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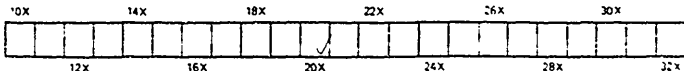
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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

A letter written by Mr. Gladstone in 1857 to the Young Ireland Society of Belfast is worth recalling as it illustrates very forcibly his wonderful gift of appropriate and allusive political allusion.

Much interest was felt throughout Ireland in Sir Charles Dilke's amendment to Clause 59 of the Local Government Bill, by which the right honorable baronet sought to remove the disqualification of Catholic priests and other ministers to sit on County and District Councils.

It was during his brief visit to Ireland in the autumn of 1877 that the Council resolved to elect Mr. Gladstone upon the list of its honorary citizens.

On May 23rd one of the largest, most representative and enthusiastic meetings ever held in the west took place at Westport. It was a united demonstration of the Nationalists of West Mayo—Parnellite and anti-Parnellite—to celebrate the anniversary of the rising of 1798.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Sir John Gilbert, the distinguished Irish historian and antiquarian. The sad event took place on May 28, very suddenly, Sir John being seized with illness in the train when coming in from Blackrock.

John also superintended the republication of those facsimiles of Irish manuscripts as invaluable to the historian or philologist student. Sir John through his long career filled many public offices. He was at one time secretary of the Public Record Office, and was connected with many commissions.

Writing from Cahirovise on the distresses in Kerry, Miss Maud Goode says: "I found that O'Leirdaniel, Barrymore and Waterliff, although it was generally agreed that the present season is the worst the district has passed through since '47, yet the people have, with a most commendable pride, striven to stifle their craving for food, and refrained from making their destitution public."

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Writing in The Dublin Freeman's Journal on May 22nd, Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeil, Q. C., M.P., quotes Mr. Gladstone's solemn testimony of the causes of the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

Today as I write, while the whole civilized world is mourning the departure from among us of Mr. Gladstone, and when the statesmen who were the foremost opponents of his policy are entering into a chivalrous rivalry with his intimate friends and colleagues in proclaiming his matchless fame, let us think of Mr. Gladstone's mature estimate of the series of proceedings which drove the Irish people into an armed resistance to a miscreant Government this day one hundred years ago.

From that speech delivered nearly two years ago, of which every sentence is full of interest, I take the following passages:

"Mr. Gladstone declares that Wolfe Tone, who was the life and soul of the '98 movement, was driven into rebellion simply because all constitutional methods had failed."

"Again, so much has been said by me on the subject of the historical arguments and claims of Ireland that it is all but beginning to attract some attention among our opponents. It is not understood and I wish to make it understood, why we go back upon these historical records and why we unfold pages of history which immediately preceded the formation of the Legislative Union."

Mr. Gladstone on '98. "I have no difficulty in finding words in support of our policy," says Mr. Gladstone. "I feel that a man who pursues that course with regard to other countries must, on the principles of virtue, pursue the same course with regard to his own country."

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures bronchitis and pneumonia when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

"KIT."

When so many are talking of 'Kit' of The Mail and Empire, famous as the best descriptive writer on this, or perhaps on any other continent, and who to her is now adding fresh fame as the only woman correspondent ever sent to the "front," a few words from one who knew her in her home life may be of interest.

In some paper a few days ago "Kit" was described as having black eyes and olive skin. This is surely a mistake. Her eyes are not black but brown; brown with a reddish tinge, in keeping with the mass of dark red hair which is worn across the forehead in short fluffy "bangs."

"Kit" is in many ways a wonderful woman. Her weekly correspondence alone is a gigantic task, and the versatility and tact she displays in an swering is most admirable. I remember on one occasion saying to her: "Kit, why do you think you command me?" and she replied: "I don't know, I'm sure."

"Kit" is intensely Irish, so much so, that she dislikes speaking about the country she loves so much; she says it hurts her to do so. Her children have imbibed this love for their mother's land, and Patsy calls Ireland "home."

Mother (to her boy sliding down the balusters): "Willie, what are you doing there?" Willie: "Making trousers for orphan boys."

The business man or working man who gets run-down and in ill-health from over-excess of work and anxiety, and a physician who is famous for the thousands of cases he has cured, and not for the thousands of dollars he has received, is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Gladstone and the Catholic Church.

When Mr. Gladstone went up to Oxford 70 years ago, the "Oxford Movement" was in its infancy. He formed at the University intimacies, he there learned beliefs which influenced his whole life, and when shortly after leaving college the Oxford reformers unfurled their flag, he at once took his place under it. The "Movement," it need not be said, stood as a repudiation of some of the most cherished doctrines of the Reformation, at the restoration of many Catholic beliefs and Catholic practices, and the recognition of a sacerdotal character in the clergy of the Church of England.

Maning joined the Catholic Church, and from this time forward Mr. Gladstone remained a Protestant High Churchman. Of their parting at the moment of Dr. Manning's entering the Catholic Church the Cardinal gave the following touching account:—"Shall I tell you where I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England? It was in the little chapel off the Buckingham Palace road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion Service commenced I said to him, 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up. 'St. Paul is standing by his side'—and laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder said, 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him."

As he grew great and famous as a statesman and publicist his attitude was conspicuous for its fairness and courtesy towards Catholics. In his famous protest against the Divorce Bill he spoke in glowing terms of the Papacy as the protector of Christian marriage. "We owe it," he wrote, to the Western Church, and to the Pope as its head, that they vindicated the Christian law of indissoluble marriage against the rottenness of an exhausted and dead civilisation.

Mr. Gladstone's continued, and he had given to England that precious legacy of common sense and ideas which had established woman on the very highest levels of her moral and spiritual existence for man's benefit no less than for her own. When England in a furious fit of Ultra-Protestantism clamoured for the Ecclesiastical Titles Act it was Mr. Gladstone who gave all his genius and eloquence to lead the opposition to the movement, and it was his fortune, twenty years afterwards, to secure the repeal of this foolish and wicked measure.

Mr. Gladstone for many years after the coronation of Queen Victoria and built by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Speaking of the matter to a Journal reporter, she stated that while able to go about at the time she was far from well; her blood was poor, she was subject to headaches, and felt tired after the slightest exertion. She had read at different times of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. She was benefited by her first box, and continued their use until she had taken five boxes, when she considered herself quite recovered.

her wanted visits to my house." Of course the intimacy with the great Cardinal of Westminster, commenced in early youth, maintained in manhood, and renewed after Dr. Manning's conversion through the kind offices of Lord Emily, was now broken off, and apparently for ever.

But the end was not yet. Time began to dim the painful memories of the Vatican Pamphlets. In 1888 Mr. Gladstone performed the noblest achievement of a glorious life. He declared for Home Rule. Catholic Ireland, enthusiastic in her gratitude, was only too delighted to forget and forgive all former differences. But still more remarkable was the attitude of the man who above all others in Europe represented that great Vatican Council Mr. Gladstone had arraigned. Solemnly and before all the world Cardinal Manning blessed Home Rule and its chief, and the two old men, the great Cardinal and the great Statesman, renewed the passionate friendship of fifty years before. The Cardinal wrote to the Prime Minister:—"In the beginning of our career we were of one heart and one mind in defending the interests of the Anglican Church. And now at the close of our career we are again of one mind and one purpose, for second to you only I am the greatest Home Ruler in England."

What "Sing a Song a Six Pence" Means.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represented the twenty four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, where the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a King.

The King, who is represented as sitting in his parlour counting out his money in the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams.

The Queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her King—the sun—has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The bird who, so tragically, ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not a nutshell, in a pie.

BUILDER AND STRENGTHENER.

That is the Term an Ottawa Lady Applies to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among many in Ottawa and the vicinity who have benefited in one way or another by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the Journal has learned of the case of Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of Mr. T. V. Gilchrist, of Hintonburg. Mrs. Gilchrist keeps a grocery at the corner of Broad and St. John's streets, and is well known to a great many people in Ottawa as well as to the Capital. Mrs. Gilchrist states that while in a "run down" condition during the spring of 1887, she was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Speaking of the matter to a Journal reporter, she stated that while able to go about at the time she was far from well; her blood was poor, she was subject to headaches, and felt tired after the slightest exertion. She had read at different times of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. She was benefited by her first box, and continued their use until she had taken five boxes, when she considered herself quite recovered.

Gladstone Sleeps Near Gratton.

The spot in Westminster Abbey where Mr. Gladstone has been interred is "Statesman's Corner" where already lie the remains of such men as Pitt, Fox, Peel, Palmerston, Gratton, and other great Parliamentarians. Great as these men have been, there are none of them whose shrines will be more sacred to the country than that of him last interred. For Irishmen there will always be a peculiar appropriateness in the fact that his grave will be close to that of Gratton, whom he so respected in many ways, and whose work for Ireland he strove so splendidly to complete. It is but fitting that the Grand Old Man, whose last years were devoted to the task of restoring Ireland her Parliament, should sleep side by side with that other grand old man who more than a century ago first secured its independence.

The Catholic Register.

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Calendar for the Week. June 10 - St. Columba. June 11 - Margaret of Scotland.

June 12 - St. Barnabas. June 13 - St. John of St. Vincent. June 14 - St. Anthony of Padua.

June 15 - St. Basil the Great. June 16 - St. Vitus, and Comp.

Ex-priest Slatyford called for Boston from Liverpool on May 20. He left the soil of England shunned even by those who had welcomed him upon his arrival.

The name "Anglo-Saxon" is a sop to the Americans. It is simply means English; but if the Americans were asked to come into an English alliance the bird of freedom would not like it.

Piper Flandler the hero of Dargal has gone on the London music hall stage. This is bringing the heroism of the battlefield down to the level of the American pugilistic ring.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor, who is to succeed Sir Philip Currie as English Ambassador at Constantinople, is an Irishman, and was born in Roscommon forty-four years ago.

The marvellous has long ago ceased to create surprise. Here our Father Ryan and Mr. Clarke Wallace together on some platform at the christening of the Sir John Macdonald "Red Rose Loagan" a Canadian copy of the British Primrose League.

A subscriber of THE REGISTER who has gone to live in Ireland writes us: "Old Ireland has much suffering in the west, nearly as bad as Cuba."

The Duke of Norfolk who arranged the details of Mr. Gladstone's funeral was first heard of publicly in connection with the departed statesman.

Among the multitude of converts constantly passing from Protestantism to the Catholic Church there is one class that can hardly fail to come conspicuously before the public eye.

That comic-opera cross between Colonel Cody and "Joaness Yellowplush" who lately got the Canadian taxpayer \$7,000 for a trip to South America.

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their kith and kin which the Government of the United Kingdom refuse, notwithstanding the moral responsibility of the state. When the English Government was asked the other day to open public works in the west of Ireland as a rampart against the increasing famine, Mr. Balfour jokingly requested the starving people to say whether they would also like champagne and a trip to the Riviera.

Dublin Freeman's Journal, May 25 - We publish elsewhere a brief account of the proceedings in the Canadian Parliament, when the second greatest Legislature in the Empire paid its tribute to the statesman who behaved in strengthening the Empire by bonds of trust, affection and generosity.

Hon. David Mills was an early starter in the "Anglo-Saxon" race for notoriety, and no sooner had Mr. Chamberlain cast that bold Drummagan speech of his to the jingoes than the Hon. David's "Anglo-Saxon" nose detected in the air the smell of the impending carnage of Armageddon.

Now who can tell us what manner of animal an "Anglo-Saxon" is? The Hon. David may possibly answer to the description himself, because the English wit, Barham, must have had in mind the class of borstal to which our inquisitive theorist belongs when he sung of the

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The purpose of Mr. Mills is to create a Canadian echo of Mr. Chamberlain's "Anglo-Saxon Alliance" speech. He imitates and improves upon Mr. Chamberlain's abuse of Russia, and practically declares that if the United States and England do not unite for a "bloody exchange of ideas" between Saxon and Slav.

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one side like a shifted cargo, when he wrote in this fashion, because he surely might have known that in the United States to day there are 14,000,000 of Germans as against 12,000,000 of Scotch, English and Welsh; and certainly not more than 6,000,000 of the twelve can claim English, or "Anglo-Saxon," descent. If, like the Hon. David, they are so vainly foolish as to believe in the pure survival of an "Anglo-Saxon" people from the middle of the fifth century.

How does the Hon. David Mills reconcile his nomenclature theory of the decadence of the people of the Teutonic motherland with the boast of a corner in "moral stamina" which he attributes to the Teutonic colonies cast upon the shores of Britain?

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A Challenge to the Canadian Baptist. Our readers are qualified to judge the spirit in which we have lately replied to a variety of accusations against the character of the Catholic Church which have come to our notice through the columns of our contemporary The Canadian Baptist.

In this week's issue of The Canadian Baptist there appears a paper of Dr. Horton's three-and-a-half columns in length under the caption "Truth." The sum and substance of it is that the Catholic Church teaches the justification of lying.

Let THE REGISTER deny and disprove the statement that the "Isidorus Decretals" are forged, as affirmed in Dr. Horton's first lecture (Baptist, March 31); that the doctrine of "Probabilism," see second lecture (Can. Baptist, May 12) is absurd, instead of holding its place in the Catholic Church, of to-day, and that the demoralizing justification of lies of "necessity and reason," ascribed to the Catholic authorities in the third lecture, published this week, is a libel, and the thing will be done.

We are prepared at any time to prove the untruthfulness of Dr. Horton's statements. We have already handled himself and The Baptist at considerable length; but there is little use in bombarding an opponent at such long range. It is of more importance from our point of view to silence the masked batteries of The Baptist close at hand.

High Price for Campaign Literature. If any other member of the Government than Sir Richard Cartwright had been called upon to answer the question asked in the House last week with reference to the cost of E. E. Sheppard's recent trip to South America, we think the facts would have been misrepresented.

Mr. Clarke Wallace, M.P., Grand Master of the Orangemen in Canada, delivered his annual message to the brethren assembled at Ottawa on the 1st, and talked to them of the rebellion of '98 after a fashion that we are bound to say was free from rank prejudice than historical inaccuracy.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates says the Rebellion cost 150,000 Irish lives and 20,000 English. This standard authority, which adds 100,000 to Mr. Wallace's estimate, is more likely to be below than above the mark; but at all events it shows that the Sovereign Grand Master has much to learn of the history of the period in which the Orange Order had its rise.

Looking backward from the vantage ground of modern liberty upon the political condition of Ireland one year ago, Mr. Wallace feels constrained to think it "strange that of the 300 members who composed the Parliament of Ireland, 200 were returned

by individuals, 40 or 50 by ten persons, and several of the boroughs had no resident elector at all." This is something of an admission from the Grand Master of the Orange Order in Canada. We wonder whether he is aware that it was the "strangeness" of those very political conditions under which the country suffered that drove Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen into rebellion.

Good Service of the Senate. If the independent action of the Senate should save the country from the annoyance and cost of the Plebiscite, the second Chamber would have done much to establish itself in the permanent confidence of all men of principle throughout Canada.

The Cathedral Sanctuary Society. At a regular meeting of St. Louis and St. John Derohman's Sanctuary Society of St. Michael's Cathedral, held May 15th, a resolution of sympathy was unanimously adopted on the death of the brother of William Curtin.

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The Christian Scientists.

LECTURE BY REV. I. MINEHAN.

Mr. E. J. Heera presided at the regular monthly meeting of St. Mary's branch of the Catholic Truth Society in St. Andrew's Hall on Monday evening.

The lecturer of the evening was Rev. L. Minehan, pastor of St. Peter's Church, and his subject was "Christian Science."

Mr. CHAPMAN, LADIES and GENTLEMEN—I am not responsible for the title of the lecture that I am called upon to give on this occasion.

While on the confines of my parish I had learned of some of his writings, or "demonstrations" to use the term of the apostles, which seemed to me to demonstrate that the police court or lunatic asylum was a more proper place for its discussion than the library.

Let us examine this passage which is a very favorable specimen of her writing, and we will see what a mass of confusion and contradiction it contains. In the first place what is "mortal mind."

But this is not the only discovery contained in the passage quoted. Immediately after making this grand discovery that something which has no real existence produces all the organs and involves the mortal mind.

With some of her arguments or what passes with her for arguments I will deal later on. At present I want to pursue this famous passage I have been criticizing.

gested nonsense—such are the warp and twist of this new Gospel of "Christian Science."

"This seems a severe indictment. But I hope to fully justify it by a few quotations from Mrs. Eddy's book. And if your heads ache as we say they do, you will be so easily tempted to profanely to which I hope you will not yield."

Form IV.—Excellent—G. O'Leary, F. Annett, J. Cullen, W. O'Connor, L. McGinn, O. Doyle, Fred. O'Leary, J. Thomson, Good—J. Thomson, Francis Galtway, W. Burke Form III.—Excellent—A. Grant, E. McMillan, T. Hynes, G. Murphy, J. Brazil, R. Crengli, R. Dowling.

Form II.—Excellent—J. J. Lonney, C. Bassman, J. Kenny, J. Moohan, W. O'Rilly, W. Quaaloy, J. D. Foley, J. Doherty, W. Thorpe, J. Dissette, F. Murphy, O. Daggan.

Form I.—Excellent—J. Doe, F. Cartan, A. Drohan, O. Smillie, H. Haines, F. Kelly, McCarroll, F. Walsh, R. Murray, Good—J. Madigan, J. Barry, L. O'Connor, J. Maloney, H. Harto, W. Oster, W. Walsh, Senior Form III.—Excellent—A. Landreville, A. Grossi, J. Landreville, A. Herbolt, Good—J. Donovan, J. McGarry, A. McDonald, W. Lynch, Junior, Excellent—T. Cavaney, R. C. O'Haulley, E. McCaffrey, F. Bronnen, Good—A. Shea, E. Zeagman, T. Hanson, J. Hagerty, W. Wylio, W. Hanlon, J. Lynch, W. Tomlinson, Form II.—Excellent—M. Keating, J. Madigan, F. Walsh, W. Bennett, H. Axworthy, T. Kennedy, F. Murphy, J. Murphy, O. Grossi, L. Chapello, Good—E. Fennell, N. Montone, J. Murphy, J. Murray, L. McGuinis, E. Duffy.

Then cried the bold Cervara: "Oh! Sampson, dear, come in, I'm getting a little tired, being 'botted up' like gin."

At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on May 28th, on application of G. T. Fullford & Co., proprietors of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., a perpetual injunction was granted by Chancellor Boyd restraining Theodore Sweet, druggist, of St. Catharines, from selling a pink colored pill in imitation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

ideas as distinct realities she is blundering most egregiously. My mind and my idea are not two realities, but one. And the divine mind and idea in the same way are one reality.

HONOR LIST FOR MAY.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL. Form IV.—Excellent—G. O'Leary, F. Annett, J. Cullen, W. O'Connor, L. McGinn, O. Doyle, Fred. O'Leary, J. Thomson, Good—J. Thomson, Francis Galtway, W. Burke Form III.—Excellent—A. Grant, E. McMillan, T. Hynes, G. Murphy, J. Brazil, R. Crengli, R. Dowling.

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RIME OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

Then cried the bold Cervara: "Oh! Sampson, dear, come in, I'm getting a little tired, being 'botted up' like gin." "Your namesake in the days of yore Boro Gaza gave him view, And if you emulate his deeds—Why, get a gall on you!"

An Important Judgment.

At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on May 28th, on application of G. T. Fullford & Co., proprietors of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., a perpetual injunction was granted by Chancellor Boyd restraining Theodore Sweet, druggist, of St. Catharines, from selling a pink colored pill in imitation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

C. O. F.

St. Leo Court No. 581 held a very successful meeting on last Wednesday night, when new members were initiated.

Father Doherty's Annual Picnic.

The annual picnic in aid of St. John's Church, Arthur, will be held at Arthur on Thursday, the 23rd of June.



Mrs. Wright of Normal, Ont., Enduring Pain for Two Years from Rheumatism in Her Feet.

Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

Dr. Chase Makes a Wonderful Cure.

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Normal, near Doucette, suffered from a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet.

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councilor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 1894, writes a letter which is thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief.

New Superior-General of the Oblates.

The Rev. Pere Augier, O.M.I. who has been elected Superior-General of the great French Congregation of Oblate Missionaries, was born in the diocese of Nice in 1845.

A distinguished Convert.

The announcement that Sir Henry Hawkins has joined the Catholic Church has occasioned great interest in England.

Bickel'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.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE.

4 TRIPS DAILY

On and After Monday, May 30th

Will leave Yonge at Wharf (east side) at 7 1/2 p.m., p.m. at 10 1/2 p.m., connecting with the New York Central & Hudson River Railway.

CASAVANT BROS. Church Organ Builders

St. Hyacinthe, P.Q. Organ built with all the latest improvements. Electric Organ a specialty.

KAY'S "Canada's Greatest Carpet House" Carpet and Curtain Prices

The success of this business does not rest on cheapness. Cheap goods, as this term may be significantly interpreted, are never CHEAP but always DEAR.

Carpets, Linoleums and Mattings

Table listing various carpet and matting products with prices. Includes items like Blue English Wool Carpet, A-line of Tapestry Carpets, and Irish Point Lace Curtains.

Curtains and Coverings

Table listing various curtain and covering products with prices. Includes items like Irish Point Lace Curtains, Handmade Brussels Point Lace Curtains, and Satin Brocades.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King St. West TORONTO

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

In more handsome and varied patterns than ever. The June Selling is very brisk. High qualities and low prices tell in our favor.

Table listing clothing items for men and boys with prices. Includes Men's Biker Suits, Duck Suits, Unlined Coats and Vests, and Boys' Washing Blouses, Boys' Duck Pants, Unlined Summer Coats, and Odd Knee Pants.

These prices merely hint at the feast of bargains in Summer Clothing. You are welcome to the store, walk around, ask questions, examine the goods.

OAK HALL CLOTHIERS, 115 to 121 KING ST. E. OPP. THE CATHEDRAL.

Writing Tablets

We manufacture a grand assortment of Writing Tablets for the fastidious lady or the business man—both the attractive and useful kind.

Note Papers, Wedding Stationery, Envelopes, Cardboards, Bristol Boards, Blotting Papers, etc. The very lowest quotations for quantities. Samples and prices on application.

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited Nos. 43, 45, 47 and 49 BAY ST., TORONTO

HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACE IT. Punctuation without Rules of Grammar. LACROIX PUBLISHERS CO., 123 WATER ST., N. Y.

Good! Better!! Best!!!

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard DUNN'S Mustard. Made absolutely pure from rich flavoured English Mustard. Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard.

Chats with the Children

THE BIRDS' CONCERT. The birds gave a concert One summer day, In a good tree-top Over the way.

THE ROBINS' WARDEN. The robins were leaders, And pitched the tones high; The larks went a-singing Up to the sky.

THE LARKS' WARDEN. The larks were leaders, And pitched the tones high; The larks went a-singing Up to the sky.

THE LARKS' WARDEN. The larks were leaders, And pitched the tones high; The larks went a-singing Up to the sky.

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THE LARKS' WARDEN. The larks were leaders, And pitched the tones high; The larks went a-singing Up to the sky.

she is, because having never known the blessings of sight and hearing she does not miss them. The counts would not like to be as Helen Keller is, they think it very dreadful no doubt, but God never takes away a sense without giving something else in its place so Helen's sense of touch is almost sight and hearing to her, it is so keen. We have all something to be grateful for if we only remembered it, and when we are tempted to grumble at anything we should recollect how many blessings we possess, even though we cannot have everything we wish for. Cousins Flo.

DEAR COUSIN FLO.—I thank you very much for the lovely prayer book that you sent me as a prize for the best letter on "The Mission." The first time I used it I did not forget to add a prayer for you. From your little Cousin, THOMAS BOLAND.

1801 Bloor St. W. P. S.—I would have sent an answer before only there was so many holidays and I have been learning to ride a bicycle that I forgot all about it. I don't wonder that Cousin Tommy forgot everything if he was learning to ride a bike. It's not easy to remember anything excepting how to tumble off, and not always that. Cousins Flo.

DEAR COUSIN FLO.—Since I did not get any prize, I will try again. Well, I suppose you would like to hear something about Rosedale where I live. It is one of the suburbs of Toronto, it is very pretty place on account of the lovely woods which surround it, it is a great resort for cyclists. There are beautiful paths which twist and turn all through the bush. When I get up in the morning and look out of my window I see a sight which is not very often seen. Below me in the valley is the Don river with its green banks on either side, further down is the great railway bridge which spans the valley. I go to Our Lady of Lourdes church which though it is small is a lovely little church. Father Walsh is kind to all the children I will not write any more now but will another time. Yours truly, J. E. THOMSON, 819 Yonge St.

Age 12. P. S.—I guess you will wonder how it is that I put 819 Yonge street for my address and still live in Rosedale. My father keeps a store on Yonge street and that is where the paper goes so I give that address.

PUZZLES. DECAPITATION. 1. Whole I am a small stream, behead me, and I am a bird. 2. My whole is part of a ship, behead me, and I become a tree. 3. Whole I am a pleasant talk; behead me and I am an article of dress; once more, and I am a small word. One mark for each correct answer.

SQUARE. Missing; a boy's name, a distant world, a conservative. MISSING WORDS. She caught up her. . . . and walked rapidly across. . . . in front of the house. But her father opened the. . . . and called to her, so she went back, with her. . . . trailing after her. Fill the spaces with the correct words.

Answers to Puzzles of May 26th. DIAMOND. O A L T W O R L D A N O R D I N A L S S H A L E A N N O N L A N S E S ENIGMA. Hindostanee. CHAERADS. 1. Book-stall, 2. knowledge, 3. never-the-less. MARKS. J. E. Thomson, 5; B. S. Doyle, 5; Bertha Boland 5; F. McCarthy 1; Tom Matthews.

John Sherman on the War. CHICAGO, May 29.—"I wish to God the war was over," said John Sherman to-night. "I wish to God the war had never been started. I was opposed to it from the beginning. "As I said, statesmanship was opposed to this war. The demand of the people, reflected by Congress, as it always is, brought it on. "We want neither the Philippines nor Cuba. We want no foreign outposts which we will have to defend with our ships. We do not want to be constantly in trouble with France, Germany, and possibly England. "I do not believe in an offensive and defensive alliance with England. We need fear no nations in the world. Our country is safe from an invading army. Our seas are protected by a fleet of a hostile fleet."

Farm and Garden

On the subject of butter-making in the creamery, T. O. Rogers contributes the following notes to a bulletin of the Ontario Government: Every butter-maker should be clean. All are not clean. Some of our creameries and cheese factories are not so clean and orderly as they should be. There is room for much improvement, both outside and inside. There is no good reason for lack of cleanliness. None should disgrace the dairy industry by careless, dirty habits. All should determine to clean up and be clean.

First, improve the outside appearance of the creamery by removing all stones and rubbish that may be lying around. Straighten the fences and wood-pile. Improve the approaches to the factory. Plant shade trees. Rake the yards, and keep them clean and orderly. The appearance of many old buildings may be improved by applying a coat of whitewash to the outside. A coat of thin whitewash on the inside is a good disinfectant and improves the appearance.

Paint all the appliances a light color. A bright yellow looks well. Use something in the paint to give it a hard finish when dry. If you cannot get this work done for you do it yourself. The rooms will have a more orderly appearance if everything, not in daily use, is removed from the shelves and tables.

Use plenty of salt and boiling water to clean the churn and other wooden utensils. First, rinse the inside of the churn to remove any butter that may be sticking to the sides; then scald three times with boiling water. Use a dipper of salt in the last water. Steam the churn frequently, and scour with a table-spoonful of borax in the last water is recommended. Do not cool the churn with cold water after cleaning it, but give it plenty of fresh air, and you will not be troubled with mould, nor with a foul smell in the churn. A rubber hose connected with a steam pipe in the centre of the room is very convenient. Use lye in the hot water occasionally when cleaning the floors and gutters. A rubber scraper is handy for drying the floors. Give the rooms plenty of fresh air.

On the subject of butter making on the farm, Miss Laura Rose in the same bulletin says: The first essential in the manufacture of any article is good raw material, and perhaps in no realm is this more necessary than in the production of high class butter, which should be the aim of every farmers wife or daughter.

More and more attention is being paid to the selection of dairy cows. Have cows whose milk record is good, both in regard to quality and quantity, for the cow must be considered together. Continue to weigh and test occasionally the milk from each individual cow. Discard all which do not reach a certain standard, say, 6,000 lbs. of 8 1/2 cent. milk in the year. A Babcock tester, which is simple in construction and easy to use, will determine the per cent of butter fat in the milk, and may reveal the fact that the cow which you considered your best is the least profitable one in the herd.

The cows must be comfortably housed and well and regularly fed. If you want milk you must give plenty of good wholesome food and an abundance of clean water. The latter is just as essential as the former. Drying milking special should be exercised. The milkers' hands should be well washed, and the cows' udders thoroughly wiped or rubbed with a damp cloth before milking.

The Irish Oireachtas. In an historical article dealing with the Oireachtas which opened in Dublin on Tuesday May 24, The Freeman's Journal says: Among the many terms denoting an assembly or meeting in the Irish language the word Oireachtas has been chosen to designate such a celebration, just as the Welsh use the term Eisteddfod and the Scotch Highlanders Mod for nearly the same purpose, while the expression Feis Ceoil is employed to designate an assembly for exclusively musical purposes. The word is pronounced nearly er-yach-thus, in three syllables, with an accent on the first. The Irish being a sociable people were always fond of assembling together; being a naturally refined and artistic people there was generally music at such assemblages; having always had a great respect for learning and a delight in poetry and legend, these aspirations were carried for in their public meetings. During the first centuries after the introduction of Christianity the educational effect of such assemblages, variously designated Feis, Oireachtas, Comhcheannuidh, Dal, Teochtach, Anocht, Tionol, etc., was shown in the rapid advance of civilization, refinement, and good order of the mass of the people, and

was scarcely, if at all, hindered by the feuds between the clans. But a check was given to the national development by the marauding incursions of the Northmen, and the nation had not time to regain its breath after the long struggle with these barbarians when it was obliged to withstand the shock of the Anglo-Norman invasion. Ever since the Irish race has been checked by English misgovernment, which for a long period aimed at nothing less than its extermination. But amidst all the horrors of slaughter, artificially created famines, penal laws against religion and education, and successive confiscation, the Irish held firmly to their native language. It is only within the last hundred years that they commenced to abandon its use, and this abandonment and neglect proceeded but slowly till within the last fifty. Since then it has been much accelerated by two causes, viz., sparsely engendered by poverty and dilution among the Irish-speaking population, and the policy of the so-called "National" Board in refusing to use the native language habitually spoken as a medium of instruction. Thoughtful and patriotic men, recognizing that the surest characteristic of a distinct nationality and its strongest bulwark in the future is a national language, have become alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the rich and beautiful tongue of our ancestors from large districts of Ireland, and have determined to use every effort to preserve it where it is still in use, and to offer inducements for its cultivation in every part of Ireland.

"I must have been a fool when I married," said little Tompkins, glaring fiercely at his wife. "Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Tompkins, sweetly. "It couldn't come so badly all in two years, could it?"

NO DODGING HIS ARROW.

No matter how much of a business woman a man may be, when the little love-god makes up his mind to shoot, there is no protection against his arrow. Yet many



of a young woman whose affections are already engaged, hearted by headaches, backaches and dragging, weakening drains. Troubles of this nature are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They are actively and completely cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which imparts genuine health and strength to the womanly organs. It was devised for this purpose by an eminent specialist in this particular class of practice.

Over 30 years ago Dr. R. C. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., saw the need of some simple, effective, and certain cure for what he called "female complaint." He was, then, a specialist in the diseases of women, and the result of his study and experiments was the marvelously effective remedy known all over the civilized world as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures where doctors have failed. It cures where medicines have been useless. It cures in a shorter time, by purifying and strengthening the organs involved. Its cure is permanent. It leaves the whole body in better condition than it was in before, and it cures without the local examinations and treatment so abhorrent to every modest woman.

I suffered for two years with female weakness, and a little Gillmore, of 1036 So. 18th St., Omaha, Neb., gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I have taken nine bottles of his "Favorite Prescription" and four vials of "Felix" and I could not have a change of heart had taken the first bottle and now am well and never see a sick day. I had eight doctors and they all said I would have to have an operation performed, but thank God I did not, and Dr. Pierce's medicine has cured me to perfect health.

"I was run-down with nervous prostration and female weakness, and kidney troubles," writes Mrs. R. E. Scott, of Bolton, Stoughton, Co. Ill. "I have taken nine bottles of his 'Favorite Prescription' and four vials of 'Felix' and I could not have a change of heart had taken the first bottle and now am well and never see a sick day. I had eight doctors and they all said I would have to have an operation performed, but thank God I did not, and Dr. Pierce's medicine has cured me to perfect health."

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..IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties. TAKE THE FINEST BLEND OF MALT BEVERAGES JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER THEY are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM. FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS. TORONTO - James Good & Co., cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL - P. L. N. Beaudry, 127 De Lorimier Ave. QUEBEC - N. X. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul St.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter. Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on. HOBBS, DAVIES, WM. HOES, Manager, Cashier.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT. MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "88," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

Premier Brewery of Canada. One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vague refrigerating machine, 75 horse-power, with water tower in connection—25 horse-power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors—a large water filter, capacity 2000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewing, and one improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large malt house and storage in connection.

DOMINION LINE STEAMSHIPS. RATES OF PASSAGE—First Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or London, 80.00 to 90.00; 2nd Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or London, 45.00 to 55.00; 3rd Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or London, 25.00 to 35.00. Midship saloons, electric light, spacious promenade deck. For all information apply at Toronto to A. F. Webster, corner King and Yonge Streets, or G. W. Toronto, 15 Front Street West. DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal, 17 St. Sacramento Street.

CHURCH WINDOWS MEMORIALS. THE Robert McLaughlin Etched Glass Co., LIMITED 87 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 338 QUEEN STREET EAST. TEL. 2638. OPEN 10 O' CLO.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER, 314 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 1064.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer, 359 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE 476.

M. McCABE UNDERTAKER ENHANCING A SPECIALTY 319 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 1608.

MONUMENTS. Now is the time to select. J. HAZLETT, 454 YONGE STREET For Latest Designs, Best Material and Workmanship at Lowest Living Price. Telephone 4520.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Baptismal Font, Crosses, Fountains and Statues. All kinds of Ornamental Work. Marble and Granite. 252 St. George Street, Toronto. For of Church and Lombard streets. A few doors south of Bloor street. PHONE 4068.

MONUMENTS. For best work at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Fountains, etc., call on or write to The McIntosh Granite and Marble Co., 1111 Queen Street West, Toronto. Opp. St. Michael's Cemetery. High class work at low prices a specialty.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LIMITED) The Cosgrave Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Ltd. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the Trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN STOUTS, Brewed from the finest Malt and best Barley. Sold in connection with the highly recommended by the Medical Society for their purity and strengthening qualities. Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876. Also at the General Exhibition of Quality, Honorable Mentions Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 264. GEO. J. FOY. — IMPORTER OF — Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E. TORONTO.

MARSALA ALTAR WINE. SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO. DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST. Cor. Queen and Bathurst Sts., Toronto. Telephone 6378.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO Lemaitre's 256 Pharmacy Queen St. West OPPOSITE FIRE HALL N.B.—No connection with any other Drug Store.

"T'EDO" THE SCULPTOR

The dairy-woman of Grandcourt was skimming the last panful of milk when the house-keeper's portly figure obtruded itself at the spring-house door.

"Lucina, Madam Grandcourt desires to have speech with you," she said, with the elegance of diction permissible in one of her exalted position. Lucina replied with a curt "Very well," without pausing in her delicate occupation; but presently she looked herself to her cabin to wash her already clean hands and to put on a fresh Madras and apron before appearing at "Coco," the plantation man's house was called.

There she found madam enthroned in the sewing-room, the centre of a busy scene. The head-nurse and her aids, spruce mulatto girls, surrounded a long table, shears in hand, snipping out dress bodies and skirts from the blue homespun for the slaves' garments. In the chairs ranged about the walls sat seamstresses of all shades from cast-awell-let to jet black, their slick or turbaned heads, with huge silver hoopbrags in ears, bent over the dull blue breadths, their thimble right hands rising and descending with machine-like regularity and monotony, as they drew their needles in and out of the cloth which had been woven in an adjoining room.

It was the last of November, 1860. Piles of garments ready to wear were stacked neatly on trestles in the rear of the place, in company with gray blankets of coarse weave which had just come on the rice-boats from the city. For Christmas was drawing near, the time of the yearly distribution of new clothes and bed-coverings, and already the cunning field-hands had put the Yule-log to soak in the canal in the paddy-fields, to lengthen the holidays; for as long as that log held out to burn, the meanest slave could claim exemption from the ditch. Sometimes the water-soaked live-oak trunk had burned for a fortnight, brought to the end.

The dairy-woman went up to her mistress and stopped before her with a serious air, gracefully executed. Madam Grandcourt looked approvingly at her.

"I sent for you, Lucina, to say that the butter design was uncommonly well conceived this morning. 'Twas almost a pity to put knife to it. I expect much company for the Christmas holidays and desire something especially fine in butter for a centrepiece for the dinner-table. Let us have your best work for the occasion. I have given you ample time for the conception and execution of an original design. See that you do your best."

Lucina listened, only half understanding, with downcast eyes, outwardly fresh in the compliment and again at the command, replied with a low but distinct "I will do my best to please you, madam," and was dismissed.

She walked slowly back to her cabin, her fine dark brows knitted, her thin red lips compressed. She had a pretty talent for modelling, and hardly a day passed but that the Grandcourt table was adorned with a high relief in bright yellow butter, ice-hardened. Either a swamp-flower or a camellia japonica, an ivy-leaf or a basket cunningly filled with grapes and leaves; or, invention languishing, the Grandcourt crest, the Winged Sheaf, stood upright on the dish.

Lucina's working wits sought vainly for an unusual inspiration. Her morning's task was finished, and she would have leisure until noon.

She looked about the cabin for her two children, but found them not.

"Day done gone again?" queried a clear-eyed old orone, switch in hand, the head-nurse of the brood of little slaves.

"Tu'n um ober t' me. I lick her pion-meh-lady, Lucina. Dat 'T'edo' de debble an' all fuh run 'way."

So, instead of sitting in the cool shade on the cabin steps under the wedded branches of the great live oaks and beguiling the time with the ancient gossiping of the quarters, Lucina went into the woods in search of the trunk. Submerged in thought, she wandered aimlessly and far afield, and presently found herself on the edge of clay pit; a cup-shaped depression in the boglike, veined like oxeye with brown and green, red, blue and mauve, colors that caught her eyes and pleased her, until there came into the field of vision a small figure.

Light chocolate of hue, contrasting fairly with his single and simple garment of inevitable blue, that left at liberty both legs and arms, the elf squatted in the sunshine, oblivious to the wind in the sighing pines and the jollification of blue, his long fingers busily at work. His mother next to him, looked over his shoulder. He was absorbed in kneading clay, modelling a clever little cup with a design of leaves in cameo.

"Why, Theodora?" exclaimed Lucina.

glancing up at her with frantic amazement, holding a sob in his throat. Then, with sudden courage, he drew from hiding-places various other shapes in clay. Pottery—man's earliest natural effort in earth—little basins, squat pitchers and odd figures, plates oval, square, and almost round, all decorated with a selection of form and color instinctively correct and surprisingly original and bizarre. Encouraged by his mother's admiration and exclamations, the artist drew forth other treasures, more prized apparently, yet more crude—a baby's head, a tiny hand, a foot, of which the unconscious model lay confessed, with clay tocs. All these sun-dried, brittle, scarcely to be handled, folded in grape and fig-leaves.

"So," said Lucina, "this is why you run away every day? My sorry I liked you so often, little fool. Why didn't you tell your mammy—eh?"

The sculptor hung his lamb's head. "You little fool!" repeated his mother, laughing yet with tears in her eyes, "you might 'a' saved that back and your baro legs many a lick."

She shouldered the sleepy baby, African fashion. "Come on home now, honey, and I'll get you something to eat. It's twelve by the sun. Then you can paddle with your oiey all the rest of the time. 'I'll get old mammy to lend to the 'bby.'"

Theodore followed her with eyes and mouth agape. Grandcourt made good its name that Yuletide.

"The mistletoe hung from the castle hall. And that holly branch from the old oak wall."

In the chapel the altar was ablaze with lights and brilliant with roses. Our Lady's statue, brought by madam from Italy, was wreathed with madame camellias, and stood sweet and glorious against a curtain of green fern and Yupon, coral with its Christmas berries. The house-slaves on their knees adored the Orb and wondered at the glowing star, while the rich, strong voices of those who could sing roso in the Christmas hymn at midnight, to the deep tones of the organ evoked by madam's skilful fingers.

Among the worshiping slaves knelt the guests of Grandcourt—a dozen young people from neighboring plantations, a beauty from the city who had already captivated the brilliant Raoul de M'le d'Or at her right, and the proud and melancholy Luigi Rossetti at her left—this latter madam's near kinsman.

By candle-light, on Christmas evening, the great dining-room was displayed. The laughing procession (either stopped midway the hall with many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" of pleasure and gay admiration. In both dining-hall and picture-gallery the painted faces of Grandcourts and Rossettis observed the innocent revellers from the panelled walls with English decorum and Italian dignity.

The priest's benediction ended, Luigi's eyes fell upon the centrepiece of the table's decoration. He leaped forward to observe it more closely, and was about to call the Frenchman's attention to it when the exorable L'Isle d'Or cried out:

"Ah, what a delicious work of art! Is it a bit of your pleasure, mon Luigi?"

He put up a glass to examine more closely the exquisite design in butter. Two oaks, one standing, the other lying down, on a pedestal wreathed with delicately moulded flowers, supported by a flat surface of crystal on golden legs.

Instantly every eye about the table was riveted upon it. Verbal bonbons newly folded in English, French, Italian, even Latin—that of Hildebrand rather than of Horace, however—were gracefully showered upon Rossetti.

"O madam!" exclaimed the beauty, who lisped, with side-long blue shaft at Luigi, "what a conceit for so great an artist as Signor Rossetti to crown our pleasure with his wonderful genius. Pray, signor, is every plastic material one to your art?"

"But," protested the sculptor with heightened color and a sense of annoyance, "I assure you the work is wonderful. . . . but it is not mine."

A chorus of expostulation, incredulity.

"Whose, then? Have we another genius among us? What modesty!" De l'Isle d'Or placed a hand upon his embroidered waist-coat.

recurred their seats amid universal applause.

"Still," said a voice persistent, perhaps that of the Father Hilary whose eyes twinkled—"still the question remains: Who made the butter-owes?"

"With all due respect to Apollo," said madam, when the laughter had subsided, "and despite his garland of genius, I will produce the artist."

She who whispered the burden at her elbow. He gave an order to another slave, who disappeared, to return in a few moments conveying Luina in Christmas cap and gown. She blushed vividly at sight of the glittering company, yet stood composed. Luigi looked at her in sheer amazement.

"Toll me, my good woman," he said quickly, "surely you did not model these little owes in butter?"

"No, sir," said Luina clearly. Madam started violently and turned her chair about, her diamonds flashing.

"What do I hear? Why do you lie, silly woman? It is no disgrace."

"But, nevertheless, madam, I did not make them," said Luina, trembling.

Then go and fetch me the one who did," cried madam imperiously, clapping her hands smartly together in her curiosity and excitement.

"I am avenged," cried Raoul, "O ye incredulous! Will ye not now admit the splendor of my genius?"

A battery of bright eyes and wits were immediately turned upon him. In the midst of the brilliant bombardment and counter-fire Luina re-entered the room, apparently alone. But as she approached they perceived a small brown creature clinging to her skirts. She unfastened his claws and held him at arm's length.

"He made them," she said simply to her mistresses.

Every face around the table exhibited the liveliest curiosity and incredulity.

"Impossible!" "It is a joke!" "The little elf!"

"Is it really so?" exclaimed Madam Grandcourt. She held out a hand, but the boy shrank back from the jewelled invitation. "Who is he?"

"My son, madam; Theodore."

The glances of the two women crossed like swords.

"What is his age?" cried Luigi, amazed and touched.

"He is ten, sir."

court plantation you shall live—and die."

She took her departure, and Luina grog obstinately worse. One who held a grudge against her—perhaps deigned her position as dairy-woman—"slipped her pillow" in the night, and so she died. And the baby, left to the tender mercies of the toothless slave-murses died also.

Fifteen years after these happenings, grog and gaw Grandcourt was in the hands of the enemy, the home ran, soaked for treasure and partly burned, paintings and statuary carried off, the fine piano and magnificent harp, silver and gold and crystal, French pottery and Italian tapestries, all contraband of war.

The family vault had been forced open, the coffins violated, the leg bones and skulls of century-old Grandcourts littered the marble floors and shelves.

Ruin, with hideous visage and skeleton wings, brooded like a harpy over rice-field and rose-garden. No longer the waiting sound of slave songs in the ditches, the laughter of the stallions in the paddocks. The cabins were deserted, the parks and preserves abandoned, the stables empty.

Madam Grandcourt had been driven refuge to the up-country for several years, dependent on the charity of some distant kinsman of her husband, who wore as proud as they wore poor.

After the declaration of peace, despite their entreaties and vivid representations of the condition of the plantation, she determined to spend Christmas day on the place. At this time the Grandcourts were in the city.

After early Mass in the partly restored cathedral, Madam Grandcourt got into a rambles wagon, to which was hitched with motley harness a half-dead horse and an army mule.

With an old, black-wigged creature for a charioteer, she took the road to the Court for the first time in five years.

Such a highway! Worn, mangled into countless ruts by the continuous passage of trampling armies, heavy artillery, ammunition and forage wagons, stamping cavalry, tolling infantry, in never-ceasing procession, covered now with half-frozen mud, whose sharp edges cut the hooks of the blind horses, and whose deceptive slime and slush betrayed them into many a frightful hole; gaunt, leafless trees, fire-scared, overhung their misery; and here and there, mute witness of the martyrdom of a once stately mansion, a ruined chimney stood sentinel over ash-heaps.

Madam shuddered at these fore-runners of disaster, and drew her shawl well more tightly over her shoulders, and shivering shoudered Late in the afternoon they reached the Court. She refused the bread and water humbly offered by the faithful negro, and directed her steps to the house.

The devastation on all sides pierced her very soul; but upon confronting the house itself, its standing walls gaping and smoke-blackened, only three of the splendid pillars of its marble facade left to support the crumbling roof, dismantled ornaments staring blindly at her like lidless eyes—the whole scene of desolation wanly illumined by the death-like distance of a wintry sunset—she uttered a loud cry.

Then, hurrying up the dangerous and decaying steps, she made her way into the dining-hall, where she stood gazing. Half the ceiling was gone, the remaining half hanging at a threatening angle over the paved floor, whose marble slabs, ruthlessly torn up here and there in the search for treasure, yawned to the cellar below.

Strange to say, the huge rosewood banquet-table still stood in the centre of the pavement. Chaired and blackened, its solidity had resisted all attempts to remove or to consume it.

Madam Grandcourt, moving as if in nightmare, approached the head of it and there stood, her black veil thrown back, displaying her gossamer face and burning eyes.

It was the agony of the last four years rushed over her, engulfed her, like a wave of the deep sea.

A ray from the descending sun suddenly entered the rectangle of a once splendid window, and lighted up, as if deviously, a figure facing her at the table's foot. She gripped the rosewood with both hands, until reason and sense reasserted their dominion over weakness. The man, who was almost as startled as herself, spoke first, in clear but halting English.

"Can it be possible that it is Madam Grandcourt before me?"

His voice, resonant and of pathetic tone, awoke vibrations in the horrid place.

"How can I tell? I had many slaves."

"Is she alive or dead? I do beseech you—answer!"

He leaned across the table as if to compel her with his eyes.

"Both of my sons are dead," she walked suddenly, shaking her thin arms and clenched hands at the threatening roof; "both—and my only daughter!" then fell on her knees and bowed her head on her arms, moaning.

The young man pressed his hand to his heart, yet stood aloof, a spectator yet a sharer of her grief.

"My mother," he persisted gently, "and my sister. Are they, too, dead?"

"Long, long ago," replied Madam Grandcourt, sobbing bitterly, yet raising her head, "and your father also."

She cried out in her anguish: "God has punished me—God has punished me for my cruelty!"

But he gazed around the table and gently helped her to her feet. The tears of ago are brief but bloody. Her distress no longer displayed itself in the wringing of her eyes.

He therefore lifted her hand to his lips, he knelt before her, he said sweetly in the soft language of her childhood and of his youth:

"I am your slave—and your son."

Her eyes fell on his dress, the collar about his young throat.

"A priest!" she whispered, her heart melting within her. "But your art—your beautiful, your wonderful art?"

"I gave it to God," he said simply. "Come with me, my mother."

He drew her away with soft persistence. As they stepped beyond the gateway where once the leaves of a great door hung, the impending ceiling groaned, wavered, fell with a hideous uproar, burying the table in its ruin, filling the house with wild, clamorous echoes.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed Madam Grandcourt, clinging terrified to the supporting arm, "what an escape!"

They interrogated each other's soul with dilating eyes. Behold, as they fled panic-stricken from the fearful place, and stopped breathless in the weed-grown drive before the house, the evening star, a cross of dazzling splendor, hung magnificently and serene in the darkening east. Theodore's eyes grew radiant. He clasped his hands, his lips moved:

"Jesu, tibi sit gloria, Qui natus es de Virgine, Cum Patre et almo Spiritu, In sempiterna tecula."

"Amen," whispered Madam Grandcourt softly.

Domestic Reading

A woman without religion is a weed. Look backward only to correct an error of conduct for the next attempt.

"When a man shows too much virtue," said a moralist, "I doubt his having any."

"You will never reach success," said a self-made man to his son. "I have you too near it."

"I have to look in the mirror," remarked Vanity. "Yes, but you never see yourself," said Truth.

Though I stand between Love and Hate," said Indifference, "they are nearer to each other than to me."

"I can bear the weight of own cross," said an onivous man, "but not the lightness of my neighbor's."

Think well before deciding. A few minutes' thought before deciding may prevent years of regret after it.

In the school of experience," said an old man, "they teach to-morrow what yesterday should know."

Socialism, to make men of equal height, would cut off the heads of many, but add to the stature of none.

Waves beat upon rocks for years. "Were I not strong," moaned the rock. "I need have borne but the first blow."

"Why do the hours hang so heavy?" they asked a bored man. "Because they hold absolutely nothing," he replied.

"What is life's heaviest burden?" asked a youth of dead and lonely man. "To have nothing to carry," he answered.

Each decision you make, however trifling it may be, will influence every decision you will have to make, however important it may be.

Think broadly before deciding. When you look at a part alone you never understand it right. A part is only a whole's undercoat when viewed in relation to the whole.

After all, the greatest affair in life is the creation of character, and this can be accomplished as well in a cottage as in a palace. Finer webs were woven in poor Eastern huts than the huge, sounding manufactures whose black smoke trails across the sky.

The most remarkable thing about the little punters, the men who back horses without knowing anything about horses, is that no amount of loss, no amount of milling, ever makes them see the utter hopelessness of their task. Gambling is a form of insanity. It is as hard to wear a gambler from gambling as it is a drunkard from drink, a vicious man from vice, or a criminal from crime.

There is a great deal of cowardice under the words "It was the Lord's doing." Without meaning to be irreverent, would anyone dare blame everything on his fellow-men as the majority of people do on God? If, for instance, I go out into the rain, catch cold, am ill, lose my business, and am a care and expense to my friends, have I any right to say to those who sympathize with me that I am submitting patiently to God's will? Had I not better say: "I was imprudent, and am taking the consequences. God makes certain rules and leaves it to ourselves to decide whether we will keep them. If He were here, ready to contradict us, we would not make so many statements about His will."

MODERN SLAVERY

Caused by Weak, Exhausted Stomach, is Almost Universal.

It is unknown, however, where Dod's Dyspepsia Tablets are used. There is no other Care for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc.

"What are you crying for?" inquired Lucina. "Oh, you dropped the cup. What a pity!" She picked up the wreck of art and examined it professionally, the boy

recalled her face and large eyes on her mistresses' face.

"No," said he, "what good would freedom do you? What would you do in Italy? What figure would you cut there? You would only bring your son into derelict. Make up your mind once for all. On the Grand-

"Madam, where is my mother?"

"Madam, where is my mother?"

Dod's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or by mail, on receipt of price, by The Dod's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

This Irish-French Catholic War.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register:

Editor:—The Irish Catholic element of Canada must be annoyed to have anything but mutual good will and the best of relations with the French people. It is pleasing to notice that you have brought this incipient and really fraternal strife before us, and your view must be endorsed by all right-thinking people of the Irish Catholic element, that it is fortunate for us that we have two such men as the Hon. John Costigan and Archbishop Bruchet on both national sides. These representatives are really able and honest, and it may be taken for granted that they will act as true partisans in establishing a good will and confidence between men of French and Irish blood—a consummation in the opinion of the writer of this letter of inestimable moment to both the Irish and the French nations whether in Canada or in Ireland.

Mr. Durocher, of the Ottawa French National Society, has spoken very harshly, and in the interests of peace very unwisely, as is gathered from last week's Register. He was provoked to hasty utterances, that must be admitted; but we want our French Catholic compatriots to know that the "University" of Ottawa is not and cannot be an exponent of Irish Catholic thought and opinion. Its footing as to Irish and French history is first of all misleading, and its opinions of the troud of Irish Catholic opinion in this Spanish-American war are not warranted. The only Protestant historian who has largely discussed that part of Irish history referring to France, is the present member for Dublin University in the British House of Commons, W. H. Lecky; and his historical conclusions are that Ireland ought to love the land of Frenchmen. France in the past might have done great things for Ireland which she did not do because she could not see. But what France might have done on several occasions when bleeding Ireland called for her help has been bitterly deplored in St. Helena by the very man who refused to do it.

Napoleon Bonaparte, many years after, when reviewing his career at St. Helena, spoke of this decision as one of his great errors. "On what," he said, "do the destinies of empires hang? If, instead of the expedition to Egypt, I had made that of Ireland, if slight deranging circumstances had not thrown obstacles in the way of my Boulogne enterprise—what would England have been to-day? and the continent? and the greatest and the truest Irishman that ever Ireland produced, and the most dangerous Irishman that England ever saw, endeavored to impress Napoleon on the importance of a French expedition to aid the United Irishmen. During the whole summer of 1797 Protestant and Catholic Ireland looked in vain for the promised French aid. In never came; and as we have seen, the conqueror of nations with the manacles and chains of England surrounding him, bowed 's well might be his refusal to the appeals of the great and immortal Irishman. But, sir, this was no fault of the French people. Before Bonaparte commanded the destinies of France the French Directory made superhuman efforts to come to Ireland's aid. If the great French expedition of December, 1799, under Hoche, one of the bravest of the French generals, did not land in Ireland, it was not because of his nation, but was due to winds and storms, and the secret service monies of Pitt had without a doubt influenced the whole expedition. It is interesting to record that the indomitable, the French line of battleship of 80 guns, which had on board Wolfe Tone, in the Bantry Bay expedition, was commanded by Captain Beaudette, a French-Canadian. Tone in his memoirs notices this fact. If the French resolve to free Ireland, miscarried one hundred years ago, Pitt's secret service money and spies were the primary cause. It must be a conclusion that some of the French leaders were bought over by large money bribes, and traitors amongst the Irish themselves had sold the pass.

It is becomes the man of Irish blood to stir up strife between the French and Irish people, or to belittle the French services to Ireland. In France and in Spain the Irish in their distress found a refuge. We are told the Irish simply repaid this. History tells us they did their best to show their gratitude, but it is not Irish to estimate friendship in this way. That system of requiting friendship is too cold-blooded for the Irish, although I would not dispute or deny the allegation that the system is American and worthy of the people who call themselves Americans.

It is the Irish spirit as far as I can estimate it to regard with friendship and esteem the French and Spaniards because of their aid in dark and evil days, and the man of Irish blood outside of the United States who would not throw all his sympathies with Spain in the quarrel and war provoked by the United States not for the cause of humanity, but for conquest and ambition, is either the victim of American sophistry or mentally unfitted to judge with justice. Spain must command Irish sympathy, and as for France she does not at this writing require it, but if the occasion arise Ireland would not be true to herself, but would be recreant

to her traditions and aspirations, if she was not friendly to France wherever France may be. France is the only nation in this mandate of the world to-day that can solve the Irish question and to the satisfaction of the manhood of Ireland. But let that matter stand over. Apart from all this I think will refuse to agree that it is French sympathy and co-operation that has enabled the Irish Catholics in Canada to have their present political status and influence. A friend in need is a friend indeed is a maxim not to be forgotten; and no screeching of the unawakened bird at Ottawa should be permitted to stir up a national strife amongst kindred peoples who hold so much in common. Yours, etc., Hieronymus.

June 6th, 1898.

Confirmation at Barrio.

On Sunday last His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto gave Confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Barrio. Large crowds of people came from Brentwood, Dalloway and the neighboring parishes to welcome the Archbishop and assist at the imposing ceremony. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean Egan, P.P., Barrio. The Archbishop, after Mass, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 100 children and adults. He then addressed the large congregation on the duties and responsibilities of the Christian life. The Archbishop's life began in Baptism, but it was not until he received the Sacrament of Confirmation, with the coming of the Holy Ghost, by this Sacrament we become soldiers of the cross and enemies of the world, the flesh and the devil. An unusually large congregation, including many non-Catholics, listened with rapt attention to the fatherly instruction of the chief pastor. His Grace complimented Dean Egan, his curate, Father Sweeney, and the good Sisters of St. Joseph, on the excellent training which the young people had received. He then gave the Papal Benediction to the congregation. In the evening Solemn Vespers were chanted by the boys choir attached to St. Mary's. The Rev. Dr. Sweeney, officiated. The Rev. Dr. Sweeney, in his address, preached on the Holy Ghost. The Archbishop, accompanied by the clergy, left for Shelpton, where he will administer Confirmation on Tuesday. Communicated by Very Rev. J. J. Egan, Barrio.

Confirmation at Fios.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 104 children and adults in Fios parish church on Sunday 7th inst. The Rev. Father Labrecque chanted the High Mass. Amongst those present in the sanctuary assisting the Archbishop were Rev. Father S. Geary, the pastor, Dean Egan, Barrio, Rev. Father Moyns, Orlilla, Rev. Father McMahon, Thornhill, Rev. Ed. Kiernan, Collingwood, Rev. Father Treacy, Toronto, Rev. Father McEskeran, Fios. After the last gospel His Grace the Archbishop spoke for upwards of half an hour on the duties and obligations of the Catholic religion.

People now-a-days live as if in utter forgetfulness of the grave and onerous duties of the Catholic religion and of the awful realities of the super-natural life. He pointed out the inconsistency and utter foolishness of the Catholic who despite the multitudinous graces which are always open to him in the Church of Christ, yet refuses to utilize these resources, co-operate with these graces and consequently loses his eternal salvation. His Grace afterwards administered the Temperance Pledge to over 60 boys and warmly complimented the pastor the Rev. Father on the high proficiency which the children of his parish had attained under his zealous direction.

A. O. H.

Sunday last was memorial day with the A.O.H. of this city. On that day the several Divisions of the Order assembled in the hall of No. 2, Red Lion Block, Yonge street, at 8 p.m., and, in procession, marched to St. Michael's Cemetery, where the graves of the departed members and friends were reverently marked by miniature flags of green, bearing the harp of Ireland. The chaplain of Division No. 2, Rev. L. Brennan, of St. Basil's, assisted by Rev. Father McEskeran, of Fios, and Rev. Father McEskeran, of Fios, read the prayers for the dead, after which the brethren laid a floral tribute on each grave, beginning with that of Monsignor Mooney, so long the beloved pastor of St. Mary's. The obsequies were the greatest of the day, the A.O.H. will deserve and receive the approbation of Irishmen, with hearts in the r. of place.

CHRONIC DRAINAGENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Farmeole's Vegetable Pills. These organs, situated in the upper part of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Farmeole's Vegetable Pills.

I tter McDrady at St. H. leu's.

On Sunday last the announcement of a sermon by the Rev. Father McDrady, and grand musical vespers by a well-sung choir, was an announcement which filled the church to overflowing. Below is a brief summary of the eloquent discourse, which in order to appreciate it was necessary to hear. In general Father McDrady does not appeal to the emotions of his listeners, but rather to their reason, and with the just precision of the mathematician he weighs out his sentences, while with the clearness of enunciation he gives forth his words, so that they cleave the air with the flash of the cleanest cut diamond.

The Rev. speaker said:—We are celebrating the great festival of Christianity. I shall try to show you the means by which this was brought about. Our Lord Jesus Christ in order to change the face of humanity, chose that which was not in order to overthrow the thing that was. Heady years ago you will see that the great things, great resolutions, are always effected with one man at the front and head, and then by many men. Anything which any result has been entered in one man. But one man can be ever so strong needs to be supported. He must live so to speak on a pedestal of accomplished facts with which to support himself. He must be possessed of that strange power by which men obey with stopping to ask, why? In one word we must have prestige. This is the way of men. Now what does He do in this connection? Strange to say He makes no attempt to surround Himself with glory, but he even strips Himself of the glory that must naturally fall to the wonder-worker. We go in His parables in proportion as His soul grows nigh so does His glory seem to wane. His triumph on Palm Sunday is the last he will have. Nothing but scorn and contempt. He will be despised and scorned. He shall be seen bound fast, with a criminal on His left and on His right and He in the centre the grandest of the three. He consents to die while the acclamatory splendor of every scorn, tyranny and dishonor seal the stone of His tomb. What is He as He is here? A man? He is worse, a corpse, a dishonored corpse; O Master Mine! I see Thee rushing forth from this tomb like a flame divine. Thou art Christ the living God. And whom wilt thou choose? According to the Old Testament should have surrounded Himself with men of great moral power, because a reformation must begin at the top and work downwards. He ought therefore to have superior men. But where will He find them? His eyes travel downwards to the men of nothing, the nobodies. He calls to nothing. The Apocryphes are nothing; and nothing answers. To them He appeals to take the existing state of things and grind it to powder. In this we see one or two things, either superhuman power which declares Him to be God, or superhuman folly which declares Him to be less than a man. When man has a power he next must find a fulcrum. The old Grecian philosopher proclaimed this to be the way to raise the world. This fulcrum must be found in the bosom of humanity of the time in which the agitator lives. Our Lord did not find his support in his spool nor in human nature.

Now the great spring on which all agitators depend in hope, Our Lord said to his disciples, "hearken to me, you shall be despised, hated and persecuted." Persecuted! "Yes, and when hatred is not enough there is death. They will massacre you, you will meet with scorn and contempt and when man have done you to death, they will call you fool." These were the words of Christ. This was the hope He held out. O Jesus! this was too much. If I had not held life and death in my hand, then couldst not hope for any other lot from such men as these.

The doctrine of Jesus Christ conquers by pleading and by suffering. The sword is brandished in the face of the Apostles. Shall they beat down with the sword? No; Mahomet shall say: "Slay the unbeliever." Christ gives his Apostles the commission to die for the unbeliever. Not the blood of others is to be given but their own. This is Christ's way. No wonder the world is amazed. Such teachers are not of the earth. This is the method of Jesus Christ. If they persecute you in one city He said to him Apostles flee to another. As when Paul and Barnabas were preaching in Antioch and the princes were zealous and said they were stirring up sedition amongst their people and they had to fly, but as they did so they flung upon that that conquered a little of the dust from their feet, and so all was not lost: Thus scorn, contumely suffering, all are heaped upon the apostles and still the revolution is carried out, and Christ's kingdom on earth is established not by the ways of men, but by ways that show that He is Christ the Son of the living God.

During Vespers and Benediction the music was unusually good. Many had kindly lent their services from other choirs and this added not a little to the success. Zingarelli's "Laudate Pouri" in which the solos were taken by Mr. Truesman and Miss Kate Clarke, was given with fine effect, and Emmerich's "Magnificat,"

colos by Messrs. Mottram and Diolom, was given with attack and spirit. Mr. John Gilligan sang Elton's "O Salutaris" in a full, rich voice. The full choir did justice to Lambillotte's "Tantum Ergo" and during the collection "Prægloria," by Mascagni, was beautifully given by Miss A. Clarke. Though just recovering from a cold Miss Clarke sang with that true appreciation and understanding of her subject which shows her in touch with the spirit of the composer. Miss Clarke is well known as one of the best, and perhaps the best, exponent of Catholic music in the city, and her beautiful voice which she uses unparagonably in the service of the Church is always a pleasure to hear. The music was under the able direction of the organist, Miss Teresa Monaghan.

A collection was taken up in aid of the Altar Society, M.L.H.

Canada's Greatest Carpet House.

Such is the title bestowed upon the establishment owned and directed by the firm of John Ray, Son & Co., 54 King street west, Toronto. This is well deserved no one who is acquainted with the extensive business relations of the house will deny, and that purchasers have been always reliably served is seen in its ever-increasing trade. Reduced prices now obtain at the Kay warehouses, and parties in need of anything for sale therein can be supplied at moderate cost.

Musical Vespers at St. Joseph's.

Grand Musical Vespers will be sung in St. Joseph's Church on Sunday evening next (12th inst.) under the auspices of the Catholic Order of Foresters. The combined courts, St. Ivo, Sacred Heart and St. Joseph's have made special arrangements and will attend in a body. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Father Teely and the proceeds will be applied towards the liquidation of the debt on the organ.

Father Fred's Jubilee.

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock the pupils of Lorato High School held a most successful celebration in honor of the silver jubilee of Rev. Father Folger, Chancellor of St. Michael's Cathedral.

Oak Hall.

In men's and boys' clothing the patterns are of the latest colors and the cut in the latest styles. Biko suits are a novelty in the line of dresses, and go at from \$6.00 to \$7.60. The Juno sale at the Hall is invaluable on the rush, and in this month the bargains, usually inviting, are more tempting still.

Father Smyth's New Church.

The ceremony of laying the cornerstone, by His Grace the Archbishop, of the Church of St. Patrick, Merrick, will take place on Sunday, June 10th at 12th at 4 p.m. The sermon will be delivered by the Very Rev. Dean Harris, L.L.D.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

ISSUE OF FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES.

Sealed tenders for the purchase of term-life annuities, running for a period of 40 years, issued under authority of an act of the Ontario Parliament, 47 Vic., chapter 31, will be received by the undersigned at his office, 121 St. George Street, Toronto, or at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, at 2:30 p.m., when the tenders will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants, or their agents, as may attend. The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, in which certificates the Provincial Treasurer will agree to make half-yearly payments at his office at Toronto, or in London, England, of sums of \$100, or larger sums, or their equivalent in sterling at the par of exchange (42s 10d 11/2), on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 30th day of June instant, the first half-yearly certificate being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1898 is \$5,700 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$250 annually, and on condition that the annuities be payable in sterling in London, England. In such case the conversion will be the par of exchange, \$1 to 4s 6d. The purchase money will be required to state the purchase money which will be paid for either the whole annuity offered, or such portion as may be tendered for.

Notification of allotments will be given to tenders on or before 20th July and payments from the persons whose tenders are accepted must be paid to the Provincial Treasurer at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, but if from any province, the purchase money is not paid by the date of allotment, the purchase money have not then paid will be required to pay interest on their purchase money from that date to date of payment, at the rate of interest which the investment will yield, according to their respective tenders.

The annuity certificates will be delivered at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, where, if desired, they may be specially registered.

The Provincial Treasurer reserves the right to determine what tender is most advantageous to the Province, but no tender will be accepted which is not in accordance with the accompanying form. Envelopes containing tenders should be endorsed "Tender for Province of Ontario Annuities."

Further information may be obtained on application to the Provincial Treasurer, R. HARRCOURT, Provincial Treasurer's Office, Toronto, 2nd June, 1898.

NOTE—Illustration of calculation on interest-bearing annuity of \$5 per cent, per annum, in Canada for the cure of every year) a present payment of \$2,320.50 would represent an annuity of \$100 for 40 years, \$50 payable each half year.

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THE SIMPSON Co. Limited. The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited. Curtains and Draperies. We are giving some unusual values this month in this department. The goods came our way out of the regular run of trade, and we know, by actual comparisons, that equal values are not to be found anywhere else.

Irish Point Curtains, in white or ecru, 3 1/2 and 4 yards long, 50 and 60 in. wide, handsome designs, special..... 9.75 Brussels Net Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, white only, handsome patterns, regular \$12.50 and \$16.00, special..... 10.50 Drapery Silks, 60 in. wide, new colors, handsome combinations and designs, special..... 1.15 Brussels Sash Net, 28 in. wide, splendid patterns, special..... .65 Latest New York style of Rib Net Petticoats, suitable for cottages, cosy corners, windows, libraries, or den, special per pair..... 4.00 Window Shades, in best opaque shade cloth, 3 1/2 x 70, trimmed with Swiss lace 9 in. wide, mounted on best Hartshorn rollers, special..... 1.45 Chenille Curtains, 8 1/2 yards long, all over pattern, heavy fringe top and bottom, special..... 7.50

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