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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. I.—No. 33.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The Holy Father has ordained the resumption of the cause of canonization of Blessed Gerardus Maiella, a professed lay brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, who, even during life, was known as the Thaumaturgus of his community.

There is, says Roma in the *Catholic News* a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated Jan. 14, 1893, "confirming the sentence of Ordinary Process of the curia of Quebec, relative to the cultus non-exhibito in the case of the venerable servant of God, Francis de Montmorency Laval, first bishop of Quebec."

At the closing exercises of the Urban College of the Propaganda, in which a solemn theological debate formed the principal item in the programme, we are glad to see that the name of a Canadian, Rev. Cornelius Campbell, is prominent. He and Rev. Richard Daly of Australia answered the objections brought forward by other students appointed for the purpose. It is very satisfactory to know that both parties displayed profound learning and a keen insight into the subtle objections which were presented.

A despatch dated from Rome on the 12th instant announces that the Holy Father has received the following letter from Cardinal Gibbons:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, June 19, 1893.

To His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons:

YOUR EMINENCE—Please permit me to transmit through you to His Holiness Leo XIII. my sincere congratulations on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his episcopate. The pleasure attending this expression of my felicitations is much enhanced by the remembrance that His Holiness has always manifested a lively interest in the prosperity of the United States, and great admiration for our political institutions.

I am glad to believe that these sentiments are the natural outgrowth of the holy father's solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the masses of humanity, and his especial sympathy for every effort made to dignify simple manhood and to promote the moral and social elevation of those who toil. The kindness with which His Holiness lately accepted a copy of the constitution of the United States leads me to suggest that if it does not seem presumptuous it would please me exceedingly to place in his hands a book containing the official papers and documents written by me during my previous term of office.

Yours very sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

A decree from the Sacred Congregation of the Index, dated 14th July, 1893, condemns and proscribes the following works from the pen of St. George Mivart: "Happiness in Hell," *Nineteenth Century*, London, December, 1892. "The Happiness in Hell," *Ibidem*, February, 1893. "Last words on the Happiness in Hell," *Ibidem*, April, 1893.

The report stage of the great Home Rule Bill has been reached, and at the last moment the Conservatives were disappointed in presenting the last amendment. Mr. Balfour was not at

hand to propose that Irish members retained in Parliament shall not have the right to vote on any questions except amendments to the Home Rule Bill. Time was gained, and the absentees hastily summoned to take part in the debate upon clauses which were defeated one after another with an average majority of forty. The Liberal Unionists, with Chamberlain at their head, are determined to give no concession, but to fight to the end. Last week, when the Premier and Mr. Gladstone had a friendly conversation to arrive at an understanding upon the subject of the redistribution of Irish seats, nothing could be done on account of the savage obstinacy of the Liberal Unionists.

It is most gratifying to learn that the possibility of any hitch in the third reading has been removed by the Parnellite members being determined to vote for the third reading, notwithstanding the resolution they passed at their late Dublin convention. A fortnight from to-morrow is the day upon which Mr. Gladstone expects the Bill to leave the Commons, and September 4 the date when the measure will be presented to the House of Lords. While it is occupying about fourteen days in the Upper House the Commons will discuss the estimates.

Mr. Payment remarks, very correctly, that a school system cannot be partly sectarian and partly non-sectarian; for as long as one vestige of sectarianism remains it cannot be said to be other than sectarian. In this case, also, a little leaven corrupts the whole mass. Either teachers or books, or companions tend to give a bias to the young who know not how to discriminate, or who can not bear up against the insidious attacks of mockery and human respect.

President Cleveland summoned Congress with a message which has attracted a great deal of attention on account of the importance of its subject and the statesmanlike terms in which it is couched. In the halls where it was officially announced, in the country whose interests were most directly concerned, in the civilized world whose ear was all attention, it has produced a profound effect.

Our unfortunate financial plight is not the result of untoward events, nor of conditions related to our natural resources, nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment and with satisfactory assurance to business enterprise, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side. Numerous moneyed institutions have suspended because abundant assets were not immediately available to meet the demands of frightened depositors. Surviving corporations and individuals are content to keep in hand the money they are usually anxious to loan, and those engaged in legitimate business are surprised to find that the securities they offer for loans, though heretofore satisfactory, are no longer accepted. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural, and loss and failure have involved every branch of business. I believe these things are principally chargeable to Congress-

sional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general Government.

The President points out that the action of the Government in striving to fix the ratio between gold and silver by the Sherman Law has had the contrary effect. Silver to the amount of \$147,000,000 has been purchased and notes issued, which are necessarily redeemable in gold. This has not spared the gold reserve of one hundred millions of dollars set aside for the redemption of other notes, and the depletion of gold has been rendered easy. "Between July 1st, 1890, and July 15, 1893, the gold coin and bullion in our Treasury decreased more than one hundred and thirty-two millions of dollars, while during the same period the silver coin and bullion has increased more than one hundred and forty-seven millions." This would look as if silver were going to take the place of gold as currency in the United States. Such being the case they could no longer claim a place among nations of the first class.

There is one important aspect of the subject which especially should never be overlooked. At times like the present, when the evils of unsound finance threaten us, the speculator may anticipate a harvest gathered from the misfortune of others, the capitalist may protect himself by hoarding or may even find profit in the fluctuation of values, but the wage-earner—the first to be injured by a depreciated currency and the last to receive the benefit of its correction—is practically defenceless. He relies for work upon the ventures of confident and contented capital. This failing him, his condition is without alleviation for he can neither prey on the misfortunes nor hoard his labor. "One of the greatest statesmen our country has known, speaking more than 50 years ago, when a derangement of the currency had caused commercial distress, said:—'The very man of all others who has the deepest interest in a sound currency and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil.'" These words are as pertinent now as on the day they were uttered and ought to impressively remind us that a failure in the discharge of our duty at this time must especially injure those of our countrymen who labor and who, because of their number and condition, are entitled to the most watchful care of the Government.

It is of the utmost importance that such relief as Congress can afford in the existing situation be afforded at once. The maxim, 'He gives twice who gives quickly,' is directly applicable. It may be true that the embarrassments from which the business of the country is suffering arise as much from evils apprehended as from those actually existing. We may hope, too, that calm counsels will prevail, and that neither the capitalists nor the wage-earners will give way to unreasoning panic and sacrifice their property or their interests under the influence of exaggerated fears. Nevertheless, every day's delay in removing one of the plain and principal causes of the present state of things enlarges the mischief already done and increases the responsibility of the Government for its existence. Whatever else the people have a right to expect from Congress, they may certainly demand that legislation condemned by the ordeal of three years' disastrous experience shall be removed from the statute books as soon as their representatives can legitimately deal with it.

It was my purpose to summon Congress in special session early in the coming September, that we might enter promptly upon the work of tariff reform, which the true interests of the country clearly demand, which so large a majority of the people, as shown by their suffrages, desire and expect, and to the accomplishment of which every effort of the present Administration is pledged. But, while tariff reform has lost nothing of its immediate and permanent importance, and must in the near future engage the attention of Congress, it has seemed to me that the financial condition of the country should at once and before all other subjects be considered by your honorable body.

I earnestly recommend the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act, passed July 14,

1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion, and that other legislative action may be put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention and the ability of the Government to fulfil its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries.

The Summer School closed with enthusiasm. Lecturers and students of all classes who attended it are to be congratulated upon its more than satisfactory success. Hopes are now indulged that it will develop into what its ardent supporters call a summer university, with a term of six or seven weeks. We do not admire the word university being applied to it. In a Catholic sense "university" is so historic, so limited in its extension, and so exalted in its purpose, that it is drawing a high standard too low down to denote by it those seances which are as social as they are educational. However, it is better to review the last week of the Summer School than criticize its future. The principal actor was Rev. Father Halpin, the learned and zealous Jesuit Father from St. Francis Xavier College, New York. Seating himself at a table he delivered an able lecture on the nature of society, which he defined to be the moral and stable union of many rational individuals conspiring towards some common and honest end, by concerted action, under authority. Society requires three things—a common end, union of wills and community of means. Authority, or some power determining the mode for attaining the end and efficaciously confining the associates to that mode, is necessary for every society. The following day Father Halpin lectured upon *Ethical Problems*; while *The Elements of Civil Society* was the title of a third discourse. In his final lecture on the *Exercise of Supreme Power*, he said:

Society has the right and the duty of tending to its end, and civil authority, which is the organ of all social action, is justified in proposing as obligatory the means which conduce to that end, in applying the necessary and just means, and in putting them in execution. Hence arises the triple function of supreme authority. Hence, in every state, power must be legislative, judicial and executive. Legislative power cannot touch the essence and already existing form of government. Laws are a necessity. They should be just—suited to the people's nature, generous, stable, clear and determined. Such laws oblige either in conscience or through the penal sanction.

Public officials—those who hold the supreme power—must be men of integrity. On them depends the welfare of the nation. Religion, the mainstay of the individual, is also the securest foundation of a people's prosperity. Our America stands pre-eminent among the nations for the large liberty it accords to religionists of every kind, and the whole land was deeply impressed when Mr. Cleveland, in his inaugural address, attested to the great confidence he had in the uprightness and patriotism of the citizens, but, above all, in the conviction that if we appealed for light and strength to the great God, who had so manifestly watched over the destinies of this people, there could be no doubt that our studies would be toward the newer surprise of a grander and wider and more abiding national prosperity.

Very serious riots occurred at Bombay last Friday between Hindoos and Mohammedans over religious questions. Serious assaults were made, troops were called out and alarm was felt throughout. In the attacks which the soldiers made upon the mob eight were killed, about one hundred wounded and two hundred taken prisoners, while in the various street fights as many as fifty have met their death.

FATHER PROUT.

By Eugene Davis in the Rotary

Most of the students of English literature can easily recall to mind the name of Father Prout, but few are familiar with that of the Rev. Francis Mahony. Yet both were one and the same; for Prout was the pseudonym of the Rev. *litterateur*. There are not many, however, cognizant of the fact that there was at one time a real live Father Prout in the diocese of Cork, who had been for years the pastor of Watergrasshill, a parish in which the famous Blarney-stone is located. He was a simple-minded, unsophisticated old man when Mahony knew him, now some six decades ago. The knowledge of moral theology, which the P.P. had acquired, was sufficient to enable him to take spiritual charge of his flock, but he was absolutely ignorant of literature, history, and other mundane subjects. Shortly after the death of the venerable ecclesiastic, Mahony, who was then on the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*, in London, contributed to that periodical a series of interesting and erudite papers entitled "The Reliques of Father Prout." In introducing them to the notice of his readers, Mahony, who concealed himself behind the pen-name of Oliver Yorke, announced that Father Prout had left him all his valuable MSS. which would now appear in successive numbers of *Fraser*. The essays, which astonished the literary world of that day by their scholarly qualities, and stately eloquence of style, were written on such themes as "An Apology for Lent," in which the parish priest of Blarney proved by quotations from the Fathers of the Church and other authorities that fish was more nutritious and palatable than any kind of meat; "A Defense of the Jesuits," the logic of which dumfounded every light in the Protestant camp; a "Visit of Sir Walter Scott to Blarney," on which occasion the aged *cure* proved to have the oriental origin of the stone which the Scotch baronet kissed at great risk to life and limb, the *Rogueries of Tom Moore*, in which the author translated some of the Irish poet's melodies into quaint old classic French, and gave them to the public as originals alleged to have been found in the archives of continental libraries—thus showing up the "poet of all circles and the idol of his own" as a plagiarist of a most shame-faced type. These articles, particularly the last, caused the utmost sensation in literary coteries all over the British Isles. Moore became as mad as a March hare over the unfounded accusation brought against him. Oliver Yorke simply replied by congratulating him on his skill as a translator. Other articles which demonstrated Father Prout's intimate knowledge of Cork city and its intellectual and political status caused still a greater sensation on the banks of the Lee, where the worthy mayor and aldermen woke up one fine morning to find themselves famous thanks to the publicity given them in *Fraser*. No one except Dr. Maginn, the then editor, who was, like Mahony himself, a Corkman, had any idea of the identity of the real author of those scathing and talented contributions. In Cork city people nudged each other in the ribs, and laughed their lungs hoarse at the idea that the late Father Prout could have had anything whatsoever to do with such learned lucubrations. Nor was it known for years afterwards that the *deus ex machina* was none other than the Rev. Francis Mahony.

Mahony was born in Cork, in 1804, of a prosperous Kerry family that had settled in that city, and became the originators and owners of the celebrated Blarney tweed industry, which, I believe, is still under their control. At an early age the young lad was sent by the Bishop of Cork to the Irish College of Rome, where he prose-

cut his ecclesiastical studies for several years. The venerable nonagenarian, Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, who is still alive, was a fellow-student of Mahony. I had an interview with the doctor in 1880, at a time when he had been for almost half a century the rector of that establishment. It was from the lips of this veteran ecclesiastic that I learned the circumstances attendant on the composition of the "Bells of Shandon" by Mahony. These remarkable lines were pencilled by their author on the wall of his cell one languid summer afternoon when the college was enjoying its *siesta*. The dean of the house saw them as he was making his daily rounds next morning, and while he complimented the youth on his poetical talent, reminded him that his mission in life just then was not to become a poet, but a priest. Mahony, who was at the time a shy and timid lad, took the mild rebuke in good part, and promised to sin no more. His curriculum at the Propaganda was a success from start to finish, and he was very popular with professors and students alike; but when the time came for his taking Holy Orders, he decided that he was unfit for the work of an Irish county priest. He was too fond of books and study to devote himself with sufficient ardor to the many outdoor cares and responsibilities associated with parochial ministrations on a bleak hill-side, and among a people who probably would never be able to appreciate him. He accordingly applied for and was granted admission into the Jesuit College of Amiens, and a few years subsequently was transferred to a college of the same society in Paris, where he read a profound course of theology, and was in due time elevated to the priesthood. His intimate and extensive knowledge of languages and European literature qualified him for a professional chair in the last-named college—a post which he held, however, only for a very short period.

He had up to this epoch in his life been convinced that the career of a religious was suited to his temperament. He now discovered to his dismay that he had no real vocation for the priesthood. He felt bitterly, I am told, at separating himself from his Jesuit colleagues a step he took once he had resolved on trying his fortune in the literary world of London. "I would have been a zealous priest, and, perhaps, a most effective preacher," he once said to J. P. Leonard of Paris, "were it not for the mania which I had for the pen, and the secular erudition in which I had been steeped." He proceeded to London, where his first struggles for existence were hard and arduous enough. He would have received financial aid from home if he had asked for it, but he was too proud to do so. At length, toward the close of the twenties, he secured an introduction to Dr. Maginn, a fellow-Corkman, who, after having seen and examined some of Mahony's literary wares offered him a position on the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*. It was on this periodical that his "Reliques of Father Prout" were first published, and won for the pseudo Oliver Yorke a prominent place among the leading *litterateurs* of England. The contributors to *Fraser* numbered among them the leading writers of the time, and used to assemble once a month in a London restaurant, where they crossed legs under a table, rich with choice viands and crusted wines, around which wit and repartee flashed in brilliancy as clear as crystal, and quite as effervescent as the *Veuve Clicquot* champagne which they quaffed on such occasions. These were what Prout used to call the "nights and suppers of the gods." Maginn called them "*Noctes Ambrusianae*." Here the young Irishman clinked glasses with another famous Corkman, Sergeant Murphy, with that dyspeptic and dog-

matic ogre Carlyle, with Thackeray the humorist, and Macdoso, the rollicking artist who illustrated the Prout Rollique, and who also hailed from the banks of the pleasant Lee. All these writers were the learned luminaries of *Fraser* in those days. The predominance of the Corkonians in the editorial sanctorium of the magazine once drew from Carlyle the admission: "We should transfer our desks and printing press over to the classic purlieus of the Coal quay, my friends; for it is Cork and not London that illumines the pages of our monthly."

Some years after the retirement of Maginn from *Fraser's*, Francis Mahony, tired of London, returned to Paris, and spent almost the remainder of his career in the capacity of correspondent of the London *Globe*. His contributions to that journal were marvels of style, and full of interest—his picturoes of Parisian life being particularly faithful to nature, and winning for his newspaper an immense popularity in London. Prout—this was the name by which he was known in the French capital—used to rent a modest suite of rooms in the Latin quarter close to the Sorbonne. Six times every week he would cross the Seine to the reading-room of *Galignani's Messenger* in the Rue de Rivoli. Here he would write his daily letter, and afterwards stroll out into the Tuileries gardens, opposite where he would spend many of his evenings in reverie. At *Galignani's* he met at times such congenial Bohemian spirits as the late John Mitchel of '48 fame, rebel and refugee, James Stephens, the founder of the old Fenian organization, and the late J. P. Leonard, who enjoyed the unofficial title of Irish Ambassador in Paris. Politically Prout was a rank Tory; but he managed to pull on very well socially with these compatriots of his, two of whom professed very radical ideas on the Irish question. On a certain occasion, however, when an Englishman formed one of the company, Prout's Irish spirit could not restrain itself. It happened thus. The Anglo-Saxon happening to remark that Ireland needed the superior intelligence of Englishmen to control her destinies properly, Prout glared at him through his spectacles, and retorted: "All the same, sir, our forefathers were saints and scholars when yours were savages!"

One summer's day Father Prout and John Mitchel were taking a stroll through the woods of St. Cloud, a Parisian suburb. The weather was oppressively hot. Prout, who wore a cotton shirt, opened his collar to give himself more comfort—a circumstance which revealed the sight of a scapular to the astonished gaze of the Irish Presbyterian. Leonard was of the opinion that—disguise it as he tried to do—Prout was always a Catholic at heart. In England he affected a mild regard for Protestantism which was not sincere. In Paris his Catholicity secretly gained complete mastery over him once more. I was assured on good authority that he used to be often seen going at night to Notre Dame cathedral, and kneeling in prayer before a side chapel dedicated to the Madonna. These inner manifestations of piety had at last their logical result. He abandoned the pen and the world forever, and retired to a monastery, where he passed several years in penitential sorrow and suffering for any scandal he might have caused by his defection from the Church. Here he died in the early portion of 1866. In the May of that year his remains were transported to Cork, Ireland, where they were buried in the churchyard of St. Anne, Shandon, under the shadow of the steeple whose bells he had immortalized in the heyday of his youth and the springtide of his poetical ambition.

Prout, like Renan and other ecclesiastics, dressed very severely, and looked like a clergyman in the

dark austere clothes which he habitually wore. In conversation he had a slight Munster accent which, he was glad to admit, no amount of travel could ever wholly eradicate from his tongue. He had a high intellectual forehead, bald on top, and two piercingly critical eyes, usually *voespataol*-ed, which seemed to analyze the hidden soul of everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. Despite the severe expression of his face, he was nevertheless the wittiest of scholarly wags, and a genial humorist.

Death of a Patriotic Exile.

There lately passed away, in the city of Campinas, Brazil, an Irishman, not widely known to fame, indeed, but still one whose heart, after many years of absence from his native land, beat as warmly with patriotic feelings as if he had borne an active part at home in the many stirring incidents that have taken place in Irish politics during the past half century.

On the 7th of June, 1893, Richard Gumbleton Daunt died at his residence in Campinas, somewhat suddenly. His age was advanced, but there was nothing in the general condition of his health to excite the alarm of his friends. He was the son of the late Captain Richard Gumbleton Daunt, an officer in the 60th Regiment (Rifles), and a near relative of W. J. O'N. Daunt, of Kilcaskan, county Cork. He resigned his position as staff surgeon in the British army, and emigrated, from the Cape of Good Hope, more than fifty years ago, to Brazil, where his personal qualities and the skill he exhibited in the practice of his profession rendered him so popular that, on having become a naturalized citizen of Brazil, he was elected to the Provincial Parliament of San Paulo; and about the same time he married a Brazilian lady Donna Anna Francelina dos Santos de Camargo, a relative of the Regent Fiejo and a descendant of the Portuguese Marquis de Tavora, by whom he had a numerous family, one of whom, Padre Fergo de Segouira, was at one time chaplain to the daughter of the late Emperor Dom Pedro II. Mr. Gumbleton Daunt's eldest son was made a Knight of the Rose of Brazil, by Dom Pedro, who entertained a high esteem for that gentleman's father.

The many years which had elapsed since Mr. Daunt quitted his native land, left his heart unchanged in its fervent love for Ireland. His constant aspiration was for the recovery of Irish Legislative Independence. With intensest interest he followed every varying phase of the movement for Home Rule. His letters to his relatives also included anxious inquiries concerning the success of the efforts to preserve the Irish language, to the funds for promulgating which object he frequently contributed. He felt indignant at the slunkeyism which could regard with indifference or complacency the abandonment of the ancient Gaelic of his country; in which subject as in every other in which Ireland was concerned, his feelings, his sentiments and his principles were enthusiastically National.

His funeral showed the general esteem in which he was held by all ranks in Campinas. A profusion of rich floral offerings covered his last resting place. The Municipal Council of Campinas decreed that a vote of sincere sympathy should be offered to his sorrowing relatives. A public subscription is also in progress for the erection of a mausoleum in which his remains will be deposited.

Mr. Daunt was one of the earliest converts from Puseyism to the Catholic Church. "*Memoria ejus in benedictione.*" We feel sure that from many an Irish heart will arise the prayer, *requiescat in pace.*

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LETTER.

The following is a copy of the celebrated letter of Mr. Chamberlain in regard to Home Rule, which was referred to by Mr. Harrington a short time ago in the House of Commons.

"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"Highbury Moore Green,
Birmingham, Dec. 17, '84.

"MY DEAR SIR—Having at last a little spare time, I propose to reply more fully to the letter you were kind enough to send me in October last, relating to your experience in connection with Ireland. I have again read your account with much interest. It is on the whole a brighter picture than any I have yet seen. You seem to have found a general absence of anything like painful poverty, and a hopeful spirit with regard to the future. At the same time you remark on the absence of the bitterness which prevailed a few years ago, so that altogether I might, were I so inclined, found on your letter an argument as to the complete success of recent legislation and the inexpediency of attempting any further changes. I imagine, however, that this would be a conclusion foreign to your intention, and it does not satisfy my own estimate of the situation in spite of the great improvement that has taken place and the advantages recently obtained from the English Parliament. You have convinced yourself that the large majority of the people are still Nationalists in their aspirations. I should like to know exactly what this would mean and what the people really want, but before entering on that inquiry I ought to say that the answer to it will not necessarily be conclusive in any mind. As to the policy to be adopted I do not consider that wishes and rights are always identical, or that it is sufficient to find out what the majority of the Irish people desire in order at once to grant their demands.

I can never consent to regard Ireland as a separate people with the inherent rights of an absolutely independent community. I would not do this in the case of Scotland or of Wales or, to take still more extreme instances, of Sussex or of London. In every case the rights of the country or district must be subordinated to the rights of the whole community of which it forms only a portion. Ireland, by its geographical position, and by its history, is a part of the United Kingdom, and it cannot divest itself of the obligations which are denied the advantages which this condition involves. Accordingly, if Nationalism means separation I for one am prepared to resist it. I see in it the probability, almost the certainty, of dangerous complications, and an antagonist which would be injurious to the interests of the larger country and fatal to the prosperity of the smaller. Sooner than yield on this point I would govern Ireland by force to the end of the chapter. But if Nationalism means Home Rule I have no objection to make to it in principle, and I am only anxious to find out exactly what it means.

I object to the Home Rule proposed by the late Mr. Butt, because I believe it would not work, but would infallibly lead to a demand for entire separation. On the other hand I consider that Ireland has a right to a local government more complete, more popular, more thoroughly representative, and more far-reaching than anything that has hitherto been suggested; and I hope that the first session of a reformed Parliament will settle this question, so far at least as what is called county government is concerned; but for myself I am willing to go even farther. I believe there are questions not local in any sense, but which require local and exceptional treatment in Ireland, and which cannot be dealt with to the satisfaction of the Irish people by an Imperial Parliament. Chief among

them are the Education question and the Land question, and I would not hesitate to transfer their consideration and solution entirely to an Irish Board, altogether independent of the English Government's influence. Such a board might also deal with railway and other communications, and would, of course, be invested with powers of taxation in Ireland for these strictly Irish purposes.

I doubt if it would be wise or possible to go any further, and I do not know if public opinion at present supports so great a change, but if I were entirely free I should be greatly inclined to make a speech or two in Ireland submitting these proposals. If this were carried out the Irish people would have entire independence as regards all local work and local expenditure, Irish newspapers would find occupation, I hope, more congenial than that of bullying English officials and the English House of Commons, while the Imperial Parliament would continue to regulate for the common good the national policy of the Three Kingdoms—I am, yours truly,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN.

"W. H. Duignan, Esq., Rusball
Hall, near Walsall."

The Press Association adds that this letter was sent by Mr. Duignan to Dr. Kenny, M.P., by whom it was passed through the hands of a select number of Irish members of Parliament during the summer of 1885. Mr. Duignan promised to forward any replies received to Mr. Chamberlain if desired. He received what he described at the time as an able communication from Mr. T. D. Sullivan, but not many others. Mr. Chamberlain's letter was covered by one from Mr. Duignan, saying, "Be sure the letter does not get into the hands of anyone likely to use it otherwise than as a private communication." This copy of Mr. Chamberlain's letter was taken from the original in the year 1885.

Capital Punishment.

Various beliefs are held as to the authority for capital punishment. Some consider it unconstitutional, some as contrary to human reason, and some as contrary to the divine purpose. It is said that neither man nor the state has the right to inflict capital punishment, and many of these statements are plausible, but misleading.

It is part of a liberal education to know what our philosophy and our religion teach concerning the question. With the intention of adding a little to what has already been written on the subject, I have ventured to work it out among these lines.

To begin with, we must know whether the death penalty has the divine sanction, we must know, what relation the state which inflicts it bears to the divine power, and we must consider the essential nature of the penalty.

We are all under the dominion of God. Proof for this assertion would be superfluous. God in the formation of the state relegated His powers to His representatives, to the properly constituted authorities, by them to be exercised for the general good. For authority is an attribute of civil society, of which God is the founder. The Almighty verified this in the mission of the patriarchs to His chosen people; in particular, in the mission of Moses—who was law giver and judge, high priest and guide, invested with the power to instruct and direct the Israelites, and lead them "out of the affliction of Egypt." God said to Moses, "I am who I am. Thus shalt thou say to the sons of Israel: 'I am hath sent me to you.'"

For a state to be perfect in its organization, it is necessary that it should have all the powers necessary for its good government. It is plain, that it could not fill this purpose, without possessing the right to punish offenders. The capital punishment is

included in this right is true, because there are capital offences. It is in the nature of justice, that punishment should be proportioned to the crime. After all, it is a question of degrees of punishment. There is no difference in kind between electrocution and life imprisonment, one being the extreme, the other a lesser penalty. Take an individual for example. How could he be said to enjoy freedom, if, while encumbered with a diseased member, he were prevented from removing it? The same question holds good in the body politic. How could it be a compact power, were it unable to rid itself of unwholesome and even dangerous members? Nay, just as a man is bound at times to get a hand or a leg amputated in order to save the whole body, so is the state bound to lop off those members, whose evil example would sap the juice of the tree of state, and whose crimes would vitiate the life blood of the community.

Let not any one imagine that the state can abdicate its right to impose the death penalty. For the state has full power to act for its own good, and this fullness of power, which is measured by those things that necessarily occur in a state, is a constant quantity, itself measured or weighed by those necessary occurrences.

There are three classes of pain for wrong doing.

One is *curative*, and is applied in cases of light offences. Its object is to prevent the repetition of the fault in the same person.

A second is *deterrent* to warn others from the path of criminality.

The third is *expiatory*. By this the criminal makes atonement to violated justice.

Corresponding to each of these classes of punishment is a class of wrong doing. A father chastises his son. The offence is slight and will presumably, not be repeated if the child is admonished.

The deterrent punishment is not so much for the benefit of the criminal as of those who might make the offense a precedent. The imprisonment, to which a robber is consigned, deters others from committing robberies. In this case, the offence and the punishment are greater than those of the delinquent boy.

The taking of life is the extreme violation of justice and demands the extreme penalty of death, otherwise the state would be unable either to preserve the order which justice requires, or to maintain the security of its people.

It must be remembered, that the power of inflicting the death penalty belongs to the state in its corporate character, and cannot be exercised by a private individual. Death may be inflicted directly or indirectly. In the former case, death is wished as an end, in the latter it results from accident and in self-defense, and attaches no stain of capability. The state kills directly, for the death of the criminal is the end desired. But even here the state does not act, until the object to be punished has surrendered his conscience right to live, in other words until he has ceased to be a person.—P. J. Behan, in the Catholic Review.

Bishop Auzer of Canton, China, has received the dignity of a Grand Mandarin from the Emperor.

The Abbe de Maubeuge, a chaplain of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, has paid to the French Treasury the sum of forty thousand francs, received by way of restitution from one of his penitents. At the treasury they are now praising the confessional as an excellent institution, and they are right.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WISLON'S SCORPINE STRENGTH has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislon's Scorpine Strength."

A Medical Client of Mary.

Dr. Joseph Recamier, the illustrious French physician of the great and noble, of princes and kings, a *valet* whose reputation was European, was not more eminent for his learning and ability than for his Christian faith and piety. Whenever he considered medicine ineffective, he addressed himself to the great Healer, and he always solicited the Blessed Virgin to act as his intermediary.

One evening before concluding night prayers, which he habitually recited in presence of his whole family, he announced that he would say three "Hail Marys" for the conversion of a patient in extreme danger. The prayers said, the aged Doctor caught hold of the chair by which he was kneeling, and, supporting himself by its means, rose to his feet. As he did so his watch-pocket came in contact with one of the chair's corners. Whether from the effects of the shock or from a simple coincidence, the main-spring of the watch broke, and there followed so sharp a whirl of the broken mechanism that some one inquired:

"Why, what is that?"

"'Tis the devil running away," smilingly replied the physician.

At six o'clock the following morning Dr. Recamier arose, and, shortly afterward leaving his residence, proceeded briskly to the Rue du Bac to inquire as to the condition of the patient for whom he had prayed.

He found everybody in the house joyous and happy; the mother of the sick young man thanked the physician effusively; the youthful wife pressed his hands gratefully; and the patient himself, as soon as he saw Dr. Recamier, cried out: "Come in, Doctor,—come in! I'm happy now; for I am reconciled to Him you serve so well."

The gratified practitioner was soon put in possession of the details of the conversion. It was Frederic himself who had called for a priest. It was Frederic, too, who, after having made his confession, asked for Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum. The Doctor congratulated his patient, and acknowledged that he had secured a great many prayers for him. This announcement was the signal of further expressions of grateful joy.

Five minutes later the patient stopped in the middle of a smile to utter a profound sigh, and then—nothing further. The sigh was his last: Frederic was dead. The unfortunate woman, his mother and wife, passed at once from joy to grief, from happiness to despondency. But Dr. Recamier, pointing out to them the statue of the Blessed Virgin recently placed in the apartment, reassured them.

"Courage, ladies,—courage! The Blessed Virgin almost miraculously prolonged his life so that he might have leisure to prepare himself for death. Frederic recoiled from the reception of the Sacraments; she caused him to desire them and ask for them himself. By the way," he added, to make a diversion and to bring to their minds a consoling thought,—"by the way, at what time did he ask for a priest?"

"At half-past nine last night, Doctor," was the reply.

"Half-past nine!" he repeated. "Why, it was just at that hour that we finished our 'Hail Marys' for his conversion. I know it, for the main-spring of my watch broke just then; and here you may see that it marks that hour. Ah! my dear ladies, pray to our Blessed Mother; pray for the dear departed; pray well, and rest assured that God will give you all the strength of which you stand in need at so trying a time."—*Ave Maria.*

A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

"FOLLY AT FULL SPEED."

Under this head the London, Eng., *Speaker* says:—Just as there is nothing more inspiring than to observe noble effort and lofty spirit struggling with mechanical or other extraneous disadvantages, so is there nothing meaner or more depressing than to be called upon to observe splendid contrivances of human wit and ingenuity made the vehicle of paltriness, insignificance and fatuity. A reflection of this melancholy kind is thrust upon the unhappy wight who happens to read one—it is his own fault if he reads two—of the contributions made by wire to the New York *Tribune* by somebody signing himself "G.W.S." Were these contributions, ill-composed and ill-conceived things that they are, first communicated by an illiterate hand to soiled paper of the very cheapest kind, and then through the now familiar medium of the post carried across the Atlantic in the hold of a steambot, it would be bad enough; but the thought that they are flashed under the mysterious bed of old ocean by means of a contrivance so splendid and so ethereal as the electric current passing through a cable is positively sickening. You have but to read the letters of "G.W.S." to the New York *Tribune*, and to remember the splendor of the process by which they are carried across seas, to have brought home to your mind, almost brutally, the deplorable and disheartening contrast which so often exists between machinery and the thing manufactured; between, in short, the means and the end. The same thought sometimes occurs when you look at a modern printing press, and read the newspaper it is condemned to turn out. How godlike is the machine at once so dignified and so deft, so powerful yet so precise, able to print yet not ashamed to fold! But the thing produced—*faugh!* it is often only fit to envelop two pennyworth of sausages or a rasher of cheap bacon. This "G.W.S." occupies two columns of the New York *Tribune* of the 18th of last month with some of the feeblest twaddle that ever fell from human pen. But here a doubt instantly suggests itself. Has "G.W.S." a pen, or does he belong to the large and increasing army of dictators? This habit of dictating to a shorthand writer is a mischievous one, and we think we detect, in what (to borrow an expression of Dean Swift) the poverty of the language compels us to call "G.W.S.'s" style, evidence of the deteriorating influence of dictation. We are far from saying that under any circumstances could "G.W.S." write well, but we suggest as a reason for these letters of his being so bad as they are that he dictates them. His sense of duty to his employers and to the vast public who hang upon his words compelled "G.W.S." to telegraph to New York the startling news that Lord Wolverton had resigned his post as Lord in Waiting. But "G.W.S." is no ordinary man. He can discriminate. Even the resignation of a Lord in Waiting does not unhinge his mind. "It is important," says he, "this resignation of Lord Wolverton, but," and the faithful cable carries the weighty words across the world, "it is not so important as something else." What can this be, we wonder? Why, of course, Mr. Morrough's resignation of his seat for Southeast Cork. One pities the poor electric cable into whose ear such poor stuff is poured "G.W.S." does not even know his "Demret," and asserts that the dread nobleman who has so cruelly left Mr. Gladstone in the lurch is the son of Mr. Glyn who was, as many people are aware a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. It would not have mattered very much if he had been, but, as a matter of fact, he is not. We are disappointed with "G.W.S." We admit we thought he knew his "Peerage."

But Mr. Gladstone has had during the last month to face calamities nearly as crushing as these shocking resignations, for Mr. Chamberlain has discovered, so "G.W.S." telegraphs across the Atlantic, an error in the Irish financial scheme, but, so "G.W.S." proceeds even this does not daunt the shameless old man, "who meets even this catastrophe with smiling face and jaunty manner." Sometimes it has been thought the patient will not die; Morrough resigns, Wolverton resigns, Chamberlain discovers a blunder, but Mr. Gladstone remains where he is. What Mr. Chamberlain has had to do with the discovery of the miscalculation referred to, nobody knows this side of the Atlantic, but anything is good enough for the cable. But after these airy inaccuracies, these playful falsehoods, "G.W.S." assumes a sterner aspect. He has heard hints of the closure, which somebody seemingly in his presence called the guillotine. It was, indeed, a striking phrase, and awakened painful thoughts in the well-stored mind of "G.W.S." "The guillotine," says he, "is the name which the Radicals, their minds saturated with memories of the French revolution, now give to the closure." What an excellent description of the Radical party—how life-like! It is by touches of this kind that we recognize the true genius of journalism. The excellent, much enduring M.P.'s, who for the last fortnight have been clamoring for the closure in order to put an end to their torment, and weariness, are, it appears, so intimately acquainted, so saturated, with the events of the French revolution as to be able, quite unassisted, and from their own ample stores of learning, to christen Mr. Smith's closure by no less recondite a name than the guillotine.

To pursue "G.W.S." as he flounders through two columns of print would be to inflict vicarious suffering upon our own readers, his inopititude is as great as his inaccuracy. He assures the luckless purchaser of the *Tribune* that Englishmen cannot unburden their minds of the memory that Mr. Bayard was Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State when Mr. Cleveland sent Lord Sackville his passports. England holds, so the egregious correspondent continues, Mr. Bayard responsible for that transaction. We are, indeed, a queer race, saturated and burdened with many odd memories. Mr. Bayard may rest assured that nobody outside the foreign Office will ever remember a single incident in his past history. But what is to be thought of a correspondent who is capable of palming off upon his gulls in a distant land such stuff as this "News of Europe"? "The well worn topic of arbitration came up in the House of Commons last night on the initiative of the well worn secretary of the Peace Society, Mr. Cremer." How pleasing and how important! Of the Cobden Club, "G.W.S." says, "Its annual dinner is not even annual." This, we presume, is wit, and was cabled across to New York. Altogether, two columns of "G.W.S." must be allowed to produce an immense effect upon the human mind. Anything that we have ever read of the kind before—

"Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises. Compared with the pig of lead-like pressure Of this writing man's immense stupidity."

How comes it about—the inquiry is a deuce a one—that any man can discharge a task so badly as "G.W.S."? Is it want of time, or want of thought, or inherent incapacity? Can it be the dinners he eats, the company he keeps, or how otherwise? We confess ourselves to be utterly at a loss. But it is a pity, for his work, though unimportant, is not powerless for good, and if properly discharged might contribute a little to the common stock of human sanity.

God makes furrows in hearts that He may sow His graces therein.

HON. F. SMITH ON MANITOBA.

The Hon. Frank Smith, than whom none other is better able to judge, gives his opinion upon Canada to an *Empire* reporter.

Mr. Smith said that his object in going to Manitoba was to look after the interests of the London and Ontario Loan Company, of which he is president. He wanted to see if the company's agent at Winnipeg was making a success of the business. He looked over the loans with Major Cosby, the manager, and, after careful enquiry he came to the conclusion that the loans were all good, and that the business of the company was on a sound basis. The business proved of so satisfactory a character as to warrant a continuance of it. After they had concluded their business, Mr. White, the Winnipeg superintendent of the C.P.R., invited them to run out to Banff, but because of want of time they were compelled to forego this pleasure. Mr. White then placed a special train at their disposal, and gave them a two days' run through the southern portion of the province, which had impressed Mr. Smith as being a first class country. There was some low land, but the greater portion of it was

THE BEST FARMING LAND

to be found anywhere. Barley, oats, wheat and potatoes were abundant crops. They saw a great deal of flax in the Menonite settlements. Vegetable crops were very large and all of the very best quality. The houses in the newest parts of the settlement were not as good as might be desired, but they seemed to be improving very rapidly; in fact there appeared to be a general air of prosperity pervading the whole country. In the Menonite settlements both houses and barns were very superior. The largest portions of these settlements had trees planted at the north side of the houses and barns in order that they might be sheltered from the wind. The effect was very picturesque. They visited several towns of a good size and found them hustling and business-like. They stopped at several of them and talked with the merchants and farmers, all of whom they found to be very hopeful and cheerful. They all said that if the frost would keep off for 10 or 15 days more the crop would be safe. That time had about expired now, or would be up next week. Many of the fields displayed grain that was turning very quickly. Mr. Smith told many of the farmers that he thought they were sowing their wheat too thickly on the heavy land. In his opinion the heads would be heavier if the grain was more lightly sown. All that the country wanted was farmers to make it prosperous in every sense. It wanted farmers badly, however. They did not want any city riff-raff up there at all. Every man who went up there should go with the intention of settling on a farm of his own and working it for all it was worth, and if he did this he would soon become comfortable and independent. The banks up there were sound as a dollar, and were well satisfied with their securities. Whenever Mr. Smith got a chance to advise the farmers he told them to

GO IN FOR MIXED FARMING,

and not to depend too much on wheat not to put all their eggs in one basket but to go in for raising all kinds of stock and fowl as well. He saw while up there some of the finest fowl to be found anywhere. The reason that now beginners up there did not go in for cattle was because they required food and attention during the winter, but as they prospered they were going more into these lines, much to their own profit. He had seen many herds of fine cattle during his visit. He had no idea that the country was as fine as it is, and if the people were not in too great a hurry many millions of people would be enriched by it. All that was wanted was patience, perseverance and courage. The farmers there had a much easier time than the early settler of Ontario had in his time, 69 years ago.

They were received by large numbers of gentlemen at Winnipeg very warmly. His only regret was that he could not accept the one-tenth part of their kindness and hospitality, as time would not permit.

What the people on the other hand thought of the Senator may be very well gathered from an interview of Mr. E. E. Shepherd, who also has been in the North-West. When asked if he met Senator Smith up there, he replied:

"I did; and no man has gone into the North-west in the last ten years who has made such a favorable impression. Much had been heard of him, and he had never been seen. From all over the province, wherever he went, and principally in the Manitoba hotel, where he lodged, old-timers who had known him in Ontario and politicians of every kind came to welcome him. I never saw a man unbend so thoroughly as he did. The atmosphere of the west agreed with him. He is a western man by impulse, and he shook hands with everybody and chatted, he made more friends than probably is possessed by any Cabinet Minister, not excepting Tom Daly, in the whole North-west."

His quiet air and his genial face seemed to captivate everybody, and for days nobody in Winnipeg was talked of so much as the Hon. Frank Smith. His very footsteps were beset by those who sought to be introduced to him, and, as we all know, westerners are not tuft hunters. They wanted to see the man, not the Cabinet Minister. I don't believe anybody asked a favor of him. The longer he stayed the more people he had to see him. If all of our Cabinet Ministers could welcome the people who throng them as the Senator did, there would be no danger of overturning the Government. I never know a man to make a hit as he did."

The Training of Girls.

"The highest duty of those who have to train up girls," says the *Catholic Herald*, "is the shaping of their ways toward religion. In true, open, hearty girlhood there is a natural leaning to be pious. This must be taken tenderly in hand and moulded to good purpose. Without religion a woman's life, with all its watchings and waitings, and sorrows, which are unavoidable, would indeed be hard to bear. But even more than this is at stake, for in the training of those who will represent the Catholic womanhood of the United States we are educating the next generation."

"The mother's influence upon her children for good or evil is many times greater than the father's. Not so much, perhaps, in matters of the mind as of the heart and soul, of morals and religion. Happily for the future this great fact is ever in the minds of the good Sisters who are helping to form the character of our girlhood in convents and Catholic schools. The need for simplicity of life in this artificial age is well understood by the Sisters. The two great virtues of piety and purity still shine in the hearts of Catholic girls and make them show, by the freshness and frankness of their speech and manner, that a habit of fearless innocence is still one of the characteristics of girlhood."

Ceremony at St. Joseph's.

The Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent was well filled on Tuesday morning last, the Feast of the Assumption, with clergymen and friends to witness the taking of the religious habit of six young ladies and the profession of two others. His Grace the Archbishop presided upon the occasion. Father Ryan preached an eloquent sermon upon humility as the great foundation of religion, which in regard to poverty is the humility of material things, and in regard to chastity is the humility of the heart, and in obedience is the humility of the will.

The Very Rev. Dean Egan said the Mass. The other priests present in the sanctuary were Very Rev. Fathers Marjion, Provincial, and Barrott, C.S.S.R., and Fathers Bergio, J. Walsh, Torney of Louisville, Kentucky, Frachon, Murray, C.S.B., Grogan, C.S.S.R., Cruise, Carney and Carbery.

Sisters Geraldine, Hilda, Casimir and Matilda made their religious profession. The following ladies received the habit. Miss Burke in religion Sister Mary Euphrosyne, Miss H. H. H. in religion Sister Mary Conalia, Miss Maguire in religion Sister Mary Carmelita, Miss McCormack in religion Sister Mary Joachim, Miss McKee in religion Sister Mary of the Rosary, and Miss Stritch in religion Sister Mary Teresa Aquinas.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Though you have several saints as advocates, be particularly devout to St. Joseph, he is very powerful with God.

God attracts us to Him by instincts, and desires, and aspirations after a happiness higher than sense, and more enduring, more changeless than this mortal life. God speaks to us articulately in the stirring life of nature and in the silence of our own being.

A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of this district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

RABBI VELD'S PRAISE.

One of the most interesting sights in Plattsburgh during the sessions of the Catholic Summer School was the appearance of a Jewish gentleman, his wife and family, all wearing conspicuously the tasteful badge of the Summer School, consisting of a bow made of the Papal and American colors entwined. This gentleman was the Rabbi Veld, the pastor of the Temple Emmanuel, the oldest, wealthiest, and most influential of the Reformed Jewish congregations in Montreal. An Englishman by birth, with a face distinctly Hebrew in its cast, the rabbi dresses very much in the fashion of a Catholic priest or an Episcopal clergyman. Note-book in hand, he was a daily attendant at the lectures, and followed closely every subject discussed.

Being questioned by a newspaper interviewer, Rabbi Veld spoke of the Catholic Summer School as follows:

I have been a lifelong student of philosophy, mental and social. My congregation is a body of progressive men who have always encouraged me to keep abreast of modern thought. Last year I followed the courses of psychology and ethics in the McGill University. Being an intimate friend of ex-Mayor McShane, of Montreal, my attention was called by Mr. McShane to the printed syllabus of lectures issued by the Catholic Summer School. I was struck with what seemed a very ambitious course of studies, and resolved to run down to Plattsburgh to look in on the school for a day or so and see for myself whether the reality corresponded with the prospectus. After listening to a few of the well-considered and striking lectures of the Rev. Father Doonan, S.J., of Boston College, and of Father Zahn, of Notre Dame University, I made up my mind that I and my family would remain for the entire season. The favorable welcome extended to me by the authorities and students of the school strengthened my resolution.

Although in its infancy, the Catholic Summer School is doing work of a distinctly higher intellectual character than is attempted in other institutions of a similar nature. Here the work is entirely of a university type, and, as you see, Plattsburgh has taken on for this summer, at least, the appearance of a university town. I found that the lecturers, especially the Jesuits, were profound thinkers, who had made a thorough study of their respective subjects, and apparently were animated with the single purpose of enlightening their hearers irrespective of their creed. The subjects were treated in a clear, conversational, yet scholarly manner, that proved immensely interesting, and caused me often to regret that the lectures could not be extended. I was particularly impressed with the very practical treatment of the difficult, and, to my mind, all-important subject of ethics by Father Halpin, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Dismissing for the time being supernatural revelation, he established clearly that man was created for a specific purpose and that happiness on earth could only be obtained by compliance with the laws imposed by the infinite will. He never propounded a difficulty without giving a logical and conclusive solution, and he was always ready to consider and answer the many knotty problems asked him by the students. In many respects he surpassed Prof. Clark Murray, of McGill, whom previously I had considered the ablest expounder of philosophy in the English language. In listening to Father Zahn's exposition of the relation of science to revealed religion I frequently said to myself that the Messianic period is not only at hand, but we are almost in the midst of it. I could see how critically Father Zahn had examined many of

our old Hobrow authorities, especially the Talmudists. So deeply impressed am I with Father Zahn's researches that I am impelled to pay tribute to his erudition by delivering next Saturday in the Plattsburgh Synagogue a sermon which I have called "Father Zahn Endorsed."

Everywhere I was treated as one of their own, and I received every opportunity of getting the information I sought. Although the atmosphere of the school was intensely Catholic, the clerical lecturers always wearing their cassocks and the Sisters of the religious communities their various habits, yet every one was courteous and considerate towards my family and myself. While here I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Gabriele, a learned and genial gentleman. With the President of the summer school, the Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Chancellor of Philadelphia, I have had many friendly discussions over the Hebrew texts of the Scriptures. In a word, I found the authorities and my Catholic fellow students far more liberal and tolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration. I was not surprised at my treatment, since historically this is what I should look for. In the past the Roman Catholic Church has always been the protector of the Jews. Nowadays it is Protestant Germany and holy Russia that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists.

With Father Halpin I have very much in common. Death can never be the end-all to me. Man is under the dominion of law, and the operations of that law are not confined to the material things of this world. I do not believe that there is any death in the spiritual order. With the strong endearing, and never slumbering desire for life, and the irrepressible repugnance to death which all men feel, to say that the grave closes in forever that magnificent thing that we call the soul, intelligence, mind, is to utter a sentiment that all that is best within us repudiates. The cry for never-ending life is the cry of universal intelligent nature, and springs from a desire that is implanted in every breast by the Author of nature; and, in my judgment, it is a longing which the Great Framor of earth and sea and sky is bound to satisfy."

Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre.

St. Anne de Beaupre, the famous shrine below Quebec, continues to hold its own in the estimation of the faithful. This year it has been visited so far by a larger number of people than in any of its history. The pilgrims not only come from all parts of Canada, but also from several States of the American Union, and included people of all nationalities. The cures reported to have occurred are numberless. In years past the beautiful Church of St. Anne was reached only by boat, and the number of pilgrims was necessarily smaller. Since the opening of the Q. M. C. Railway the number of pilgrimages have increased.—*True Witness.*

A pilgrimage by special train via the Grand Trunk Railway to this celebrated shrine will take place Monday, Aug. 21st. It will be from Lindsay, Peterborough, Campbellford, Moore, Belleville, and all stations of the Grand Junction Division of the G. T. R., and will arrive at St. Anne's 7 a. m. Tuesday, 22nd. It is under the direction of Rev. Father Casey, Campbellford. Special cheap rates have been secured.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross held its usual interesting meeting on Sunday afternoon in St. Paul's Hall, Power street. Five new members were welcomed into the Sodality, and several important temperance measures were discussed. Mr. W. H. Cahill spoke eloquently on the terrible effects of liquor on the human system. The Rev. Father Reddu was present, and after administering the pledge to the new members, addressed the Sodality at some length. He complimented the members on the good work they were doing in the parish, and urged them to further efforts, with prayer to Almighty God for the results of perseverance in this direction, would not only be evident in the parish but all over Toronto.

If thou darst pass by thy neighbor here, he will lie in thy path when thou passeth over to the gate of heaven.

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A COMPLETE PANACEA THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY FAMILY. NO ONE SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE

A SURE CURE FOR Indigestion, Weakness of the Stomach, Chronic Disorders of the Liver, Intermittent Fever, and a Preventive of Cholera and all Malignant Fevers.

THE FINEST TONIC KNOWN.

NOTICE.

It is to comply with the request of many Italians, resident in Canada, and of several Canadians who have been acquainted with the celebrated FERNET while in Italy, that we have imported and secured the agency for this most valued PANAOEA, highly recommended by the most prominent physicians of Italy.

From the original circular, which contains a large number of certificates, we have clipped the following one:

For truth's sake I must state that on Saturday, 13th July, 1867, having administered the Holy Sacrament to the invalid suffering from cholera, named Lewis Radice, I returned to my own home, which was separated from the invalid's by one street. I felt very thirsty, and having taken a glass of water I could not even taste it. Having taken up my breviary to recite the divine service, I could not articulate a single word. I understood that I had caught the infection, being constantly in close contact with invalids, administering their medicines, and often stooping over fetid matter, receiving their confessions in this position, on account of the lowering of their voices, produced by almost continued vomiting.

While noticing these symptoms it struck me I ought to take a spoonful of the liquor FERNET which I had in my house.

Having immediately taken some, my thirst was quenched directly, my voice and tongue liberated, and I was able to recite the prayers, only I felt a strong burning sensation from my palate to my throat. This lasted for about twenty minutes, then I felt a longing to sleep, so that I was obliged to go to bed. After a sleep of an hour I got up completely recovered. This is what I feel bound to declare as a tribute of praise of FERNET.

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THE HIGHEST FORM OF LABOR.

To a recent number of the *Franciscan Annuals*, Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C., contributes the following essay:

Some months ago we were wandering in a meditative mood midst the glories of an ancient Abbey church. The light, cheated of its garishness, came through the stained glass windows in a subdued and softened lustre; no sound was heard save the distant rumble of the city traffic which came to us like something monotonously played upon the diapason of an organ. The finer harmonies of life seemed forever absent from it, and yet how fine, how subtle have been the melodies which the lives of men have evoked from the vast organ of time; what witching music, for instance, had those men whose dust was beneath our feet produced from that vast instrument, while the energy and fruitful lives of those who occasioned the city traffic were sleeping amidst the possibilities of life. Here we were face to face with two orders of things. The Abbey church took us back to the time when the psalmody of David echoed night and day through its lofty arches; and the city traffic took our thoughts out to the temples of commerce, with its priests, and acolytes, and congregations, as devoted to their own object as any that had ever assembled within the walls which rose like a poem in stone all round us. What is the verdict of the world today, engaged in its distractions and external excitements, its publicity and love of vain display, upon the lives once spent in those hallowed precincts? That the men who thus spent their lives were idle—or, if among the cultured this would be resented, their lives conceived from the standpoint of to day would still be called misspent. Now, we know well the intimate connection between philanthropy and religion. About that we have nothing to say here. We wish to point out the danger, which many professed religionists unconsciously court, by assuming an attitude very similar to that above indicated. There is a danger, as Cardinal Newman says, of living too much "by sight," and the tendency to day is to make the measure of religion the devotion which man pays to his fellow-man. The silent and hidden forms of religion are threatened with extinction in this age of much serving and restlessness, and prayer, which is the highest form of religion, is liable to be put at a discount or misunderstood.

Religion is universal in its sympathy. It is a stranger to nothing that concerns man or has for its object his betterment. We may see it in the acts of the reformer no less than in those actions which minister immediately to man's wants; but when we ask where the collective force of religion displays itself, there is but one answer, and that is—in prayer. Prayer is the most exalted form of human activity, for no one, we think, with the faintest notion or the proportion of things, would say that digging, buying or selling, reforming this, amending that, even though every form of self-interest be banished from these acts, can in any way compare with the sublime act of prayer. It deepens our sense of personality, it gives us new and more intense ideas of social relationships, it places us face to face with the Being of beings, converse with whom must ever widen the faculties and expand the heart. This is an age of labour, and the underlying objection to all forms of personal prayer is that they are net forms of labour. Many there are eager and ready to echo the phrase, *laborare est orare*. Pity it is those enlightened leaders cannot so adjust their mental vision as to see that the converse proposition is equally true, *orare est laborare*. It is only by realising the latter proposition that we can ever hope to catch the aspiration which makes the former

true. To labour is to exert one's powers, whether of mind or body, for the acquisition of an end. I put aside the idea that the only form of labor is that which results in ministering to men's appetising needs. I take the highest form of labour which demands the exercise of the intellect, will, and affections of the heart. Prayer is then, first of all the highest exercise of the understanding. Has that faculty no object whereon to exercise itself other than the evolution of theories which elevate man, to the degradation of the idea of God; has it no object outside the laboratory, nothing more dignified than to concern itself with the economic arrangements of society? While such subjects demand our consideration, we should ever remember their subordinate position. From the nature of the case, they can never allow the intellect to reach the heights it is calculated to attain, when in prayer it exercises itself in the consideration of God and His attributes. Many men pride themselves on getting rid of imagination in religion; they want to base its exercise on hard facts and reason. Those who make such an objection to prayer imply that it is an exercise in which the imaginative pyrotechnics of weak intellects can find a field for ample display. But prayer is no half passive play of sentiment which languidly drones itself into a yawn. It is an exercise of hard reason in its highest form. To pray well requires the highest effort of our understanding. To be real, it must exercise itself on those things which we individually need. Here, again, is an exercise for the understanding to comprehend well ourselves and our petitions. To pray, again, is to put the will in motion. It is not that this will power is brought into play merely in the first act of prayer. It penetrates into the action and essence of prayer itself. It is this which sustains our infirmities, our importunities, and importunity is a necessity of prayer. Again, it exercises the affections. To do anything well, a man must love his work. The poet loves his world unseen by vulgar eyes, and, like a new hierarch, he seizes its inspirations to shape anew those heaven born symbols, that so with fire stolen from the skies he may burn them into the faculties of man. 'Tis the same with the artist, sculptor, or mechanic. To work well, we must love truly. But the object of prayer is love itself. Herein we commune with the Highest Object that can move our love or admiration. In prayer we cannot but feel ourselves in the presence of an object which expands the faculties and elevates the affections to a degree unattainable when exercised on any other object, however noble and pure. Are we, at the bidding of a set of sentimental nobodies, going to substitute the "love of God through man" for the diviner privilege of communing with him directly? So crassly material have we become, that to advocate prayer when we might be giving help elsewhere, will be looked upon as a reactionary statement. The human problem is so great and vast that nothing else can appeal to one, is the sentiment of many. The more is the pity, I say. It shows that such minds, with all their philanthropy and high-sounding philosophy, have souls blinded in their higher susceptibilities, unable, if they would but realize it, to grasp anything outside the bounded purview of their contracted earthly vision. Will it be said that other forms of work demand an equal play of the faculties? Our own considerations on the subject lead us to the conclusion that such is not the case. In other forms of human activity, one or more of the faculties are used to the exclusion of the others; but in prayer they are all admirably balanced, centred and focussed, and brought to their very highest development, which makes it "the noblest, as

it is the most fruitful exercise of human energy. Study, for instance, may become—and we have known it to become—mere intellectual habit. The digger or mechanic may descend into a mere drudge who never makes a claim upon his intellect or will, save that which the animals bring to bear upon an analogous power.

If labour, then, is the exertion of one's powers, whether of mind or body, for the acquisition of an end, herein have we the very highest form of labour. It were easy to show the vast and far-reaching effects of prayer even on the social body. It would, if it could be used, be an insurmountable barrier to that decivilising process which is going on amongst huge masses of the population. To say they cannot understand prayer is no excuse for not insisting on it as the highest form of human activity. The sooner we realise that there is beneath our gilded civilisation a vast area of sin and misery which can be reached by no economy save the economy of God's grace, the more effectual will be our efforts to ameliorate the condition of the masses. We insist on this, not because we underrate the necessity of helping our fellow-men as much as lies in our power, but because, "were we not blind as buzzards," we could see now with the best intentions we are countenancing the efforts of those who wish to make a divorce between morality and spirituality. These two elements are indispensable to one another. Prayer is an altitude from which we gaze upon the fleeting shadows for ever trooping across the plains of time and the vast ocean of eternity. It deepens our interest in and gives us truer notions of the one without closing our eyes to the entrancing vision reflected in varied hue and lustre from the other. It shows us that men are not actors in a sphere bounded by three score years and ten, it makes us see that their sphere is eternity.

A Very Remarkable Fly.

The African tsetse fly is a small insect rather larger than the common house fly, of a brown color, with a yellowish line down the center of the body. This fly attacks men and beasts both by day and night. It can easily bite through bark breeches or flannel pajamas. Where it exists—and it is extremely local—it appears in much greater numbers on a dull or rainy day. Its bite in man, though very sharp and needlelike, leaves no irritation, and it invariably chooses those parts that are shaded from the rays of the sun—such as under the brim of the hat, behind the ear, neck and under the throat, if not protected by a beard. If allowed to suck itself full, its body becomes so distended that it has the appearance of a small unripe purple grape, and it is unable to fly more than a few yards before settling. An African traveler says of it:

This fly is perfectly harmless to human beings, but its effect on domestic animals is of the most disastrous nature—in fact, as far as my knowledge goes, all domestic animals, with the exception of goats and perhaps of the gray donkey, when struck by this fly are bound, sooner or later, to die. I do not believe that donkeys are impervious to its bite, and I think that the wasting disease which kills off so many of them comes from the effect of being bitten by these flies. I have seen a bullock cut up after dying from these wasting symptoms, which I knew to have been bitten by the tsetse. The whole of the juices of the body were turned into greenish yellow slime.

The Chinese pay their doctor only so long as he keeps them in health. They believe in preventing rather than curing disease. This is sound sense, and one of the strongest recommendations of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a medicine which not only cures diseases but prevents them.

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Through Death to Life.

Harry Harbough.

Have you heard the tale of the cloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime,
 By humble growth of a hundred years,
 It reaches its blooming time;
 And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks into a thousand flowers.
 This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this cloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they drop in the blooming time,
 Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls on the ground,
 And as fast as they drop from the dying stem
 Grow lively and lovely around?
 By dying it liveth a thousand-fold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican—
 The Arabs "Ginnet el Bahr"
 That lives in African solitudes,
 Where the birds that live lonely are?
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young
 And cares and toils for their good?
 It brings them water from the mountains afar
 And fishes the sea for their food;
 In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!
 The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
 The graceful bird of the lake?
 It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in no brake.
 For it saves its wing till the end of life,
 And then in the soft, still even,
 Midst the golden light of the setting sun,
 It sings as it soars to heaven!
 And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard those tales; shall I tell you one,
 A greater and better than all?
 Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
 Before whom the hosts of them fall?
 How He left the choirs and anthems above
 For earth in its wallings and woes,
 To suffer the shame and pain of the cross
 And die for the life of His foes?
 Oh, Prince of the Noble! Oh, Sufferer Divine!
 What sorrow and sacrifice is equal to Thine?

LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

The following is President Duffy's speech at the annual meeting of the League of the Cross:

To the Officers and Members of the League of the Cross.

GENTLEMEN—I congratulate you on the prosperous condition of our sodality at this the close of our first year. If the past year is any criterion for the future, then the triumph of the great cause of Temperance is assured at least in St. Paul's parish.

Our sodality was organized on July 24th, 1892, by our first Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Minohan.

At our first organized meeting our numbers were about sixteen, officers and members all told. Our membership at the present time, according to our Secretary's book, is one hundred and eighty. Our constitution provides that we shall hold meetings once a month, with special meetings at the wish of the Rev. Director. Acting on the advice our then Director, it was decided to hold meetings once a week. During the year we have had fifty meetings; our meetings were held on every Sunday, for the year, with the exception of two—those two exceptions being Christmas Day and Easter Sunday. I, as President of the Society, have had the honor of presiding at forty-eight of the fifty meetings. We have attended Holy Communion in a body three different times, viz: the last Sunday in October, the last Sunday in January, and the last Sunday in April. We will also attend on the first Sunday in August, thus satisfying the requirements of the Constitution, which provides for attending Holy Communion four times a year. Medals were bestowed on members twice during the year. On each occasion the members attended St. Paul's Church in a body. The Society also turned out in a body on three other occasions, viz: the visit of the Rev. Father Ryan, of his Grace the Archbishop, and Rev. Dr. Barry of London, England.

The members of the Sodality have been untiring in their efforts to devise

means for the advancement of the good work in which we are engaged. Notably amongst these was the formation of a Zelator's Committee. The parish has been divided into twelve districts, and two Zelators appointed to each district. The object of this committee is to look after absent members and induce new members to join the Society. The committee has been productive of much good, and we hope to see it resume its good work immediately after the warm weather. Another good work was the formation of a choir, to sing Litanies and other sacred music. The choir, under the able leadership of our Secretary, has made rapid progress during the short time it has been organized. We hope also to see them resume practice immediately after the warm weather. Nothing can be more edifying than to see our young men spending their evenings in such Christian-like exercises.

It is more in accordance with the teachings of our religion than lounging in pool rooms or getting off the latest slang on our street corners. We would therefore invite our young men, as soon as the choir resumes practice, to come forward and give all the assistance in their power.

Another good work was the formation of a labor bureau. A committee was appointed to have the names of all members of the Society out of employment registered, and to procure the names of all the employers of labor in the city; so that now we are enabled to recommend to such employers sober and reliable men. All these ways and means for promoting our interests we sincerely hope will have a beneficial effect on our future.

On the 4th of June the Catholic Temperance Union of America held a convention in Chicago, to which they kindly invited us to send a delegate. The Society elected W. H. Cahill to be our delegate. That he ably attended to the interests of the League of the Cross is best attested by the fact that, from being an obscure local Society, our name has become well known all over the United States and Canada, wherever a Catholic Temperance organization exists. Mr. Cahill also agreeably surprised us by bringing with him to Toronto the learned Dr. Barry of London, England, who delivered an able lecture to the members of the Society. We have also received an invitation to send a delegate to the Catholic Temperance Convention to be held at Springfield, O., in August. We have accepted the invitation, and appointed our Rev. Director to be our delegates.

We have also received a kind invitation from Mr. Ray, Secretary of the Royal Templars, to send speakers to the Camp of the Royal Templars to be held at Centre Island in August. We have accepted the invitation and have appointed Mr. Cahill, Mr. Moran and myself to represent the League.

Such is a brief and imperfect resume of the work done for the year. Now, the great and all-important question is: have our efforts been productive of good? Have we accomplished anything? for if not, then our efforts will be unavailing. We will have failed to fulfill the aim for which we were established. But I claim we have done good. Our efforts have not been barren of fruit; we have fully justified the expectations of our founder, for it is not by numbers alone, or by public display, we can judge of the good work we have done. If we have but reclaimed one fellow-being we have done a good work. If we have saved one soul from being eternally lost we have done a good work. If we have been the means of making one home happy, we have done good work; and I think there are those among us who will say that their homes are happier, their wives and children better fed and better glad, since they became members of the Sodality—and I ask of such to be as steadfast in the future

as they have been in the past year. Resist the temptations that may come in your way; pay no attention to those who, with oily tongues, would turn you from the path you have marked out for yourselves. Some their are who may scoff at you for being total abstainers, but that is their only argument; they cannot deny but that you are right. Remember that your own welfare and that of your family is more to be sought after than the good opinion of any hotel or saloon-keeper. A man's greatest happiness consists in the knowledge that he has done his duty. If you continue to do your duty as a member of the League of the Cross, living up to its rules, and fulfilling its obligations, you will find that you will be better off in the years that are to come.

Before closing I must not omit to mention the kind interest taken in our Sodality by our Rev. Director. If our members have increased rapidly it is in a great measure due to the zeal he has displayed in bringing the cause of temperance before his congregation, and impressing on them the advantages of being members of the League of the Cross.

I am sure I but express the heartfelt wish of every member present, that he may be long spared to guide and direct us. He will always find the members of the Sodality ever ready to aid him in any work he may undertake for the benefit of his people.

August Lilies.

The month of August, with its gardens of flowers, gives us its love in the White Lily, emblem of Purity, and the Church gives to August the devotion towards the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose life, like the Lily which belongs to her Eastern home, breathes that richest of incense which comes from the virtue of purity. Is there not a divine order in the Passion flower which in July tells of the Precious Blood, preceding the Lily which in August symbolizes the Immaculate Heart of Mary who was the first to receive the abundance of Redemption from Him who was to be her Son? A bunch of lilies, then, for our Queen Mother! Find them in the sweet titles which tell of the affection of that pure Heart in which God found the virtues which merited for her the dignity of Mother of God.

"Lily of hope!" O, Mother of holy hope, how sweet Thy name to the despairing sinners! Sin depresses the heart, the cross seems afar off and man's unworthiness and ingratitude hinder him from expecting mercy, Mary, the Mother, like a bright star of hope appears, the cloud is dispelled and the cross is brought into man's life. How often has this star of hope shed its beams on sinful hearts and brought to them the sweet rays of mercy from the Heart of Jesus.

"Lily of Help!" We love to call our Mother Mary, Help of Christians. From the cross of Calvary, Christ gave her the motherhood of man that she might be to men and aid in the battle against all that is not God and might bring Him into their lives. Her Heart is filled with the love of the Heart of Jesus that she may be our help in trial and temptation, our strength in reaching to Jesus.

"Lily of Refuge!" "Refuge of sinners" is Mary's cherished title. When sin threatens with death eternal, when the Father's house is closed against his erring children, the Mother's Heart still beats for them. The mother's loving pleading stays the Father's angry hand and wins the child back to favor and pardon. How many have been sheltered by the loving Heart of Mary, who is proud to be called on as the Refuge of sinners. O Lily of Israel! O Lily among thorns! This bunch of lilies, we lay at thy feet; they bid us be pure like Thee.—Rev. T. J. Conaty, D. D., in *Catholic School and Home Magazine*,

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 17—Octave of St. Lawrence.
18—St. Hyacintho, Confessor.
19—Blessed Uri an Ill. Pope and Confessor. Fast Day.
20—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin. Solemnity of the Assumption.
21—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.
22—Octave of the Assumption.
24—St. Philip Benitus.

The Feast of the Assumption.

On Tuesday last the Church celebrated the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the solemnity of which is postponed till Sunday. It has ever been a pious and well founded tradition that the pure, immaculate soul of Mary after being separated from her body by death was united shortly after to it, and that she was taken up to heaven amidst the joy of angels, and placed upon the throne by the right hand of her Divine Son. Putting it in other words her resurrection was advanced, and what will happen to all the saints at the end of time happened to the Blessed Mother of God three days after her death. It was like our Lord, yet essentially different. With the Son it was a resurrection, a rising from the grave and a mounting to heaven by His own virtue and power; but with the Mother it was the omnipotence of God which stooped and united her soul and body, and took them, assumed them, into heaven. It was the sweetest answer in all religion to that question of scripture, "Who is this that cometh up from the desert leaning upon her beloved, lovely as the moon, beautiful as the sun and like an army in battle array?" This is in very truth "the queen who stood on Thy right hand in gilded clothing surrounded with variety."

And it was most fitting, just and proper that the Blessed Virgin should thus be delivered from the tomb, that the first and most beautiful crown should rest upon her the eldest and fairest child of creation. The great central truth of Christianity is that Jesus Christ was God and Man, that the two natures were complete in Him, and that His personality was divine. As man He was born of a woman into this world like other men. This woman who was His mother was therefore Mother of God. That sacred relation which knows no parallel, which has its origin in the recesses and secrets of the God who created us, and which has its crown in the affection and the confidence it establishes—this sacred relation of Son and Mother existed between Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Whatever honor and dignity a simple creature can receive that we would expect to be conferred upon the Mother of God. Nor should we say that she ought not to have died. Since death was the punishment of sin it was not due to her; for by her immaculate

conception, by her sinless life no stain or even imperfection could be found in her. But her Son had died; had offered himself because He willed it. She would therefore wish to die, that she might be like Him. And thus having lingered upon the earth for some fifteen years after our Lord's death, yearning, lonely, longing she slept, or swooned away out of very love for Him who was all in all to her. It was not the crucifixion again—that had been with her from the beginning; it was the languishing of one weary, the sleep of the truly just. The apostles were scattered at the time; and in a moment, St. John Damascene tells us, they were brought to Jerusalem, "where a vision of angels appeared to them and a singing of the angelic powers was heard, and thus many surrounded with the glory of God gave her holy soul into the hands of God." With singing of hymns the Apostles and angels buried her in Gethsemane where for three days the angels continued their chant, and then ceased. St. Thomas who had been absent arrived, and wishing to pay his homage the Apostles opened the tomb. "They were unable to find the body, as it was not in the tomb, but the cloths remained in which it had been wrapped. They found also a sweet odor coming from the tomb, which they then closed. Astonished at the mysterious miracle, they came to the conclusion that He who had been pleased to take flesh of the Virgin Mary, and to become man, and to be born of her, whereas He was God the Word and the Lord of Glory who had also preserved incorrupt the virginity of His mother in giving Him birth, had now been pleased to preserve her pure body from corruption after death, and had honored her by taking her to heaven before the common and general resurrection."

Thus was she who was most associated with our Lord's life in suffering, associated with Him also in the glory and crowning of heaven. Thus was her wonderful humility exalted by Him who had already done great things to her; and thus did her exceeding great purity save her body from the corruption of the grave.

If all this was most fitting that the mother of the Emmanuel should be first in glory as she was first in grace, that her life should have a joyous triumphant term as it had a triumphant beginning, what is befitting in the children of such a mother? Joy at her exaltation; imitate her devotion, her simplicity, her virtue. Go to her in discouragement, in temptation, in sorrow. "Her spirit is sweeter than honey, and her heritage than the honeycomb." "She is an infinite treasure of which they that draw shall become the friends of God." "Whoso harkeneth to her shall not be confounded, and they that work by her shall not sin."

Note.

In last week's issue, in the article entitled "Rev. Dr. Douglas on Divorce," a typographical error occurred which this note is intended to correct. The sentence referred to should read: "He finds (and he is not ashamed to admit it) that for purity of morals and sterling manhood the Puritanical race of New England cannot stand in comparison with the French Canadians or Irish Catholics of his immediate neighborhood, and Quebec."

The Secret of Confession.

A decision in an English court of law is causing a good deal of talk and excitement in High Church circles. Sir Frederick Jeune, Chief Justice of the Court of Probate and Divorce, lately ruled that a minister of the gospel has no right to plead privilege when asked to state in court the substance of a confidential communication made to him in his sacred capacity by one of his parishioners. This means that the secrets of the confessional may be revealed. And as the practice of auricular confession is continually increasing amongst High Church people it seriously affects the clergymen who practise it. In the case in point the minister did repeat what had been told him rather than incur the wrath of the unjust judge. Hitherto it had been an unwritten law in England that a minister of the gospel should not be asked to disclose a statement made to him under the seal of the Sacrament of Penance. No judge ever demeaned himself so low as to insist that this sacred bond of confidence should be broken until Sir Frederick Jeune wandered from the track of honor into the by-ways of bigotry and petty persecution. But what is to be said of the minister who, not wishing to get into trouble, betrayed his poor penitent? It may be that ministers with wives and children will feel loath to incur imprisonment; that they will not sacrifice their social standing to the requirements of their office. But Catholic priests are not much concerned how an English judge decides such a point. The priest knows he can never reveal the secret of the Confession. Thumb-screws, racks and all the tortures are not sufficient to drag it out of him. Their duty is plain, and countless examples are on record in which devoted priests have suffered for years or died in martyrdom rather than violate the greatest confidence one individual can give another by opening his heart to him in the Sacrament of Penance.

Assize Courts in Ireland.

The returns of the Summer Assizes in Ireland have been very disappointing to the hopes of the Coercionist opposition. It was expected that sufficient proofs would be given of the increase in crime in that country to justify the English people in voting at the coming elections for a continuation of Coercion and Crimes Acts; and, although some of the judges, appointees of the Salisbury Government, attempted to overlook the figures or exaggerate the offences, the general verdict is that Ireland has not been, in fifty years, so free from outrage and crime of every name as she is just now, under a paternal Home Rule Government. At the Kilkenny Assizes Sir Peter O'Brien, the Lord Chief Justice, whose zeal under the Balfour regime entitled him to the soubriquet of Peter the Packer, was forced to admit that "as far as relates to crime, there has been a substantial—a most substantial—decrease in the serious class of crime," and even he was bound to add, "a decrease in the minor offenses." But here, says the Dublin Freeman, his Lordship's congratulations ceased, for he immediately set himself to show, with a gusto that was in marvellous contrast to the few words in which he

dismissed the important decrease in crime, "that the condition of the country was in a much worse condition than the returns proved." He waxed very wrothy over a couple of cases in which the police assumed that outrages were committed through hostility to certain prominent politicians, and grow eloquent over the absolute necessity of showing "absolute freedom of speech and absolute freedom of action" to all of her Majesty's subjects. Sir Peter, posing as the champion of freedom of any kind, says the Journal, is indeed a sight for gods and men. What freedom did Sir Peter confer, a few years ago, on the Catholics, who were excluded from the jury box by his own manipulations whilst Orange bigots were exclusively empanelled to try Catholic prisoners? It is a pity Sir Peter did not uphold freedom of speech and action at an earlier period of his career. Had he done so, and acted on such principles, the memories of jury-packing in the days of coercion would not stand up now "in accusing mockery of his words."

But Sir Peter, although in a bad way at Kilkenny, was more than disappointed and mortified in Carlow. At the Assizes in this county he had to submit to the humiliation of being presented with a pair of white gloves. There was actually no criminal offence whatever to be tried at the Summer Assize Court in Carlow.

The gentlemen of the Grand Jury in Clare passed a resolution in which serious complaint was made of the manner in which crimes were classified in the official returns; in fact, that they were cooked to suit the Gladstone regime. The Orange member for Uxter, Mr. T. W. Russell, put a question to the Chief Secretary in Parliament on the subject. Mr. Morley's answer showed that Mr. Russell had discovered a "mare's nest." He merely stated that the very gentlemen who are now engaged in the work of classification, are the same who have performed that duty for the last ten or twelve years.

At the Maryborough Assizes Judge O'Brien uttered the very serious complaint that there was only one case of arson returned whilst there were nine claims for compensation for malicious burning before the Grand Jury. Mr. Morley explained in Parliament that the police only returned cases of arson which they honestly believed to be such, but an application for compensation is no proof that an outrage had been committed.

In North Tipperary the Lord Chief Justice said: "I am glad that the general condition of your county, as I am told by the County Inspector and Crown Solicitor, is quite satisfactory." In the County Leitrim Judge Harrison said: "None of the cases indicate a condition of lawlessness or any condition of crime calling for comment." In County Louth Mr. Justice Andrews declared: "I am glad to be able to congratulate you on the condition of your county." At Clonmel, South Tipperary, Sir Peter O'Brien said: "Certainly much external peace exists all through this riding." And so on, through the North and South, East and West, the juries in every county, without exception, have been

congratulated by the judges on the paucity of crime and the peaceful and happy condition of the entire Kingdom. All attempts to blacken Ireland in the estimation of the English people have proved abortive. Gladstone and Morley's government of respect for the people and confidence in their native sense of justice and virtue is now established, by actual experiment, as the best and surest method of reaching a solution in what seemed so difficult a problem, viz.: the contented and peaceful government of Ireland by the Irish themselves.

The Street Car Meeting.

A very demonstrative meeting took place at the Horticultural Pavilion on Friday night last. The audience was too noisy to listen to argument, and the speakers were not eloquent enough to hold them. The Mayor acted as chairman, and was given a very unflattering reception, which certainly must have had its effect upon the first speaker. When this gentleman, Mr. Caldecott, started to quote Scripture he was greeted with the irreverent cries of "Rats." It was useless to try and proceed. However strong his arguments might be, they found a watery grave in the turbulent sea of his mob-like audience. Even Dr. Caven, whose coolness is seldom lost in the most heated of debates, could produce no effect. His appeal to British fair play, his taunt that they should treat the question like men and not children, that it should be discussed upon its merits, were all lost; and we must fall back to the Doctors' letter the day before for his plea, whose only forcible point was that: "To convert the Lord's day into a day of ordinary amusement is to pervert its end."

We wish the Protestant ministers to put a positive command upon their people of attending a morning religious service. Let this be done, and let the churches bring their power to have the positive sanctification of the Sunday, and then no abuse need be feared. But ministers are taking a part in this Street Car question which augurs ill for their influence in the future. How often do they cast it into the face of Catholics that priests are always interfering with their people! But history will present no such spectacle as priests addressing public meetings, writing letters to newspapers upon a topic with which they are only indirectly concerned.

To return to the meeting of Friday. The most sensible speech of the evening was that given by the Hon. Frank Smith, who is reported by the *World* to have said:

I appear as a citizen of Toronto unbought and untrammelled to express my opinion. This meeting is most important to the liberties of the people. I have been 61 years a citizen of Toronto. I say, don't shut the gates against liberty and freedom. The sturdy Senator then told of the state of affairs in Chicago.

A good many people are denouncing the Street Railway Company. Well, somebody must run the cars and they are giving a good service. When I was running them a religious gentleman came to me and asked me to run a car service for the benefit of his church.

I replied: "I will run a Sunday service only for the benefit of all the people when they ask for it."

"Name, name, name."

It was Mr. O. A. Howland. His intentions were good, but he only wanted it for his own church.

The Senator concluded: "We have cranks among us and men who would see people

of my opinion off the earth, but I am a Briton and a citizen of the grandest country on earth, and I say, 'Don't check progress, and while you run street cars on Sunday, serve your God as well.'"

Mr. Smith's experience of Sunday cars in Chicago is given in a letter to the *World*. There he saw as many as 50,000, who had gone out to the parks chiefly by street cars, enjoying themselves as far as possible. The one desire they seemed to aim at was fresh air. "I would ask," he says, "our spiritual advisers, in the name of humanity, to draw it mild and give those who are tolling all week an opportunity of enjoying the fresh air for at least three hours on Sunday afternoons."

The Manitoba Schools.

A letter published in the *Globe* a few days ago deserves more attention than newspaper correspondence generally receives. The letter in question is from the pen of L. E. O. Payment, formerly Secretary of the Southern Teachers' Association of Manitoba, and treats of the character of the Schools of Manitoba. Dr. Bryce of Manitoba College had published a letter asserting that the schools there established by law are not sectarian in character. This, on account of the source from which it sprang, not to mention the desirable opinion it asserted, carried great weight, as it was not the light of a "benighted easterner," but of one who had lived long in Manitoba, and who, by his position, ought to have understood the case, and might be expected, *prima facie*, to be just and honest. Mr. Payment shows very clearly that these schools are anything but non-sectarian:

I am not at present a Manitoban, but was such until December, 1892, and, having taught in the present established schools for the last two years, and in the Protestant Separate School also for the two years previous to the date of their abolition, I presume that I am in a position to know something of the system of education of that Province, and to call attention to a few facts which may change the light received to quite a different color. I do not propose to make mere statements, but I shall refer you to one of the text-books authorized for use in the Public Schools of Manitoba and let you judge for yourself whether it is sectarian or not. But before proceeding to this, I wish to call attention to a statement reported by the *Globe*, to have been made by the respected doctor, to the effect that "the Advisory Board had been careful to choose books suitable to all, and had excluded selections objectionable to Roman Catholics." Now, sir, that statement is not borne out by the facts, as anyone who reads Buckley's History of England will at once admit. And, moreover, when the attention of the Advisory Board was called to the objectionable parts of that book, and they were asked to change it, or make alterations in it by having it published excluding certain parts of it, their reply to a letter asking this change written by me on the advice of a member of the Advisory Board, who admitted that the changes should be made, was as follows:

L. R., 12272. Winnipeg, Nov. 3, 1892.

DEAR SIR—Your letter of October 10th re authorized text books at hand. This matter has been under consideration, and we see no reason for interfering with the book.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, E. A. BLAKELY, Chief Clerk.

The teachers, he tells us, with a few exceptions, refused to recommend the Government to change the book to make it non-sectarian. At Brandon a resolution to that effect was voted down by 150. Again, by 120 at Manitou, a similar resolution was lost over. Thus, as the letter remarks: "It is apparent that at present even the teachers of Manitoba are not willing to deal justice to the minority." In order to substantiate the sectarian character of the book several quotations are given:

"The worship of images and relics was abolished." It is almost needless to say

that this occurs in the account of the reign of Henry VIII., in the early days of the Reformation, and has reference to the veneration of Catholics for holy things, for pictures of our Saviour and the saints. "The motto of the Catholic Church is *semper idem*." These words then plainly accuse Roman Catholics of worshipping (Protestant teachers give the meaning of this to be adoring) relics and images, a doctrine which they abhor, and which would amount to nothing less than idolatry. This is an unfounded accusation, besides being plainly a statement against the Roman Catholic religion. Will Dr. Bryce say that this is not objectionable to Roman Catholics? Will he say that the Advisory Board has left out all selections which would be objectionable to them?"

Further the author of the history speaks of Protestantism as "the candle of truth", and Mr. Payment very appropriately asks whether such remarks are not sectarian, and whether they suit all classes. Other quotations are given which are equally offensive, and yet 270 pedagogues, with a professor at their head, claim such a book to be non-sectarian. What must the book be with such wiseacres and fair-minded men to interpret and explain it! We quote in full the balance of this excellent letter:

Is it just to attempt to force on a people schools whose text-books calumniate their religion, and declare it to be false by asserting that its rival is "the candle of truth," whose text-books sap out of their children the love which they should have for their faith?

Dr. Bryce states that the act of 1890 provides that the schools shall be conducted on non-sectarian principles. That, sir, is of very little importance, unless the act be enforced, and it is an obvious fact that it is not enforced.

As for the opinions of Senator Girard and Hon. A. A. C. Lariviere, I respect them, but at the same time I doubt very much if they ever examined text-books to see whether the act were enforced or not, and I may even assert that they have never read it as carefully as one whose duty it is to teach it daily, and they are therefore not in as good a position to express an opinion on the matter.

If the *Globe* will examine the questions and facts given above I believe that it will come to the conclusion that the schools of Manitoba, as at present established by law, are not non-sectarian, and will come to a different conclusion from that arrived at by the Advisory Board of Manitoba, of which Dr. Bryce is a member.

The Fatal Jacob's Ladder.

A sensational sudden death occurred in Belfast lately owing to the risky performance of climbing blindfolded the "three steps of Jacob's ladder." While making preparations for a very grand demonstration on the 12th July, the Orangemen of Sandy Row district did a great deal of canvassing for new members through the city. There were special meetings held every night in the Orange hall of that division, and invitations by the dozen or score at one sitting were the order of the day or the night. On the evening of the 7th July a considerable number of members had assembled to witness the ceremony of initiating several candidates into an Order called "the three steps of Jacob's ladder." The aspirants to promotion in this high grade of Orangeism must walk up the steps of an ordinary ladder having a flat board on top, which the initiated must reach, and stand upon, to proclaim his victory over all and every one opposed to Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Twelve persons had proceeded successfully through this difficult and dangerous performance, when David Hall, 82 years of age, married and living at 15 Great Northern street—mounted the ladder blindfolded, like those who preceded him; but from what cause it does not appear, the moment he reached the third step, he fell backwards towards the ground.

He was carried out of the hall into the ante-room—where several of the brethren tried to rouse him from a kind of stupor of which he was seized, and others said "he should pull himself together and try it again." Dr. Stack was sent for who ordered his removal to the General Hospital, where he died on the 18th as a result of the injuries he had received.

At the Coroner's inquest it was sworn to by several, that two or three members caught him in their arms before he touched the floor. This account of the accident if correct points to something miraculous, as a visitation, in the man's sudden death. Dr. Isaac A. Davidson deposed "I am a resident surgeon of the Belfast Royal Hospital—David Hall, aged 82 years, was admitted into this institution on Friday, 7th July, 1893—suffering from paralysis of the body and lower limbs, the result of an injury to the spine. The same David Hall remained in the institute until his death, which occurred on Thursday morning July 18th, as a result of injury to the spine. The post mortem examination revealed dislocation of the spine between the sixth and seventh cervical vertebrae." George C. Stephenson deposed—David Hall came to Sandy Row Orange Hall, on Friday evening to attend a special meeting at 9.30 p.m. He was going through the step in advance for which he came that night. We have an Order which we call "THE FIRST THREE STEPS OF JACOB'S LADDER." At the time he stepped on the third step or platform he fell back suddenly without any one touching him—before he reached the floor he was caught by two or three of the Orange brethren—we then took him into the ante-room, and asked if he was hurt—we left him in charge of some of the brethren, and told him to pull himself together and go on again." To a juror—his eyes were closed when he reached the third step. How to reconcile the Dr's evidence of injury to the spine and the Orange brother's evidence of his receiving no injury is one of those mysteries that time even does not attempt to unravel.

Bracebridge.

Father McGuire's annual picnic was held at Bracebridge on the 10th instant, and was a great success. Over 1,600 people were present. Special trains were run from North Bay and Lindsay, and a large number of citizens from these towns and intermediate places were present to witness the sport. One of the chief attractions of the day was a lacrosse match between North Bay and Lindsay, which was won by the latter by four goals to one. The football match between Huntville and Bracebridge was won by the latter, one goal to nothing; and the baseball game, Orillia v. Bracebridge, was won by the latter by 2 runs to 7. There was a competition for a gold-headed cane, Mr. A. P. Cockburn, of Gravenhurst, and Mr. Jupp, of Orillia, being the candidates. The cane was won by Mr. Cockburn.

Barrie.

It is with the deepest regret, that we this week announce the death of Elizabeth, beloved wife of John Murphy. The deceased has been ailing for some time, and bore the pangs of approaching death with fortitude and Christian patience. Mrs. Murphy was a firm adherent of the Catholic Church, and consequently died fortified with all her rites. She was a faithful and loving wife, a kind and tender mother, which is evident from the exemplary sons and daughters who are left to mourn their great loss. A large funeral cortege accompanied the remains to their last resting place, and was sufficient evidence to show the regret and sympathy, the entire community had for her memory, and the bereaved husband and family. May her soul rest in peace.

DEATH OF A PRIEST-SCIENTIST.

Father Vinez, one of the most distinguished scientists of the Jesuit Order, died at Havana, Cuba, last week. It will be sufficient to speak of this learned and good man in the words of the historian, Froude, in a work written by him on his return to England a few years ago after an extended tour of the West Indies.

"The afternoon was spent more instructively, perhaps more agreeably, in a different scene. The Marquis M— had been a pupil of the Jesuits. He had personal friends in the Jesuit College at Havana, especially one, Father Vinez, whose name is familiar to students of meteorological science and who has supplanted and corrected the accepted law of storms by careful observation of West Indian hurricanes. The Jesuits are as well spoken of in Havana as the Moravians in Jamaica. Every one had a good word for them. They alone, as I have said, took the trouble to provide the good people with a sermon on Sundays. They alone among the Catholic clergy, though they live poorly and have no endowment, exert themselves to provide a tolerable education for the middle and upper classes.

"The Marquis undertook that if we called we should be graciously received, and I was curious and interested. Their college had been an enormous monastery. The college had four hundred lads and young men who pay for their education; some hundreds more are taken out of charity. The Jesuits conduct the whole and do it all unaided, on their own resources. And this is far from all that they do. They keep on a level with the age, they are men of learning, they are men of science, they are the Royal Society of Cuba.

"They have an observatory in the college, and the Father Vinez of whom I have spoken is in charge of it. Father Vinez was our particular object. The porter's lodge opened into a courtyard like the quadrangle of a college at Oxford. From the courtyard we turned into a narrow staircase, up which we climbed until we reached the roof, on and under which the Father had his lodgings and his observatory machinery. We entered a small room, plainly furnished with a table and a few uncushioned chairs; table and chairs all except the Father's littered with books and papers. Cases stood round the wall, containing self-registering instruments of the most advanced modern type, each with its paper barrel unrolling slowly under clockwork, while a pencil noted upon it the temperature of the atmospheric pressure, the degree of moisture, the ozone, the electricity. In the middle, surrounded by his tools and his ticking clocks, sat the Father.

"He received my companion with a warm affectionate smile. The Marquis told him that I was an Englishman who was curious about the work in which he was engaged, and he spoke to me at once with the politeness of a man of sense. After a few questions asked and answered, he took us out to a shed among the roof tiles, where he kept his large telescope, his equatorial and his transit instruments—not on the great scale of State-supported observatories, but with everything which was really essential. He had a laboratory, too, and a workshop, with all the recent appliances. He managed and repaired his own machinery, observed, made his notes and wrote his report to the societies with which he was in correspondence all by himself. The outfit of such an establishment, even on a moderate scale, is expensive. I said I supposed that the government gave him a grant. 'So far from it,' he said, 'that we have to pay a duty on every article we import.' 'Who, then, pays for it all?' I asked. 'The Order,' he answered quite simply.

"The house, I believe, was a gift, though it cost the State nothing, hav-

ing been simply seized when the monks were expelled. The Order now maintains it, and more than repays the government for its single act of generosity. At my companion's suggestion, Father Vinez gave me a copy of his book on hurricanes. It contains a record of the laborious journeys which he made to the scene of the devastations of the last ten years. The scientific value of the Father's work is recognized by the highest authorities, though I cannot venture even to attempt to explain what he has done.

"He then conducted us over the building and showed us the libraries, dormitories, play grounds and all the other arrangements which were made for the students. Of these we saw none. They were all out, but the long tables were laid out for afternoon tea. There was a cup of milk for each lad, with a plate of honey and a roll of bread, and supper would follow in the evening. The sleeping galleries were divided into cells, open at the top for ventilation, with bed, table, chest of drawers and washing apparatus, all scrupulously clean.

"So far as I could judge the fathers cared more for the boys' comfort than for their own. Through an open door our conductor faintly indicated the apartment which belonged to himself. Four bare walls, a bare tiled floor, a pallet with a crucifix above the pillow was all that it contained. There was no parade of ecclesiasticism. The libraries were well furnished, but the books were chiefly secular and scientific. The chapel was unornamented; there were a few pictures, but they were simple and inoffensive. Everything was good of its kind down to the gymnastic court and swimming bath. The holiness was kept in the background. It was in the spirit and not in the body. The cost of the whole establishment was defrayed out of the payments of the richer students, managed economically for the benefit of the rest, with complete indifference on the part of the fathers to indulgence and pleasures of their own. As we took leave the Marquis kissed his old master's brown hand. I rather envied him the privilege."

Those who allow themselves to give way to mental ferment and worry should not look for health or comfort, for both wait on peace of mind. Nor should they hope for a pleasing face, called "ever young," for wrinkles are sure to follow close upon the fretting, and the features look "old before their time."

Sloth is the deadness of the intellect, in a sense of industry, in an ardent desire for activity, in an heroic spirit of usefulness, there is that kind of zest and animation, satisfaction and delight, connected with so much inward approbation and consciousness of rectitude, that it is the greatest source on earth of contentment and peace of mind.

Devotion to a friend does not consist in doing everything for him, but simply that which is agreeable, and of service to him, and let it only be revealed to him by accident. We all love freedom, and cling tenaciously to our little fancies; we do not like others to arrange what we have purposely left in disorder; we even resent their over-anxiety and care for us.

They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve therefore in all circumstances a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

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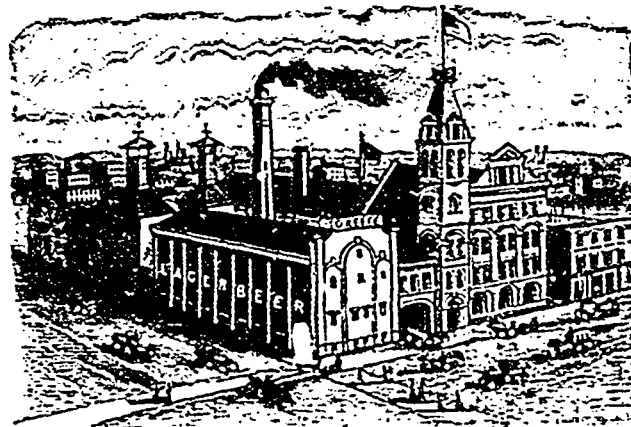
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INFORMATION WANTED.

DAVID NAOGA TOBUA, an American, aged 16, left Toronto June 22nd, selling fancy goods from door to door. Any person knowing his whereabouts please write Naoga Tobua, 43 Agnes street, Toronto. The boy's father is very anxious to obtain news of his son.

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

Brothers who toil with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
Do you never consider, at twilight's close
When you sit in your darkened studios,—
Do you never consider, how, once for all,
That other and deeper night must fall,
When earth and all things thereof shall be
Lost, like a dream, in Eternity?
When shrinking and startled, with soul laid bare,
The creature must meet the Creator there,
And learn at the foot of the great white throne
The truth which should never have been unknown
That naught avails us under the sun,
In word or in work unless it is done
For the honor and glory of God alone.

Selected Receipts.

BANANA SHORTCAKE.—One pint of flour, one large teaspoonful of good baking powder, one third cupful of shortening made moist with milk. While baking slice bananas in the proportion of three to one orange; grate the outside of the orange peel and mix with one cupful of sugar. Split the freshly baked cake, butter and fill with fruit. Four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, beaten stiff, and added to the fruit, is an improvement. This is a delicious cake.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Butter the bottom and sides of a dish. Put in a layer of cold boiled potatoes, sliced, season with pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, and dust with flour. Put in another layer of potatoes in the same way and when the dish is filled, cover the top with cracker crumbs half an inch thick. Pour a cup of cream over the whole and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. This may be varied by the use of a seasoning of finely chopped celery or parsley.

LIVER.—A very nice and tasty way of cooking liver, is to cut it in slices about an eighth of an inch thick, and, to make the dish look nicely, stamp the liver in rounds with a pastry cut, and season it with pepper and salt, then entirely cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in clean, hot grease until a nice golden color. Fry some very thin slices of bacon, and arrange them between the liver, and pour a thick brown sauce round the dish, and, unless you prefer the sauce plain, you will find the addition of a little chopped gherkin and capers will improve it very much.

A NICE DESSERT.—Have two saucepans on the stove. Boil in each a pint of milk; moisten in a cup a heaping tablespoonful of corn-starch with a little water; a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir this briskly to press out all the lumps. Now stir this into the boiling milk. Allow this to boil about five minutes. Set it away from the stove and add one teaspoonful vanilla. Have china or glass saucers; put two tablespoonfuls in each, and spread it out. Now prepare the other pint of milk. Take again a heaping tablespoonful of corn-starch and proceed as above, with sugar and salt, but add to this the yolks of two eggs, and the grated rind of a lemon. Stir this also in the boiling milk, and after boiling three minutes, take it off the fire; then place on each of the plates a spoonful of this yellow blanc-mange on the white, to make it look as much as possible like fried eggs. The whites of the eggs are to be beaten very light with powdered sugar, and spread over the white part. Serve cold.

Household Hints.

Oil cloth or linoleum will be brightened by a thin coat of copal varnish. A great convenience when cleaning house, suggested by the *Globe Democrat*, is a stick with a notch in the end that will lift the picture cords off from the hooks, without so much stopping up and down.

It is not generally known that the shine can be easily and quickly removed from the shoulders and elbows of gowns by a gentle friction with emery paper. Don't rub too hard—just enough to raise a little nap, and then, in the case

of cashmere or other smooth goods, go over the place a few times with a warmed silk handkerchief.

For polishing furniture, waxed or stained floors or picture frames, the following preparation is good: Melt beeswax, turpentine and sweet oil. Rub this on with a soft cloth or piece of chamois.

To clean the most delicate lace, spread the lace out carefully on wrapping paper, then sprinkle it carefully with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it, and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. All it needs is a skillful shake to scatter the white powder, and then it is ready for wear again with slender threads intact, and as fresh as when new.

Farm Notes.

Water supply and irrigation will sooner or later be found worthy the consideration of eastern farmers.

Bear in mind that in the culture of your crops the manurial value and effect upon your farms themselves is an important element to be taken into consideration. I believe that the present drift of science will lead our farmers to adopt what I believe to be a better system, in which the legumes will form a more important article of our cattle foods.

Sage is a profitable crop. For market purposes it is grown from seed, the plants being set out on ground that has been occupied by peas or some early crop, so as to secure a late crop from the land. The rows are twenty inches apart, the plants being twelve inches apart in a row. Late in the fall the crop is harvested, tied up in bunches and sold.

It is hard to tell how to get rid of garlic, calamus and Canada thistles, for what one has tried with success another claims to have tried faithfully with no success or at least poor success. Our own experience is, that nothing equals keeping all weeds hoed down close to the ground, cutting them off as soon as they appear above the ground. A plant cannot live long without leaves with which to breathe.

No matter how brutally the horse is punished, how excruciating the pain inflicted upon him, he suffers it all mutely. He does not cry out, bellow or yelp as any other animal does, man included, but by reason of his fine organization he suffers even more acutely. This characteristic of the horse should be remembered at all times, and his unvoiced protest against abuse should be to his keeper the most pathetic appeal for kind treatment and humane consideration.

Gardening Notes.

It is sometimes advisable to renew old orchards, especially for small planters. The work must be done carefully and the land enriched and cultivated thoroughly in order to secure good results.

A botanist reports that in the northern part of Greenland the Arctic poppy forms one of the most beautiful features in the floral scenery. The flowers grow in immense sheets, giving a golden character to the country that would, it is said, scarcely be equaled by a large field of buttercups or dandelions. Pure white blossoms are not infrequent among the yellow ones.

A good authority on small fruit culture has said that in planting a ten-acre tract he would divide it as follows: Three acres of asparagus; two of strawberries; two of blackberries and one of raspberries, leaving the other two for buildings, shelter belts and garden.

The Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.



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Speaks through the *Boothbay (Me.) Register*, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

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- Church Pews -

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdock. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee; Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guolph, Rev. J. C. Heman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address BENNETT FURNISHING CO London Ont., Canada

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antism.

On the night of July 24th, about nine o'clock, a serious outbreak of insubordination took place in the Malone Protestant Reformatory, near Belfast.

Armagh.

On Saturday night, July 22d, a young sailor named Thomas Hamilton, of the brigantine *Huntress*, moored at the City quay, Dublin, was drowned by falling into the Liffey.

Carlow.

There were actually three Catholic farmers on the Carlow Grand Jury for the Summer Assizes! Surely, revolution is in the air that.

Cork.

The death is announced of Dr. Stephen Moxley, at his residence, 51 Park road, Gloucester, England. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Stephen Moxley, LL.D., late Rector of Drimoleague.

Derry.

In Derry, on the evening of July 27th, an Irish-American gentleman, named Wm. Ingram, who had been over to visit his friends in Ireland, and was returning to America, accompanied by his niece, was killed by getting crushed to death between some waggons that were being shunted on the Harbor Commissioner's Tramway.

Down.

On July 24th, in the Land Commission Court, Dublin, Judge Bowley called public attention to the fact that the Land Commission having sanctioned sales to tenants on Lady Wallace's estate in the county Down, at prices which they considered the full value, the tenants had, unknown to the Land Commission, being required to make cash payments in addition.

Dublin.

On July 23d, the remains of Gunner Reidy, of the Royal Artillery, were interred in the cemetery, Grangegorman, with the usual military honors. At two o'clock the funeral procession left the Royal Infirmary.

On Sunday, July 23d, the remains of Mr. Lawrence Dwyer, H.M.P., Grangegorman, were removed from his late residence, Anna Villa, ...borough, for interment in Glasnevin.

Galway.

We deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. John S. Carr, ex-Provincial of the Carmelite Order in Ireland, which took place on July 25th, in the convent of his order, Augier street, Dublin.

Kerry.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Canon Walsh, P. P., Rathmore, who had attained the patriarchal age of 90 years, 66 of which had been passed in the sacred Ministry.

At the Convent of the Presentation Nuns, in Listowel, on July 27th, the imposing and interesting ceremony of receiving postulants into the Order took place. The young ladies received were—Miss Dowling, who resided near Mallow, county Cork, and who took in religion the name of Sister Mary Teresa Joseph; and Miss Hurler, Athon, county Limerick, in religion Sister Mary Baptist Joseph.

Kilkenny.

The Bishop of Ossory has made the following changes among the priests of his diocese: Rev. William Carrigan, C. C., Conahy, to be C. C., Templeorum; Rev. Henry Brennan, C. C., Glenmore, to be C. C. Conahy; Rev. Edward Walsh, C. C., St. John's, to be C. C., Glenmore; Rev. Edward Brennan, C. C., Templeorum, to be C. C., St. John's.

King's County.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. William George Williams, of the Inland Revenue Department, Tullamore, which took place at his residence in Church st., in that town, on July 27th, at the age of 48 years, from an acute attack of cancer. Mr. Williams (who was the eldest son of Captain Williams, of New Ross), had been stationed in Tullamore for some fifteen years past, and his quiet, unobtrusive and gentlemanly bearing had placed him high in the estimation of its inhabitants.

Limerick.

The death is announced, on July 20th, at Rockfield, Kildimo, of Richard Gloster, Esq. late Captain 61st Regt. (father of Lieut. Colonel Gloster, 5th Bat. Royal Munster Fusiliers). The deceased gentleman's remains were interred in the family vault, in St. Munchin's Church, Limerick.

Mrs. Daly, of Barnagran, Broadford, died suddenly at the wake of her brother, Mr. Thomas Stack, of Farriby, a farmer and cattle-dealer, well known and esteemed throughout Munster. Sickness suddenly attacked him, at Liscarrow, on his return from Cahermee Fair, and he never rallied. His death, and the shock of his suddenness is supposed to have affected his sister, so as to bring on her decease also.

On Sunday, July 23rd, at the Convent of Mercy, Mallow, were celebrated the obsequies of mother De Sales Butler, a religious, who, if she had not loved humility and retirement, might have been classed among the most remarkable women who have contributed to the development and expansion of the religious spirit, of our time. She was a sister of the late venerated and beloved Bishop of Limerick, the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, and was one of the little band who went from Mount St. Vincent, Limerick to form a community at Mallow. Of the forty-six years the deceased Nun spent in religion, she occupied the position of Superior for twenty-four years; and during that time she showed in a singular manner a combination of virtues that not only endeared her community, but also acquired for her the friendship and esteem of everyone who was fortunate enough to come under the sweet influence of such a beautiful character.

Louth.

The impressive ceremony of the reception of three ladies into the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's, Drogheda, took place July 25th, Very Rev. John Curry, St. Mary's, assisted by Rev. E. Crean, St. Mary's, received the two postulants and the vows of the young lady professed. The young lady professed was Miss Daly, of Mill Castle, Castlepollard. The postulants received were—Miss Daly, Mill Castle, Castlepollard, and Miss Moran, Linsteadan, Athlone.

In Drogheda, on July 25th, an illuminated address and testimonial from his late parishioners of Collinstown and Fore was given to Very Rev. John Curry, J. P., St. Mary's, Drogheda. In the address, attended was recalled to the Rev. gentleman's services to the parish, and to his defence of the Barbavilla prisoners. In his reply, Father Curry, alluding to a reference to the Barbavilla prisoners, said he would have been prepared to defend the part he took on their behalf in the dock. He spoke strongly in favor of the union of priests and people. Mr. John Mulligan read the address. The testimonial consisted of a handsome service of silver plate.

Mayo.

Amongst the clerical changes which have been made recently in the Diocese of Achonry, the news has been received that Most Rev. Dr. Lyster has promoted Rev. John Gunning, Adm. of Kilmactique, to be P.P. of the parish of Foxford, in the room of the late lamented Father O'Donnell. For the last decade of years no news has caused greater regret in the parish of Kilmactique than this, for though the people are sincerely proud of Father Gunning's well-deserved

promotion, which was only a natural result of his splendid record on the mission, yet in this is a feeling of mingled grief at the departure from their midst of a beloved clergyman, who for the last thirteen years has been to them a sympathizing benefactor in their spiritual and temporary affairs, and a kindly adviser to whom they confided their wants and cares as to the ears of a loving father. The number of beautiful new schools and commodious teachers' residences which have grown up beneath his fostering care, during the period of his administration of the parish, will always stand as the best monuments of his labors for the cause of education, and towards the comfort of his teachers, in whose welfare he had always taken the liveliest interest. Foxford can well congratulate itself on the fact of having such a zealous and pious Parish Priest to take charge of its spiritual and temporal interests.

Monaghan.

The Countess of Aberdeen, on her flying visit to Monaghan, July 20th, met with a very cordial welcome at the hands of the townspeople. At the Convent of St. Louis, where she delivered one of her happy and characteristically practical addresses, she had evidence of the good which is being effected by the Irish Industries Association, of which association she may be regarded as the foundress and the principal benefactress. The Countess expressed herself as delighted with her tour through Ulster, and the people were only too glad to give her tokens of the sincere respect which they entertained toward her and her consort.

Roscommon.

Dr. F. C. Ellison, of Lochlynn, recently completed his medical career in Trinity College with high distinction. He obtained the degree in Surgery, securing the high marks' standard and second place from twenty-eight competitors; won first place in the Haughton Clinical Medal in Surgery for the session 1892-3; was awarded the first prize of the University Biological and Experimental Science Association for the best original thesis on "Modern Progress" read at the Society's meeting during the year; and, finally, obtained the highest medical diploma of the University, the degree of Doctor of Medicine. In his earlier days Dr. Ellison was a well-known athlete. He was a successful oarsman, was captain of the famous University Rowing Club of 1889, and while in this capacity won, among many other races, the Dublin Metropolitan Cup, value 100 guineas, and with it the "blue ribbon" of Irish waters. Dr. Ellison was well known in other branches of sport, and it must fall to the lot of few to meet with such success in the widely different fields of science and athletics.

Sligo.

On July 23th, Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly left Newcastle-on-Tyne, by steamer, for Norway, where he purposes spending a few holidays. He was accompanied by Very Rev. R. McLaughlin, Adm., V.G., Sligo; Very Rev. John Corcoran, President Summerhill College, and Rev. Father Byrne.

Tipperary.

Seldom has the unsparring hand of death deprived the community of so estimable a citizen as Dr. Thomas Spain, who died in Nenagh, on July 8th. His life was so simple, his manner so unobtrusive, that at first sight one might take him for an ordinary man, but his fellow-townsmen knew him from his youth to be a man of sterling principle and rare Christian virtue. His remains were followed to their last resting-place, on the 22d, by the clergy of the town and surrounding parishes, by the Town Commissioners, and, in fact, the whole people of the town and district. On the following Sunday, at the several Masses, Very Rev. Doctor White, P.P., V.G., and Father Glynn made allusion to the saintly life and holy death of Dr. Spain, and told the people that all classes of the community ought to remember his Christian life and great munificence.

Tyrosce.

The spread of Home Rule ideas in Ulster receives a remarkable illustration from the fact that the Tyrosce Courier, hitherto a staunch supporter of the Conservative party, has openly allied itself with the champions of the National cause. The significance of this conversion is further emphasized by the fact that the proprietor, Mr. J. D. Crockett, was himself personally identified as an active agent, at the headquarters in Belfast, with the conduct of the Unionist movement. So much trusted was he, indeed, that he was specially despatched by the Unionists to attend evictions and inquire into the particulars of certain Campaign estates, in order to supply the upholders of the integrity of the Empire "with plenty of oratorical ammunition." The result of Mr. Crockett's inquiries on behalf of the Unionists is evidenced in the fact that the journal he owns will, as he now declares, in future be "an unflinching supporter of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Government in their efforts to give self government to Ireland."

Waterford.

About seven o'clock, on the afternoon of July 24th, a fire broke out in the oil and color store of Mr. Henry Bell, Exchange st., Waterford. Nearly a thousand barrels of petroloum, as well as other inflammable substances were contained in the building, and as it was situated in the centre of a large block of houses, one side of which borders on the quay, it was feared that the conflagration would be very destructive. The Corporation and Military Fire Brigade turned out with great promptness, and in a short time they were reinforced by the blue-jackets from the torpedo flotilla, then lying at Parade Quay. About one hundred barrels of petroloum were saved, and were rolled over to the river's edge; but the rest were destroyed. Many casualties among the blue-jackets and military are reported.

Wexford.

Rev. J. K. Latham has received from the Royal Humane Society a bronze medal and certificate, to be handed over to Mr. Knights, who a few weeks ago, rescued Mr. Evans from drowning, off the Saltee Islands.

Wicklow.

On the evening of July 22d, over one hundred feet of the roof of the double-running shed of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, at Bray, fell, bringing a portion of the outer wall with it. Fortunately the occurrence was not attended by personal injuries of any sort whatever.

St. Basil's Garden Party.

On Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., the annual garden party was held in the College grounds, which presented a beautiful and gay appearance. Everything that could possibly be was done to make the evening enjoyable, and from the merry peals of laughter we think it certainly was enjoyed by both old and young. The tables were well looked after, and a handsome sum must have been realized. The tea table was ably presided over by Miss Hoskin, whose indefatigable energy and able management is always evinced on these occasions. She was assisted by Misses Rooney, Evans, De La Haye, Walsh, Lynn, and Mitchell, with several young ladies. Flowers, candies, cigars and temperance drinks were in charge of Misses Stewart, Johnston and Fleming. The ice-cream and fruit tables were well looked after by Misses Doan, Small, O'Connor, Roesler and McBrady. Miss Kenny gave from her wedding cake prizes to all the children. The Grand Opera Orchestra and the O'Connell Five and Drum Band dispensed good music. A very pretty feature of the evening was the drill of the Knights of St. John, in their gay regalia.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Word was received from Plattsburg last week that Brother Azarias of New York, who has been lecturing at the summer school, was dangerously ill with pneumonia and heart trouble. Later advices are to the effect that he is improved. Brother Azarias is a teacher of English literature in De la Salle Institute, East Fifty-ninth street, New York city, and is widely known as an educator and polished writer. His worldly name is P. F. Mullaney and he is 45 years of age.

The late Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, one of the most gifted of American actresses about five years ago, became converted to the Catholic Church, and practiced her religion faithfully, dying fortified with all the rites. She had all her children baptized in the Catholic religion, and her husband, Mr. Maurice Barrymore, has promised that they shall be educated and brought up in that communion, and when he says so, it is sufficient. He, himself, is a University man, and a member of the Church of England.

The past weeks have been busy ones for the Redemptorist Fathers who have charge of the far-famed shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, twenty-one miles below Quebec. St. Anne's day, July 26th, is the great day at Beaupre, and the number of pilgrims to the shrine on that day and the days immediately preceding and following it is always very large. This year, because of the addition made to the relics of the shrine last summer, when Mgr. Marquis brought a larger relic to St. Anne de Beaupre than the one that has been there over two centuries, the attendance was something extraordinary.

A member of the late English pilgrimage to Rome, in a letter addressed to the Franciscan Annals, tells of a visit paid to the church of the Capuchins, near the Piazza Barberini, which contains the incorrupt body of Brother Crispin, a lay brother of the order, who died in May, 1730. Says the writer: "The peaceful countenance with the lips and cheeks ruddy, the teeth perfect, and the whole body appearing as if in sleep, cannot fail to make a deep impression on every beholder." Blessed Crispin lived to the ripe old age of 82. He was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Monsignor Satolli is demonstrating, perhaps in the most striking manner, his great qualifications for the important trusts he holds by the admirable discretion and silence which he maintains in the midst of the many senseless and astute efforts that are being made to have him commit himself by an unguarded utterance. The apostolic delegate is evidently a born diplomat, and every day enhances the esteem in which he is held by reverent Catholics and by non-Catholics, among which latter class the number of his admirers is growing greater. Leo XIII. evidently chose the best man when he selected his "Perugian boy" for the delicate and difficult mission of Papal representative to the Catholic church of the United States.

It is now authoritatively announced that the archbishops of the church of the United States have taken the matter in hand and a suitable dwelling for the Papal legation will be erected in Washington. The details will be settled at a meeting of the archbishops in Chicago. Dr. O'Gorman, professor at the Catholic University at Washington, is quoted as saying: "It is necessary to build a house for Archbishop Satolli, as a private residence that could be bought is wholly unsuited to the needs of those who will occupy a Papal legation's house. Homes that have been intended for family uses have not the arrangements necessary for a legation, which requires offices, etc." At present Archbishop Satolli and his two subordinates, Monsignor Sbarretti and Rev. Dr. Papi, occupy a suite of rooms on the second floor of the divinity building of the university.



A FULL STOMACH

ought to cause you no discomfort whatever. If it does, though—if there's any trouble after eating—take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're a perfect and convenient vest-pocket remedy. One of these tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules at a dose regulates and corrects the entire system. Sick or Bilious Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved and cured.

They're the smallest, easiest to take, cheapest and best. They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money is returned.

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What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

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WELLAND CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pier Work at Port Dalhousie," will be received at this office until noon on Fourteenth August, 1893, for the removal of the whole or a part of the superstructure of the East Pier at Port Dalhousie, as may be determined, and for the removal of the portion removed. Plans and specifications of the work can be seen at the Superintending Engineer's office, St. Catharines, where forms of tender can be obtained on and after the 3rd August, 1893. In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and further an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500 must accompany the tender, this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By order, JNO. H. BALDERSON, Secretary. Department Railways and Canals, Ottawa, July 31, 1893.

Grand Demonstration.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Erie, Niagara, Monroe and Onondaga Counties, New York State, and Toronto, and County of York, Ontario, held a mammoth union picnic at Lewiston, N.Y., on Tuesday. All of the uniformed members of the order gathered at Niagara Falls, N.Y., and paraded the principal streets, there were over 2,000 men in line, and five bands of music. The Toronto contingents, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, with the I.C.B.U. band and O'Connell five and drum corps, carried off the palm in being the best uniformed and finest body of men in the parade numbering some 500. Many business places were decorated on the line of march in honor of the Emerald Isle, and nothing but green was seen on every hand. The procession paraded down Main street to Suspension bridge, N.Y.C. depot, where some cars took the party to Lewiston, N.Y., where the afternoon was spent in dancing and games of all kinds in Craiglo's Grove. The *Gibola*, *Chivers* and *Chippewa* brought over large crowds. Fully 10,000 people were on the picnic grounds. The Mayor and Aldermen of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and other distinguished visitors reviewed the procession from the Cataract House verandah.

St. Joseph's Pupils.

At the late departmental examinations the following pupils of St. Joseph's Academy were successful in obtaining non-professional certificates: Miss L. Casserley, gained third class, Miss E. Kennedy gaining second class. From the St. Joseph's High Class of the Separate Schools, Toronto, Miss M. Whalen and Miss J. Higgins obtained third class.

Certificates are also issued by the Educational Department for book keeping, drawing and reading. The following is a list of the successful candidates amongst the various classes of the Sisters of St. Joseph: Misses J. A. Dennis, A. Doyle, J. Higgins, A. Mooney, M. Muldoon, E. Vandusen and E. Woods, who also obtained certificates for shorthand and typewriting given by the Government Inspector.

Pic-nic at Barrie.

Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie intends hold his monster pic-nic on 28th inst., Toronto's Civic holiday. All members of the I.C.B.U. are invited to put in an appearance for special reasons at Barrie.

Father McBride.

There is no change in Father McBride's condition.

We are pleased to hear that Miss E. Dean, a pupil of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, has passed the matriculation examination of Toronto University.

We have countless excuses for our own faults, yet we admit none for the shortcomings of others.—*Cornville*.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 16, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 60	\$0 62
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 62
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	0 35	0 44
Oats, per bush.....	0 35	0 38
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 18	0 20
Eggs, now laid, per dozen....	0 12	0 13
Paraloy, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Cabbagn, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Turnips, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	2 50
Potatoes, per barrel.....	1 50	1 60
Hay, timothy.....	7 00	11 00
Straw, shoaf.....	6 00	7 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO Aug. 15—The market was an average one for this time of year, and good cattle found ready sale. Export cattle went at from \$4 to \$4.75 per cwt for the best, the range being from \$4.25 to \$4.62. The enquiry for butchers' cattle was good, but the supply was medium and inferior. The top quotation was 3½c. Medium sold at 3c, and inferior as low as 2½c per pound. There were a dozen milk cows on the market, which sold at from \$30 to \$45 each. There were about five hundred lambs and sheep, but only a few of the latter. Lambs were in fair demand at from \$3 to \$3.75 each, the latter price being for choice. Choice calves were wanted at good prices, but medium and rough are slow of sale and unchanged in values. Practically no trade was done in hogs, as only half a dozen came in, which sold from \$5.50 to \$6 per cwt.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Dear mamma," she whispered, "you can't see me, but I am here beside you! And though God does not care for you—He hasn't given you even one little flower—and no one thinks of you, I love you and will always come to you! I will love nobody else, dear mamma, not even God, who is so harsh and unkind to you."

This was the child's first prayer beside the grave of her outcast mother. A light breeze swept by, soft and cool as the soothing touch of a mother's hand upon the throbbing brow of her fevered child. The asters nodded to the grieving little one, and a faint whisper ran through the dry seed-vessels of the weeds, while above stretched the transparent vault of heaven in unclouded brightness—the eternal, changeless heaven which human faucies convert into a battleground of earthly passions.

When Felicitas returned to the gloomy house on the market-place—the child did not know how long she had been sitting dreaming in the vast, quiet grave-yard—she found the secret door ajar. She slipped in, but stopped in terror in the nearest corner, for the door of her uncle's room stood partly open, and John's voice was heard as he paced with firm, slow steps up and down the apartment.

Spite of the fierce defiance which had animated the child since the day before, her fear of the cold, unmoved voice, and unfeeling gray eyes was still greater. She could not pass the half-open door, her little feet paused as though rooted to the stone floor.

"I think you are perfectly right, mother," John said, stopping; "the troublesome little creature would be much better off if reared in some honest mechanic's household. But this unfinished letter is as binding to me as if it were a legally executed will. My father once said that he would never let the child leave the shelter of his house, unless her own father reclaimed her, and in the words, 'I wish to leave the child intrusted to me in your charge,' he makes me the executor of his wish. It is not fitting for me to find fault with any of my father's acts, but had he only known how I detest the class of people from which this child descended, he would have spared me this guardianship."

"You don't know what you are expecting from me, John," replied the widow, in a tone of extreme annoyance. "For five years I have been forced to tolerate the presence of this outcast, God-forsaken creature—I can bear it no longer."

"Then we have no expedient except an appeal to the father."

"Oh, you can appeal as long as you choose," replied Frau Hellwig, with a short, sneering laugh. "He's thankful to be rid of the expense of her support. Doctor Boehm told me that all he knows is that the man wrote once from Hamburg—never since."

"Yet, as a good Christian, mother, you could not consent to let the child go back where her soul would be forever lost—"

"It is lost now."

"No, mother. Though I won't deny that frivolity must be inherent in her blood, I am a firm believer in the blessing of a good education."

"Then you mean that we are to go on for years paying out our money for this creature who is nothing in the world to us? She is taking French lessons, drawing lessons, and—"

"No, indeed, I have no such intention," John interrupted—for the first time the monotonous voice gained a shade of animation. "I have no intention," he repeated; "I have a horror of these modern ideas concerning the education of women. We shall soon find no women like yourself, of true

Christian spirit, who never overstep the bounds of propriety. No, all that must cease! Bring up the child to understand household duties, fit her for what she must some day become—a servant. I leave the matter entirely in your hands, with an anxiety, mother. With your strong will, your Christian character—"

Here the door was suddenly pushed wide open, and Nathanael, who had evidently grown tired of the conversation, rushed out of the room. Felicitas drew back against the wall; but he saw her and pounced upon the trembling child like a bird of prey.

"Oh, yes, hide, but that will do you no good!" he exclaimed, grasping her slender wrist so roughly, as he dragged her on, that she screamed aloud. "Come straight along with me, and tell mamma the text of the sermon! You can't do it though! You were not on the school benches. I watched for you. And what do you look like? Just see her dress, mamma!"

While speaking he dragged the struggling child to the door.

"Come in," said John, who was standing in the middle of the room, still holding his father's letter in his hand.

Felicitas slowly crossed the threshold, and gazed a moment at the tall, slender figure before her. There was not an atom of dust upon his neat black garments; his linen was dazzlingly white; there was not a hair awry upon his forehead under the hand that constantly stroked it—everything about him was scrupulously neat and orderly. He glanced with an expression of disgust at the hem of the child's dress.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, pointing to the spot that had attracted his eye.

Felicitas glanced down timidly—it certainly was a sorry spectacle. The grass and paths had been wet with dew; when she threw herself down on the grave she had not thought of the conspicuous stains that might be left upon her black dress. She stood in silence, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Well, no answer? You look like guilt itself. So you were not at church?"

"No," replied the girl, frankly.

"Where were you then?"

She made no answer. She would have been flogged to death rather than utter her mother's name in the presence of these ears.

"I'll tell you, John," replied Nathanael in her stead, "she was out in our garden eating fruit—she's always doing it."

Felicitas flashed an angry glance at him, but did not speak.

"Answer," John ordered, "is Nathanael right?"

"No, he has told a lie, as he always does," replied the child, firmly.

John quietly stretched out his arm and stopped Nathanael, who was about to rush at his accuser.

"Don't touch her, Nathanael," said Frau Hellwig. Hitherto she had been sitting silently at the window in her husband's arm-chair; now she rose. Oh, what a gloomy shadow her tall figure cast upon the room!

"You will believe me, John," she said, addressing her son, "when I assure you that Nathanael never tells falsehoods. He is devout and God-fearing to a degree rarely seen in a child. I have watched and trained him myself, which will be enough for you. This miserable creature must not cause strife between brothers, as she did between their parents. Is it not unpardonable, that, instead of going to church, she should have been wandering about in other places—no matter where."

Her eyes coldly scanned the little figure.

"Where is the new shawl given to you this morning?" she suddenly asked.

Felicitas, startled, raised her hands to her shoulders—alas, it was gone

she had doubtless left it in the grave-yard. She felt that she had been guilty of great carelessness and was deeply ashamed. Her downcast eyes filled with tears, and an entreaty for forgiveness rose to her lips.

"Well, what do you say to this, John?" asked Frau Hellwig, in cutting tones. "I gave her the shawl a few hours ago, and you see by her face it is already lost. I should like to know how much her clothes cost your father yearly. Give her up, I say. She is past amending. You will never uproot what she inherits from a frivolous, wicked mother."

A terrible change instantly took place in Felicitas' whole appearance. A deep scarlet flush suffused her face and throat to the edge of the coarse black woolen frock. Her dark eyes, still glittering with tears of penitence, flashed fire at Frau Hellwig. The timid fear, which for five years had weighed upon her heart and closed her lips, had vanished. Everything which, since the day before, had strained her nerves to the most painful tension, suddenly rushed upon her memory with overpowering strength. She was fairly frantic.

"Do not speak of my poor mother, I will not bear it," she cried, the tones of her voice, usually so soft, becoming almost shrill. "She has done you no harm. My uncle always said that we must not speak evil of the dead, because they can not defend themselves. But you do it, and it is very, very wicked."

"Do you see the little fury, John?" said Frau Hellwig, scornfully. "This is the result of your father's mode of education! This is the 'fairy-like creature,' as he calls her in his letter."

"She is right to defend her mother," said John, in a low tone, with a very grave expression, "but her way of doing it is shocking. How can you speak so improperly to this lady?" he went on, turning to Felicitas, and a faint flush tinged his pale face. "Don't you know that you must starve if she does not give you bread, and that the stones in the street will be your pillow if she turns you from the house?"

"I don't want her bread," gasped the child. She is a wicked, wicked woman! She has terrible eyes. I won't starve here in your house where people tell lies, and I am always afraid of being ill-treated. I would rather go under the black earth to my mother. I'd rather starve—"

She could say no more. John seized her arm, his thin fingers closed on her soft flesh like an iron vise, and shook her violently.

"Come to your senses, you naughty child!" he exclaimed. "Fy, a girl, and so wilful! Besides your tendency to frivolity and unruliness, have you also this ungovernable temper? I see much has been neglected here, mother," he continued, "but under your training all will soon be changed."

Still holding the child by the arm, he led her roughly to the servants' room.

"From this day you are under my control—remember that!" he said, harshly. "Even when I am away I shall know how to punish you severely whenever I hear that you are not perfectly obedient to my mother. For your conduct to-day you shall be kept in the house a long time, especially as you make such bad use of your liberty. You are not to enter the garden at all without my mother's special permission, nor must you go into the street except on your way to and from the parish school, which you will now attend. You will have your meals here in the servants' room and remain here all the time until you learn to behave better. Do you understand me?"

The little girl silently turned away her face and he left the room.

CHAPTER IX.

In the afternoon the Hellwig family drank their coffee in the garden.

Frederica put her flannel-lined calico Sunday cloak and the wadded black silk hood she wore on state occasions, and went first to church and then to see "a cousin." Heinrich and Felicitas were left alone in the big, quiet house. The former had gone privately to the church-yard some time before and brought back the unlucky shawl, which now lay dusted and neatly folded in a drawer.

The worthy fellow had heard and partly seen from the kitchen the incident of the morning, and been sorely tempted to rush in and shake the son of the house with his sturdy fists as John had shaken the fragile form of the rebellious child. Now he sat in the servants' room, whittling away at his cane, and meanwhile whistling very unmusically. He was by no means absorbed in his task, but constantly cast troubled stolen glances at the silent child. That was not like the face of little Felicitas. She sat there like a prisoned bird, but the bird whose heart still throbs with the fierce longing for liberty, and which still remembers, with implacable animosity, the hands that caged it. On her lap lay the "Robinson Crusoe" Heinrich had brought at his own peril from Nathanael's book-case, but she had not looked at it. The lonely man was happy on his island, there were no hateful people there who called his mother frivolous and wicked, the sparkling sunbeams shone on the palm-trees and the green waving grass of the fertile meadows; here the light of heaven came dimly, like a gloomy twilight, through the narrow, grated windows, and nowhere, neither in the narrow street outside nor here in the house, was there a single green leaf to refresh the eye. True, there was an asclepias plant in the sitting-room, the only flower Frau Hellwig valued, but Felicitas could not endure its stiff blossoms which looked as though they were made of china, while the hard rigid leaves hung motionless, unstirred by any breeze. What could be lovelier than the green boughs of the trees and bushes outside the town, awaying lightly as the wind swept through them with a ceaseless rustle and murmur?

Suddenly the child sprang up. From the garret she could get a wide view of the surrounding country; the sun, too, was shining there. She flitted swiftly up the winding staircase like a shadow.

The old house had degenerated from its former estate. Long ago it had been the residence of nobles. There was still something very stately in its aspect, though not to the degree of the soaring towers which seem to leave the whole earth below them and would fain pierce the sky; there was a trace of this aspiration in the turreted bay-windows, and especially in the enormous chimneys, whose size had been a necessity in times when deer were roasted whole in the kitchens of noblemen's houses. The blue blood that had once pulsed in the hearts of its aristocratic owners had long since died, nay, in its last scions, had, like the old house, greatly degenerated.

The front of the house, which faced the market-place, which had been somewhat modernized, but the three huge wings that formed the back buildings still stood untouched, just as they had been left by the architect. There were still long, echoing passages, with crooked walls and sunken floors, where even at high noon a dusky twilight reigned, and one might expect to see some legendary ancestress, in a trailing gray robe, with pallid face and shadowy hands crossed on her breast, glide noiselessly along. Short flights of stairs that creak under the lightest footstep suddenly appeared at the end of a corridor, leading down to some mysterious door securely locked, or out-of-the-way, apparently useless corners with a single window, through whose round, leaden-cased sash a faint light fell on the mouldering floor. The

dust that fell on the head of the passer-by was historic; long years ago it had been part of the new wood-work of some balcony, or of the fresh plaster, while the blue blood was seething in living hearts.

Wherever it was possible to do so, the crest of the owner of the house, a Lord of Hirschprung (Stag's leap), had been carved. The stone frames of the doors and windows, nay, even some of the tiles in the floor, bore a representation of the majestic stag, raising his fore-legs in the act of springing across some horrible abyss. In one of the large state chambers of the front mansion were the portraits of the knight and his lady, stiff figures in plumed cap and coil. The haughty knight still looked with imperishable pride upon a world from which his dust and title deeds, with their huge seals and continual "forevers" had long since vanished.

Felicita stood at the top of the stairs gazing with wondering eyes through a half-opened door, which had always been locked before. How greatly the execution of her deed of vengeance must have confused the mind of the careful mistress of the house, to make her forget locks and bolts.

Beyond this door was a long corridor, extending over one of the back buildings, on which several doors opened. One of these stood ajar, affording a glimpse of a room crammed with all sorts of lumber and lighted by a high dormer window. In the midst of these ancient relics, by the side of an antique arm chair, leaned old Frau Hellwig's portrait. It was not even turned toward the wall; dust and spiders might now rest undisturbed upon the face the artist had painted with the firm conviction that it would be handed down to her remotest posterity, an object of veneration to children and children's children.

The large, prominent eyes awakened a feeling of terror in the child's mind, now that she was so near them, and she turned timidly away, but what a pang pierced her little heart, how the blood rushed to her brain—little Felicitas knew the trunk covered with seal-skin that stood on the floor yonder. Timidly, fairly holding her breath, she raised the lid. On the top lay the light-blue woolen dress, daintily bordered with embroidery. Yes, Frederica had taken it off one evening, and then it disappeared and the little girl was obliged to put on an ugly dark frock.

The little hands hurriedly plunged deeper into the trunk—how many things appeared, and what memories rushed back to the child's mind at the sight. Her dead mother had handled all these elegant garments, fine enough to have clothed a little princess. Felicitas recollected with painful keenness the loving touch of her mother's soft fingers as she dressed her. Oh, where was the little kitten that had once been the child's delight! It was embroidered on a small bag. My, there was something inside, no plaything, as she at first supposed, but a pretty agate seal, whose silver tip bore the same stately stag in the act of leaping, which was repeated *ad nauseum* in the Hellwig mansion. Below the crest the letters M. v. H. were daintily engraved. It had doubtless belonged to her mamma, and the child's little fingers had seized it.

Higher and higher rose the tide of memories, many of which were now illumined by a ray of clearer understanding. Now she comprehended the moments when, suddenly roused from sleep, she saw her father and mother standing by her little bed—he in a spangled doublet and she with her golden hair floating loosely around her—they had just returned from their performance. And at each of these exhibitions her poor mamma had been fired at, yet the child gazed unsuspectingly at the beautiful pale face, though she still remembered how pas-

sionately, as if in breathless haste, she had been clasped, on those evenings, in her mother's arms.

Article by article the newly found treasures were stroked and caressed and then carefully replaced in the trunk, and when the lid was shut the child clasped her arms around the small, shabby box and laid her little head upon it—they, too, were old companions, who belonged together in a world that afforded no foothold in any home for the player's child. The defiant little face grew milder and tender, as it lay motionless with closed eyes, its soft cheek pressed lovingly against the moth-eaten cover of the old trunk.

The warm air stole through the window, bringing a waft of fragrance to the quiet corner of the attic where she lay. How could that bewitching perfume, which must come from whole beds of mignonette, rise so high? And what was this music that floated in with the sweet odors? Felicitas opened her eyes and sat up to listen. It could not be the organ from the church near by—the services had long been over. An ear better trained than the ignorant child's could never have thought of associating this melody with an organ. Some one was playing the overture to "Don Giovanni" most admirably upon a piano.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scientific Notes.

The excavation at Hell Gate reef was attended by 21,000 soundings and 8000 borings.

In severe paroxysms of coughing, from whatever cause, a tablespoonful of glycerine in hot milk or cream will give speedy relief.

A new substance called valzin is now being manufactured in Berlin under a patent, and it is claimed to be two hundred times sweeter than sugar and free from certain objectionable properties of saccharine.

Contrary to the opinion of very eminent geologists, Prof. Bonney contends that glaciers exert no excavating action, and this conclusion he bases on facts observed by him in the Swiss Alps. He has followed up many of the valleys in Switzerland, and the work of the glaciers in every instance should, he believes, be classed rather as abrasive than erosive. In the absence however, of the erosive theory, it will be difficult to account for the present character of many of the lochs on the west coast and in the interior of Scotland.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Elder has introduced the Sisters of St. Joseph into the Cincinnati diocese

Cardinal Gibbons' action in declining the proposed \$10,000 purse his priests and people wanted to collect for his silver jubilee, is characteristic of the modest Baltimore prelate, who has always avoided placing any burdens, even willingly borne ones, on his flock. The Baltimore Catholics will have to respect the cardinal's wishes in this matter, of course; but they intend putting a memorial of his jubilee in the cathedral, in lieu of offering him the purse they intended giving him.

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN.—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walker Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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Book Notices.

Of the different books which have been sent to us lately none is more interesting or more realistic than the *Memoirs of Chaplain Life* by Rev. Father Corby of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. This good priest spent three years during the great civil war of the United States as chaplain, and now tells the story of the battles, sieges he passed through, and the ministerial experience he gained upon the field and in the camp. The two hundred pages bring out in bold relief the chivalry and devotedness of the Irish Brigade, which formed the centre of Father Corby's services. It is a war history such as has not yet appeared, in which battles are not fully described or strategies discussed. But the reader can see the patriotism and religious spirit of the man who gave himself up so earnestly to his work, and who now draws a pen picture of the many fearful scenes with a modesty which exalts him still more in our estimation. There is one good effect which this book ought to have amongst Americans at this particular time, and it is to remind a younger generation that Catholics dared death for the Republic from which many would now expel them as aliens.

The August number of *The Canadian Magazine* opens with a very well written article upon Sir John Thompson and his critics by J. L. P. O'Hanly. He starts off with what looks like a truism, but which has not been accepted by Dr. Douglas *et al*, viz: that conversion to Catholicity among English-speaking communities, as a means to an end, has no place in the shifts and expedients of genius. An examination of the circumstances proves the truth and leads up to Sir John Thompson, whose ability all admit, and who, were he still Protestant, would be a very Joshua to Canada. Mr. O'Hanly proceeds to review in masterly style several objections to the Premier.

The article upon the Political Lessons from the Times of Cicero did not strike us very forcibly. Its opening sentence leads the reader to think that Cicero lived in the time of the Roman Empire "The political situation of the Roman Empire in the time of Cicero affords many lessons which apply with striking force to the political condition of the commonwealths existing at the present day." The body of the article treats of events with more historical accuracy. But Cicero was not the leading spirit in the tremendous changes of that period. Cicero was a great orator, no mean philosopher; he was, however, a vacillating and unsuccessful statesman. He hardly deserves to give his name to a period in the political history of Rome.

In the article upon the North-West Rebellion Mr. G. R. Brooks pays a high compliment to Father Legoff and the other Catholic missionaries of this vast district which should be repeated in full:

Rev. Father Legoff deserves something more than a passing notice. A tall, thin, spare man, I mistook him for an Indian when I first saw him. His face was tanned the color of leather, his clerical garb was frayed and worn, his shoes would have puzzled a cobbler to mend and altogether he looked more like one of his flock than their shepherd. It is true that my introduction to him was just after he had spent many weary weeks a prisoner in Big Bear's camp, wandering over the country, ill-fed and ill-protected against the weather. Father Legoff was born in Quebec and is of good birth, being descended from a long line of aristocratic nobles of Old France. Nearly forty years ago, when a young man, he volunteered for missionary work in the North-West, and, as I have already

stated, has been among the Chippewayans for the last thirty years. Residing long amongst the dusky children of the wilderness, following nomads, and sharing the habits and exposures of the tribe, in time he became subject to all the vicissitudes of the situation, and partook largely of the character of his surroundings. Ill and weary as he looked, there was no more enthusiastic priest in the North West seven years ago. To listen to him as he sat at supper in my tent; to see his eye kindle and light up with enthusiasm, as he told of the gratitude of the uncultured people in his charge; to gradually come to understand his gentleness of character, his child-like, religious simplicity; to understand the hardships he has passed through—often in winter on the verge of starvation; to realize all he had given up, all that he had voluntarily assumed, was to love the shabby looking priest, and to wish the world contained more such noble men and noble Christians. For months at a time this devoted priest never saw a newspaper or received a letter. His diet was that of the Indians, coarse, plain, ill-cooked. He would work with the members of his flock on their little patches of clearances, he baptized, married, buried them, and when his own time comes, will be buried by them.

Whatever the bickerings of party politicians, whatever the aims of self-seeking, ambitious men; however strong religious antipathies in Eastern Canada may be, I wish to bear my testimony to the devotedness, earnestness and simplicity of the Roman Catholic missionaries in the Canadian North-West. When men of birth and breeding, of culture and high social standing, voluntarily sever the tie which binds them to the glitter and glare of the world, and don the garb of the humble missionary, there must be a prompting which carries them beyond earthly considerations. It was such a faith that sustained the holy army of martyrs in the last agonies of their cruel torture, and the same faith reconciles to a life-long exile in arctic or semi-arctic latitudes the noble men who, for conscience sake, labor among the far North-West Indians and the Esquimaux.



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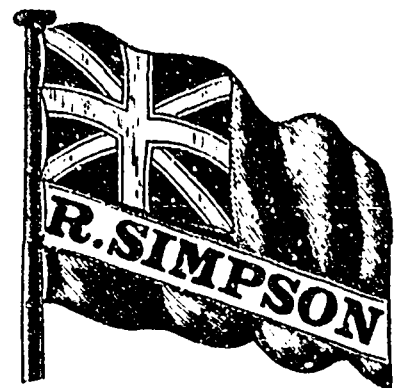
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	Close.	Due.
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G. T. R. East	5.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 3.25 12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35 12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.....	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.....	noon	9.00 2.00
	2.00	7.20
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for August: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31.
N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Post Offices.
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Department of Public Works,
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