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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. VII.—NO. 31.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

A TRIP AMONG FAMILIAR SCENES.

[WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.]

To many there is great fascination in the idea of a trip in any direction. Change of air, change of scene, change of company, and a thousand other incidents of travel, cannot help interesting or at least distracting the mind.

Excitement, hurry, and an occasional adventure, are inseparable from the state of "the road," and are better stimulants than good wine.

Of course the pleasure of journeying depends as much on one's state of feeling as upon the character of the sights. A burdened heart will cast a shadow over the fairest landscape, and it must be something remarkable, or unusual, or grand that can make up for the want of domestic surroundings. This is so true that there are those who would rather have a quiet, friendly chat with a neighbor, across the fence which separates their gardens, than see the novelties of half a continent.

Unconsciously you may call such people, or subjective, or dreamers, or whatever else you please, but there certainly are such men; or at least one such, who never went ten miles from home without wishing his business quickly over, and the time come to get back to his den. And he has perpetrated the silliness, on such returns, of going on his knees to thank God for the happiness of being home again, and to pray that it might be long before there was need of another absence.

To minds so constituted travel, in spite of its ten thousand distractions, and immense capabilities for enlarging knowledge and experience, is never much more than a weariness; or, if it does, on occasion, interest or amuse, the excitement is, like that of drinking, artificial and temporary, and sure to be followed by the reaction of sadness.

With the poet Cataline we think the one compensation for the traveller's toil is to get back to his own hearth-stone, and rest in his own bed.

This is the rule, but an exception may be made in the case of a trip to places known long ago, and visited not so much for the sights they furnish, as for the memories attaching to everything about them.

It takes an unusually high hill to arouse attention in a strange place, but here the very knoll can give lengthened and intense interest. You remember it so well and wonder if it is improved by the cultivation around it, or by that tree which was not there in your day. And, then, there used to be a little stream running at the foot of it, and you recall so readily how, in the spring when the floods were coming down, with all the mechanical skill common at five or six years of age, with a jack-knife, and the splinters of a shingle, at making a watermill to be set up where the rivulet fell over a big grey stone—there it is yet, began my work—and when the wheel began to spin round, how you stood back a piece and contemplated this achievement in hydraulics with an exultation of spirit that Watt, or Stephenson, or Brunel may have felt, but likely didn't, over their greatest engineering triumphs.

This is a spot worth visiting—for you at all events—and the whole region round here is full of others like it. You won't get tired in a day.

And then the people you meet—almost all of them, the very few, who like yourself have withstood the storms of half a century—how strangely they affect you. There is something in their voice, their countenance, and general mien, which makes you think you know them. But you don't. They are only the descendants, removed by one or two or may be three steps from those you used to meet here. I was introduced to a lady of twenty or thereabouts, whose parents, grand-parents and great-grand-parents had been my intimate friends; and thought I discovered something of all of them in her appearance.

It is surely a great thing to be old. Youth, no doubt, has its advantages, but with all its bounding I defy it to rival my experience in the reverence. And then the odd way these young folks have of talking to you!

"Oh yes," said one, "I think I heard my father say he had known you." And another: "There is a photograph of you in grandma's album. I should like to see it." "Which, of course, I didn't doubt; as the days have power to thin the hair; and change its color; the eye, in time, is worn; to lose its lustre, and the youthful exuberance of the countenance can't stand the friction of years."

Time, as it passes, steals something every day; At last it steals us from ourselves away.

So it does; and the best way to find out the measure of the change in yourself is not by looking in a glass, which may really deceive you, but by visiting places where you were known fifty years ago, and listening to what the people say about you.

One incident of such a trip as I am explaining impressed me very strongly. In the middle of a large field on a well-manicured farm, there used to stand a

maple tree, known by the name of one of the daughters of the family; for the reason that as a little girl she had secret her from the common direction at the time of clearing. I remember it as a more aptly hardly thick enough to make a walking stick, and saw it grow as the years went by into a stout stocky tree, with a most shapely head, and millions of the greenest leaves. For sixty years and more it thrived and increased and spread its annually widening shade over groups of joyful players. It seemed perennial as the land itself. A few years ago, after whom it had been named, began to decline, and about the same time a kind of blight seemed to fall upon the tree. First one branch then another was thin of foliage, then the bark began to crack and peel off and an ugly gap appeared in the roundness of the cone. The trunk was still fresh but the symmetry which made the chief beauty of the top was gone. She was laid to rest last summer, and when passing the old farm a few days ago, my eyes found nothing where it had been. It had died too.

I am asserting no connection between the two events, and mention them only to show how the subtle law of association can give interest and pathos to the most ordinary coincidences; and such coincidences are found in clusters in the places you know long ago.

The Catholic Church in Dawson.

The first Catholic church of Dawson City, says a correspondent of The Boston Transcript, was a large structure, built of logs at the north extremity of the town. The seats were merely rough boards placed on stumps. The pastor made an altar himself, doing most of the work with an ordinary pocket-knife. At first there was no glass for the windows, but heavy white muslin was tacked to the frames, and though the thermometer was often sixty degrees below zero, two large stoves kept the church comfortable. Like all other Catholic churches, it was always open.

At Easter window glass was put in and an organ loft with a simple railing around it was built in the rear. The organ was a small one, sent up from one of the missions down the river, but owing to the many good voices in the choir the Masses were rendered finely, especially those at Christmas and Easter, when a violinist volunteered his services. The young woman who played the organ was one of the three ladies who formed the female part of the Pro-Catholics congregation in the first winter of its existence.

About 1 o'clock Sunday morning early last June the people of Dawson City were awakened by the cry of fire, an ominous sound at all times, but especially terrifying in a town of tents and log cabins. There was a sickening roar of flames and a rush of hurrying feet. The first cry was that the hospital was on fire, and hundreds of strong men, armed with axes, ran to the scene, thinking quickly to grab their blankets and a pall and run to the fire. Every one gave a sigh of relief when it was found that the church and not the hospital was blazing so fiercely. But the latter was in danger, and to save the sick there must be a quick removal of the sufferers. Others formed a line and passed pall after pall of water to those on the roof of the hospital, pouring it on the blankets stretched over the roof and into the face of the flames. It was a terrible fight while it lasted, but it was soon over, and while everyone felt sorry to have the church destroyed, a prayer of gratitude went up that the helpless man in the hospital still had his refuge.

Thanks to the generosity of one of Dawson City's wealthiest miners, who gave \$40,000, the church has since been rebuilt and is better in every way than the first one.

Only those who were in Dawson City last spring and saw the sick being constantly cared for can appreciate the untold good accomplished by Father Judge and his assistants. Men of all creeds and of no creed at all helped the good Jesuit priest, for he is great beloved for his unselfish and untiring efforts in behalf of the needy and unfortunate.

Recently the Sisters of St. Anne, who were stationed at the mission of the Holy Cross, have arrived to take charge of the hospital. They will be a valuable acquisition if they accomplish half of what they have done at the mission. The results of their teaching may be seen in the condition of the native children. But the traveler on the Yukon marvels no resources some spiritual works performed at the mission than at its wonderful garden. The little settlement is sheltered from the sharp winds by a bend in the river, and a small piece of level ground is carefully cultivated. Of course, only the hardiest vegetables will grow. There is a melon, but the spot of green is a feast for eyes longing for the well-tilled fields left behind in the States.

Balfour Makes a Threat.

LONDON, July 27.—In the course of a speech at a Conservative luncheon this afternoon Mr. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury and Government leader in the House of Commons, in discussing the Transvaal situation, said that if the Government's endless patience and endless desire to prevent matters coming to a crisis, and if the resources and diplomacy were ineffectual to undo the knot, other means must inevitably be found to loosen it. Mr. Balfour, however, said he took a more sanguine view of the situation.

St. Anne in Canada.

[FOR THE REGISTER BY MRS. J. B. BARTON.]

During the month of July, in particular, but throughout the whole summer months, the devotion of Canadians to St. Anne is shown in a remarkable manner. Multitudes of pilgrims flock to Beauport, from every part of the Dominion and from many parts of the United States. Cures are wrought there, during almost every pilgrimage. In the present month of July, some wonderful miracles have been reported in the Catholic press. Medical science cannot explain these results, though cynics may scoff and sceptics disbelieve, the facts remain the same.

Needless to say that not all who go to St. Anne are cured, the faith of some being put to a very severe test. Instances are on record where cures have taken place, only after repeated visits to the shrine and after an interval of years. Other cures are instantaneous. It is, in fact, mystery upon mystery.

The splendid basilica, which has replaced the more primitive structures of the past, grows in beauty in every year. The village, too, is constantly being improved and greater accommodation is offered to pilgrims. The new chapel of the Mission Nuns of St. Francis, the gift of the American lady, is a thing of beauty. The old and the new are, indeed, marvellously blended at Beauport. Pages of history are inscribed there and add their charm to the beauty of scenery, a wide flowing river and verdant hills. For the sanctuary has been a place of pilgrimage from the very beginning of the French colonies in Canada, successive structures replacing the humble wooden votive chapel of Breton fishermen, till the present splendid edifice has arisen in all its glory. But devotion to St. Anne, if centralized at Beauport, is spread throughout French Canada in a wonderful manner. The visitor to almost every village is sure to hear on the lips of farmers at the plough, women at the wash-tub, or children at their play the old, familiar hymn to St. Anne:

"Oh, doign Saint on this blessed day,
Thy children's love accept, we pray!"

The words are set to a ringing air and the hymn appeals straight to the heart. When heard on the lips of a child, it is inspiring as a war cry. St. Anne has shrines in many of the principal churches and it is also of interest to note how many parishes in Canada bear her name. There are but a few to be found in the country districts, not counting those of the cities: St. Anne des Monts, St. Anne des Plaines, St. Anne de la Pocatière, St. Anne de la Perade, St. Anne de Chlotimont, St. Anne de Portneuf, St. Anne de Yamachich, St. Anne de Hyacinth, St. Anne de Bellevue. Each of these places has its history. Sometimes it is some personage who causes the shrines to be built as when in 1778 the Selgonesse of St. Marie de Bonaventure, Madame Marie Claire Fleury de la Gergondière, widow of the Hon. T. J. J. Quebec, Mr. Briand permission to build on her lands and these men of her son, a chapel in honor of St. Anne, "to ask of God," says the petition, "through the protection of that saint, preservation from the accidents caused by the overflow of the river, which floods all the shore of New Bonaventure, and to accomplish a vow made by the farmers of the district of St. Anne of the north."

This chapel created, at first, on the bank of the Chaudière River, was some years afterwards, in 1850, removed to the neighboring heights. It was a place of pilgrimage for many of the surrounding parishes. Again, it was the hardy Canadian woodsmen and voyagers who caused the erection of the shrine of St. Anne at the distant village of St. Anne du Nord, west, it was their custom, before trusting their frail barges to the perils of the great rapids, to kneel on the shore and implore the protection of "good St. Anne." Returning safe from countless dangers they kneel once more in thanksgiving upon the same spot, the end of the island. And so, in course of time, a church was built there where Moore and his companions

"sang at St. Anne's our parting hymn" and the feast of this mother is celebrated every year, with the simple pomp and joy which these villagers of Lower Canada lend to each occasion.

In like manner, the shrine of St. Anne at Deserol arose from the devotion of the soldiers in the fort and is now one of the confessions of Canada at an early date. Sometimes it was simply the pious wish of a number of the faithful; most touching of all, it is recorded that once at the great St. Anne's appeared a Micmac chief and his people. Now, it is a common thing to see many of the Indians hastening to the shrine. But the Micmacs came to ask of St. Anne and of the ecclesiastical authorities that they might have a chapel of the Virgin at the responsibility. "But," said the many Micmacs, "we come many times to St. Anne's. But the way is long and the dwellings of the tribe far distant, so that all cannot come." The prayer of the Micmacs was heard and still in that remote fish-

ing district is the Church of St. Anne, which was first built to satisfy the devotion of the children of the forest. At Yacouss, near Montreal, is a well-known shrine of St. Anne and a miraculous picture, before which many cures are reported to have been wrought. The parish was dedicated to the saint, in 1892. But the piety of the villagers has caused the erection of a special chapel, apart from the main church, where those offered to their patroness, a handsome jewelled crown, in thanksgiving for favors received.

The feast of St. Anne is celebrated with great solemnity in the ancient mission of St. Helier, in the province of Tadoussac. It is the only day in the year when service is held there. A certain road and give officials of New France, Monsieur Hocquet, intendant voted a yearly mass to be celebrated at St. Anne's day as long as the mission church should stand.

The little edifice is always filled to overflowing with the village folk, the summer visitors and the Indians who come thither from other settlements. So that the door is left open and a second and larger congregation than the village kneels all the way down to the shore, where the waters of the bay stretch broad and clear, rounding over cruel odds into the solemn River Sagouéy.

The mountains rising grim and silent, where they were thrown as old fabled asserts, in a contest of giants add solemnity to that picturesque ceremony. And there is undoubtedly something thrilling in the hymn to St. Anne, sung by that whole vast congregation. The music makes a deep impression upon the present visitor.

So even that remote district joins in this universal chorus of praise, intercession and gratitude to St. Anne. The devotion to her is a part of the life of the people especially in French Canada; it is interwoven with their traditions, their memories and their hopes. So that if Beauport is the chief centre of this loving homage to the Mother of God and if there most prodigally lavishes her gifts, that homage is offered her elsewhere and with no less earnestness and ever powerful intercession. There are few homes in Catholic Canada which have not felt her beneficent protection and their inmates are unanimous in rejoicing that their pious forefathers found her an offering of this fair country.

St. Helen's Church, Brockton.

On Sunday last, Father Walsh preached a powerful sermon on the virtue of humility, as illustrated in the gospel with him, in the publican, weighed down by his sins. He said, acknowledging his condition, humbly asked forgiveness of God and received it; and the parable in his pride thinking himself better than other men; and, understanding it, was denied on account of such vain boasting that our actions and prayers to have merit with God must be based upon humility. "Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart." Our Divine Lord, from His birth to His death, was one long sermon on the subject. Born in obscurity and poverty, He lived on in the same way, laboring among the poor and lowly, choosing His disciples from among humble fishermen, and finally suffering the humiliating death of the cross. What better key to the ideal Christian life could we have than this? Pride is foolish—pride is absurd. Think not yourself greater or better than your neighbor. Morality is the only standard, and as God is the only Judge—understanding, as He does, the motives of our actions—and unless these motives be based upon charity—upon humility—they will avail us nothing. "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled and he that humbly himself shall be exalted." F. H. H.

Was 107 Years Old.

QUEBEC, July 29.—The centenarian, Bridget Murphy, widow of Michael Cleenagh, has been already reported, and was buried on Saturday last, in St. Patrick's cemetery. She was probably the oldest woman in the Dominion. Certificates of her birth showed her to have been born in County Tipperary, Ireland, 107 years ago. She came to Canada fifty years ago. Her husband, who was a cattle driver, died 97 years ago. Since then she has walked out to St. Patrick's Cemetery to visit his grave every fine Sunday afternoon in summer. Four years ago Lt. Governor and Lady Chapin picked her up on the road and drove her in to the asylum. Up to two years ago she could knit stockings without glasses and could thread a needle up to recently. She kept house alone until five years ago, when she moved into St. Bridget's Asylum. She then had \$500 saved, part of which she gave to the asylum, and part to the church to pay for her funeral. She was only six days. The day before her death she spoke quite brightly saying that though resigned to death, she would like to have lived a few days longer had it been God's will.

How Ireland is Governed.

By statistics Ireland is the most peaceful portion of the British empire. In the House of Commons last week Mr. Davitt asked the Chief Secretary the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland whether he could not give a more detailed report to Her Majesty's Government the department of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the re-organization of the force on similar lines to the English and Scotch police. Mr. Gerald Balfour, the reply to this question is in the negative.

The Ancient Irish Tongue.

[TRANSLATED BY J. P. O'NEILL, TORONTO.]

An address in the Irish language was delivered by the Rev. Father Peter O'Leary, of Oastloyns, County Cork, at a Gaelic League meeting in Cork on the occasion of the National Teachers Congress in that city.

Following is a translation of the spiritual and patriotic address:

"Let it be remembered that it is a shame and a disgrace without bounds to the children of the Gael and to all Irishmen to possess such a tongue as the Irish and treat it with so much contempt; and that it is firmly binding on them before the whole world to make themselves acquainted with it, without delay, and to protect it with all their might."

"People of the league, there is no necessity, to my thinking, for much talk or much persuasion, to impress on you the truth and advantage of these words. There are those amongst you who have a knowledge of it, and who have spoken it, as long as they can remember; and they will agree with me in this much, that there is not a living language to-day more beautiful, musical, spirited, and more incisive than our own sweet Gaelic. The tongue of Brian at Clontarf, of Patrick and Bridget, of O'Connell, of Colm Killis and of Oisain. It is the same Gaelic that was spoken in Erin three thousand years ago. So that, had it no other virtue than its age, that alone ought to elevate it to the highest place amongst the living languages of the world. In point of comparison for strength and energy, it is superior to all others as the mighty river to the insignificant mountain stream."

"There never was a tongue spoken better calculated to rouse to joy and gladness the human heart, by its musical tone and perfectly correct enunciation."

"From those whose hearts are thus roused to joy and gladness the language is of course due that they treat it not with contempt but with unbounded affection, if it possessed no other virtue."

"But what are the characteristics of the Gaelic? It has age, strength, music, gentleness, beauty, grace, and possessing these admirable qualities as it does, it is most that we, who know it so well, bestow on it the respect, affection and esteem to which it is so abundantly entitled. We are apt to find fault with those who lived in this country at the foot of the English, in that they were forced to spend their time quarrelling between themselves to closing their ranks to unite against their common enemy. Of course it is to their eternal disgrace that they allowed the English to take root in this country before their eyes, when it was in their power, at any time, to drive them out in one week."

"But what have we ourselves done for the last fifty years? We are allowing our beautiful language, so deserving of our highest esteem and love, as it were, to glide from us with the fall of the river, to the great sea of oblivion, without putting forth any effort to save it, and with no more regard than if it were the veriest gabbling of geese. If it is harmful to the character of our ancestors that, through palpable negligence, they suffered the English to obtain a foothold in Erin, surely it is harmful to our character forever, and in like manner, who are now through gross carelessness, allowing the tongue of our ancestors to be lost, and the language of the English to receive a footing in Erin, but our own beautiful Gaelic to disappear in dishonor and contempt which it does not deserve."

"There is in both cases that which is worse than dishonor, and that is, the loss of what can never be recovered. Were the negligence of our ancestors followed by no more serious consequences than disgrace to those who earned it, we might profit by their mistakes. But the injury to us is still heavy and unfortunate. It left us neither our land nor our nobility. And if we now neglect the language of our country and if in consequence of that negligence it disappear from the world, the dishonor that we earn will be abundantly awarded to us and the punishment for our guilt will fall heavily on our descendants. If the Irish language is allowed to die out our incomparable literature, which is interwoven with our three thousand years of culture and civilization, will have disappeared from the face of the earth as completely as the ship that is lost at sea, leaves no more trace of its presence than if it never existed. O the terrible misfortune that has befallen Erin! Her nobility negligent while her enemy is slipping in and gaining a hold, and some of her nobles actually assisting that enemy to do so."

"Hence we are to-day living on the land that by right belongs to us, but with no more claim to it than we have to the land of the eastern world. We are not more than in a wrong that cannot be righted in some way. There is no misfortune of the past, nor its consequences, that cannot be remedied. The wheel is continually turning. The side that is down now will be up by and by, whoever lives to see it. The

children of the Gael do not propose to rest at home or abroad, dead or alive, until they occupy the same position before the world that their ancestors did on their own beautiful, fertile and emerald green Erin.

"And when that day arrives, if the Gaelic has disappeared from the earth, what will our descendants say if they have to suffer that terrible loss?"

"The will explain. 'The day has come at last? We have won the game! Erin is ours! It is our own from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway! But where is our Gaelic? Where is our Gaelic and its song and story? Where is the tongue of our ancestors? Where is the tongue of the seven generations, and the seven generations and two hundred? What answer is to be given to these questions but this. 'Your tongue is gone, it is dead! Your musical tongue will be heard again in the night of Irishmen never, never again! We had it until quite recently, but through our negligence, we allowed it to slip away from us with the stream for ever.'"

"What a disgraceful answer, and it is a disgrace that we may be sure of, if we do not now put forth an effort to prevent it. No excuse will be accepted from us. There will be no mitigation of the anger at our conduct. The disgrace will be ours as long as water runs and grass grows in Erin."

Toronto, July 7.

Sorry to Part with Their Priests.

The Hamilton Herald says: The greatest sorrow still prevails in St. Patrick's Parish at the departure of two good priests. The loss of Father O'Reilly is absorbed, as it were, in that of Father Craven, who has long been identified with the church. In every corner in that vicinity groups of people may be seen, with their faces set in a grief-stricken expression, as they recall the kindly influence of the genial rector over their little ones. His piety as a priest, kindness as a friend, his firmness and justice as a ruler over his flock, have rendered this much-loved priest an object of admiration throughout the city. The two gentlemen leave with the heartfelt prayers and good wishes of all.

The Hamilton Times of July 28, says: "This morning Rev. Father O'Reilly the popular priest of St. Patrick's Church, who has been transferred to a parish in Bradford, left for the last time. The church was crowded on the occasion, and many tears were shed. After the service hundreds of parishioners shook hands with him, and expressed their regret at his departure. The Rev. Father O'Reilly at the T. H. & B. R. station to see him off."

Death of Father Gignac.

MONTREAL, July 28.—Although not unexpected, the news of the death of the Home for the aged and poor priest of Rev. Father Joseph Eugene Gignac, parish priest of the Sacred Heart, Sturgeon Falls, was received with feelings of the deepest and most profound sorrow. Reverend Joseph Eugene Gignac was born at St. Nicholas, County of Leno, on his father, Benjamin Gignac, a well-to-do farmer, having reared a family of twelve children. He pursued his studies in the Seminary of Quebec, and was ordained by the late Cardinal Taschereau in the Basilica of Quebec, on the 29th December, 1856. He was subsequently appointed assistant priest at Fraserville, County of Témiscouata, and remained there until the autumn of 1892, when he was appointed Professor of English in the Quebec Seminary, which position he held until the fall of 1898. Received leave of absence from the present Archbishop of Quebec, he spent several months in the diocese of Providence, R. I., for the benefit of his health, and on the 2nd of April, 1898, appointed parish priest of Sturgeon Falls.

St. Michael's L. and A. A. Excursion and Games.

St. Michael's Literary and Athletic Association held their annual excursion to Wilson, N. Y., on Tuesday where they held their annual games, which were a pronounced success, the results being as follows:

40 yards—J. Walsh 1, Graine 2, O'Leary 3.
Hop step and jump—Duggan 1, Giron 2, Morrow 3.
100 yards—O'Connor 1, Cowan 2, Giron 3.
Running broad jump—Duggan 1, Morrow 2, J. Walsh 3.
Single ladies' race—Miss White 1, Miss Eudway 2.
Putting shot—O'Connor 1, Kioffer 2, 7 wing hammer—Kioffer 1, O'Connor 2, Whalen 3.

St. Joseph's Church Picnic.

The annual picnic of St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville will be held as usual on the Civic Holiday at the beautiful grounds, which are open and free of charge. A good programme of games and amusements has been provided. Brass and string bands will supply music. Refreshments will be supplied on the grounds, and the ladies of the committee have made good provision for the large number that is expected. Rev. Father McCutcheon has been working very hard to make this year's picnic a grander success than those held in the past and it is to be hoped that his many friends will step in and see him for an hour or so, as it is a pleasant way to help spend the holiday.

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

DUBLIN

Morrison's hotel, Dublin, which is now in the market for sale, is a hostelry full of historic associations.

ROSCOMMON.

On the 1st and 2nd August the great Roscommon fete known as Tir-an-Og will be held near Roscommon on the grounds known as the "Land of Perpetual Youth."

WATERFORD.

Father William Burke, of Waterford, has just returned from a tour in North France and Belgium, where he visited all the towns in which the Irish had colleges during the penal times.

WEXFORD.

Jane Dunne, aged 101 years, died in the infirmary attached to Wexford Workhouse, where she had been for over two years.

ENGLAND.

LADY HOWARD'S ILLNESS.

In all the churches of the diocese of Westminster a letter was read from Cardinal Vaughan asking prayers for Lady Howard's spiritual welfare.

CATHOLICS AND THE EAST ST. PANCRAS ELECTION.

Mr. B. F. Costelloe, who contested East St. Pancras as a Radical for the second time, having on the first occasion been within two or three hundred votes of winning the seat, though a very prominent London Catholic, has received a very large share of non-Catholic support.

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Several landlords in the West have already signified their intention of selling their grazing lands to the Government. The Earl of Lucan has disposed of some of his best farms, and is about arranging for the sale of the entire of others in and around Castlebar.

A pilgrimage took place to Penenden Heath, near Maidstone, to honour the memory of Father O'Grady, who was executed there in 1798 for his part in the United Fishermen's movement.

"Translation of Zeller's Aristotle and the Aristotelian Schools."

SCOTLAND.

MOST REV. ANNE MACDONALD. The New Era describes the family of the present Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, and Scottish Metropolitan, bringing in retrospect before the mind many events affecting the welfare of the Church of Scotland which have come to pass since those dark days, in the closing half of the sixteenth century, when the pure Faith that had nourished that country for many centuries seemed to melt away before the foul breath of avarice and heresy.

It is beyond question, says the New Era, that, even in its most triumphant days, the "Reformation," so-called, never really had absolute possession in Scotland. The seventeenth century was well advanced before it could claim undisputed nominal control in many Lowland parishes; but to this day there are whole districts in the Highlands and Islands where the population has never faltered in its Catholic profession and practice, and in other places isolated families who have been equally constant in their adhesion to the truth and resistance to those worldly temptations which beset and overcome their more worldly or weak-minded neighbours.

PLEASANT TOPICS IN THE CENTURY.

John Burroughs gives a fascinating glimpse of the wild life about his splendid cabin near the Hudson river at Bear Park. The story of the Second Crusade continues its course in Mr. Crawford's romance, "Via Crucis."

"Every married man must ask his wife's permission to make a success." That was the motto of the party who knew that marriage was a partnership in the broadest sense, and that there can be no success in life unless the partners do not contribute equally to make success possible.

"I was sick for twelve years, and for two years I was blind." The story of a woman who was cured of her blindness and other ailments by the use of a certain medicine is related in a letter from Buffalo, N. Y., addressed to Buffalo, N. Y., about which the writer has written in private, its statements held in sacred confidence, and all answers are mailed, and the writer is not allowed advertising or other printed matter.

Rev Dr Barry on a Catholic Democracy.

The Rev. Dr. Barry, in his article in the current issue of the "Contemporary," entitled "The Troubles of a Catholic Democracy," points out that from a certain point of view the Church has always exhibited some of the features which distinguish a popular government. "The Church," he says, "is a society, a congregation, self-governed, elective, and free within as without—free as against Caesar, free likewise in all her members, who must not be governed despotically, but according to Canon; not, therefore, by the personal pleasure of any man, but by the Pope himself, not 'ex arbitrio,' but with due forms and procedures, or to say it in English, constitutionally. The law is supreme over all, and the proudest title which the Roman Pontiff bears is 'Servus servorum Dei.' He is not a master lord over slaves, but the minister, the steward, appointed to dispense good things to the heirs of salvation. This extremely complicated system, the origin of which goes back to Apostolic periods, is subject, as history avows, to a thousand changes in detail, and to endless fluctuations of rigour."

But the changes that concern us now are chiefly those which have taken place since the sixteenth century. In the Middle Ages there was, on the whole, a very large and constant exercise of the popular privileges by the laity as well as the clergy, and Bishops wielded a jurisdiction such as, even in missionary countries now, would be deemed unusual. Having referred to changes which took place in the second half of the sixteenth century, the writer goes on to say: "If the Democracy which has learned in its own order the secret of self-government, is to be reconciled with Rome, can the temper, the methods of the sixteenth century avail under circumstances so novel and unprecedented? 'That,' he continues, 'is the larger meaning of 'Americanism,' which is still not bent upon revolutionizing dogma, as some do vainly talk, but the contrary, on bringing it home to populations that neither by training nor disposition have the slightest fellow-feeling with absolute government, will sadly in need of a religion that will teach them the ancient Faith and restore their belief in the Supernatural. . . . Local interests, the traditions of religious orders, the venerable maxims of a Government which has had no rival in its long experience of men and things, may all be respected, while institutions that have never perished take to themselves a new and vigorous energy, such as befits a people who are becoming alive to their responsibilities, a clergy endowed with apostolic zeal, and a great army of workers in need of their adopted Faith no little of the ardour which they once displayed in fighting against it. So far as I am aware, the simple acknowledgement as living forms, and not as mere formalities, of these institutions—they are the Church's own creation—would satisfy all who are lovers at once of Catholicism and the Democracy. When they have it dinned into their ears that indifference is the giant evil of the day, they answer that men will be indifferent unless their enthusiasm is kindled by being allowed to share in the public life of the community; unless they are taught by the exercise of their own privileges, that the parish, the diocese, and Rome itself are the portion of their inheritance. It is not enough that they should be asked to approach the Sacraments, to pay their dues, and to leave the administration of all things to the clergy. How the older and better state of the congregation should be restored is a serious inquiry, too difficult for this occasion. But, as I have heard a priest of my acquaintance emphatically declare, until it is done they will be sects, societies and quasi-religious associations, tempting away to themselves many of the faithful, who are not always satisfied to be passive and paying members at home in church. On all hands the difficulty is admitted of keeping young men faithful to the ordinances which as children they have revered. The democratic management of a parish and its resources—however to be accomplished—is, no doubt, the one solution. If, as events, if the laity are organized in a church, they will be attracted by systems and societies out of church. During the Middle Ages there were the parish and the priest was their person, their head and representative, who acted with them, and they with him. The great gift which is now fixed in the administration between pastor and people was then unknown. It is surely not an article of Catholic tradition that the gift should remain. But how can it be filled up without leaving the laity a legal and administrative void? At present they do not possess, nor could claim in the face of opposition on the part of their clergy? Once the method of combination rather than of isolation has been recognized, a philosopher will see that it is applicable in many other ways. The position and promotion of a clergy in a diocese; their permanence which should retain what was valuable under the old law of benefices, while not losing the flexibility of the modern or missionary arrangement; the consultation of the laity in the election of the Bishop or the election of the members of the Synod at present they depend absolutely, and numerous points of equal importance which will occur to the ecclesiastic who has served his time, are among these questions, always with us, often debated, and worthy

of attention. The executive of an international church ought, and would say, to be such a mixed July 26, in the cases occurring at once comprehend those peculiar differences and adjudicate in view of them. But, as was to be expected, the almost total falling away of the Northern Kingdoms brought in its train a state of things utterly unlike that which was characteristic of the Middle Ages, when as yet neither the Paraclete nor the Church had become fully conscious Italian. If there is to grow up, among the hundred and twenty millions who now speak English, a number of strong and active local Churches in communion with the Holy See, it seems inevitable that the choice of ministers for the executive shall be greatly widened. Trained officials there must be, yet who will maintain the singular proposition that these, as if by Divine appointment, should always be sought in Sicily, or the Abruzzi, in the former Roman States, or even in Rome itself? The permanent Council, which has its seat in Rome, will be effective so far as it virtually includes every portion of the Church, and is weak as it is wanting in any one of them. If we regard doctrine, it is granted that different schools must ever exist within the pale of Catholicism, consenting as to dogma, yet in many momentous points at variance. There is room for an English or German school as for the Scottish or Thomistic, who once, long ago, fought their battles in the arena of the Vatican. Cardinal Newman is as great as Cardinal Bellarmino, and as much entitled to a hearing as Petrus or De Malatre. After touching on the publicity and the power of the press, the writer in concluding says: "That any large number of men and women will be drawn to the Church, or driven out of it, by arguments, or decrees, which bear on minute details in the text or the history of the Bible, or which deal with recondite points of dogma and rarefied systems of philosophy, it is impossible to imagine. The issues of life and death are elsewhere. Democracy is a fact; unbelief is rampant; and the millions are waiting for social redemption. Who will bring it to them? As we hope, and believe, that creation of a new and better world is reserved for the Catholic Church. Therefore we are constrained to cry aloud and spare not; to warn those who threaten liberty in the name of Absolutism that they are darkening the dawn of faith and repeating their ancient error which confounded religion with dynasties, as now they would confound it with national prejudice and local interests. It is well they should learn that the youthful peoples who speak our tongue do not mean to be ruled by Philip II. from his tomb in the Escorial; that they prefer Stephen Langton and Magna Charta to Spanish and Renaissance methods; and will ever do so. But we say, let these democratic races be assured of freedom under their own laws—these who, for many a year to come, will be the vanguard of civilization—and tokens are not wanted that they may look with favour on the beauty of the Catholic Church, and one day be subdued by her charm."

White-side, who spent the night on board the Clarence, lost their personal effects. The crew of the Mercury had a narrow escape, having only time to claim their own craft, which had the utmost difficulty in getting clear of the burning vessel, when the bulwarks of the Mercury were beginning to take fire. Three hours after the fire was discovered the Clarence's back broke and she settled. This was the second Catholic reformatory ship of the same name that burned on the Mersey river. Her predecessor was fired by boys on board her.

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CONFESSORIAL BOXES IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Home Office has now printed the return asked for in the House of Lords on March 3rd, showing the number of churches in England belonging to the Church of England in which confessional boxes have been put up. Thirty of the bishops, including the two Archbishops, reply that, after careful investigation, they find that no confessional box has been set up in any church in their diocese. On the other hand, five bishops (London, Chichester, Exeter, Oxford, and Southwell) report that they have found such boxes, of the usual kind, existing in certain cases. The Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Southwell say that there are none in their churches, but in each case there is one in a private chapel. The Bishop of Oxford does not name the chapel, but the Bishop of Southwell mentions the Duke of Newcastle's private chapel at Clumber, which is licensed "in the use of persons resident in Clumber and in the vicinity," but "is served by the Duke's private chaplain." In the diocese of Chichester the rural dean of Brighton has not been able to find what is, "strictly speaking," a confessional box, but in four Brighton churches "these are screens arranged for this avowed purpose." In St. Paul's church there are "three very small rooms in the vestry, not in the church, where the clergyman sits in the centre room and speak to people through a small window in the rooms on either hand." The Bishop of London, while stating that there is no church in which "a separate structure has been introduced," reports that "in one church an old cupboard has been adapted for the purpose of hearing confessions. In one church a wooden screen, opening in front, enclosed on each side with curtains has been erected. In two churches there are curtained recesses open to the church. In one church there are prayer desks which are used for this purpose. The Bishop of Exeter says that "in but one church is there anything of the nature of a confessional box." The return, therefore, reveals confessional boxes, or their equivalent, in eleven churches and two private chapels.

UNQUALIFIED.—Mr. THOS. BRUN, Tyndalton, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas Lacroix Obit for bleeding pills. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but some would affect my heart. I have now been free from the distress for nearly fifteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

MEASURER OF THE SWORD.

Aloft where bends Montana's sky A monument stands to a hero. Shall one day bear a name on high In stately majesty alone. But though to heaven it lift that name, Of virtues which a faithful heart adored, 'Twas not so lofty as his fame— The fame of Meagher of the Sword.

When Harp of Gold on Field of Green Shone dimly through the shrouds of smoke, When flash of sabre lit the scene, And cannon's crash the echoes woke, Where thickly fell the leader's blade, Where Godly storm of battle roared, Where of the bravest heart right fall, Stood Meagher—Meagher of the Sword.

When loyal sons of Erin met, To tell the mournful story o'er, Of that dear father, never forgot, To whose green valley joy comes no more, One ringing voice their pulses stirred, Its message tones sweet hope restored; Its must thrill through every word, The voice of Meagher of the Sword.

No sounding epithet we need, No chieftain words of classic phrase, Wherewith the passing world may read, Of virtues which transcend all praise, Love in our hearts was hallowed there, And in our hearts was hallowed there, Nor which the light of glory poured; Nor time nor change can dim his fame— The fame of Meagher of the Sword, M. S. Torrence in New York Times.

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A DUMBARTON PROSELYTISING CASE.

Dumbarton Parish Council, at a recent meeting, favourably considered an application by Mrs. Connolly for admission for two children who, on the order of the Court of Session, were committed to her care. The children belong to the parish, are Catholics, and some time ago, being allowed in a Protestant house, long Logan protected, and demanded that they should be boarded where they would be brought up as Catholics. The Council refused at that time, but the matter was made the subject of a law suit, with the above result. A Mr. Garrick on Thursday moved the previous question, but found no second.

WHO IS PURCHASER OF KILLARNEY?

Last week two cable despatches gave different versions of the purchase of Killarney. One mentioned Gallagher, of Belfast, as buyer; the other Peck, of Cohoes, N.Y. A later cable said: "The disposal of the large Muckross estate, which practically controls the finest views of the lakes of Killarney, is the cause of keen disappointment among many wealthy Irishmen residing in England."

It is not believed here that Richard Croker or his agents attempted to buy the property. Sir Thomas Esmond, the member for West Kerry, acted for a syndicate of patriotic capitalists, who hoped to obtain the estate. The insurance company, which foreclosed its mortgages on the property, refused to accept the best terms offered by Esmond, who believes Mr. Gallagher, of Belfast, has bought the estate.

Esmond said the estate was of no commercial value, except for shooting. The game consists of a few deer, of which from 30 to 40 are killed each year. The chief value of the property otherwise is contributed by the general public. Nearly all access to the most beautiful spots on the lakes costs a shilling a person. Only the Kerry natives are admitted free, all others being considered foreigners.

Esmond does not anticipate any interference with the favours hitherto granted to the public, but regrets the estate falling into private instead of public hands. He hopes Mr. Gallagher will make his private ownership only nominal.

THE REFORMATORY SHIP CLARENCE BURNED.

Liverpool, July 26.—The Roman Catholic reformatory ship Clarence was destroyed by fire early this morning. It was but a few moments after the fire was discovered until the great three-decker was wrapped in flames. Intense excitement prevailed until it became known that the hundreds of lads and officers on board the Clarence had been saved by the ferry-boats Mersey and Fire Fly, which quickly made fast to the burning vessel and began pumping water upon the flames. The boys on board the Clarence worked with the utmost discipline until they were forced to leave the ship with the officers. The captain's family and Bishop



THE UNBELIEVER.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. He said there wasn't a God on high, he laughed at the Christian's hope. He looked at the stars in the dotted sky, at the rock on the mountain slope. The ponderous rock that jutted out, high over the murmuring sea— And he said that they were among the things which merely happened to be!

THE QUIET HOUR.

Endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty. The only way to conquer a cast-iron destiny is to yield to it. You will break to pieces if you are always casting yourself upon the rocks. The patient heart is a willow, the impatient heart a dry reed; when the storm of sorrow comes the reed breaks but the willow yields and recovers. Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day.

He stood by the bay as the tide came in; he watched the billows that broke; He saw the volcano across the plain, He saw the summit wreathed in smoke; They were things that had come out of empty space; he could tell you how and why. But a pallor spread over his baby's face, and they said that the child would die! Then the man who had scoffed told a prayer to make: "O, God, spare him, spare him, spare him, spare him for Christ's sake!"

THE JOKE CROP.

"Have you seen the new Murillo that the city has purchased?" "No. I've been having a dressmaker, and haven't been to the zoological garden for a week!" "Mr. Figg—Do you know, my boy, that it hurts me worse than it does you when I give you a whipping?" "How, sir? How, sir?" "Just gimme another lickin' now, will you, paw?" "He Knew All About It—Burr Johnson—'What's his yer Decoration day? Burr Johnson—Huh, yo' fool nigger, don't yo' know dat? Dat's de day when we celebrates de Decoration of Independence."

He got away—"What is the sense in the meeting?" asked the president of the new woman's club as she brought down the gavel. "It has none," shouted a red-faced man who had sneaked into the rear of the hall. And he just escaped half-a-dozen clubbed umbrellas as he rushed through the door. A Reader of War Despatches—"Teacher—"You should be very careful what you say, Johnny. Do you know what will become of you if you keep on telling stories?" Johnny (who reads the papers)—"Yes, I'll get invitations to all the big dinners when I grow up, and become a United States Senator from New York."

Nervous Dyspepsia.

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING. She Suffered Utmost Anxiety from Stomach Troubles and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her. From the Courier, Trenton, Ont. Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Fickering, Trenton, being out of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affections and on joyous active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassia Way who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headaches and pain in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit up an hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for relief from one box and she commenced taking the pills. Within the week the pain throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good, she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers this testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health-restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire aids her testimony to the correctness of the statements of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney troubles and diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, such as scrofula, chronic otitis, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid, at 60c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN HONEST LAD.

An English farm labourer recently went to a small store kept by an old woman and asked for "a pound of bacon." She produced the bacon and out a piece off, but could not find the pound weight. "Oh, never mind 't pound weight," said he. "Ma, dat just weight a pound, so put de bacon 't scales." The woman confidently placed the bacon into one side of the scales, while the man put his fist into the other side, and, of course, took good care to have good weight. While the woman was wrapping the bacon up the pound weight was found, and, on seeing it, the man said: "Nah, you see if my fist don't just weigh a pound?" The pound weight was accordingly put into one scale and the man's fist into the other, this time only just to balance. The old woman, on seeing this, said: "Wha, I never seed nigh so near afore! Here's a red herring for thee honesty, ma lad!"

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1899.

Aug. 3.—Finding of the Bodies of St. Stephen 4—S. Dominic 5—S. Our Lady of the Snow 6—Transfiguration of Our Lord 7—S. Cajetan 8—S. Cyrillus and Companions 9—S. Remigius.

Irish Catholics and Manitoba.

A rather astonishing statement was made by Mr. Sifton in the House of Commons, on Wednesday of last week, when the Dublin emigration office managed by Mr. O. R. Devlin, ex M.P., was under discussion.

This declaration is so silly that we at once acquit Mr. Devlin of having put into his chief's head such poor stuff. Mr. Devlin has now been in Ireland long enough to realize that the Nationalist press stands in no need of enlightenment at his hands.

What rubbish! The leading Nationalist paper of Ireland, and one of the leading newspapers of the world, is The Freeman's Journal of Dublin. We read the daily issue of this paper regularly, and can honestly say that we have never seen Mr. Devlin's name printed in it.

Mr. Bergeron declared in the course of the debate that the papers had said Mr. Devlin's presence in Ireland was resented in consequence of the government's attitude on the Manitoba School question.

And now it puzzles us to think what intermediate plan Sir Wilfrid's interference in the question can recommend. Is it possible that he may rely upon the victorious "threshing machine" to solve the difficulty?

Canada to the Rescue.

The Canadian Parliament went on record against Kruger on Monday last. A resolution was passed unanimously, and a patriotic chorus was

sung (more or less) harmoniously. This double-barrelled blow is calculated to make Oom Paul sit up.

"Our sympathy," said Sir Wilfrid, "may prevent the possible arbitrariness of war." This is the second time within a week that we have heard of war from our silver-tongued Premier.

But Sir Wilfrid put the whole matter in a nut-shell when he expressed his indignation that the Boers have neglected to run their country on the Canadian plan.

Sir Wilfrid is a little vague in his suggestion that Canadian intervention in the Government of the Boer republic may prevent war. The English press no longer seeks to disguise the fact that the object of England is to destroy the little republic of South Africa, for the greater glory of the British empire and the dividends of Cecil Rhodes' shareholders.

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—unless a duplicate were made; and where could Mr. Preston be duplicated?—impossible to ship it to South Africa. Still, better late than never.

One thing is certain, we must do something for the mother country. Resolutions and musical honors are good enough in their way; but the "machine" is the thing, if Sir Wilfrid's doctrine is true that Canadian institutions are badly wanted for accomplishing the peaceful destruction of the Transvaal republic.

Care of the Children.

Infant mortality at this season of the year is a question that presses sadly upon the attention. The sufferings of children, as the poet says, have no language but a cry; and this next to dumb—language too often provokes fretfulness on the part of the parents.

There are a few simple rules which every one knows, but which very many neglect, that if followed would save many long hours of suffering and many precious lives.

This by the way is the season of half-grown potatoes, turnips and other poisons which unfortunately are not kept in blue glass bottles and regulated by law.

There is no parental duty more profitable or noble than the promotion of happiness in children. It is the first stage in their education. At this time of the year too much cannot be said about it.

The Retreat.

The clergy of the Archdiocese went into retreat on the 24th at the Carmelite Hospice, Niagara Falls. His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor, was present.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has decided to let Senate reform wait.

Sir J. D. Edgar, speaker of the House of Commons, Ottawa, died on Monday evening.

After a series of by-elections, extending over several weeks, the British House of Commons is again complete, the last of the recent seats having been filled by the election of Mr. Wrightson who took his seat for St. Pancras.

is a reduction of 21 as compared with the majority at the general elections four years ago.

Mr. Whitney, Conservative leader in the Ontario Legislature, at a political meeting in Toronto on Monday night, made an appeal to Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor, to intervene for the purpose of securing an investigation of the election scandals.

Ald. Spence has shown vigilance worthy of commendation by discovering the dumping of sewage into the lake to the danger of the water supply. Engineer Rust's treatment of the matter is not above criticism; and the contrasted actions of the alderman and the engineer furnish an instructive lesson for citizens.

The Colt is showing the world that the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" is not the only racial ornament of modern civilization. There is at present being held at Cardiff the annual Welsh Eisteddfod to which the Colts of Europe have enthusiastically flocked.

Talk about the influence of the stage; and here is something a little out of the ordinary concerning Mlle. Janetha who is a very devout Catholic. The distinguished pianist loses no chance to demonstrate her religious fervor.

In a recent issue of THE REGISTER a contributor set forth the freedom and prosperity of the people of Belgium under what the London correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES sneered at as "clerical rule."

In fact, the triumph of clericalism in Belgium has in the main been the real triumph of Democracy over a somewhat narrow oligarchic ring.

H. O. Hooken, editor of THE EVENING NEWS, contributes a record of "Protestant progress" to THE ORANGE SENTINEL. Hooken does not know any better than to boast of the United States as "one of the greatest Protestant nations the world has ever seen—"

There is a little matter of some local interest that we may be pardoned for alluding to in connection with Hooken's ostentatiously paraded ignorance. A couple of weeks ago a heated discussion raged around a minor appointment in the department of the Toronto city engineer.

come out flat footed for the application of the religious exclusion principle to the case of an employe of the city of Toronto. But this was the real motive behind the loud beating of the editorial tom-tom in THE NEWS OFFICE.

In preparation for the election of 1900 William J. Bryan is already giving the Democratic party its battle oration. In the course of a great speech in Chicago last week, insisting upon independence for the Philippines, he said: God grant that the crowned heads of the Old World may never have occasion to kill the fatted calf to celebrate the return of this Republic from Independence back to the creed of Cain.

Mr. Bryan will carry the Declaration of Independence into the light as his banner. The great declaration is the one thing the Democratic party must stand for.

Ingersoll's narrowness of mind is attested by Rev. Dr. Lambert, who measured it. In the latest issue of THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL Father Lambert says: "It is a question whether Ingersoll ever had a clear idea of what he believed."

Mr. Clarke Wallace did not see that there was any evidence to show that the work done by Mr. Devlin in Ireland had brought a single immigrant to Canada, as the bulk of the immigrants of Irish nationality were shown in the returns to have come from Liverpool.

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In a note in last week's REGISTER reference was made to the insolence of the imperialistic idea whose colonies and colonies are concerned. The new American spirit which we commented upon is fairly well expressed in an article in the current Forum by Samuel E. Moffett.

Col. Hughes wanted to know if Mr. Devlin had not been in Canada recently? Had he obtained letters of absence? Mr. Sifton replied that Mr. Devlin had applied and had been granted leave of absence.

Mr. Bergeron thought the difficulty Mr. Devlin had met when he first went to Ireland was due to the fact that his stand on the school question was known there and the Nationalist was known to oppose to Irishmen coming to Canada because of the action of the Canadian Government on this question.

Mr. Sifton said he had never heard such reports, and the matter was allowed to drop.

their lots with ours. If that should happen, we should have a splendidly compact domain of about 7,000,000 square miles, capable of holding its own under all conceivable conditions.

MR. DEVLIN'S IRISH OFFICE.

Extraordinary Discussion in the House of Commons.

OTTAWA, July 27.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Wilson called attention to the cost of the immigration agency in Ireland. The office of Dublin cost \$8,233, and that at Londonderry \$2,072, and the total number of immigrants which had come to the country last year from Ireland was only 9,702.

The Minister of the Interior admitted that the results in Ireland were nothing like as satisfactory as the results in other places. The reason for this was that the immigration work there had been undertaken under most unfortunate auspices.

Mr. Devlin was bitterly attacked, and the policy of the Government in sending him there denounced. He had expected when this attack was made that Mr. Devlin would have thrown up the whole business, but he had started to work under these most adverse circumstances to correct the error and had succeeded very largely in doing so.

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RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register:

DEAR SIR—In view of the many false accusations brought by non-Catholics against the Catholic Church in her attitude towards science, champions of our religious faith should be particularly careful to avoid that loose and unguarded manner of stating our position which nothing short of charitable interpretation can reconcile with truth.

"Science deals with the things of the visible creation, according to the saying of Ecclesiastes. 'Ho that is, God hath made all things good in their time; and both delivered the world to their (that is, man's) consideration, so that man cannot find out the work which God hath made from the beginning to the end.'"

"Here is on the one hand the limit of science, and on the other a very wide field for its investigations. But wide as it is its boundaries stretch not beyond the mundus, what we call the visible heavens and earth. The invisible home of the Creator it cannot reach. Yet it is from this invisible, through the streaming rays of Revelation made at sundry times, and in various manners, that we have all our knowledge of religion. What competence has science for even opening its mouth on such a subject. The flute cannot give us organ music, nor a silk thread more the man-of-war, but either effect is less inconceivable than that man should bridge over the gulf between himself and his eternal Creator; and until he has done this his science has, of course, not a word to utter about the infinite being, and our relations and duties towards him: which relations and duties in their full sense constitute what we call religion."

If your contributor had made it clear that when he used the word "science" he had in mind—as charity compels us to believe he had—merely some branch of physical science formally considered, his words would be less objectionable, but, unfortunately, taken as they stand they deny the science which has for its object the whole visible creation—the mundus; and thus all natural science must remain dumb on the subject of religion and of the "invisible being." Nevertheless there is the writing must know, a natural science that reaches the "invisible home of the Creator." Natural Theology is a science, and yet it treats of God and of his perfections. The limits which the above verse of Ecclesiastes points out for science are so uncertain that even if other sources of enlightenment were not within reach, we should be slow to quote it in support of your contributor's contention, in face of the following words of "The Catholic Encyclopedia": "The science which takes it for its object the whole visible creation—the mundus; and thus all natural science must remain dumb on the subject of religion and of the 'invisible being.'"

Now the gentleman from Halifax knows if I went into proof or exposition, even of all that is here said I should have to write a folio. I simply assumed, as I had a right to do, that every Catholic here—and I mean nobody else—knew that faith excludes doubt, and therefore all enquiry of the kind I thought recommended in the sentence quoted above.

Christian Catholic faith, and human enquiry are simply incommensurable. You can criticise, you can doubt, you can be essentially unlike. A man may have intellectual apprehension of every dogma, and yet be no Catholic, as was said to be the case with the well known Mr. Cape. The faith which is the salvation are held not on the authority of reason, but upon the veracity of God made known to us by His Church. Have all the learning the world contains, if you can, but come to the faith, as a child to its mother for instruction.

Now, my poor article was simply a protest against that (licentious) heretical spirit of enquiry which seeks in its own reasoning what it should find in obedience, and generally ends in indifference or practical infidelity. That all even in the Church, or at least that many, are exposed to such an abuse of reason, I thought and think, and therefore spoke as I did.

The position taken by your contributor, so far as I can discover it, seems to be "scilicet" he understands the religion represented by the Catholic Church (which, of course, is Christianity in its concrete); by "science" he understands chemistry, geology, and such-like, knowing that a knowledge of the principles and conclusions of chemistry and other kindred sciences does not necessarily make a man a Catholic, he concludes that "science has, of course, not a word to utter about religion."

An indictment is quid odiosum, and should be framed in such language as will make its limitations unmistakable. Science is "the knowledge of things through their ultimate causes," and religion is "the virtue by which we render due honor to God," and may be either Christian, Moslem, or purely Natural. Hence before condemning science to eternal silence concerning the "invisible being, and our relations and duties towards Him," it would be the part of prudence to explain the exact, limited sense in which the terms are used.

I have not made these remarks from a love of fault-finding, but because I am persuaded that an injudicious defense of truth (and such appear to me the sentiments under consideration), confirms and increases in their prejudices, and often becomes a scandal to the faithful whom it was intended to edify; and because I have always thought that the Christian apologist should never fail to proclaim that science can and does teach many things about God and religion.

I am, dear sir, Yours truly, O. A. CAMPBELL.

Halifax, N. S., July 10th, 1899.

[With regard to the above the author of the criticized article is sorry he omitted couple of sentences, which he had written but had not room for to the effect that he had no intention to treat of the relations of reason and religion. This is too high a question both for him and a newspaper article. His scope, he thought, would be inferred from the words which led to his writing: "The attitude," it was said, "towards science and religion should be that of enquiry, and toleration." This was attacked on the ground that religion or religious knowledge is not an inference from premises, or a conclusion, or an inquiry, but an acceptance of testimony. In the state of enquiry there is necessarily doubt, and doubt is inconsistent with true religion, according to St. Matthew, 28 and 17th, where it is said: "And seeing His sign, they adored, but some said, 'Wilt thou, therefore, enquire, and its necessary condition doubt remain, there is no adoration, no full religion.'"

By religion I was, as a Catholic, thinking of the religion and religious knowledge which are the possession of the church, teaching and enabling as to serve God rightly and save our souls. The initial step in this is taken by faith, and faith comes by hearing; not from enquiry.

As a Catholic, writing for Catholics, I had no need to think or speak of the enquiries that must precede the making of this act of faith. That is necessary for those who are outside, not for us. We know in whom we believe and need no enquiry; and we know that now the gentleman from Halifax knows if I went into proof or exposition, even of all that is here said I should have to write a folio. I simply assumed, as I had a right to do, that every Catholic here—and I mean nobody else—knew that faith excludes doubt, and therefore all enquiry of the kind I thought recommended in the sentence quoted above.

Now, my poor article was simply a protest against that (licentious) heretical spirit of enquiry which seeks in its own reasoning what it should find in obedience, and generally ends in indifference or practical infidelity. That all even in the Church, or at least that many, are exposed to such an abuse of reason, I thought and think, and therefore spoke as I did.

But what need was there of going on to depreciate science? Why by that word we might easily be misled—most not real science which, in its way and degree, is as true as its author, but only the fruits of this impatient spirit of man seeking to subject even Revelation to his own private intellect.

Only a few days before writing I heard a man—who had read something against the Church—declare his intention of going to the bible with the fixed intention of believing only what he could find there. Was he in need of advice? "Would you call his learning science? No, did; and it was against such science (?) and the pride and ignorance underlying it, that I was writing."

I admit, as much as my article, that science can teach much about God. I have known St. Paul's text from a boy, and the Vatican decree since its promulgation. But is what it teaches us religious knowledge? Has mere knowledge—simply by itself—any power to lead to religious action. The ancient philosopher thought it able to admit as superior to the gods, and the man who worships, believed in a being above them all and subject to nothing. They called him Moira or Fate, unchangeable, inexorable, but offered him no sacrifice or religious homage of any kind.

Their knowledge, based upon inference, was enough to make them admit there was a supreme being, but did not suggest the need of worshipping him. That impulse comes from another source—Religion. Religion is a knowledge that there is a God, not merely, but also of the relations He has established between Himself and us, in my opinion, the child of revelation. But this is beyond my present purpose. We hope the gentleman down by the

sea will admit that I had a reason for writing. And if the form and wording were not to his taste, and all objections anticipated, he will be kind enough to keep in mind that we are all imperfect, and newspaper room limited.]

A. O. H.

A. O. H. division No. 4 held their annual installation ceremonies on Friday evening the 28th inst. in St. Ann's Hall, Power street. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Bro. J. J. Brennan, county president very ably installed the following officers: Bro. James Conlin, president; Bro. G. J. McCabe, vice-president; Bro. F. Newman, recording secretary; Bro. Jos. Cady, financial secretary; Bro. A. Stuart, Treasurer. Afterward an abundant supply of refreshments was served. During the evening the following members assisted in the programme: Messrs. E. Curry, J. Rigby, J. J. Patton, J. Curran, T. Reid, T. Harris, E. Conlin, R. Sumners, P. Low, G. Owas, J. Rutledge, P. M. Kennedy, A. Stuart, F. Newman and E. Foran. Short address were given by Bro. J. Travers, M. J. Ryan, E. Moore, Hugh Kelly, Jas. Conlin and C. J. McCabe. Bro. O. J. McCabe gave an address on Irish affairs and also made a promise to give \$25.00 to the pupil who writes the best essay on Irish history at the closing of the 1899 which met much applause. The meeting adjourned after singing the national anthem to meet Sunday, August 13th. Visiting brothers are always welcome.—THOS. M. HARRIS, Cor. Sec'y.

E. B. A.

The members of the Emerald Beneficial Association intend celebrating the anniversary of the great Irish Catholic Liberator, Daniel O'Connell as usual by holding their annual excursion and games at Oakville on Aug. 7th. They will be accompanied by the O'Connell band. The Emeralds of Hamilton will join their Toronto brethren when a grand picnic will be held under the auspices of the Rev. Father Burke, of Oakville. A grand baseball match has been arranged between the Emeralds of Hamilton and Toronto, also a long list of games. Everything possible has been done by the committee to ensure the comfort and pleasure of all attending the excursion.

A Gathering at Stoneham.

The London Daily Chronicle of July 20, says: "That eminent educational institution, Stoneham College, has had a run of success lately in the number of its 'old boys' who have won the Victoria Cross. The last on the list—an almost exclusively Irish list, by the way, through Stoneham is par excellence an English college—is Captain Kenneth O. C. O'Connell. On Thursday night, at the Hotel Cecil, his valor was further commemorated by his old school-fellows, who gathered together in goodly number to give him a dinner. Other guests and speakers of the evening were the Duke of Norfolk and the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, the Canadian Solicitor-General."

Convert to Catholicism.

The Tablet is authorized to announce that Viscountess Southwell has been received into the Catholic Church.

Irish agents, men and women, wanted in every parish in the Province of Ontario, \$10 to \$15 per week. Address or call on Thomas Walsh, 250 Yonge street, Toronto.

THE LATE EX-ALD. WOODS.

A very beautiful memorial album has been presented by the Toronto City Council to the family of the late ex-Ald. John Woods, Dundas street, in recognition of his long services to the public. The subject of the memorial is the resolution of condolence passed by Council. It has been engrossed and bound in a morocco case with cuttable art designs suggestive of the religion and nationality of the deceased. The cover has a chaste cross and shamrock border the pages upon which the resolution is engrossed are His Worship Mayor show made the presentation, and in a brief speech paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Woods' sterling worth. His death was regretted by all, and particularly by those who were intimately acquainted with him.

J. Lawlor Woods, on behalf of the family, made a feeling and suitable reply. Among the other representatives of the city present were Ald. Lynn, Ald. J. J. Graham, Ald. Burns, Ald. Bowman and Treasurer Condy. The resolution says: "It was resolved that this Council cannot separate on this occasion without expressing the deep and sincere sympathy felt by it with the family of the late ex-Ald. John Woods at the irreparable loss they have sustained by the recent death of that gentleman."

The deceased was a prominent member of this Council for several years, having served the city as one of its aldermen during the old Ward of St. Stephen's for the year 1882, and subsequently as an alderman for the years 1885 and 1888. As an alderman he was distinguished for the zeal and assiduity with which he applied himself in promoting the material interests of the city in general, and at the same time he took a prominent and industrious part in those matters which were of a more local character. As an acquaintance, as a neighbor, and a friend, he was highly esteemed and respected by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and with whom he was brought in contact.

As a husband he was beloved and esteemed, and as a parent his kindness and tenderness to his family earned for him their deep and cordial affection, and we now join with them in deploring the loss they have sustained by the death of a father who was so kind and respected. During the presentation ceremony

they were present at the Woods' home Dr. McKewen and Mrs. McKewen, John Ryan and Mrs. Ryan, J. Lawlor Woods, Will Woods, Fred Woods, Ambrose Woods, Charles Woods, James D. Woods, and Miss Gretta Woods.

MEMORY OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP.

At St. Michael's Cathedral on Monday solemn pontifical high mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop Walsh. His grace Archbishop O'Connell celebrated the mass. Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G., was assistant priest, Father Ryan deacon, Father Kohler sub-deacon, and Rev. Dr. Treacy master of ceremonies. Among the priests present were—Rev. James Walsh, Father Hand, Father Minahan, Father Lamarche, Father Cruise, Father McEnroe, Father Flinnigan, Father Richardson, Father Dollard, Father Grogan.

MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST. MARY'S.

On Sunday last a magnificent stained glass window was unveiled in St. Mary's Church, in which parish the late Archbishop was buried as a priest for some years. At the last Mass Vicar-General McCann called the attention of the congregation to the window, and in doing so referred to the long services of Archbishop Walsh in connection with the parish and the loving memory in which he was held by members of it still living.

The window is the gift of Vicar-General McCann to the church and as a mark of esteem for the dead prelate. The inscription reads:—"In memory of the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, died July 31, 1898." The representation is that of the Transfiguration. The artist has beautifully and feelingly portrayed that scene of the Gospel. The transfigured Saviour is seen standing on the rocky summit of the holy mount, dazzling rays of the celestial glory emanating from His countenance. To the right stands the prophet Elias, the splendor of the Master reflected from his features. At the left the law-giver Moses stands, with the tables of the law in his hands. Below, gazing upon this sublime tableau, are the chosen disciples, Peter, James, and John. The hands of the disciple St. James are raised in reverent awe and adoration. St. Peter kneels before his Master. The exquisite and delicate blending of colors makes the window a triumph of artistic skill. The whole is surmounted by a delicately-tinted rose-window, which crowns the work, and adds to it a new feature of beauty.

MASS AT ST. HELEN'S.

A requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Pastor on Monday morning at 7 o'clock for the late Archbishop Walsh, Sunday having been the anniversary of his death.

BANK PANIC IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, Aug. 1.—The uneasiness in banking circles, produced by the failure of the Ville Marie Bank, was reflected on the Stock Exchange to-day, and there was something of a slump, as may be seen by referring to the financial columns. But the merits of the situation, the brokers declare, did not justify the drop, and they look for a speedy reaction. There is undoubtedly widespread alarm among small depositors over the disclosures following the suspension of the Banque Ville Marie a week ago. This was increased to-day by the suspension of the Banque Jacques Cartier, though the cases are hardly parallel, as this bank will undoubtedly resume business when the crisis is past.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHEST'S LETTER.

There is really no cause for uneasiness, and to assist in calming the public mind Archbishop Bruchest to-day issued the following public letter:—"Following an interview which I have had with several important men of Montreal, and at their request, I think it my duty to make an appeal to all who have money in our banks not to allow themselves to be panic-stricken by the disasters of the last few days. A run on our banks at the present moment have but the most deplorable consequences for those institutions themselves, for the depositors and for the whole country. I entreat the public to remain calm. The Archbishop will set them the example. The public will go by, and our banks, I have not the least doubt, will honour all their obligations. (Signed) D. Paul, Archbishop of Montreal."

This will undoubtedly have a good effect among those who are accustomed to look to the Archbishop for advice, and who bulk largely among the depositors in Montreal and the Province generally. The French papers, too, which bewildered the people by the violence of their attacks on the Banque Ville Marie management, are now beseeching their readers to remain calm. It is probable, therefore, that the excitement will rapidly subside. But it must be said that it was an exciting Montreal.

WHAT TO READ.

(For The Register.) Read anything and everything that will conduce to your eternal welfare. This is the object of your existence, and should be the chief concern of your life. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice and all things else shall be added unto you." Catholic books, pamphlets, newspapers—something that will keep you constantly reminded of eternity and where you should spend it. Don't be afraid of becoming too pious; the more religious

The Coronation Oath.

The following resolution has been put on record by St. Mary's branch of the Toronto Catholic Truth Society:

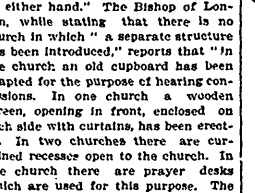
Moved by Rev. Wm. McCann, seconded by W. E. Blake—it is hereby resolved that this society place on record its entire approval of the resolution passed by the St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, on the 16th day of February last past, in regard to the Coronation Oath, and its accompanying objectionable declaration against several fundamental Catholic doctrines. And, furthermore, that this society is of the opinion that the movement thus begun by the Ottawa society should be taken up by all the Catholic societies throughout the British Empire, and an agitation carried on in a legal manner with such Coronation Oath and Declaration are amended so as to do away with the objectionable features referred to in the said resolution of the Ottawa society, believing as we do that the fair-mindedness of the members of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain will cause them to see that it is in the interests of the Empire and its accords with British justice and that the Coronation Oath and Declaration aforesaid should be so amended, and that the same will be accomplished at an early date. This society pledges itself to do all in its power by legal means to accomplish that most desired object.

CONFESIONAL BOXES IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Home Office has now printed the return asked for in the House of Lords on March 3rd, "showing the number of churches in England belonging to the Church of England in which confessional boxes have been put up." Thirty of the bishops, including the two Archbishops, reply that, after careful investigation, they find that no confessional box has been set up in any church in their diocese. On the other hand, five bishops (London, Chichester, Exeter, Oxford, and Southwell) report that they have found such boxes, or the equivalent, existing in certain cases. The Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Southwell say that there are none in their churches, but in each case there is one in a private chapel. The Bishop of Oxford does not name the chapel, but the Bishop of Southwell mentions the Duke of Newcastle's private chapel at Clumber, which is licensed "for the use of persons resident in Clumber and in the vicinity," but "is served by the Duke's private chaplain." In the diocese of Chichester the rural dean of Brighton has not been able to find what is, "strictly speaking," a confessional box, but in four Brighton churches "there are screens arranged for this avowed purpose." In St. Paul's church there are "three very small rooms in the vestry, not in the church, where the clergymen sit in the centre room and speak to people through a small window in the room on either hand." The Bishop of London, while stating that there is no church in which "a separate structure has been introduced," reports that "in one church an old cupboard has been adapted for the purpose of hearing confessions. In one church a wooden screen, opening in front, enclosed on each side with curtains, has been erected in two churches there are curtained recesses open to the church. In one church there are prayer desks which are used for this purpose. The Bishop of Exeter says that "in but one church is there anything of the nature of a confessional box." The return, therefore, reveals confessional boxes, or their equivalent, in eleven churches and two private chapels.

He Knew All About It.—Brrer Johnning—What's dis yere Decoration day? Brrer Jackson—Huh, yo' fool niggah, don't yo' know dat? Dat's de day when we celebrates de Decoration of Independence.

GOAL AND WOOD.



20 King street west, 415 Yonge street, 785 Yonge street, 575 Queen street west, 1555 Queen street west, 375 Water street, 395 Queen street west, 415 Spadina Avenue, Esplanade street, near Bachelier street, Esplanade, foot of West Market street, Bachelier street, nearly opposite Front street, Page Avenue and O. T. R. Crossing, 1121 Yonge street, at C. P. R. Crossing.

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The Coronation Oath.

The following resolution has been put on record by St. Mary's branch of the Toronto Catholic Truth Society:

Moved by Rev. Wm. McCann, seconded by W. E. Blake—it is hereby resolved that this society place on record its entire approval of the resolution passed by the St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, on the 16th day of February last past, in regard to the Coronation Oath, and its accompanying objectionable declaration against several fundamental Catholic doctrines. And, furthermore, that this society is of the opinion that the movement thus begun by the Ottawa society should be taken up by all the Catholic societies throughout the British Empire, and an agitation carried on in a legal manner with such Coronation Oath and Declaration are amended so as to do away with the objectionable features referred to in the said resolution of the Ottawa society, believing as we do that the fair-mindedness of the members of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain will cause them to see that it is in the interests of the Empire and its accords with British justice and that the Coronation Oath and Declaration aforesaid should be so amended, and that the same will be accomplished at an early date. This society pledges itself to do all in its power by legal means to accomplish that most desired object.

CONFESIONAL BOXES IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Home Office has now printed the return asked for in the House of Lords on March 3rd, "showing the number of churches in England belonging to the Church of England in which confessional boxes have been put up." Thirty of the bishops, including the two Archbishops, reply that, after careful investigation, they find that no confessional box has been set up in any church in their diocese. On the other hand, five bishops (London, Chichester, Exeter, Oxford, and Southwell) report that they have found such boxes, or the equivalent, existing in certain cases. The Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Southwell say that there are none in their churches, but in each case there is one in a private chapel. The Bishop of Oxford does not name the chapel, but the Bishop of Southwell mentions the Duke of Newcastle's private chapel at Clumber, which is licensed "for the use of persons resident in Clumber and in the vicinity," but "is served by the Duke's private chaplain." In the diocese of Chichester the rural dean of Brighton has not been able to find what is, "strictly speaking," a confessional box, but in four Brighton churches "there are screens arranged for this avowed purpose." In St. Paul's church there are "three very small rooms in the vestry, not in the church, where the clergymen sit in the centre room and speak to people through a small window in the room on either hand." The Bishop of London, while stating that there is no church in which "a separate structure has been introduced," reports that "in one church an old cupboard has been adapted for the purpose of hearing confessions. In one church a wooden screen, opening in front, enclosed on each side with curtains, has been erected in two churches there are curtained recesses open to the church. In one church there are prayer desks which are used for this purpose. The Bishop of Exeter says that "in but one church is there anything of the nature of a confessional box." The return, therefore, reveals confessional boxes, or their equivalent, in eleven churches and two private chapels.

He Knew All About It.—Brrer Johnning—What's dis yere Decoration day? Brrer Jackson—Huh, yo' fool niggah, don't yo' know dat? Dat's de day when we celebrates de Decoration of Independence.

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The New House of Providence Peterboro.

Peterborough, July 24.—The ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the new House of Providence on the grounds of St. Joseph's hospital, Ashburnham, took place yesterday afternoon, and the solemn and impressive services were watched with interest by a large crowd which had gathered from town and the surrounding country. A platform covered by a canopy had been raised around the stonework of the building, and on this the ceremony took place, the stone being laid at the north-east angle. The space in front was crowded. Among those present were Messrs. Jas. Kennedy, M.P., J. R. Stratton, M.P.P., A. E. H. D. Hall, Robt. Fair, Thos. Cahill, Dr. Mohr, Dr. McGrath, J. C. Sullivan, Peter Campbell, Macfarlane Wilson, R. Grubb, H. M. Hamilton, J. Hampden Burnham, L. M. Hayte, Dr. Caldwell, John McLaughlin, Police Magistrate, Messrs. of Lindsay, and many other prominent gentlemen. At about 5.30 o'clock His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, dressed in his robes, and accompanied by Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Rev. Father McColl, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Rev. Father F. J. O'Sullivan, and acolytes marched from the hospital, and the party took their places on the platform. The cathedral choir was present. Bishop O'Connor was assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Casey and Rev. Father McColl. When the stone was lowered into position, His Lordship handed the trowel. In the receptacle in the stone was placed a glass jar containing a number of current coins, copies of the Peterborough Review, Examiner and Times, the Toronto Mail and Empire and Globe, The Catholic Register, the Catholic Record, the Canadian Freeman, the True Witness and a document bearing a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

On the twenty-third day of July, the ninth Sunday after Pentecost, in the year of our Lord, 1892, the twenty-second of the pontificate of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, and the sixty-third of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, His Excellency Lord Minto being Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, and Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario, the Right Reverend Richard Alphonsus O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, laid and placed the corner stone in the foundation for a House of Providence, to be erected within the cathedral parish of St. Peter in Chains under the special protection of Divine Providence and in honour of St. Joseph, in the presence of Very Reverend Archdeacon Casey, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral; Rev. W. J. ...

THE SERMON.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by Ven. Archdeacon Casey. It was an impressive discourse, and was heard by the large audience with deep attention. He took his text from II. Cor. v. 14. "The charity of Christ presseth us." The great apostle Paul, in expressing his love for the people of Corinth, among whom he had preached, could say nothing greater to them than that it was the charity of Christ which urged him. The virtue of charity is the virtue of Christianity. Before the coming of Christ it was but little known. The people had been taught in the commandments and by the prophets to love their neighbours, but they disputed as to what constituted a neighbour and the spirit of justice rather than that of love prevailed. The ruling principle was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Among the Gentile peoples no charity prevailed at all. We are struck by the wonderful civilization of Rome and Athens. The greatest warriors, statesmen, poets, painters and philosophers lived then, but they did not understand God's charity, His love for the human race, and while we admire their greatness there still remains the fact that they had not charity. In the whole Roman empire there was no asylum for the poor or the sick or the wretched. Instead, poverty was looked upon as a disgrace. The poor were sold as slaves. We read also of many inhumanities to the old and feeble.

Hence, true charity came with Christ. When the Son of God became man there was established the true brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. Christ taught charity among all peoples in the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan. Christ sent forth His apostles to teach the same doctrine and precepts. They went forth strong to suffer for His sake, but everywhere they went they cherished the poor. During the first three hundred years it was impossible for the Christians to care for the unfortunate as they themselves were compelled to hide in the catacombs, but as soon as the world became Christian they were able to show the true spirit, and to-day there is no suffering, no wretchedness, no sickness, no disease so loathsome but in Christianity it will find a refuge.

Christianity declared also that the

poor slaves had souls as well as their masters, and must have the right to worship God. The brutal practices towards children the Church had also to contend against, and in all these she came out victorious, erecting hospitals for the sick and refugees for the poor, the widows and the orphans. In the Church there have been orders established to carry on this work. The noble preachers of Christianity even went into slavery that they might preach to the slaves. In all the days when the rich were becoming richer and the poor poorer, when the charity that abounded among the faithful might seem to be growing less, the work was kept up. Great good has been done by the Little Sisters of the Poor and by the Sisters of Charity. Wherever there is sickness and distress and wretchedness, there is a soldier of Christ to combat it. A notable example was given in the Sandwich Islands, where a few years ago a devoted and heroic priest went to live among the outcast heathens, remaining there to die of the awful disease himself.

It is everywhere. It was this charity of Christ, Archdeacon Casey pointed out, that had brought such a large number together at the laying of the corner stone that they might do something for the cause of the poor. The building at which the ceremony was being held was intended for a two-fold charity. First, it was for the protection of the orphans that the poor orphan may have a home. This is indeed a great charity. We must wish to see all grow up faithful in their duty to God and to their fellow-men, good Christians, and good citizens, and if this is to be done they must be protected. How great a charity is this! How sad is the fate of the orphan children! Who will give them to eat, who will clothe them, who will nourish them? How great is the agony of the dying mother for her children left alone in the world! To care for them, to feed them, and to love them is the appeal of the orphans to all.

Sometimes in the world there are those even worse off than the children left fatherless. There are the children whose abode has already in their early years been among criminals. There are those who have been born in the midst of sad influences, who have been led astray, who see only wretchedness. Their hands are outstretched in an appeal to save them before they perish.

The other class for whom the House of Providence is being built appeals in another and perhaps a stronger way. Infancy is not the only age of helplessness for decrepit age also, is helpless, and has no future before it. For such the building is intended as a home. It may be said that many have brought poverty upon themselves. This may be so, but there are many who have worked hard, and can work no longer, who have ceased to work when none would be given to them. There are many who have struggled hard, and have been unfortunate. Even if they have been improvident their case is all the worse. It is well to remember the parable of the prodigal son. There may be those who have disobeyed God, and lived lives of sin and in their age they find that all is gone, and that they can do nothing for themselves. They then return to God, and their appeal is to give them a home that they may do penance and receive that consolation which the world never gave them.

Ven. Archdeacon Casey closed with an appeal for generous donations. The institutions will be placed under the charge of those who have given up all things for charity, who give their lives to protect the poor and helpless. He felt sure that the prayers of the widows and orphans would bless all who assisted in the cause.

THE BISHOP'S THANKS.

Before the closing part of the ceremony His Lordship Bishop O'Connor expressed his pleasure and happiness to see so many present, especially so many of other beliefs, to show their approval of an act of charity, and to show themselves animated by the spirit of Christian love and zeal. Charity is universal. It extends among all people and classes. All are children of one God. He returned hearty thanks for the donations, which had indeed, been more munificent than was expected.

THE COLLECTION.

After the address by the Ven. Archdeacon a collection was taken up in aid of the new institution, the contributors coming forward and leaving their donations at the platform. The response was a most generous one, reaching the handsome total of \$1,278.80.

THE BUILDING.

A study of the plans of the architect, Mr. John F. Bolcher, C.E., and of the work already accomplished, shows that the building as designed is a model one for the purpose for which it is intended. It will be severely plain and symmetrical, and will be primarily utilitarian. In its salubrious situation, commanding a wide and delightful prospect, in the suitability of the general plan to the use to which the building is to be put, and in the thorough manner in which all details have been considered and attended to, the new institution should be a model one. The Sisters of St. Joseph, of the hospital, have taken a great interest in the building, and have aided the architect by many suggestions which have been of great value, their connection with charitable work having given them a wonderful knowledge of what is required. The work that has been done on the build-

ing has been considerable, and has been very satisfactory, and it is expected that the stonework will be completed by the end of the week.

The new building will stand on the same hill as the hospital, about 250 feet to the south-west, and will face northward. It will be 70 feet long and 42 feet wide, the long side facing north. For purposes of comparison it may be stated that the hospital is 90 feet by 63 feet. It will be of solid stone and brick, the stone work being 22 inches thick and the brickwork 12 inches thick; will be of four complete storeys, including basement, and will be topped by a cotta-ged roof. With a view to its use and purpose, no attempt has been made to have it present an ornamental appearance, but for the usefulness it is hard to see how the plans could be improved upon. Special attention has been devoted to provision for light, ventilation, and general convenience. On the south side airy verandahs will open off each floor and extend the full length of the building. Inside the height from floor to ceiling of each storey will be 11 feet. There will be wide corridors on each floor, extending from end to end, intersected by staircases leading up and down, forming ducts for ventilation. Over all doors will be skylights, to facilitate the passage of air. The main entrance will be in the centre of the north side of the building; there will also be one in the east end and one on each floor on the south side. Five large windows on each floor will admit light from north and south, and in the ends of the building there will be three on each floor.

The interior arrangements, as planned, are above criticism. In the basement, which will be bright and airy, there will be men's, women, and children's refectories, kitchen, pantry, laundry, and other such rooms. The ground floor is for the male inmates, the great part of the space being taken up with the men's ward rooms, both day and sleeping rooms, and there will also be a reception room, a room for the Sisters in charge, closets, and other necessary divisions.

The floor above will be the women's department. It is largely a counterpart of the one below, consisting of sleeping and day rooms, private rooms for inmates, a room for the Sisters, bath rooms, and closet. Five square feet of space will be well utilized.

The third storey will be allotted to the children, being taken up largely by dormitories for the boys and girls, at opposite ends of the building.

TRIBUTE TO THE BISHOP.

The Peterborough Review says:—"Although the building promises to be an excellent one, an institution well fitted for the noble purpose for which it is intended. Bishop O'Connor and Ven. Archdeacon Casey have taken up the cause of the unfortunate and destitute in an energetic manner, and have not spared themselves in their effort to provide a home for the homeless and a refuge for the wretched. The need for such an institution in our midst has long been a reproach to the community, and far too common has been the spectacle of aged men and women, whose only crime was poverty, being sent up to the common gaol for shelter, many of them seeking to be confined with criminals that they might not die of starvation. The poor we have with us and will always have with us. The lame and the blind, the afflicted of every kind, the helpless orphans and still more helpless aged, God's unfortunate every one of them, still live in our midst, and are a living appeal to our charity and generosity. Of all the good works that we can do upon earth the highest and noblest and truest is the care of these, for it is that which was specially ordained by Christ. Civilization has made wonderful advances in the last century, but in no respect has such progress been made towards the redemption of the world as in the exaltation of the spirit of Christian philanthropy and the growth of sympathy for physical suffering that has characterized the later years. Organized charity has sometimes been scoffed at, but organization and the concentration of energy are necessary to the achievement of results. The expense of putting up such a building, of equipping and furnishing it, and of conducting it, is a large one. The undertaking is as vast as it is worthy, and it is hoped that the donations in aid will be many and will be generous. All must approve of the truly sympathetic and with the movement. Let each and everyone show the true spirit of charity by giving largely, even if in so doing it is necessary to deny oneself somewhat. There can be no higher incentive in the world, and each one assisting has the assurance of Christ's promise, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my children; ye did it unto Me.'"

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THE END OF THE STORY.

(Catholic File-aid.)

The wind sighed gently through the cypress and magnolia trees, sending little showers of starchy orange blossoms like snowflakes to the ground. The moon was rising solemnly in the dark blue sky, and in the distance the soft lapping of the lazy Mediterranean against the shore sounded musingly. It was an evening for love, grace, and beauty—on an evening when every heart-pulse is stirred by the exquisite joy of living for the young. But for those whose youth was but a memory of the past it must hold sad thoughts—perhaps bitter ones. Perhaps it is to them the mirage of lovely evenings long ago, when they lived in the happy future and had no bitter-sweet past to haunt them. To the two standing on the moonlit path there was no past, no future—only a glorious, joyful present. The girl's face was like a lovely blossom. The large Spanish eyes under their drooping lids, were like stars; the black lace mantilla threw up the white skin which she had inherited from a Northern mother; the slim figure, in its pink dress, had all the undulatory grace of a Spanish senorita. He was of the usual type of a handsome young Englishman—sunny brown hair, blue eyes, and tall, broad-shouldered figure. Presently he unclasped his arms and looked down earnestly into her dark eyes. "Lucia," he said, gravely, "we are very happy, are we not?" She gazed at him half-startled. "Yes, Hugh, of course we are." "Would you be content to go like this?" "I—I think so." "Well, I would not." "You are very hard to please, it seems," she retorted with a little offended air. "You told me once that if I loved you that was all the world to you." "And so it is, my darling," he interrupted, "but—"

"But, what?" "Well, when do you mean to be my wife?" She turned her head away to where, through the trees, the moonbeams lighted up the serene, mild face of the statue of the Virgin Mother. "Don't ask me to-night, Hugh," she said with a sigh. "Give me time." "Time!" he repeated. "Surely I have not hurried you, Lucia. What is there to wait for? You have no parents and your grandmother is, you tell me, very stern and unloving. Lucia, listen. My regiment goes back to England the day after to-morrow. Will you come with me as my wife or am I to go alone? Choose now." To Lucia's surprise, Lucia twisted and untwisted her slim fingers nervously. "Choose," he repeated. "If you love me, why do you hesitate?" "I—length she met his passionate gaze. "My religion—" she murmured, faintly. His face cleared. "Oh, is that all?" he replied, cheerfully. "That need not stand in the way. I won't interfere with it at all, darling. Indeed, I think it is a pretty religion for a girl—a faithful and picturesque as you are. It's all the same to me whether you pray with beads or without them, or whether your priests wear cope and alb and all that sort of thing." "But, Hugh," she interrupted, smothering a smile at his vagueness, "you don't understand. To me it is more than a pretty fancy. It is very serious indeed." "I don't care if it is," he protested. "It is as good as any other religion, I suppose—for a girl; though I certainly should not care for my sons, if I had any, to believe in it." She turned very pale and looked away. "God help me!" she murmured. "Why did I not think of this. It must not be." "Lucia, what are you saying? It is indeed a pity you did not think of it before?" "Yes," she said, wildly. "Why did I not think of it before? I did—but I pushed the thought away. I was so happy and tried to forget my duty. I knew I must face the truth some day, but I was a coward—and I loved you, Hugh."

"That is enough, darling," he said. "No, no—it is not enough! Hugh, listen! If you do not mind my religion, why should you mind any son of yours owning it?" He did not answer, and for some moments stared thoughtfully at the trees. Why should he tell her the reason now? He would take her to England and in a Protestant country she would forget her religion. "All is fair in love and war." "Lucia," he said at length, "it shall be as you wish. I submit to you as regards religion." Lucia sighed and looked towards the white statue. A gust of wind shook the starchy blossoms over its head, and they fell in a rain of snowy petals over the lovely carved features. It seemed to Lucia as if they were tears. But she tried to forget her fancies in her lover's arms, and listened to his hopes and plans with beating heart. They wandered on through the trees far from the still, white figure and Lucia's last tears vanished. The room is a cheerful one, but now that the bright flames have melted into glowing embers a sadness seems to brood over it. The sadness is in accordance with the

hands in an agony of prayer—a prayer for mercy on his weakness in the strength of his temptation. At length the Mass was over and the choir sang the carols—carols old as the faith which had given them birth. The walk home was silent. Then, as they regained the sitting-room they had left, Hugh knelt at his mother's feet. "Where are the papers which prove my right to the property?" he said, quietly. "I will get them, Hugh." He took them up the light as she returned with them. "They are all there," she said, softly: "the certificate of your birth and all. They belong to you now." For some moments their new owner stood undecided, the papers which were the proof of his birthright held tightly in his hand. Then he quietly walked to the fire, and, throwing them in the midst of the glowing coals, watched them slowly burn. A neighbouring clock betokened the birth of another day and roused him from his reverie. "Mother," he said, huskily, "I have finished my story. Have I given it the right ending?"

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growing. "Are they the front legs?" asked Bob. "No the hind legs appear first," said Aunt Polle, "and then, after a time, the front legs." "They must look queer with legs and a long tail," said Bee. "They gradually begin to look more like little frogs," said Aunt Polle, "the shape of the head changes, and very soon the long legs begin to get shorter. As soon as the four legs have grown, it is as well to move them into shallow water, and put small pieces of pumstone into the water." "For the tadpole to eat?" said Bee. They all laughed. "No, to sit upon," said Aunt Polle. "for as soon as the tadpole becomes a frog he cannot live entirely in the water—he has to come up to breathe."

AN AUDACIOUS WEASEL. John Burroughs has some trouble in selecting his chickens from the wren nets that lurk in the woods around his stabled cabin near West Park, on the Hudson. In the August Century, in "Glimpses of Wild Life About My Cabin," he thus describes an encounter with an especially pertinacious robber. I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbour and his wife, who, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly screamed in the bushes up behind the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks past them, flying and screaming, closely pursued by a long, slim red animal, that seemed to slide over the rocks like a serpent. Its legs were so short that one saw only the swift, gliding motion of its body. Across the road into the garden, within a yard of my friends, went the pursued and the pursuer, and into the garden rushed I and my dog. The weasel seized the chicken by the wing, and was being dragged along by the latter in its effort to escape, when I arrived upon the scene. With a savage gleam I had my foot upon the weasel. I planted my foot upon the weasel. I held him underneath yielded, and I held him without hurting him. He let go his hold upon the chicken and seized the sole of my shoe in his teeth. Then I reached down and gripped him with my thumb and forefinger just back of the ears, and lifted him up, and looked his impotent rage in the face. What gleaming eyes, what an array of threatening teeth, what reaching of vicious claws, what a wriggling and convulsed body! But I had him firmly. He could only scratch my hand and bare his teeth from his electric, bead-like eyes. In the meantime my dog was bounding up, begging to be allowed to have his way with the weasel. But I knew what he did not; I knew that in anything like a fair encounter the weasel would get the first hold, would draw the first blood, and hence probably effect his escape. So I carried him, writhing and scratching, to a place in the road removed from any near cover, and threw him violently upon the ground, hoping thereby to stun and bewilder him that the ferrier could rush in and crush him before he recovered his wits. But I had miscalculated; the blow did indeed stun and confuse him, but he was still too quick for the dog, and had him by the lip like an electric trap. Nip lifted up his head and swung the weasel violently about in the air, trying to shake him off, uttering a cry of rage and pain, but did not succeed in loosening the animal's hold for some moments. When he had done so, and attempted to seize him a second time, the weasel was first again, but quickly released his hold and darted about this way and that, seeking cover. Three or four times the dog was upon him, but found him each time too hot to be held. Seeing that the creature was likely to escape, I set my foot upon him again, and made a dash for it.

THE CORONATION OATH. The following resolution has been put on record by St. Mary's branch of the Toronto Catholic Truth Society. Moved by Rev. Wm. McCann, seconded by W. E. Blake—it is hereby resolved that this society place on record its entire approval of the resolution passed by the St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, on the 15th day of February last past, in regard to the Coronation Oath, and its accompanying objectionable declaration against several fundamental Catholic doctrines. And, furthermore, that this society is of the opinion that the movement thus begun by the Ottawa society should be taken up by all the Catholic societies throughout the British Empire, and an agitation carried on in a legal manner until such Coronation Oath and Declaration are amended so as to do away with the objectionable features referred to in the said resolution of the Ottawa society, believing as we do that the fair-mindedness of the members of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain will cause them to see that it is in the interests of the Empire, and in accordance with British justice and fair play that the Coronation Oath and Declaration aforesaid should be so amended, and that the same will be accomplished at an early date. This society pledges itself to do all in its power by legal means to accomplish that most desired object.

And it is further resolved that the following resolutions be forwarded a copy of these resolutions to the secretary of St. Joseph's branch of the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa, and to the "Catholic Register," and "Catholic Record" for publication. There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

HUGH JOHN AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION. Winnipeg, Man., July 28.—Hon. Hugh John Macdonald's Opposition leader, opened the Manitoba election campaign at Minnedosa last night. In the course of his speech, Mr. Macdonald stated that he took straight issue with the reformers. He held himself free to attack the policy of the Greenway Government. That was the reason he was present and also because an election was now in sight. On this occasion the Government would be forced to appeal to the people on its policy. The question of disallowance is now settled and a dead issue, Mr. Greenway and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have it in their power to dispose of the school question as a political issue. They have settled it. The settlement arrived at was not one which he would have made, because he considered it senseless and not satisfying to any one. However, he was willing to accept it as a settlement and allow that matter to remain as it is, though if their opponents choose to drag the question forward again he would be willing to meet them. Otherwise he was prepared to allow this question to be a dead issue. The boast had been made by at least three members of the Greenway Government that they had been returned by Conservative votes. The boast would not be made again.

Point of Resemblance.—"Don't you think baby is like mamma, George?" asked Mrs. Horstman. "Very. He talks all the time and never says anything."

THE BEST PILL.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney, Ontario, writes: "We have been using Parmentier's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these pills are like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

HOW TADPOLES GROW. "Aunt Polle" (in the person of Miss Maggie Browne) commences a fascinating series of articles in the August number of Cassell's Little Folks on the management of pets. Tadpoles are first dealt with. "Does the water have to be changed?" Does the water have to be changed?" said Bessie. "I thought frogs lived in dirty water." "The water in a pond gets changed by the rain, doesn't it, Aunt Polle?" said Bessie. "Very often there is a stream running into the pond," said Bob. "And there is only a little water in the bowl," said Bee. "It has to be changed to give the tadpoles fresh air," said Aunt Polle, "and for that reason it must be changed every few days." "But don't the tadpoles get away whilst the water is being changed?" asked Bessie. "We used to ladle out a small basin of the water into a small tin," said Aunt Polle, "so that the tadpoles were safe." "I should love to do that," said Bessie. "Of course it must be done carefully," said Aunt Polle, "so that the tadpoles have always a little water to swim in." "One day," whispered Bessie, "Uncle Will chopped off a tadpole's tail when he was changing the water." "Did it mind?" asked Bessie. "I expect it thought it was a help," said Bee, "because it has to get rid of its tail." "I don't think it quite thought it was a help," said Aunt Polle; "but you remember to change the water carefully when you have tadpoles."

"Well, they grow and grow, and what happens next?" said Bessie. "Two small legs appear," said Aunt Polle, "and you can see them gradually

COVENTRY PATMORE AS A CATHOLIC POET.

The reaction against the Reformator which is now manifesting itself so keenly, not only in the religious world, but in the world of art and letters, has had for its originators Newman, Pugin, and one who perchance has been less recognized than the others—Coventry Patmore. Patmore, like the others, was a convert to Catholicism, and undoubtedly it was the spirit of aestheticism, which finds its real home in the Catholic Church, that first drew him to her bosom, and finally taught him religion and obedience. Aubrey de Vere, writing to Father Hecker when he sent him a copy of the Unknown Eros, says that "many parts of the book seem to me both to ascend higher and descend deeper than almost anything we have had for a long time." Patmore's second marriage was with a Catholic woman of large fortune and high virtue, and it was stated that it was she who made him a Catholic. Father O'Keefe, of the Paulist Fathers, in his thoughtful review of the influence of Patmore, in the Catholic World Magazine for August, refutes this statement, and says: "Patmore in quite another fashion has unlearned from the tomb our ancient glories and taught us that the blood of saints flows in our veins; that that spiritual power is not to be disregarded which created the poetry, architecture, painting, and sculpture of mediæval Europe. We have no details of Patmore's conversion to Catholicism, but it is easy to see how the aestheticism of the artist could produce in him not only love but obedience. Yet he was philosopher enough to know that culture is but a faint manifestation of the high spirit that dwells within—that beauty is but the splendor of the true. "Patmore's second wife relieved him of all financial difficulties, and some have said that it was she who made him a Catholic. This cannot be true, for his mystical aspirations had already and unconsciously made him a Catholic. He was of too independent and candid a mind to be influenced either by Puritanism because his first wife was a Puritan, or by Catholicism because his second wife was a Catholic. Yet it would be wrong to deny that these women must have indirectly moulded his heart and soul—how could so susceptible a character as his resist them? Father Cardella, the Italian Jesuit, who is known as being something of a philosopher and theologian, is rumoured to have said, after meet with Patmore, in Rome, that he was Catholicism itself before he was received formally into the Church."

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH CRISIS.

The Weekly Register observes that the joint meeting of the Anglican Convocations to consider the question of Ecclesiastical Courts has had—as might have been anticipated—no practical result. Though the proceedings were private it has leaked out that the discussion on the resolutions submitted to the meeting was very warm and revealed serious differences in principle. Ultimately it was unanimously agreed to shelve the question for the present and leave it to be brought before the Convocations next year. The difficulty is, of course, the Final Court of Appeal. The Bishops propose to give the Final Court of Appeal a real power to revise the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and in this they are supported by all Broad and Low Churchmen, and some of the "Moderate High School." But the Lower House of Convocation, in which High Churchmen predominate, would only give the Court of Appeal power to remit the case to the Provincial Court, and would make the decision of the Bishops final on a point of ritual or doctrine. In other words the Lower House proposes to do away with the Royal Supremacy.

MGR. CLOUTIER'S CONSECRATION.

Three Rivers, Que., July 26.—After a short rest at the palace yesterday, following the consecration ceremonies, Mgr. Cloutier, accompanied by his distinguished visitors, proceeded to the City Hall and partook of a superb banquet prepared by the ladies of the city. His Lordship made a courteous after-dinner speech, and then visited the Sisters of Providence. A Te Deum was

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP GRAVES.

We take the following beautifully written eulogy of the life of the late Protestant Bishop of Limerick, from the Dublin Freeman's Journal—Nationalist and Catholic—

To-morrow (July 23) the remains of the late venerable Protestant Bishop of Limerick will be laid to rest beneath the shadow of the walls of the ancient cathedral in which he had ministered for thirty-three years of his life. He will be followed to his last resting-place not alone by numbers of his own religionists but by the people of the ancient city at large, for Dr. Graves was regarded by all with sincere respect... The Bishop, in his young days, swept Trinity clean of its honours, was elected as Fellow of that ancient institution, and, taking orders, was in due course preferred to the office of Dean of the cathedral.

Among the sons of the late Bishop who will to-morrow head the sad cortege, the one who has won a high niche in the Irish Temple of Fame, a quarter of a century ago this gentleman—then a boy scarcely out of his teens, was walking across Hyde Park to his desk in the Home Office. "The Top of Cork Hill," a lively tune to which he had often danced a jig in the farmhouse round Parknasilla, was filling his car and mind, when suddenly the words of a song glided into being in his brain. When he arrived at the office he was fortunately a little early, and he then and there wrote out the words of a ballad which has since been recited and sung in countless Irish, British, and American homes all over the world.

O! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way you did you, All odd sinners are wistful to pray with you, All the young children are wild for to play with you, You've such a way you did you, Father, avick!

It is curious that of the great singers who have made this ballad famous, two—Signor Flo (Mr. Foley, a Midleton man), and Mr. Plunkett Greene—are Irish, and the third, Mr. Stanley, a convert to Catholicism. The fact that the latest popular picture ever drawn of a Catholic priest should come from the hand of a young Protestant gentleman is a striking evidence of the tone and atmosphere which prevailed in the household of the good Bishop Graves.

BISHOP OF IRELAND ON TEMPERANCE

Cork, Ire. July 30.—Last night His Grace Archbishop Ireland delivered a lecture entitled "The People and Temperance," in the theatre. Long before the announced hour every part of the house was crowded, and when His Grace made his appearance on the stage, accompanied by a representative body of citizens, clerical and lay, enthusiastic applause rang through the building. The reception accorded His Grace reflected his popularity in Cork, not alone as an eminent dignitary of the Church, but as a powerful and eloquent lecturer. He addressed the citizens in the same building when on a visit here twelve years ago, and his profound impression which he created on the occasion doubtless lingered still in the minds of many who had again the pleasure of listening to him last night. Many, too, were attracted by his fame, and all joined in extending to him a "cord mille failithe."

Mr. E. Crean, M.P., presided, and said it afforded him great pleasure to be in their midst that evening to welcome one of Ireland's greatest sons—probably the greatest—and to give him a genuine "cord mille failithe." His Grace, on coming forward, was received with the loudest and most genuine applause. He then referred to the position of the temperance cause in Norway, which, he said, was now one of the most sober nations on the earth, after being one of the most drunken. He also dealt with the injurious effects physically and morally of drink on the people, and dealt with the injustice which the Irish people claimed they should get from England.

On the mention of the High Sheriff, seconded by Mr. M. Healy, M.P., solicitor, a warm vote of thanks was passed to His Grace, who suitably replied. The "Anti-Catholic" Press of Europe in February last sought to raise a cry of public indignation against the religious orders and religious teaching, by publishing the details of an atrociously brutal murder of a child who had been frequenting the School of the Brothers of Christian Education at Lille, France; and in fact they had in part succeeded, for the colleges of the religious orders were stoned, and military force alone saved them from destruction. One of the brothers was accused and imprisoned, but on Wednesday last this same infelicitous press published, without commentary, the news that Brother Flamindien was declared innocent by the Supreme Tribunal of Lille, and on the evening of the 11th inst. was placed at liberty. Thus at last the gross calumny has had its end, but not until Brother Flamindien had endured a scandal unequalled, and a most cruel imprisonment of five months, due to the infernal machinations of continually of masonry, of which Lille is one of the great centres.

Notwithstanding the damning details, the blood-curdling circumstances, with which lying journalists sought to envelop the movements and acts of the priest, who, yet the majority of the sensible, good Catholic population of Lille hesitated in giving credence to this false news, scattered broadcast by the most malvolent of motives by a bribed and precluded Jewish press against an innocent Christian brother. But thanks to Almighty God, He has permitted the truth to be made known by a tribunal of justice, and thus have the Brothers of Christian Schools, together with all the congregations of the Church and their friends, reason to feel rejoiced at so consoling a finding of a tribunal that cannot be accused of Catholic tendencies. It was to be expected, if the space of the "Register" permitted it, to show how much is done to poor, ignorant, uneducated, and misled, and uneducated class in particular—by the circulation, without a scintilla of proof—not even the simple baseness of truth—now of the class of that which was scattered so widespread of the crime of Lille. Therefore those organs of masonry and irreligion who have contributed to calumniate the innocent brother and prejudice religious teaching, ought, on the wings of justice and of honourable reparation, for several days publish in their issues, in a prominent place, the agonizing judgment that declared innocent Brother Flamindien, and restored to him that liberty which their baseless lies deprived him of in February last.

press them. For nearly three-quarters of a century they had been going to America by hundreds of thousands, and numbers of them had obtained social success and positions of wealth. But those who had risen were not the full number that should have risen, and in many of our great cities where they would expect to find names telling of Ireland they found these names few and far between, and they found, too, many of their people miserable. Everywhere it was said to him there was but one cause, namely—drink. Of the people brought before the courts 75 per cent. were there through drink, and a judge of the court told him 90 per cent. of the Irish people before the courts were there for drunkenness; and were it not for that one fell curse, scarcely an Irishman, or the child of an Irishman, would appear before these courts (applause). He had often talked to employers of labor and they told him they wished to employ Irishmen, because they were so quick, but they were often afraid to employ them because of the temptation that came to so many of them to drink. Of course, for the past twenty years a wonderful change had come over them. They were now coming forth as the most temperate and most industrious of America, but while they congratulated themselves upon that fact, it would be doing them a wrong if he did not speak of evils in the past in order that such evils would not attend them in the future (applause). His Grace then referred to the position of the temperance cause in Norway, which, he said, was now one of the most sober nations on the earth, after being one of the most drunken. He also dealt with the injurious effects physically and morally of drink on the people, and dealt with the injustice which the Irish people claimed they should get from England.

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VINDICATION OF BROTHER FLAMINDIEN.

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LATEST MARKETS.

Tuesday Evening, Aug. 3. Wheat cables were lower today and the Chicago market was dull and weak, with only light trade. Liverpool receipts for the past three days: Wheat, 111,000 cental, including 225,000 cental American corn, 163,200 cental American.

The Visible Supply. July 29. Aug. 3. Wheat, 30,252,000 0,000,000 0,823,000 Corn, 11,149,000 17,670,000 18,071,000 Oats, 5,783,000 2,978,000 4,276,000 Rye, 857,000 305,000 451,000 Barley, 532,000 343,000 350,000 Flour, 1,181,000 1,181,000 1,181,000

CHINA AND PRODUCE. Flour—Ontario patents, in bags, \$3.25 to \$3.70; straight, \$3.20 to \$3.25; Hunsford's, \$3.10. Manitoba, \$3.10. Wheat—Ontario, red and white, 60c to 68c north and 62c to 68c west; No. 1 Man. red, 70c, Toronto, and No. 1 Northern at 70c.

ST. LAWRENCE MARKET. Receipts were light, 400 bushels of grain and 25 loads of hay. Wheat, bush, 1.00 to 1.05; No. 1, 1.05 to 1.10; No. 2, 1.00 to 1.05; No. 3, 0.95 to 1.00.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES. Apples, per bush, 1.00 to 1.50; Peaches, per bush, 1.00 to 1.50; Potatoes, per bag, 0.75 to 0.80.

BAIRD PRODUCE WHOLESALE. Hay, baled, car lots, per ton, \$7.50 to \$8.75; Straw, baled, car lots, per ton, \$4.00 to \$5.00.

CHICAGO MARKETS. Receipts for the week ending July 31st: Live stock, 100,000 head; Grain, 1,000,000 bushels.

LOCAL LIVESTOCK. Receipts of live stock were the largest of any day this season, 47 carloads all told, composed of 1,000 head of sheep and lambs, 1,000 hogs and 60 calves.

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