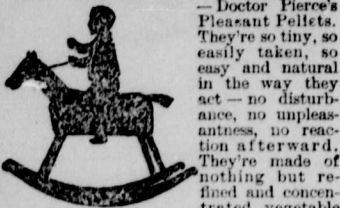


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THROUGH TWO FIRES.

CHAPTER I.

Billy Dinneen, own man and factotum general to the promising young physician, Bernard Somers, Esq., M. D., stands at a window of a certain modest city mansion, and looks with grim, contemptuous countenance at the street, at the sky, at all external scenes which come within range of his vision. The streets are wet, slimy, muddy; the sky is flecked with dull, murky clouds which skip, and dart, and chase each other in wild sport. The cold, sleet-laden wind whistles down lanes, shrieks around corners, and sweeps through the open streets. The few pedestrians who are out hurry along their way, if we except a group of little boys who, in defiance of the storm and their mothers' anger, stand in open-eyed, open-mouthed admiration outside a toy shop window.

"This little I thought," murmured Billy, as he resumed his suspended occupation of laying a luncheon for one person, "when I left my good old master's an' ken to this onlucky, big, dirty town to have an eye after this poor, soft, aisy-blinded son, poor Master Bernard—'tis little I dreamed the way he'd be treated, an' half kill an' murdered by day an' by night by these audacious, imperant, assumption Dublainers an' their wives. An' their wives!" reiterated Billy, as he placed a plate on the table with an emphasis suggestive of destruction—"that's twice as bad. Thanks be to God!"

here he pliously elevated his eyes—"I never tied myself to a woman; no, nor never will, with the help of God. Not but Master Bernard is to blame himself. He is. He wouldn't take my good advice, first, to stay snug an' aisy at home in his own house, an' divart himself fishin', an' huntin', an' knockin' up sport for himself. He wouldn't take my advice, second, an' not go for to get himself into these butcherin' hospitals and poor-houses. He wouldn't take my advice, third, an' not be turnin' this house into an hospital consultin' room; and he wouldn't take my advice, last, an' go to bed 't night, like a decent Christian, about 9 or 10 o'clock, the hour he was reared to by his good mother, an' along with that take a stretch on the sofa whenever the murderin' public gives him a chance. But no—no," he repeated with dramatic earnestness, "instid o' that he goes writin'—writin' like mad—an' studiyin' them dirty prentins an' books, that I believe no wad understands but doctors an' devils. Here, this Christmas Eve, when every decent Christian that's not a dirty pagan all out is occupiyin' themselves in lookin' for a bit of sport an' diversion, I declare to you—Billy evidently forgot there was no audience—"as sure as my name is Billy Dinneen, a boy o' fifty come Michaelmas, that has good blood in him, though it's himself is sayin' it, from the old ancient county o' Limerick, 'tis a hundred times more work they're heepin' on the poor persecuted young gentleman."

The sudden entrance of the "poor persecuted young gentleman," so feelingly referred to, cut short Billy's interesting soliloquy. Billy's master immediately applied himself to the viands set before him in a manner which proved that the "persecutions" to which he was subject did not impair his appetite.

Dr. Somers was over the middle height, strong, and sinewy looking, with genial Celtic features, broad forehead denoting thought, dark gray eyes, crisp brown mustache, and abundant bright brown hair, which, despite the utmost efforts of the barber's art, would send a few boyish half-waves over the forehead. His years appeared to be about twenty-six. His movements were quick and energetic, and there seemed about him the atmosphere of subdued, unconscious power, combined with quiet humor and an

aptitude for enjoyment of simple, good things. The meal finished, the young man looked toward Billy, and caught that gentleman's eyes fixed sadly upon him. "Billy," said the doctor, laughing, "I perceive by your expressive countenance that the muscles of your heart are deeply affected. Rheumatism, the accumulated miseries of mankind, the last massacre by the Bashibazouks, the latest edict of Bomba for the imprisonment of innocent men, the cold assurance of the Dublin police, or any new grievance? Pray, enlighten me, Billy?"

"Bedad yer very funny, sir. There's a few new griefs for you, then," returned Billy, as with grim solemnity he laid before his master a salver on which lay five printed cards, each praying the doctor's immediate official attendance at the designated address.

"Tis well for some people," resumed Billy. "How funny they can be, an' all for nothing, an'—"
A faltering knock at the door arrested his further observations. He made his exit grumbling, but returned in a few minutes, closely followed by a thinly-clothed, pale little boy, apparently of eight years or thereabouts.

"This lad says he must speak to you, sir. He wouldn't go away or wait," said Billy.

"Give him something to eat, Billy!" commanded the doctor, noticing the longing glance the boy cast on the unremoved viands.

"If you please, sir," exclaimed the boy, "I don't want it bad. But, oh! would you come at once to where the lady is. She told me not to delay—but I forgot the name she mentioned—the doctor's name. Twasn't you! but, oh! won't you come?"

"Who is the lady, and where is the sick person?" inquired the doctor.

"At Choke lane, sir—44 Choke lane. She fell down the steps last night. Mother brought her in—the lady says she's dyin'."

In a few minutes the doctor, accompanied to Billy's great disgust, by the poor little boy, was rolling in a cab through the streets.

"I rapped at three doctors' doors," explained the boy in answer to the gentleman's inquiry—"I knew they were doctors by the brass plate on the doors that I read—but two of them were out, and the other was gone away. Then I saw Dr. Somers printed on your door, so I rapped, and the little, cross man that opened it said you were in, and where else would you be? Do you think the lady will be sorry that I didn't bring the right gentleman?" he said, with an appearance of concern.

"Let us hope not," said the doctor, with a smile; "but who is this wonderful lady?"

"Don't you know?" returned the boy, opening his eyes with half pity, half incredulity. "The grand young lady that comes with her servant every day up Choke lane. She got a situation for my sister, and work for mother, and she helps all the people. I am to tell her when any one is strange or sick in the lane. My very self is to tell her. Oh! do you know what happened yesterday? I'll never, never forget it."

"Well, I don't think I know everything happened yesterday," was the doctor's amused reply.

"Oh! I must tell you. Mind, 'twas my own fault, and no one else's, that the lady walked by accident on my foot—for I was too near her. She didn't hurt me a bit; but she thought she did, and says she: 'I beg your pardon, my dear. I said I wasn't—for sure I wasn't; but she stopped and looked at my foot. So she brought me these boots this morning. She spoke to me—me, mind you, that every one used to abuse and box—as if I was a gentleman, and—and I'll never forget it,'" the boy added with a flush of pleasure.

"Tell me her name?" asked the doctor, with a thrill of admiration for the unknown lady, and of pity for the poor, roughly-used wail before him.

"Her name!" reiterated the boy. "She never told. Oh! she's a lovely lady. She's a living saint! Myself thinks she's nobody only an angel."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

heirress of Sir John Gregory, was a slight, fragile-looking girl of about eighteen or nineteen summers, of medium height, with pure, pale face lit up with lustrous eyes of blue, low brow, rose red lips, and auburn hair.

The doctor knelt by the poor patient, felt her pulse, examined the worn, starved features, and pronounced her dying—dying of want, or to put it plainly, the woman was dying of that Irish complaint called starvation.

He endeavored in vain to force some warm cordial between her lips.

"Let me try, please?" said Miss Gregory.

The doctor immediately yielded the goblet and spoon to the young lady. She knelt, and with coaxing words and caresses induced the poor woman to drink the cordial to the last drop.

Dr. Somers, the servant, and the messenger still watched the proceedings.

At length the patient, grasping the girl's white hand with her own, and staring wildly into the beautiful, pitying face bent over her, began to mutter and rave:

"O allannah bawn!" she murmured, hollowly, whilst a wild light flashed over her face. "O Gracie, acushla machra! you came back to me. Darling, darling of my heart, you came back to your poor mother! They told me—oh! oh! what did they tell me?—that my Gracie, my lovely darling child, was dead—in America—dead along with Pat and Myles and Annie. All dead—O Mother of Sorrows, all dead! But I never believed you were dead, Gracie, never, darling. Are you hungry, allannah? Are you cold, acushla? You were often hungry and cold when the landlord took the oats and the cow, and so was your mother. But I never let on. And oh! I was never hungry and cold in heart till my Gracie went away to America to earn for me. Ah! my birdie, my pet," she added with sudden energy, rising on the pillow, "did you hear that the agent tumbled the roof on me, and then your mother went to beg? Oh, Gracie," she added with dreadful, unearthly vehemence, almost raising herself to a sitting posture and grasping her weeping benefactress more closely, "don't go to the poorhouse! Die, Gracie—die a thousand times—but don't go there! Don't cry, avourneen—Miss Gregory's tears were falling fast upon the woman's fingers—"

"don't cry, don't cry. We'll meet in heaven."

The poor creature fell back exhausted; the doctor walked hurriedly to the cracked pane of glass; the little messenger cried openly; the good woman at the fire became ostensibly busy, whilst the lady smoothed the heart-broken woman's pillow.

Arrangements were made for the dying woman's comfort. Everything was done that could be and should be done under the circumstances.

"There's no hope, I fear, doctor," half quivered Miss Gregory, as she donned her wraps.

"None. Want and exposure have done their work. Do you know anything of her, Miss Gregory?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor," here interposed the servant, breaking silence for the first time, "I recognize that woman as a neighbor of my own. Her words told me who she is. She was turned out of her farm the same time as my own father. Lord Cunla and his agent, Lake, did the work. I lost sight of her since. But I remember her children well. They were considered models of goodness, and they were splendid looking boys and girls. Gracie, in particular, was a beauty. In the hurry and misfortune of the time I forgot all about her—but the minute she spoke I know her. God forgive them that brought her to that!"

"Ah! why will men be so cruel, so heartless, so unfeeling to their fellow-creatures!" ejaculated Miss Gregory.

"Ah, why indeed!" echoed the doctor. Then, glancing at the poor dying victim, "O eternal Father, she murmured, 'give us patience, as Thou hast patience with us sinners!'"

Five minutes later Miss Gregory and Dr. Somers were standing on the broken steps that led to the hall of 44 Choke lane. The little messenger had been dispatched for a cab. The lady and gentleman stood side by side.

"Doctor," said Miss Gregory, "you are so silent and so dreadfully serious that I am almost beginning to doubt your identity. But, alas! such scenes as the one we have just witnessed are enough to silence and sadden. It can't be possible," she added, seeing him still maintain his grave look and unbroken silence, that—that you disapprove of my coming here—"

"Disapprove," repeated Dr. Somers; "may heaven forbid! Indeed, Miss Gregory, I admire your kindness and charity more than any weak words of mine could express. But I have been so surprised. Hitherto I have met you in society, and you always appeared so gay, and to-day I find you—"

"So dull, I suppose," interrupted the girl.

"Oh, no, no. So good, so heroic, so brave!"

"Nonsense, doctor," she interrupted, "you will surely give even poor me credit for performing some more important duty than playing sonatas at Madame Leront's, or dancing at Judge Balwick's ball, and especially at this holy season of peace and joy."

"I trust it may ever be a season of peace and love and joy for you, Miss Gregory. Good-bye; I wish you a very happy Christmas."

"Thanks. Many happy returns to yourself, doctor. Remember, you are to come to our Twelfth Night party."

Marion Gregory, only child and

Papa will take no excuse; neither shall I. Goodbye."

They parted—the lady and her attendant returning to the beautiful city mansion of Sir John Gregory, the doctor proceeding to pay the five official visits.

Dark night had fallen on the city ere Dr. Somers was free to return to his home. The storm had lulled. The doctor walked briskly along the now thronged streets, occasionally taking in with pleased philosophic glance the numerous scenes and sights of Christmas Eve in the city. Perhaps it was to prolong this enjoyment that he lengthened his homeward route by taking a detour which led him through that part of the city where stood the dwelling of Sir John Gregory.

As he nears the fashionable square his ears are assailed by strange sounds, men run swiftly by him, and just as he has begun to speculate on the cause of the commotion he is borne along irresistibly by an excited crowd, while cries of "fire, fire!" resound in all directions.

He comes to a full stop on the outskirts of a swaying, terror-stricken multitude, who stand with bated breath watching the fierce flames and dense smoke which burst from the windows of the lower story of the mansion of Sir John Gregory. He makes frantic efforts to get nearer the burning building, but without avail.

Two fire engines are at work. Fire escapes have been placed in position. Dark-looking men rush about and endeavor to save some of the valuable pictures and furniture. The conflagration has already made fearful havoc; even the upper story is now belching forth dark torrents of smoke and jets of flame. A lurid light illumines with dread distinctness the surrounding objects.

Suddenly a wail of terror escapes from the crowd as a little girl of ten or twelve years appears at one of the as yet uninjured windows, beating the air frantically and apparently delirious in dread.

A man standing near our hero shouts, "Tis the housekeeper's grandchild, an' she was forgot!"

"Oh, the child! the child is lost!" "The escape is not high enough."

"Five minutes will see her in eternity!" "O Lord, look!"

Dr. Somers, who is all this time working his way through the crowd by sheer force of will, looks and sees a slight, dark-robed female figure darting up the escape; which reaches to within a couple of feet of the window at which the child stands.

"Tis Miss Gregory," says some one in the crowd.

"Sir John's daughter! She's lost—she's mad."

"Oh, holy angels, save her!" "Up, up, swiftly goes the slight figure through the blinding smoke, until, like a thick shroud, it envelops her, and she is undistinguishable.

Knocking out of his way a couple of the firemen who now stood beside the escape, the doctor, regardless of the words which fell on his ear like the echoes of a bad dream, warning him to desist, began the ascent. Holding on with one hand, blinded, scorched, half-suffocated, he ascends twelve steps, when suddenly a dark object seems hurled with awful velocity against him. Instinctively he clutches at it, but as he does so loses his hold on the ladder, and is hurled with his dual burden—Marion Gregory and the child she so heroically rescued—bruised, senseless, scorched, but otherwise safe, to the ground.

CHAPTER II.

It is July. Heat, light, brightness and beauty are in the acme of their power in this clime of ours. The magnificent garden of the seaside villa of Sir John Gregory is beautified, irradiated, overthrown with the torrid aspersions of the season. One is overpowered by the rich food of delights offered to the senses on this July day in this fairy spot.

A very beautiful girl in white dress and straw hat issues from a side entrance, and walks slowly and abstractedly towards a vine-covered, flow-hidden bower, which she enters. Seating herself, she throws aside the hat, and, burying her face in her hands, remains perfectly motionless for a considerable time.

Quick footsteps hurrying toward her retreat arouse her. She arises nervously just as Dr. Somers enters the archway. One quick look is interchanged, and the words, "Bernard," "Marion," fall simultaneously from their lips. A short pause ensues.

"No need to ask the result of the interview, Bernard," the girl at length says slowly, tremblingly; "but does he give any hope?"

"Marion," said the young man, taking her hand gently in both his own, and speaking in deep, earnest tones, "your father is quite insulsted at the idea of a beggarly doctor like me presuming to aspire to his daughter's hand. I know it is presumption, darling, for no man on this wide earth is worthy of you. I pleaded our true love, and that you would wait and I would work until I won a name and fortune. 'Twas useless. His cutting remarks and his refusal I bore; but, oh, Marion, he made one observation which disquiets me more than anything else. He says he intends to bestow your hand on young Lord Downland."

"On Lord Downland!" repeated the girl, with a shudder, whilst a frightened shadow swept over her features. Then, with a heightened flush and renewed energy, she continued:

"Never, Bernard, never! Welcome death a thousand times before this hand—yours—is bestowed on a villain and an oppressor of God's poor."

"This is bravely and nobly said, my heroic little love; and, thank God! I can and do believe that you have strength and firmness to resist all the worldly temptations that will be set before you. But now comes the saddest part of my answer. Your father forbids me holding any further correspondence with you—f forbids my visiting or writing to you. Ah! Marion, Marion, what then is the world to me? But, oh! forgive me," he added in different tones, seeing the distressed look on her face. "What a wretch I am! How unmanly for me to grieve, instead of to cheer you! Marion, be true to me for a few years. God has given me some talents, which I will cultivate and use as no man ever did before. But I ask so much—so much."

"Bernard, listen to me," returned the girl in tremulous tones; "I will be true to you; I will obey my father as long as the obedience brings no sin. I have prayed fervently to God to direct me—to direct you; and I believe that if He destines me to marry, that you are the partner His providence has ordained for me. I will pray now more fervently than ever for you and for myself, that God may direct us according to His holy will. Be patient, be good, and you will not fail to be happy, and—and you may trust me."

"God bless my brave Marion! I will indeed treasure your encouraging words. But I can say no more. You'll accept this—'tis an emblem of hope."

He unfastened a small, gem-studded anchor from his watch-guard and pressed it into the girl's hand.

"And, Bernard, you'll accept this—'tis an emblem of faith," said Marion, as she took from her throat a small, quaintly wrought silver cross.

The young man pressed the holy emblem to his lips. A brief farewell, and they parted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NO PLACE TO GO.

One of the complaints of young men in all the large cities is that they have "no place to go." It is a serious complaint too. Of course this does not apply to the young man who is living with his parents, but to the great horde of young men who are living away from their parents, beginning their career in the world, unmarried, and dwelling in hired lodgings or boarding-houses of some sort. What shall they do with themselves during the hours when they are not at work and not asleep or eating their meals? This year the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Queen Victoria conferred the honor of knighthood on its founder in recognition of the good that has been effected by the organization. Is there any good reason why an organization on Catholic lines yet offering some of the attractions of that Protestant society should not long ago have come into existence?

When shall we have a Young Men's Catholic Association? There is an unmistakable demand for such an organization, a very urgent need for one. That has long been recognized. Mere money will not do it, nor will mere desire for it. Years ago there was erected in Cincinnati a very fine building in one of the principal streets, and this building is still called by some of the old fogies the "Catholic Institute," though in reality it has for years been used as an ordinary theatre. Our older cities are all full of such failures to found and carry on to success some sort of organization where our Catholic young men who have "no places to go" might spend their leisure pleasantly and harmlessly, if not profitably.

Who shall solve the problem, who shall be able to form or develop a plan of society that will attract Catholic young men and continue to attract them and to hold their interest? So far most of the plans that have been tried have been copied from methods employed in France, or Germany, or other home-lands of Catholic emigrants where the conditions of life are very different from ours. What is wanted is a plan that shall be both Catholic and American, something suited both to our religion and our country. Who shall give us the plan? The inventor will deserve and receive a reward better than any knighthood that Queen Victoria could bestow.—Catholic Review.

The Young Heart Made Pure.

Cardinal Newman, in his first year as a Catholic priest, preached some sermons which even he never surpassed before or since and which form his first Catholic book, "Discourses to Mixed Congregations." In one of these he makes a remark which I have often repeated to others aloud, and hundreds of times to myself as a sort of meditative ejaculation: for I hold strongly that the holy practice of ejaculations may very profitably include more than direct aspirations to God and His saints and even more than directly spiritual sayings. But this is a directly spiritual saying. "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus as our food, and Mary as our nursing Mother?"

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.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

AUGUST 18, 1894.

THE REAL MEXICO.

Quite a Different Place From that Depicted by the Ignorant or Bigoted American Traveler.

Mexico, July 6.—All the philosophers, from Diogenes to Emerson, have pointed out that the best way to be happy is to be content with little. Theoretically we all prove the dicta of the men of thought, but as our modern civilization is founded on the principle of complexity of life rather than on its simplification, we go on our way forever striving to obtain that which is of little use to us when secured, and are vastly disappointed during the period of non-attainment.

I have frequently said that south of the Rio Grande one finds a whole nation of philosophers, on the whole the most contented, tranquil people on the face of the globe. There is a great peace pervading this pleasant and sunny land. You note the change immediately that you cross the boundary river from bustling, energetic Texas into dreamy, happy Mexico.

If, as we must believe, the acme of human felicity is attained when one has arrived at perfect content of spirit, then we must admit that the Mexican people are as near to the realization of the dream of Howells and Bellamy as may be imagined. True, there are sharp divisional lines of caste here, and in this Mexico is not what the Altrurian Traveler has imagined or what Bellamy has dreamed; but the Mexicans have reached the results imagined by these authors, without making use of their leveling, communistic theories.

The separation of a nation into caste tends to contentment. Born a peon, you expect so to remain, and not being ambitious, you are happy in being simply what you are, and you have no notion of trying to be a caballero, or gentleman. The servant is a servant and will be nothing else, and enjoys being a servant in a calm, untroubled way that delights one to witness. I have had servants say to me that, when they died, they hoped to be relieved from the necessity of waiting on other people, and to be allowed to rest forever; but they said this without the least mental irritation, and as if expressing a desire for something only to be attained in the dim future, for none of us have any present thought of going out of this life to which we are so well accustomed.

Religion has a vast deal to do with this contented spirit. It is a good thing for a nation to have its philosophy of life ready made and conformable to the national genius. All Mexicans, with only here and there an exception, are Catholics; a large majority far from being enlightened members of that ancient communion, but all good believers, and for the most part without fanaticism. There is none of the distracting and wearisome rivalry of sects. Unity of thought and of viewing all matters of conduct is achieved, and this is a great gain, for however we may pound our heads out against the wall, we may never expect to know any more than the rest of mankind. The philosophers are many and discordant. Optimists, pessimists, and idealists, one soon comes to see that they all like doctors in a consultation, the patient being in this case poor humanity. They wrangle, call names, talk stupidly and without meaning, or else decisive with a false lucidity, and nobody is a whit the wiser.

Unity of religion is for us, intellectually, what and wholeness of the sky is to our vision. It is grand, consoling, immensely restful. Where there are many beliefs it is as if the blue dome of heaven were divided into sections, each bearing a legend to the effect that this is the only true exit to the other world.

The central government should be confined to men who really enjoy governing, who delight in having people sitting in ante-rooms, and who have the courage to get rid in an effective manner of people of reforming and revolutionary tendencies. Newspapers should be encouraged to discuss literature and new discoveries, and to criticize theatrical people. Politics, which is disquieting, and the tariff and silver questions should be dealt with merely philosophically.

There is something in the electrical, highly oxygenated northern air which infuses a subtle madness into the race. People are forever stirring about and cherishing ambitions and ideals, and even the women get infected and go in for fads, and cultivate their minds in the midst of a clatter of clubs, and waste on innane "papers" the good ink which the wise Montaigne and the cheerful Cervants used to so much better purpose. It is a delight to see restful, tranquil women, and one finds them in Mexico, and that, too, among the higher classes who have traveled, have really lived through that brilliant capital, have breathed the electric air of New York, and looked on at the varied life of northern lands, and have come to rest and be happy the remainder of their useful, charming lives. They are content to be merely women, wives and mothers, and the proof of their happiness is to be read in their tranquil, cheerful glance.

These women read, and often in different tongues; they have many accomplishments, and are always good housekeepers, and are always good content of this topical land rests on them these charming women of faith and good works, of unvarying sweetness of character.

You should see their grown-up sons affectionately kiss their hands, and witness the love and reverence given them by their daughters. Mexico has produced something infinitely better than its silver and gold—its women!

In the humbler classes one finds this same tranquil happiness. The poor woman, employed fifteen hours a day in a cotton mill, puts flowers in her window, or hangs a singing bird in its cage on her wall. The women bearing burdens from the hills come tottering down the country roads with cheerful faces. These poor women on week days to the little country churches, and are the better for the sincerity of their faith.

In every little town in Mexico you find flowers, a central garden or park, and hear the songs of the birds. Roses, red and white, climb the garden walls and hang over the edge to salute you as you pass by. One comes to love the country lanes with their rose or geranium hedges or their lofty walls on either side hiding great cool gardens, where the fountains play all day.

Everywhere courtesy! from the peon in the fields of the hacendado on his caparisoned steed. A land of calmly flowing days, where hurry is unknown. Go to Morelia and Queretaro, if you wish to leave the modern world of daily papers, telephones and railway rush. You will be in the sixteenth century, where you may rest. The happiest men I know on this planet live in Mexico. One is a monk who lives and meditates in an old convent which stands in a great orchard, and the other is a blindman of sixty years, who is as cheerful as the unflinching sun of his land. Neither of these men has any property, neither may invite you to a banquet, open to you a splendid library or show you treasures of art collected in wide travels, yet you will be happy with him and enjoy a serene hour. The monk is

A SAINT STRAYED FROM PARADISE, who lives here simply to let his light shine, as is commanded. An artist would like to paint his plain, good face. Young people go to see him and value his counsels and friendship. The blind man is a welcome guest at a hundred tables, where his wit and cheerful conversation and wise philosophy of life make him often a domestic arbiter. How much more do our bustling millionaires get out of life?

My monk says: "We have all of us, rich and poor, just twenty-four hours in a day. Eight we sleep, perhaps, if our digestion and our consciences are on our digestion and our consciences are on our bedside planning, and the rest we have for work or recreation. The whole business of life is to get-out-of those waking hours the greatest number of happy ones. Those who fail to realize that twenty-four hours in the day are all we have, for we live only from day to day, and make the best of them, fail in life. Often the rich people fail the most stupidly."

I long ago became convinced that some of the sanest people on the planet are locked up in mad-houses, and that the most unhappy lunatics are found in counting rooms, banks, parlors and government offices. The man who fails to get something of substantial happiness out of the twenty-four hours is stark mad. He may eat well, he may discreetly refrain from frothing at the mouth, he may not cut any capers, but a lunatic he is all the same.

It is a pity that the old convents have been broken up so completely that only in a great while you may come upon a solitary man, at peace with the long, bright days in meditative content. The religious orders stood for much. They stood for calm thought, for abounding charity, for resting-places on the rough road of life. But the locomotive has come, and with its enormous voice, has awakened villages, towns, cities, and nations to the modern life of unrest and fruitless haste. Its pillar of smoke is seen ascending from mountain side, from prairie and from crowded towns, and only a few charmed lands remain where even the iron enchanter may not wholly disturb the spell of peace. Among these happy lands is Mexico.

Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospect and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; and if she has five grains of contentment she will find this out. The mon sense she will find their just great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

Mr. Natanael 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.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if you had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would recommend you to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it, as it is so pleasant as syrup.

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FORGIVENESS OF SINS ON EARTH.

Sermon by Father H. Parker, S. J., Liverpool.

At St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, on Sunday evening, Father Parker delivered a sermon on the power of forgiving sins on earth. Taking his text from Matt. ix., 2, he said the power of absolving from sin belongs only to God. It is a power wholly divine—it is not human. To absolve from sin is an act of divine jurisdiction. For man to absolve from sin without having from God the divine authority and the divinely bestowed mission is an act of downright blasphemy. Only consider what sin is. Sin is an offence against God; it is an act of rebellion against His sovereign authority. It is an act of defiance against the will of God, as far as creatures can defy His will. Mortal sin strikes at the dignity and being of God Himself. It makes the creature renounce his dependence on the God Who made him, and Who preserves every minute of the life he lives. Therefore it is clear that the power of absolving from sin rests with God alone, or it is exercised only by anyone else, it has directly from God himself the permission, the divine authority, or by one who fills for the time being God's office here. Mortal sin destroys the supernatural life of the soul—it takes away from the soul sanctifying grace, which is the supernatural life; and because it takes away this supernatural life of the soul, it takes away from it all the dignities and privileges that belong to that supernatural life.

Therefore, takes away from the soul the dignity of being a friend of God—the dignity of being an adopted child of God—the dignity of being able to claim by right the throne in God's Kingdom of Heaven, with His good angels and saints. Now, for a creature to pretend to be able to give back this supernatural life to the soul—for a creature to pretend to give back all these amazing privileges and dignities—would be an act of blasphemy than face. Young people go to see him and value his counsels and friendship. The blind man is a welcome guest at a hundred tables, where his wit and cheerful conversation and wise philosophy of life make him often a domestic arbiter. How much more do our bustling millionaires get out of life?

The power of casting out devils is no mention made in St. Matthew of the power to forgive sin, but we had many examples of Christ's curing the sick. The ill of the body are the result of the first sin of Adam and Eve. We cannot doubt that our Blessed Lord saw this connection between sickness and sin, and probably in healing the sick He looked forward to the future, when He would heal the spiritual life of the soul—a far greater miracle. The power of casting out devils is also mentioned in this act of driving out evil spirits from the bodies of men. He saw the connection between Satan and sin. But now the time had come when Our Lord was about to work His first great miracle—of giving to the sinner new hope for his future life. The world had gone on for four thousand years, and men had come and gone and multiplied, and yet in the whole of that long history never once on this earth had there been absolution from sin pro-nounced by the Son of Man. The prophet Isaiah foretold that the Messiah would be one who would "justify men before God." Jeremiah said the time would come when God would forgive men their sins and remember them no longer. Father Parker then narrated the circumstances under which the miracle as given in the 9th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew was wrought. When a man sick of the palsy was brought to Him, and Jesus, seeing his faith, said to him—"Son, have confidence, thy sins are forgiven thee." The man who was sick was strong in faith in the power of Christ, but when he came into His presence he realized that he was not worthy that Our Lord should work a miracle in his favor. The sick man sought an earthly favor, but Christ, seeing his disposition, full of sorrow, and full of a sense of his unworthiness, forgave him his sins and wrought him the temporal benefit also. Some non-Catholics said that all that the sinner has made his peace with the Father was meant was this—that when the sinner has made his peace with the Father, he is forgiven. He said—"As God his sins are forgiven thee, so I also send thee into the innermost depths of the souls of men. Christ spoke of Himself as the "Son of Man"—as a member of the human race. As long, therefore, as there were men upon earth with sin upon their souls, and as long as men were sorry for those sins, so long would the Son of Man have power to forgive every one of them. Christ our Lord had said to St. Peter, "Whatever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." He said—"As the Father has sent Me, I also send you. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven." By these words Jesus Christ had imparted to His Church the power of forgiving sins, and those who received the divine

ministry of Christ had the divine power to absolve from sin by virtue of the words used in the confessional—"May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee, as I by His authority absolve thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—London Catholic News, July 21.

GREAT TOPIC OF THE AGE.

Father Sheedy Lectures on Socialism at the Summer School.

Plattsburg, N. Y., July 27.—On Wednesday evening Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg, delivered an important lecture at the Catholic Summer School, on "Socialism and Socialists." He began by calling attention to the importance of the subject. He referred to the troubled condition of society both in the old world and the new; to the deep-seated feeling of dissatisfaction everywhere so prevalent; to the existing order of things; to men's minds are disturbed by the agitations and conflicts arising from our social conditions. Outbreaks and deeds of violence are of almost daily occurrence in the very heart of our civilization; a wave of unrest permeates society. Socialism is spreading, socialist societies are established and Socialist organs propagate its teachings.

It is too soon to say what may come of this movement, but it would be folly to ignore it. Some years ago it was thought that Russia was protected from Socialism by her rural communes, and Germany by her lack of manufacturing industries. Events have shown how erroneous was this view. The people of the United States may possibly cherish a like error if they fancy themselves to possess a sure protection against Socialism in their practical character and habits of free and open discussion. It is a subject of the greatest question of our times, and so it is, for the social aspect of modern thought lends color to the poetry, the art, the literature, the philosophy, the politics, and even the religion of the age. Socialism in one form or another is the chief factor in the forces that are silently transforming the old order; no student of contemporary events can fail to be interested in its origin and developments.

The speaker then defined socialism in its general sense as the attempt to better the condition of the less fortunate classes of society. It aims, he said, at making this earth "that for so many is a stepmother, a true mother for all who love the human form."

As there are various forms of socialism so there are different kinds of socialists. Among Christian socialists he reckoned the late Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons who would reform society by calculating in the minds of the rich and poor alike, obedience to the gospel. When Leo XIII. issued his Encyclical on Labor he was styled by capitalists a socialist, but a type is removed from the author of "Progress and Poverty."

It is necessary to notice first the negative aspect or side of Socialism; and then to give some account of the positive or reconstructive movement, viz.: The new forms of society with which it seeks to replace the old; and the means it proposes to effect this reconstruction.

The evils in our industrial system against which socialism protests, may be grouped under two heads: Individualism and capitalism—individualism had its origin in the last century in the teaching of an infidel school of French philosophers; it was held by capitalists as Labor he was styled by capitalists a socialist, but a type is removed from the author of "Progress and Poverty."

The expression of the doctrine of selfishness as the basis of social life when carried into the political world, found vent in the terrible revolution with which the last century closed.

Almost coincident with the practical application of the principles of individualism was the growth of capitalism. The inherent evils of the individualistic philosophy were intensified by the evils of capitalism. Thus the social problem became still more complicated and still continues to the present time.

The speaker then reviewed the condition of the workingman during the past century in Europe and America. He traced the revolt against capitalism, referring to the socialistic societies of France, Germany and England. He sketched the life of Karl Marx, the leader of modern socialism, and outlined his theory of surplus value of French socialists expected the theories as well as the methods of La Salle, who was the disciple of Marx. In England the growth of socialism has been very rapid during the past few years and is constantly increasing. It has its representatives even in the House of Commons.

In the United States we are far from being free from the presence of socialism even in its more dreaded form of anarchy. It is true that it is not native to our soil, but has been introduced within a comparatively short time by foreign agitators. Reference was made to the Haymarket affair in Chicago, the attempt upon the life of Mr. Frick, Mr. Carnegie's partner of Pittsburg, by Berkman, an avowed anarchist, growing out of the labor troubles at Homestead. The lessons of socialism are taught to larger bodies of dissatisfied workmen during strikes and lock-outs, which are of such frequent occurrence in this coun-

try. Socialistic movements have taken on in the United States a political aspect. The Populist party advocates State socialism. It holds that the Government should take charge of the railroads, telegraph lines and mining lands, and provide ware houses for the storage of farm products upon which the Government shall issue warehouse receipts to be used as currency. This teaching, the speaker insisted, must end, what it will achieve, and predicted that, no matter what might be the temporary success of the movement, it would not result in the permanent establishment of Socialism. The State ownership of land and capital would result in a tyranny far worse than the evils it would replace, and would inevitably provoke a revolution. At the same time there can be little doubt that the growth of Socialistic ideas will introduce into our existing industrial system profound changes and modifications. It is equally probable that it will introduce a change into politics. It will give social questions precedence over those that are merely political. It will likely abolish present party distinctions and divide politicians rather according to the social interests they represent than according to the principles which have hitherto divided them in the scramble for office.

The speaker then asked what part the Church is going to take in these movements, and how can she exert her influence for good in these troublous times.

The answer is, she can guide the movement to ends of holiness and peace, as she has done in great crises in the past. From his frequent utterances on this subject, it is evidently the wish of Leo XIII. that the Church should set herself to improve and educate the masses, and thus aid in bringing about a peaceful solution of the social problem. This work is being done in Germany by Catholic associations modeled after the ancient guilds. These associations have grown strong and powerful and are the mainstay of conservatism in Germany. The speaker then urged the students of the Catholic Summer School to become familiar with the facts and forces at work in our present industrial system; to learn the nature and aims of contemporary Socialism, so that they may aid in making the transition from the old order to the new tranquil and beneficent.

He concluded by saying that the Catholic Church, which has redressed the evils of society in the past, has still the power to redress the present evils; that there is no misery that the great mother of Christendom will not move heaven and earth to take away.

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Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

EDITORS:

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHBROOK,
Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels,"
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Messrs. LEWIS, KING, JOHN NICH, and
P. J. NEVILL, are fully authorized to receive
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for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each
insertion, agate measurement.
Approved and recommended by the Arch-
bishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St.
Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and
Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the
Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as
well as that having reference to business, should
be directed to the proprietor, and must reach
London not later than Tuesday morning.
Arrears must be paid in full before the paper
can be stopped.

London, Saturday, August 18, 1894

THE CHURCH UNION MOVE- MENT.

Bishop Grafton, of the United States Protestant Episcopal Church, has recently been making known his views in regard to the "historic Episcopate" and of the manner by which other denominations may become united with the Episcopal Church.

In view of the Lambeth manifesto, in issuing which all the Bishops of the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches agreed, it is not to be expected that any individual Bishop will affirm anything else than that the Episcopate alone can confer valid orders; and this is what has angered Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists alike against Anglicanism and Episcopalianism generally. These denominations positively refuse to take any step which may lead to the inference that they have hitherto assumed ministerial orders without authority; but Bishop Grafton endeavors to mollify them in the following style:

"Let me re-state the truth to which, in the interest of unity, I desire to bear witness. Within the Body of Christ, where the Apostolically descended and Episcopally ordained orders have been transmitted, there are to be found fuller sacramental endowments than among our separated brethren. We are willing to allow their ministers to be what their convictions and their seals of God's approval testify them to be, viz., evangelists, teachers, preachers of the Word. But, realizing as we do the great illuminations and resources and potentialities of grace given under the fuller administrations of the priesthood of Christ's Body, which we by God's mercy possess, we desire them, so much more worthy as many of them are than ourselves, to be partakers of these spiritual gifts. Whenever our brethren are enabled, by the enlightenment of God's spirit, to discern our priesthood, as now we acknowledge their ministry, the barriers to reunion will gradually melt away."

The Bishop's intentions toward the Presbyterians and others in a similar position are as amiable as they could well be; but he does not abate one jot of the demands already made by the Episcopal body, that, as a first condition of union, the ministers of those denominations must acknowledge that they have hitherto made fraudulent claims of presbyterial authority; and these sects see all this perfectly well. They call this plan of union "absorption and not union." They must acknowledge that the Episcopalians alone have valid and apostolical orders, otherwise they must remain unchurched. They prefer the latter alternative, and, despite the meetings of various sects which took place in Switzerland and elsewhere with the object of bringing about a union, this consummation is as far off as ever.

The Bishop hopes that his separated brethren will become partakers of the spiritual gifts possessed by the Anglican clergy; but the separated brethren deny that the latter have any such spiritual gifts as they claim. In fact, the Presbyterians are quite aware that the Anglican claim to "apostolically descended" orders is just as fallacious as such a claim would be if made by themselves.

The Presbyterian position in regard to orders is thus defined in the authorized "Form of Church Government":

"No man ought to take upon him the office of a minister of the Word without a lawful calling."

"Ordination is always to be continued in the Church."

"Every minister of the Word is to be ordained by imposition of hands, and prayer, with fasting, by these preaching presbyters to whom it doth belong."

But it is notorious that at the very time when these doctrinal decrees were issued, there were hundreds of Cameronians, Independents, etc., who had no such ordination as is here prescribed, and, indeed, no ordination whatsoever, but who were nevertheless adopted into the Kirk as full fledged ministers, and so a saving proviso is introduced to cover their case as follows:

"In extraordinary cases, something extraordinary may be done, until a

settled order may be had, yet keeping as near as possibly may be to the rule." "There is at this time (as we humbly conceive) an extraordinary occasion for a way of ordination for the present supply of ministers."

This is an admission that the present supply had no apostolicity of ordination; and it does not require much penetration to see that these clauses were introduced, and the doctrine contained in them manufactured, especially to meet the existing condition of things.

It is clear, however, that the Church of England, and the American Church which springs from it, are not prepared to give up the semblance of orders which they have retained from the days of Elizabeth, unsatisfactory and more than doubtful though they be.

The much talked of "historic Episcopate" does not date further back than the assumed consecration of Matthew Parker, which was more than fifteen centuries too late to be Apostolic. The Presbyterians and Methodists know that they lose very little by rejecting the means proffered them for becoming Apostolic, and so there is little likelihood that the proposed union will take place on such terms.

If it were left to the Low Church section of the Anglicans to come to a decision there would be little difficulty in arriving at it, for the Low Church party are disposed to waive all claims to Apostolic orders. They even deny its necessity; but to this extent it is clear that High Churchism controls the bench of Bishops, at all events; and they have the standards of the Church decidedly on their side on this question, for we find in the preface to the form of ordination:

"No man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon in the United Church of England and Ireland, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly Episcopal consecration or ordination."

This is the rock on which all the negotiations for a corporate union of sects have hitherto split; and there appears to be no prospect that it will be easily removed or got rid of.

REV. GENERAL MORGAN AND THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

We had occasion last week to make some comments on a document issued in the form of an interview with ex-Indian-Superintendent General Morgan, in which the ex-preacher and soldier defended his administration of Indian affairs by making a most malignant attack upon the whole body of the Catholic clergy of the United States, and especially the Jesuit Fathers, for having conducted a system of Catholic schools for the education of the Catholic Indian children of the West. The document was published with great avidity by the Toronto Mail, which is always glad to furnish literature of this kind to its readers.

In this manifesto the ex-commissioner states that he suppressed Catholic schools in the West because they were immoral; but there now comes to light a pretty transaction which occurred in connection with one of the ex-general's favored schools, showing where the real immoralities existed; and it is scarcely necessary to say again what we mentioned in our former article, that they were not in the Catholic schools, but in those which were specially and liberally patronized by the ex-commissioner.

With great candor the ex-commissioner states that he removed Catholic teachers and put Protestants in their place, so that the Indians might have a moral training. But regarding one of these favored schools the following facts have been elicited on examination by the United States Indian Department.

Charges were made recently by Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, against the Rev. M. H. Savage, a former superintendent, who afterwards became teacher and clerk over the Perris Indian school. This Mr. Savage continued his functions during the whole of Rev. General Morgan's administration, and since General Morgan's resignation until about two years ago, in fact until his peculations were discovered.

The charge brought against the Rev. Mr. Savage was for gross fraud and rascality; and it has been fully substantiated.

General Armstrong says in his report:

"Sufficient facts have been shown to send Savage to State prison. This should be done if he can be caught. I think he has escaped to Mexico, and he should be followed up and an example made of him, if he can be extradited. From the first transaction, three or four years ago, to

the day he left, Savage was in some way defrauding the Government. He stole at least one-third of all the money reported by him as disbursed for the school."

The New York World of the 5th inst. states that the investigation into Savage's frauds was begun some time ago, but was not made public until Saturday, the 4th inst. The impudence of General Morgan in charging the Catholic schools with immorality is all the more glaring, as he must have known of Savage's frauds at the moment that he was making these accusations, and when he was addressing A. P. A. audiences in New Jersey on the theme of Catholic mismanagement of Indian schools.

General Armstrong states that it would be advisable for the Government to order that no superintendent should employ as a clerk any member of his own family. From this it may be supposed that Savage was a relative of General Preacher Morgan, and it may turn out that Mr. Morgan was cognizant of the frauds. At least he should have known of them if he had done his duty properly.

General Armstrong adds that he is convinced that there is more rascality in the Indian bonded schools than in any other branch of the Indian service, and that very few bonded schools are free from fraud and corruption. Special Agent Shelby fully confirms General Armstrong's statements.

The Catholic schools were fully vindicated, before the senatorial investigating committee, from all the charges brought against them by General Morgan; and it is a just retribution that simultaneously with their promulgation to the public the facts of the case should become known, as has happened. They will throw a thick atmosphere of doubt around all the Rev. Mr. Morgan's statements; though, to those who know anything of this gentleman's previous career, his statements would be already unworthy of credit even without these revelations. Meanwhile the delinquent preacher Savage has left the country. He absconded on June 13, and put himself beyond Uncle Sam's jurisdiction.

THE QUEBEC RIOTING.

We can have no sympathy with rioting or mob law under any circumstances, and our disgust is increased when the like is carried on under the pretext or semblance of zeal for religion. Hence we regret very much that in the city of Quebec there should have been a disgraceful riotous demonstration under any such a pretence as this.

A French Baptist mission has been established in the most Catholic part of the city, and a mob, consisting of somewhere about two hundred persons, gathered around the place where the meeting of the mission was held, and attacked it with stones, breaking the windows, and keeping up the fusillade until a police force came to the rescue and cleared away the crowd. The mob then proceeded to the building occupied by the French Anglican mission, and broke the windows there also. The Salvation Army barracks was likewise attacked, and the property of the Army sustained considerable damage.

It was not prudent, indeed, for the promoters of these missions, the open object of which is to proselytize the French Canadian population, to place them in the midst of so thoroughly Catholic a quarter of the city as St. Roch's, and it is not altogether surprising that the population should be goaded to anger by the persistence of the missionaries in their work; and if the missions were openly aggressive and calumnious in the usual style of such establishments, it is not very surprising that in a moment of irritation there should be a counter demonstration; but we have not learned that such was the case in the present instance; but even if it were, the attack of the mob was illegal and intolerable. If the missionaries broke the law, or were abusive, those who objected to their proceedings could have applied to the law for redress. They were not justified in having recourse to acts of violence.

On the other hand, though the press have been on the whole fair in giving an account of the occurrences, it is a pity that some of those newspapers, which are accustomed to misrepresent the conduct of Lower-Canadian Catholics on all occasions, have taken advantage of what has occurred to vent their spleen on the French-Canadians generally, and to represent them as an intolerant people.

This is not just. The general tolerance of the French-Canadians has

been so marked that Protestant gentlemen of all denominations, and political parties, have testified to it, and notably the Hon. Mr. Joly, on the occasion of his visit to Ontario twelve months ago. There is, therefore, reason for the suspicion that the missionaries, by some imprudences, have given occasion to the residents to be out of humor with them. We have no doubt that light will be thrown on the subject when the judicial investigation will take place, which will be sure to follow when some of the guilty parties shall have become known.

The Montreal Witness takes occasion to draw from the occurrence the inference that

"The ecclesiastics of the North-West have based their plea for special privileges upon the alleged tolerance of the French Roman Catholics in this province. (Quebec.) There is no foundation for the general belief which has gained ground outside of the province that the Quebec Catholics are specially tolerant. They are not more tolerant than the Protestants are, not in fact so much so as most Protestants are."

That the inference drawn by the Witness is unjust is plain from the single fact that the extent of the riot has been very much exaggerated, and the exaggerations have been greater in the columns of the Witness than in most other journals. The crowd itself which did the rioting was represented in the Witness as numbering about 5,000, whereas the correspondent of the united press states that there were about 200 all told. Multiplying the actual number by 25 is in itself no small exaggeration; but there is a further exaggeration in making it appear that almost the whole population were concerned; whereas truthful witnesses state that it was simply a riot of wild boys with the intention of creating what mischief they could. Deputy Chief of Police Watson told the united press reporter that there was "not a single man in the mob," and that "three good men would have put the whole crowd to flight."

It is satisfactory to find that the universal sentiment among all classes of French-Canadians and Catholics in Quebec is to condemn the rioters, and this fact is attested by the united press report. It is also said that in all the Catholic churches of the city a condemnation of the rioters has been read. The strictures of the Witness are therefore extremely unjust.

The French-Canadian Catholics are not intolerant; but undoubtedly the intolerance which has been exhibited of late by such organizations as the A. P. A. has had some effect upon them, in the way of irritating them and making them more than usually hostile to any movement which has for its object an attack upon their religion.

It is unfortunate that such a riot should have occurred, especially at the present time, when every effort is being made by a certain faction in Ontario to stir up discord on account of racial and religious differences. The event will be made an occasion for still greater discord; but the established character for tolerance which the French-Canadians have gained cannot be destroyed by the facts that a few boys in their fondness for mischief have perpetrated an outrage.

There has never been in the Province of Quebec an anti-Protestant party, and would certainly have been the case if there had been material for it to build from; whereas three general elections have been fought out in Ontario on a no-Popery cry, within the last nine years, simply because there are fanatics enough in our province to give a hope, forlorn though it be, that they were strong enough to gain a victory; and it required all the energy of a lusty fight to put them hors du combat.

The Protestant school system of Quebec was established by Catholic votes without a murmur being heard from any part of the Province; whereas it is to this day a matter of complaint with the fanatics that the Catholic school system was imposed upon the people of Ontario, in spite of the majority of the representatives of the Province, who were overpowered by the votes of French-Canadians, who, in their desire for equal justice, would not allow their Ontario co-religionists to be left in a worse position than they had placed Protestants of Quebec. The fact is the union of the two Canadas was made with the hope that the English Protestant vote would be able to ride rough-shod over the French-Canadians; but the Ontarionians were hoist with their own petard.

We might add other evidences of the tolerance of French-Canadians; but these will suffice. We should hear

no more about their intolerance, when we find that, in spite of all promises to the contrary, two western Governments broke faith with the Catholics, by destroying the Catholic school system as soon as Protestants became strong enough to show their intolerant spirit.

We have no desire to bandy reproaches; but we cannot permit falsehoods about Catholic intolerance to pass unchallenged.

TENANT RIGHT.

The rights of the Irish tenantry to the soil they hold have always been the foundation of the claim of the Irish people to redress against British legislation, the tendency of which has constantly been to sacrifice the people of the country for the sake of absentee landlords, including the linen-drappers and merchants of London. If under the Act of Union of Ireland with the united kingdoms of England and Scotland, these rights had been recognized, and due legislation had been passed to better the condition of the tenantry, it is probable the demand for Home Rule for Ireland would never have been made; or, at least, it would never have developed itself to the degree that it should be now the fixed demand of Ireland as the only means whereby the abject condition of the people can be changed to one of prosperity.

The purpose of the Evicted Tenants' Bill, introduced into Parliament by Lord Roseberry's Government, is to ameliorate the present condition of the tenantry by a legislative recognition of tenant right; and it is a measure to which, as might have been expected, the Irish landlords are bitterly opposed; and the House of Lords, which represents essentially the landlord class, is very loath to pass it. It is, indeed, currently stated that, under the advice and direction of Lord Salisbury, the Lords have made up their minds to reject it absolutely.

The bill has now passed its third reading in the House of Commons, notwithstanding that it was opposed by the Unionists at every stage. The Government's majority on the third reading was 32, the vote being 199 to 167. The Lords appear, however, to be in a quandary in regard to it. They evidently dread another collision with the Commons such as that which they had on the question of Home Rule and the Parish Council's Bill; and last week a special meeting of the Unionist leaders was held, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Devonshire, to consider what attitude the party of Lord Salisbury should assume regarding it.

Mr. T. W. Russell, the Unionist member for South Tyrone, had, during the week, an article in the Pall Mall Gazette in which he recommended that a compromise be accepted whereby the reinstatement of the tenants should be voluntary, instead of compulsory, as the bill proposes to make it. He considers that in this shape it might be accepted by both Lords and Commons; but the meeting did not arrive at any definite conclusion.

The Tory landlords are bitterly opposed to reinstatement in any form, and insisted upon uncompromising opposition to the bill, as they declared that no amending of it would overcome their objections to it.

The bill was read for the first time in the House of Lords just after midnight on the morning of the 7th inst., so that it will soon have to be decided by the Tory majority there whether or not they will risk another collision with the popular Chamber. Such a collision would give new life to the agitation against the Lords as obstructionists against useful legislation. Of such an agitation they are in dread, but it may be supposed that they will avert it for a while longer by making some minor modifications to the bill which will not render it wholly unacceptable to the House of Commons and to the Irish people; but if they make it unacceptable to the Irish, it cannot be accepted by the Commons.

The Lords feel perfectly that they stand in a more precarious position in regard to the present Bill than they did in reference to Home Rule. The Evicted Tenants Bill is a property measure, and not a concession of Home Rule; and though the Ulster Orangemen are so bitterly opposed to Home Rule that they assert they will not obey the laws of an Irish Parliament, should one be established, they are as much interested in the question of tenant right as are the people of the other three Provinces. Tenant right exists in Ulster, and the people of Ulster prize it as a most precious privilege,

so that the Lords need not expect their support if they attempt to kill the Evicted Tenants' Bill. The measure, indeed, can scarcely be said to be peculiarly even an Irish one. In Scotland popular sympathy is extended to the Crofters, who have suffered under landlord absolutism, and the tenant farmers of England, even when opposed to Home Rule, as an attempt to make Ireland independent of England, will naturally understand that the present Bill is in the direction of establishing the rights of the people, and that, therefore, they are almost as much interested in having it pass as are the Irish themselves.

If the Lords refuse this measure of needed reform they will have good reason to dread that the war-cry of the Liberals at the next election will be to mend or end their House. In fact, already has Sir William Harcourt announced this as the issue to be placed before the electorate; and it will have increased force if their lordships are stubborn on the present occasion.

The Toronto Mail, which always takes the part of the landlords in the discussion of Irish questions, has the following in its issue of Thursday, the 9th inst., in reference to the Evicted Tenants' Bill:

"There is no reason why the Irish should be coddled. Nothing like the Evicted Tenants' Bill would be tolerated if the attempt were made to apply its provisions to English landlords or tenants, or for that matter, to Toronto landlords or tenants. People may, therefore, be excused if they enquire why special and artificial ethics should be made for Ireland, and if they wonder, for instance, why Mr. Edward Blake would support, for Ireland, a method of administration which, it may be supposed, he would condemn for Ontario."

The Mail knows well, or ought to know, that the case of Ireland is very different from that of either England or Canada. The case of Ireland resembles that of the Saxons of England when the country was seized by the Norman conquerors, with this difference, that the Normans dwelt on the lands they seized, and spent among their serfs the wealth of which they had despoiled them, while the absentee landlords of Ireland, after grinding out from their tenantry the last penny of their earnings, spent all in England, leaving their serfs to starve, without even the right to be paid for their improvements on their lands, but always subject to danger of eviction when for ever so short a time they were in arrears for rent. Such a condition of things would not be tolerated for a single week by the people of either England or Canada. Time, the universal leveller, has remedied the state of things which existed in England after the Norman conquest. The races became amalgamated, and there is now neither Saxon nor Norman; but in Ireland, the lapse of time, until very recently, only made matters worse by impoverishing the country more and more. It is no wonder that the people of Ireland have periodically had famine staring them in the face. There is no great difficulty about telling the ethics which should be applied to remedy Ireland's condition. It is the ethics according to which the ox that treads the corn is not to be muzzled, by which the toiler is first entitled to his livelihood out of his own labor, even if the landlords had come into possession of their Irish estates by most just means—which is far from being the case. The Hon. Edward Blake, to whom the Mail appeals to apply universal ethics to the case of Ireland, has before now told us to what extent Ireland has been "coddled." He was well able to do this, for he witnessed an Irish eviction scene at Bodyke.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IMMORALITY in Banffshire, says the Scottish Leader, is one of the subjects dealt with in the report to the Assembly by the commission of the religious condition of the people. The report says that for the purpose of illustrating the extent of illegitimacy, Dr. Cramond at a meeting of the commission produced a scale in inches showing the comparative state of illegitimacy of the three kingdoms. Ireland was represented by a line one and three eight inches large, England by one five inches long and Banffshire by one 16 inches long.

SOME are pleased to make merry over the failure of Debs' agitation, but we fail to see the reason. Thousands of men do not relinquish work at the mere command of an individual if they do not believe in the legitimacy of that command. We do not presume to defend the action of the strikers, but we do say that their

need not expect their attempt to kill the Bill. The measure, they are said to be in Irish one. In Scotland, the measure is extended to have suffered under the rule, and the tenantism, and even when Rule, as an attempt independent of England, they will have good reason why the Irish...

present relations towards their employers is a menace to the safety and peace of any community and is a question that may well occupy the minds of legislators. The sensational scribe did noble work in the descriptions of the various phases of the strike. Mr. Debs was clothed with quite a romantic mantle, and many were inclined to question if such a charming personality could possibly go wrong. Mr. Debs is a young man with an abundance of nerve and determination, but he is not by any means the individual who is destined to lead the laborer from the desert of exaction and low wages into the Promised Land of Justice. He is an enthusiast, recking little of consequences.

It is announced that the *Moslem World*, the paper started about a year ago in New York city for the purpose of propagating Moslemism in America, has been discontinued. Mr. Webb, the American who became a convert to Moslemism and adopted the name Muhammed, and who was commissioned to preach the Mahometan religion in America, was furnished with funds to start this paper, but he is now accused by his co-laborers of having spent only a little more than half the sum, or about \$7,000, in the work he undertook. He professes to be unable to continue the work for want of funds, and it has fallen through. The wealthy Turkish Mahometan who proposed to furnish every year \$13,000 for the purpose of converting America, is in financial difficulties, and, therefore, unable to furnish any more money, so the work falls through, though some New York Turks had actually established a mosque, or place of worship, in a private house in New York, with the design of co-operating with Mr. Webb in his work.

The Second Adventists of the United States and of the world have decided to hold a General Conference in Battle Creek from 15th February to 4th March, 1885. This conference is the supreme conference of the sect, and is held every two years; but it is expected that this will be the most important one ever held, as it is understood by the society that the end of the world is near at hand. The recent American strike is generally regarded by the Adventists as a fulfillment of one of the signs of the coming end of all things created, according to the Bible, and it is supposed that the next conference will be the last held before the consummation of all things, so earnestly expected.

It is stated that the Holy Father has just issued an encyclical letter to the Bishops of Brazil, urging them to have their people educated and enlightened with all the means at their command. The Pope says that ignorance is the chief cause of the evils of the present age. The Bishops ought to establish schools wherever there are priests to direct them. It is also said in the encyclical that the priests sent to Brazil from the American College in Rome are imbued with zeal for the cause of educating the people, and will give valuable aid whenever they are so placed as to be able to take part in the good work. Every day there are new proofs of the anxiety of the Holy Father and the Church in the cause of education; still there are some polemists who persist in asserting that the Church desires to keep the people in ignorance.

A FIRE-BATING Anarchist is reported to be on his way to New York, having been recently expelled from Budapesth for his incendiary language. This man is the nihilist Constantine Grotowski. He is known to have sailed for London, Eng., and it is believed that he left London for America under an assumed name. He is twenty-six years of age, and belongs to a noble Polish family, several members of which took an active and prominent part in the uprising of 1863. His father died in prison, and himself was driven from Switzerland and later from France. He is a member of the Free Russia Secret Society. As he is a violent upholder of Anarchistic principles, his career will be closely watched by the police, should he be allowed to enter the United States.

It was a Frenchman who said that man bears a striking resemblance to a monkey in his imitative capabilities, and, judging from the fulsome praise given to some prurient publications before the public, he spoke well and sensibly.

All reason and natural investigation ought to follow faith, and not go before or infringe upon it.—Thomas A. Kempis.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Dear Mr. Editor—Your readers may not find uninteresting a few remarks on the American Summer School, now in session at Plattsburg. Since I have had the pleasure of being here I have seen only that which strengthens my faith and forces upon me the conclusion that a bright future looms up before the Catholic Church in this side of the border. Plattsburg is thronged with sight-seers, with persons who come to revel in the intellectual feast afforded them by the lecturers, and with many also who are here to form an estimate of the scholarship and ability of the various speakers. I am certain they will find them worthy champions of truth.

One feature that strikes me is the interest manifested by all those who attend the lectures. Take, for example, the talks of Father Halpin. They are what some would call "dry," and yet no speaker's perchance is listened to with more appreciation and interest. His winning personality and firm grasp of his subject do much to captivate the hearts of his auditors, but the yearning desire of the human soul for truth alone explains the mastery of the learned Jesuit over the students of the Summer School. One of his finest lectures so far has been on the Human Soul and the Human Will. "The human soul is the life principle; it is the enduring substance which underlies all human mutations. It is simple, unextended and immaterial. Having an action that soars beyond all matter, it must have an existence intrinsically independent of all material conditions. Matter is incapable of thought; the soul thinks, and, moreover, for reason of its spiritual nature, cannot be evolved from matter and can be produced by creation only."

As it is impossible for a perfect Being to annihilate purposely, and as he cannot find either in the soul or in the Maker any reason calling for the reduction of the soul to nothing, or rather since we discovered many reasons both in the soul and in the Deity, why the spirit in man calls for sempiternal duration, it seems justifiable to conclude on rational grounds that the human soul is immortal.

These sentences may give you an idea of his style. It is a rare treat to hear him refuting the errors of the century. He cuts a sophism and falsehood fairly and well. His weapons, of course, have done duty in many a controversial battle, but much credit must be given him for his skillful handling of them.

During the last lecture of Father Halpin I chanced to hear someone asking if he were an S. J. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "Well, that explains it," said the questioner. He did not say more, but turned his towards the speaker, eager and attentive, note-book in hand, jotting down anything that seemed to strike him. I could not help wondering at the reverential fear that most Protestants have for the Jesuit. "He is a being of another order—a descendant of those who asked no better diversion than the persecuting of heretics." Such is the idea of many who, unfortunately for themselves, have gleaned their knowledge from prejudiced publications: but this figment of imagination is soon destroyed by the reality. The Jesuit is generally a thorough religious who believes in drawing souls by all the cards of Adam, who consequently secures any bodily advantages that may enable him to work successfully. But this *en passant*.

I missed sadly this year one whose kindly voice rang ever true, whose erudition was our pride and hope, and who, despite a weak physical organization, never flagged in his unwearied efforts to uplift Catholicity and to foster and increase a strong and abiding love for all that was good and beautiful. I refer to Brother Azarius. But a touching and graceful tribute was paid his memory by Richard Malcolm Johnston. They only who knew him intimately could estimate his splendid talents. I remember his discourses of last year on the Schools of the Middle Ages, and the impression produced by them on the Summer School. He was painstaking and thorough in everything he undertook. He was a master of graceful, lucid diction, and few are there, we ween, who are worthy to wear his mantle. And John Boyle O'Reilly was not forgotten. His memory will ever be treasured by those who are foes of pretence and sham, who "never injured a weak one, never."

James Jeffrey Roche's discourse on the dead singer and patriot consisted of unpublished extracts from his poems and selections from an allegorical poem, dealing with the present social conditions and entitled: "The Country with a Roof." Needless to say it awakened much enthusiasm and many sad thoughts in those who knew and loved the great Bostonian. Dr. Conerty, the energetic President of the School, is untiring in his efforts, and great indeed must be his consolation to find they have been productive of perfect triumph and success. Mr. Foran, editor of the *True Witness*, gave two lectures, which we did not have the pleasure of hearing. Critics are unanimous in saying that the young Canadian acquitted himself in a very creditable manner, and, from what we have seen of his literary productions, we are inclined to believe that their verdict was an impartial one.

"Why do you not have a Canadian Summer School?" We know of many who could grace any assemblage. You are said to be slow this side of the border. I should fain not believe it

now, but if you do not have a Summer School next year I must admit that the accusation is not groundless.

A FITTING TRIBUTE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE. sailing vessels—the merciful speed of the well-appointed steamer being unknown to the emigrants of those days—a tolerably quick passage occupied from six to eight weeks, while passages of ten or twelve weeks, and even a longer time, were not considered at all extraordinary at a period when craft of every kind, the most unsuited as well as the least seaworthy, were pressed into the service of human deportation.

"Who can imagine the horrors of even the shortest passage in an emigrant ship crowded beyond its utmost capacity of storage with unhappy beings of all ages, with fever raging in their midst? Under the most favorable circumstances it is impossible to maintain a perfect purity of atmosphere between decks; even ports are open, and every device is adopted to secure the greatest amount of ventilation. But a crowded emigrant sailing ship of twenty years since, with fever on board—the crew sullen or brutal from very desperation, or paralyzed with terror of the plague—the miserable passengers unable to help themselves, or afford the least relief to each other: one-fourth, or one-third, or one-half of the entire number in different stages of the disease; many dying, some dead: the fatal poison intensified by the indescribable foulness of the air breathed and re-breathed by the gasping sufferers—the wails of children, the ravings of the delirious, the cries and groans of those in mortal agony. Of the eighty-four emigrant ships that anchored at Grosse Isle in the summer of 1847, there was not a single one to which this description might not rightly apply.

The authorities were taken by surprise, owing to the sudden arrival of this plague-smitten fleet, and, save the sheds that remained since 1832, there was no accommodation of any kind on the island. These sheds were filled with the miserable people, the sick and the dying, and round their walls lay groups of half-naked men, women and children, in the same condition—sick or dying. Hundreds were literally flung on the beach, left amid the mud and stones, to crawl on the dry land how they could. "I have seen," says the priest who was then chaplain of the quarantine, and who had been but one year on the mission—"I have one day seen thirty-seven people dying on the beach, crawling on the mud, and dying like fish out of water; many of these, and many more besides, not able to drag themselves from the slime in which they lay. Death was doing its work everywhere and attentive, note-book in hand, jotting down anything that seemed to strike him. I could not help wondering at the reverential fear that most Protestants have for the Jesuit. "He is a being of another order—a descendant of those who asked no better diversion than the persecuting of heretics." Such is the idea of many who, unfortunately for themselves, have gleaned their knowledge from prejudiced publications: but this figment of imagination is soon destroyed by the reality. The Jesuit is generally a thorough religious who believes in drawing souls by all the cards of Adam, who consequently secures any bodily advantages that may enable him to work successfully. But this *en passant*.

"In the grounds of the general hospital of Kingston there is an artificial mound, of gentle swell and moderate elevation, the grass on which is ever green, as if growing on some peculiar richness to the soil. When verdure has been elsewhere burned up or parched, on this soft-swelling mound greenness is perpetual. Beneath that verdant shroud lie mouldering the bones of 1,900 Irish immigrants, victims of the same awful scourge of their race—the ship fever. With the intention of pushing on to the west, the goal of their hopes, multitudes of the Irish reached Kingston, 350 miles up the St. Lawrence, from Quebec; but the plague broke out amongst this mass of human misery, and they rotted away like sheep. So fast did they die that there was no means to provide a coffin in which to inter all of them. There was timber more than sufficient for the purpose, but the hands to fashion the plank into the coffin were too few, and Death was rapid in his stroke; and so a huge pit of circular form was dug, and in it were laid, in tired piles one upon the other, the bodies of men, women and children; and even to the hour when I beheld the light of the setting sun imparting additional beauty to its vivid greenness, there was neither rail, nor fence, nor stone, nor cross, nor inscription, to tell that 1,900 of a Christian people slept beneath the turf of that gigantic grave.

"Twenty years ago Kingston was a small place, with about half its present population, and the Irish, who now form an important portion of its community, were then comparatively few in number. But in no part of British America did the Irish display a more heroic devotion to humanity and country than in that city, from which the greater number of the inhabitants had fled in terror at the presence of the migratory hordes, who brought pestilence with them in their march. The Irish of the town stood their ground bravely; and not only were their houses thrown open to their afflicted country people, and their means placed unreservedly at their disposal, but they tended the sick and dying, and ministered to them in the holiest spirit of charity. Amongst the best and bravest of those who succeeded the plague-smitten of that dreadful time were three Irish Protestants—Thomas Kirkpatrick, then mayor of Kingston; Alderman Robert Anglin, and William Ford, afterwards mayor—who were in the sheds both day and night, and, by their ceaseless efforts to relieve the sufferers, inspired others with increased courage and still greater self-devotion. "Father Dollard," an Irish clergyman, had to bear the chief share of the priestly duty; and from the first mo-

ment that the fever broke out, until the earth was beaten down on top of the grave-mound, he was in the midst of the danger. So shocking was the condition in which the unhappy people reached Kingston, the last resting-place of many of them, that the clergymen, three at the most, had to change their own clothes repeatedly in the day. One of the three priests, who had been only just ordained, died of the contagion.

An assistant minister of St. George's cathedral also lost his wife through contact with the fever. It is to be regretted that some permanent memorial did not hand down the names of those who labored for humanity in the midst of the plague. However the hospital board, through the kindness of the late William Ford's family, has been furnished with the fine oil painting presented by the Public School Board, and it occupies an honored place in the reception room, where also portraits of the late Mr. Kirkpatrick and late Mr. Blondheim are preserved, in recognition of noble service.

"Carl Fletcher," in the *Whig*, in 1886, recalled that the deceased victims of the fever reached Kingston by scores in June of 1847. Grier's barges brought 1,800 immigrants from Montreal to Kingston. They were landed at Car-ruthers' wharf, and there many died before removal, while many of the sick in both city hospitals were soon filled to overflowing, and the board of health erected temporary field hospitals in the park, on Emily street, and on the Herch-mer property near Stuart street." The reporter added: "The sights and miseries of that period can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. One glimpse of misery like that and the lurid hideousness of a Dante's Inferno seems less impossible." The celebrated trial of the Board of Health for erecting the main field hospital on Emily street, near private residences, when they were found guilty but never sentenced, has been told several times in these columns.

THE CIVIL ALLEGIANCE OF CATHOLICS.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.—Sir,—The civil allegiance of Catholics has often been called in question by the members of that miscellaneous collection of nondescripts, strife-breeders, political demagogues, Orange rowdies, and narrow-fledged fanatics that compose the intensely patriotic P. P. A. of Canada and the no less patriotic A. P. A. of the United States. Why this subject is revived at present by those valiant defenders of Protestant liberties can be easily explained when the character of their agitation is taken into account. Having failed to fasten the charge of disloyalty on Catholics in a legitimate way, by producing historical evidence, they strive to awaken suspicion against them by circulating false and garbled excerpts from Papal documents and pastoral letters, including a spurious oath which is said to be taken by a Bishop at his consecration, and the celebrated Jesuit vows. Those oaths and vows figure prominently in this anti-Catholic warfare on both sides of our border: they are held up as warnings to Protestants against allowing their Catholic fellow-citizens any share in the Government of the country and as a proof that Catholics are under the rule of the Pope, who can dispose of their civil allegiance at will. Before I conclude I think I can make it evident that the Protestants of this Pope do not extend to temporal matters, and that Catholics do not owe any civil allegiance to anybody beyond the properly constituted authorities in their respective countries.

When the Know-Nothing epidemic of intolerance was raging in the American Republic this self-same question was revived by the canting and designing hypocrites who acted as leaders. One of the most notable and able defenders of the Catholics at that time was the late Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore. The arguments he used on those occasions when defending his American co-religionists against the attacks of their fanatical opponents are as applicable now as they were then. I cannot, therefore, do any better than to lay some portions of his masterful productions under contri-

But there is another declaration, made by the Bishops who composed the fifth council of Baltimore, held in May, 1843, which has even more weight in settling the question because it occurs in an official letter addressed to the Pope by the assembled American prelates. The Pontiff, far from being offended at so explicit a disavowal by the American Bishops of all Papal authority and jurisdiction in merely civil matters, says in his official answer: "Your letter was most pleasing to us; and he praises the zeal of the prelates. Here is the extract alluded to—the Bishops are speaking of the efforts made by our enemies to put down the Church in this country: "They spread doubtful rumors against us among the people; with untiring efforts, they circulate, among the ignorant and uninformed, books which calumniate our most holy religion; they leave no means untried to infect with their errors our Catholic servants; and . . . although our forefathers poured out their blood like water for the defense of our liberties against a Protestant oppressor, they seek to render us, their fellow-citizens, suspected by, and odious to the

Government, by falsely asserting we are reduced to servitude under the civil and political jurisdiction of a foreign prince, namely, of the Roman Pontiff, and that we are therefore unfaithful to the republic."

So much for the testimony of the American bishops as given by Archbishop Spalding. From those extracts we can easily see what their opinion of papal jurisdiction was; and what they expressed on the subject was expressed in other countries under similar circumstances by the Catholic hierarchy, so that those loyal defenders of Protestant liberties can feel secure against papal interference for all time to come.

I have not by any means exhausted this subject, but I must postpone more consideration of it till some future time. Yours, etc. J. RUSSELL.

LORD RUSSELL'S SISTER.

Superior of the San Francisco Sisters of Mercy—An Interesting Incident of Her Career.

It may be pleasing to those interested in the new Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Charles Russell, to know that his sister Mother Mary Baptist Russell, is the present, as well as for a long time, superior of the Sisters of Mercy in San Francisco. Mother Mary Baptist Russell is niece of the late Rev. C. W. Russell, D. D., president of the Maynooth college, to whose instructions Cardinal Newman attributed his own conversion. Many years ago Mother Russell related to me the following remarkable conversion that once occurred in the Mercy hospital in that city. The Archbishop of California, the Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, having invited the Sisters of Mercy to his diocese, Mother, then Sister, Mary Baptist Russell, with seven professed Sisters, set out from their convent in Kinsale, in the year 1854, to found the Order of Mercy on the Pacific slope, and, it being the year in which the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was declared, they placed their future success under the protection of the Mother of God under her title of the "Immaculate Conception."

The year 1856 found this devoted band, after having ministered to cholera patients in the public hospitals, in a hospital of their own, which some years after, numbered amongst its patients General —, a prominent member of the Masonic brotherhood. This gentleman brought with him an old family servant who, in antebellum times, had been numbered amongst his slaves, and had thus grown accustomed to his violent ebullitions of temper during the paroxysms of his disease. General K —, we will call him, was hardly conscious of his blasphemous language so habitual had it become to him, yet he tried in some degree to control his violent language in the presence of the Sisters, whom he sincerely respected. After having been more blasphemous than usual, by reason of the greater intensity of his sufferings, Sister Baptist left him to the care of his faithful black for the night, and paused before the Blessed Sacrament on her way to her cell to implore mercy on the poor sick man. While doing so it came to her mind that in this case she had not performed a certain act customary with her, which was to place a miraculous medal amongst the mattresses of the invalids under her care, so hastily returning to his room she did so quite unknown to him.

Early the following morning as she was passing through the doorway from the conventual part of the building she found the old negro, like a sentry on guard, watching for her. The woman told her that her master was very desirous of speaking with her, and showed great impatience at her delay. Sister Baptist hastened to the invalid's bedside who, when he perceived her, held out his hand, begging pardon for his roughness of the night before. Pardon as to his incivility was readily granted, but she seriously pointed out the sin against his Creator, Redeemer and future Judge. The sick man assented to the truth of her words, and after telling her what she already knew, viz., that he was a very sick man, said that as he believed himself to be in danger of death he would wish to die a Catholic.

Sister having told him that to become one he would be obliged to renounce his membership amongst the Masons he readily consented to do so and the chaplain was sent for, who, after instructing him, administered the sacraments, after which he declared in writing his desire of being bound according to the Catholic ritual. But he did not die this time, living to practice his faith for some months; when feeling a return of his malady he sought the Sisters and asked to be placed in the very same room he had occupied before and for which he had an attachment. This time the disease, that of the heart, proved fatal, and he yielded his soul into the hands of his Creator.—M. M. Stanislaus Austin, in Richmond Visitor.

PERSONAL.

Our St. John, N. B., correspondent writes:—Mr. Denis Burke, of the Privy Council, Ottawa, accompanied by Mrs. Burke and family, left here for the Capital on Tuesday evening, Aug. 7, after spending two weeks in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Burke are former residents of St. John, and their many friends were delighted to meet them once more in their native city.

Temperance and labor are the best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulgence to excess.—Rossau.

REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J.

Priest, Poet and Martyr.

The reign of Elizabeth provoked once more in England another era of the persecution of Catholics. Several Catholic Bishops were removed from their respective sees, because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Crown represented by Queen Bess. A much more severe and drastic policy was subsequently entered on by Elizabeth, who ordered her ministry to execute any Catholic prelates and priests who would dare celebrate Mass in her kingdom. The first victim of this new programme was the Bishop of Nottingham, who was executed for having been caught in the act of saying Mass in a lonely ravine amid the hills, on a stone altar, while his congregation, that numbered several thousands, were assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Several other Bishops ended their lives on the block in the weird and ghastly Tower of London, and two hundred and odd priests suffered similar punishment. All these ecclesiastics were undoubtedly martyrs in the service of the Church. It was almost impossible to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholic congregations throughout England. The celebration of the Holy Sacrifice was high treason to Queen Bess, punishable by death. However, there were always found devoted prelates, and brave and self-sacrificing priests, who filled the gaps created by the slaughter perpetrated in the Tower, and many a Mass was celebrated in the caves by the seashore or on the mountains, where the celebrant and congregation were nearer to God and to Heaven. At this time the Earl of Arundel, eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk who had recanted his Catholic faith and had become a member of the Protestant State Church, was executed in the Tower, on the charge of having committed high treason by serving Mass. The priest, who was the celebrant, was also executed. On the whole, the English masses had not that sublime faith in the principles of Catholicity which characterized the noble Irish Catholics, who often faced terrible deaths, and the cruelest of tortures at the stake, rather than desert the See of Peter. The English Catholic's faith was a reed, which broke, and utterly collapsed at the first outburst of persecution. It was thus that the English people became solidly and universally Anglican. They feared persecution.

FATHER SOUTHWELL'S EARLY LIFE.

One of those saintly martyrs was the poet-priest, the Rev. Robert Southwell. He was the son of Richard Southwell, a gentleman who owned a considerable landed property in the county of Suffolk, which property was confiscated by the Cabinet of Queen Bess, on account of the fact that its proprietor was a Catholic! The future Jesuit was born in that county in 1562. While an infant in his cradle, he was substituted by a gypsy mother, who placed in his cradle her own offspring; but the theft was discovered and young Robert was restored to his parents. At the age of fifteen he was sent to the Sorbonne of Paris for his education. He was afterwards an alumnus of the English College of Douai, situated in French Flanders. He subsequently proceeded to Rome on the vigil of the Feast of St. Luke, on Oct. 17, 1578. He had now reached his twenty-first year, and entered on a course of theological studies, with the view of becoming a priest. During that period of his career he was appointed prefect of the English college in the Eternal City. He was ordained priest in 1584. His desire for the salvation of souls was exemplified in a letter to a friend, in which he said that he was about to enter on his mission in England—despite the fact that he might lose his life by his defiant attitude in looking after the spiritual interests of his persecuted Catholic fellow-countrymen. It seems that he had a vision in which he witnessed his own tragic death in the Tower. He then entered on his novitiate with the object of becoming a Jesuit, and completed it in due time, whereupon he went to England. He was not very long on the mission before he was basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies. It happened in this way. He lived near the town of Harring-on-the-Hill, county of Middlesex, with a Catholic family named Bellame. Bellame's daughter having married the keeper of the adjoining property, and her husband having complained to her that he was duped by her father, who had promised him a handsome dowry with his daughter, decided on selling Father Southwell to the agents of the Government. The sum of money which she received for this ignoble treachery, was £5,000, or \$25,000. The house where he was hiding was surrounded by a company of troops, and he was compelled to surrender. Three long and wearisome years were spent by Father Southwell in a noisome, dingy, rat-infested dudgeon, and here he suffered the most cruel tortures. Often in the winter nights, when he was shivering in the intense cold, these animals would bite his flesh, and he had to defend himself against their onslaught, which cost him many a long and painful hour in this horrible struggle for life. At last preferring death to this perpetual agony, he wrote to Lord Treasurer Cecil, requesting that he, the Abbe, should be brought to trial. The ironically savage reply of Lord Cecil was written as follows: "If, sir, you are in such haste to be hanged, you shall have your desire immediately fulfilled, I assure you."

SCHISMATICS AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Rev. Dr. John Tierney, writing from Jerusalem to the Mountaineer, a paper published by the students of Mt. St. Mary's college, says: "The devotion of the Oriental schismatics to the Mother of God can nowhere be better observed than in Jerusalem. There are here Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Syrians and many others. Most of them are schismatics, yet in their worship, processions, devotion to the saints, etc., they have retained the practices of the true Church, from which they have been cut off for so many years. Even the Mohammedans have a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and Mohammed himself places her among the excellent women whom the faithful must honor."

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AS PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dantholon, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

EXECUTION OF FATHER SOUTHWELL.

Meanwhile the culpable wife of the land agent had an endless remorse of conscience for her betrayal of the

priest. She could not sleep at night, and caught brain fever, while her husband was making himself intoxicated every day on the blood money secured by his wife. He built with it a splendid mansion, and bought the property of which he had been previously the care-taker. He purchased a stud of twenty-five of the best blooded horses, and cut high jinks on the race-course. Lucullan feasts washed down with many a bottle of wine soon devoured his wife's dowry; and they were beggars five years after Father Southwell's execution. Nemesis, the emissary of God, evidently had ruined the lives of both partners.

On the 18th of February, 1589, the good father was taken to Newgate prison, where he was detained three or four days before he was brought to a trial which was an unquestionable travesty of justice. The trial was held on the 21st of February. Chief Justice Popham was on the bench. The prisoner was asked:—

"Did you ever celebrate Mass in this country?"

"Yes, many a time I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice," he boldly replied.

"And did you know that the celebration of that ceremony is high treason to the Crown?"

"I did not care about the Crown. I was too much devoted to my Catholic faith to heed an unjust and unjustifiable decree."

"Well, then, you are to be beheaded in the Tower in a few days from now."

On his arrival before the gates of the Tower, his captors having dragged him through the ankle-deep mud of the streets, he sought in vain to wipe the dirt off his clothes, and then made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and from the platform addressed the multitude, professing his innocence of the charge of high treason.

"I shall go with a quiet conscience to my doom," he exclaimed, "for I have never committed the crime of high treason to the only King I worship, my Saviour, and my God."

Thus at the age of his Master, Christ, when He died on the Cross, the martyr, Father Southwell, passed away after having spent thirty three years in the service of the Church. His sister was permitted to carry his remains to the old family graveyard of Kants, in the county of Suffolk. It is said that she wrought miracles, such as healing the disabled, by the aid of some of his relics.

A CRITICISM OF HIS POETRY.

The reverend abbe was only a third-class poet, and a minor lyricist. Yet there was a power of sweet melody in his verses which even the great minor-poets of every age sometimes woefully lack. He was apparently very fond of writing sonnets after the manner of Petrarch's. Here are the opening lines of a poem on "Magdalen's Blush":

"The signs of shame that stain thy blushing face,
Rise from the feeling of thy mournful pain,
Whose pangs annoy, whose guerdon is desire,
Whose solace flies like dreams, 'tis now my soon dying, mirth begat long living pain."

This poem towards its close, as the reader may observe, is obscure in its meaning in certain parts.

Here are a few of his lines on a "Spear":

"Suteful spear, that breaks his prison cell,
Seat of all felicity, working thus with double treason,
Love a life, thou surely drawest away,
Maure thee, my love shall stay!"

The following lines on the "Jealousy of St. Joseph," are among his best:

"Then Joseph, daunted by a deadly wound,
Let loose the reins of undervalued grief,
His heart did throbb, his eyes in tears are drowned,
His soul, death seemed his best relief;
The pleasing relish of his former love
Is selfish to his taste and bitter prove,
And he doth feel the pangs of woeful grief."

"But Joseph's speech will never work her woe,
I wish her leave to life, not doom to die,
Though fortune mine, yet am not her foe,
She is herself less loving than I.
The most I will, the less I can, is this,
With no good save to that which is amiss."

These last lines are also disfigured by obscurities. Their exact meaning may have been known to the author himself, but like Browning's poems they should have a commentary in order to understand them. He will, however, be excused for his apparently nebulous ideas by the fact that he was a true soldier of the Cross in active life, and that he sacrificed that precious life to the greater honor and glory of God and His Church.—Eugene Davis in Boston Pilot.

MATERIALISM: ITS MEANING AND ITS FOLLY.

The materialistic spirit, now so widely prevalent, is the antipodes of the spirit of Christianity. According to the latter, man's chief end in this life is to prepare for a future state of existence; according to the former, it is to provide himself with all the comforts possible while passing through his brief sojourn upon earth.

Materialism esteems the things of the flesh more highly than the things of the spirit. It abhors the mention of self-denial. The cross is an abomination in its sight. Its ideal of supreme felicity is the possession, in the fullest measure, of the means of gratifying the senses. Worldly prosperity is its idol. It measures all things by a gross earthly standard.

"Supposing," as St. Paul says, "godliness to be gain," it judges the value of the gospel of Christ by its effect upon the development of a nation's material resources. It insists that Catholicity is a false gospel, because Catholic countries, like Spain and Mexico, have fewer railways, coal mines, manufactures, and free schools than Protestant countries like England and the United States. It tests all things, even religion, by the one grovelling question—does it pay?

When found, as it often is, among professed Christians, it demands ease and comfort in this world as collateral security for its hopes for the next. It seems to fear that heaven may not be a reality after all, and that if it does not secure its share of the temporal goods of this life, it may find after death that it has been cheated out of happiness, both in time and eternity.

It looks upon the self-denial taught and practiced by the Catholic Church as the height of folly. It literally cannot see how Catholic religious orders can have such childlike faith in the promise of Christ, that all who forsake houses and lands and kindred, for His sake shall be rewarded a hundred fold, both now and hereafter. It cannot be made to understand how a Christian can do any better work than to give most of his time and energies to the things that perish with the using. It flatly contradicts Christ, by saying that it was Martha who chose the better part, because it is every woman's duty, and it should be her happiness, to do a share of what is pleased to call the useful, practical work of life. For the materialistic Christian, Mary was a mere enthusiast, a religious dreamer, a useless drone, like the thousands of monks and nuns that the Catholic Church has produced, by preaching the doctrine of contempt for the world. No matter how much Christ commended her for it, it was all wrong for her to sit at His feet, and leave all the household work to be done by her sister.

Never was there a more evil spirit abroad in the world. To say nothing of heaven, it cheats men out of the truest happiness that this life affords, by a transparent lie. Were all its deceitful promises made good, were the visions it conjures up turned into realities, the world would not be fit to live in.

To see this, let us picture to our selves a materialistic paradise, which as many seem to anticipate when the "evolution of civilization" has gone to the farthest possible point. Poverty will be banished from it. All will be rich. Every one will have the opportunity to satisfy all his desires. No sensual appetite will be left ungratified for want of means to satiate it. Every palate will be satiated with the most delicious viands. Yet no evil effects will follow the most abandoned indulgence in good eating. For science will have traced the last bacillus to its hiding-place, and disease will be unknown.

There will be no untidiness, or raggedness, or bad taste. All will be clothed in soft raiment, and all will lie upon beds of down. There will be no more toil and sweating. The his toric accounts of the contented laborer of past ages will be read with the same sort of wondering curiosity with which men now study the remains of the ichthyosaurs. Every man will dwell in his own palace, and by the help of electricity, will gossip pleasantly with his neighbors in London, Saint Petersburg, Pekin, and San Francisco. The touch of a button will summon a flying machine, which will bear him, with incredible swiftness, to the end of the earth, if he wishes it. And all women and men will be cultured, refined and mutually delightful. For "scientific morality" will have forever banished vulgarity and coarseness from earth.

An earthly sensual paradise like this, destitute of spiritual aspirations, the materialistic ideal. It is the goal which modern science, modern philosophy, and modern inventive genius seem to be striving to reach. Happily it will never be attained. God, in His mercy, guards its gates from entrance with a flaming sword in the hands of a pitying angel.

For a more wretched world it would be hard to conceive. It is in fact an impossibility. Its continued existence would involve a contradiction. For man is a social being. Every one depends upon his fellows. The needs of one are the necessary means by which the desires of another are attained, and his aims accomplished. No work, be it great and noble or little and selfish, can ever be done without the stimulus of want, without the working man's necessity of making his living. A world then in which this stimulus will be wanting, would be a world sunk in absolute stagnation. Having no motive for exertion, not one would lift a finger to help another. In it there would be no room for the play of the higher qualities of

man's nature. The means of gratifying desire being equally within the reach of all, there would be no need for poverty or misery or sadness to be soothed by charity, mercy, gentleness and sympathy. There would be nothing left for men or women to do but to spend their lives in wretched sensuous idleness, each conscious, in the midst of his abundance of worldly goods, of wants which nothing but the willing help of another could supply, and all cursing a world from which all motive for such help had been taken away.

Truly did our Lord say, "Man liveth not by bread alone." And truly did His great servant, St. Augustine say "Thou hast made us, O Lord, for Thyself and out of Thee our souls can find no rest." Men may not believe this in their foolish longing for a paradise of the material conveniences and sensual delights. But were it once attained they would find in the midst of it a tree bearing not the fruit of life and happiness but apples of Sodom, fair to look upon but turning to bitterness and ashes upon the lips.—C. J. A. in Catholic Review.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

A Country With Home Rule and Without Poverty or Ignorance.

Prince Edward Island, the smallest of the provinces of British North America, is also the richest, in that true wealth which means the almost absolute lack of extreme, hopeless poverty. With a population of a little over one hundred thousand, and a climate rigorous but healthy, its natural resources afford the means of living to all, with comfort and luxury as the rewards of sustained industry.

It is a country without either of the curses of modern civilization, the tramp or the millionaire. It owes its material prosperity to two things—self government and universal education. Nearly two generations ago representative government was accorded to that and other colonies in North America. One of the first acts of the people on setting up house-keeping for themselves was to establish a comprehensive system of schools. Probably no other country in the world has taxed itself so heavily to secure the blessing of general education. Sixty per cent. of the gross revenues of the Island was annually appropriated for the support of the schools. The population of the Island is composed mainly of descendants of Irish and Scotch immigrants; and both branches of the Celtic family have ever been noted for their passionate love of learning.

The self-imposed sacrifice has borne rich results. Incredible as it may seem, we are assured on good authority that there is hardly in the whole province a single illiterate native of adult years. We boast with justice of the high degree of intelligence implied in the fact that our most advanced States show only a proportion of 3, 4 or 5 per cent. of illiterates in the native adult population. In some of our States the proportion runs as high as 40, 50, and even 60 per cent. There is a school-house within easy access of every homestead on Prince Edward Island. Even the few surviving native Indians have their schools, churches and comfortable farms.

In another respect also Prince Edward Island furnishes an interesting object lesson. Like most British colonies, it was cursed in the beginning, and long afterwards, with the burden of absentee landlordism. The immigrants went into the wilderness, endured the severest privations, contending against wild beasts and wilder nature, until they at last wrested a fair garden from primal savagery. Then the landlord, or, rather his agent, came to levy toll on the industry of the settler.

The rent exacted was at first little more than nominal. It was never excessive, judged from an American standpoint; from 25 to 50 cents an acre was, we think, the maximum; but the men who had literally made the country, objected on principle to letting another reap the fruits of their toil.

Self-government—Home Rule—furnished the lever with which even the Conservative British Government might be moved.

HOW THE LONG LEVER WORKED. The first attempt to effect an adjustment of the land question was met with something like contempt. The landlords and their aristocratic friends laughed at the temerity of a handful of poor colonists attempting to dictate terms to the empire, from a distance of 3,000 miles away. But those 3,000 miles formed precisely the length which gave strength to the lever. More than thirty years ago, after much vexatious controversy and a slight show of force on the part of the tenantry, promptly suppressed by the importation of troops, the landlords wisely abandoned the fight, accepted a composition at a sufficiently low rate, and retired from the field forever.

The New England Magazine for August has an exceedingly interesting article on this colony, by Mr. Neil McLeod, embellished with fine pictures of Island scenery, as well as of some distinguished natives of the country. First among the latter is a portrait of Hon. George W. Howland, governor of the province, and one of the ablest of Irish Canadians. The Chief Justice of the Island is another Irish Canadian Catholic, Hon. William Wilfrid Sullivan. In fact, the best offices of trust and emolument in the province are filled by men of the Celtic race, the free competition of a practical civil-service reform ensuring, as usual, to the advantage of brains and character.

Mr. McLeod takes an Islander's pride in pointing to the success achieved by his countrymen abroad as well as at home, instancing such well-known names as those of Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax; President Schurman, of Cornell University, and the eminent Canadian artist, Mr. Robert Harris; and including the editor of the Pilot, who, however, had only the privilege of receiving his education in Prince Edward Island. No words can say too much in praise of the Island as a summer resort. As Mr. McLeod writes:—

"To the tourist who comes here for the first time, the summer climate of this little Island will prove a delightful surprise. The mean temperature is about sixty-two degrees, and even when it registers in the eighties the heat is always tempered by the breezes that blow from all sides laden with the breath of the salt sea. The fogs which hover round the coasts of the neighboring provinces are almost unknown here; and that makes it so suitable a resting-place for persons in delicate health. The practical results of this may be seen at a glance by any one who observes the contrast in the appearance of the children from the cities of the neighboring Republic, when they come here in the early summer, with that of these same children when they leave, after two or three months' romping over field and sand,—how the pale face and listless movements have given place to the brown, plump cheek, and the bubbling activity that come from health alone."

The fine steamers of the Plant Line, running direct from Boston, carry hundreds of visitors every season to the beautiful island whose charms are so well set forth by the New England Magazine essayist. It would be a pity if the simple pastoral life of the country should be marred by its becoming a "Fashionable resort," but happily its home-like attractions are not calculated to appeal to ostentatious vulgarity. It is a rarely beautiful country, with a people whose political history is interesting and valuable; and people independent as islanders and mountaineers are. Annexation to the United States would enhance their wealth tenfold; but it is doubtful if the material prosperity would compensate for the grinding conditions which always accompany the march of so-called progress. They are very well off as they are, and may the day be long distant when the advent of the tramp and the millionaire's shark mark the arrival of the vanguard of Progress!—Boston Pilot.

Education and Crime.

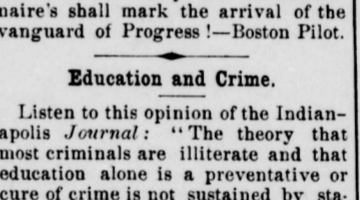
Listen to this opinion of the Indianapolis Journal: "The theory that most criminals are illiterate and that education alone is a preventative or cure of crime is not sustained by statistics. The report of the Superintendent of Prisons in New York shows that of 3,304 convicts in the three penitentiaries of that State, 52 are illiterate, 81 have a college education, 191 an academic education, and 2,623 a common or public school education. This raises a question whether greater pains should not be taken to instill principles of honesty and virtue in Public school pupils, and it also suggests that a great many youths who leave school with sharpened wits but without any trade or handicraft drift from idleness into crime." Facts like these confirm the belief of the Catholic Church—that moral training is the most important part of education. Without it instruction in head-learning only puts means into the hands of the young that may be turned to evil as easily as to good.—Catholic Review.

Make Some Sacrifice for Your Faith.

It is a true saying that men do not love their Church unless they have been in the habit of making sacrifices for it. He who is content merely to call himself a Catholic will care very little about Catholic matters, but he who has done something, even at personal inconvenience, for the Church, will love it all the more. God blesses the act by giving in return for it the great blessing of faith and zeal, which is happiness, for it means holiness of living and content of conscience.

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No man can serve two masters, cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time.

What does our Lord mean by "No man can serve two masters?" No man can serve two masters, you might perhaps answer, see any difficulty about masters. What is his regret for instance, after his regular work are over, from his out for the evenings to some employer, if he has strength spare? Or, if he can manage arrangement, why should for one in the morning, in the afternoon? And in fact, many people, for example, who give prizes who have a great number whom they agree to see times?"

Yes, this seems true seems so true that I believe many people who, in Lord's statement to divide their service between Mammon. They hire to the devil, or at least during the week, and comes round, and they good clothes, they change at the same time, and a time that they are in certain words out of books, in which they service to God. And appear to think that the strange about this. The of course, decency requires should want part of his service, and that He is able in only asking for seven; but that He should claim on them during week that He does not serve does not seem to minds. That is the to the other master—that worldly interests or find no difficulty in service of God and Mammon. They can be good Christians of the world like the slightest trouble.

But I seem to hear "Father, are you no matter rather too far cannot be in church prayers at home all the people may find time Mass and all the dev what you may call a pally; but I have to go or my family will would you have me do

Well, I will tell you business during the wing as much as he is ob for himself and his fa but I must say, by many people, under into the snare of avar early and late to h which neither they n need, and which, let s is only too likely to be sin. However, I rep be blamed for attendi duties of his state of l his business, if it is useful one. But whi blamed for is for atte instead of being God ought to be, it was n at all; as if He had about it, and His delu to it. The delusion Christians are unde religious life and t world are entirely sep that religion, moralit general, have nothin which they call practi say, if we did not about these things, on at all; so they granted, even, per professional, that such moral aspect whatev

This is a great de blunder. A Christi Christian first, last, one cannot be a Ca and to all intents a testant or an infidel. If you can't get on serving God and t and do His will on Sunday, then al "Don't get on." I some truth in your who manages his l life generally, as i in the world, wi money faster, and a better time, tha lies in God and v Very well, then, world to the next, standard Sunday, time; but don't tr and get a pass t ground that you standard now and

A Comfort

When health is fa then sometime only secured from the us What is much bett in time to save you

Mr. Joab Seales, of short time ago I was Complaint and Dy and lame back; in prostrated and su While in this statu me to try a bottle Vegetable Discover and the permanent cured and made a me to try a bottle mark the improve

If your children a give them Mother G tor; safe, sure, and mark the improve

Ill-fitting boots a Holloway's Corn Cu Get a bottle at once

DOWN WITH

PEPSIA
STOMACH
Liver
AND HEART
Almost in Despair
But FINALLY
CURED
By Taking
DR. BARKER'S PILLS

... I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst form. The skill of many doctors, but none would do me any good. I became almost unable to walk. I could not sit down and rest. My liver and heart became affected. I thought I would surely die. I took Dr. Barker's Pills and they helped me. I continued their use and entirely well. I don't know of that will so quickly relieve the terrible suffering of dyspepsia as Dr. Barker's Pills. John A. McKean, Brodie, Warren Co., N.C.

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Highest Awards
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COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost

RELIGION FOR WEEK-DAYS.
No man can serve two masters. You cannot serve God and Mammon. (Gospel of the Day.)

What does our Lord mean by this, my brethren? "No man," he says, "can serve two masters." "Why," you might perhaps answer, "I do not see any difficulty about serving two masters. What is to prevent a man, for instance, after his regular hours of work are over, from hiring himself out for the evenings to some other employer, if he has strength enough to spare? Or, if he can make such an arrangement, why should he not work for one in the morning, and another in the afternoon? And are there not, in fact, many people, teachers, for example, who give private lessons, who have a great number of employers whom they agree to serve at stated times?"

Yes, this seems true enough. It seems so true that I believe there are many people who, in spite of our Lord's statement to the contrary, divide their service between God and Mammon. They hire themselves out to the devil, or at least to the world during the week, and when Sunday comes round, and they put on their good clothes, they change their master at the same time, and, at least for the time that they are in church, read certain words out of their prayer books, in which they offer their service to God. And they do not appear to think that there is anything strange about this. They think that, of course, decency requires that God should want part of their time for His service, and that He is quite reasonable in only asking for one day out of seven; but that He should have any claim on them during the part of the week that He does not specially reserve does not seem to occur to their minds. That is the time engaged to the other master—that is, to their worldly interests or pleasures. They find no difficulty in reconciling the service of God and Mammon at all; they can be good Christians, and also men of the world like others without the slightest trouble.

But I seem to hear some one say, "Father, are you not pushing this matter rather too far? Surely one cannot be in church or saying his prayers at home all the week. Some people may find time to come to early Mass and all the devotions, and live what you may call a pious life generally; but I have to go to my business or my family will starve. What would you have me do?"

Well, I will tell you. I do not find fault with any one for attending to his business during the week, and working as much as he is obliged to provide for himself and his family properly; but I must say, by the way, that many people, under this excuse, fall into the snare of avarice, and work early and late to hoard up riches which neither they nor their family need, and which, left to their children, is only too likely to be an occasion of sin.

However, I repeat, no one is to be blamed for attending to the proper duties of his state of life; for working at his business, if it is a legitimate and useful one. But what one is to be blamed for is for attending to it as if, instead of being God's business, as it ought to be, it was no business of His at all; as if He had nothing to say about it, and His laws did not apply to it. The delusion that too many Christians are under is that their religious life and their life in the world are entirely separate concerns; that religion, morality, God's laws or general, have nothing to do with politics, business, buying or selling, in what they call practical affairs. They say, if we did not do as others do about these things, we could not get on at all; so they calmly take for granted, even, perhaps, in the confessional, that such things have no moral aspect whatever.

This is a great delusion and a fatal blunder. A Christian has got to be a Christian first, last, and all the time; one cannot be a Catholic on Sunday, and to all intents and purposes a Protestant or an infidel during the week. If you can't get on on the principle of serving God and trying to find out and do His will on Monday as well as on Sunday, then all I have to say is, "Don't get on." I dare say there is some truth in your complaint; a man who manages his business and daily life generally, as if there was no God in the world, will probably make money faster, and have in some ways a better time, than one who will believe in God and tries to do His will. Very well, then, if you prefer this world to the next, act according to its standard Sunday, Monday, and all the time; but don't try to cut inside of it and get a pass to heaven on the ground that you have used another standard now and then.

A Comfort Sometimes.
When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to your child in time to save your health.

Mr. Joab Seales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Scott's Emulsion. Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude.

THE LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Sermon by Mgr. Tylee, M. A.

At the evening service at the Church of St. Francis, Glasgow, on Sunday Monsignor Tylee was the preacher. He took for his text, "And God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound those that are mighty." (Cor. i. 27.) Those words, the right rev. preacher said, may be considered as epitomising the whole dealings of Almighty God with His creatures. The strength of God was so great that with one breath He could reduce into nothingness this vast world, which He had created from nothingness. Yet, notwithstanding this, He chose to hide His mighty force, and to show to men that when He had chosen and selected His instruments, however apparently feeble they might be, no one dare resist them. Hence every good work which sprang up in the Church of God, and which was blessed by Him, however humble and feeble in the beginning it had been, was destined eventually to become a mighty monument to His greatness. This was especially the case with the work for which he pleaded there that evening, and which he desired to show that, though begun in weakness, it had been blessed by God, and so had done great things by His name, and was the means by which thousands of souls were saved.

Let them then watch this Divine economy and see how God had chosen to bring strength out of weakness. Let them see how this was done in the Old and New Law; let them follow it in the life and works of St. Vincent De Paul, and let them understand God had chosen to bring strength out of weakness in the work for which he appealed that night, and that He had done so in that case most remarkably. They would remember that when the Almighty God wished to rebuke the rebellious Pharaoh, He sent His great lawgiver Moses to him, but Moses was so feeble and weak of speech that he was obliged to bring his brother Aaron to speak for him, and the Judges of Israel a member of the weak sex, a woman—Deborah—yet she was so strong and valiant that she is a mark and sign of triumph over God's enemies. Also, when at another time the headstrong people of Israel wished to have a king, God looked about and brought from his sheep-fold a shepherd boy, named David, to rule over the land, and He chose that David should be the head of the Royal Family from which the Redeemer was to spring. That was a most remarkable, a most striking instance where power and strength and majesty and triumph had come forth from the most apparent weakness; and here, also, had God watched till the Royal Family of David had fallen into poverty, and we see in the facts of the Incarnation of Jesus the most startling proof of might and triumph in the midst of weakness.

The preacher in eloquent terms and with impressive force then went on to demonstrate how the life of Jesus, from His Incarnation to His death, was one continuous exemplification of the text. He also demonstrated how the lives of the Apostles bore the same application, and went on to say that scarcely three hundred years had passed when Nero's successor at Rome set about building a new city on the shores of the Bosphorus, and left Rome to the successor of Peter. Need he then multiply examples to illustrate his text? Let them look at

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND BY ST. AUGUSTINE.
of Germany by St. Boniface, of Ireland by St. Patrick, and at other great works which had done so much for souls, and they would see how much had been accomplished for a considerable time through the most lowly and humble means, and he thought this was especially the case in

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.
He entered Paris in the seventeenth century, which was then, as now, the centre of sin and evil, but before he died he left works the marks of which issued from Paris, and which were known and valued throughout the whole world. Faint was in those days the unhealthy taint of sin and evil against religion. Those evils arose amongst the clergy; and, secondly, because of the vicious system of patronage which obtained amongst the laity. In regard to the first, the Council of Trent ordered that seminaries should be founded in each diocese for the education of the clergy. But St. Vincent de Paul was not satisfied with his labors in this direction—he was ever prosecuting his noble work with untiring zeal; he instituted retreats for the clergy, and founded two kinds of seminaries in Paris—one for the clergy prior to ordination, and another for the imparting of elementary training to catechists. Not only did St. Vincent de Paul devote himself with unflinching assiduity to the self-imposed task of lessening the vices among the rich, but he also gave every attention to the condition of the poor, and left behind him everlasting bulwarks for the alleviation of their sufferings and wants. He founded a religious body of missionaries called

THE ORDER OF LAZARUS, who were to be found in every part of the world, and were especially popular amongst the Irish. He also founded **THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,** those noble nuns known to them all, and whose heroic lives were devoted to consoling the poor in want, in poverty, and in sickness. St. Vincent de Paul left a special legacy and good work for the poor behind him, and that for which he pleaded that night was that

HOOD'S CURES when all other preparations fail. It possesses curative power peculiar to itself. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla

A Zealous Nun.

The late president of France, M. Carnot, was a devout Catholic, and his successor, who is of the same faith, should also be a most loyal son of the Church if he follows in the footsteps of some of his ancestors. It was a near relative of the grandfather of President Cassimir Perier who founded in America the society of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Rose Philippine Duchesne Perier was born at Grenoble in 1769, and died at St. Louis, Mo., in 1852. She was a cousin of Cassimir Perier, the prime minister of Louis Philippe. At the age of twenty-two she became a Sister of the Sacred Heart, and in 1833 she came to America and established the order in this country. Her life was a noble example of zeal for the faith and devotion to the cause of suffering humanity.

The saintly nun came from one of the wealthiest families of France, yet she chose a life of austerity and self-denial among the lowly and afflicted. She was a constant attendant at the hospitals during the terrible cholera plague, nursing and comforting the unfortunate sufferers. She dressed in the poorest of clothes and took her meals at the paupers' tables. At the age of seventy-two she was doing missionary work among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. When at length she felt her strength leaving her and knew that she was about to ascend on high, there to receive the commendation of the Master for her well-spent life, she wrote regretfully to one of her Sisters—"If Alexander, when he reached the ocean fell in tears because there were no more worlds for him to conquer, I am the more tempted to tears because I cannot, in my old age, save as many poor people from the hands of the barbarian." Such was the life of one Catholic nun. There are thousands of others in this country alone leading just such heroic, self-sacrificing lives. Yet the anti-Catholic bigots cannot rail too strongly against them, or too brutally insult them.

Cardinal Ledochowski.

His Eminence, Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, has had the rare privilege of reading his own obituary. If the latest report be true, he may still enjoy the sensation of reading with his own eyes the comments of thousands of Catholic and secular journals, published in all parts of the world, on the interesting topics of his life and death.

A cablegram from Paris, dated Sunday, conveyed the melancholy intelligence of the Cardinal's demise alleged to have occurred at Lucerne, Switzerland, Saturday. The announcement called forth in numerous sanctums thrilling records of the wonderful career of this eminent ecclesiastic. To these were added the usual editorial post-mortem addendum.

But, lo and behold, on Monday came a message over the wires from Berlin, stating that not only is the Cardinal not dead, but is blessed with most robust health. Well might His Eminence, as represented, be astonished at the rumors of his death.

As there has been no contradiction of the second report, we presume we may regard the original rumor in the light of a canard.

The works of the cablegram are, indeed, strange, and his ways inexplicable.—Cleveland Orange.

According to an Orange orator, Delegate Pitts, at the Ghost-Dance of the brethren in London last week, "the Dominion of Canada has 6,000,000 Protestants and thousands of Orangemen." According to the cold figures of the latest census, the whole population of Canada number less than 4,500,000, of whom 1,792,000 are Catholics. Mr. Pitts must have gone to his bottomless navesack to find the bulk of his imaginary Orange cohorts.—Boston Pilot.

My feet were so badly swollen that I could not wear my shoes. I got Yellow Oil, and to my astonishment it gave instant relief, and my feet were completely cured. Mrs. W. G. McKay, Berwick, Ont.

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C. M. B. A.

Official. To the members in the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada...

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 130, Bathurst, N. B., held on August 7, the following resolutions were adopted...

Moved by John J. Harrington, seconded by M. Power, that whereas by the Divine will of Almighty God...

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be given to Brother Daley and they be published in the CATHOLIC RECORD...

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beloved sister of our worthy President, John Fitzgerald, through the mercy of Almighty God...

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Mary's he showed himself possessed of such signal abilities that Archbishop Purcell determined to send him to Rome for a course of higher theological studies...

During the period that he was first connected with Mount St. Mary's of the West, Dr. Byrne, in conjunction with the learned Dr. Fabisch...

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Father Kelly's Picnic at Trout Creek. The picnic under the auspices of the congregation of the Sacred Heart, Trout Creek...

On Tuesday morning, the 21st inst., at St. Mary's church, Mount Forest, Miss Nellie O'Connell, niece of Very Rev. Dean O'Connell...

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