

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1896.

NO. 923.

VOLUME XVIII.

## THE LAST CHANCE FOR IRELAND—PERHAPS.

At length there is a hope that inter-necine strife in Ireland may be stopped. One more chance is given the warring partisans. In the general race convention which is to assemble in Dublin in September next some means may be found whereby the suicidal folly of dissension shall be at last suppressed.

To the wise and patriotic counsel of the Archbishop of Toronto this salutary expedient is due. His Grace, who has been one of the sincerest and staunchest upholders of the Home Rule cause, seeing no earthly hope of a cure for the pest of dissension coming from within, bethought him that an external remedy might perhaps be efficacious. It might not be, but yet there was a possibility that it would. Hence he proffered the advice that a general convention of the Irish race be held, in order to hold a High Parliament of the whole people, so to speak, to pronounce on the policy to be adopted in order to gain Home Rule, and to silence discord with the voice of authority. It is gratifying to find that the sage advice has been well received and promptly acted on. Notice of the assembling of the convention has now been formally issued.

In due course, then, we may confidently assume the gathering will take place. It will be a unique event. Of all the strange and impressive national events ever beheld on the world's wide stage, this exile pilgrimage from the remotest seas to the shores of the motherland will be the most striking. If its outcome be not the complete restoration of peace in the Irish camp, it is not too much to say that not dis-appointment but despair will be the hearts of all Irishmen who are able to calculate the chances in the struggle for Ireland's autonomy.

Nothing could be more hopeful than the spirit in which the subject has been approached by the Irish Parliamentary party whose chairman is Mr. John Dillon. By inviting Mr. John Redmond and his followers to come forward and help to make the convention a bond of union and an act of national will, the party of the majority has done its duty. It is now for Mr. Redmond and his associates to prove that their patriotism is real and not a cover for self-seeking. They cannot escape the responsibility now cast upon them. They will be judged by their action, and the issue between them and their former colleagues will be no longer confined to the terms of their respective constitutions, but referred to the high council of the nation. There can be no palliating with the solemn business of that tribunal. The destinies of Ireland for many years to come are at stake—perhaps the very existence of the remnant of her people immediately involved in the action which shall be taken at the convention.

The part which the patriotic Irishmen in America will have in this event must be momentous; it may be decisive. Men engaged in hot quarrel are not usually able to realize the full effects of their violent action. To Irishmen at home, following with unflinching interest the developments of the wrangling of the chiefs, it was impossible to convey the impression of the general body of their fellow-countrymen outside by those inglorious squabbles. It was a feeling akin, indeed, to despair. And little wonder. For years they had given their support, in heart and gold, to the movement which they saw was deliberately wrecked by the men who were bound to uphold it at all hazards. Though their indignation was deep, they refrained from giving expression to it, lest they might only add another element of discord to the situation. No one can deny their right to speak now. They will have an opportunity of bringing home vividly to the people of Ireland the miserable effects of that dissension which has shadowed their hopes, and brought so prominently before the world the fact that the pettiest qualities may often be the accompaniment of the most talented minds when personal ambition or the personification of party is in the track of patriotism. It is not always grateful to play the part of candid friend, but there are times when it becomes the highest duty; and this is such a time, beyond all doubt.

It may confidently be anticipated that the delegates from the United States and Canada will be selected because of their peculiar fitness for the honorable task. It would be premature now to mention names, but we have no doubt that the best men will be chosen. It is the first duty of Irishmen in the United States to take steps that their views shall be well presented. There are amongst us men whose intellectual gifts and oratorical attainments have won for them the front rank in high public life. It is contemplated that the delegates from abroad shall, after the convention has closed its deliberation and made its fiat, make a tour of the chief cities outside Dublin and make appeals to the people at large to ratify the work of the council and to determine once for all to stamp out the noxious weed of dissension, so that it may never again rear its head.

Every Irishman ought to devote himself to this task with all the energy of his heart and mind. Every man should become a Hannibal and swear eternal enmity to the monster of dissension, as deadly a foe to his country as Rome was to the country of Hannibal. This is the most essential duty of the Irishman who desires the regeneration of his country.

Under favorable auspices great results may flow from this convention. It will be an event to fasten the gaze of the world upon the Irish question. Those Irishmen from abroad who shall take part in it will represent the success of that principle for which Ireland is struggling. They will come as the spokesmen of a prosperity and a progress which is the direct outcome of the principle Ireland demands—the system of Home Rule. They will be the bearers of the message to Great Britain that in continuing to deny to Ireland that right she is acting not only tyrannically, but unwisely. Home Rule conceded to the colonies meant that she was planting a circle of friends all over the earth. Home Rule denied to Ireland signified that she was continuing to foster a deadly enemy right at her very door and another more formidable still on the great continent, where similar folly called into existence a glorious flag of freedom instead of her own hated symbol of oppression. This is what the Irish race convention will declare and signify to the world. It is a great trust with which the delegates will be charged, and we need not impress upon them that they take all means essential to it that they have confidence in their power to have it confided to the very ablest hands. It is the last chance for Ireland, at least for this century, perhaps for ever.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

## A USELESS SACRIFICE.

Observant persons who mingle securely with what is known as the best society, are often forced to marvel at the astonishing "liberality" of a certain class of Catholics in matters of religious faith. They meet these Catholics occasionally in a social way, and always find that they are comparatively late arrivals in the elysium of snobbery. They have been accustomed to believe that adherents of the old Church are uncompromising in their attachment to Catholic dogma and authority, they know now that in European countries where aristocracy at its best is identified with Catholicity, though the lives of the nobility of ancient courts may at times diverge widely from the mode prescribed by the Church, those who profess the faith are usually very steadfast in their convictions and ready to defend them with speech, if not by example. In other words, they are honest in their belief, though derelict in the practice of its tenets.

Contrast this state of things with that which prevails among a certain class of brethren in our own country newly exalted to places of real or fancied social distinction. The verdict must be on the whole favorable to the delinquency of the other side, because their position is divested at least of the element of base and cringing cowardice. They boldly disregard the law, but do not attempt to shuffle or equivocate in the matter nor prostitute their intellectual independence to a contemptible spirit of human respect.

On the other hand, the "liberal Catholic" who figures in American society is unfaithful to his convictions and false to the best instincts of man and hood, simply because he fancies his fidelity to the one and loyalty to the other would in some manner retard his aspirations by reason of non-Catholic environment. He is strangely wedded to this singular hallucination. He would no doubt prefer to be honest if he thought that honesty would not impede his ambition, but from fear of losing the good will of those whose friendship he slavishly craves, he basely betrays his conscience and sacrifices the only quality that could win for him the enduring respect of persons whose respect is worth having and keeping.

The Catholic who believes that his position in the estimation of others who differ from him in religious belief, is dependent upon such a servile relinquishment of principle merit and must provoke the contempt of honest minds, no matter how greatly these may be opposed to the views which he treacherously smother. Only a fool conceives that open and manly loyalty to truth and right and among intelligent people, might prove a detriment to proper and commendable desire for personal advancement. Only a slave to human passion, would yield such ransom to coward fear.

The alleged Catholic who willingly emasculates his conscience and his intellect in the belief that the process is the highest achievement of worldly wisdom, usually discovers too late that he has made a great blunder. It possibly may be true in some isolated instances that temporary material advantage has resulted from surrender of principle; cases might be mentioned in which, apparently, temporal pro-

spects have been promoted by basely turning the back upon what persons of character esteem their best possessions, but even these are rare, and generally it will be found that the good obtained at such cost proves to be veritable Dead Sea fruit. There is no greater fallacy than the belief that the faith of a Catholic presents an insuperable obstacle to success in business or society. The attributes and opportunities that command prosperity are not affected by one's fidelity to religious convictions. It is a libel on veracity and civilization to assume that the contrary is true. To a person possessing the other requisite qualifications, religious opinion is an aid rather than an impediment to success in the best meaning of the term.—Catholic Universe.

## IF THIS COUNTRY WERE CATHOLIC.

A Western Non-Catholic Editor Answers the Query of an Ignorant Bigot.

The following trenchant article is from the columns of the *Iconoclast*, published in Waco, Texas, whose editor, W. C. Brann, is a "free thinker."

A Baptist divine, who protests that he "wants no newspaper notoriety," takes his pen in hand to propound the following momentous conundrums to the "Apostle."

"Don't you think it would be very bad for our country should it become Catholic, like Spain or Mexico? Don't you know that Protestantism is synonymous with progress and Catholicism with retrogression, as evidenced by the fact that all Catholic nations are semi-barbarous? Don't you know that the Catholics in our penitentiaries outnumber the convicts belonging to any Protestant denomination—that the Catholic priests are kept busy baptizing men about to be hanged? Why should an editor, who claims to be Protestant, go to the defense of the arch enemy of Protestantism, of a Church all whose tendencies are evil? By their fruits ye shall know them."

I think it altogether likely that were the Catholics in a majority we would get considerable "Papacy" in our politics—just as we now get a great deal of Protestantism; but I am frank to confess that I do not believe it would be so offensively aggressive, so inimical to the fundamental principles of this country, as the future by which we are now governed is being founded. Judging the well-informed past, I believe that every well-informed and patriotic American, of whatsoever or no creed, would rather see the Catholics in power than the Baptists in control of this country. The latter boast that they were the first to proclaim in the new world the blessed doctrine of religious liberty. It really matters little whether the Baptists of two centuries ago were latitudinarians or bigots; the question that concerns us is, How do they stand to-day? Still it may be well to bear in mind that the Baptists have never proclaimed or practiced the religious liberty which they possessed of the religious liberty when they practiced the power to persecute. Their Roger Williams boast of fleeing the persecution of other Protestants. He set up his lodge in the wilderness and issued his religious liberty pronouncement as an immigration card. Any strolling vagabond owning a blunderbuss and a bull dog could have annulled the Williams edict. The Roman Catholics were all-powerful in Maryland when they formally offered an asylum to the people of every religious faith. The people renounced the Williams doctrine as soon as they were able to engineer a trustee as the Catholics have for two centuries held fast the faith that every man should be privileged to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The Baptists of to-day would crush liberty of conscience and freedom of speech. Not a few of their journals openly teach that it is a sin to spend a cent on a newspaper, and even employ a servant, who does not conform to their faith. They will boycott anything, from a barrel of newshy who sells the *Iconoclast* to a merchant prince who declines to sit up o' nights to damn Bob Ingersoll. They constitute the grandest aggregation of ignorance, bigotry and bile on which God's sun ever shone. This country is a Baptist stronghold, and candidates for office fear to announce in the *Iconoclast*, or even to be seen much in the company of its editor, lest they be suspected of being "Brann men" and systematically boycotted. Think of a cult that boasts of having established religious liberty in this land, constituting the grand recruiting ground of the A. P. A.—a religious-political dark lantern society of assassins, who would slay the citizenship of American patriots for believing in the theological infallibility of the Pope! I'll wager a scholarship by Baylor University—that sweet-scented *alma mater* of Antonio Teixeira—that there are not in the entire Baptist ministry one hundred men—not hydrocephalic—whose heads will fill a No. 7 hat.

It would be a misfortune should supreme political power pass into the hands of any particular religious cult. We Protestantism united instead of divided into dozens of warring factions, every free thinker would be hanged before nightfall. Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis would be banished as public enemies, and Bob Ingersoll given an heroic dose of that purificatory medicine whose existence he denies. Every law upon the statute books of the various American States that interferes with religious freedom was placed there by Protestants, and they would possess the power. The American Catholics have never yet jelled a Jew, Seventh Day Adventist or Atheist for refusing to observe the Christian Sabbath—have never made the law an instrument of persecution, or suggested that it was the duty of the police to club people into paradise. They do not go about with a garbled edition of the Bible in one hand and a boycott pronouncement in the other. Their priests and Bishops are not forever on the march because there's no God in the Con-stitution, but devote their energies to getting Him into the hearts of the people.

Every attempt to curtail the natural rights of the citizen by means of summary laws—to drag him kicking and perhaps cursing to the throne of grace—receives far more encouragement from Protestants than Catholics. The latter preach Christian temperance, the former sport political prohibition. In view of those facts I am unable to figure out that the Pope is more dangerous to this country than is the A. P. A. Pope President.

Nor have I yet learned that Catholicism is synonymous with retrogression while Protestantism is the avatar of progress. There are twice as many Catholics as Protestants in Europe, and Catholics as Protestants to keep pace with that country appears to keep pace with the progress of France has seventy Catholics to one Protestant, yet Paris is the Mecca of all lovers of art and literature. One third of the population of studious Germany is Catholic, while in our own land the "Papists" vastly outnumber all the Baptist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian organizations combined, and even outcount the seventeen varieties of Methodism by nearly two and a half millions. Spain was more intensely Catholic when she is today the Mother Church transformed the Mexican Indians into a civilized nation, while Protestantism was killing off those in the United States by bayonets and booze. Italy, the home of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, bids fair to regain much of that power and glory conferred upon her by the pagans.

The A. P. Apes would have us believe that priestcraft and kingcraft are correlative—the upper and lower jaws of a behemoth between which liberty is bruised. Let us see: France and Mexico and all the nations of Central and South America are intensely Catholic, and have republican governments. Switzerland, the nurse of liberty, is half Catholic and has no king. Italy and Spain are Catholic, and the world but waits to see the crown yield to the sovereignty of the citizen. It was a Catholic Archbishop who blessed the English barons when they went forth to wring Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede. Catholic Ireland will become a republic the moment she is freed from a Protestant monarch's fetters. Those who imagine that all Catholic countries are ruled from Rome might correspond with President Diaz, of Mexico—or compare the relative political power of the dominant Churches in England and France. Even in Italy the Pope could not retain his temporal power.

It is quite true that many criminals were reared in the Catholic faith, and it is likewise true that many more are converted to it after conviction. As General Sherman—I think it is he—said, "It is a good Church to die in." It pays particular attention to the poor and the criminal classes, thereby imitating the example of Christ, who came to work up a fat salary by coddling the wealthy Pharisees, but to call sin man is to be hanged on the morrow and cannot be longer depended upon for Peter's Pence does not deter the priest. He visits him in the prison cell and strives as manfully to convert him as a good Baptist exhorter would do to round up a Rockefeller. He goes with him to the gallows to soothe his last moments and commits his soul to God, and in the solemn hush that follows the traditional "dull thud" he hails the traditional brother gleefully exclaim as he notes the fact down for Dr. Hayden's *Holy Fake*: "Another Papist criminal hanged and gone to hell?" No wonder that so many converts become Catholics! The unwavering devotion of the Mother Church to those in distress has no parallel in Protestantism. \* \* \* When a poor devil is ill of a contagious disease and a preacher is sent for he halts at the gate and pours consolation through a picket fence—a la "Loce," alias Rev. J. W. Hill; but there's never a count in the Mother Church to forget her earthly mission, no pestilence so deadly that it will keep from the bedside of the sufferer the sainted "Brides of God."

I do not go to the "defence" of Catholicism—I'm not much of a churchman

anyhow: I simply point out to those over-zealous Protestants who are so bitterly assailing it that if they would attack poverty, ignorance and crime with the same vigor it would be better for the world—that the best way to ascertain the relative effect of the two camps on public morals would be to compare the number of preachers with the number of priests in the penitentiary. Were Catholicism suddenly blotted out, Protestantism could scarce survive a century. The first has ever been the ark of the Christian covenant, the theological sun about which all schisms revolve. These schisms are born and die; they come and go, but the Catholic Church goes on forever. Numerically it occupies first place in the world's religions, while all the warring factions of Protestantism combined could scarce claim a fifth. Truly if the world is ever "captured for Christ" it must be by the Catholics. We have in America more than one hundred brands of Protestantism and the differentiation increases year by year—despite the Master's warning that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Some of these divisions are large, some are small, but all are new; it yet remains for them to be tried in the crucible of time—that Moloch which has devoured so many religious cults. Not only are they ever at war among themselves, but all are hammering with more or less ferocity at their common mother's heart and decrying their own birth.

A BIG MOVEMENT.

Missions to Non-Catholics in Every Parish of the New York Archdiocese.

A band of priests under the direction of the Rev. Walter Elliot, the well-known Paulist orator, will shortly begin the work of giving missions for non-Catholics in every parish in the Archdiocese of New York. This is the first organized and systematic effort at wholesale conversion that has ever been made in this country. Heretofore the Paulist Fathers and other religious orders have in isolated cases given missions for Protestants, but nothing like the present scheme has been attempted. The idea was suggested by Archbishop Corrigan, and is in the line of carrying out the wishes of the Pope, whose chief aim during the past few years has been to reunite all sects of Christianity.

The Archbishop selected Father Elliot as the leader in the work because of his long and successful experience. He has called for volunteers from among the secular clergy of the archdiocese, and has offered them special inducements to undertake the work. Rectors of churches who volunteer will have their pastorships kept vacant for them for a year, and curates will have two years added to their seniority. The funds for carrying on the work will be supplied by the Missionary Union, which will shortly be incorporated under the laws of New York. The missionaries who volunteer will be divided up into small bands and they will visit every parish.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Be Watchful of the Children Through-out Their Vacation.

What are you going to do with the children now that vacation is at hand? Tell yourself that the poor darlings have been so cooped up since last fall that now they must have their innings, and then allow them to run wild? That is not altogether a good plan, as you will acknowledge when you apply the rule to yourself. Suppose you were to get up in the morning with absolutely nothing in the world to do but to kill time; don't you know—nearly all of us have indulged ourselves in that costly luxury at some time—that killing time is the hardest thing in the world to do?

Don't let the boys and girls get into that very bad habit. Give them each some daily duty to perform, be it ever so short, light and simple, and see that it is conscientiously done. Let the girls take care of their own bedrooms, or, if they are accustomed to do that or even in school-time, let them assist a little more with the housework. Dusting, sewing, preparing the vegetables for dinner, setting the table; let them learn these things in their childhood, and they will thank you for it when they are grown. Don't let the younger children depend too much on their older sisters for mending or making. It is mistaken kindness which will make them dependent on others until taught by the bitterest of all teachers—Experience.

Find some light tasks for the boys, too. If there is really work for them about the house, no hindling to provide, no weeding to do in the garden, encourage them in some of the works that are taught in the technical schools. Let them have a small chest of tools and make an attempt at carpentry, or wood-carving, or fire etching. If they have begun the study of music, see that they practice faithfully every day, both boys and girls.

Only keep them off the streets, teach them to be helpful, or at least in- dustrious; encourage them to do a certain amount of good reading, and know where, how and with whom they spend their leisure. A daily task makes the leisure that follows it more enjoyable.

The Liverpool *Catholic Times* announces the following recent conversions to the faith: Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, wife of Mr. John Porter, oculist and optician, was received into the Church on the feast of St. Gregory Nazianzen, at St. Peter's church, Cirencester, by the Rev. J. A. Martin.

Miss Rosetta Maguth, the only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Maguth, an Anglican clergyman, and member of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, was received into the Church on Saturday, May 2, by the Very Rev. Father Rudolph, O. S. F. C., the Superior of the Franciscan church and Monastery at Peckham, London.—The Vatican.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE BOER REPUBLIC in the Transvaal declares "That the Dutch Reformed Church shall be the Church of the State, that no persons shall be elected to the Volksraad who are not members of that Church, that no ecclesiastical authority shall be recognized save that of the consistories of that Church, and that

NO ROMAN CATHOLIC churches, nor any Protestant churches save those that teach the doctrines of the Heidelberg catechism, shall be permitted within the republic." This has been so modified that members of the Volksraad must belong to some Protestant sect—Catholics, Jews and others being still deprived of civil and religious liberty. Mr. James Bryce, M. P., says of this constitution, that although it "was enacted by and for a pure democracy, it is based on inequality—INEQUALITY OF WHITES AND BLACKS, inequality of religious creeds. Not only is the Dutch Reformed Church declared by the State, but Roman Catholic churches are forbidden to exist, and no Roman Catholic nor Jew nor Protestant of any other than the Dutch Reformed Church is eligible to the presidency, or to membership in the legislature or executive council. Some of these restrictions have now been removed. But the door is barred as firmly as ever against persons of color. No one whose father or mother belonged to any native race, up to and including the fourth generation, can obtain any civic rights or hold land." (Out on such a republic! The Methodist ministers of Chicago could find in it material for their energy.—Catholic Review.)

In Hamburg, Prussia, and some parts of South Germany the Baptists enjoy a large degree of toleration—even liberty—but in some places this is not the case. In the Kingdom of Saxony, the cradle of the Reformation, the most Protestant State of Protestant Germany, the Baptists are subjected to all kinds of restrictions and persecutions. They stand in the eyes of the law on the same level with the Socialists and Anarchists, and their preaching services, prayer meetings, etc., are governed by the same laws which control Socialistic, Anarchistic, and other public meetings.—Rev. F. A. Remley (Baptist) in New York Times.

FIRST ORANGE LODGE.

Formed in 1795 at Timalkell, County Wick, the Orange lodge was formed in 1795 at Timalkell, county Armagh. Irish Catholics were deprived of every right at this period. They were outraged by the laws and detested by the stolid and bigoted King. A fresh enemy swelled the ranks against them. The Orange society, according to a manifesto issued by a Dublin lodge, had for its end the maintenance of the Protestant faith and the imposition of the secular *The Oath*.

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Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms...

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle...

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health...

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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULLHOLLAND.

CHAPTER II. NOTHING WRONG.

Marcella got up from her seat, and went down into the mildewed old hall, and spoke through the keyhole.

By the very faint ray of lamplight that came through the dusty and broken fanlight, she could just see that he was tall and dark, pale and weary looking.

"You have done a good act," he said; "I am more thankful than I can say. Will you go further, and find me a hiding-place for a few hours?"

"There is a place," said Marcella, "though not a comfortable one. Come up stairs and I will show it to you."

She led the way up the worm-eaten stair. Old Michael Grace slept heavily, and the light sound of their feet did not wake him.

"The closet is here, sir," she said, putting her hand on the wood that still lined the strong-built walls.

It was evidently made for a hiding-place in olden times, and I think nobody remembers its existence but me.

For a moment her words, and unconsciously graceful action, as she looked over her shoulder at him, suggested the conceit that this was no woman who had come to his aid, but the ghost of some long dead lady of quality, who had once dwelt in state in the now dilapidated mansion, and who had come back opportunely to reveal to him the secret of her house, pleased that there had occurred yet another opportunity for the service of the once useful hiding-place.

Marcella threw open a door, formed by the panel, which creaked on its rusty hinges, and disclosed a small chamber long enough for a man to lie his full length in, and high enough to allow of his standing upright.

It was ventilated through the outer wall," she said; "so you cannot be smothered. At what time shall I come back to you?"

after midnight? Grumbling, and muttering a few characteristic oaths, he groped out of his room and went stumbling down the staircase, and confronted the assailant of his knocker (a knocker that was one of the few relics of grandeur the old fellow had got to be proud of with a face of thunder.

"You great overgrown fools," he said, "what brought you to an honest man's door at such an hour of the night—or mornin'—bad scran to me if I know which of them it is!"

"Aisy, Mister Grace, aisy!" said the head policeman. "It's not you we have to do with. But you see there's been a bad job done to-night—"

"Of course there has!" sneered Grace. "Many's the bad job done every night that you've got no eyes to see, Mister Omadhoun. Why didn't you take whoever was after doin' the job that ye're talkin' of, an' not come routin' a decent man out of his bed to tell him the news that he could wait for till mornin'?"

"I heard the police making search," he said, "and I know how prudent you have been for my sake. How is it possible for me to thank you?"

"I want no thanks," said the girl. "The poor are accustomed to do any little good turn they can. It was fortunate for you that you happened to knock at this door, though; for in no other house would there have been a closet like that."

Marcella stood for a moment irresolute on the threshold of her room, as her father came grumbling up the stair again after fastening the door. Should she tell him what she had done, relieve her mind of the responsibility she had incurred, and place the fate of the concealed stranger in his hands?

Grace returned to his bed, and the girl crept back to hers, to lie awake, counting the hours by the strokes of St. Patrick's bell, waiting for the moment for her prisoner's release, and thinking anxiously over this strange event that had broken upon the poverty-stricken monotony of her existence.

Her imagination was possessed by a troubled wonder as to the "bad job" that had been done. How had that man with the noble face got himself mixed up in such an affair? Though she did not read the papers, Marcella heard enough of what they contained from her father, who was a lively politician (as what Irishman is not?) to be well aware that she was living in troubled times, that a struggle was on between class and class which she could not understand, and that wicked deeds had been done.

In her secret heart Marcella was on the side of the powers that be. The spirit of her lady-mother's forefathers was at this moment more strong within her than sympathy with the "people," who were to her represented chiefly by the drinking, idle and disorderly crowd who made the slums around her hideous on a Saturday night.

Had the man been of a coarser mould, had he failed, when seen, to match with the vibrations of his voice, which had gained admittance by appealing to her charity, she would, she thought herself, have awakened her father directly and placed the affair in his hands. But the secret of a person like this she could venture to keep to herself. Something which she could not have described in the stranger's face—an expression not easily analyzed even by persons accustomed to ticket and label their thoughts—had impressed the untutored girl so vividly that the countenance must henceforth remain on her memory as the incarnation of all that was strong, chivalrous and stainless in manhood.

Quick and keen in her perceptions, she recognized this fact as she lay thinking, and was glad that she had not seen the face. During the rest of that life of hers which was to be spent sewing in a garret among coarse surroundings she could hold it in her memory, much as she cherished the picture of her patron saint upon the wall.

At last, hearing the hour beginning to toll at which she was to give back her liberty to the intruder, she arose, dressed quickly, and not daring to strike a light, made her way by the glimmer of the faint moonlight into the mouldy recesses of the panelled chamber. The closet was quickly opened, and the stranger stepped out of it.

"I heard the police making search," he said, "and I know how prudent you have been for my sake. How is it possible for me to thank you?"

"I want no thanks," said the girl. "The poor are accustomed to do any little good turn they can. It was fortunate for you that you happened to knock at this door, though; for in no other house would there have been a closet like that."

Marcella listened anxiously in the hall for a few moments. It was a safe hour, she hoped, for his return to his home, wherever that home might be, an hour when the late people have all gone to rest at last, and the early people have not got up. With a vehement prayer for his safety she went softly back to her own room and lit her lamp and examined her ring, the only proof remaining to her that this wonderful adventure was not entirely a dream.

Then she took out her sewing and worked for an hour, and thought again and again over every look and every accent of the stranger. No fear that she had done wrong in admitting him, the poor are accustomed to do service to each other, and she might have added, they do not always stop to think of the cost. To her mind it was the most simple and rational thing in the world to harbor a fellow-creature who was in trouble. The secrecy from her father had been justified by the exigencies of the case. The stranger had thought so, and had thanked her for it.

"I am deeply grateful for your caution and your trust in me," he had said, "and both have been of the utmost service to me."

Again and again she wondered what was the danger from which she had saved him. What was it that he could not openly face with that brave and piercing glance?

Six o'clock rang, and the people began to stir in the streets, and Marcella put out her light, and put on her shabby old cloak, and went out to Mass, picking her way through the dirty gutters and seeing the day break over the squalor of the streets. This early hour of the morning, when she could walk alone through a sort of rarified atmosphere of this earth, with her eyes on the red dawn light that just touched the chimneys at a certain street corner as she passed, or on the silvery clouds that floated behind the ugly roofs above her, was the only happy one she knew in the twenty-four.

Here, in the dim shades of one of the poorest churches of the people, she found the lamp of Faith ever burning, and the promises of our Lord written all over the walls around her. Why should she despair when He had saved? Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. She mourned, and she should be comforted. She would try to be meek that she might arrive at her heavenly inheritance. If life must be long and bleak, she would endeavor to travel it bravely, following all the way the Stations of the Cross on her knees—

As she moved from one dark corner

in such a house must be miserably poor, he attempted to put money in her hand. But the girl shrank from the touch of it, and quickly drew several steps further away from him. Poor as she was and miserable as were her prospects, she would not take money for this charity she had done. The man whom she had sheltered and succored, and whom she had known as he was, had already become her hero, her *protège*, in some sort her child, by virtue of her efforts for him. She would not have her part in him blotted out like a settled score.

"I cannot!" she said, eagerly, "I cannot! The poor are accustomed to serve others without payment. I am glad to have been of any little use to you. Do not spoil it all by paying for what cannot be bought."

"You are a strange, unusual girl," he said. "Well, I cannot distress my benefactress. You will not refuse, however—I trust you will not refuse—to take some little token of my gratitude. This ring is not very valuable," he added, drawing one from his finger. "I have nothing else to offer you at this moment. You will spoil all if you deny me the pleasure of remembering afterwards that you accepted it."

She leaned forward, and looked with interest at the ring. Yes, she would take this shining circlet as a memorial of this night, which had given a living form and voice to the ideal of her dreams.

She held forth her hand for it with sudden eagerness, and he dropped it into her palm.

"May I put it on your finger?" she hesitated, and then held up her long, slim hand, while he placed the ring on a finger too slender to hold it in safety long.

The next moment they had passed the threshold of the rotten old chamber, and were descending the staircase in the dark, slowly and carefully, for fear of awaking the weaver.

As her hand was on the lock of the door, he said to her earnestly: "It is possible that I may never see you again in this world; but if so, remember, whatever may come to pass, that I repeat I have not been in hiding here because of any criminal thing that I have done."

"If I had not been sure of it, I should not have acted as I did," said Marcella, firmly; and then the door opened and closed and the stranger was gone.

Marcella listened anxiously in the hall for a few moments. It was a safe hour, she hoped, for his return to his home, wherever that home might be, an hour when the late people have all gone to rest at last, and the early people have not got up. With a vehement prayer for his safety she went softly back to her own room and lit her lamp and examined her ring, the only proof remaining to her that this wonderful adventure was not entirely a dream.

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of the church to another, faring along that Dolorous Way, just able to see in the faint dawn the figure in the great tragic drama, her eyes discerning eagerly one form holding ever on its painful road and beckoning her to come on, her heart grew wonderfully lighter, and she felt a strong conviction that her future would not be made harder for her than she could bear.

The church was crowded at that early hour with a multitude of patient toilers and sufferers, delicate and ill-faded girls on their way to a too long day's work, the hopeless repetition of which was gradually killing them; careworn mothers of families, with piteous faces, praying passionately for help for the souls and bodies they had in charge, withered and half starved old men and women who had crept from the piousness of the feet of Christ in the dim dawn, unwilling to show their faces in the fuller daylight.

To these Marcella's heart turned from the happier and healthier faces which helped to fill the church. The strong men and women who had come to get a blessing on the tolerably prosperous work of their day had not the same interest for her as had the wretched.

And across her prayer for all who were in trouble or danger came suddenly the sound of the voice of the stranger she had succored and the anxious though fearless expression of his eyes. Finishing her prayer with a hearty supplication for his welfare, she reluctantly left the House of Peace and went home.

As she retraced her steps through mud and dirt now painfully visible, the rainbows of the dawn had vanished from above the roofs, and the leaden sky of wintry day looked suddenly down on the city's slums.

Well, what matter did it make, so long as the lights on the everlasting hills could be discerned beyond the roofs of this world by the eyes of Faith. As she entered the gloomy door of her home Marcella felt buoyed up with hope that she should in some future day which she could not now see live a fuller, nobler and most useful life than she had known as yet, and that her patience in the present moment might go far to prepare her for that day.

With a brighter face than usual she prepared her father's breakfast. Presently he came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"Look here!" he cried. "The police were not wrong about that bad job they were talkin' about. There was a murder done in the city last night—not half a dozen streets away from us."

"Murder!" echoed Marcella, turning white as the milk she was pouring into his tea.

"There now, girl, ye needn't look so frightened. Nobody can say we harbored or hid the assassin, as they wanted to even to us. Make haste and give me my breakfast, while I read the particulars. And mind, I'll want you to take some tincture of Mercurio square this mornin'."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ter idea of what the capacity of the Heart of Jesus must be, course, that we can be hearts to His, which is a and we shall understand meaning of those words calleth on an abyss." Above know, as the Church teaches Heart of Jesus is a able abyss of love for the race. If our feeble capacity cannot be sounded, who shall His?

In every human heart, or less, craving for affection; pathy; there is a void waiting to be filled; and while this void is filled, there is unceasing and disquietude. A beautiful thought but which we should strive to fill in our daily lives—has given us His human heart as the object of our affection. Hearts be filled with the Sacred Heart; immense. It is greater still. If abyss of love can not be sounded, will it satisfy them? says the great Saint Augustine made of God; and they peace or rest until they above all created things; perience of our daily life truth of these sublime words.

In the writings of our Saint Catherine we find which is as we may say, far as I know, has not been by any other writer than the "Secret of Our Lord." The vision is historically supplement of her life showed her His open side light that poured from church where she was in her writings she related day reminded her of the the words she addressed nate Truth. O Immaculate asked, wherefore didst Thou Heart should be there laid out? And our answer that there were sons, but chiefly that His see the secret of His depth of contemplation these words is boundless.

It is the peculiarity of heart that it has its secret of our anxieties, our thoughts, to many; but our feelings is revealed who enjoy our most delicate. So our Lord's in its nature, dispositions, is so truly human nature with our own, and Saint Catherine to secret it. In a vision the Bridge she described by which the soul ascends to the second, the open there," she says, "is the secret of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the third and last degree of charity. The secret Sacred Heart of Jesus love for man; and a passion for it intelligently therefore invites His secret of His Heart.

of course, the most of sion of the love of God ferings, infinite as regards to the Person who finite with regard to so that even they who express a love that w

And the mystical favors so often receptive saints, who meant, certainly, were moments in which were complete action of the infinite Heart of Jesus. This quite apart from mystical signs (which entirely beyond our us daily ask in the me a clean heart, O right spirit within us conscious of some requiring this changing and longing a cause of something which seems to resist will not resist to Heart of Jesus. T man was shown forth world in the sufferin Cross. But something expression—ishness He invites them to Heart.

O Most Sacred Heart our hearts like to Maria.

The Effect Fifteen young recently made the on the same day church at Courtr France. The y eighteen years of age in the matter was who had never before sequence of his On reaching the asked for baptism sacrament public such an effect when he made his was accompanied teen others who dition as himself crowded on the oc mony produced of the parish. T preached the serm

Parents M A President of "We spent many a quence of our child but this never occur Emulsion," it qu

troubles."

JUNE 27, 1896.

ter idea of what the capacities of the Heart of Jesus must be. Not, of course, that we can compare our hearts to His, which is an infinity; but still our hearts are also abysses, and we shall understand better the meaning of those words, "Abyss calleth on abyss." Above all, we know, as the Church teaches, that the Sacred Heart of Jesus is an unfathomable abyss of love for the whole human race. If our feeble capacities for love cannot be sounded, who shall measure His?

In every human heart there is, more or less, craving for affection and sympathy; there is a void which must be filled; and while this want is unsatisfied, there is unceasing restlessness and disquietude. It is not a beautiful thought but a real fact—we would strive to embody in our daily lives—that Our Lord has given us His human Heart to be the object of our affections. Let our hearts be filled with the love of that Sacred Heart; immense as they are, it is greater still. If that infinite abyss of love can not fill them, what else will satisfy them? "Our hearts," says the great Saint Augustine, "were made of God; and they can never find peace or rest until they rest in Him, above all created things." The experience of our daily lives proves the truth of these sublime words.

In the writings of our holy mother, Saint Catherine, we find an expression which is, as we may say, hers; a word, as far as I know, has not been made use of by any other writer on the subject. It is the "Secret of Our Lord's Heart." The vision is historically related in the supplement of her life: how Christ showed her His open side, and how the light that poured from it filled all the church where she was praying. And in her writings she relates how God one day reminded her of the vision, and of the words she addressed to the Incarnate Truth. O Immaculate Lamb, she asked, wherefore didst Thou will that Thy Heart should be thus pierced and laid open? And our Blessed Lord answered that there were many reasons, but chiefly that His friends should see the secret of His Heart. The depth of contemplation opened out in these words is boundless.

It is the peculiarity of every human heart that it has its secret. We speak of our anxieties, our faults, our thoughts, to many; but the secret of our feelings is revealed only to those who enjoy our most intimate confidence. So Our Lord's Heart, which, in its nature, dispositions, and affections, is so truly human heart of like nature with our own, has its secret; and Saint Catherine tells us what that secret is. In a vision which she calls the Bridge she describes three degrees by which the soul attains to perfect charity: the first, the pierced heart; the second, the open side; and "there," she says, "shall be revealed the secret of the Heart, which is the third and last degree of consummate charity." The secret of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is His infinite love for man; and as there is no expression for it intelligible to us, He therefore invites His friends to see the secret of His Heart. The Passion is, of course, the most complete expression of the love of God. Yet those sufferings, infinite as they were in regard to the Person who suffered, were finite with regard to their duration; so that even they were not enough to express a love that was infinite.

And the mystical and supernatural favors so often received by contemplative saints, whatever else they meant, certainly meant this: that there were moments in their lives when their hearts were completely changed by the action of the infinite love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This change of heart, quite apart from the exterior and mystical signs (which, of course, are entirely beyond our sphere), we all of us daily ask in the verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." We are all of us conscious of something in our heart requiring this change. We go sighing and longing all the day long because of something which resists efforts, which seems to resist prayer, but which will not resist the action of the Heart of Jesus. The love of God for man was shown forth toward the whole world in the sufferings and death on the Cross. But something more—a further expression—shown to His friends when He invites them to see the secret of His Heart.

O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, make our hearts like unto Thine!—Ave Maria.

A DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

Religion is unquestionably the strongest and the most vital of all the powers operating in our world; and it may be questioned whether, since the foundation of Christianity, religious activity was ever greater than it is at present. It is manifested in a thousand ways, and opportunities for its exercise are continually increasing. The crises, what is truth? and Where is truth? should be heard everywhere outside the pale of the Church. Thousands are groping after a firm and sure road—searching everywhere but in the right place for the lost goal of faith. Now, as everybody in these days reads and wants to read, it is easy to see how much may be effected by disseminating printed matter calculated to dissipate the prejudices or dispel the ignorance of Protestants in regard to the doctrines of the one true Church. Whatever can be done by zeal and charity, enlightened and guided by discretion, should be done by every Catholic individual in the great cause of the conversion of souls. We are in duty bound to pray for, edify, and instruct our non-Catholic brethren. For the discharge of the important duty of instruction certain equipment of knowledge is an absolute necessity. Every Catholic should feel obliged to know the Catechism thoroughly, and be able to defend the teaching of the Church. Points of history and the like are best explained by means of books, which are now abundant; and there are few families so poor as not to be able to own a little collection of works especially suitable for Protestant friends and neighbors. The publications of the English Catholic Truth Society are a library in themselves, and they are as cheap as could be desired. Who can say that he never has opportunities to put into the hands of inquiring non-Catholics a book or leaflet that will convey more than can be said by word of mouth? Converts to Catholicity have often been heard to remark that until they openly expressed a wish to join the Church, everything Catholic seemed hidden from their eyes. The obligation of being ready and willing to instruct others is one which, it is to be feared, many of the faithful do not realize. There is a vast difference between preserving the faith and professing it openly. No Catholic ought to feel complimented to hear even an acquaintance say, "Oh, I didn't suspect you were a Roman Catholic!" Only fervent Catholics, who are Protestants thinking, and it is remarkable that those who are prepared to explain their faith and eager to do so meet with earnest inquirers wherever they go. A consideration of the amount of prejudice that may be dissipated by chance conversions ought to quicken the zeal of everyone. Innumerable conversions have resulted from casual meetings with Catholics who live up to and love their religion.

In a recent pastoral the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newport and Menavia observed: "The friend who knows how to explain to a friend some point of Catholic doctrine, is the servant who can give a clear answer to an employer; the young man or young woman who shows careful teaching in the Catechism, it can not be estimated how much good such Catholics as these can effect." An illustration of this is afforded by the circumstances of the conversion of Mr. Milne, a son of the Rev. Dr. Milne, of Edinburgh. Inflamed with a desire to convert his father's gardener from the error of his ways, the young man undertook the task with great zeal. But he had reckoned without his host. Patrick Murphy was proud of his faith, and knew the young man "like a book." Instead of converting him, Mr. Milne's own mind was disturbed, and he began to doubt seriously the tenableness of his position as an Anglican. His reverend father, to whom he exposed his doubts, not being able to clear them up, recommended him to the Bishop of Edinburgh. But the difficulties raised by the interview with "Pat. Murphy" were to be settled in quite another way.

His Lordship held forth in his library for two hours on the points submitted to him, with all the eloquence and logic at his command. Mr. Milne had just finished his university course in Cambridge, and had a sound knowledge of logical processes, and accordingly he yielded to the force of logic there and then. "Are your doubts removed?" queried the bishop; to which young Milne answered: "Yes, my Lord: I have no longer a doubt that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ." True to his convictions, he became a Catholic; and two of his friends were converted by means of the books which he had studied while preparing for his reception into the Church.

Good books are abundant, but there is a dearth of Patrick Murphys everywhere; and the example of such as he is needed to render good books effective for the conversion of souls. This is the apostolate of the laity.—Ave Maria.

The Effect of Example.

Fifteen young men and women recently made their first Communion on the same day and in the same church at Contry, Seine et Marne, France. The youngest was over eighteen years of age and the eldest over twenty five. The first to move in the matter was a youth of eighteen, who had never been baptized, in consequence of his father's opposition. On reaching the age of eighteen he asked for baptism and received the sacrament publicly. His example had such an effect in the locality that when he made his first Communion he was accompanied to the altar by fourteen others who were in the same condition as himself. The church was crowded on the occasion, and the ceremony produced a deep impression in the parish. The Abbe Garnier preached the sermon.

Parents Must have Rest.

A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now! We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

LITTLE MISS HIRSCH.

The Richest Heiress in the World. A Fortune of \$130,000,000.—The Young Lady is a Catholic.

One hundred and thirty million dollars is the colossal fortune which Lucienne Premelic Hirsch, granddaughter of the late Baron Maurice de Hirsch de Gereuth, will eventually inherit. It will make her the greatest heiress in the world, says the New York Journal.

Though the Baroness de Hirsch is named in her late husband's testament as his sole legatee, it is stated upon unquestionable authority that, acting under private instructions, which the Baron gave her not many months before his death, she will hold this vast wealth in trust until Lucienne comes of age, when she will turn it over to her without reserve.

The private lives and family affairs of most men whose wealth and high position have brought them much into public notice are generally well known. But this was not the case with Baron de Hirsch. Before his death, few people except those most closely connected with him knew of the existence of this child, who, though her father was a Hebrew, is now being reared a strict Catholic.

This is the first authentic account of the personality and history of the young girl. These facts have been gathered largely from people in this city—few in number—who knew the late Baron de Hirsch intimately, and therefore have more or less knowledge of his family.

Lucienne Premelic Hirsch is fourteen years old. She lives in Brussels, where she is being educated. The possessor of great beauty, she gives promise when she reaches maturity of being as pre-eminent in god looks as in fortune. Of medium height and rather slender, she carries herself so gracefully and with such dignity as to appear at the first glance to be taller than she really is. In her features she resembles her mother, who was a French woman, not of the general contour of her face the likeness to her father, the late Baron de Hirsch's only son, who died some years ago, is striking.

This is especially noticeable about her eyes and mouth. Her eyes are large and dark and rather deeply set. They have all the soft blackness, the patience and gentleness which are the characteristics of the Jewish race. Her mouth is neither small nor large, and the lips but moderately full. Far from being swarthy, her cheeks seem even pale, their clear delicacy of tint being accentuated by her dark hair.

In religion, as said, SHE IS BEING REARED A STRICT CATHOLIC.

In the great mansion where she lives a little private chapel has been fitted up where she receives spiritual instruction each day from a specially appointed priest. No more carefully could she be brought up, in fact, in this respect if she were a princess of the blood royal.

Mlle. Hirsch's guardian and governess is Mme. Hattie Montefiore Levy, nee Bischoffstein, sister of the Baroness de Hirsch. Mme. Levy is one of the wealthiest women in Europe in her own right, and the owner of half the castles in Belgium. She is a strict and orthodox Hebrew in her religious faith, moreover, and how it has come about that Lucienne should be brought up in a religion diametrically opposed to that of Judaism is one of the many interesting things connected with this girl's parentage and history.

Baron de Hirsch, as every one knows, was a man of the utmost liberality and toleration in religious matters. So long as a person was honest and upright, he cared not whether he was a Jew or Christian. Though he did so much for his co-religionists, he rarely entered a synagogue for worship. As was said by one of his eulogists, "he carried his temple within him." When the question of what Lucienne's religious belief and training should be came up, it was, therefore, natural that he should readily accede to the request of her mother, an ardent Catholic, and allow the daughter to continue in that faith. Indeed, as a matter of fact, before the child could have entered the Jewish synagogue, she necessarily have abjured all other religions. And so it is that in deference to her late brother-in-law's wishes, Mme. Levy, though a staunch upholder of Judaism, allows her ward to become a follower of another faith.

According to the provisions of Baron de Hirsch's will \$200,000 has been set apart for the maintenance of Lucienne until she reaches her majority. Half of the income of this will go to her guardian or "gouvernante," who will not be called upon to render any account of the same.

thing that a young man as rich as he might covet. Mile. Premelic was about the same age as he, and was

A TYPICAL PARISIENNE. She was strikingly handsome and of distinguished appearance. She came of a good family, though one in moderate circumstances. For that reason and because of a natural fondness for teaching, she had taken advantage of every one of the many opportunities which the municipality of Paris offers to young women who wish to avail themselves of a higher education, and had taken all her diplomas with high honors. It was, therefore, but natural that she should have been selected for the post of governess in Baron de Hirsch's household. It was not remarkable either that Lucien de Hirsch, when regarding her first merely as a bit of the domestic machinery of his father's palace, should eventually fall in love with her as he did.

At this point in the history there is a blank which no one except a member of Baron Hirsch's family can fill up. Whether Lucien and Mile. Premelic were married clandestinely or not it is impossible to ascertain. Some say they were, and others that they were not. The civil marriage is the binding one in France, and this cannot be entered into without the consent of the parents of both parties, so it is altogether probable that no civil marriage ever took place. There is, however, a religious ceremony, which, however binding it might be outside of France, was but half enough within the boundaries of the Republic.

At any rate, in 1882, a girl was born, who was named Lucienne, after her father. Mile. Premelic had left her position as governess in the de Hirsch household some time before, and was living in another quarter of Paris. In 1887, when Lucienne was five years old, her father died. After his decease Baron de Hirsch made generous provision for the support of his late son's daughter and her mother.

For some reason that cannot be ascertained he conceived a violent dislike for Mile. Premelic, and decided that his little grand-daughter, who is referred to in his will as his "adopted daughter," should be brought up away from her mother's influence. Mile. Premelic strenuously opposed this for some time, but finally, recognizing that it was for the girl's ultimate interest that she formally relinquish control over her, she did so, with the express stipulation that she be reared in the Catholic rather than the Jewish faith.

Baron de Hirsch consented to this, but when Lucienne's mother learned that the guardian or "gouvernante" of her child was to be Mme. Montefiore Levy, who is noted all over Belgium for her strict religious belief, she again became alarmed, and it was only after extracting a solemn promise from Mme. Levy that she would not seek to convert her child to Judaism, and that she should always have

HER OWN CHAPEL AND A PRIVATE CHAPLAIN.

That she consented to give her up. Though Miss de Hirsch is referred to in the Baron's will as his "adopted daughter," the facts related above have been abundantly vouched for, and Baron de Hirsch's action in directing his wife to eventually transmit the bulk of his fortune to this one child of his, seems to prove conclusively that he regarded her with the utmost affection.

Like Dumas's immortal Count of Monte Cristo, Lucienne de Hirsch, when she comes into her own, will have a palace in every capital of Europe, and vast estates and yet more castles and palaces scattered about the Continent, all ready to blaze with hospitality and welcome for her at a moment's notice.

A careful estimate of the late Baron's wealth, after all legacies are paid and all debts deducted, places it at \$130,000,000. This will be solely in charge of the Baroness de Hirsch, and as she is a woman of exceptional business ability, it is likely to largely increase before the time comes when it shall be Lucienne Hirsch's.

The Baroness has not yet made public or even revealed to those nearest her when she will, in accordance with her dead husband's instructions, endow Lucienne with her fortune. It is thought that it was the Baron's wish that Lucienne be carefully studied, and if she developed into a strong and sensible woman, that she receive her wealth on coming of age. Otherwise, that she should not receive it until after the Baroness's death. There seems to be every prospect that Lucienne de Hirsch will prove worthy of her responsibilities.

Your Violin.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB BILEY.

Your violin! Ah, me! 'Twas fashioned o'er the sea In stabled Italy— What matters where? 'T is in the place that swells And thrills me as it plays The tones of other days— The days that were—

Then let your magic bow Guide lightly to and fro— I close my eyes, and so, In vast content, I kiss my hand to you. And to the times we knew Of old, as well as to— Your instrument,

Poured out of some dim dream Of boiling sounds, that seem Like ripples of a stream— Twanged lightly by The slender, tender hands Of weeping willow wanders That drop where gleaming sands And pebbles lie.

A melody that swoons In all the throat tones Long, lazy afternoons— Care from the heart— When woodland thoughts are stirred, And moaning doves are heard, And, afterward, Beneath the trees.

Through all the chorusing I hear on leaves of spring The drip and patterring Of April skies. With echoes faint and sweet As baby feet on sand— Might make along a street Of paradise.

AT A MODEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The questions Asked in Advanced Christian Doctrine Classes.

A voluntary written examination on the subjects studied from September, 1895, to June, 1896, in the advanced Christian Doctrine classes at the Paulists' Sunday school, New York city, was held in Sunday last. The prize was a gold medal. The following were the questions:

- 1. Give the passages from the Bible quoted by Deharbe concerning the second coming of Christ at the end of the world.
2. State the reasons why there will be a general judgment of all nations.
3. Explain the action of the Holy Ghost upon the Church at the present time.
4. Describe briefly the work accomplished by the Apostles.
5. How can you prove that Christ Himself is the head of the Church?
6. Make a statement of the facts which prove the supremacy of Saint Peter.
7. Can you give some examples of infallible knowledge in ordinary affairs?
8. What assurance is there that the Catholic Church has the power of infallible teaching?
9. How can we assist those who through no fault of their own, are separated from the one true Church?
10. Write an explanation of our belief in the Communion of Saints.
11. What constitutes the eternal happiness of the just?
12. How does the chief commandment of Charity include all the others?
13. Why is it a duty to perform the Spiritual and Corporal works of Mercy?
14. What are the duties of children towards their parents, their teachers, and other lawful superiors?
15. Name the duties that we should perform under the direction of the temporal rulers for the welfare and the defense of our country.
N. B.—Yes or no will not suffice; give the reason for each answer. Write legibly on one side of the paper.

Arm-in-Arm.

Hon. W. E. Curtis, writing from Washington under date of May 19, relates this pleasant thing for the Rev. Adlai E. Stevenson, vice-president of the United States, that the executive council of the A. P. A. cleared out yesterday, for one of the indignant members of that organization caught him yesterday walking arm-in-arm through the corridors of the capitol with Cardinal Satelli, who was sent here by the Pope of Rome, as many good people believe, to upst this blessed government.

It is also alleged that although your Uncle Adlai was brought up in the Methodist church, married a daughter of an old school Presbyterian parson, and is soon to become the father-in-law of a handsome and eloquent young preacher of that denomination, he actually invited the Cardinal and several other Papist priests to occupy the pew that is reserved for him in the senatorial gallery.

At a meeting of the A. P. A. held in Washington the same evening, Delegate Joseph Waldorf of California, said:

"Some of us who went to the capitol to day had our feelings grossly insulted. We saw the spectacle of our vice-president walking through the corridors arm in arm with the representative of Rome (Cardinal Satelli)."

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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, THOMAS COFFEY.

MESSRS. LUKE KING, JOHN NICH, P. J. NEVIN and W. A. NEVIN, are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, agate measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Sarnia, 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.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, June 27, 1896.

THE ELECTIONS.

On Tuesday last the country, perhaps, never experienced such a time of excitement during an electoral contest.

Many surprises took place throughout the Dominion. Liberals were returned in constituencies that were considered sure for the Conservative party, and vice versa.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CRUSADES AND THE QUEBEC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

It is much to be regretted that during the recent campaign for the Dominion elections a most determined effort has been made by many journals and politicians of both parties to excite religious prejudices among the people as a means whereby their individual ends might be gained; and in saying this we do not exonerate our own co-religionists who have in some instances resorted to similar measures.

The Toronto Globe, the Winnipeg Tribune, the Montreal Witness, the Huntingdon Gleaner, the Hamilton Spectator, and the Toronto Telegram have been among the greatest offenders in this regard, and their violence will have evil results from which the country will not recover for many years.

The few Quebec journals which resorted to similar methods, making their appeal to Catholic prejudices, did so, for the most part, either in a spirit of retaliation or with an object of self defence against Ontario aggressiveness.

A generation ago the case was different, but we believe that the people of Ontario have learned wisdom in this respect, and not all the appeals of anti Catholic speakers and writers, backed up by the resolutions of Orange or P. P. A. lodges, and of ministerial associations, conferences, and presbyteries, will bring back the days of dominant fanaticism.

The letter of Mr. Robert Sellar, editor and proprietor of the Huntingdon Gleaner (P. Q.), which appeared recently in the Toronto Globe, and on which we made some remarks two weeks ago in our column, was a sample of these mendacious attacks.

Mr. Sellar says in this second letter:

"The earnest hope of all the true-hearted men in that minority—he refers here to the Protestant minority in Quebec—is that the electors of the Dominion may on the 23rd of June, bury beyond resurrection the Remedial bill, for in so doing hope will dawn that the long night of Quebec's ecclesiastical thralldom is drawing to an end."

We may say that unless Mr. Greenway and his Government come to terms before the next session of Parliament and restore the rights of the Catholic minority by an adequate and satisfactory measure, we are satisfied that the new Parliament which has just been elected and is fresh with its mandate from the people, will take the matter out of Mr. Greenway's hands and will pass the requisite measure.

Furthermore, it is not true that Mr. Sellar speaks, as he claims, the sentiments of the Protestant minority in Quebec. There are no more fair-minded men in Parliament than are the members generally sent by the few Protestant constituencies of Quebec to represent them, or the Protestants who are often chosen by Quebec Catholic constituencies for the same purpose, to whichever party they belong.

Mr. Sellar professes to speak in the name of the Protestant minority of Quebec. But let us hear what said the Rev. Principal Shaw, LL.D., of the Wesleyan college of Montreal, who was interviewed a few days ago by a Mail and Empire reporter.

"I am not a partisan in politics, but to me it is clear that whether Sir Charles Tupper be Premier, or Mr. Laurier, concessions must and shall be made to the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba, and for the best of reasons, the authority of law must be maintained. This is the attitude of both leaders. If I were in the political arena I would insist upon keeping public attention fixed on the commercial and other questions. I abhor the miserable religious feuds which this school matter has engendered."

Mr. Sellar appears to be far from being the representative of Quebec Protestant sentiment. The Protestants of Quebec know that they have been treated most considerately and generously by the Catholic majority, and they feel that it would be supremely unwise and ungrateful to return that generosity with spite.

Mr. Sellar also makes complaint that the Catholic Bishops of Quebec have been the means of imposing numerous disabilities upon Protestants in regard to their schools. He accuses them: 1. of having "prevented the passage of ante-Confederation legislation to secure the continuance of the schools of the Quebec minority."

We showed already that this is a false accusation. We showed two weeks ago that the real cause of the failure was the refusal of Ontario Protestant members of parliament to place Catholics in this province on an equal footing with Quebec Protestants.

We have already shown the falsity of these statements. We need only add here the testimony of Dr. Shaw on this point. When asked: "Do you

consider the school law of Quebec fair to the Protestant minority?" He said: "Most decidedly so. There are four methods I need not specify for the ample protection of the rights of Protestants in any locality. We get our fair share of the legislative grants for elementary and superior education, and more than our share of the grant for Normal schools according to population. I know of no sufficient ground of complaint so far as the system is concerned."

Regarding the guarantees afforded by the Act of Confederation, Dr. Shaw holds quite a different opinion from Mr. Sellar. The latter speaks of them as almost worthless, but Dr. Shaw says the minority regard them "as a rock of defence never to be moved as long as law and honor rule our Dominion."

We have already spoken in regard to the course of several journals, but now as regards the Toronto Mail and Empire we must say that in former years we were obliged to consider the Mail as an uncompromising foe rivalling in hostility the most rabid anti-Catholic journals. We give it credit for the more reasonable stand it has taken since the question of remedial legislation has been before the public.

It is open to the question of remedial legislation has been before the public. It acknowledges the reasonableness of the Catholic demands for a restoration of Catholic rights in Manitoba. We regret to find, however, that that journal endeavored during the campaign to make it appear that Quebec papers and politicians on the Liberal side endeavored to make the election a racial and religious issue.

An amusing incident connected with the selection of the Republican candidate for the presidency occurred at St. Louis, Mo., during the session of the Republican convention for that purpose, and as it illustrates, though grotesquely, the way political conventions and caucuses are frequently managed, we think it well worth recording.

The Rev. Isaac Washington, a colored clergyman of Port Huron, Mich., was selected as one of the Michigan delegates to the convention. This selection was made to give recognition to the colored Republicans, and to be a bait for their votes at the coming election.

One of the delegates asked him: "Why, don't you see what a disgrace you have cast on the delegation and your race and how great an insult you have cast upon the Republicans of Michigan?"

He admitted that it might be the case, but he had not been aware that he had committed any impropriety, as he knew that many white alternates had sold their seats. He added: "You see I only wanted to come here for what good it might do me in the future."

One of the delegates told him he should have gone to the other members and informed them of his position, and he would have been relieved. He added: "I would have given \$25 sooner than I have this thing happen."

Such statements are very frequently made after the event, but it is very probable that the \$25 would not have been forthcoming if they had been demanded, but it appears to be pretty well understood that the Rev. Washington is an aspirant for political preferment when "Masr. McKinley done be President;" and it was this expectation that led him to seek the honor of helping him into the position, as "one good turn deserves another."

The Michigan delegates told him: "You have killed your political hopes by this;" and he admitted that he believed to be the case, and said he would search out Mr. Miller, the purchaser of his ticket, to buy it back from him; but the ticket is claimed to have become the property of the St. Louis correspondent of the Detroit Evening News, who states in his correspondence to that journal that he intends to be "the alternate member of the Michigan delegation to serve out the Rev. Washington's unexpired term."

MORE TURKISH ATROCITIES.

The atrocities which have been going on in Armenia during the last two years are being continued by the Turks without any regard for the indignation universally expressed in Christian countries against such barbarity. The Turks take it now as a matter of course that they may follow out their policy of keeping up their racial supremacy by butchering the Christians, and as Armenia is the part of the Empire in which Christians are most numerous, the weight of the atrocities presses most heavily there.

A letter from the Rev. H. Allen Tupper recently received in Baltimore, Md., gives a graphic description of the state of things now existing in Turkish Armenia. He says that "one must be on Turkish soil and hear for himself the heartrending tales of torture and torment to have any just conception of what the hundreds of thousands of Armenians are now passing through. It is openly confessed by certain Mohammedans that the systematic massacres that went on from village to village were simply the prosecution of a plan well understood by the Turks to exterminate all native Christians in Armenia, and it is generally believed that the Sultan ordered these massacres, those who led the blood-thirsty business being under his appointment."

Mr. Tupper has been for many years a resident missionary in Armenia, and possesses means of accurate information probably better than had even the International Committee which last year investigated the atrocities committed at Moosh in September 1894.

It is interesting to note that at that massacre ten thousand Armenians were killed in so horrid a manner that the guilt was greatly aggravated beyond that of mere murder. But this was only the beginning. There was a moment when the Sultan had reason to fear that united Europe would avenge the injury and annihilate the Turkish power, and for that moment orders were given to moderate the massacres, and the Sultan wrote abject letters, among which was one to Lord Salisbury, stating his desire to treat paternally the Christians and all creeds in the Empire.

He was indeed a child of genius, but the power that gives him, though dead, sway ever the hearts of his countrymen was the royal nature that, sweetened by the milk of human kindness, knew no higher pleasure than that of sheltering the weak and oppressed. A city that reveres the memory of such a man can never be for any length of time the home of unprincipled agitators, and we cherish the hope that the name of the Irish convict may be handed down from generation to generation, and never lose its power for good.

The latest atrocity on a large scale is reported as having taken place in Oorfa where four thousand victims who had taken refuge in the church when the attack was made upon the town, perished in the burning of the church, and as many more were killed in the streets and suburbs of the town, their bodies being cut and mangled dreadfully. A missionary who is now in Oorfa has made investigation into the facts, and has discovered that the Turkish soldiers following those who took refuge in the church, poured petroleum upon them from the galleries and then threw lighted torches upon them so that, as none were allowed to make their escape, all perished in the flames of the burning building.

Among those who were thus cruelly burned were aged men and women, mothers with their babes, sick persons who had been carried thither from their beds, and many boys and girls.

The Rev. Mr. Tupper, who gives many new details of this massacre, which has already been reported in outline, states that four days before his letter was written he went as near to the town of Oorfa as the authorities permitted him to go, and thus obtained positive proof of the Ottoman cruelties which were "more diabolical than any reports that have come to us through the Armenian or English press."

It is no wonder that the Cretans have risen again Turkish misrule. Many butcheries and other outrages have been perpetrated by the Turkish soldiers in that unfortunate island, and the people have often been thus goaded to revolt. New outrages were committed on the defenceless population when recent insurrections took place, and it is stated that the Russian Ambassador informed the Porte that if these outrages were continued all Europe would unite to insist upon the independence of the island; but possibly the Turk may imagine that this notice will be as fruitless of action as were the notices given to the same effect on behalf of the Armenians.

The latest intelligence from Crete is to the effect, however, that a British warship has landed blue jackets and marines on the island to protect the Christians. It may be that as Crete is so near Europe, the powers may be more inclined to do something for its inhabitants than for the Armenians, who cannot be so easily reached by any European force which might be sent to their protection.

It would be a comparatively easy matter to relieve the Cretans, whom the Turks can reach only by sea, and there would be less objection either to the declaration of Cretan independence or to its annexation to Greece or occupation by some European power, than to any course by which the deliverance of Armenia could be effected. The Cretans may therefore reasonably expect that an appeal for help coming from them will be responded to more readily than was the piteous prayer for assistance which came from poor Armenia. At least we sincerely hope that this may be the case, and that Europe will not permit on the Mediterranean Island a repetition of the atrocities which the Turks have been committing with impunity in remote Asia.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WALTER LECKY has something to say in the Catholic News anent the lack of appreciation of Catholic literature. It is an old theme, Walter, and we expect something original from you. If Catholics have good wares they will generally find purchasers.

DR. LYMAN ABBOT says: "There are three ways of taking things out of another man's pocket without giving an equivalent—by violence, which is robbery; by stealth, which is theft; and by a game of chance, which is gambling."

This quotation goes to show that the doctor, despite his inordinate craving for sensational pulpit effects, has not severed his connection with common-sense, though it may be a little diluted.

BOSTON has now a monument to John Boyle O'Reilly. It is inspiring and instructing the tenacity with which Americans hold to his memory. He was indeed a child of genius, but the power that gives him, though dead, sway ever the hearts of his countrymen was the royal nature that, sweetened by the milk of human kindness, knew no higher pleasure than that of sheltering the weak and oppressed. A city that reveres the memory of such a man can never be for any length of time the home of unprincipled agitators, and we cherish the hope that the name of the Irish convict may be handed down from generation to generation, and never lose its power for good.

THE A. P. A.'s across the border are becoming rather startled at the vigorous opposition against them. Even those who have let their principles be smothered in the arms of policy are endeavoring to make up for long inaction, by defining their position and declaring their intention to maintain it. It is a lesson for Canadians. We do not for an instant believe that this organization will obtain a permanent foothold in Canada, because we know that our citizens are as a rule opposed to its methods and principles. But we wonder why some are so apathetic regarding it. They have a hundred and one reasons to allege for their indifference, but we have not heard one that

is worth the trouble of utterance. Conservatism and prudence are very good things in moderation.

EMILE ZOLA has been again defeated as a candidate for admission to the French Academy. It is stated that he relied on his book on Rome as sufficient to establish his claim to become one of "the Immortals," but it has been discovered by Mr. Gaston Dechamps that the book is largely plagiarized from a work published in Paris last year by Charles Benoist, entitled "Sovereigns, Statesmen and Churchmen," and from another work by Mons. George Goyan, entitled "The Vatican, the Popes, and Civilization." It is said that whatever is true of Pope Leo XIII. in Zola's book has been cribbed from that of Mons. Benoist, to which has been added a lot of gossip and hearsay obtained from attaches of the Vatican by means of tips, as M. Zola himself admits. It is stated that the discovery of the plagiarism has completely destroyed all Mons. Zola's prospects of being admitted as a member of the Academy.

We mentioned last week the refusal of the Anglican Synod of Toronto to send a fraternal greeting to the Presbyterian General Assembly which was in session there. The reason assigned for the refusal to adopt the Rev. Principal Sheraton's proposition was that there is but one true Church, and that Church could not consistently wish God speed to an erroneous Church in its work. The Synod of Huron in session in London last week emphasized the wide divergences between the various sections of the Church by sending greetings distinctly pronouncing opinions contrary to those of the Toronto clergy. The wish is expressed that existing obstacles to a closer union of all Christians may be removed in the Providence of God in His own good time, and it is distinctly stated that "in the desire to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Master, we and our Presbyterian brethren are one." The reply of the Assembly practically endorses the declarations of the Synod of Huron, hoping that "a growing harmony may become manifest among the different branches of the Christian Church" and pledges the Assembly to co-operate with the Church of England in unity of spirit if not in exact identity of method.

AT LAST complete arrangements have been made for the assembling of the great national convention of Irish representatives throughout the world, for the purpose of restoring unity to the Irish Nationalist party. It will be remembered that the suggestion originated with his Grace the patriotic Archbishop of Toronto, and was approved by the Irish parliamentary party in November 1895. The Parnellite or Redmondite party have been cordially invited to send delegates and to co-operate in bringing the convention to a successful conclusion. Mr. Redmond has not yet made public what action he will take, but the main body of the Nationalists has declared that their invitation is cordial without regard to past differences, though it has no authority to include the followers of Mr. Redmond in making their arrangements, unless the latter themselves accept the olive branch which has been tendered to them. All national organizations throughout the United States and the British Empire are invited to send delegates. In Canada the Irish organizations at Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, St. John and Halifax, are requested to make arrangements for the election of delegates, each of these cities being made the centre of organization for the surrounding country.

The question of the validity of Anglican orders is being earnestly discussed by the organs of the Church of England, and especially by the High Church or Ritualistic section, who express confidence in the validity of the orders, declaring that a decision by the Pope adverse to their validity will be a great obstacle to a reunion of the "Anglican and Roman branches of the Church." Mr. Gladstone even wrote to Cardinal Rampolla on this subject and urged that if the question, which is being thoroughly investigated by a commission appointed by the Pope, be decided favorably, many difficulties in the way of a reunion will be removed. It is needless to say that the matter will not be decided by the Holy Father on such grounds. If the orders are found to be valid, the Pope will so pronounce, but if they are found to be invalid, he will so pronounce independently of what the consequences may be. It is a question of

fact which must be decided by evidence found. It is a universal belief of Catholics English language that be found to be invalid a decision will be to this case shall have been thought.

Donahoe's Magazine being taken to task by the last he refers to it etc. We do not imagine epithet will offend the must be well aware of paper is brawny and can hold its own with a in Canada or America advise the editor of Lazine to have little to ally, with the Casket.

TEMPERANCE men all try are realizing the nation, for the moresuccess of the rum traffic. God say, for there is no call of a man's allegiance to temperance. We saw an temperance the other some good work. He about mid-day. Place street in one of our city throng of pedestrian portly gentleman, with tipped cane, etc. He right and left to his Coming towards his young man, blue-eyed ing. He stumbled pavement, and our claimed: "What a Telephone for a police disgusting surely! but sounded strangely clips of that traffice house, with big, stone plated door plate, w money of such poe Many a time did a not to give her boy nored her prayer, a coin. He is a wealth he is not dead yet.

CATHOLIC

As a result of the relations to non-Catholics twelve converts have been in McKeesport, four in five at Wilmington, Derry. If in every were preached to our ren, multitudes of it. Many of them disposed, and eager doctrine and the gments. Sixty million Shall we let their pe effort to evangelize Columbian.

A Chicago daily that twenty nine out errors in the United essing Christians." Presbyterians, five lists, five Episcopalis, three Unitarian one Campbellite. If of religious bigotry nately accuses so la the zealous Protestas we would make night with our protests again ant domination.—

Rev. Dr. Withro terians simply a fro informed them, last toga Springs, that and jeers at a div long as for the Presby and for that matter ants—refuse to acci which alone can are essential matt Churches will conti ery of unbelievers, they can to prevent Review.

The convention Endeavor societies July. The object seems to be a good sudden breaking of spiritual motive, s Doctor Luther beg at the same time mon a permeativ not consider the nature. We find moving towards th atory" which Lut nounced. The c Daughters might medal of the Kim Christian Endeav glimmering of the Canterbury Pilgr St. Thomas.—Cath

Christian unity ness by which Ch will be known to excludes sects churches, exclud and collectively unions. No temp opinion and concu the differing soci they may call the nature of things and broken, is t promised to His here below of the The Church that to establish, and tabished, must be

fact which must be decided on the evidence found. It is the almost universal belief of Catholics who speak the English language that the orders will be found to be invalid and that the decision will be to this effect when the case shall have been thoroughly investigated.

Donahoe's Magazine does not enjoy being taken to task by the *Casket*. In the last he refers to it as a paperlet, etc. We do not imagine that the epithet will offend the editor, for he must be well aware of the fact that his paper is brawny and progressive and can hold its own with any publication in Canada or America.

TEMPERANCE men all over the country are realizing the need of organization, for the more successful combating of the rum traffic. God speed them! We say, for there is no cause more worthy of a man's allegiance than that of Temperance. We saw an object lesson in temperance the other day that will do some good work. Here it is. Time about mid-day. Place, a fashionable street in one of our cities. Amidst the throng of pedestrians, a rubicund portly gentleman, with silk hat, gold-tipped cane, etc. He was bowing right and left to his acquaintances.

Coming towards him we saw a young man, bear-eyed and staggering. He stumbled and fell to the pavement, and our portly friend exclaimed: "What a disgusting sight! Telephone for a policeman!" Very disgusting surely! but the exclamation sounded strangely coming from the lips of that trafficker in rum.

As a result of the recent Paulist missions to non-Catholics in Pennsylvania, twelve converts have joined the Church in McKeesport, fourteen at Pittsburgh, five at Wilmington, and eleven at Derry. If in every place the truth were preached to our Protestant brethren, multitudes of them would accept it.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

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As a Chicago daily has ascertained that twenty nine out of forty-four Governors in the United States are "professing Christians." Ten of them are Presbyterians, five are Congregationalists, five Episcopians, four Methodists, three Unitarians, one Baptist and one Campbellite.

effect of unanimity, of unity: and if this Church, itself the cause and promulgator and not the effect of unanimity, does not exist on earth to-day the Church that Christ came to establish and said He established cannot exist to-day.—Kansas City Catholic.

The Jesuit theologian, Father de Augustinis, whom the Pope has placed on the commission to inquire into the validity of Anglican Orders, is said to be persuaded that the orders in the Church of England are valid. Wouldn't it be comical if the decision in favor of those orders should be given by a member of the Society of Jesus, after all the bugaboo stories told of the Sons of St. Ignatius by the preachers in England? And wouldn't it be Christian justice, after the persecutions, the sufferings, the executions which the Jesuits endured in that country from the time of Queen Elizabeth even almost to our own day?—Catholic Columbian.

The Independent comes to the defence of Mr. Gladstone against the attacks of those who are condemning him for his letter to Cardinal Rampolla. "The English nonconformist," says the Independent, "has not got so far as we have, and is not so utterly indifferent to questions of succession and valid orders, nor is he as willing to see what is good in the Roman Catholic Church; and, therefore, Mr. Gladstone's letter has stirred up such excellent men as Dr. Guinness Rogers, Dr. Berry and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes to deplore the spectacle of an ex-Prime Minister pleading with the Pope to recognize the English Church. But that one Church should recognize another is something which any Christian ought to desire. We certainly desire that the Roman Catholic Church should recognize the Anglican Church as a true Church with valid orders, and that the Anglican Church should do the same by the Presbyterian Church, and the Presbyterian by the Baptist, and the Baptist by the Methodist army. It is no discredit to Mr. Gladstone that he pleads for such recognition."—Boston Republic.

The rector of a Protestant Episcopal Church in New Jersey, who is a ritualist, has won a decided victory over his Low Church adversaries. This rector was accused "of teaching transubstantiation, of hearing confessions, of frequently signing himself with the cross, of commanding holy water and incense, of blessing and kissing palms to be placed where prayer is made at home, of commending ashes for Ash Wednesday, of praying for the repose of souls, of using beads and crucifix, of maintaining that, inasmuch as the Church was founded before the Bible was written one should be more careful to obey the priests than the Bible, and of declaring other churches goddess and that it is a sin to attend them." His superior, Bishop Starkey, was appealed to. The Bishop decided not to interfere, for one reason because the congregation at large of the ritualist church was satisfied with the ministrations of the rector. This indication of what we might call the strength of ritualism in the Episcopal Church is of more than passing interest to Catholics.

A Chicago daily has ascertained that twenty nine out of forty-four Governors in the United States are "professing Christians." Ten of them are Presbyterians, five are Congregationalists, five Episcopians, four Methodists, three Unitarians, one Baptist and one Campbellite.

The following appeared in the June 11th issue of the Ottawa Journal. The story, of course, appeared without a responsible signature and was published by that journal: "BROTHERS IN TROUBLE—PRIEST IN RESISTANCE—SUBJECTS TO THEM—WOLFDEN—SING 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN'."

Rev. Dr. Whitlow told the Presbyterians simply a frozen fact when he informed them, last Monday, at Saratoga Springs, that infidelity laughs and jeers at a divided Church. As long as the Presbyterians, though, and for that matter, all other Protestants—refuse to accept the one authority which alone can define what things are essential matters of faith, their Churches will continue to be the mockery of unbelievers, strive as much as they can to prevent it.—Sacred Heart Review.

The convention of the Christian Endeavor societies will take place in July. The object of this convention seems to be a good one of societies with a spiritual motive, shows that when Herr Doctor Luther began his rebellion and at the same time made the High German a peremptory language, he did not consider the needs of human nature. We find to-day Protestants moving towards those forms of "idolatry" which Luther and Calvin denounced. The cross of the King's Daughters might easily become the medal of the King's Mother, and the Christian Endeavor societies are a dim glimmering of that spirit which led Canterbury Pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas.—Catholic Citizen.

Christian unity is the absolute oneness by which Christ said His Church will be known to the end of time, and excludes sects pretending to be churches, excludes them both singly and collectively in compromising unions. No temporary agreement of opinion and concurrence of acts among the differing societies, or churches, which they may call themselves, which is a dim glimmering of that spirit which led Canterbury Pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas.—Catholic Citizen.

that, through circumstances over which he had no control, he would be obliged to draw the Brothers from Renfrew at the close of the present year. It is to be hoped that the pupils were not obtaining the proper course of instruction. To say that the pupils were not obtaining the proper course of instruction is to contradict the last report of Inspector Prendergast, which was a very favorable one.

And they have been given notice to leave. As has been already said, the truth is the very reverse of this—the notice of the Brothers' departure was given by the Brothers to the school board.

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DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

The 19th inst. was a most interesting day at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, in this city. It was the day for the distribution of the premiums for the year's work, and as the time when we would commence the season of vacation pleasures. The day was a most interesting one, and notably, we are pleased to say, in the matter of attendance at the school.

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HONORARY DISTINCTIONS.

The first medal and blue ribbon have been awarded by the votes of the pupils, sanctioned by those of the Mistresses, to Miss Ouellette. The second medal and blue ribbon to Miss Forriest.

THE GREEN RIBBONS.

First, Misses N. Janisse, Sellsack, Wright and Coughlin. Second, Miss Nora Connolly. Third, Miss Nellie Ryan. Fourth, Miss Mary E. Farner. Accessit, Miss Litta Martin.

THE PINK RIBBONS.

Misses Helen Gleason, Traher, Cheviron, J. Pelletier, A. Morand. The highest literary honors of the institution have been awarded to Misses Ouellette, Murray, Mills, Forriest, Harting and McNiff.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Honorable mention, Misses Forriest, Janisse and Moran. Premium for the Christian doctrine, in 2nd course, Miss Mary Donnelly. Accessit, Miss L. Howe.

Premiums for punctual attendance—Misses M. Mills, M. Traher and E. Traher. Miss E. Ouellette—Premiums for history, elements of natural sciences, and moral philosophy; accessit to premiums for epistolary style, literature, Latin and translation. In 2nd French class, premiums for grammar, literature, epistolary style and translation; accessit to premiums for recitation and history; premium for recitation.

Miss E. Murray—Premiums for Latin; accessit to premiums for elements of moral philosophy and arithmetic. Miss Stella McNiff—Premiums for literature and needlework. In 2nd French class premiums for history and recitation; accessit to premiums for literature and translation. Miss M. Mills—Premiums for English composition and epistolary style.

Miss M. Wilson—Premiums for recitation, literature, rhetoric and epistolary style; accessit to premiums for history and elements of metaphysics. In 3rd French class, accessit to premium for translation. Miss Nora Connolly—Premiums for Latin; accessit to premiums for rhetoric, arithmetic and needlework. In fourth French class, accessit to premium for translation; premium for five accessits.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS.

Miss A. Pelletier—Premiums for geography, recitation, arithmetic and translation. In 3rd French class, premium for reading. In 3rd French class, premium for reading. In 3rd French class, premium for reading.

Miss E. Murray—Premiums for Latin; accessit to premiums for elements of moral philosophy and arithmetic. Miss Stella McNiff—Premiums for literature and needlework. In 2nd French class premiums for history and recitation; accessit to premiums for literature and translation.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

The forty-eighth annual commencement of the Catholic University of Ottawa, held at St. Patrick's church, was a brilliant affair. The affair was conducted by the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the church, and this year was the first time since the inauguration of the University that the event was so successful.

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Graduation Honors: Miss Genevieve Coleman, Ottawa, Ont. Miss Mary C. McKeown, Ottawa, Ont. Silver medal for English literature, presented by Rev. J. J. Dowling, D. D.: Miss Ouellette, Ottawa, Ont. Gold medal for English literature, presented by Rev. J. J. Dowling, D. D.: Miss Ouellette, Ottawa, Ont.

Miss E. Murray—Premiums for Latin; accessit to premiums for elements of moral philosophy and arithmetic. Miss Stella McNiff—Premiums for literature and needlework. In 2nd French class premiums for history and recitation; accessit to premiums for literature and translation.

Miss M. Wilson—Premiums for recitation, literature, rhetoric and epistolary style; accessit to premiums for history and elements of metaphysics. In 3rd French class, accessit to premium for translation.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

Week before last we gave the physiological and medical reasons for refraining from the use of intoxicants and we now supplement Dr. Kerr's article by this masterly argument, prepared by Dr. John Bascom, on the Social Reasons for Abstinence.

The social reasons for total abstinence may be variously put, but they all involve one principle—the organic relation between men; and turn on one fact, a temptable and feeble social state. Everyone would recognize the wisdom and necessity of total abstinence in many persons whose physical condition is unsound and whose mental condition is weak.

Many men have simply not vigorous appetites to contend with, they have very abnormal appetites and, exceedingly irritable nervous systems, which give predisposing conditions for intemperance of the most dangerous order. Nor are they directly responsible for these most critical and unfortunate tendencies. They come to them by inheritance, and can only be partially reduced by the most protracted and heroic resistance.

We may greatly err by saying that such men are not responsible for their actions, and we may equally err by overlooking the very hard circumstances under which that responsibility is met. They are individually responsible, but they do sympathetically call for the aid that society can give them, cursed as they are with the accumulated entail of convivial sins.

This fact of physical, constitutional conditions in every, even the most extreme degree, unfavorable to temperance, scattered broadly through society, and often unsuspected even by those who suffer from them till they are ready to break out—conditions that turn on the transgressions of near and remote ancestors, and involve no direct guilt on the part of those who so unfortunately inherit them, this fact, so general, so subtle and so disastrous, calls for recognition under the social organic law, and for such action as shall be most safe and most helpful for these tempted ones. Society, collectively, is not strong enough and sound enough for temperance; its present appropriate law is abstinence.

Men, the masses of men, boys, and young men, are ignorant, foolish, and morally weak on this subject. They cannot be expected to accept the social customs about them otherwise than in a lax, degenerate and indiscriminate way. To require morality of the weak without patience and discipline, is to require wisdom of the ignorant without instruction.

Formal temperance on the part of the wise and good, will in its inevitable decrease, passing downward from class to class, become extreme indulgence and vice. We are bound to recognize this fact, unavoidable and necessary, and suit our action not to our own interests only, but to the necessities of others also. It is by this very relation that society is morally organic. The existing facts in society as a whole are such that total abstinence is its only safe law, a fact proved by a long and terrible experience, and every member of society is bound, therefore, to see and accept the limitation. But, it will be said, by this method we allow men to cast their weaknesses and vices upon us in an offensive and arrogant claim. The answer is double. These weaknesses are social, not individual simply, are what society has given and is bound if possible to mitigate; and, secondly, this is not a personal claim put forward by the weak and indolent, but is or should be a free moral concession of the strong and virtuous.

The tempted ones feel this concession of abstinence, and are greatly aided by the favorable conditions that arise from it, by the sympathy it implies, and the stern reprobation which is in it—a reprobation which is entirely unmistakable by the most blind of them all. If any one ventures to claim this concession as a personal right, such a claim is only one among many examples of the deceitful way in which we play the moral game of life; it does not express the underlying phase of the facts, nor materially alter them.

The best of us can well afford at this point to consult the organic weakness of men. Intoxicants serve no important part in our economy. If we are using them wisely the most we can say is, they furnish some appetitive pleasure and are connected with some conviviality. If the appetitive pleasure is of any material moment to us, then we ourselves are in danger, and should check our indulgence at once. If intoxicants are at all necessary to the conviviality we covet, then we are sinking in the moral scale, and should again, for our own sake, alter our habits. To a truly temperate man, the concession which abstinence calls for is slight, secondary, and of no moral moment; precisely such a concession as we may most readily and cheerfully make to society.

Let it clearly be seen that we make the demand as a distinctly social demand, a moral demand and not a personal one. It is an application of the law of love by which we bear one another's burdens; by which the intellectually and spiritually strong help forward the weak. This is no secondary law, but the primary law; the ultimate law of society organized under the mind of Christ. What good, temperate men above all things can not, for their own sake, afford to do, is to drink, morning by morning, their single glass of wine, forgetful of its influence on those about them. This is moral damnation; this is isolation in one's own selfish indulgence. When from such a table—and how often is this scene rehearsed—a son, a guest,

goes forth with sleeping and deadly appetites awakened, which many generations of abstinence could alone have finally extinguished, to enter on a career of dissipation, that man or host is just as certainly accountable for the result as if a fatal explosion had followed the careless lighting of a cigar in a powder-magazine. The one thing no man can morally afford to do in society in its existing state is to pursue indulgences, comfortable and creditable in themselves, but unsafe for those about him. The one thing we are most in danger of doing is denying the mind of Christ, and this is that denial. We are to love our neighbors as ourselves. If the danger of society were our personal danger, total abstinence would be our personal duty. It is not less our duty because the pleasures are ours and the dangers another's. We venture to say that there is no more important place and no plainer one for the application of the law of love than this of temperance; and if we can not find and apply the law here, we are morally lost—condemned to eternal selfishness. These are leading social principles which it is not easy to confuse or deny. The moral force of this method is totally different from, and incomparably greater than, that method in which each man solves for himself his own individual problem. The one is expressed by the eager maxim, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, the other by the second command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Walking vs. Wheeling. Feet and legs as a walking apparatus and for other ordinary uses are, no doubt, the best contrivance that could possibly be invented, but for carrying one over the ground they do not compare with bicycles. A writer in the Scientific American has made some observations and comparisons along that line which are interesting. He says: "A single observation of a wheelman going at a moderate speed shows that, with an effort which in walking would result in two steps of say two feet each, or a total advance movement of four feet, with the wheel the advance movement would be two bicycle steps, or downward pressures of the feet, each resulting in a forward movement of seven and one-half feet, or fifteen feet for one entire revolution of the pedal shaft, and this with less exertion than is required to take two steps. In fact, it would be easier for the bicyclist to make the fifteen feet on a level with one pressure of one foot than to take two steps.

Pleasant Bicycle Parties. Fast ridings and "centuries" are good as features of club work, but too often they become the all-absorbing theme, to the exclusion of the many pleasant occasions which might so easily be arranged, and which would serve so admirably in the development of the real friendly spirit among the riding members.

It was my privilege to be connected, during the summer of '95, with one of the liveliest and brightest little clubs of our city union, and many were the delightful "runs" we had. It is astonishing how much solid enjoyment can be packed into an evening ride of a company of half a score of social fellows, and such an occasion does more to cement a fraternal bond than the most elaborate "meet" that could be arranged.

It has seemed to me that the summer's breeze was never so balmy, nor the moon so bright, nor the roads so smooth, as at such times, and surely the young men had never before seemed so well acquainted. Make appointments with half a dozen young men for a regular evening every week and go out a different road every time.

The "Business Faculty." Many boys have a natural aptitude for business. They like to be in the world and of the world, to sharpen their wits against the wits of others, to combat circumstances and prove superior to them. They are fond of saying they are "up to the times," that they "know a good thing when they see it." They take nothing for granted. Like charity, they prove all things. They are active, vigilant, ingenious and self-confident. They are fluent in conversation, and they endeavor to please. They have naturally an alert manner, and are quick and careful in making decisions. They are apt to discover quickly the more prominent traits of a man's character.

Such qualities come naturally to many boys. They go to make up what is called "the business faculty." This term means these five things: integrity, industry, good judgment, push, and capacity for observation. Those who naturally possess these have every reason to congratulate themselves; for, with the addition of one other requisite—practical knowledge of details, to be obtained when the choice of occupation for the battles of commercial life. It makes no great difference how humble the start is. Many of the most successful business men—men who have made their names known to half the mercantile world—began their commercial career as cash boys, or at the cross-roads store, or on the farm.

Those who do not naturally possess the five qualities mentioned, need not be discouraged. The business faculty may be acquired to a large degree, and it may also be cultivated and sharpened. Youth is the time for moulding character, and nature is so kind to an ambitious, determined boy that there is no telling to what degree of success he may attain.

Exceptions are Rare. We hear, at odd times, that the Sons of Temperance, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows are no longer under the ban of the Church, and that nominal membership in them is now permitted to Catholics. This, however, is not a full statement of the facts. In August, 1895, the Apostolic Delegate received instructions from the S. Congregation that affiliation with these societies was to be forbidden to Catholics, and that all who persist in such affiliation, after having been duly warned by ecclesiastical authority, are not to be admitted to the sacraments; "that the condemnation is to be considered absolute, and wherever peculiar circumstances seem to merit official consideration in particular cases, the matter was to be referred by the Ordinary to Rome."

This decree, by taking the decision out of the hands of confessor, pastor or Ordinary, shows in what abhorrence any or all of these societies are held by the Church; and yet, recognizing certain claims to temporal advantages which a member might sacrifice by severing a connection innocently or ignorantly made with such an order, the S. Congregation holds that there may be rare cases where (1) there exists no active or giving scandal; (2) the person joined to the order in good faith, not knowing it was forbidden; (3) loss sustained by withdrawal would be of a serious nature; (4) when the temporal interests involved do not endanger the faith of the member or his family. Where all these conditions are verified in one case a confessor, pastor or Bishop has grounds for referring the case to Rome in order that the person involved may allow his name to remain on the membership list of such a society, and retain legal title to temporary benefits toward the creation of which he has advanced monies.

In such cases—and the stipulations are evidence of their necessary rarity—the Apostolic Delegate is empowered to allow nominal membership, for the sole purpose of securing an external title to what really belongs to the member or to shield him from an injury the avoidance of which does not involve him with the doubtful character of the order from a moral point of view.

Get the Spirit of It. A little book called "The Successful Merchant," published some thirty years ago, is good reading still for our young men on a winter evening. It is made up of incidents from the life of Samuel Budgett, of Kingswood, England, and a young man who can read it through without catching something of the spirit of energy and perseverance, and desire to do good, which characterized this man, will never be likely to attain his success.

The best thing a good book can do for us is to get us into its spirit. Something that sets us to thinking profitably, and thus to doing something that we ought, is good reading for us. A poor, unlearned man could not remember a word of a searching sermon he had heard, but one thing he remembered was to "Go home and burn the half bushel." Perhaps this little book, which was once so widely known among young business men, has done much toward starting them in an honorable career, and in keeping them back from crooked paths. It is well deserving a new edition, and a new reading among those just coming on the stage. Methods must, of course, vary with changes of time and place, but the principles upon which this Christian merchant worked can never change.

I know it is common for young men to feel that their early years are of but small comparative importance. They are justified in "rubbing along" any way they can, but it is very true, as Cowper says, that "The value of life is commonly determined by the first five years in which young men are their own masters." Indeed, it is often decided by the first year a young man spends away from his father's roof.

If you have not the advantage of an intimate acquaintance of the right stamp, choose one in a book, like the one we have mentioned above. Read and re-read until you are thoroughly in the spirit of it. The ways of working out your own life problem to such a successful solution will suggest themselves as you go along. A wide awake mind sees chances in situations which would be all blank to another. There is something to learn in the poorest set, either to do or to avoid, when one sets up for himself; and even a lad who departs himself suitably can be laying up good capital in the way of making friends. It will often serve him where much gold would not.

Fill Up the Mind. Useless and hurtful memories can be crowded out by filling the mind with better things. Much of such recollections are mere idle reveries that can be swept away by the fresh breeze of enthusiasm, activity and duties. Happy memories, kindly feelings, noble ideas, generous plans, may so fill the heart and employ the mind that there will be neither room nor place for mournful and futile reminiscences.—Miriam.

Be Sure You Are Right And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

ENGLAND WILL BE CATHOLIC AGAIN.

There are many indications of the drift of the English people toward the faith of their forefathers—the faith of which, it has been well said, England was robbed more than three centuries ago. Scarcely a week goes by that we do not hear of the conversion to Catholicity of one or more distinguished English Protestants. In a year these accessions to the Church reach a surprisingly large number. We are aware, however, that the conversion process is but a slow way to bring about in England the reunion of Christendom.

Still the many conversions encourage English Catholics in the hope that one day not very far distant the whole nation will be Catholic. What we desire to call attention to here is the fact that the thoughtful minds of England not of our faith have come to recognize the fact that the Catholic Church is a vigorous and steadily growing institution. There is, too, we are glad to note, a more tolerant spirit among the non-Catholic people. One of the best indications of this spirit is the manner in which was greeted a public religious procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin held at Kensal Town, London, on Sunday, May 17. This procession has been described as undoubtedly one of the most remarkable Catholic demonstrations witnessed in London since the so-called Reformation.

It appears that under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom various processions of a similar nature have been held within the last few years in the East End of London. But in organizing the procession at Kensal Town the Guild broke new ground, and broke it, we are informed by a London Catholic paper, with complete and startling success. From the first the clergy and people of Our Lady of the Holy Souls, Bosworth Road, took up the project of holding a solemn May procession with the enthusiasm which marks the excellent work they are engaged upon in that somewhat dreary district. Through the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Palmer, the District Ransomer, and Mr. F. Stacy, the co-operation of the neighboring missions and the people of a large number of districts was secured. The result was a spectacle equalling in magnificence many hitherto only witnessed in Catholic countries. The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, headed by crucifix, lanterns and incense, and accompanied by their banners, came first; next followed numberless confraternities, conspicuous among them being a contingent from St. Dominic's, Haverstock Hill, under the leadership of the Rev. Austin Rooke, O. P., with their magnificent banners. Father Bans and his boys from St. Vincent's Home, the local branch of the Social Union, the vicars of St. Augustine from St. Hoxton, and orphans from Miss Boyd's Home at Kilburn all helped to swell the ranks of the procession, which exceeded a mile in length. Last of all, amid countless girls in white, came the statue of the Blessed Mother of God, standing in a veritable garden of white lilies, born on the shoulders of the League of the Cross Guards. Behind the statue came the clergy, Fathers Greene, Baker, and Lord Archibald Douglas, vested in richly embroidered copes, and escorted by a crowd of acolytes and League Guards.

The significant point is that as in other parts of London, the demeanor of the crowds of spectators, estimated by the pressmen present at some fifty thousand, was entirely respectful and sympathetic. On every side expressions of admiration and pleasure at the novel and brilliant scene might be heard, and the number of hats removed during the passage of the crucifix and statue would have done credit to Belgium or France. The organizers of the procession have already had the happiness of learning of the conversion of one of the on-lookers, who applied to be instructed on the following day.

As an illustration of the way a great London non-Catholic journal treats this important religious event, we quote the following extracts from the Daily Chronicle's appreciative description of the procession:

"To describe the Roman Church even as it exists to-day in England as a byway rather than a highway of religious faith would admittedly savor of the guilt of impertinence. Surely if there be any highway of faith known to Christendom at all it is that which leads to Rome. Still no such consideration is due to the society which calls itself the 'Guild of Our Lady of Ransom for the Conversion of England.' Otherwise, scruples notwithstanding, we need have no hesitation in saying that the very remarkable demonstration which took place in the neighborhood of Westbourne park, illustrated with amazing force the recuperative energy of the Church of Rome and the strength of its appeal to the imaginative side of our English nature. The Guild is a secular sodality, 'under the Heavenly Patronage of Our Lady, St. Gregory, and the Blessed English Martyrs—approved and blessed by His Holiness Leo XIII., May 18, 1889.' Its modest mission is (in the words of its Object) 'to ransom souls from the captivity of error in this world, and of Purgatory in the next, by means of Holy Mass, Prayer and Work.' The three special 'intentions' of the Guild are: (1) The conversion of England and individuals; (2) the salvation of apostates and those in danger of apostasy; (3) the forgotten dead, who, owing to the Reformation, or to being converts, or other causes are without Masses and Prayers." Thus, bluntly put, it will be seen that the Guild of Our Lady of

Ransom has for its object a very definite, specific and arduous task. For the Ransomers individually some encouragements and rewards are set out under its constitution. An indulgence of three hundred days was granted by Pope Pius IX. in May, 1850, 'for every devout prayer said for the conversion of England.' Other indulgences have been granted to Ransomers by His Holiness Leo XIII., namely, by Brief dated June, 1889, Plenary Indulgences, 'on usual conditions, on day of admission, on Second Sunday after Epiphany, on September 24 (feast of Our Lady of Ransom), and on March 12 (feast of St. Gregory). Not without spiritual consideration, therefore, do the Ransomers undertake their uphill task. But they have also more immediate rewards and encouragements. The splendid spectacle of yesterday was one of them.

"For the first time since the Reformation a public religious 'May procession' was conducted through the streets of London 'in honor of our Blessed Lady, whose 'dowry' includes our unhappy England.' The procession, as in more happy European cities, had as its central feature a statue of Our Lady, borne by four stalwart League Guards, and attended by children in white, bearing baskets of flowers. Some five hundred children, attired for the most part in pretty white frocks, wearing wreaths of flowers, surmounted by long veils of tulle or muslin (such as are worn at First Communions on the Continent), and carrying bouquets of flowers, formed the most picturesque part of the procession; although it must be allowed that they disputed honors with acolytes in white cottas, red and blue capes, skull caps and sashes.

"The procession was a mile and a half in length. From altar to altar it occupied nearly two hours. Nothing of the kind had been seen in England since, as we have heard, the period known to Englishmen as the Reformation. Not many, perhaps, but some who witnessed it, might have remembered the 'Surplice riots' of St. George's in the East, or the disorderly scenes at St. James Hatcham, or the threatening at St. Alban's Holborn. How many of these could have supposed that within twenty years a Roman Catholic procession, accompanied by all the paraphernalia of Roman ritual, might pass through crowded London streets on a Sunday afternoon not merely without provoking disturbance but amid undoubted manifestations of respect? Few of the Catholic cities of Europe could be expected to offer it a more decorous welcome. Possibly its origin and intention were barely understood by the crowd, if by anyone else, but we now know that picturesqueness of exposition—as the famous Abbe Martin once observed—is an important part of the teaching faculty of the Church.

Who shall say after reading this that there are not bright prospects for the conversion of England? Maybe that glorious event will not come for many years, but that there is good reason for hope, no sane person can deny. To be sure, all England has not looked upon the procession in honor of Our Lady with a similar spirit to that which prompted the Chronicle writer, or even with the "undoubted manifestations of respect" of the throng that stood by while it passed. Certain bigoted "Christians" could not let the opportunity pass without indulging in all the old talk about "the errors of superstition," "Romish idolatry," etc. On this point it is only necessary to say that so long as there is ignorance there will be intolerance. The effect of the procession upon the intelligent non-Catholics of England is what should be considered by the man who desires to judge how Catholicity stands to-day among the English people.—Catholic News.

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FIVE-MINUTE Fifth Sunday GOOD "Converse in fear sojourning here."

Printing as an great value to the may seem to some the liberty of our against the use of So many books much knowledge abroad by means evils and abuses thousands, indeed sands, of lives in of the printing-p a place among the blessings to men.

This we admit heartily than benefits He has upon us through it has had, and st and has done a n rooted evil to th advanced knowl joy to many a he well when it ha It has done well justice and truth good life.

For all these and power are great that to lig overlook them great factors in do we wish, not in this influence as in the cause of w press, like many itself, has been m It has been m grossest vices o made to lie, to It has been mad ion, false politic At times it has enemy of man minds with theo would destroy the Nor have men its high calling g ing personal gr ence of the b quently been ab mingled with t right and wrong timent has been and justice; fo accountable im people that wha of necessity tru proved to be fal Our care must facts before u, the good and the beware of the e ward, upon the a aloof from the c hurried along t and by bad prin Good books a doing God's wa apostles in thei are bad are worl the "prince of c A good press over the earth— bad press is liki ing the sun. W do with evil; Let us have no books and bad p read their our to read them, w to prevent them from our houses do, for there we strive also to ha the shops where land wherein w

OUR BOY Work a We would hav Yet will not lo We would hav Yet will not ce We want all pleas harsh means

What were the Through this th To win as bea And what was B ut we an easie found,

Is it so small To have enj To have liv To have lov done; To have advanc baffling foul I say, Fear n Leave a hin But, since li Nurse no extr Because thou not then de

The Highest tandem was d 1890, althoug years later in Alexander B. gushed surgel pital in New Y tem makes it y far greater a been previous the best recor one of Mr. Ed at Bayonne, e Mr. Eddy beg at 7:30 a. m.; light breezes was kept busy noon in getti had paid out when a top k stood straight Newark Bay, footer, was bo land from the shore to Mr. E end of the lin uring 5,500 map. Taking the two ends

**FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.**  
Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

**GOOD READING.**

"Convert in fear during the time of your journeying here." (1 St. Peter 1, 17.)

Printing as an art has been of such great value to the human race that it may seem to some like an attack upon the liberty of men to say anything against the use of it.

So many books have been written, so much knowledge has been spread abroad by means of them, so many evils and abuses exposed, and so many thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands, of lives made happier because of the printing press, that it deserves a place among the greatest of God's blessings to men.

This we admit, and gladly and heartily thank the Lord for the benefits He has been pleased to bestow upon us through the press. We know it has had, and still has, a noble office, and has done a noble work. It has uprooted evil and righted wrong; it has advanced knowledge and has given joy to many a heart. And it has done well when it has done these things. It has done well when it has aided justice and truth and the living of a good life.

For all these reasons its influence and power are deservedly great, so great that to lightly estimate them or overlook them would be to ignore great factors in human affairs. Nor do we wish, nor do we seek to lessen this influence as long as it is exerted in the cause of what is right; but the press, like many another thing good in itself, has been misused.

It has been made to pander to the grosser vices of men. It has been made to lie, to scold, to be impure. It has been made to teach false religion, false politics, and false morality. At times it has been the very worst enemy of mankind; filling men's minds with theories entirely impracticable, or such as, put into effect, would destroy their happiness.

Nor have men hesitated to prostitute its high calling for the sake of furthering personal gain and ambition, or even revenge. The trust and confidence of the public have not unfrequently been abused, and error commingled with truth so subtly, and right and wrong, that the public sentiment has been arrayed against truth and justice; for there is an almost unaccountable impression given many people that what they find printed is of necessity true unless it is absolutely proved to be false.

Our care must be, in the light of the facts before us, to distinguish between the good and the bad press. We must beware of the evil sent flying, as it were, upon the air, and hold ourselves aloof from the crowd, when it is being hurried along to its ruin by bad advice and by bad principles.

Good books and good papers are doing God's work in the world—as apostles in their way; but those that are bad are working in the interest of the "prince of darkness."

A good press sheds a bright light over the earth—the light of truth; a bad press is like a heavy cloud obscuring the sun. We can have nothing to do with evil; we should hate evil. Let us have nothing to do with bad books and bad papers. Let us neither read them ourselves, nor permit others to read them, when we have authority to prevent them. Let us banish them from our houses; that at least we can do, for there we are supreme. Let us strive also to have them banished from the shops where we deal and from the land wherein we live.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**Work as Best We Can.**

We would have inward peace,  
Yet will not look within;  
We would have misery cease,  
Yet will not cease from sin;  
We want all pleasant ends; but will use no hard means.

What were the wise man's plan?  
Through this life to get out pain,  
To work as best he can,  
And win what's won by strife.  
But we an easier way to cheat our pains have found.

Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoyed the sun,  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;  
To have advanced true friends, and beat down  
baiting foes?

I say, Fear not! Life still  
Leaves human effort scope;  
But, since life terms with ill,  
Nurse no extravagant hope.  
Because thou must not dream, thou needst  
not then despair.—Matthew Arnold.

The Highest Flight Ever Made by a Kite.

The modern system of flying kites tandem was devised by Mr. Eddy in 1890, although it was hit upon two years later independently by Dr. Alexander B. Johnson, the distinguished surgeon of the Roosevelt Hospital in New York. The tandem system makes it possible to send kites to far greater altitudes than had ever been previously attained. And here the best record is undoubtedly held by one of Mr. Eddy's tandems, sent aloft at Bayonne, on November 7, 1893. Mr. Eddy began to send up the kites at 7:30 a. m.; but, being hampered by light breezes from the east, found he was kept busy until 3:30 in the afternoon in getting nine kites aloft. He had paid out nearly two miles of cord when a top kite, a little two-footer, stood straight over the spar buoy in Newark Bay. The lowest kite, a six-footer, was hovering some distance inland from the shore, on a line from the shore to Mr. Eddy's house (where the end of the line was anchored), measuring 5,500 feet by the surveyor's map. Taking two observations from the two ends of this base line, Mr.

Eddy's kite quadrant showed angles of thirty-five and thirty-six degrees; and these data, by simple methods of triangulation, were sufficient to determine the altitude of the kite, which was found to be 5,595 feet—or something over one mile. The kites were seen by hundreds of persons during the fifteen hours they remained up, the experiment coming to an abrupt end at 10 o'clock that night by the blowing away of the two upper kites in the increasing wind. The escaped kites disappeared in Newark Bay along with 3,900 feet of the line.

**Cook and Hens.**

The barnyard rooster is the proudest of domestic creatures and struts about with the hens as he owned the earth. The ancients regarded the rooster as the companion of Mars, the god of war, and he was the emblem of strife, haughtiness and quarrels. The ancient Gauls wore a representation of a rooster on their helmets as a crest, and after the French revolution the people of that country took the same emblem.

The rooster was also the emblem of watchfulness, from his habit of crowing at the approach of daylight. Hence the figure of this fowl was placed on the top of church steeples in old times, as from that point he might be supposed to await the coming of dawn.

Our young readers will probably remember that the cock figured in the Passion of Our Lord, crowing thrice at the sin of St. Peter.

The hen is the really useful creature, as she not only lays the eggs, but sits on the nest and hatches the little chicks. The rooster does nothing but walk about and display himself, watching at the same time for a chance to fight if a rival should appear in the neighborhood. With his fine comb and tail he imagines himself very handsome. But the fact is, there are certain breeds that bring among fanciers very high price.

**Our Constant Friends.**

How oft, at evening, when the mind, o'erwrought,  
Finds in dim reverie, repose from thought,  
Just at that hour when soft subsiding day  
Slants on the glimmering shelves its latest rays;

Along those darkling files I ponder slow,  
And muse, how vast the debt to books we owe.  
Yes; friends they are! and friends through life to last.

Hopes for the future! memories for the past!  
With them, no fear of leisure unemployed;  
Let come the leisure, they shall fill the void;  
With them, no dread of joys that fade from view;

They stand beside us, and our youth renew;  
Telling fond tales of that exalted time  
When love was bliss, and power was in its prime.

Come, then, delicious converse still to hold,  
And still to teach, ye long-loved volumes old!  
And sweet 'twill be, or hope would so believe,  
When close round life its fading tints of eve,  
To turn again our earlier volumes o'er,  
And love them then, because we loved before.

And only bless the waning hour that brings  
A will to lean once more on simple things.

**The Little Lamb.**

Every boy and girl probably knows the old rhyme of "Mary and her little Lamb," and of how fond she was of it and how one day it followed her to school, and the consequences that ensued. Who wrote these lines is not known, but it is safe to say that no poem in the English language ever had so wide a popularity.

The lamb is the gentlest of animals, and it is many times alluded to in the beautiful figurative language of Scripture. Our Divine Saviour Himself is referred to as the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He also speaks to St. Peter, saying: "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep," the meaning being that St. Peter was to be the head of the visible Church on earth and to exercise control over the whole Christian flock, surrendering the same power and office to his successors the Popes.

The common sheep is said to have been the first animal domesticated by man. We are told in the book of Genesis that Abel was a "Keeper of sheep" and that he "brought an offering unto the Lord of the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof." And from that time until the death of our Saviour lambs continued to be the most frequent sacrificial offering, both among the patriarchs and the Jews. The weaving of wool from which our clothing is made was among the earliest of arts, shearing his sheep. Those who keep sheep, either as a business or as pets, speak of them as quite intelligent. They soon learn to know the voice of the shepherd and the bark of the shepherd's dog. They stand very much in awe of the dog and will obey him implicitly, and he is put to watch them to prevent them from straying away. A dog will gather a flock of sheep together in the evening and drive them home as well as a man could do. All the shepherd has to do is to tell him to go in search of the sheep and collect them in one spot and he will carry out his instructions to the letter.

**The Quality of Being Agreeable.**

It might reasonably be supposed that good people would be agreeable and bad people disagreeable, but this is by no means a fixed rule. There are many notable exceptions, especially among bad people, who are often delightful companions. They study to please but they may cover up their faults of character. There is no reason, however, why good people should not follow their example in this respect. When they act naturally they are agreeable; but some good men, with warm sympathies and great kindness of heart, seem to think that it is necessary for their own protection to put on a gruff, repellant manner. There are others who at heart are good friends, yet make themselves disagree-

able to these they love by a bad habit of positive contradiction. All of us have a great deal of self-love, and we cannot regard as agreeable one who continually differs from and contradicts us, especially if he does so in an offensive way.

The agreeable man is always courteous and considerate. He keeps out of disputes and contentions, seeks to give utterance only to pleasant things, and if driven to contradict, does so in an amiable manner. He may or may not be as good and faithful at heart as the gruff disputant, who is apt to be boastful of his frankness, but the quality that makes him agreeable is his cultivated manner. Some people go so far as to deprecate politeness as a concession to hypocrisy, but it is really a manifestation of consideration for others. It is, of course, cultivated by hypocrites, and those who are excessively polite may be suspected of insincerity, but that is not a good reason why sincere people should not use it to make themselves agreeable.

The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellant manner, really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his repulsive manners. Those who do may have patience to bear with him, knowing that his heart is right, but others will judge him by his manners, and, finding him disagreeable, will avoid intimacy with him. It is not enough, therefore, to be just or kind-hearted; one should also be agreeable in manner, and it requires very little effort to be so. The foundation of agreeable manners is thoughtful consideration of others or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that one shall not contradict or dispute, but it does mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for, in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.—Baltimore Sun.

**Little Blessings.**

"A cup of cold water given in My Name shall not go unrewarded." If even a cup of water given in charity will be rewarded, how rich must be the blessings showered upon the loving soul which makes sacrifices to assist and bring help and comfort to the poor. Even a kind word is noted in the Book of Life in our favor. "Feed the hungry," "Clothe the naked," "Visit the sick," "Comfort the sorrowful." There are so many ways pointed out to us by our Lord Himself, where we can be a blessing to others, and at the same time draw down blessings on ourselves.

The following story illustrates this: "Please, ma'am, would you be after buying a bit of lace to-day?"

The knock at the side door had not been heard by the girl, who was clattering dishes in the kitchen, so it was the lady of the house who opened the door, and such a cold wind entered that she shivered as she did so.

"Lace? Oh, no! I don't need any now."  
"But wouldn't you want a bit later? It's a terrible day out, and I've had no luck at all yet, and I washopin' to make out the \$2 rent."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot buy it. This looks pretty, but won't you come in and get warm? This wind is dreadful."

"Thanky; it'll be a rare treat to get warm again, such a fire is heartening to a body."

"Katie, there's a woman half frozen in the dining-room. I do not think the dinner is cold; we will fix her a lunch with hot coffee. Bring the tray in when ready."

"I've never been out to sell anything before this winter, and I don't appear to get the hang of it somehow; everybody says no, or else they shut the door before a word is passed. I never yet had anyone to ask me in to a fire like this, ma'am."

"There has been no day so cold."  
"It makes no difference, lady. Some folk's hearts are colder than the weather. Johnnie, that's my son, was laid off in the panic, and when the mill got to running again, the very next month, he fell and broke his leg, and the idleness frets him terrible. You see, his wife's dead, and he has two slips of girls, but we've always lived decent like before. I'd rather wash and scrub than peddle lace, but I can't get the work. Is all this good stuff for me?"

Katie had brought in a well-filled tray and a steaming cup of coffee.

"Deary me! I ain't tasted coffee in weeks, nor roast meat either. It was a lucky minute I knocked at your door, ma'am. It's a saint you are."

"Oh, ma'am," laughed the lady, "very far from a saint, only I know you are cold and hungry."

"S'poken I buy some lace for my new apron, Mrs. Lawrence, and for my sisters?" said Katie.

And so while the lace-vender ate her lunch, she selected the pattern desired.

"It's a thousand times I'm obliged to you both. I feel heartened up now, and my soul's that warm that I'll not mind the wind's blow at all."

"Can you make room in your basket for these packages?" said Mrs. Lawrence. "It's tea and coffee for you and Johnnie."

"Oh, yes, indeed. But won't you take some edgin' for it? I wasn't meanin' to complain to get charity."

"I know you were not, but please take this: people often take such things to invalids, you know. I hope your son will soon be well and strong. If you go to the last house in this block I'm sure you will sell some lace."

Best for Wash Day For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best

**USE SURPRISE SOAP**

Best for Every Day For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

"Thanky, ma'am! God bless you." The wind grew stronger and the cold more intense as the day wore on. But the cold could not touch two hearts which were warm, one with kindness received and the other with kindness given.—Providence Visitor.

**The Infant Recruit.**

There was a very little fellow in company G, a farmer boy, says the Chicago Times-Herald. He was not quite sixteen and small of his age—a baby-faced chap. No one took deeper interest in the drill. He missed no duty, even sought extra duty that he might show that he was fit for a soldier and be the more certain that he would be accepted.

"What are you going to do with that round-faced baby?" asked a six-foot pliny man.

"Watch and see for yourself," said a G man.

"Do you think they will take me, captain?" asked the boy the morning the mustering officer arrived. "I hope so, Henry." "Thank you, captain."

"What distress there was on the little one's face when the mustering officer said: "Step this way, young gentleman, as Henry passed for examination."

"Are you old enough for a soldier?" "Yes, sir." "Are you eighteen?" "I will be eighteen on my birthday, sir." "Does your captain want you in the company?" "Ask him, please."

"There is not a man in the company whom I think will make a better soldier. It will please me greatly to have you muster him in," said Captain Northrup, when called. "We will take him," said McIntyre. And the round-faced boy of company G was a baby in fact—cried like one—but he cried for joy. He seemed only too glad for a chance to be shot at.

Little as he was, no man in his company had a larger knapsack: he never fell out on a march, no matter how long or how hot the day. He never missed a battle. "Captain, there is good material in Henry for a non-commissioned officer," said the sergeant. "Rather too young, isn't he?" "He is old enough to be as good a soldier as there is in the regiment."

The next evening, when the regiment was on dress parade, the adjutant read off the promotion of Private Henry C. Matraw to be a corporal. What a hero he was at Gettysburg, in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania! He had grown some, but was still a mere boy. In August, 1864, the captain commanding the regiment—the field officers were dead or prisoners—said: "Sergeant-major, I will dictate a letter to the governor asking for the commissioning of several officers to fill vacancies." He said, among other things: "The first and second lieutenants of company G have been killed in battle. I respectfully request that First Sergeant Henry C. Matraw be commissioned first lieutenant of said company." In the same letter several lieutenants were recommended for captains, and the sergeant-major was named for adjutant. The commissions came in due time. That evening five of the young fellows went to the tent of one of their number and celebrated—celebrated all night. It was a time when the sergeants counseled against drinking much water and when it was easy to fill canteens at the commissary's. The next day they went to the corps headquarters, found the mustering officers, were sworn into the service as officers, put on shoulder straps, and took their new stations.

What a proud day was for the youngsters what a handsome officer company G's boy soldier made! Ah, ma, that was long, long ago.

A few months later company G and company D were consolidated. In the next battle the captain was killed; Matraw succeeded him. He was the youngest and smallest captain the regiment ever had; it had none braver.

I was reminded of this story of a real hero upon meeting Captain Matraw a few days ago. He lives away out in Nebraska; is a railroad man at Norfolk. He saw in the Times-Herald that one of his old brigade commanders was to visit the state from which he enlisted called the family together, and said: "Children, your mother and father are going to be absent for a week." Then he took the train and rode seven or eight hundred miles to meet that old commander and other men with whom he had served his country when the country needed him. Glorious little Matraw!

**The Priesthood.**

I admire the wisdom and skill of the Catholic priesthood. They have more common sense than Protestant ministers. They are more skillful. They have longer heads. They know better how to grasp and hold a city.—The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Independent, New York City.

The Most remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for all Blood Diseases.

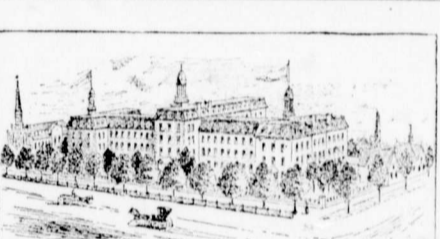
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Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department.  
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**ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.**

The Bowmanville News interviews Mr. John Hawkins—And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering from Asthma, from which he has been Restored to Health when his case was Looked on as Hopeless.

From the News, Bowmanville.

During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life, when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. To-day he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and, after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the fact public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John Hawkins, who resides in the township of Darlington, some ten miles north of Bow-

manville, and whose post office is Enniskillen, came to the county from Cornwall, England, some forty five years ago, and up to the time of his sickness had always been a hard-working man. One day, however, while attending his work, he got wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed, which finally developed to asthma. During the succeeding nine years he was a terrible sufferer from that distressing disease, and gradually grew so bad that he could not work, frequently spent sleepless nights, and had little or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk across the room without panting for breath, and would sit all day with his elbows resting on his knees—the only position which seemed to give him ease, and at one time he never laid down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for him to talk, all he asked

was to be left alone. During this time he had been doctoring and had tried nearly everything, and spent over \$100, but got no relief. Finally some one recommended him to take Pink Pills. He thought they could do him no harm at any rate, and procuring a supply he commenced taking them. After he had taken three boxes he found that he was improving, and after taking two more boxes, to the astonishment of all, he walked across the field to the woods and cut up a cord of wood. He continued the pills and took two more boxes, making seven in all, and to-day is as well as he ever was, but always keeps a box of Pink Pills in the house. The neighbors all began to ask him what he had done, as the asthma had left him, and they never expected to hear of him being well again. To one and all he tells that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and has recommended them to scores of people since his recovery.

With such wonderful cures as these occurring in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a greater reputation than any other known medicine. All that is asked for them is a fair trial, and the results are rarely disappointing.

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

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.  
Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economical—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

**O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR**  
372 Richmond Street.  
Good Business Suits from \$15 upwa—da. The best goods and careful workmanship.

**MAKING Sarsaparilla**  
Sarsaparilla  
FRIEND POWDER

K. S. J.

At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Commandery No. 212, Toronto, held on June 13, the following resolutions were adopted:
Resolved, that the members of this Commandery...

DIocese of Alexandria.

NEW ST. COLUMBIAN'S—DEDICATION OF CORNWALL'S SPLENDID CHURCH.
Cornwall, June 14.—This day will ever remain conspicuous in the annals of the diocese of Alexandria and of the Church of Ontario...

every effort and contributed in no small degree to the success of the day.
We desire to express our gratitude to the Very Rev. C. B. Murray, D.D., for his presence...

however, with the affection of a faithful son, the only one of the present graduating class to come to you as the last and least of the old-time teachers of the diocese...

WEDDING BELLS.

GIROUARD-BEST.
On Wednesday, the 17th inst., St. Peter's Cathedral, London, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Florence M. Best, daughter of Mr. Edward Best...

FATHER'S PROPER'S NERVE TONIC
Hundreds Can Testify.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 1894.
I was stricken with paralysis about two years ago...

THE POLITICAL PARONS.

The following letter, we regret to say, reached us too late for last week's issue:
The Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD:
Dear Sir:—The political parons, especially the Bishops, "exhortees," are on the war path...

DIocese of Peterborough.

Confirmation at Victoria Road, on Sunday, June 7.—Solemnity of Corpus Christi.
Bishop O'Connor arrived on the evening train at Victoria Road and was met at the station by Rev. Fathers Sweeney and Callahan...

DIocese of Peterborough.

What is she out from love and faith? But some will find it a doctor's fiery hot to burst!
A higher hand must make her wild. If it be not in vain; and guide Her footsteps, moving side by side...

CONVENT EDUCATION.

Says Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras: "Four years ago I took a little girl of mine from Oregon and put her in the Loreto convent school, at Guelph, Ontario.
She was a wayward little thing, quite without culture, discipline, or any idea of obedience; then she was all shaken up with the age; and the long journey made her quite ill. She soon became strong and healthy and hardy. In the whole four years I have not paid over \$100.00 of doctor's bills."

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, June 25.—Wheat, 65c. per bushel. Oats, 25c. per bushel. Barley, 31c. per bushel. Buckwheat, 25c. per bushel. Rye, 30c. per bushel. Corn, 23c. per bushel. Beef, 50c. per cwt. Mutton, 45c. per cwt. Spring chickens, 10c. per lb. Eggs, 10c. per dozen. Butter, 15c. per lb. Tallow, 10c. per lb. Lard, 10c. per lb. Pork, 10c. per lb. Bacon, 10c. per lb. Ham, 10c. per lb. Sausages, 10c. per lb. Canned goods, 10c. per lb. Dried goods, 10c. per lb. Pickles, 10c. per lb. Condensed milk, 10c. per can. Sterilized milk, 10c. per can. Evaporated milk, 10c. per can. Fruit, 10c. per lb. Vegetables, 10c. per lb. Flowers, 10c. per lb. Seeds, 10c. per lb. Fertilizers, 10c. per lb. Tools, 10c. per lb. Hardware, 10c. per lb. Miscellaneous, 10c. per lb.

OUR PRICE LIST OF SEEDS.

That are Specially Grown for a Critical Trade IS NOW READY
And will be Mailed on Application
J. GAMMAGE & SONS
213 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, CAN.
Mention this Paper.

OBITUARY.

TOBIAS BUTLER, DESERONTO.
It was indeed a rude shock which citizens experienced as they proceeded to their work on Tuesday morning, when the body of Tobias Butler, who had passed away at 6 o'clock that morning...

OBITUARY.

REV. DR. TEEFY.
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