prairie fire he rests, All feathered things are in their nest; 'What strange wild bird is this,' he saith, Still fragrant with the ocean's breath?"

"Perch on my hand, thou bringy thing, Thou strange sea-fragrant messenger! I wake and weep; the moon shines sweet, O dream too short! O bird too fleet!"

"It is too long for a song, said Mrs. Kilmartin, having finished. 'No one but Father Daly would willingly listen to more than three stanzas. The length of 'Silent, O Moyle,' is the length for a perfect song.' And she sang Moore's exquisite melody."

"Delicious!" murmured Father Daly, with a long sigh of enjoyment. "Now, Bryan, where is your fiddle?"

An instrument was produced and handed first to the old man, who played an Irish plauxy of Carolan's, and with fun and frolic. Afterwards the fiddle was passed to Bryan, in whose hands it became the violin:

"That small sweet thing, Devised in love and fashioned cunningly Of wood and strings."

Bryan touched it with the skill of an artist and, in a little theme of Beethoven, made it give forth the soul of the musician. Marcella, whose nerves were already overstrung, was almost wrought to tears by the divine tenderness of his music. Over and above Beethoven the cry of the Wild Geese was in her heart.

"Tell him to go a trip to see Ameriky," said Mike. "Was he, too, destined to be a wanderer far from the land he loved so well, or be sacrificed to some cruel alternative? She could not dare to sleep without delivering her warning, and wrote a few lines in pencil on a page in her pocket book, while Mrs. Kilmartin and the priest were talking and Bryan was still playing."

As they separated for the night she put it into his hand unobserved, and, greatly astonished, he held it folded in his palm until he found himself alone.

Having read the few urgent words in Marcella's large rather unformed handwriting, he looked at first more glad than alarmed, then asked himself was it fancy or conceit that led him to discern an accent of piteous fear for his safety in the imaginary voice in which the written message was delivered. Would she greatly care if he were hurt? If so, it were almost good to be hurt.

He remembered her sudden fit of dejection after quitting Mike, and the suggestion that anxiety for him had caused it, came to him with so much sweetness that it was some time before he could cease to dwell on it and give his attention to the warning itself.

Then, "I am not surprised," he reflected, "but I stand my ground. The danger does not blow from the quarter Mike apprehends. It may be that it were better if it did. But at all events I stand my ground."

Then studying again the simple words on the scrap of paper in his hand, he forgot the cause of his getting them in the joy of their possession.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The quiet times are the fruitful times, and we do not know it. Invalidism is often man's opportunity for rest. God takes this opportunity for her household, or this man out of his business and says: "Lie on that bed for two weeks and rest." If he only knew what he was put there for, only would stop and rest for those two weeks, he would come back to his life reinvigorated and refreshed, but all the time he is resisting and struggling and worrying about the work he cannot do.

When these hours come, and the Father and Mother of us all takes us in his arms and says, "My child, rest a little while," let us learn not to struggle against Him, but to accept the gift, lay aside the work, and relieve ourselves from the responsibility, take the quiet hour, rest, and grow strong. — Lyman Abbott.

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Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

A3 A PROTESTANT VIEWS OUR CHURCH.

It is most refreshing in these days when intense bigotry has deprived men of Christian belief of a sense of fairness, to note that now and then one honest man arises and tells his brethren about the Catholic Church as he finds it. The Rev. C. J. Jackson, a Methodist minister of Columbus, Ohio, some weeks ago paid a splendid tribute to our Church. It is worth while to give an idea here of what he said.

In the first place, he declared, one of the things in which Protestants might well follow Catholics is the habit of fixing their eyes on the distant future and planning and working for it.

"From the days of Pope Gregory until now," said he, "this has been a distinguishing characteristic of that communion. Their plans are not subject to the fluctuating opinions of one Pope, or one generation, or one century; they reach above and beyond these and embrace all time to come. There is something extremely impressive, and even magnificent, in this long look ahead. Catholics evidently feel that, though men may come and go, their Church is to go on forever. Catholics taunt us sometimes with putting weather vanes on our churches, as if to indicate that we change our policy with every wind; while they place there the cross, emblematic of the Christ Who hung on it, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. There is an uncomfortable amount of truth in the charge. In Protestantism is prone to shortsighted measures which sacrifice everything to present effect. If we can not do a thing in a few years we will not attempt it at all. In the Methodist Church particularly our itinerancy is against all permanency of plans. In Protestantism generally we breed litterers of little theologians who start up in one century and cry, 'Lo, this is the way! and 'Lo, that!' and draw off a few followers, and before another century they have vanished into the oblivion from which they came. We build temporary buildings that scarcely rival the tents of the wandering Arabs in stability, as if, like the Arabs, we expected to fold them over night and silently steal away."

Another excellent feature of the Catholic Church, he said, is its comprehensiveness. "Whenever a man appears among the Catholics, feeling a vocation for some particular work, they either find a place or make one for him in the Church; whereas, we Protestants too often drive such a one out. Protestantism needs to learn to be more inclusive and not so exclusive. A great part of our energy for about three hundred years has been displayed in putting people outside the Church who did not exactly agree with us in every little particular, or feel like working just as our grandfathers did. It is high time the process were reversed. The Catholic Church finds or makes a place within its pale for everybody who wants to be anything or do anything of a religious sort."

Another thing wherein Protestants might learn to imitate Catholics is their care for the children. One of the noblest women the Catholics have had among them told him lately, he said, that the neglect of the children was the greatest weakness of Protestantism. She said the Catholic Church laid hold upon the children so strongly that the rule was "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic." "And it is true," was the Rev. Mr. Jackson's comment.

This minister was loud in his praise of the way Catholics show that they are proud of their religion. "They carry it into every place and everything. They will attend to their devotions on a week-day before a throng of sightseers, in a hotel parlor, in a public conveyance, when a Protestant under like circumstances would omit them. If they have a club or military company they call it the 'Young Men's Catholic Club,' or 'Cadets of St. Patrick,' or some name that labels it as Catholic, while Protestants never think of giving such organizations names that indicate our religious proclivities. You can always tell a Catholic religious building by some ecclesiastical sign; while in many parts of the country, particularly in the East, we seem to delight in making our churches as secular in appearance as possible. They bear it in their very clothes. You can tell a priest or a nun always by their dress; while many of us Protestant ministers think it desirable to look as little like ministers as possible. These things produce upon the outside world the impression that Catholics are not ashamed of their religion, which is a most advantageous impression to make."

Especially did he praise the work of the noble Sisters of Charity, upon whom, he said, he never looked without an involuntary thrill of tender gratitude. He remembers that once during the Civil War, when he lay, with thousands of others, a mere broken, quivering fragment of human flesh, cast aside from the onward march of a great army, it was the kind hand of the Sister of Charity, washing his face and putting cool water on his head, that first aroused him, and her words of praise and cheer that put heart again into a homesick boy.

What this honest minister has seen are only the externals of the Catholic Church. What is to be found within is far more beautiful. There we have unity, peace, and the knowledge that we are in Christ's own Church.—Catholic News.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

SAINT COLUMB

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SAINT COLUMBA, THE APOSTLE OF SCOTLAND.

When we compare the aspect of Christianity as it now exists in Ireland with that of Scotland we find it difficult to transport the imagination across long centuries to that time when these two divisions of the United Kingdom were at one in the first principles of the Christian faith.

Scotland owes her conversion to Christianity to the self-denying missionary spirit of Ireland.

Let us enquire how the Catholic faith was first made known to the inhabitants of that northern part of the country which we call Scotland.

At the remote period before the coming of the Saxons to the south of Britain Scotland was inhabited by two kindred tribes, called the Northern and Southern Picts. Now, many of the Southern Picts had been converted as early as the fourth century by a holy Welsh Bishop named Finian; but nearly two hundred years had passed away, and hitherto no one had brought the good tidings to the Northern Picts dwelling in that part which lies beyond the steep and rugged mountains.

This was to be the work of Saint Columba, the son of a noble family of Scots, a tribe which had settled in Ireland. Columba was born A. D. 521, and was educated in the Monastery of Clonard, where his time was occupied not alone in prayer and study, but also in assisting the other inmates of the convent to work for the general support of the community.

Often it was his task to grind the corn and thresh out the grain; and so diligently and well did he perform his allotted tasks that his young companions, who were themselves probably less industriously disposed, were wont to say that an angel must have helped him.

Years passed on, and brought the time when Columba was admitted to serve as deacon in the Catholic Church, and subsequently he was ordained priest.

He was the founder of a great many monasteries in Ireland, and composed a set of rules for their guidance. He was a poet, and was passionately fond of books and made many copies of various parts of Holy Scripture.

We are told that this love for transcribing all manuscripts that came into his way sometimes led him into trouble, and it seems it was the ultimate cause of his leaving his native land. It happened in this way.

Columba's former preceptor, whose name was Finian, possessed a certain Psalter which his old pupil ardently desired to copy and to effect his purpose he contrived, while on a visit to Finian, to obtain an entrance at night into the church where this Psalter was deposited.

Columba must have worked under great difficulties, for we are told that he held the lamp in his left hand, while in all haste he copied the manuscript with his right hand.

Some inquisitive person, wondering what could be the meaning of the bright light shining in the church at the unaccounted hour, satisfied his curiosity by peering through the keyhole. Now, it chanced that a tame crane, which had been shut by accident into the church, pecked through the hole at the eye of this anxious inquirer who, thoroughly disgusted at the centre-piece, abandoned his watch-post, and, meeting Finian, related to him what he had seen. Finian was very angry at the surreptitious act of Columba, and looked on it as a kind of theft; but he awaited until the whole of the manuscript had been copied, and then he claimed the copy as his property, on a plea that a copy was made without permission belongs to the owner of the original.

Columba refused to give up his copy, and the matter was referred to Dermot, supreme King of Ireland and an attached and hitherto grateful friend of Columba. Dermot, however, decided in favor of Finian, propounding the wise axiom, that "Every cow has her calf"—meaning that every book should have its copy.

Columba was deeply mortified at his friend's decision, which was followed by more serious causes of offence; and the quarrel ended in a civil war between the King and some of Columba's followers, who had for certain political reasons considered themselves aggrieved by Dermot.

Finally, however, Columba repented of his hastiness, for he saw the misery he had thereby brought upon his beloved country, and he begged his confessor to instruct him in the best way of reparation for his sin. The confessor imposed on him the life-long penance of exile from his native land, and the penitent's enterprising and active mind willingly clung to the prospect of doing some real work for the Lord, whom he had so grievously offended; and accordingly he and a band of chosen Scot companions, after having prepared for their journey, embarked in boats made of osierwigs, storked with ox hides, upon that stormy sea which lies between the north of Ireland and the lonely Hebrides Islands, where it was his intention to land.

Before proceeding to tell how Columba fared in his adopted country it is right to observe that these few details which have been given of his early life are gathered from various sources, some of which are contradictory; thus for instance, we are told by some writers that it was not the wish of Columba to undertake a mission, but a pure and ardent zeal to convert the heathen to the one true Faith. Be this as it may, either sets us a worthy example. Truly, it is better that we should commit nothing that needs repentance, rejoicing to work in the fair sunlight of our Lord's love and approval; but yet, when we have fallen,

does not the Blessed Jesus tell us that "There is joy with the angels over one sinner that repenteth?" and that can only be true and complete repentance which strives where possible to repair wrong which has been done.

The rest of Columba's life is from a far more authentic source—namely, the pen of Monk Adman, he who succeeded Columba as Abbot in the first monastery which he founded in the Hebrides. The interesting details which he gives of the saint are gathered from the lips of those who lived and conversed with him—those who had known his noble daily life, and had at last received his dying benedictions.

Industry and cultivation have done much to render Scotland very different from the bleak desolate land which must have loomed through the mist and spray of the waters which bore Columba to its shores; yet when the brighter tints of the southern part of the island, Scotland is still a barren wild country, and the Hebrides are perhaps its wildest and most desolate part. Numberless bare granite rocks, which look like extinct volcanoes, rear their sullen heads here and there above those dark restless waters that rush around their base in restless and recurring currents. Seldom do the ever-recurring rains and mists allow the pale northern sun to shed its gleams into those dark caves which line the shores encrusted with seaweeds, washed by the ebb and flow of the cold, white, crested waves. Poor and scanty patches of vegetation increase rather than relieve the melancholy of the weird like scene; and when Columba first gazed upon that wild spot the chill of exile must have laid around his heart, where lay enshrined the sweet memory of his dear native Ireland. There is a beautiful legend that tells how Columba first landed on the Island of Oransay, but that on gazing towards the south, he could still distinguish the outlines of the Irish mountains. This was more than his soul could endure, and he embarked once more, and, steering further north, landed finally on Iona, where, looking once again to the south, he could discern nothing but the wide ocean, and he resolved then on making his abiding place upon this island.

Here he built the cells, or monastery, for himself and his companions; and the little island was called Icolmhill or the "Island of Columba of the cells." It still bears the name, but in these days we know it better by the name of Iona. It is overshadowed by the large Island of Mull, and to the north lies Staffa, where is the famous Cave of Fingal.

Columba and his brethren built their monastery of wood upon an elevated part of the island, and thither flocked numberless penitents from Ireland and Britain, and even from the Saxons, that they might be instructed in the way of eternal life by this true servant of Christ. Many sought to enter the monastery that they might devote the remainder of their lives entirely to God; but the Abbot Columba was very strict in his examination of those who desired to take monastic vows upon themselves, and would permit none who were not a life under his direction unless he was first fully persuaded that they were prepared and fitted for the discipline and hardships which it entails. Nevertheless, the monastery was too small for the numerous applicants, and gradually communities were established in other parts, under the rule of Columba, and from these Christian homes the inmates issued forth to their task of converting the heathen people.

The Northern Picts, however, were not the only possessors of the country, for the Scots had long since migrated from Ireland and settled in the Hebrides, and in that western part now called Argyllshire. These people called themselves Christians, but from their long residence among the heathen Picts little more than the name remained to them, and they needed the teaching of Columba and his monks as greatly as the Picts themselves.

The conversion of the Picts and Scots was an undertaking fraught with great danger on all sides, not alone because of the savage and obstinate inhabitants, but from the difficulties which beset them from the wild nature of this country of rugged hills and mountains and of deep, dangerous inland waters closed in by dark and gloomy forests.

The Christians met with great opposition from the Druids of the country. Their superstition did not appear to have consisted in the worship of wooden or stone idols, but of the sun, moon, and stars; they believed also that there was power in springs and streams for good and evil, and there were many sacred fountains; but ere Columba's long life was ended he had the happiness of knowing that superstition had almost disappeared, for the land was covered with Christian churches and monasteries. One of these monastic churches was built in that part which is now called Buchan; it was called the "monastery of tears."

The chief of the district had at first refused permission for its erection; but his child fell sick, and the father's heart was softened. He hastened after the missionaries, and offered them the site for their church, begging them to pray for his sick child. The little one recovered. Columba having consecrated the new church, and profaned that he who should ever profane the building would be vanquished by his enemies, and die a sudden and violent death, placed one of his loving disciples named Drostan in it as Prior; but Drostan wept sorely at the thought of living so far away from his dear mother.

Then Columba said, "We will call this place the Monastery of Tears."

This monastery was restored in the thirteenth century; but during the Reformation the monks were scattered, and the place itself was given to the then powerful house of Keith. His wife implored him not to accept the sacrilegious gift, but he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties; and it is a historical fact that the family of Keith, after passing through much trouble and poverty, finally perished during the Rebellion.

Certain events having little or nothing to do with the Scottish Mission, once more summoned Columba to Ireland, and thus he was graciously permitted to behold once more the land he loved so well; and then he returned to Iona, there to toil until he should be called to that still dearer Home whither his exiled feet were tending.

And here it is impossible to refrain from summing up the character of this great saint in the eloquent words of one who has made it his loving task to master every trait of Columba's character. "Born," he writes, "with a violent and even revengeful disposition, he succeeded in subduing and transforming it for love of his neighbor. Not alone as an apostle or monastic founder do we look on him, but as a friend, a brother, a benefactor of mankind—an intrepid and untiring protector of the poor, of the weak, of the laborer—a man not only toiling for the soul's health, but for the earthly happiness, the rights and the interests of his fellow-creatures. (De Montalembert, Les Moines d'Occident.)"

Numberless beautiful details are told of this man's holy life and many a legend of his love of nature and of every created thing still linger about the spot where once his footsteps trod.

One day, towards the end of his earthly life he saw a poor woman gathering the scanty herbs and weeds of their barren islands, and she told him in reply to his enquiries that her poverty prevented her obtaining better food. "Think," exclaimed Columba, "of this poor woman, who supports her miserable life on a few weeds, while we, who pretend to merit Heaven by our austerities, live in ease and comfort!"

And now the shadows of death were gathering over this good man's bright and useful career. We are told indeed that at the prayers of his people his life was prolonged for four years; he sorrowfully told those around him that he had already seen the blessed angels descending to take his spirit Home, but that they could not because his peoples' prayers had prevailed, and stayed the soul which so ardently desired to take flight. "But in four years," he continued, "these holy angels will come again, and with them I shall hasten to my Lord." Then at the end of four years he began to prepare for his departure.

On the day before his death, supported by one of the brethren named Dermot, who loved him very dearly, he entered the granary of their monastery to bless it, and seeing two large loads of corn he said: "I see with joy, that when I have left my dear children, they will not suffer from dearth of food." "Blessed Father," said Dermot, "Why make us sad with speaking of your death?" "Listen," said the old man, "Today is called in Holy Scripture the Sabbath, or the Day of Rest; and so it will be to me, for I shall end my labors. Do not weep, it is my Lord Jesus Christ Who deigns to call me to Him." Then he left the granary to return to the monastery, and sat down to rest by the way; presently there came trotting up to him an old white horse, which was employed to carry to the monastery the milk which was the daily nourishment of the brethren. The good creature laid his head lovingly upon his master's shoulders as if he would take leave of him. His eyes glistened with such a plaintive expression that there seemed to be tears in them. Dermot wished to lead the faithful animal away, but Columba prevented him, and said, "This horse loves me too; let him stay by me, let him mourn for my departure. The Creator has revealed to this poor beast that which He has hidden from thee, O man with reason." Then he turned and affectionately caressed the good horse.

Ere returning home he collected all his strength to ascend a little hillock whence he could see over the island, and then he stretched forth his hands and blessed it. On reaching the monastery once more he sat down to continue his favorite task of transcribing the Psalms. It was in the middle of Psalm xxxiii, that he stopped at the words, "They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good."

"Here," said the dying monk, "I will leave off." He attended the vigil of the Sunday in the monastery chapel and then returning to his cell he said to the Brethren, "May peace and charity reign in your midst. God will aid you; and I who shall be near Him will pray for you, and you will receive not only things necessary for the present life, but the reward of eternal joy, laid up for those obedient to His love."

These were his last words. The midnight bell sounded, and he entered the chapel once more, and fell on his knees before the altar. There Dermot found his dying master. The sorrowing monks gathered round their beloved Abbot, who gazed upon them with a serene look of love and peace; and then, aided by Dermot, he lifted his hand to bless them, then his hand fell and Columba slept on Jesus' Breast.

When news of the Abbot's death was spread abroad large numbers of those who had loved him in his life-time sought to cross over to the lonely island that they might gaze for the last time upon their kind friend and master; but a fearful storm prevailed during the few days that his body lay upon the

bier in the chapel, and none could cross the raging waters.

Only the monks of Iona were, therefore, present at his burial. So they laid Columba to rest in the lonely Hebrides Islands, although it is believed that hundreds of years after when the Danes invaded the country, the remains of this noble apostle of the Scottish people were carried to Ireland and laid beneath the soil of the beloved land of his birth.

As the work of Christianity progressed among the Picts they also began to call themselves Scots, and thus the honorable name of Scotland has clung to the country ever since.

Before bidding farewell to this holy monk, the evangelizer of Scotland, let us hear Dr. Jonson's testimony to his worth: "We touch the soil of this illustrious island, once the light of Caldeon, whence gleamed upon barbarous and savage clans the truths of religion and science. He would not be stirred by such memories could not be, and he who could be and would not must be a fool. That which can make the past or the future prevail over the present increases the dignity of the soul. Away from me, from all those that I love, all philosophy which leaves us indifferent or insensible to scenes entailed by wisdom, courage and virtue! We must indeed pity the man whose patriotism can be unkind upon the plain of Marathon, and his devotion unkindled amid the ruins of Iona. M. C. R. in Catholic Review."

AN IRISH HEROINE.

Miss Maud Gonne and What she is Doing for the Green Island she Loves.

The campaign now being waged in England for a general amnesty of the men convicted in the dynamite conspiracy of ten years ago has again brought to the fore that strange of Ireland, Miss Maud Gonne. In all Ireland there is none who stands closer to the Irish heart. And this in spite of the fact that Maud Gonne is not an Irishwoman in the true sense of the word. Her father, an Irish colonel, and the young lady herself was brought up in the atmosphere of the "castle."

She was, indeed, the reigning beauty of the vice-regal court, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to have adopted the narrowness and bitterness of the anti-Irish coteries of Dublin. But the effect of this latter spirit upon this thoughtful and generous girl was to drive her heading into the opposite camp, says the New York Herald.

Her conversion to the Irish cause was due to a dramatic incident which she witnessed the night after her return from a long sojourn as a school-girl in England. Near to the Gonne homestead was the home of a Land League man named McGrath who had won wide fame through his long and heroic struggle against being evicted from his farm. McGrath was a sort of a Land League hero, and in the middle of his fight took sick of a fever and died. Along with his homeless wife and children Maud Gonne saw him waked.

From that time on the Land League had no heartier supporter and a little later no more lavish contributor than this Orange girl. In 1888, when she was just twenty years old, her father died, leaving her a snug fortune and the mistressship of her own self. Her mother had died when she was a mere slip of a girl. Immediately she threw herself into the work, and rapidly acquired fame as a platform speaker. In the Home Rule campaign of four years ago she was in the thick of the fray. She was everywhere, speaking in the morning, in the afternoon, perchance, too, at night, and then consuming the rest of the night riding to the next meeting-place. Of so generous a nature herself, she could not understand the strange bitterness and hatred that existed between the English and Irish, and when, that year, the union of hearts idea was sprung, she became its ardent supporter. To unite the two races in a common bond of sympathy, to make them understand each other—that was her consuming idea.

Of the amnesty campaign she has proved the very life and soul, and has shown an exceptional grasp of details and executive ability in her conduct of the work in Ireland, where she has been initiating a movement to celebrate the landing there of the French under General Humbert. Her idea in the latter movement is, if possible, to put new flame and ardor into the national cause. Miss Gonne has not confined her crusade to the three kingdoms. She has addressed meetings in France and Belgium, and her last lecture tour on the continent was most successful.

This Jeanne d'Arc of Irish politics is described as rather above medium height, with a classic brow crowned with a wealth of wavy hair. She has large, deep, lustrous eyes, a mobile face of rare beauty, a slender, supple body, a queenly carriage and admirable taste in dress. What wonder that she should be among the most sought-after and the most welcome of women in the United Kingdom? Painters have delighted to trace her features upon canvas and sculptors to immortalize her form in stone. One of these days, maybe, this remarkable woman will come on a lecturing tour to this country—perhaps soon. She did plan one three years ago, but it was postponed.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR A GREAT EVIL.

If all that could be done for the cause of temperance were limited to the labors of organizations, even though they were much stronger and more numerous than they are, those who witness the evils resulting from drunkenness might well yield to discouragement. The various temperance and total abstinence societies no doubt accomplish a vast amount of good, by directing public attention to the ruin wrought by strong drink; the addresses made at conventions, and the literature circulated by these associations unquestionably exert a beneficial influence over many people. The most effective temperance work, however, is done not by organizations, but by the individual members thereof; and it is for those who would promote the cause of temperance to exert their personal influence. Much is done to combat the evil of strong drink of which the public never hears; and if drunkenness is less general now than it was twenty-five years ago, the blessed change is the result of individual action rather than organized endeavor. Good men, seeing the ravages of intemperance, have exerted themselves, each in his own way, according to the measure of his influence, to stem the heading current; while enlightened philanthropy realized that the victims of intemperance were to be reached only by sympathy, personally exercised. Prohibition, high license, and other legislative measures, have reformed no drunkards. Legislation has always been powerless to arrest human degradation of any sort.

Men and women still fly to strong drink to drown grief, to find relief from pain, to lessen the miseries of life—the grind of daily toil, the meagre pay, the comfortless home. Temptation is offered everywhere, and on all sides the weak succumb. One would like to believe that drunkenness has decreased in the last quarter of a century, but this is a question. It has become useless to depict the evils of intemperance. There is hardly a home in this broad land that has not experienced them. Everyone has seen men of highest talent, greatest usefulness and brightest promise go to destruction through strong drink. Every cemetery holds graves of drunkards. The evil effects of intemperance are too palpable to escape any one's observation. The question is how to suppress this monstrous vice.

Of all the plans proposed to counteract the evil of intemperance, the most promising, to our mind, is the administration of the total abstinence pledge to children. If boys were urged when receiving confirmation to abstain from intoxicating liquors until the age of twenty-one, and exhorted to make a solemn promise to this effect, they would willingly do so; and thus be protected from danger until they had seen for themselves how good temperance is, and realized the evils that spring from indulgence in intoxicants. The occasion is a memorable one, and the circumstances are not likely ever to be forgotten. The solemnity of the moment, the sacredness of the place, the presence of the parish priest, the attendance of parents and friends, the Bishop of the diocese urging the importance of the step,—all will be remembered. And there is no telling what might be the effect upon adults witnessing a scene so impressive, or what a beneficial influence might thereby be extended to homes and to society in general. A young man who is under promise never to set his foot in a saloon until he is twenty-one is not likely to be a drunkard afterwards. A habit of temperance has been formed, and become a second nature. It can not be questioned that a boy is most impressionable at the age when Confirmation is generally administered. Then is the time to start him on a sober and temperate course of life. A boy's future may easily be determined by the good or evil habits he has begun to form at the age when he is admitted to Confirmation. It is the age of peril as well as of promise. If parents and priests only realized what might be done then, and what possibilities have been buttoned up under the jacket of the seemingly ill-starred boy!

The plan which we advocate has been followed in the Diocese of Peoria with the happiest results. If it were general, we venture to say that drunkenness would be comparatively unknown to the next generation—at least among Catholics.—Ave Maria.

We are glad to be enabled to inform our contemporary that the plan referred to has been for many years, and is at present, the practice in nearly every diocese in the Dominion of Canada.—[E. L. RECORD.]

The dearest name of all is mother. We look upon Mary as our Mother because Jesus gave her to us on the Cross: "Behold thy Mother!" (Saint John xix, 27.) But without that explicit divine authority we would still have called her by that sweet title, for every Christian is a member of the Holy Family, and, therefore, a child of Mary. Our Lord constantly spoke of those who had become His disciples as His brethren, and how can we be His brothers without being children of His Mother? She is the Mother of God because her Son is the fullness of the Godhead; and our Mother, because we are His brethren.

They do not Despair. An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is God-Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.



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London, Saturday, August 15, 1896

THE LORDS AND IRELAND.

The House of Lords is again to the front in exhibiting its hostility to any measure calculated to better the condition of the Irish tenantry.

The present British Government is hostile enough to Ireland, as it depends for its support on the power of the landlords, still it admits the necessity of introducing some legislation for the benefit of the masses, and so it has introduced bills to encourage labor and to enable the tenantry to purchase their holdings on comparatively easy terms.

While the question of the return of the Anglican Church to the one fold is being so seriously discussed in Church circles, it is highly interesting to observe the strong faith and ardent piety which prevails among the Catholics of England, to whose good example much of the present movement in the Anglican Church is undoubtedly to be attributed.

St. Thomas had been a faithful subject of the monarch, and had served him both as a soldier and as a diplomatist, and it was with the hope that the saint would be a willing tool in his hands that the king nominated him to the Primacy of England.

Henry was immovable in his determination to promote one whose fidelity had been so thoroughly tested, and the result was, as St. Thomas had foreseen, that he was compelled to oppose the tyrannical measures of the despot, and the contest resulted in the sacrilegious murder of the great Archbishop in the horrible manner we have indicated.

There is very little to be expected in the way of reforms beneficial to Ireland from the present Government in its best mood, but what little it is disposed to grant is rendered nugatory by the undisguised hostility of the Lords to every such measure.

According to the London Tablet, the pilgrims after hearing Mass in St. Eithelrada's church, Holburn, on the morning of the 7th of July, the feast of the Translation of St. Thomas, proceeded by railway to Canterbury, reciting the rosary and singing hymns, and after a visit to the church of St. Thomas, where a relic of the saint there preserved was venerated, went to the cathedral, which is now in possession of the Established Church, and recited the Rosary for the return of England to the Catholic faith, before the altar where the saint was assassinated.

On their return to St. Thomas' Church, Father Bernard Vaughan, a brother of the Cardinal, preached a powerful sermon, proving by facts of history that, before the Reformation, England was loyally attached to the Apostolic See of Rome.

Many Anglicans were present while the visit was being made to the altar where St. Thomas fell, and also at the sermon of Father Vaughan, and it was remarked that their department was respectful, as was also that of the spectators, most of whom were Protestants in that Kentish city.

But the final outcome of the pilgrimage is somewhat remarkable. Dean Farrar, who is now in charge of the ancient cathedral, looks askance at the Catholic visitors who testify the respect in which they hold the memory of the saintly Archbishop, and though the dean is well aware that the grand old edifice is in equity the property of Catholics, having been theirs until it was violently taken from them and handed over to the present possessors, he wishes to prevent Catholics from coming thither to visit the shrine of St. Thomas, or at least he desires to make money out of their devotion, and it is now announced that he will charge three pence, (6 cents) against all visitors to the shrine, and though they have hitherto been allowed to pray there without hindrance they are now to be hurried away by the vergers for fear they may obtain favors from God through the intercession of the saint.

THE DEAN AND THE PILGRIMS.

The Dean is a Low Churchman, and for the last two years he has constituted himself the special champion of Low Churchism, and it appears he adopts this as one of the methods of waging his warfare against the spread of High Church principles. He is evidently forgetful of the fate of Simon the magician, who wished to purchase the gift of God with money, and was told by St. Peter: "Thy silver perish with thee because thou hast thought to obtain the gift of God with money."

A sensational story was published some weeks ago relating to the Indian revolt in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, to the effect that at the instigation of the priests the Indians had made a systematic and brutal attack upon the Freemasons at the town of Juquila, burning alive several of the most prominent members of the order.

The story related that on their arrival at Juquila the Indians made special enquiries as to who were Freemasons, and then began to search for them, but most of the Masons escaped to the forest, four leaders only being found, namely, Octaviano Jigon, Master of the lodge, the Senior Warden, the orator and the treasurer. It was added that the son of the murdered Lodge Master laid complaint against the priests before President Diaz, who is himself a Freemason, and that the young man is in the City of Mexico soliciting aid for the distressed families of the victims.

Unlikely as the whole story is on its face, its publication in the daily papers was considered by many as a sufficient guarantee of its truth, and there has been a good deal of horror and indignation expressed at the intolerance and persecuting spirit of the Catholic priesthood wherever they enjoy power even in this enlightened age.

It now appears that the whole story is an invention as far as it concerns the priests and the Freemasons. There was an insurrection among the Indians, but it was directed against the civil authorities on account of some real or fancied grievance in the form of a special tax which the Government ordered to be levied on them, but the Freemasons were not at all the objects of attack, and the priests had no hand in the uprising.

The Archbishop of Oaxaca has written to the Rev. C. J. Smith, of the Oblate order in San Antonio, Texas, a full account of the unfortunate events which took place. The revolt began in Teniatian and extended to Juquila, and the first person killed was a good Catholic, the father of one of the best priests of the Archbishop's diocese.

It is to be remarked that the papers which published the false account of the revolt have not given the correct version, and thus they have shown their desire to misrepresent grossly the Catholic clergy.

SECTIONAL AND RACE ISSUES.

An interview obtained by a special correspondent of the Montreal Star from the Hon. Mackenzie Bowell is published in that paper of the 3rd inst., and the Mail and Empire of the 4th. This interview is of special interest, inasmuch as it throws some light upon the causes which led to the complete overthrow of the late Government, and fully justifies our remarks made in a former issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD wherein we commented upon the mischievous consequences of the unfair course taken by the Mail in representing the defeat of the Government as a sectional victory for the Province of Quebec, and as a victory by which the people of Quebec would endeavor to secure unfair advantages over the rest of the Dominion.

It is not the business of this journal to defend specially the politicians of Quebec any more than those of any other Province, and we would pass over this matter in silence were it not for the evils which must result from any endeavor to create sectional, religious and racial dissensions between the populations of our various Provinces, as the Mail has so frequently done.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell is somewhat disposed to accept the Mail's version of the case, and to attribute the decisive vote of Quebec to race prejudice; nevertheless there is enough light shed upon the matter in his remarks completely to exonerate Quebec from the reproach of having dealt with the case from such a point of view, and still less does the sister province appear to have had the iniquitous intentions attributed to it by the Mail.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell says: "I was not so much surprised by the general result as at the vote cast in the different provinces. When I reflect that the Conservative party has been in power continually for about eight years, and particularly think upon the events of the past two years, and the circumstances and surroundings under which Sir Charles appealed to the country, the result is not so remarkable."

He admits that in Ontario there were appeals to creed and race prejudices, but he was so convinced of the "good sense and liberality of those composing the great body of the Conservative party in Ontario that the vote in that province would not on that account be materially changed from that recorded in 1891."

He considers the vote of Quebec to be incomprehensible, "unless it is the outcome of a determination, which it is feared exists to a great extent, to have a French-Canadian Premier, no matter at what sacrifice of principle," but he adds, "there may have been other reasons."

That there were other reasons he afterwards shows to have been the case, for he confirms unhesitatingly the statement already made by Sir Charles Tupper to the effect that when the latter came over to Canada from England, he found the party completely "demoralized."

Sir Mackenzie states the same thing in the following words: "It is true the party was disorganized and demoralized when Sir Charles returned to Canada. He joined, no doubt unwittingly, the disorganizers and demoralizers, and now he is suffering the result. From all I could learn from newspaper reports he was the only one who went manfully into the fight, at least in Ontario. Of course it may be, as has been intimated, that others had to look after their own individual seats, while his was secure."

In regard to the Manitoba school question Sir Mackenzie states that he certainly believed that the policy of the late Government in granting relief to the Catholic minority would have been approved by the people of Quebec, but

that it was not this expectation which induced him to pursue the course he did, but because he believed the policy of the Government to be right. We fully admit Sir Mackenzie Bowell's manliness in undertaking to grant justice to the Manitoba Catholics in the face of a strong revolt on the part of his followers, and we admire his continuous consistency in the statement he makes now that the vote in Quebec has not changed his opinion, nor will it affect his future course upon that question, whether in or out of Parliament. He adds:

"The fact that men are led by prejudice or race to do a wrong is no reason why others who believe in the correctness of a policy which they had laid down for their guidance should desert it. To do so might be what politicians call 'practical politics,' but it would not be honest, nor would it be statesmanship."

It will be noticed that Sir Mackenzie inclines to the belief that the people of Quebec were influenced by racial and religious feelings to support Mr. Laurier, and it is possible that such feelings may have had some weight in determining them to support a Reform Government on this occasion, just as it is known that the question of race and religion had considerable influence on the contest in Ontario, for there can be no doubt that these considerations had very much influence both in leading many Ontario constituencies to oppose the Government, and in making many of the Conservative candidates, variously estimated at from 31 to 36, declare that they would support the Government in its general policy, but oppose it on the school question wherein it proposed to do an act of justice to an aggrieved Catholic minority.

We submit that the people of Quebec had the right to think that there were other issues beside the school question and to record their votes accordingly, without being accused of raising a race or sectional issue, and their right to exercise their liberty was all the greater, as they were convinced that a new Government would be as much bound to see justice done in Manitoba as was that of Sir Mackenzie Bowell or Sir Charles Tupper.

It is in human nature that such considerations as national and religious predilections will influence individual votes, and we do not doubt that they influenced some in Quebec as they did others in Ontario in their choice of party, but there is no reason to believe that such motives were very general in the contest in Quebec, for while there were a few Quebec journals which laid stress upon them, there were many more in Ontario which did the same in a contrary direction, and with greater pertinacity than in Quebec. Mr. Mackenzie's other reasons for the Conservative defeat are much more potent as causes for the Conservative discomfiture than this one, as far as Quebec is concerned. Was it not enough to ensure defeat that both the present and late leaders of the party admit that it went into the contest in a thoroughly disorganized and demoralized condition, torn by internal dissensions and personal jealousies? How could a party expect to achieve a victory under such circumstances? It does not require that we should suppose unworthy motives to have influenced the people of Quebec, when the leaders of the party themselves acknowledge that they went into the contest under such disadvantages. The people are not such idiots as not to see when a party is not in a fit condition to enter on so gigantic a contest, and we cannot be surprised that entering upon it so, the people should put but little confidence in its promises and engagements. This is what happened, and there is no reason for calling the result a victory for Quebec. It was the natural outcome of the disorderly condition of the party, and the disorders existed more in Ontario than elsewhere, but they were more visible to the other provinces, and especially to the people of Quebec, who took a deep interest in the matter because of the influence of the anti-French cry which was heard arising from most of the Ontario constituencies.

We admit that it is true that in proportion to population, the upheaval was greater in Quebec than in Ontario; but this is not surprising, since there is more homogeneity of population in Quebec, and the same influences would naturally have greater effect for this reason; still the change in Ontario was almost equal to that in Quebec, as the Conservatives lost only one seat less in this province than in Quebec. It is, therefore, unjust to say that the victory was especially a victory for Quebec, as the Mail has been per-

sistently maintaining ever since the election.

A DEARTH OF COMMON SENSE.

The Orangemen of Ulster have not yet become animated by the spirit of toleration and Christian charity which is supposed to pervade the people of the present generation. After celebrating the Twelfth of July at Sheepbridge, near Newry, the Orangemen of the district, finding that they were not molested in any way by the Catholics or Nationalists, resolved to become the aggressors, and while the people were congratulating each other on the exceptional quietness which had marked the celebration, a party of the celebrators went to the handsome National Hall in the town and set on fire early on the morning after the night orgies of the Twelfth. The conflagration illuminated the country for miles around, and many people hurried to the scene to extinguish the flames, but they had made too much headway, and the building was entirely consumed. The papers of the National League were scattered about, some having been abstracted and others carried away, but fortunately they were not of much importance. The culprits were seen hurrying away when the people arrived and their regalia was distinctly seen, though the identity of the wearers could not be established in the darkness of the morning.

THE ASSUMPTION.

On the 15th of this month the Church celebrates the feast of the most glorious assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven. The commemoration made on this day is of a two-fold character. There is first celebrated the happy departure of the Virgin Mother from earth, and, secondly, her wondrous assumption into heaven. St. Liguori says that the death of Mary was precious both on account of the special graces which attended it and on account of the manner of it. As death is indeed the punishment of sin it would seem that the Holy Virgin, exempt as she was from every stain of guilt, should not suffer the penalty attached to crime. But God, in His inscrutable wisdom, decreed that the Mother should be like the Son, and, as the latter had died, so also He required that Mary should die. God also wished in the death of Mary to set an example to the just of the happy death prepared for them. There are three things which make death painful, sad and bitter, namely, attachment to earth, remorse for sin, and the uncertainty of salvation. All those were absent in the case of the Divine Mother. Her death was, even as her life had been, marked by a complete detachment from earthly things, by a most perfect peace of conscience and a certainty of eternal happiness. "What joy," says St. Liguori, "must the divine Mother have felt in learning that her death was at hand; she who had the fullest security of enjoying the divine favor, especially after the Angel Gabriel had assured her that she was full of grace, and already possessed God! "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Thou hast found grace." And well did she herself know that her heart was burning continually with divine love, so that, as Bernadine de Buis says, Mary, by a singular grace not granted to any other saint, loved and was always actually occupied in loving God every moment of her life, and so ardently, that, as St. Bernard says, it required a perpetual miracle to preserve her life in the midst of such burning flames.

The circumstances of the death of the Blessed Virgin also rendered her death most precious. To St. Elizabeth it was revealed that Jesus Himself appeared to her immediately before her death with cross in hand, to show the signal and special glory He had obtained from the redemption, making acquisition by His death of this blessed creature who throughout eternity was to honor Him more than all men and all angels. St. John of Damascus relates that Jesus gave His mother the Holy Viaticum, saying to her: "Take, oh my Mother, from My hands that same body which Thou hast given Me." And the mother answering, said: "My Son, into Thy hands commend my spirit; I recommend to Thee this soul that Thou, in Thy goodness, didst create even from the beginning, rich in so many graces, and, by a peculiar privilege, hast preserved from every stain of sin. I commend to Thee my body, from which Thou didst deign to take flesh and blood." Then, speaking of the holy disciples surrounding her, she added: "I commend to Thee, also, these my dear children; they are afflicted at my departure; do Thou console them, who

lovest them more than I do, and give them to do great things for Me. St. Anselm holds that heaven is not only to prepare in paradise, but also to trace into heaven accompanying her Holy blessed spirits. Whom St. Damian, contemplative of the assumption of Mary, says it is even that the ascension of while the angels only Redeemer, the Holy heaven met by the Himself and the who of angels and saints represents the Divine "I descended from heaven to give glory to My wards to pay honor ascended again into might thus be enabled her, and accompany ence to paradise."

St. Antoninus says that the glory of the saints is incomparable, so the glory of the Virgin Mary is greater than that of the angels. St. Iphignous declares that the works of Mary in merit the works of the reward and glory not be conceived. that God rewards a it is certain, as St. the Virgin, who ex both men and angels exalted above all the

St. Bernardine of other planets are sun, so all the blessing light and joy from He likewise affirms God ascending to the joy of all its St. Peter Damian blessed have no Heaven, after God presence of that Mo and St. Bonaventura God, our greatest est joy is from therefore, should r tion and glory of They have in that throne of God itself atrix who knows miseries and wea then, be all honor constant recourse.

SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

Early in May we from a correspondence published in the dated 23rd of that meant to convey Sir Mackenzie's responsible for the Remedial Bill—no an unwillingness be passed, but the lead the Governm was charged with from day to day parliament rende it could be passed said on May 23rd session was now bling of the stor distance, and yet electric condit Premier Bowell o he had nothing r line of the Remed We were given to charges against served by some s servative Govern constituencies, d as an excuse for Remedial Bill. ice that we shou mter in regard made a plain sta preferred again received the fo days ago:

Dear Mr. Coffey: Your letter of reached me here o return from Europ your not receiving If anything con to political events the statements of do so. My positio Bill is altogether in a letter. I ha your correspond either entirely lig perverter of fact, truth in any of his to which you call possession of the n exact nature of m my door, I should them. I very mu attributing to me has been guilty.

When the soul it after stagnant fen o which sprout t will and unbelle God. If that s outward, it to and beneficence of blessings!

AUGUST 15, 1897

lovest them more than I do; bless them and give them strength to do great things for Thy glory.

St. Anselm holds that Christ ascended into heaven before His mother, not only to prepare for her a throne in paradise, but also to render her entrance into heaven more glorious, by accompanying her Himself with all the blessed spirits.

St. Antoninus says that as the mistress is incomparably above her servants, so is the glory of Mary unspokeably greater than that of the angels.

St. Bernardine holds that as the other planets are illuminated by the sun, so all the blessed receive greater light and joy from the sight of Mary.

SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

Early in May we received a letter from a correspondent, which was published in the CATHOLIC RECORD dated 23rd of that month.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHILE for the most part the ministers of Protestant denominations are the foremost calumniators of the Catholic Church and encouragers of all the anti-Catholic societies which are established for persecuting purposes, it is gratifying to observe that there are from time to time some who love fair-play and honesty, and who condemn the vile methods of those intolerant organizations.

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CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cardinal Satolli has been charged to prepare, before his departure from the United States, the erection of an ecclesiastical tribunal, to act as a Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical questions which were hitherto brought directly before the Propaganda.

Plutocracy means slavery to the money-changers. Socialism means slavery—both political and economic—to the state.

Matthew Arnold had a poor opinion of the men that despoiled England of the Catholic faith. In one of his letters he wrote: "I am glad to hear from Green, the author of A Short History of the English People."

Heresy is a deadly sin. But to be really a heretic guilty of that sin, a person must know the truth to be true, and then voluntarily and persistently reject it.

Strange to say, many of the anti-Catholic madmen of England are denouncing "The Grand Old Man" as "a sentimental, childish Puseyite," because of his friendly letter to the Holy Father regarding the recognition of Anglican orders.

The policy of giving certain people "rope enough to hang themselves" is said to have been wonderfully successful in regard to the International Socialist Congress which closed its sessions in London last week.

That was a very notable declaration for a non-Catholic to make which Archbishop Landor, of the Protestant Episcopal church, uttered at a synod of clergymen of that denomination held the other day at Ottawa, Ont.

At the restoration, in 1814, the Bourbons did not venture to abolish the new order which had grown into great popularity, but they restored the old ones and made them all as useful as possible, giving out the new decorations in particular with a liberality which rather cheapened their value.

Who is it that is most at ease? Doubtless he who is willing to suffer something for Christ's sake.—The Imitation.

RED RIBBON IS HERE.

Sister Marie Chantal Captures the coveted Decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The French Legion of Honor has endured for nearly one hundred years. Over half a million men, native and foreign, have been decorated with its cross during that hundred years.

But now her lonely grandeur is invaded. Her splendid solitude must be shared with another member of her sex—not, indeed, a woman of international reputation, not a great creative artist, but an humble sweet-faced nun, whose silent deeds of heroism have found other tongues to voice them and make them famous throughout France.

It was stated at the close of the war by one of the generals who accorded her such eulogistic praise as seldom befalls mortals while in the flesh that she saved more lives than did all the medical men in the army.

The law instituting the order, originating with and supported by Napoleon, then of the Consulate, and opposed by Carnet and his followers, was enacted in May, 1802, and the first distribution of its decorations took place at the Hotel des Invalides two years afterward.

The order originally consisted of four classes, afterward of five, the number at which it now stands. There are, first, the Knights Grand Cross; second, grand officers; third, commanders; fourth, officers; fifth, simple knights or chevaliers.

Considerable discussion arose on the formation of the order as to the color of the ribbon. Napoleon was for white, probably because on state occasions he loved to dress in scarlet, and saw how happy would be the contrast between the white and the red ribbon.

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ARCHBISHOP OF ALL ENGLAND.

Stead's Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning.

William T. Stead, editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, contributes to the Independent some interesting reminiscences of Cardinal Manning.

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CATHOLICITY AND IRISH NATIONALITY.

"I was a Catholic before I was an Irishman."

"I was a Catholic before I was an Irishman." This is what somebody in England said the other day to John Dillon, which elicited from that gentleman at a meeting in London the following excellent observations on the connection between Catholicity and nationality in the Irish character:

"I have been in most parts of the world, and have met Irishmen and Irish Catholics all the world over, and I have discovered this to be the rule: The better the Irishman the better the Catholic and the better the Catholic the better the Irishman.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Church Progress. The first thing that the Catholic young man should be solidly grounded in, is his faith. This implies sound ethical principles and virtuous habits, an inextinguishable foundation upon which to rear a noble superstructure of character. With deep-seated religious convictions, well-balanced disposition and evenly tempered moral sensibilities as a starting point, anything is possible in the way of a career of worldly usefulness and success. There are some persons foolish enough to imagine that the youth who has had a careful preliminary training in spiritual culture is thereby handicapped in the subsequent race for the material rewards of practical business life. Such persons certainly are afflicted with mental and moral strabismus. They betray a singular lack of discernment in clinging to a fallacy that is substantially refuted a thousand times a day by the records of prominent leaders in

ALL BRANCHES OF HUMAN ACTIVITY, among merchants and manufacturers in the professions and in every line of work. The masters of success in all callings will be found, with rare exceptions, men whose early lives were formed on habits of piety and wholesome moral influences. Many, perhaps the majority in our country, were reared in surroundings divested of all other advantages. But sincerity and a robust reliance on the all-powerful Providence afford an ample beginning for the most brilliant career.

Starting from this point the next requisite is intelligent training in some special line of employment. This is usually of paramount importance in the scheme of success. The bent of the youthful mind and the inclination of tastes are points that should receive the most careful attention, and the parent who understands his duty, will study them with the view of directing the child in the course best adapted to the development of his special talents, and consequently the one most favorable to his prospects. Every normally rational mind is endowed with singular aptitude for

A SPECIAL SORT OF WORK. Perhaps it is a turn for mechanics, or mathematics, or art, or oratory; at any rate, it is for some particular thing, just what must be determined by the parent and nurtured accordingly. If a youth feels himself attracted to a certain branch of art, let us say cabinet-making for example, it is manifest folly for the parent to insist upon his reading law or studying physics. And yet this is frequently done, with the result that the professions are over-stocked with mediocre practitioners, who gain a precarious livelihood at best, and usually turn out to be lamentable failures, disappointing the hopes of those who were instrumental in diverting them from the business for which they were best fitted, and embittering their own lives with

VAIN AND USELESS REGRETS. The briefless lawyer or the unsuccessful physician might, and probably would, have become a skillful and prosperous worker in wood. The vanity or pig-headedness of the blundering parent not only burdened the professional ranks with a superfluous member, but robbed the honorable guild of artificers of an ornament, and to that extent contributed to the prevailing topsyturvyism of social and industrial conditions. In every large town and city there are men in the so-called learned professions who never should have entered them; men possessing their share of natural ability, who, had they been properly guided at that critical time of life when the choice of an occupation must be decided, or been permitted to follow their own inclination, would now in all likelihood be enjoying the full measure of successful utilization of manual dexterity or genius rendered barren in the hopeless routine of an unconvincing avocation.

It is clear from this how essential the JUDICIOUS EXERCISE OF PARENTAL DISCRETION is to the future hopes and happiness of the young man in his chosen field of effort. And it is obvious what a signal advantage is possessed by the youth who starts in the great race with his best faculties trained for the particular use of which he feels intuitively moved to make of them. It may be said in this connection that some of the most notable fortunes made in this country have been amassed by men who, in the tender years of childhood, were absolutely deprived of the advantages of parental direction and education. They are the self-made men of whom the nation boasts, and properly. And the percentage of these among the eminently SUCCESSFUL MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE, in business and in the professions, seems at first glance, truly remarkable. A little analytical study of such careers invariably shows that, while prematurely bereft of their natural protectors, or precluded by poverty or other circumstances from the opportunities of school-training, there was implanted in the natures of these men the germ of ambition, industry and indomitable perseverance and that their best instincts were nurtured, directly or indirectly, by the powerful influence of sound counsel and good example. They were impelled by a strong and resolute will to remedy the defects which they knew existed, and would inevitably prevent success unless corrected. Take the case of any one of the numerous class, and it will be found that among its infancy they

RECOGNIZED THEIR NEEDS and proceeded at once without help to

supply what was lacking. They were self-taught, often acquiring the simple rudiments of knowledge by the most heroic sacrifices and laborious self-imposed tasks. It is related of Lincoln that he travelled miles to secure the temporary use of one of the few textbooks of grammar that were to be found in his county. But he got it and during the short time the precious volume was in his possession he mastered it by assiduous study and application. It was to him as much as a year's academical course is to most boys, and much more. Spencer Baird, one of most distinguished men of science this country has produced, had a similar experience, and attained to learning and reputation by the same tortuous paths which led Lincoln to the White House and a high niche in the temple of fame. The list could be, extended interminably if need be, but one example typifies all and proves that the greatest

OBSTACLES ARE CONQUERABLE, if attacked with the weapons which God place at the command of all who care to use them—steadfast courage and an invincible determination to succeed. The way is plain to each one whether he has received a fair start on the journey through the practical assistance of parental solicitude or is compelled to paddle his own canoe unaided. There is no royal road to success for the young man who does not happen to inherit an abundance of the goods of the world. His lot is to achieve fortune by his own merits, and, if properly cultivated, these are amply sufficient.

Nothing, then, is to acquire a knowledge of his particular gifts and to follow this up by intelligent and incessant labor until he becomes a master of his business, in all its details. If he is a mechanic it lies within his power to become a superior workman in his line, and this means a huge advantage over the great majority of his fellows. If he is a clerk or an accountant he can become an expert by using the means at his hand; and so through the whole list of human occupations, from the lowest to the highest. It means work and application, the use of his brains as well as of his hands, and the whole process accelerated by an indomitable determination to get at the top.

AN IMPRESSIVE SERMON.

I little thought that evening that the story I had just heard from the preacher would remain with me all my life amongst my dearest recollections. Yet, it has been the case; and now as I recall many impressive sermons held in hallowed shrines of days of festival, I cannot remember any that has made so great an impression on me as that which contained the story I am going to relate. That year we found ourselves, during Our Lady's sweet month, in one of the great foreign capitals. My mother took us often to the Carmelite church, where the month of Mary was solemnized in a special manner. One evening the altar was even more elaborately decorated than usual, and all things reminded us that it was the day of the ceremony for the *cloture du mois*, the solemn ending of the month. That evening a young Dominican friar occupied the pulpit, and preached with great unction on the Scapular of Mount Carmel. Even now I seem to remember his beautiful and earnest face, and the intense love with which he spoke of our Blessed Lady. He told us the wondrous virtues of the Scapular, how it often had been the means of wrestling souls from Satan, and how our holy Mother valued and appreciated gratefully in her clients fidelity in wearing her own livery. Then he related the following story:

"Some twenty years ago, one Sunday afternoon, a father and mother were walking with their only child, a boy six years old, on a road made dangerous by a precipice that broke away steeply on one side. The parents were engaged in deep conversation. The boy lingered behind. Interested in some passing event, he turned to watch, and, straying unconsciously from the path, fell down the precipice. For some minutes the parents did not notice that the boy was not with them. Perceiving his absence, they turned back to search for him in great alarm. No trace of him was to be found. Then a terrible fear fell on the poor mother's heart. Her child had fallen down the precipice. Making straight for the cliff, she searched with anxious, straining eyes for some sign of her lost darling, whilst the father went to seek for help. Deep, deep down the mother saw what she thought might be her child. Quickly the helpers lowered the poor father with their ropes, whilst the mother prayed as only mothers know how. It was indeed their lost treasure. The mother hardly dared to hope to find him yet alive. Restored to her arms with what thankfulness and joy she found him uninjured, safe and sound! His little scapular and all the clothes worn over it were torn to shreds. Beneath his scapular his inner garments were uninjured. The mother, whose piety had at once perceived the hand of God in this wonderful preservation, now recognized the intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Filled with gratitude, she made a solemn offering of her child to Mary the Beauty of Carmel, and promised that, should God so will, he too should be given in due time to the Order of Mount Carmel. The years passed on, and that boy became a priest, not in the Order to which Mary gave her Scapular, but in that to which she gave her Rosary. And now," said the preacher, "to prove to you that my story is a true one, I tell you that the mother is my mother and the child

myself—la mere c'est ma mere, et l'enfant c'est moi."—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

A. P. A'S. OF EARLY DAYS.

Some Letters of Bishop England's Recently Discovered.

In a letter received from Rome by the *Citizen*, dated June 10, and written by Dr. Zahn the well-known scientist, he says:

"I was talking yesterday with the Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, who as you know, is here in the interest of the American Catholic Historical Society, when he told me that he had come across a number of unpublished and unknown letters by Bishop England, some of them bearing on what might be called the precursors of the A. P. A's. Knowing the great attention the *Citizen* has ever shown to the A. P. A's, knowing also the interest the Catholics of the United States have in one thought of the *Citizen* and asked Father Kittell to give me a few extracts for your paper, and he readily assented to my request. The extracts I send you will show you how much valuable matter pertaining to the history of the Church is still concealed in the archives of Rome, and what good work Father Kittell is doing in collecting this material for the Catholic Historical Society."

The above will explain the purport of the following extracts taken from letters written by the great Bishop England. They are now for the first time published and throw great light on the A. P. A. doings of other days.

Extracts from a letter of Bishop England to Dr. Cullen:

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 23, 1836. In order to understand the position in which this most injudicious proceeding of my Carlow friends placed me, I must advert to the very altered situation of the United States. The great progress made by religion, the vast increase of Catholics by immigration and a few conversions, the erection of churches, convents, seminaries and colleges, together with the publication here of translations of some very injudicious vapourings from letters written by some of our most zealous missionaries, and published in the periodicals of Europe, roused the concealed bigotry of the virulent sects; and their leaders, who have been heretofore comparatively moderate in their assaults upon us, now became furiously declamatory. With all their pulpits, with one hundred weekly papers called religious, with a large portion of the thousand journals published once, twice, or three times in the week, with almost all the colleges and schools, with Sunday school teachers in all their districts, and with immense subscriptions to aid them, they began a most virulent course of misrepresentation, lying, calumny and denunciation, so that we could not say that one of our churches or religious houses was safe.

A new and more formidable difficulty now embarrassed me because of my peculiar situation. No diocese in the world contains so many negro slaves as does that of Charleston. Its population is about two million of souls, nearly half of whom are negro slaves. South Carolina and Georgia are the most determined of any of the slave-holding States against permitting any interference, however remote, with their domestic institutions. I was in some degree a favorite with them because of my having repelled an attack made upon them by O'Connell on account of the existence of slavery in the South.

During some years the most fanatical portion of the Calvinists, especially in the States of New England (diocese of Boston and New York, have been forming associations to procure, if possible, the abolition of slavery in the South. The South was exasperated, and looked upon this as a malicious and outrageous insult; and the Southern people, a high, proud and chivalrous people. The kindness of the Holy Father in my regard is no secret here, but like everything else has been grossly misrepresented. To render me odious to my own district especially, and to the citizens of the Union generally, the Northern sectarians published that the Pope gave me privately a commission to establish the Inquisition in the United States as soon as I could see it possible, and had appointed me his legate to Hayti so as to enable me to establish relations of amity with the negroes who had achieved their freedom, and thus facilitate the abolition of slavery of negroes in the South. Ridiculous as is the first statement, it was generally published, and is even now extensively believed, though its credit is on the decline.

During the summer the northern fanatics poured great quantities of tracts, calculated to bring odium upon slavery and to excite insurrection among the slaves, into our southern and western states. They had agents for their distribution who traveled as preachers, or peddlers, or doctors, or land speculators.

In Charleston we are not permitted to teach the slaves to spell or to read. The law does not prevent the education of free negroes. I found that most of our free negroes were drawn from the church by being educated in sectarian schools. Whites only are allowed to be teachers, and the children of negroes or mulattoes are not permitted to be taught in the schools of white children. I established a school for the free children of color; and I got two of my

students to teach the boys, and two of the Sisters to have care of the girls. On account of the superior instruction numbers of children of the sectarians attended, and their parents began to come to church. As soon as this new excitement concerning the tracts arose the sectarian papers denounced us for our extensive literary education of the blacks. It was all the consequence of the kind feelings of the legate for his Haytian friends, and was the germ of insurrection! Mobs were organized in Charleston, and at night they surrounded the post office and forcibly entered; took out of the mail bags the tracts and pamphlets upon Abolition which had been sent from the office in New York directed not only to this city but to Georgia, Alabama and Florida; reserved them to the next night, and then burned them publicly in the square under the guns of the citadel. Whilst they were at the post-office two or three of my flock, who were mingled in the crowd, and whose religion was not suspected, overheard them arranging that as soon as they concluded at the post-office they would come to the seminary and give me (I lived there) the benefit of Lynch's Law and tear down the buildings and the church, etc. I was soon called out of my bed by two of my flock, whom I admitted into the yard and from whom I learned these particulars. They added that some armed men would join us, as they had sent messengers to warn the Irish who form one of the volunteer corps of the city militia. These latter began speedily to arrive with their guns and bayonets. The French were also notified, but we had only two of their number.

After a short deliberation and prayer in the church, I concluded that if we should be attacked we had better resist than allow the church and the convent of the Ursulines and the seminary and ourselves to be destroyed. I then came out and found a pretty large force assembled and their officers arriving. I told them that I hoped we should have no contest, but that I would use their aid if necessary, provided they pledged themselves to obey me and would invest me with the command. To this they assented. I then stationed sentinels, and showed the officers the best points of defence for the whole of our possessions, charging them, if an assault were made, not to have a shot fired until I would give directions. Some of our people then went out into the streets, and the intimidation was soon privately conveyed through the city that we were prepared. We kept guard for two nights, and no attempt was made to molest us. On the second day several of the most respectable citizens of all religions sent to have their names enrolled on our guard; and the city officers said they were ready with their whole force to come to us should we need their assistance. A respectable committee of citizens then called on me to request that I would discontinue the school for negroes. I answered that if they made the same application to those of other religions who had schools, I would comply, though I disapproved of their proceeding. They applied and all the schools were closed. The public authorities convened the citizens, and measures were taken to guard against the efforts of the Abolitionists, and thanks were returned to those who closed the schools. I attended the meeting, and sat with the presiding magistrate in the most conspicuous place, by the courtesy of the sheriff, who is an Irish Catholic.

I began my preparations for departing (for Hayti), but as the Legislature met in December I felt it necessary to attend at their session in Columbia to get some acts of incorporation passed for the convents and churches. I travelled thither in company with the two principal leaders of one of our great political parties and who had been the two late governors of the state (General Hayne and Hamilton), and with our most eminent jurist (Mr. Pettigrew), who led the opposition to them. They were all my most intimate acquaintances, and although Protestants, by no means bigoted, and though we were two and two in politics we were firm friends. We talked freely and confidentially, and they endeavored to impress upon me the great mischief that I would do to the Catholic religion not only in my own diocese but through the whole southern country, by going then to Hayti and affording the opponents of our religion so plausible a pretext for creating prejudices amongst the slave holders against our Church. I merely told them that they ought to know that I was opposed to the Abolitionists, who were most bitter enemies also to the Catholics; and that I was not backward to vindicate the South, even against my friend O'Connell; and that, having promised the Holy Father, I did not consider myself free now to hesitate. They gave the Pope credit for the zeal and purity of his motives, assured me that they had all confidence in me; but that the public feeling would, after my departure and when I could not defend myself, be excited against my Church and all its clergy in the South. I still was determined to proceed.

I always stood well with the Legislature in Columbia, and on this occasion Governor McDuffie, though opposed to me in politics, was exceedingly kind and attentive. It was usual on all previous occasions for the House of Representatives to pay me the compliment of inviting me to preach for them. On this occasion a motion was made to appoint a committee for this purpose. In this House there are 120 members, and not one was a Catholic. About forty voted for inviting me, and the rest against it. It

had always before been an unanimous vote for me. Two days afterwards I found, upon going into the hall, a gentleman declaiming vehemently in favor of the Catholics, and could not understand his object, until General Hayne came to me and said that he was renewing the motion to have me invited. I immediately left the hall; and after the debate was over I returned and found that the majority against me was greater. I also found the petitions for incorporating the Catholic institutions delayed in the committees; and those for Lutherans, Calvinists, Methodists, Baptists, etc., favorably reported. I went to several of the members to urge them to use their influence to get the Catholic petitions passed. I was told confidentially that they had as much respect for me as ever, but that they were prejudiced against convents, etc., and wished to show their disapprobation of my going to Hayti. With some difficulty I got the petitions to pass the Committee of the House of Representatives merely by the casting vote of the chairman; the numbers being equal for and against it.

In the Senate, which consists of forty of the most wealthy and best informed men in the state, the majority of the committee favored the petitions; and the chairman of the committee brought those who opposed them to speak with me, and I removed their difficulties and procured an unanimous vote of that body. But I was told that upon the report of the committee of the Representatives being made to Senate, a party was organized to vote against the report, and that it would probably be successful. I informed my friends of this, and General Hamilton, who is a Senator, procured from the Senate an invitation for me to preach for them in their hall. The President of the Senate Mr. Deas, a Protestant—in fact there is no Catholic in that body—and some other friends advised me to preach in advocacy of my own bills and to remove prejudices, and said that they would get the greater number of the Representatives to attend.

Nearly the whole Legislature was in the hall, besides a large body of the literati, etc., who had assembled on business of the colleges and to attend a literary society, which I also joined on the previous day by advice of my friends, though the subscriptions to those societies draw away a large share of my little means. I spoke for two hours, during which I recounted the indignity, injustice and persecution heaped upon the Catholics, and the matter in which the Carolinians had been deceived respecting them. I explained our principles of Church government, our efforts in the cause of fine arts and sciences, our rights under the Constitution of the State, the nature and objects of our religious institutions, and especially of those I sought to have incorporated; and I besought them, as they valued their good name, not to degrade Carolina by placing it by the side of Massachusetts. I had them in tears, and immovable as so many statues. My friends told me it was one of my happiest efforts. In truth, my whole soul and all my energy were thrown into it. I was myself in tears. I left Columbia that night, on my way to Charleston, to proceed thence to Hayti. My bills all passed without any opposition. John, Bishop of Charleston.

A Beautiful Person.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and destroys the best looks. A groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

Men as a rule care more for comfort than for style, still no man is averse to a neat, well-hanging coat that keeps its shape through all kinds of knocking around. This is one of the extras that Fibre Chamouis furnishes when used as the interlining in men's clothing. It not only makes garments thoroughly weather-proof, providing a healthful warmth which can't be penetrated by the severest wind or cold; but its flexible spring and stiffness make the coat or vest fit well and keep its proper hang till worn completely out. And the beauty is that it is so light you wouldn't know you were carrying anything extra around, and so cheap that it is in everyone's reach.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from a cold, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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Thomas A. Johns. CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Conn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels. FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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FIVE-MINUTE

Twelfth Sunday of

OUR NEIGHBOUR. "And who is my neighbour?" There are two opposites of which almost every less inclined. The meddling with other people's affairs is shirking. It is rather the second the first which is robbing of to-day in the priest and the Levite without helping the man.

Now, in the first plain what I mean is own business or duties leaving them unattended that they will run putting off what one of self on to somebody else. It is, you see, just meddling, which is nobody else's duty for him to do it himself.

Now, this shirking priest and Levite do not suppose that to describe them as reprobates, willing to let rather than help him themselves. "On business particularly of other people's affairs all the time, and I am now. I have got to and there will be a this way before long, so will not make much perhaps there is not ter with the man after his own fault. Very been drinking. At got no special claim

This is a very neat person to get in it, in such a can see from the "Everybody's business."

There are very many that really are evil, that everybody ought towards at least, a great danger of not on account of this which is so common which are most in those of the kind of gives us an example of charity toward one ple say to themselves and Levite did: plenty of other people to this matter a great easier than I can. be done somehow things always are at feel specially called.

Well, this might those people did things generously, then was one of the Of course we can everything. But too often we find occasionally, but a poor man comes to tion is taken for church, they say to St. Vincent de Paul out for those things must have money my duty if I put a poor-box now and tions are called for pestilence they plenty coming in t wanted; I can see. They can get along me." And so it through. They do to anybody or do body—that is, not without getting a will go to picnics, for a charitable one comes to doing at the love of their life for somebody else.

One of Tim. What a curious forded by the Ja change that has c anti-Irish Englan! Had one five even twenty five day would come and a Catholic w honors and titles but sit in the Justice of Engla been applauded for agnation, but his certainty have be he conjured up a Irish Catholic Chie sitting in judge men on the ch weak and inoffe emly sentencing and their noble periods of impriso gaols, his conce landed him in a l this is the sober a has just been real echo of "Down wake the grave h hall or a comple press that it is man and a Home sentence on Eng offense was that t Rule—for the Boe brings his reven and this is one o are others comin Journal.

The hair, when for, loses its l harsh, and dry, with every comb the best dressin Ayer's Hair Vi silky gloss so beauty.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

"And who is my neighbor?" (St. Luke xvi.) There are two opposite faults to both of which almost everybody is more or less inclined. The first of these is meddling with other people's business; the second is shirking one's own.

It is rather the second of these than the first which is rebuked in the Gospel of to-day in the persons of the priest and the Levite who went by without helping the poor wounded man.

Now, in the first place, let me explain what I mean by shirking one's own business or duties. It is not simply leaving them undone and expecting that they will remain so; but it is putting off what one ought to do one's self on to somebody else, and expecting somebody else to do it for you.

Now, this shirking was just what the priest and Levite were guilty of. I do not suppose that our Lord meant to describe them as really hard-hearted men, willing to let the poor man die rather than help him; but they said to themselves: "Oh! this is not my business particularly; there are plenty of other people passing along this road all the time, and I am a little hurried now. I have got a deal to attend to, and there will be somebody coming this way before long. Five minutes or so will not make much difference; and perhaps there is not so much the matter with the man after all. It may be his own fault. Very likely he has been drinking. At any rate, he has got no special claim on me."

This is a very natural state of mind for a person to get into, and how common it is, in such a case as this, we can see from the common proverb that "Everybody's business is nobody's business."

There are very many good works that really are everybody's business, that everybody ought to do something towards at least, but which are in great danger of not being done at all on account of this habit of shirking, which is so common. And the ones which are most in this danger are those of the kind of which this Gospel gives us an example; that is, works of charity toward our neighbor. People say to themselves, just as the priest and Levite did: "Oh! there are plenty of other people that can attend to this matter a great deal better and easier than I can. I am sure it will be done somehow or other. Such things always are attended to. I don't feel specially called on to help in it."

Well, this might be all very good if those people did really help in some things generously, and the case before them was one of very urgent need. Of course we cannot contribute to everything. But the difficulty is, that too often we find them shirking, not occasionally, but all the time. If a poor man comes to the door, or a collection is taken for the poor in the church, they say to themselves: "The St. Vincent de Paul Society can look out for those things; I am sure they must have money enough. I shall do my duty if I put a few pennies in the poor-box now and then. If contributions are called for in times of famine or pestilence they say: 'There is plenty coming in to supply all that is wanted; I can see that by the papers. They can get along very well without me.' And so it goes all the way through. They do not give anything to anybody or do anything for anybody—that is, nothing to speak of without getting a return for it. They will go to picnics, fairs, or amusements for a charitable object; but when it comes to doing anything simply for the love of their neighbor, that is left for somebody else.

One of Time's Revenges.

What a curious commentary is afforded by the Jameson trial on the change that has come over Protestant anti-Irish England within a generation! Had one ventured to prophesy even twenty-five years ago that the day would come when an Irishman and a Catholic would not only have honors and titles showered upon him, but sit in the seat of the Lord Chief Justice of England, he might have been applauded for his powers of imagination, but his common sense would certainly have been rated low. Had he conjured up a picture of the same Irish Catholic Chief Justice of England, sitting in judgment on a band of Englishmen on the charge of invading a weak and inoffensive state, and solemnly sentencing their gallant captain and their noble selves to different periods of imprisonment in English gaols, his conception might have landed him in a lunatic asylum. Yet this is the sober matter of fact which has just been realized, without a single echo of "Down with the Jesuits!" to wake the grave-like silence of Exeter hall or a complaint from the British press that it is unseemly for an Irishman and a Home Ruler to pronounce sentence on Englishmen whose only offense was that they objected to Home Rule—for the Boers. Time invariably brings his revenges sooner or later, and this is one of them. And there are others coming.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Home-Made Sunshine.

What care I what the weather may be, Cold or warm—is the same to me. For my dear home skies—they are always blue; And my dear home weather the glad days is— (thro) "beautiful summer" from morn till night, And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your employer's place of business and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers and all in authority over you, and be polite to every one. Politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting along in the world.

Ruth Sackett was perfectly miserable; the next Sunday was to be hers, and they had no flower garden at her house. She had hoped to sell berries enough to get a little money to buy some flowers, but the weather had turned cool, and the berries had not ripened. What could she do? Here it was Friday, and she had not a flower, nor a penny.

She had reached the road and was crossing it to go into the farther woods, when a buggy came by containing a lady and a little girl who looked so white and wan that Ruth knew she must have been sick.

That night when she came home, she dragged an old tub out to the pump and filled it with water, and in that she carefully placed the flowers. The next morning she was out before the grass was dry, and came home with her arms full again; then she sat down and thought. Her artistic little soul, always so thwarted and crushed, saw a picture of the sanctuary, with flowers everywhere, as if they had grown there. All day she thought and pondered, but at night her face looked bright and happy, as she sat on the pump platform and tied the flowers in bunches of equal size, leaving the largest and finest ones loose, however.

She had stopped long enough to go to the church and help with the dusting and the lamps, and bring home, as each girl did when her turn came, the great key. Just as they came away she heard a girl say, in a half whisper: "Hm! she can't get any flowers."

Ruth went home hurt and chilled, but she remembered the verse about the cup of cold water, and as she sat down by her marguerites, she buried her face in them with a little prayer.

The next morning everybody was surprised. The whole front of the altar was a mass of swaying, bending marguerites, with the largest ones in vases near the tabernacle. No one knew how it was done except Ruth, who had gone back and forth from her home to the church until the block seemed very long, and had worked as if she were making a picture that she could see in her mind all the time. It was an artistic triumph, and when at the close of service a strange lady from the great city, who had come to the little country place to visit a friend, came to Ruth, and told her she would some day be an artist, and that she herself was coming to see her grand-mother and talk with her about Ruth's education, the young girl was so glad that she came near crying before everybody.

It all came true, and Ruth did study, and became a great artist, and if you ever see a picture with a tiny marguerite in the corner and the letters R. and S. above and below it, you will know that is the artist about whom we have told you this story.

Ruth's Marguerites.

A new church had been built in the little village of Lamona. It was a neat little edifice, dedicated to the Sacred Heart and the good people of its congregation were very proud of it. Not only did they prize it because of its appearance, but because its erection insured them weekly instead of monthly divine service, as had been the rule previously. Now that a suitable church was built, the pastor, who resided at a place somewhat larger, four miles distant, drove over every Sunday and gave the country people around the welcome opportunity of hearing last Mass.

The lamps in the church were cleaned and trimmed every Sunday afternoon by a band of the girls. Everything was nicely dusted, and, best of all, each girl had chosen one Sunday on which she had promised to bring flowers for the altar. Such beautiful flowers as had been sent or brought! One of the girls had come one day with beautiful lilies that looked so white and pure; another had sent great velvety roses, and every Sunday now they all wondered what could be brought that would be finer than the previous ones.

Ruth Sackett was perfectly miserable; the next Sunday was to be hers, and they had no flower garden at her house. She had hoped to sell berries enough to get a little money to buy some flowers, but the weather had turned cool, and the berries had not ripened. What could she do? Here it was Friday, and she had not a flower, nor a penny.

She had gone to the woods, after a fashion she had when in trouble. As she walked along where it was a little open, she gathered her hands full of large white marguerites.

She had reached the road and was crossing it to go into the farther woods, when a buggy came by containing a lady and a little girl who looked so white and wan that Ruth knew she must have been sick.

That night when she came home, she dragged an old tub out to the pump and filled it with water, and in that she carefully placed the flowers. The next morning she was out before the grass was dry, and came home with her arms full again; then she sat down and thought. Her artistic little soul, always so thwarted and crushed, saw a picture of the sanctuary, with flowers everywhere, as if they had grown there. All day she thought and pondered, but at night her face looked bright and happy, as she sat on the pump platform and tied the flowers in bunches of equal size, leaving the largest and finest ones loose, however.

She had stopped long enough to go to the church and help with the dusting and the lamps, and bring home, as each girl did when her turn came, the great key. Just as they came away she heard a girl say, in a half whisper: "Hm! she can't get any flowers."

Ruth went home hurt and chilled, but she remembered the verse about the cup of cold water, and as she sat down by her marguerites, she buried her face in them with a little prayer.

The next morning everybody was surprised. The whole front of the altar was a mass of swaying, bending marguerites, with the largest ones in vases near the tabernacle. No one knew how it was done except Ruth, who had gone back and forth from her home to the church until the block seemed very long, and had worked as if she were making a picture that she could see in her mind all the time. It was an artistic triumph, and when at the close of service a strange lady from the great city, who had come to the little country place to visit a friend, came to Ruth, and told her she would some day be an artist, and that she herself was coming to see her grand-mother and talk with her about Ruth's education, the young girl was so glad that she came near crying before everybody.

Best for Wash Day USE SURPRISE SOAP Its remarkable and cleansing properties make SURPRISE most economical and Best for Every Day



ESTABLISHED 1848. STATE UNIVERSITY 1868. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1889. TERMS: \$160 PER YEAR. CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA Under Direction of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. PREPARATORY CLASSICAL COURSE FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. SEND FOR CALENDAR. REV. J. M. MCGUCKIN, O. M. I. Rector.

THE WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, SEPT. 10th to 19th, 1896. Canada's Favorite Live Stock Exhibition. Oldest Fair in Canada—Established 1868, going ever since. Exhibitors find it pays to show here. Entries close Sept. 3rd. \$20,000 expended on new buildings; best on the continent. Every pure bred represented in the Live Stock. Every improvement to Agricultural Implements on exhibition. The centre of Dairying. The best new buildings to show in. A perfect sight and will repay a visit to the Fair. PAWNEE BILLS' WILD WEST AND MEXICAN HIPPODROME 50 actors, 60 animals and a village of 50 tents; the greatest Fair attraction in America today. SIE HANSEN BEN ALI'S MOORISH ACROBATS—TWELVE IN NUMBER. Send for Prize List and make your entries. CAPT. A. W. FORTE, President. THOS. A. BROWNE, Secretary.

Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (August 15.) On this great festival the Church commemorates the happy departure of the Blessed Virgin out of this world into Heaven, the consummation of all the sublime mysteries which render her life so wonderful, and the crowning of all the eminent virtues which we admire in particular on her other festivals.

It is a very ancient tradition that soon after her death the Blessed Virgin's body was reunited to her blessed soul, and assumed or taken up into Heaven by a singular privilege before the general resurrection which is to take place at the end of the world. Was it not becoming that the immaculate body of the Mother of God should be preserved from the corruption of the grave? St. Augustine tells us that he could not entertain the idea of the corruption of the body of the Blessed Virgin, and that it would be shocking to express it. Several other holy doctors of the Church are of the same opinion and do not hesitate to assert that a preservation from the corruption of death and a speedy assumption to glory was due to the body of the Mother of God.

The Church, in instituting and observing this feast, wishes to remind us that we have a benevolent and powerful Mother in Heaven, who is both willing and able to intercede with our Divine Son in our favor, and to come to our aid in all our necessities. There is no grace but we may hope for from the divine mercy through her intercession, provided we render ourselves worthy of her patronage by a true and sincere devotion. Such devotion consists not barely in honoring her with our lips, but, St. Bernard says, in honoring her with our hearts, and by our actions, it consists in following her example, and imitating the virtues of her holy life. Mary is, indeed, justly styled the

"refuge of sinners," but of repenting sinners, who fly from God's justice to her throne of mercy and grace with contrite and humble hearts. It is a little thing, perhaps, to repress the harsh word, the ill-natured criticism, to remember to give a pleasant greeting to the chance acquaintance, or the servant, or a bit of kindly sympathy to the beggar. These are small virtues, but they are what we mean when we say of a woman "she is so pleasant." CANNOT BE PROTESTED. THEIR POSITION BEYOND DISPUTE. While we hear on every side about protesting this and that, it is impossible to get a petitioner who will protest against the success that has attended the labors of the Directors of "The Western Fair" at London. They have worked well, and are now reaping the reward of their toil. The New Grand Stands, which will hold twice the number of the old ones, are the latest improved pattern, and will fill a long-felt want of the numerous visitors who patronize the Fair annually. To insure them being taxed to their utmost capacity, the Attraction Committee have doubled their efforts of the past, and have secured the greatest and best list of attractions ever presented in London. Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show and Mexican Hippodrome, the Grand Military Tournament, the Genuine Gauchos famous Bull Throaters, Mexican Vaqueros, Flat headed Indians, and Trappers, eighty persons and sixty animals. Sie Hassan Ben Ali's greatest of all troupes of Moorish Acrobats, Gun Spinners, Pyramid, Balloons, &c., ever brought to America. It is the intention to make every day the big day commencing Monday evening, entertainments will be given and the buildings all aglow with Electricity will be open to the public. The Secretary, Mr. Thos. A. Browne, will gladly mail either a Prize List, Programme, or a very handy map of Western Ontario, on receipt of address of any of our readers. POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Old Gold CIGARETTES W. S. Kimball & Co. ROCHESTER, N. Y. Retail Everywhere 5c. per Package 17 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it an get it—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect—play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can't trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else. Scott & Bowles, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

SAKING Sarsaparilla... FRIEND... WORK... FRIEND... ap

BANNERS, COLLARS, FLAGS, EMBLEMS FOR BRANCH HALLS, CUSHINGS, BALLOT BOXES, CATHOLIC SOCIETY REGALIA OF ALL KINDS...

E. B. A.

Members of the E. B. A. Toronto in accordance with their annual custom, received Holy Communion at St. Helen's church...

The members of the city branches and circles, with their friends, held their annual excursion and picnic on August 5, to St. Catharines...

OUR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

The Prescott Separate School. In case some of your readers are under the impression that there are no separate schools in Eastern Ontario...

Dear Sir—The five pupils of the Separate school, Guelph, who at the recent entrance examinations, of whom twenty one were successful...

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

A very enjoyable picnic was held by this branch at Howard Lake, High Park, Amusements of different kinds were indulged in...

SECOND ANNUAL BAZAAR AT BOND-FIELD FOR CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY.

Dear Readers—We would hesitate in calling again on you for almsgiving and charity, when we think of the many calls you always answer generously and with discretion most creditably to us...

with chapels, one with a chapel to be built—all far from rich and unfinished.

The place is too big for one priest, and still there is no prospect as yet. For many reasons we feel indeed that we should not ask anything. However, we cannot afford to say anything.

We will keep in a richly bound book all the names of our benefactors, and in case of large subscriptions to the general funds for church and presbytery we will adopt a course to be made known later on.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

SUCCESSFUL PILGRIMAGE TO THE CURED SHRINE—SOME REMARKABLE CURES ARE REPORTED.

The fifth annual pilgrimage of the Archdiocese of Kingston, under the distinguished auspices of His Excellency Rev. Archbishop Cleary, which took place on Tuesday, July 22, to the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, over the C. P. R., was most successful in every sense of the word.

The organization of the pilgrimage was under the charge of Rev. Father Stanton, Smith's Falls, and he was ably assisted by Rev. Father McDonald of Kemptville, and Rev. Father O'Connell of Gananoque.

Several remarkable cures took place. Amongst the many are those of a young lady from Kemptville, six years of age, who had been paralyzed for several years...

CAN THIS BE TRUE?—DIVORCE REACTION IN KANSAS.

It appears that the Kansas Court of Appeals has just rendered a decision in a certain case before it, the effect of which is to declare unconstitutional the law under which divorces have been granted in that State for the last twenty-five years.

Should it be true that there has been substantial misrepresentation of the scope and force of this Kansas decision, the very possibility of it ought to make sober-minded Protestants realize at last the destructive tendency of the traditional Protestant view of marriage.

Without an exception, the founders of Protestantism all agreed that marriage is a merely natural contract depending for its force upon the will of the parties and the sanction of the law of the land.

And yet, even those European nations that finally were overcome by Protestantism very inconsistently, as it

seemed, still cling in practice and in law so closely to the Catholic idea that until recent times divorce in most of them was comparatively difficult and rare. But that was the effect of the Catholic tradition that still survived in various forms because the laws and institutions of those nations had been knit together on Catholic principles, and the Catholic tradition could not, therefore, be expelled except by a general overturning of their political constitutions.

But with our newer Western States they began to be seen that real meaning of Protestant principles of marriage. Learned Protestant lawyers both in Europe and the United States have always expressed their admiration for the Catholic doctrine, but yet were incapable because of their own religious principles of acting consistently with this admiration.

What they sought was practice. The utmost desire was to please and accommodate the greatest possible number of these constituents and to have as many of them as they could for their clients. Easy divorce, therefore, became the desideratum in these communities made up chiefly of Protestants, and Protestants of a class pretty thoroughly emancipated from the influence of surviving Catholic traditions, or of any traditions. Restraint of any species was galling to those new and frontier communities.

But the newness has worn off of these Western States. They are settling down to conservative habits of mind in many things. Nevertheless it is somewhat startling that the first shock to the free-love ideas that have pervaded divorce legislation should come from Kansas that but a few years ago was a frontier State.

THE DUBLIN CONVENTION.

For the first time in history, says the Boston Republic, the representatives of the Irish race from all parts of the world are about to meet in convention in Ireland's capital. The purpose of this gathering is to restore national unity, to destroy the spirit of faction, and to re-establish that union which once prevailed and without which successful agitation and achievement are impossible.

The objects of this historic assemblage are praiseworthy in the highest degree. For several years the friends of the Irish cause have been gripped by the multiplication of factions among the people's chosen leaders. The spirit of discord descended from the leaders to the people. English politicians, seeing the demoralization which prevailed in the ranks, treated Irish claims and demands with contempt.

It would be worse than useless to attempt now to place the responsibility for the differences that have existed in the parliamentary forces of Ireland. All that any genuine friend of Home Rule need do in the present situation is deal with the facts and ignore the underlying causes. The facts are that faction exists, and it has seriously impeded the splendid movement for Irish freedom. To remove this impediment by stamping out the spirit of disunion is the purpose of the approaching convention, as it is the hope and aspiration of the Irish race all over the world.

We do not desire to make individual distinctions or comparisons when we say that Mr. John Dillon, the leader of the majority section of the Parliamentary Party, has done more than any other man to make reunion possible. He has repeatedly made overtures to Messrs. Healy and Redmond. He has been conciliatory without sacrifice of principle. He has shown plainly that his chief desire was to harmonize differences and to restore the party to its former efficiency as an effective force.

There is no possible excuse for the further continuance of faction. The several groups or sections are animated by common purposes. They are all working for the amelioration of their country's condition. They should, therefore, stand upon a common platform. This they can do by adopting a policy of mutual concession. Organizations of men can be maintained only by compromise. Perfect agreement upon all details is impossible. A common sentiment upon essentials is all that is needed. That common sentiment already exists in Ireland. What the convention should do, is to give it definite shape by formal declaration, ignore past differences and turn the eyes and thoughts of the people to the future. When it does this the Irish party will resume its former position as a potent factor in British politics, and it will have the moral and material support from abroad without which it can never achieve the independence of Ireland.

Mr. Nataniel Mortenson, a well-known citizen of Ishpeming, Mich., and editor Superior Posten, who, for a long time, suffered from the most excruciating pains of rheumatism, was cured, eight years ago, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, having never felt a twinge of it since.

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP.

Remarkable Experience of Mrs. Salois, of St. Pie—La Grippe, Followed by Inflammation of the Lungs, left her on the Verge of the Grave—Her Whole Body Racked with Pain—Her Husband Brought Her Home to Die, But She is Again in Good Health.

In the pretty little town of St. Pie, Bagot county, is one of the happiest homes in the whole province of Quebec, and the cause of much of this happiness is the inestimable boon of health conferred through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Eva Salois is the person thus restored, and she tells her story as follows:—Like a great many other Canadians, my husband and myself left Canada for the States, in hope that we might better our condition, and located in Lowell, Mass.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE LEADS THE VAN.

The thirty-seventh annual report of the New York Insurance Department shows that the eighty-seven cooperative Associations or Societies combined doing business in this State during the year 1895 transacted the following business. We show what proportion of the total was done by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association:—

The eighty-eight Associations received payments from members amounting to \$23,732,214, of which the Mutual Reserve received \$5,258,194, the ratio being 22.16 per cent. of the total payments by members.

The total income of the eighty-eight associations was \$25,066,413, of which the Mutual Reserve received \$5,575,282, the ratio being 22.24 per cent. of the total receipts.

The total paid for claims by the eighty-seven associations was \$16,887,537; the amount paid by the Mutual Reserve was \$4,095,676, the ratio being 24.25 per cent.

The general average is: About 22 per cent. of the whole business is done by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

The old line company having the largest business had a premium income of 18.28 per cent. out of the total premium receipts of the thirty-five Companies doing business in New York. Its share of the total income was 18.21 per cent.; its proportion of claims paid was 16.5; its proportion of the total disbursements was 18.03 per cent.

The Mutual Reserve has, therefore, relatively a larger proportion of the business of the cooperative Association than the largest of old-line Companies has all the business of that class of Companies.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Aug. 13.—Wheat, 37 to 38 per bushel. Oats, 19 to 20 per bushel. Peas, 42 to 43 per bushel. Barley, 29 to 30 per bushel. Buckwheat, 30 to 31 per bushel. Corn, 33 to 34 per bushel. The meat market had a short supply. The best market had a short supply. The best market had a short supply.

TORONTO. Toronto, Aug. 13.—Wheat, white, No. 60 to 61; wheat, white, No. 62 to 63; wheat, red, No. 64 to 65; oats, 24 to 25; rye, 48; barley, 30 to 31; corn, 33 to 34; peas, 50 to 51; beans, 52 to 53; clover, 10 to 11; timothy, 12 to 13; hay, 14 to 15; straw, 16 to 17; beef, 18 to 19; mutton, 20 to 21; pork, 22 to 23; lard, 24 to 25; tallow, 26 to 27; butter, 28 to 29; eggs, 30 to 31; chickens, 32 to 33; turkeys, 34 to 35; geese, 36 to 37; ducks, 38 to 39; pigs, 40 to 41; calves, 42 to 43; lambs, 44 to 45; hogs, 46 to 47; sheep, 48 to 49; goats, 50 to 51; horses, 52 to 53; mules, 54 to 55; ponies, 56 to 57; cattle, 58 to 59; swine, 60 to 61; poultry, 62 to 63; fish, 64 to 65; fruit, 66 to 67; vegetables, 68 to 69; sundries, 70 to 71; hardware, 72 to 73; clothing, 74 to 75; shoes, 76 to 77; hats, 78 to 79; umbrellas, 80 to 81; trunks, 82 to 83; suitcases, 84 to 85; baggage, 86 to 87; travel, 88 to 89; amusements, 90 to 91; sports, 92 to 93; recreation, 94 to 95; education, 96 to 97; religion, 98 to 99; politics, 100 to 101; general, 102 to 103.

DETROIT. Detroit, Mich., August 13.—Wheat, No. 2, red, 94c; No. 1, white, 91c; No. 2, white, 89c; No. 3, white, 87c; No. 4, white, 85c; No. 5, white, 83c; No. 6, white, 81c; No. 7, white, 79c; No. 8, white, 77c; No. 9, white, 75c; No. 10, white, 73c; No. 11, white, 71c; No. 12, white, 69c; No. 13, white, 67c; No. 14, white, 65c; No. 15, white, 63c; No. 16, white, 61c; No. 17, white, 59c; No. 18, white, 57c; No. 19, white, 55c; No. 20, white, 53c; No. 21, white, 51c; No. 22, white, 49c; No. 23, white, 47c; No. 24, white, 45c; No. 25, white, 43c; No. 26, white, 41c; No. 27, white, 39c; No. 28, white, 37c; No. 29, white, 35c; No. 30, white, 33c; No. 31, white, 31c; No. 32, white, 29c; No. 33, white, 27c; No. 34, white, 25c; No. 35, white, 23c; No. 36, white, 21c; No. 37, white, 19c; No. 38, white, 17c; No. 39, white, 15c; No. 40, white, 13c; No. 41, white, 11c; No. 42, white, 9c; No. 43, white, 7c; No. 44, white, 5c; No. 45, white, 3c; No. 46, white, 1c; No. 47, white, 1c; No. 48, white, 1c; No. 49, white, 1c; 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