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The Catholic Register.

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

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Register of the Week.

The question of common school education is attracting a good deal of attention in the Province of Quebec. Education there is under the control of the council of public instruction, consisting of (1) the bishops of the Roman Catholic dioceses; (2) an equal number of Catholic laymen appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in council; (3) the same number of Protestant members appointed in the same way. The council is divided into two committees, the one consisting of the Roman Catholic members; the other of the Protestant members. Each committee has exclusive jurisdiction over its own schools. And the present discussion which originated in the Quebec Legislature is not between the two sets of schools. It is one in which Catholics themselves are alone concerned. The tone of the discussion seems to have been that, while classical education was on a fair footing, commercial studies are not satisfactory. The *Globe* quotes also *La Verite* upon the subject: "We have not to defend our system of primary schools," says *La Verite*, "because, as our readers know, it is not our ideal. But it is not just to hold this system responsible for all the regrettable features we meet. For almost half a century the State has concerned itself too intimately with our school system. The results obtained do not give satisfaction. Would it not be time to adopt a new plan? Would it not be necessary to return little by little, without too many shocks, to the true principles which govern the matter? The education of children is the concern of the family under the direction, for Catholics, of the church. Education ought to be a parochial work. If we had not spoiled our people by making them believe that they ought to rely on the State for the maintenance and direction of the school, the education of youths would to-day be a parochial work, inferior in no respect to other parochial works. Our people provide largely for the needs of worship. In this point of view our parishes leave nothing to be desired. It would be the same with elementary education if we had taught our people to consider it as their own affair, and not as the affair of the State."

How G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, spends his Sundays, is nobody's business; but if one might judge by the long despatch with which he fills a couple of columns every Monday, we might suspect that his Sunday sermon or dinner did not agree with him. He crowds into one before the venom of a week, looks at our people with the eye of jaundice, and rebukes the opposite party as the robe

force of flunkeyism. Lord Salisbury's arguments are insuperable, and Gladstonian silence is cowardice. In his last despatch the climax was reached when he considered that, there was but one safeguard, force; and one ultimate security, the reconquest of Ireland. Concerning Lord Salisbury's visit to Belfast he remarks that "there was in the reception given the premier the serious purpose, the evident readiness for all extremities rather than subjection to the tyranny of priests and political adventurers; the settled resolution not to submit to a Dublin Parliament. The more clearly this is seen the less likely is it that their enemies will persevere in the attempt to coerce them."

When America asserted its autonomy individual families left and settled in British territory—why will not the English-loving Ulsterites do the same? Perhaps G. W. S. is a U. E. L. living in London, rubbing up against aristocracy, bitter against a country seeking the same rights as his fellow-citizens enjoy in the United States, bitter against liberty when it is for others, but bitterest of all against the land and the people that are demanding Home Rule.

Politics in England display the same stubborn opposition on the one hand and the same perseverance and determination on the other. The House of Commons met after the Whitsuntide recess, and resumed the debate upon the third clause of the Home Rule Bill. An amendment forbidding the Dublin Legislature to discuss subjects on which they are not allowed to make laws, received very proper treatment from the Premier, who objected that it was useless to insert provisions which could not be enforced. This excited the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Balfour. He thought that Mr. Gladstone's conduct upon this question indicated the motive of the whole bill. But such amendments are nonsensical—they might just as well forbid the Dublin Legislature to discuss the Behring Sea Arbitration. If that body passes an Act which is beyond its powers there is ample protection. The amendment was rejected, as was also the next, that the Irish Legislature should not be empowered to grant votes in supply respecting matters upon which they were forbidden to legislate.

An amendment proposing that the right to interfere in hostilities between foreign countries be excepted from the powers of the Irish Parliament was adopted. Another amendment debarring the Dublin Legislature from permitting the use of fire-arms for military purposes was consented to by Chief-Secretary Morley.

The list of Birthday Titles by Her Majesty the Queen is published. The Canadians honored are the Hon. J.

Carling, who has been made a Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Chief Justice Strong, who is Knighted, Hon. James Robert Gowan, LL.D., Senator, and Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, are made companions of St. Michael and St. George.

The following is the reply made by the Holy Father to a large body of German pilgrims: "It is with great satisfaction that we welcome lastly the magnificent testimony of devotion from those of your fellow-citizens who, consecrating their talents to the work of the daily press, labor every day with the pen for Catholic interests and for society, which they serve most excellently. Our joy is no less to-day at the sight which you present to us, in whose persons you form a deputation for thousands of Germans. You continue this long procession of pilgrims who, from all parts of Europe, hasten to us for many months with eagerness and sentiments which cannot be misunderstood. This movement, as we have remarked on other occasions, gives our soul great joy and raises within us bright hopes for the future. In the midst of the most deplorable errors of the age it seems that a large number of souls are giving themselves up to holy doctrine. Notwithstanding the detestable attempts of those who strive to sow impiety we see that in the intelligence and heart of the people respect for divine faith is deeply rooted. Disgusted at the state of affairs they are likewise turning with haste and confidence towards the Holy Roman See of divine institution, from which especially the salvation of society can be expected.

In the death of Cardinal Zigliara the Sacred College has suffered a severe loss, although, on account of his long illness, the event was not unexpected. Thomas Zigliara was born at Bonifacio in the Island of Corsica on Oct. 29th, 1838. At the early age of fifteen he entered the novitiate of the Dominican Fathers at Rome and there continued a most brilliant career as a student. After completing his course and receiving holy orders he was made professor of philosophy and theology in the Dominican College of St. Mary *Sopra Minerva* at Rome. His eminent talent as a teacher not only crowded his lectures with students, but it attracted the attention of the Holy Father, who entrusted to him the publication of the complete works of St. Thomas and named him one of the presidents of St. Thomas Publication Society. At the consistory of May 13th, 1878, Leo XIII. appointed Father Zigliara Cardinal of the Roman Church, and in the beginning of this year named him Bishop of Frosinone.

Showing the mind of the Holy Father upon the question of possible disarmament, the *Quosvoto Romano* publishes, with the approval of his Holiness, an article upon the subject. "We are perfectly convinced," it says, "that a disarmament is not only an economical necessity, but is

vested with all the character of an urgent social want. But it is not enough to think of a military disarmament—a moral and popular disarmament—must be effected. The differences that exist between Governments on the ground of political interests must be stopped, because it is before these that discord and hate arise between people not only on points of sentiment, political and national, but also on those Christian and human." The article also shows the necessity for the abolition of secret societies. It does not think that the disarmament of the army and navy is possible before the atheistic, unbelieving, Masonic congregations are put an end to. "Civil war must be suppressed before a great military war can be impeded. Internal domestic strifes, and strifes between citizens must end before it is possible to feel safe from the danger of an international war. A religious peace must also be established if a European peace is to be considered." This article foreshadows an Encyclical which the Holy Father is preparing, and which is expected to be a continuation of the one which was issued some eighteen months ago upon the labor question.

Germany continues to develop very marked and serious signs of political discord. The division in the Centrist party keeps growing, anti-Prussian feeling expresses itself more boldly, and it was even reported that the Emperor threatened to resign the commandship of the army if the Bill was not passed. This arose out of a paragraph in a semi-official paper stating that the Emperor might desire to rid himself of responsibility for the efficiency of the army in the case of the rejection of the bill. A good deal of the excitement is of a political campaign character; but the Fatherland, strong as it may be in a military view, is weak in true governmental strength and harmony.

The most depressing accounts come from Australia, where a great financial crisis threatens general ruin. Thirteen banks have suspended payment, with liabilities amounting to nearly one hundred millions of pounds. The premiers of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia had lately a conference to devise the best means of abating the present troubles and preventing their recurrence. The result of this consultation is a memorandum recommending the adoption by all the colonies of uniform banking laws. They believe that State banks are not generally needed, although they advise that banks of issue be inspected by State examiners and be restricted by such laws as are in force in the United States. There is a consoling feature on the commercial situation in Australia which is reassuring. Nothing like a panic has occurred so far, although things cannot last much longer as they are. What could have caused such heavy failures, which are unparalleled for magnitude of indebtedness and rapidity of succession, is hard to say. Unless it be general extravagance in all classes of society (such as is only too common nowadays throughout the civilized world) it is an unevolved problem how it was brought about; for reckless financing and the single example of malfeasance are not enough to account for the present troubles.

ONESIMUS.

In its series of "After Lives of Scripture Saints," Father Bamfield, in *St. Andrew's Magazine*, gives the following sketch of the slave whom St. Paul ranked among the converts of his love:

A pleasant glimpse of a Catholic household in the first times St. Luke has given us in his picture of St. Philip and his daughters at Cesarea, or Aquila and Priscilla at Corinth. The great Apostle himself shall be our painter to-day, and he shall take us, as becomes the Saint who made himself all things to all men, into the quarters of the slave. "The Slave in the Christian Household" is St. Paul's picture, and as he draws it he himself is a more beautiful picture, for he is in his bonds at Rome before his first trial by Nero: as he writes—for he is writing part at least with his own hand, "I Paul, have written it with my own hand"—his chain, by which he is bound to the soldier on his left, clanks. It is a wonder that there are not more pictures from Sacred Writ. The story of St. Paul alone might fill more than an artist's life; and amongst the pictures, the delicate form of the refined thoughtful Saint chained to the strong pillar-like soldier, while he preaches to those who come to hear, or is writing or dictating letters of love, would not be the least rich in beauty. The prisoner is writing now on behalf of the slave to his rich master, the slave himself doing willing service the while to the Apostle who has bound him in new bonds of love.

How did the slave, Onesimus—the "Profitable," for so means his Greek name—come across St. Paul in Rome? We may be sure that the Saint was always laying snares for souls, whether of slave or of noble Roman, spite of his bonds; and one of his fellow-labourers, St. Luke perchance himself, or Demas, or Mark, might have brought the slave to the inspired prisoner, the dweller in the prison room who was guest also of the third heaven. But, probably enough, Onesimus would have known the Apostle before in the house of his master Philemon at Colossæ. For Philemon seems to have been, like Aquila and Priscilla, one of those richer Catholics who opened a mission in their own houses, private chapels, as we should say in these days, to which the neighbouring Catholics were admitted; and who gave long and princely hospitality in those days of persecution to the clergy and others who were obliged to hide themselves, or who had no means of support. For St. Paul writes, "to the Church which is in my house," and amongst the members of the Church in his house he salutes Archippus, "our fellow-soldier. It is a strong word, meaning more than fellow-labourer," which is the title of honour given to Philemon himself, and would seem to agree with what St. Ambrose and St. Jerome tell us, that Archippus was a Bishop in charge of Colossæ and of the neighbouring towns of Laodicea and Hierapolis. "Say to Archippus," writes the Apostle to the Colossians at the same time, "take heed to the ministry which thou hast received from the Lord that thou fulfil it." Yet it is also said that Epaphras, of whom St. Paul speaks as at Rome with him, "my fellow-prisoner in Christ," was Bishop of Colossæ. This agrees with the Apostle's words to the Colossians (iv. 12): "Epaphras salutes you, who is one of you, a servant of Christ Jesus, who is always solicitous for you in prayer that you may stand perfect and just in all the will of God; for I bear him testimony that he hath much labour for you, and for them that are at Laodicea, and for them at Hierapolis." Probably both may be true: Epaphras the Bishop of Colossæ, and, during his captivity at Rome, Archippus acting in his place, "Bishop

Auxiliary," as we should say in these days.

Onesimus was a slave in the house of this rich and noble Colossian, and Colossæ was in Phrygia, and the Phrygian slave was even among slaves a name of reproach; the lowest of the low was the lazy rascal from Phrygia. But we need not think so of Onesimus. St. Paul clearly did not think so. In the huge "slaveries" of a wealthy Roman, not a few of whom had in their own town-house and farms or country villas more than a thousand slaves, every kind of labour, bodily or mental, was done by slaves. There were degrees of rank even in slave life; some rose to be petty officers in the household, having command over others. The management of farms, the distribution of labour, the collecting of rents, and the keeping of accounts, might all be in the hands of slaves who had won their master's confidence, and freedom was the prize held out for deserving that confidence. If the master was a man of thought and literary tastes, he would look among his slaves for help. For all this many of them must be well educated, and become more or less friends and companions of their masters, even while their lives lay at his mercy, and were sometimes sacrificed to his anger or to his whim.

If so it was with the Roman, much more was it the case with the Greeks, who were far kinder to their slaves than the dwellers in the Empress City, the masters of the world who in some sense held all men in bonds. Still kinder and more careful would be a master's conduct when he had learned of God's slave-death upon the Cross, and the lessons which it taught of humility and charity to all.

Clearly Onesimus, the profitable one, was among the more educated and intelligent. "I would have retained him with me," says St. Paul, "that in thy stead he might have ministered to me in the bonds of the Gospel;" and, playing on his name, "he hath heretofore been unprofitable"—no Onesimus—to thee, but now is profitable"—Onesimus in very truth—"both to me and to thee." Is this play on words unworthy of a great Apostle, unworthy of Sacred Writ? Nay! it was a private letter, and if it would help charity, why not make Philemon smile? The Saints and the Church herself have not been above such playful jingling of sound of words; as when she notices that "Ave" reverses "Eva," and has imprisoned the sacred quip, like a fly in amber, in one of her sweetest and most undying hymns. The puns of Saints might fill a long paper.

Well educated and intelligent Onesimus must have been; nor need we think that his fault against his master was of the gravest kind; St. Paul does not so think of it. "If he hath wronged thee in anything, or is in thy debt, put that to my account. I, Paul," he adds in words that read almost business-like, "have written it with my own hand, I will repay it." St. Paul had been in bonds two years, he could not have been rich, the injury could scarcely have been great, and he writes of it as an uncertain matter; possibly it was such injury as would arise from a slave's absence, or some carelessness in accounts or mismanagement in estates, rather than intentional robbery. At all events, he was now a "most dear brother," and he was going back to his master to submit himself entirely, and to undo whatever wrong had been done.

It was a private letter, yet St. Paul knows the value of united prayer, and he gains on his side not only St. Timothy, well known, probably, to Philemon, in whose name, as well as his own he writes his appeal, but also, being wise and prudent in his charity, the partner of Philemon's good works who ministered to the Church in his

house, his wife, St. Appia. Partner also she was, when the time came, of his martyrdom, for thus does the Roman Martyrology toll of her death on November 22: "At Colossæ in Phrygia the birthday of SS. Philemon and Appia, disciples of St. Paul. In the times of the Emperor Nero the heathen, on the Feast of Diana"—we know how great was the worship of Diana in Ephesus and all that part of Asia Minor—"had rushed into the Church"—the Church was in their house—"all fled, but they remained, were seized, and by order of the chief magistrate Artoclos were scourged, buried to the waist in the ground, and so stoned." A cruel martyrdom indeed, the preparation for which could have been no other than a holy life. It was to so saintly a couple, deserving clearly the praises "our beloved fellow-labourer" and "our dearest sister," that the "old man, now a prisoner of Jesus Christ," is pleading.

Surely the captive Apostle will gain his prayer. It was a wise and gentle prayer. The Apostle does not condemn slavery as sinful and wrong. He does not order, or even counsel, Philemon to discharge all his slaves. It was a state of society of which the Church would get rid gradually, as gradually her spirit leavened the whole lump. He does not in his authority as an Apostle command Philemon to set free even this one slave. It would be a good act to do, but he will rob the rich Colossian of no tittle of his merit. He is yours, and you must give him to God and return him to me as a free gift. "Without thy counsel I would do nothing, that thy good deed might not be as it were of necessity, but voluntary."

The prayer was granted; it needs no tradition to tell us that, our own hearts make us certain; a friend of St. Paul, from whom the Saint "gave thanks to God always because he heard of his charity and faith," a friend in whose obedience he could trust, knowing that you will do more than I say," who deserved that so great a Prince of the Church should bid him prepare a lodging for me;" one who knew the Apostle's heart so well could not possibly refuse such a petition on behalf of "his most dear brother" from Christ's prisoner at Rome. Onesimus was forgiven, welcomed as a brother, and the debt, we may be sure, if such there was, never asked from himself who had nothing, nor from the prisoner who had guaranteed its payment. Still further, he was sent back to St. Paul in Rome, to "minister to him in the bonds of the Gospel," the educated freedman, full of profit now to many.

St. Paul had been awaiting, now for some twelve months, his trial in Rome—it was his first imprisonment—for the law dragged on 1800 years ago, as it drags on still, but he felt confident of his release: "I hope that through your prayers I shall be given unto you." It was not, however, until another spring had come that he was actually acquitted, and able to pay his promised visit to the rich man near the source of the Meander at Colossæ. For not far from the head of that river which has given a word to the English tongue, the many windings and muddy waters of which made fruitful all the land through which it flowed, Colossæ stood; an old famous city of which Herodotus chats, telling how the river Lycus, one of the feeders of the Meander, slips there for some half mile beneath the soil, hiding itself, mole-like, in a tunnel worked through the porous rock. A famous city rich with its fertilizing stream, with the caravans of merchandise which passed through it to the seaports, with its breed of glossy black sheep. As time went it was outshone, indeed, by its neighbour town of Laodicea and Hierapolis, this last a city sacred to the nymphs, for all around it bubbled up hot springs, every spring to Greek

thought the home of a water-nymph, notable springs which petrify all things which they touch, leaving cliffs white as chalk where they have overflowed the hill-side, or building long stone walls of a single unbroken stone in their course as they run on. We shall not wonder that these were signs of volcanic power working beneath, and that Colossæ is now a shepherd's mound, and that the splendour of Hierapolis and Laodicea, and their still grander though younger sister, Apamea, often humbled, often renewed, lies now still visible, indeed, but visible only in the fragments of broken columns, or the relics of vast theatre or immense circus built into or out of the hillside.

It must have been a happy meeting, the master and the slave, and the saintly host and hostess with their still more saintly guest; the transfiguration of the slave must surely have brought others to the Faith. But the Apostle could not stay long, for he was to journey, as some of the Fathers tell us, into Spain, there to preach the Gospel for some two years; happy Spain, sacred by the labours of St. James and St. Paul, blessed to be the mother of many and greatest Saints; blessed to be Europe's bulwark not only against the ocean, but against the still more furious attack of Turk and of Protestant—the Apostle nation chosen to carry the Faith of its Apostle teachers across the Atlantic to new worlds as yet unknown. It was here in Spain that Onesimus would rightly earn the title given to him by the Greeks of "Apostle." He seems to have been soon ordained by St. Paul, first as deacon, and no doubt soon as priest; but—still higher—it would seem that the slave, whose conversion is well-nigh as striking as that of St. Paul himself, was consecrated to be Bishop. We have seen that while Epaphras, the Bishop of Colossæ, was in prison in Rome, Archippus was made Bishop to act in his place; and so Onesimus would seem to have been made Bishop Auxiliary of Ephesus, to fill the place of Timothy while he was with his spiritual father in Rome, or employed in parts of his Archdiocese outside Ephesus. And, again to use modern language, Onesimus was apparently appointed with the right of succession, it being understood that, on the death of St. Timothy, he should become the Bishop of the great Metropolitan See of Ephesus. And this may have been the case, even though on the death of St. Timothy, the last of the Apostles, St. John, yielded to the petition of the Ephesians, and himself acted for a while as their chief ruler, Onesimus still retaining dignity next to him.

So we find that when St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch was being led to Rome for his martyrdom, he writes of the kindness of Onesimus, and of the holiness of the united and faithful Ephesians, who came out to greet and cheer him on his way. It was in the year afterwards, A.D. 109, that the same Roman governor who had sent St. Ignatius to his martyrdom, laid hands upon the Archbishop of Ephesus, the leading bishop of Asia Minor, and sent him also to martyrdom at Rome. And there on February 16 the slave went to join his master and his teacher, "a most beloved brother" indeed; "the birthday," as the Roman Martyrology calls it, "of St. Onesimus, of whom the Apostle St. Paul writes to Philemon, whom also he ordained as Bishop of Ephesus after St. Timothy, and committed to him the Word to be preached. He was brought in chains to Rome, and for the faith of Christ stoned." Not the death of the Roman citizen by the sword, which was given to St. Paul, nor the slave's death, as the cross, which was the greater lot of St. Peter; but the death of the blasphemer which he shared with St. Stephen, and also with his saintly owners in the old times, SS. Philemon and Appia.

Truly, the figures which have filled the canvas in this picture have been the figures of Saints. To be a soldier in Christ's army in those first days meant to be a Martyr. St. Paul himself, and St. Timothy beside him, and Philomon and Appia, and Aristarchus, made by the Apostle Bishop of Thessalonica, all these were Martyrs; Archippus, too, the "follow-soldier," of whom the Martyrology speaks on March 20; while of Epaphras, the "follow-prisoner," it is recorded on July 19 that, having been ordained by the Apostle Bishop at Colossæ, and being "renowned"—even in those days—"for his virtues, he won the crown of martyrdom there in his see, struggling with heroic struggle for the sheep committed to his charge. His body lies buried in the Basilica of St. Mary Major at Rome.

Fancy bids us wonder what was the story of the soldier to whom the Apostle, with the Saints around him, was chained. Would not the chains be powerful sacramentals conveying grace to the soldier as the Cross convey it to Simon the Cyrenæan?

May the slave-Saint, the centre figure of our group, the slave-Bishop and Apostle, who was full of profit to so many, be profitable also to us.

Mr. Gray.

At the meeting of the shareholders of the *Freeman's Journal* held the other day, Mr. Gray, the representative, in the third generation, of the family which raised the paper to its former high estate, bade farewell to his countrymen:—

Mr. Gray said that on this occasion, which was a painful and even a humiliating occasion for him, he might perhaps claim the indulgence of even his bitterest enemies while he said a few words on a personal matter. He was plunged into politics at a time when there was a tremendous upheaval in national affairs. He took admittedly at the beginning a wrong side—(hear, hear)—and that mistake had never been forgiven. He would ask had he met with ordinary fair treatment? Was it generous of experienced politicians, politicians who had been ten and twenty years in public life in Ireland, to take advantage of the mistakes of a young man, made before he was of age, to take advantage of these mistakes for the purpose of drawing a ring of fire round him and of endeavouring to hound him out of public life in Ireland. He was still very young, and he had no doubt that if he simply stuck to his guns people would gradually come to see that he was not quite the character depicted in the "Day by Day" columns of the *National Press*. But in matters of this kind a man had to consider whether the game was worth the candle; and as far as he was concerned the disappointments he had experienced in connection with this journal and public life in Ireland, taken in connection with other troubles of a domestic character, had made him resolve that really it was not worth his while to wait until these people whose minds had been poisoned against him had had an opportunity of revising their judgment; and, therefore, he now bade good-bye to Irish public life and to his connection with the *Freeman's Journal*. (Applause.)

Mr. John Dillon, M. P., said he was perfectly certain that there was that amount of good feeling left in the hearts of those in that room that there was not a man who listened to Mr. Gray that did not wish him well wherever he might go, and who would not frankly and freely accept the explanation he had just given. (Hear, hear.) He (Mr. Dillon) thought a mistake made by so young a man, which was so frankly owned before his countrymen, ought to be forgiven and forgotten and buried. (Hear, hear.) The votes of the shareholders at this same meeting ratified the recom-

mendation of the committee of investigation, that Mr. T. Healy, M. P.—Mr. Gray's "Day by Day" opponent—should retire from the directorate of the *Freeman's Journal*.

Ladies and Smokers.

Walking recently upon Fifth Avenue in New York, says a correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*, at a time of the day when that gay street is filled with people, I noticed several times what I have often seen and marvelled at before—a young girl, hardly old enough yet to be called a young lady, walking with a boyish young man who was smoking. Both in every case were well dressed and refined looking, yet the girl seemed not to know that her escort was doing an impolite thing when he smoked as he walked by her side, and he looked as innocent as if he thought he were doing her a personal favour. If girls were more careful to demand the respectful treatment which is their due from the boys with whom they associate, they would gain not only respect but admiration. *Indian's Young Folks* tells of the lady like way in which the Empress Frederick reproved a man who proposed to smoke in the carriage where she was riding.

The Empress Frederick of Germany Queen Victoria's eldest child, is ordinarily the most affable and unaffected of royalties, yet no one understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occasion requires it. Some ten years ago, when as crown-princess she was spending the winter at *Palgi*, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighborhood almost daily, travelling by train, and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found places. On one of these occasions a Frenchman, who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant—or affecting ignorance—of the rank of his fellow-travellers, was proceeding to light a cigar, in accordance with the universal custom of smoking on that line. But before doing so he turned to the princess and politely inquired, "Does Madam object to the smell of smoke?" "I do not know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the crushing reply.

The Sanctification of Every Moment.

Perform every action as if you were in the presence of God and He saw your efforts and smiled upon them. Perform them as if aided by a guardian angel. Acquit yourself of every duty as though you had one alone to perform, and do not desist till it is done as perfectly as possible. Perform each duty as though upon its perfection depended your salvation. Remember if you die performing it well for the sake of the Good God, it will lead you to Heaven. Finally, perform each duty as if upon its perfection depended the granting to the church or to your relatives some long-sought for grace, which God will give as a reward for your application.

Guard Against Cholera.

Keep the blood pure, the stomach in good working order, and the entire system free from morbid effete matter by using *Burdock Blood Bitters*, which cleanses, strengthens and tones the whole system. Cholera cannot attack the healthy.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Wicklow Messrs. J. Murray and K. Howard. The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace, for the County Wexford, Dr. N. Furlong, F. Whelan, J. Haughton, H. J. Roche, W. J. Scallan, T. Codd, and P. J. Roche.

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions

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

THE CHURCH'S BIRTHDAY.

On the Pentecostal Feast to-morrow Catholics will in effect, if not in set words, be wishing the Church many happy returns of the day. For Whit-Sunday has ever been regarded as the birthday of the Church; when, after the great spirit-imparting miracle, "Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice and spoke" to the vast crowd of Jewish worshippers of many nationalities; "and they that received his word were baptised." Since that day the conditions of the world are changed beyond recognition. The kingdoms that then were, within four or five centuries were almost lost to sight; and the great peoples of the Roman Empire have given way in history for nigh fifteen centuries before any people from the North—the Gothic or Teutonic race. The Church sprang from amidst a decayed nation, and from within a decaying Empire: gathering within itself the best spirits of East and West. Strictly speaking, the old Empire was never Christianized. The Cross was reared on high by the successors of Constantine, and paganism came to be declared illicit; but the people at large—nay, the vast majority of the more select and educated classes—never were imbued with the spirit of the Christ. In this instance was the saying true: many are called, but few are chosen. Not even Christianity could save the ancient society; simply because there was no strength of purpose upon which the higher ideals of life could possibly be foisted. An effeminate people that have betrayed their own original manhood and let slip the purpose that once was in them—no power can save, no fire re-ignite; at least such is the lesson of all history. Not until the Northern races, yet wild with original untamed energies, came under her influence, did the Church have free scope for its God-given mission to the world. In the barbaric hordes that poured from their native regions into Italy, Spain, France, and Britain, the Church found a rough but sure material upon which the life of the Gospel could be impressed, and in which the new Christian spirit could shape itself freely without that intermixture of demoralised pagan culture which was the evil genius of the old Empire. It is the glory of the Teutonic race that it has been the instrument by which the life of the Gospel has been developed in the world, not merely as a personal belief, but as a social fact. Medievalism was essentially Teutonic Christianity: but it was also Christianity in its youth and adolescence, not yet attained to the maturity of its powers. But the life of the Middle Ages was a true Christian life, however immature. Only compare the mediæval serf with the slave of the ancient world; say, if you will, that the lot of the one was no better than that of the other in material comfort; yet the character of the mediæval serf was infinitely superior to that of the Roman slave. In him at least were the germs of that self-conscious dignity and independence which grew and expanded with the growing years until the mediæval serf has developed into the present working man. His essential equality with his lord was ever impressed by the Church upon the serf; and in theory, at least, was acknowledged by the lord himself. A noble truth is ever slow of realisation, yet the poor soul that is conscious of the faintest glimmering of the truth is as far removed from its unconscious partner as is Heaven from earth.

The great Western schism and the Protestant movements of the sixteenth century ushered in the mature age of Christendom; and then came the majestic Council of Trent—completed only in these later days by the Vatican Council—in which the faithful manhood of Christendom stood face to face with the rebellious. Painful, indeed, has been the tragedy of these last

three hundred years; and yet not without hope. For out of the darkness will come light, and from error truth; and when the day of the struggle is over there will be again one fold and one shepherd. But the fold will be renewed and the shepherd will look back with regret to the days of Innocent and Gregory. And wherein is the sign of the peace and unity to come? Surely in the social problem of the age. As it was when our own Gregory first turned from the Court of the Empire to the kings of the Franks and Goths, so is it now: the whole fabric of social life has to be rebuilt. The faith of men is wedded with their toil and daily life; to enlighten their faith you must brighten their toil and bring hope—hope in its truest sense, a palpable present hope—into their daily lives. Useless surely is it to lecture upon the dogmas of faith and the rites of the Church whilst the justice and purpose of present daily toil are shrouded in darkness unrent: faith will grow with a truer sense of the value of human toil and common life, not as a monotonous grinding for mere bread and roof; but a claim for human dignity and a source of spiritual power. And this is one of the grand lessons of the mediæval Church for all times—that it did not stand aloof from the life of the people and teach the Gospel from church-towers: it came down and lived among the people in their cottages and huts, in the fields and on the sea; everywhere religion went with them. Now it was with the ploughman, stopping the plough to invoke God's blessing on the soil; now with the fisherman, dedicating his boat to the honour of Our Lady; again with the peasant working side by side with the Monk on the Abbey land; and yet again it was with the people, when the Bishops stayed the tyrant's hand, or stood by the orphan in his sorrow. To-day the Church will adopt methods different, perhaps, from those adopted in a mediæval age; but her essential method will be the same—to enter into the life of the people, and to raise them to the sublimity of her own ideals and Faith. We who live to-day stand at the beginning of an era momentous in the history of Christendom and the world. Let us take a generous view of the mission of the Church to the world to-day—but, above all, let us not fail in a right view. Not by unsympathetic controversy, nor by appeals to isolated facts in the history of the Church, nor by denunciation of the disturbing spirits of the past, will the unity of faith be secured; but by a true interpretation of the value and dignity and purpose of daily life and toil.—*Weekly Register*.

The Cholera Scare.

Fear kills more than cholera. Severe diarrhoea, purging, colic, cramps, etc., are often mistaken for choleraic troubles. A few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will remove both the disease and the terror it inspires.

In the Rolls court, Dublin, on May 9th, in the case of *Campbell v. Campbell*, the plaintiff, Patrick Campbell, deceased, applied to have a deed alleged to have been executed by the deceased set aside, on the grounds of fraud, and that the deceased at the time it was executed was not capable of managing his affairs. The deceased was a farmer living near Coalisland. He held about 73 acres of land, and also had £2,000 in the Ulster bank. A sister named Anne, since dead, resided with him; and the allegation of the plaintiff was that a man named John Gartland and Anne Campbell drew up the deed in question, which purported to convey two farms that belonged to the deceased to his sister Anne Campbell, absolutely, and put the mark of the deceased to it four days after he had died. After hearing evidence in the case the Master of the Rolls held that the deed was fraudulent, and ordered it to be set aside, and that the land include in the deed formed part of the assets of the deceased, to be distributed according to law.

Wash No More.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

MR. HEENAN.

The following address was presented to Mgr. Heenan on the occasion of his investiture in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, May 28th:

To the Right Reverend Ignatius Heenan, Prothonotary Apostolic, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hamilton:

MONSIGNOR—The Catholic laity of the city of Hamilton desire to offer you their hearty congratulations. It was with singular pleasure that they learned of the high honor and dignity conferred on you by the Holy See. Ordained in Hamilton, you have passed the greatest part of your priestly career administering the holy sacraments and performing the several functions pertaining to your sacred office in this city, the Catholics of Hamilton have come to look upon you as part and parcel of their religious life, and have all along regarded you as father, friend and pastor.

The Diocese of Hamilton has always been blessed with an able, zealous and pious clergy, and from among them you were several times selected by the bishops who ruled over this See to administer the affairs of the diocese. And now, in answer to the special prayer of our beloved Bishop, the Holy See has been pleased to mark your pre-eminence by conferring on you the highest dignity ever bestowed on a priest of the Province of Ontario. This recognition of your sacerdotal worth is echoed in the hearts of the people, wherein you have all along been affectionately cherished. We could say more, very much more, but we know your profound humility would be pained by even the bare reference to your many virtues and good deeds. We will therefore content ourselves with assuring you of the continuance of our deep affection and regard, and pray that you will be spared to us yet many years, and that you may long enjoy the honors well and deservedly worn, and which we feel assured will be deservedly worn. We humbly ask your prayers and blessings.

EDWARD FURLONG, THOMAS WALSH,
JOHN RONAN, P. F. MCBRIDE,
CORNELIUS DONOVAN, J. T. ROUTH,
WM. KAVANAGH, DONALD SMITH,
ALEX. H. MOORE, HENRY ARLAND.

Mgr. Heenan replied with deep feeling. He said:

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Were my heart not moved to its inmost recesses by this manifestation of your affectionate regard it would prove that I was devoid of feeling, of affection and gratitude, which are numbered among those traits and virtues which most ennoble human nature. I am deeply grateful for this, to me, touching demonstration of your charity. Permit me, however, to say that of your generous affection I never had a doubt. The high honor, upon the reception of which you offer me your congratulations, merits grateful acknowledgments. First on account of the source from which it is derived, the Holy See, the chief fount of true honor and dignity, and in the second place because it was obtained by the influence of His Lordship our Bishop, and is the pledge of his friendship and esteem which I value so highly. You are kind enough to allude to the long years during which as a priest I labored in Hamilton. Of those years and of those labors I can truly say that I now look back upon them with pleasure, and that during their course I realized the truth of those words of a spiritual writer, "where there is love there is no labor, or if there be labor the labor is love."

Your address refers in complimentary terms to the learning and worth of the clergy of the diocese of Hamilton, with whom I have so long had the honor of being associated. For this just praise I beg of you to accept my thanks. You also remind me of the favors and proofs of confidence bestowed on me by the Bishops of Hamilton. Be assured that I am not unmindful of them, and that I am in an especial manner thankful to our present bishop, who has been lavish of his kindness to me and for which I now give expression to my gratitude. Once more, I thank you, my dear friends, for your charity, for the assurance of your continued affection, and for your prayers. I have not forgotten you, I never can forget you, and I will not cease to pray that God, in his goodness, may bless you for time and for eternity.

Gilbert Released.

Jas. Gilbert the dynamiter, was released from Portland prison last week. The sole reason for Gilbert's release is said to be the breaking down of his health.

Father Matthews, chaplain of the Portland prison, accompanied Gilbert to London with a nurse, who is a Sister of charity. The priest and sister kept the closest watch over Gilbert on the way, and avoided everything likely to excite him. The curtains of the railway coupe were drawn, and the trainmen received special orders to allow nobody to enter the coupe. Egan and another Irishman who awaited the train at a suburban station were not permitted to enter the compartments. Gilbert's appearance corroborated the recent reports as to his ill-health. He moves feebly and stoops. His face and figure have aged twenty years

since he was taken to Portland prison. Several times during the journey to London he was so faint that stimulants were used to revive him. Gilbert was taken by Father Matthews directly to a hospital, where a room had been engaged for him by the Irish Amnesty Association. He will be kept there until he shall recover his strength. The association will pay the bills.

Confirmation.

The parish of Thornhill will have good reason to remember the fourth of June, 1893, when his Grace the Archbishop paid his first official visit to this mission. Fifty children from Thornhill and Richmond Hill received Confirmation at the hands of the Archbishop. In the questions put them prior to the reception of the Sacrament they displayed in their answers a very good knowledge of their religion, and, as his Grace remarked, were a credit to the zealous pastor, Father McMahon, and his predecessor, Dean Egan, under whose care they were trained. After administering Confirmation the Archbishop gave some earnest, solid advice to old and young upon the importance of salvation, and concluded by giving all whom he confirmed the temperance pledge until they were twenty-one years of age. The following address was then read by M. Teefy, Esq., of Richmond Hill:

To the Most Reverend John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

May it please your Grace—We, the Catholics of the united parishes of Richmond Hill and Thornhill, rejoice in taking this opportunity of welcoming you on the occasion of your first official visit as Archbishop amongst us.

We regard you as the representative of our Holy Father, the illustrious Leo XIII., whose virtues and great abilities are worthy of his exalted position as pastor of the entire flock of Christ on earth, and through you we desire to express our unswerving loyalty to him as the occupant of the See of Saint Peter.

Owing to your Grace's energy and indefatigable zeal in the cause of Christ many are the churches that have risen in your Archdiocese as lasting memorials of your labor in our Lord's vineyard. Future ages will oft recall the memory of one who has done so much to further the cause of religion among his people.

We have long been looking forward to this pleasing event, and it was with joyous hearts we heard our beloved pastor announce you would be here in June, that loveliest month of the year, when nature dons her brightest garb in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Your Grace's coming shall long be remembered by all, but especially by those to whom you administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. This is indeed a milestone in the lives of those who are confirmed to-day, and often, in after years, as they walk the tangled paths of life, memory of this day and its joyous event shall float like sweet music o'er their hearts, shielding them from the dangers and many temptations that throng round life's pathway.

Earnestly asking our dear Lord to shower every blessing upon you, and to spare you for many years to guide and direct those under your care; we remain your devoted people of the parishes of Richmond Hill and Thornhill.

M. TEFFY, J.P., Richmond Hill,
JAMES MARSHALL, Thornhill,
NICHOLAS LYNETT, Richmond Hill,
JAMES WHELAN, Thornhill,
BERNARD COSGROVE, Richmond Hill,
ANDREW BANNON, Thornhill,
EDWARD MURPHY, Richmond Hill,
RICHARD SEAGER, Thornhill.
June 4th, 1893.

In reply his Grace remarked that it was nearly thirty-nine years since he had been in the Thornhill Church. It was the latter part of November, 1854, when he was sent from Toronto to hold the Sunday service. He had to stop at some hotel kept in the village, for there was no residence for the priest in those days. In fact there was not a resident pastor along the Northern Railway between Toronto and Collingwood. His Grace thanked the good people for their words of welcome. He then addressed himself to the Richmond Hill portion, urging upon them the necessity of erecting a new church. A bequest left by a former member of the parish was to their credit in the Bank. By adding a fair contribution they could build a very neat church, and so raise up Catholicity not only from a religious but also from a social point of view.

Rev. Father Teefy, who had accompanied the Archbishop, said the Mass, and preached in the evening upon the Unity of the Church.

His Grace spent the afternoon by a pleasant drive to Richmond Hill.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH—Mr. Thomas S. Ballou, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but ELECTRIC OIL cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Corner Stone.

The corner-stone of the new Roman Catholic church at Forest was laid on May 30th by his lordship Bishop O'Connor of London with appropriate ceremonies. His lordship was assisted by the following clergy: Rev. Jos. Bayard of Sarnia, Rev. John Connolly of Lucan, Rev. Geo. Traher of Mount Carmel, Rev. Kenneth Molloy of Toronto, Rev. P. J. Gnam of Wyoming and Rev. D. A. Molloy of Parkhill and Forest. In the stone were placed the leading Toronto and local papers, current coins and an historical sketch of the parish. Bishop O'Connor gave an able and eloquent address to the large audience assembled, which embraced members from all the Protestant churches in town as well as a large number of visitors from neighboring towns. The new church will cost about \$6,000, and is to be completed in October.

A. O. H.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held at its Hall, Red Lion block, Yonge street, the following were elected officers for the current year:

President—John Falvey.
Vice President—J. L. Leo.
Recording Secretary—M. J. Ryan.
Financial Secretary—M. F. Hyland.
Treasurer—Patrick W. Falvey.
Sergeant-at-Arms—J. J. Hyland.
Tyler—John Pearce.

League of the Cross.

The regular meeting of St. Paul's Branch League of the Cross, held last Sunday, was largely attended. A Committee was appointed to assist Rev. Father Hand in making the Garden Party to be held on Thursday the 15th instant, in aid of St. Paul's Church a success. Mr. Cahill, who has undertaken to act as delegate of the League to the Catholic Temperance Congress at the World's Fair, received many expressions of *bon voyage* before his departure.

Dominion Bank.

We publish in to-day's edition of the REGISTER the twenty-second annual report of the Dominion Bank, which makes a gratifying exhibit of the year's business. The profit for the year, over and above all expenses and charges, amount to \$215,000; and the dividends paid, with bonus, total \$105,000. The directorate and management must be congratulated on results so substantial.

Garden Party.

There will be a garden party on the evening of the 15th instant, by special permission of the Archbishop, on the House of Providence grounds in aid of St. Paul's Church. The zealous pastor, Father Hand, expects, and we trust will have, a large gathering of his friends on the occasion.

Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was for years a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief until she began to take Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Beginners in the service of God, sometimes lose confidence when they fall into any fault. When you feel so unworthy a sentiment rising within you, lift your heart to God and consider that all your faults, compared with Divine mercy, are less than a bit of oakum thrown into a vast fire. —St. Paul of the Cross.



Physicians in cholera districts state that where there is no indigestion there will be no cholera. K. D. C. will cure your indigestion and make you cholera-proof.

Free sample mailed to any address.

K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.



NIAGARA RIVER LINE

SINGLE TRIPS.

COMMENCING MONDAY MAY 15TH
STEAMER CHICORA

Will leave Geddes' wharf at 7 a.m. daily (except Sunday) for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central railways for Falls, Buffalo, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager.



GENEROUSLY GIVEN THE POOR.

San Elzeario, Tex., June 12, 1910
Two years ago you were kind enough to send me some of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which I gave to two poor girls who were suffering from falling sickness, and they got well after using your excellent remedy. My parish is poor to the utmost, but your charity will be your crown for your remedy so generously given to the poor, and so excellent, cannot but be an eternal reward.
REV. E. V. LEBRETON

Streator Ill. Oct. 26, '91
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever helped one of our sisters who was suffering from nervousness and sleeplessness for ten years, we also recommended it to many others and it always had the desired effect. A lady in Ohio was suffering from epileptic fits for several years and found no relief, until she used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; three bottles cured her entirely.
SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

Building Sale.

VARIOUS breaks in prices in the footwear department make this place a certain spot to save money. Summer shoes are being sought for now.

Oxford Tan Shoes, child's, 60c; men's, 70c. Ladies', 90c.
Oxford Red Shoes, turned, \$1.25
Ladies' Piccadilly Oxfords, \$1.50
Ladies' Canvas Shoes, splendid assortment.
Ladies' Wine, Russia and Call Oxfords, \$1.
Ladies' Button Boots, tip or plain, \$1.
Ladies' French kid Boots, \$2, were \$4
Men's Oxford Tan Shoes, \$1.20
Men's Goodyear Workshoes, \$2
Men's Fine Boots, \$2, were \$4.
Ladies' Cotton Hose, seamless, 2 pair, 50c.
Ladies' Lisle Hose, beautiful goods, black or colors, fancy ribbed, 20c.
Ladies' Summer Underwear, 65c. were 90c.
Embroidered Lawn, 45c.
Fancy Striped Muslins, 5c. worth 10c.
Organic Muslins, 17c. were 25c.
Coin Spot Muslins, 12c.
Nainsook Flouncings, tucked and hem, 16c.
Seaside Muslins, no ironing, 10c. were 15c.
Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$2.65.
Bent Ball Wagons, \$1, were \$1.75.
Copper Kettles, silver plated, \$1, were \$2.
Roller Towelling, 18-in., 5c.
Butcher's Linen, 40-in., 16c.
Dress T-ceds, 60c. were 85c.
Whip Cord, 60c. were 75c.
Roman Cords, 50c. were 75c.
Pointilles, 50c. were 75c.
All-wool Estamene Serges, 40c. were 45c.
Pretty Delaines, all wool, 20c. were 25c.
Lisle's Pongee Silk, 30c. were 40c.

Nowhere in the house is greater satisfaction given than in the mail order department.

R. SIMPSON,

8. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. TORONTO.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.



Is the only rapid and Certain Healer for
Scratches, Cuts, Galls, Sore Shoulders
and all Wounds on
HORSES AND CATTLE.

Ask your dealer for TEXAS BALSAM, and take no other. Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents, by

C. F. SEGSWORTH,
No. 6 Wellington East,

CORPUS CHRISTI.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

Someone has said that the interior of St. Michael's Cathedral is "a sacred canticle in exquisitely blended colors." The beautiful Church is seen at its best only when solemn feasts give sound to the artist's illustrated song—and the Cathedral was seen at its best last Sunday. It was the solemnity of Corpus Christi, and never perhaps before was the beautiful Feast celebrated in St. Michael's with such impressive pomp and splendor. The only thing needed to make the celebration in every way perfect was the presence of his Grace the Archbishop, who was administering Confirmation in a suburban church.

Solemn High Mass was sung by Vicar-General McCann, assisted by Rev. J. J. Carbery as deacon, and Mr. James McGrand as sub-deacon. Immediately after Mass the Blessed Sacrament was borne in solemn procession, and all who witnessed it seemed to agree that St. Michael's had never seen such a procession before. First came the girls of the First Communion and Confirmation classes, bearing pretty banners. Then followed the members of the Young Ladies Sodality, with their beautiful banners. After these came the boys of the first communion and confirmation classes, with their neat decorations and Sacred Heart badges. Then the Altar Boys, with their well-trained choir enlivening the procession with choral hymns. Six little fellows, splendidly attired, and carrying baskets of flowers, walked gracefully backwards, strewing flowers before the Blessed Sacrament, which was borne by Vicar-General McCann, assisted by Deacon and Sub-deacon, under a gorgeous white-plumed canopy carried by four Christian Brothers. Led by the cross-bearer and acolytes the magnificent procession moved slowly through the side and centre aisles of the great Church, the celebrant and his ministers returning to the Altar, where the ceremony ended with Benediction.

The singing of the Mass (Haydn's No. 2) with orchestral accompaniment was exceptionally fine, even for St. Michael's magnificent choir. Father Rohleder, their able and exacting leader, is not easily surpassed; but he certainly had reason to be pleased with the singers on Sunday—and he was. The immense congregation followed the impressive ceremonies with reverent attention and piety. Father Ryan preached at morning and evening service. At Mass he gave a very beautiful little sermon on the celebration; and at evening service he delivered a rather lengthy and eloquent discourse on the Priesthood of the People, as exercised in that grand organization, the Apostleship of Prayer. This was the opening sermon of a little retreat for the Men's League of the Sacred Heart. The exercises continue on Wednesday and Friday evenings at 7.30 and end with a general communion at 7 o'clock Mass on Sunday.

AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

After the eleven o'clock Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Coyle, a procession was organized, consisting of the Sanctuary boys, the children who have recently made their First Holy Communion, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and about a score of little girls bearing flowers to scatter before the Blessed Sacrament. The procession, headed by Cross-bearer and acolytes, went out Bathurst Street to the south side of McDonnell Square. In the grounds of the church an altar had been erected, tastefully decorated by the Sisters of St. Joseph. At this altar, on the arrival of the Blessed Sacrament, which was carried by Father Coyle, Benediction was given. Rev. Father Lynch acted as deacon, Father Cruise as sub-deacon. Monsignor Rooney assisted at the Benediction, though not sufficiently recovered to take part in the procession. A vast crowd was present, in which were many Protestants, who did not show the least sign of disrespect. The procession was re-formed, and, passing by the same way, entered the Church, when Benediction was again given.

AT ST. BASIL'S.

This Church always solemnizes the Feast of Corpus Christi with becoming pomp and devotion. Sunday last proved no exception. The altars were fittingly decorated, the Sanctuary was filled with students, who took part in the procession, and the excellent choir, supported by full orchestral accompaniment. Solemn high Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Father Marjion, as celebrant. The Rev. Mr. Maguire acted as deacon, and Mr. N. Roche as sub-deacon. The choir sang Gonoud's "Messe Solennelle," the soloists being Mrs. J. D. Ward and Miss Amy Borthon, sopranos; Messrs. J. F. Kirk and J. D. Wade, tenors; and Messrs. H. T. Kelly and G. Forbes, basses. At the offertory Lambert's "Lauda Sion" was sung, with Mrs. O'Hara, Miss Todd, Messrs. Ward and Kelly as soloists. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament, which had been exposed upon the high altar from the seven o'clock Mass, was carried in solemn procession around the Church. Nearly one hundred students took part, giving the most solemn effect as they passed slowly through the aisles clad in dalmatic or cope. A large number of school children also joined, and sang an appropriate hymn before and after the procession. The "Pange Lingua" was chanted by the clergy, and all credit is due

to Father Dumouchel, who conducted the ceremonies throughout, while the decorum of the young children bespoke the care with which they had been trained by the zealous pastor, Father Bronnan. The musical part of the service was under the direction of Rev. Father Murray as leader, and Mr. P. A. Moore as Organist.

AT ST. PAUL'S.

Corpus Christi was fittingly celebrated in St. Paul's Church on Sunday. A vast congregation attended at the 11 o'clock Mass. At the proper time a procession of the Sanctuary boys, school children, Sodalties and League of the Cross was formed and marched around the aisles of the Church. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by the celebrant, Rev. Father Reddin. The sermon of the Feast was preached by Father Hand. Millard's Mass was rendered in good style by the Choir. Miss McDonald presided at the organ.

Farewell Address to Father McCarthy.

The young men of the St. Alphonsus Catholic Association held a meeting Sunday afternoon, the 28th ult., in their club rooms for the purpose of presenting Father McCarthy, their spiritual adviser and director for the last three years, with a farewell address. The father has by his geniality and the interest he has taken in the welfare of the club won the respect and admiration of all its members, as was evidenced by the presence of nearly all the club at this gathering. Father McCarthy, as a member of the holy order of the Redemptorist Fathers, is subject to changes at any moment. He has been called back to his old station at Quebec, where he was domiciled for 13 years before he came to Toronto. Not to be outdone by the young men in expressing their sincere sorrow at Father McCarthy's departure, the Young Ladies' Catholic Literary Society also presented the departing father with an address, and in addition a box of cigars. It is contrary to the customs of the order to accept a present of any considerable value, which accounts for the somewhat modest but thoughtful donation offered by the ladies.

Father McCarthy left Tuesday, the 30th ult.; being met at the station by a large number of the members, who had assembled to see him off. The Club has lost a good friend whose place it will be hard to fill, and that that is recognized was evident from the many expressions of regret at his departure.

Sunday Baseball.

For the past two Sunday afternoons the divinity students of Trinity College, in the West End, have been playing baseball on the lawn in Queen street, in full view of the residents thereabout and passers-by. They wore blazers, black and red, and knocked the ball vigorously across the field.

The man first to protest was the undertaker at the opposite corner. His feelings were so shocked a week ago that he complained to the police. They promised to watch for the next offence.

The *World* inquired as to why the students played ball on Sunday, and was told that they could do it because they were High Church; that the students of St. Michael's College, which was more highly "high," did the same thing, and that many years ago it was the practice in England for the rector or vicar of the parish to put the local eleven through their facings on Sunday afternoon. It is on record that in England in old days the fox-hunting parson not infrequently said evensong with his hunting dogs beneath his surplice.

The *World* can well understand that the undertaker should be greatly concerned over this impiety. It is his duty to be constant in solemnity, and baseball on Sunday afternoon is not conducive thereto. The Lord Bishop should at once interfere and order the Reverend Provost to put up a "high" board fence about the baseball ground.—*World*.

Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has been the decree of our heavenly Father in his all-wise judgment to call to her reward the beloved daughter of our esteemed Brother, Patrick Clancy, be it therefore

Resolved that the members of Division No. 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians, tender to Brother Clancy, his wife and family, their very sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their affliction.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Brother Clancy, and copies thereof sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and *Catholic Record* papers for publication. Geo. J. OWEN, Secretary.

"Is this hot enough for you?" is a silly question; but if you meet a man who complains of suffering from the heat, ten to one you will find, on inquiry, that he does not use Ayer's Sarsaparilla to tone up his system and free his blood from irritating humors.

James A. Sadlier.

The following particulars concerning the late Mr. Sadlier are taken from the *American Catholic News*:

Mr. James Sadlier was a nephew of Denis and James Sadlier, who, in 1836, founded the old publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier at 33 Barolay street. He conducted for a number of years, a branch of this house, in Montreal, finally succeeding his uncle James as proprietor of the main house. When his brother, William H. Sadlier, died in managing the concern at 11 Barolay street which is devoted exclusively to the publication of Catholic school books. Mr. Sadlier got his early education at the School of the Christian Brothers in this city, and was graduated later from St. Mary's College, Montreal. He became intimately acquainted with many of the prelates of the Church in the United States and Canada. He was 48 years old and unmarried.

Although he was head of the Montreal firm of Sadlier & Company, he has lived for many years at the Metropole Hotel, Forty-first street and Broadway.

His large fortune will go to his cousins. The funeral was held on Friday, May 26th, from the residence of Patrick Cassidy 1,119 Madison avenue, and thence to the Church of St. Lawrence, where a solemn Mass of requiem for his repose was celebrated by Rev. Pius Massi, assisted by Rev. David B. Walker as deacon, and Rev. Philip Cardelli as sub-deacon.

There were also present in the sanctuary Archbishop Corrigan, Abbot Alexius Edelbroch, O. S. B., Rev. John Edwards, Rev. James H. McGean, Rev. Francis J. McCarthy, Rev. Matthew McDonald and Rev. Patrick Gleason. After the Mass the absolution was given by the Archbishop. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery.

At the meeting of the Catholic publishers held at the office of Benziger Bros., 38 Barolay street, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas by the death of James A. Sadlier, Divine Providence has removed from among us a worthy and respected member of our body; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we the Catholic publishers of this city, do hereby express our sympathy with the bereaved members of his family, and shall, as a mark of respect to his memory, attend his funeral.

Louis Benziger, P. O'Shea, E. Steinbach, firm of F. Pustet & Co.; F. McCabe, Montreal; Joseph Schaeffer, P. J. Kennedy, Louis Ellean, Aug. Roche, John Kehoe, Catholic School Book Company, D. & J. Sadlier, & Co., A. Diopenbrook, Louis Trug A. Kiffarth, Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauas, C. J. Parcoll, Treasurer Stollzenberg Co.; John Ghegan.

The following tribute of respect paid Mr. Sadlier by the *New York Catholic Review* is echoed by all the Catholic press of America:

It is difficult to speak with due appreciation of the high qualities of him, who has passed to his eternal reward. Death has unsealed the lips of many in this regard and made known the many beautiful deeds, the more beautiful that they were hidden, which he has carried with him into the after life. Innumerable were the acts of truly noble and always delicate charity, which marked each day of his busy and useful career. Truly his right hand knew not what his left hand did. Nor was he less charitable in word than in deed. Never was he heard to pass an uncharitable judgment on any one. His piety, always unostentatious, was deep, fervent and sincere. He was a daily assistant at Mass and a frequent communicant. It may be said of him:

"His faith was as the tested gold,
His hope assured, not overbold,
His charities past count, untold."

The phrase has been on many lips since death, "he was one of the best men I ever knew." And, if we are to take the criterion of holiness given us by the apostle, to visit those in tribulation and to keep "one's self unspotted from the world," truly was the late Mr. Sadlier a model Christian.

In business circles his name was a synonym for unimpeachable integrity, and the work that he has done for Catholic education by the preparation of Catholic School-books, particularly in the Dominion of Canada, cannot easily be estimated. He devoted his fine business abilities to the highest ends, ever having in view, the good which might be accomplished, and the aids given to the Catholic cause.

St. Basil's Separate School.

Government Inspector Donovan reports as follows concerning this school: "The number enrolled has substantially increased since last year, the classes have made satisfactory progress in their work and studies, and on the whole I find this a stronger school than ever."

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.



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Something else that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for *him*, but it can't be, for *you*.

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PROHIBITION.

By Rev. Dr. Rainford.

Any one suggesting the possibility of reforming and purifying the drink traffic, more especially in our large cities, places himself in a position of peculiar difficulty. At first his enemies are mighty and many, his supporters doubtful and few. Ranged against him are the enormous organized forces of alcohol-producers, and those engaged in the liquor trade. Next come the professional politicians, whose interests are bound up in many ways with the present system of saloons and corner grogeries. These places are the prolific spawning beds for dickers and deals. If these things are not the offspring of the saloon, that institution serves as an excellent midwife and wet-nurse to them. The ordinary temperance reformer and temperance politician cannot be induced to look favourably on any scheme of reform. He is for destroying the trade root and branch. Here, then, are three groups of opponents, each strong in numbers and resources, each prepared to oppose and denounce with cleverness and bitterness any movement that aims at the reformation of the drink traffic itself.

Yet it seems to me that it is just along this line alone that a lasting and permanent temperance reform may be worked out. Temperance agitators fail because they attempt the impossible. They seek to root out alcohol. They might as well seek to root out the use of beef or fish. It seems to me that in some form or another alcohol is here to stay. I do not know of any temperance movement that meets the inevitableness of the use of alcohol squarely. The Prohibitionist refuses to draw any distinction between the moderate and the immoderate drinker. All uses of his enemy are, in his view, criminal. The seller, the consumer, are in all cases public enemies to be suppressed by law. The Prohibitionist ignores the past of our race, and history with him counts for nothing. His position is one of fanatical hatred. Speaking for large cities, I say that of all the obstacles that bar the way to a true reform, he himself constitutes the worst.

The coffee-house reformer provides the public with a good thing. For that portion of the community who wish to use coffee his plans are admirable. But neither coffee nor kindred beverages can take the place with the multitude that alcohol in some form has taken for ages, and for a long time will continue to take.

The advocate of high license, if he gain his way, will leave the sting in the evil business itself. His system permits the trade in drink to be pushed and expanded by individual capacity and for individual gain. Nor can the reformer hope to achieve much by present methods. These deal with the made drunkard, while the causes which make him are too often ignored. The made drunkard may be, but rarely is, saved, not in approaching him chiefly on the emotional side of his nature are we using the most likely means to deal with his almost hopeless case.

No present temperance move, then, has, it seems to me, a chance of success. A limited success, of course, they all have, for any effort to aid our fellow man, that is honestly made, cannot altogether fail of good result. But surely the time is ripe for the entrance on this field of a class of helpers, so far, at least, unrecognized and unorganized. I refer to the vast number of moderate-minded men who deplore drunkenness, but who know full well that for generations to come we cannot hope to eliminate the drunkard. Those people cannot consistently support any of the present temperance movements, for they themselves are not prepared to banish alcohol in all shapes from their lives. Once move this people, once prove to them, not that

the present system is bad—they know that—but that they alone have the power to modify it; and I cannot believe but that something in the way of lasting reform will be, at least, in view.

How is this vast body of temperate opinion to be educated and infused with zeal for the public good? How is it to be educated, or what can be done to save the multitudes from the ruin of drink? I know of no other method than that which has been employed so often and so successfully in bringing about various desirable reforms—the method of concrete example. Here and there groups of moderate people must take hold of the evil thing and try to rob it of its worst features.

What can be done in New York? One thing is self-evident at the outset. The crowded nature of the city makes places of recreation and social meeting necessary. Clubs, amusement halls, restaurants, play and must continue to play a disproportionately important part in our municipal life. The working people, pent up in terribly narrow quarters, need such outlets more than do their richer neighbours. To these even such a place of resort as the present saloon, with all its evils, is, taking it all in all, a boon. To close all of our ten thousand saloons, were such an act possible, without providing some other and better institutions to take their place, would be a calamity to New York and a crime against her.

A great mass of the populace demands alcohol in some shape or other. All temperance schemes simply ignore this great majority of the working people. The day of paternalism is well nigh over. The liberty allowed with unquestioning accord to the rich cannot be denied to the wage-earners. To meet the social needs of any class you must look frankly at what those needs are, or, what is practically the same thing, what men believe their needs to be. You may educate their opinion as to what their needs are, and reform can be inaugurated only in that direction.

The saloon of the future will not be run for private profit. That is the fatal phase of the present system; it will be shaped to meet the actual needs of the public. Drink is but one factor, all hope a decreasing factor, in the life of the people. Amusement, variety, aroused interest—these are the true and deadliest foes to the drink habit. Evil environment makes drink, fully as much as drink makes evil environment.

The public-house that the people need is no mere dramshop; but a commodious meeting-place a clubhouse. It must provide amusement, music certainly. It needs no standing bar. Its food-supply must be plentiful, varied, and well-cooked. Milk, coffee, and tea must be as much its staple trade as beer, wines, and in some cases perhaps, spirits. It should be a straight business concern, with no savor of crankdom or religion about it. Any sign of philanthropy, or of its being run as a reforming agency foredooms it to failure.

Such resorts would compete with the saloons and have some share in hastening a better time, when an enlightened public opinion will call for the placing of the whole traffic under honest and independent Government supervision. —*Literary Digest.*

A Close Resemblance.

Many symptoms of Canadian cholera are similar to those of the real Asiatic cholera, such as vomiting, purging, intense pain, etc. For all these symptoms Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a safe and sure specific. Price 35 cents at druggists.

A man named Daniel Halloran was received at Barrington's Hospital suffering from fracture of the skull, the result of a blow of a pint measure, which, it is alleged, was given him by a man named Riordan in a quarrel on May 29th. His depositions were taken before Mr. John Gilmare, J.P., and Riordan was remanded in custody.

Personal Items.

The grave of George Eliot, at Highgate, near London, is reported to be in a wretched state of neglect.

Minuets are to be in favor the coming season, and their rhythmic motion is appropriate to the quaint gowns of the summer.

The first colored woman in the United States to fit herself for practicing dentistry is Miss Martha Jordan, of Dallas, Texas. She is studying her profession at Denver University.

Among the most valuable presents received by the Princess Marie Louise of Parma, wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is a superb diadem from the women of the country over which she is to rule. It contains five magnificent clusters of diamonds in the shape of a Bourbon lily.

Among the workers at the Harvard College Observatory who have shown special scientific ability is Miss Maury. She is a grand-daughter of the Lieut. Maury whose meteorological and other scientific work has been of immense value to seamen on the Atlantic, and a niece to Dr. Henry Draper.

The plume of the Prince of Wales, worn on state occasions, is said to be worth \$50,000. The feathers, an English writer says, are pulled from the tail of the feriwah, one of the rarest and most beautiful birds of India. Great expense and trouble are necessary to capture the bird, which is found only in the wildest jungles. The feathers are taken from the live cock.

One of the finest and most perfectly appointed library buildings is the new Millicent library, presented by the children of Mr. H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil company, to the town of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, in memory of their sister Millicent who died in 1890. This library has an endowment of \$300,000 for its support, and already contains over 5,000 well-chosen volumes. Fairhaven has profited by the accident of its having been Mr. Roger's birthplace, for it owes to his family a fine school-house and a handsome town-hall as well as the library.

The death has only recently been chronicled of the Baroness von Levetzow, who is popularly supposed to have been Goethe's last love. When the poet met her he was seventy-three and she was eighteen, but the discrepancy in their ages did not prevent his offering her his hand in marriage, and although she refused him, he immortalized her in his poem the "Marienbader Elegie." She never married, but spent her later years at her home, the Schloss Tribilitz, in Bohemia, engaged in charitable work among the poor of the neighborhood. She was over ninety when she died.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ECTERIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is more economic.

In the Probate Court, on May 10th, before Judge Warren and a jury, the case of Mary McGoey v. Mary Donegan, was called up. This was a suit to establish the will of the late William Donegan, a farmer residing at Cloncen. Two wills were propounded. The plaintiff put forward a will dated 27th August, 1878, by which the testator left his property to William, the eldest son, and two other sons, and £100 to the plaintiff, one of his daughters. The defendant put forward a will dated 23rd October, 1878, by which the property was left to the mother, for her lifetime, with power to divide it at her death between the children. The plaintiff alleged that the second will was a forgery. On the contrary, the defendant alleged that the will stated to be a forgery was in the handwriting of the plaintiff herself, who took it down from her father's dictation. The plaintiff was tested as to her handwriting in court and it was found that the words misspelled in the will were misspelled by her also in precisely the same way. The jury found that the second will was not a forgery and that it was the last will of the testator. It was accordingly admitted to probate.

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COUGHS & BRONCHITIS

The Lay Brother's Story.

(MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE—1850.)

James Jeffrey Roche in Donahoe's Magazine.

That is his grave, and this is mine—
The father was good to me so old,
Though I spoke no word and I made no sign
Nor ever nourished a hope so bold
As to dream that my dust by his might lie,
Who was saint on earth and saint on high.

Forty years together we wrought,
And not one look from him to tell
That his mind went back for a fleeting thought
To the life we both had known so well.
For he had been here two years before
I left the world and curbed my tongue,
And I knew him well in the days of yore
When I was not old and he was young.

Never a sign through all the years
Till yesterday when his summons came,
And I saw him smile through a veil of tears,
And he took my hand and he called my name:
(For one hour of life, ere it fades away,
To the dying Trappist is kindly given,
That his soul may see, when its sins are shriven,
How as death to life, and as night to day,
Are the joys of earth to the joy of Heaven.)

Then the Angel of Memory rolled the stone
Back from the sepulchre of years,
Till the forty winters of monotone
And the forty summers our cells had known
Were gone, and we two were grenadiers—
Grenadiers of the Grande Armee,
Side by side on that awful day
At Kowno Bridge with the godlike Ney,
Facing ten thousand Cossack spears.

I saw him fall as they pressed us back,
Inch by inch, to the further shore.
Then a mat of blood hid the battle wrack,
And I prayed to awaken nevermore.

But God's great mercy denied the boon
And gave me life and some deeds to do,
Till the end that came so sore and soon
In shame and sorrow and Waterloo.
Small loss was it then to leave the earth
That held no longer of hope or dread;
But great the reward beyond my worth,
For I found him here I had mourned for dead.
I marvelled oft if he never thought
Of France and glory and dreams so dear
To our dear dead youth—ah! I forgot
The saint had been man and—a grenadier!

He held my hand, and the long desire
Spoke through his eyes and the glaze of death;
Something was, too, of the old-time fire
Men feel when they taste the battle-breath.
And something more, of the love so strong
No years could weaken, no reason chill,
For the Chief we followed through right or wrong,
As the planets swing to the great Sun's will.

God will not love him less, I know,
For the love that gnawed at his silent breast
Through years of speechless doubt and woe,
For Himself had said that love is best.
And all that he asked I freely told,
And would tell again though I died therefor—
"Tell me," he said, "my comrade old,
Tell me about my Emperor!"

SOCIAL DUTIES.

Monseigneur de Harlez, the learned professor in the University of Louvain, Belgium, whose praise has been lately in the mouth of Dr. Mivart, has written to the *Journal de Bruxelles* the following letter of counsel to both sides in the social dispute:

The Revision of the Constitution is not yet complete, the details of the new Charter are not yet settled, but the fundamental base is definitely laid, and we may partly perceive the principal consequences. . . . Are the dangers foreseen as grave as they appear? Is the future as threatening as it is painted? Those who have conceived, proposed, acclaimed the system of the plural vote are not adventurous politicians, are not hair-brained youths burning to execute early in the morning the projects that have visited their dreams. Upon this subject I have a consideration to offer to Catholics, and to Catholics only.

For now almost a year Catholic Belgium has been praying to God with one voice that He would enlighten our legislators and inspire them in the manner most favourable to our country, to religion, and to society. Shall we, then, believe that Heaven has laughed at our praying, and has allowed the triumph of a fatal principle which will bring about the ruin of all that is dear and sacred to us? Have we ceased to believe in the action of Providence? Or is there not rather in the events of our day a sure and secret design? I shall allow myself

to believe so. Certainly I do not see more clearly into the future than the least learned of all our fellow-citizens; but, inasmuch as conjectures are permitted to the humblest intelligence, at its own risk and peril, I may wonder whether Providence, whose children all men are, may not design that we ourselves should be pioneers to new social conditions, in which the great law of Christian charity shall be obeyed more nearly than ever before according to the will of the Father of all men, and in which Christian equality and Christian fraternity shall have a sanction stronger and more equitable than they now receive in our midst. When Leo XIII. tells us, in his immortal Encyclical, that we are bound to go to the succour of those in an inferior social class, seeing that they are for the most part in undeserved misfortune and unmerited misery, does he not foretell the coming of a social system in which the principles of the Gospel shall have truer practice? Doubtless the present condition of things is pleasant enough to the spoiled children of fortune; but is it equally pleasant to the disinherited? And are not these last the classes most beloved of Him Who said: "Blessed are the Poor"; "Woe to the rich"? Are the classes of society, necessary enough in a certain measure, indeed such as the law of Christ would have them? Have not the superior classes something to reproach themselves—manners somewhat insolent and scornful, the perhaps unconscious claim to the exclusive right to enjoyment, a sense of distance from their fellow-creatures less favored by fate—all feelings according ill with the principle of fraternity in God? Let us but call to mind the sentence spoken by the Apostle St. James against those who, in the assemblies of Christians, despise or neglect the poorly and humbly clad. How difficult certain people seem to consider the duty of such a simple courtesy as the lifting of a hat, a slight but kindly bow! And as for Capital—has it fulfilled all its duties to labour, its moral, religious, and economic duties? Who dare say that it has? Who dare say that the hand of Providence has not designedly given to human society a more or less violent shaking up, to wake it from its languor and stimulate it to quicker progress towards the reparation of social injustice and the healing of those undeserved miseries spoken of by Leo XIII.? Read again the call of the Socialists of 1885. You will find new lights upon that question. The Comte de Mun has well said "The Church is not the police in a soutane." She is a mother, a mother equally loving to all her children, and tender especially to the small and weak among them. Let us accept, like Christians, the conditions now brought about by Providential permission. Is there a single man in this world whom the question of public affairs and general laws do not concern? And dare we refuse to the weak a share in the appointment of law-makers and the making of laws touching their vital interests? Let us take what precautions you will against social dangers—and the plural vote is an incontestable measure of defence: but let us not incur the reproach of having been grasping and selfish fighters for ourselves. For the rest, let us make an examination of conscience: let us see whether in our social relations we have not to reproach ourselves—whether everything has been Christian in our dealings. Let us, as says St. Francis of Sales, become the sellers whenever we buy; let us put ourselves in the place of those who have no share in the gifts of fortune or in distinctions however small. A man of the people, a servant, a crossing sweeper is, after all, a child of God even as we, and the Divine image stamped upon him makes him a creature to be respected. Nay, his interests are more sacred than those of

persons upon whom chance has bestowed high rank and abundant wealth. Let us be democrats in the right sense of the word, democrats for peace, for justice, and for charity. Let us show the people that their temporal interests are subjects of our solicitude; let us learn to humble ourselves and to bring these to their places. Let us rid ourselves of prejudice, let us look at all things in the light of the Gospel, let us work for the propagation of right ideas, let us be vigilant for the interests of those who are to be called to public life, and the Revision of the Constitution will frighten us no more; the Social Question will solve itself in peace and justice.

Legend of the Holy Shadow.

A long time ago there lived a saint so holy that the angels marvelled at his sanctity and came from heaven to see how any one on earth could so closely resemble them. They found nothing extraordinary in his life. He kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars give light and the flowers give perfume. Two words summed up his way—he gave and forgave, but these words were never on his lips. You only read them in his smile, in his amiability, in his kindness, in his untiring charity. The angels said to God, "Lord, grant him the gift of miracles." "Willingly," replied our Lord. "Ask him what he wishes." And the angels said to the saint: "Wouldst thou have the gift of healing, so that when thy hands touch an infirm body it shall be healed?" "No," replied the saint. "I would rather God alone would do it." "Wouldst thou have thy words win back guilty souls and erring hearts to God?"

"No, that is a mission most unworthy of a poor creature like me. I am satisfied to pray; I do not preach." Finally the angels said, "What wouldst thou have?" "Well," said the saint, "let me do a great deal of good without knowing it." The angels consulted together for awhile as to how this could be accomplished; then asked our Lord to grant that every time the saint's shadow fell at either side or behind him, so that he could not see it, it should have the power of curing the sick, consoling the afflicted and comforting the sorrowful. Our Lord assented, and whenever the saint's shadow fell thus the pathways bloomed, the parched earth was refreshed, the turbid streams became pure and limpid, the dying flowers revived, a fresh, healthy bloom came to the pale cheeks of the little children and tears of joy to the eyes of sorrowing mothers. But the saint kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars shed light, as the flowers give perfume, and the people, respecting his modesty, silently followed him, never speaking to him of his miracles. They gradually forgot even his name and spoke to him simply as "the holy shadow."

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A boy named Frederick Twomey, aged 54 years, while playing with some companions on the ferry slip opposite Water street, Cork, fell in the river and was drowned before anyone could come to his rescue.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Geraghty, which took place on the 29th of April, at Kentstown National school, Navan, of which he was for many years the successful and popular teacher. He only survived his lamented wife by a few months and his death has occasioned a wide-spread feeling of sorrow in the district. The funeral cortege to Damesstown, on May 1st, amply testified to the esteem in which he was held.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

June 8—Octave of Corpus Christi.
9—The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.
10—S. Margaret of Scotland, Widow.
11—Third Sunday after Pentecost, S. Barnabas, Apostle.
12—S. Leo III., Pope and Confessor.
13—S. Anthony of Padua, Confessor.
14—S. Basil the Great, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.

Immortality of the Soul.

Some of the Catholic Colleges in the United States, and most notably St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, are making very praiseworthy efforts to advance Catholic principles in philosophy and explain them to others than their own students. A couple of weeks ago a public disputation was held by the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, when Archbishop Corrigan presided. The language in which the discussion was conducted was Latin, and the questions debated were, first the Simplicity and Spirituality of the Soul, and secondly the Immortality of the Soul. The New York Sun comments thus upon the whole proceedings:

The disputation conducted in Latin on Wednesday evening at the Hotel de Logerot was accordingly a valuable practical exercise for the young men, and is highly creditable to their instruction that they acquitted themselves so well in the difficult task. We question whether there is another college in the Union which would have dared to submit its students to such a test, but the example thus offered by St. Francis Xavier's is likely to stir up the emulation of the rest, with the result, perhaps, that hereafter we may have intercollegiate disputations in Latin.

No theme for debate of profounder interest than the immortality of the soul could have been chosen. It is really doubt as to this immortality which lies at the bottom of the current religious disturbance. If there were no such doubt, the General Assembly of the Presbyterians would not now be discussing the revision of the Westminster Confession, and the infallibility of the Bible. If there be a personal God, if the soul of man be immortal, if there be eternal rewards and punishments, man can only know of them as facts through inspiration coming from God Himself. He must be told of them by Divine authority, for of himself he cannot find them out. They are questions which human science is powerless to solve. If then, the Bible be of human and not Divine authorship, man is left in the dark as to his future state, he is ignorant whether he has any future state at all. He becomes, perforce, an agnostic; for when the inspiration of the Bible is denied, the main pillar on which supernaturalism rests is rejected. All theology must rely upon inspiration as its foundation, whether it accepts only the Bible as the inspired source, or includes also Church tradition and declaration. At the bottom is the Bible.

The debate on the doctrines of Dr. Briggs respecting the Bible, which will proceed in the General Assembly at Washington, will involve substantially the same question as that discussed by the students of St. Francis Xavier's College at the Hotel de Logerot. If there be no Biblical inspiration, if the Bible is a merely human production, faulty and in parts absolutely fictitious and spurious, the theory of the immortality of the soul is baseless, except as a mere philosophic speculation.

By leaving this question in doubt the Presbyterian Church, which has no other foundation than the Bible, is making itself a party to the current scepticism touching the immortality of the soul. By paltering with the question whether the Bible is of God or man, it is stimulating the question whether there is a personal God, which means whether there is any God at all.

In essence, Dr. Briggs and all his school are agnostics, yet they remain in the Presbyterian Church. Why? Is it not because agnosticism has become so powerful in

Presbyterianism, and more particularly in its pulpits and theological seminaries, that it is enabled to command consideration? If doubt of the immortality of the soul, and consequently of the personality of God, were not pervasive, would the New York Presbytery have tolerated the teachings of Dr. Briggs as an innocent exercise of individual liberty of opinion? How would it have been twenty years ago, when the Presbyterians of New York really believed in the Bible, in God, and in the immortality of the soul?

Although the general tenor of these remarks is sound, still they are based upon an entire misapprehension. When the writer tells us that man can only know of a personal Deity, the immortality of the soul, and eternal reward and punishment, through inspiration, he has a wrong idea of how Catholic philosophy treats such questions, and furthermore he falls into the error of the majority of sceptics upon the subject itself. To suppose that these grave questions even in their initiative lie beyond the pale of reason; that divine revelation has no more ground to rest upon than its own supernatural footing; to suppose that between faith and reason, religious belief and intellectual judgment, there is an impassible gulf, is one of the fundamental errors of modern philosophy. It had its origin in Des Cartes who doubting everything strove to remedy the defect by teaching that we had an innate idea of God. Its popularity in English speaking schools has a double source—one, German; the other, English. The first is Kant who taught that reason could not teach us the existence of God or any other being in itself. The only way that we can learn such things was through the practical reason which is equivalent to belief. One of Kant's immediate followers was Hegel—the ablest, the brightest, but also the most erratic and dangerous of all German sceptics. Taking an entirely different position he denied a personal Deity and the immortality of the soul; he became mystical and mythical, and paved the way for Strauss and Schopenhauer. One was the bitterest enemy Christianity ever had, the other the worst pessimist of the nineteenth century. The English branch of this philosophical school finds its chief exponents in Mill—both father and son, in Bain and Spencer. It is a materialism more or less refined, and thus stands in contrast to the idealism of Germany. To be logical a materialist ought to deny the immortality of the soul, and so these teachers do, or they explain it away so that it has no personality or individual subsistence. Belief they consider to be mere sentiment having no past history unless the myths of poetry, and no future hopes save those which self-love and utility will give it. And as for God they either look upon Him as the Unknowable, or speak of Him as the great Cause. Nothing else will they admit.

How differently does Catholic philosophy act. It rightly claims that faith and reason must go hand in hand. It does not come to philosophical questions with the torch of revelation; it comes with the light of natural reason. So far from rejecting the supernatural it bows its intelligence, its freedom, its affections to the brighter light, the higher law and the purer love which are ushered in with faith and hope divine. At the same time it justly exercises a certain

power of judgment. Without pretending that reason is autonomous or supreme it does not accept unchallenged every dogma that is advanced. It is too logical to quote the Bible to an atheist, and too sure of its arguments to quote articles of faith to those who do not believe the Teacher. Let us take the immortality of the soul as an example. That is a question which is a particular application of the great law of thought that everything is its own nature. But every nature has an operation peculiar to itself; and by the operation we judge the nature. It is therefore by the act of man that we judge his nature. Now the essential act of man is thought, by which he conceives of the universal; by which he abstracts; by which he judges and draws conclusions. Because man can do all this, because he can think of abstract things such as virtue and God, then the power by which he thinks must be as simple, immaterial and incorruptible as these objects themselves. This is the intrinsic reason upon which the Catholic philosopher bases the proof of the immortality of the soul. Bring the Deity into the question and immediately we see how opposed to God's wisdom, goodness and justice is the destruction of the human soul. But it rests primarily upon the basis of nature; and resting there feels the deep need of the higher light for the healing of its wounds; for the fulfilment of its destiny, the crown of glory which is to be placed upon nature's brow. "Thou hast made man a little less than the Angels, but Thou hast crowned him with honor and glory."

St. Michael's Hospital.

The City Council of Toronto, meeting in committee last week upon the Estimates, came to a harsh and unjust decision of cutting off a grant of \$7,000 which had been given to hospitals other than the General Hospital. The committee advised the giving of \$20,000 to the last named institution, where alone city patients would be sent. The blow was aimed directly at St. Michael's Hospital, against which Dr. Orr, who was the prime mover on the subject, made serious charges. The following letter appeared in the daily papers answering these charges. To our surprise the *Globe* relegates it to a corner column amongst the advertisements, away from all the other correspondence, which contains four long letters on various questions:

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:

Sir—In Friday's issue of your paper certain statements were made by Ald. Orr concerning St. Michael's hospital. These statements were made during a committee meeting of the city council, and are as follows:

First, that I am not a qualified physician.
Second, that the nursing is defective.

Third, that no advantages are given to students.

Fourth, that patients are kept after being cured and given work to do.

Fifth, that patients are not properly attended.

To all of these charges I give an absolute denial, as follows:

First: I am a graduate of Toronto university, and a licensed practitioner, and am, and have been, the resident medical superintendent of St. Michael's hospital, dating from its inception.

Second: We have a competent staff of nurses, while of their faithfulness and efficiency the staff and I are best judges; and they are fully up to the standard.

Third: The students of the Women's Medical college have had clinics all winter,

and the same liberty has been given to Toronto university, a privilege which has been taken advantage of, as will be seen by the curriculum.

Fourth: Patients are not given work to do after being cured any more than at the General hospital, where one of the printed rules is that convalescent patients must assist the nurses.

The fifth charge may be characterized as entirely untrue.

It is also insinuated that St. Michael's is a sectarian institution. Since the opening 169 Protestant patients have been treated, and no distinction has ever been made between denominations. This does not favor of sectarianism.

Dr. Orr further states that Dr. Sheard substantiated the above statements. From my knowledge of Dr. Sheard I will take the liberty of doubting this.

Kindly insert the above in your valuable paper, and oblige

R. J. DWYER, M.B., M.C.P.S.O.,
Medical Supt. St. Michael's Hospital.

On Monday last the Hon. Frank Smith headed a deputation to the Mayor to object to the assertion that St. Michael's is a sectarian hospital. The others present were J. J. Foy, Q.C., G. W. Kiely, Esq., Hugh Ryan, Esq., T. Flynn, Esq., and B. Hughes, Esq.

The letter above quoted answers very satisfactorily the charges under cover of which this young, struggling Hospital is so severely attacked. And the deputation of the above named gentlemen represents so well the Catholic protest, wish and mind throughout the city, that we hope for a more satisfactory result.

It is in thorough keeping with the arguments of the age that our sick, children, our poor must be looked after by those who neither understand their wants nor sympathize with them. Non-sectarian institutions are in reality non-Catholic; and even when they do their best they fall far short of what similar institutions, under complete Catholic management, effect. Toronto General Hospital is an example: it is well conducted, and a chaplain visits it regularly. But all the surroundings are so many forces silently but powerfully working against the spiritual welfare of many who, even when in good health, have not the courage of their faith. These weak members, fostered by the milder atmosphere of Catholic surroundings, are frequently spared, and obtain, by the piety and religious attention of those around them, the grace of a happy death. Now, aldermen and mayors ought to remember that they are stewards; they hold hospital funds, in trust, to be disposed of to the best interests of the community. And certainly Catholics can never feel satisfied that proper attention has been paid to their interests if their religion is rudely thrust into the background, as it was by the Committee of the Toronto City Council. There never will be peace in the community as long as proper respect is not paid to our religious feelings. The battle will be fought out, and over again, until it is won.

And this Committee threatened to cut off Sunnyside of one hundred dollars, reducing its grant from five to four hundred. The City Council has strange notions about economy. Let them put their own house in order. It would be well to examine the question between themselves and the Street Railway Company, and see if such economy cannot be practised there as will enable them to spare a few dollars upon the sick and the poor. We do not propose to let them

off with a single motion in Committee, and we are therefore glad that our Catholic fellow citizens are moving in the matter. Let no stone be left unturned to prevent such iniquitous treatment to our institutions.

Arma Virumque Cano.

Some future epic poet, when recounting in Homeric strain the history of Ireland's rehabilitation, may open his introduction with Virgil's familiar "Arma Virumque Cano"—"I sing of arms and of him who first of Albion's race proclaimed she should be free." The grand old statesman will no doubt be the hero of the poem, but arms must play a very prominent part in the treatment of the subject. All history abounds in feats of arms, but Ireland's history is peculiar in that its chief interest arises from dearth of arms, or rather from the impossibility of its impetuous and valorous sons ever being in a position to defend their country with suitable arms of attack or defense.

When Wicklow and Wexford were goaded by Orange atrocities in 1798 into open rebellion, no arms were available except long poles with pike-heads attached. No Catholic was allowed to carry arms while Orangemen paraded the country, burning houses and barns, and shooting down innocent people without distinction of age or sex. In Mitchel's history of Ireland (page 287) we read: "Not only were horrible outrages perpetrated in Leinster but many districts of Armagh County were already covered with the blackened ruins of poor cabins, lately the homes of innocent people; their women and their little children were wandering homeless and starving, or were already dead of hunger and cold. When the Grand Jury of Armagh at the Lent assizes, bethinking that it would be well to remove the impressions produced by these horrible events agreed to put the coercion laws in force and render strict justice to all, Historian Plowden says: 'Their annunciation of impartial justice, and resolution to punish offenders of every denomination, was rather unseasonable, when there remained no longer any of the one denomination to commit outrages upon or to retaliate injuries.'" "He might have added," says Mitchel, "that many of the gentlemen composing that Grand Jury had themselves encouraged and participated in the extermination of Catholics."

A report of a secret committee of the House of Commons, shortly after this time, informs us that: "In the summer of 1796 the outrages committed by banditti calling themselves 'defenders' in the counties of Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath and Kildare, together with a religious feud prevailing in the county Armagh, induced the Legislature to pass an Act by which the Lord Lieutenant was empowered to proclaim the whole district or any part of it." "What is here mildly called a religious feud," says Mitchel, "was the extirpation of one sect of the people by another on account of their religion alone."

All these atrocious events occurred one hundred years ago and should be forgotten; but they are facts of his-

tory, and the spirit of disarming Catholics still remains. Orange Ascendancy dreads nothing so intensely as the idea of putting arms in the hands of Catholics, and permitting them to defend themselves. The itinerant firebrands who batter on the credulity of the uneducated among Protestants, the Leydens, the Shepherds, *Et hoc genus omne*, understand very well this peculiar weak point in the Protestant anatomy, and work it for all it is worth. It is whispered to the audience and told as a very great secret that there are stacks of loaded rifles stored away and ready for use in the basement of the Catholic church and in the back parlour of the priest's house. Some day in September is appointed for a general uprising of the Catholics, when they shall rush to the Church and with loaded Winchester sally forth to massacre their Protestant neighbours. Most respectable Protestant merchants and professional gentlemen have, time and again expressed to us their utter astonishment at the number of people who firmly believe these cock-and-bull stories, and are willing to swear to the truth of them.

During the panic and popular agitation caused by the unfortunate and disgraceful invasion at Ridgeway in 1866 it was the current belief that not only was every Roman Catholic a Fenian but that every Catholic church in the Province was an arsenal, having its basement story filled with arms of the latest pattern—bayonets and pikes included. The Know-Nothings in 1850 insisted upon visiting and inspecting the underground apartments of St. Patrick's and other churches in New York City. The A.P.A.-ists are just now acting as foolishly in some cities of the Western States. The good sense alone of the Protestant majority in Canada prevents similar manifestations of panicky insanity among ourselves.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if such amendments as the following were proposed last week in the House of Commons debate on the Home Rule Bill: Mr. Byrne (Conservative) moved an amendment "to prevent the Irish Legislature from enacting laws in respect to the use of arms by armed associations for drilling purposes"—lost. Col. Lockwood (Conservative) moved "that the Irish Legislature be prohibited from dealing in the purchase of arms and explosives"—rejected. Mr. Broderick (Conservative) proposed "that the Irish Legislature be prohibited from dealing with the powers and privileges of armed forces stationed in Ireland." The motion evoked a spirited protest from Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The intent of the Opposition," Sir William said, "apparently was to treat the future legislation of Ireland as a monster of folly and crime. Such presumption would be quite unworthy of Parliament. The Dublin Legislature would be no more likely to interfere with the army in the exercise of its duties than to promote the manufacture of dynamite. The amendment in question could not be contemplated in justice to the Irish people." The amendment was defeated on division by 289 to 249.

Dr. Douglas.

This undisguised bigot and bitter ranter is making a flank movement in his political warfare. Unable to rouse the Orangemen of the country against Sir John Thompson and failing to disturb the Premier from his throne he turns his attention to Provincial politics. He is terribly exercised from the fact that three hundred thousand Catholics are guaranteed representation on the Cabinet through Mr. Fraser and there is no Methodist in the Cabinet. As the *Globe* points out:

"The fallacy in this assertion is that it ignores Mr. Fraser's great ability and his fitness for the position he holds. It is safe to say that if his religion had any effect upon his political fortunes, it has hurt rather than helped him. If Dr. Douglas will examine the record carefully he will be unable to find any fault with Mr. Fraser's presence in the cabinet, unless he is prepared to go the length of proposing the exclusion of Catholics, however able, from public office. If the principle of denominational representation in office were sound, it could be easily proved that the Catholic population of Ontario is suffering grievous injustice, for Catholics assuredly hold nothing like one-sixth of the highest offices, or of all the offices over which the government has the power of appointment."

We are not in favor of such a principle as Dr. Douglas advocates. The very fact that he advocates a policy would make us suspicious of its falsity of principle, its narrow minded application, and the malicious purpose it has in view. He advocates the representation of Methodists in the Cabinet as Methodists and in order that he may make an attack on the Hon. Mr. Fraser and get rid of him as the only Catholic. If such men as Dr. Douglas are in the Cabinet then we shall be very strongly in favor of denominational representation as such, for the rights of Catholics in those days will not be worth a straw. If Catholics were fairly treated in all matters political and municipal, if such men as Dr. Douglas did not scandalize the whole country with the division and hatred they sow, then there would be less talk and more action—less bitterness and more unity. If Dr. Douglas would take up the time of his Conference with the question of religious salvation—the one thing necessary—and not with political harangues—he would do more for the advancement of Methodism in, and out of the Cabinet. The idea that Mr. Fraser's religion has placed him in the Cabinet may be judged by the *Evening News*, which thus reads the philosophy of the appointment:

"Hon. C. F. Fraser does not, as Dr. Douglas implies, owe his place in the Ontario cabinet to the fact that he is a Catholic. It would be nearer the truth to say that the one reason why he does not stand first on the list for promotion to the premiership is because he is not a Protestant. Mr. Fraser is not only, next to the premier, the ablest man in the government, but, as shown by his opposition to the proposal to relieve farmers from the operation of the workmen's compensation for injuries act, he is one of the most liberal and progressive as well. Anyone who has been a regular attendant of the legislature during one or two sessions cannot but acknowledge that Mowat has selected the best men on his own side for the duties they are required to perform. Why, then, should one of these strong men be required to give place to a weaker one, merely because the latter belongs to a particular church?"

The Eucharistic Congress.

The Catholic papers from England and France contain very interesting accounts of the International Eucharistic Congress, an abstract of which we feel not uninteresting, from the fact that we could not share in the pilgrimage. The first of these Congresses was held fifteen years ago at Lille in France, under the presidency of the late venerated Mgr. de Segur. Its special object has always been to

promote devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, and to foster every work which will contribute to His honor and glory. Controversy alone is excluded. Hitherto they were held in some one or other of the towns of France or Belgium. But the present Congress—the eighth in number—is to be held in Jerusalem, which gives it greater solemnity and significance. The Holy Father blessed them and sent as his legate Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, who travels at the expense of the French Government, and who is to be saluted as Apostolic Legate by the French Mediterranean fleet on his arrival in the Holy Land. His nomination, says the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, has given great satisfaction; for besides being a notable orator and writer, and endowed with rare talent and virtue, and possessed of a kindly and courteous manner, he has always shown a singular tact and prudence in the fulfilment of many delicate missions. He is the first representative of the Roman Church since A. D. 1291 who has passed within the walls of Jerusalem invested with the official mission of legate of the Holy See. At the proper time he is to be escorted in solemn procession into the Holy City. It is expected that the patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Cilicia, the Maronite Patriarch, and the Apostolic delegate of Constantinople will be there, besides forty united Oriental Bishops of the Greek, Armenian, Maronite and Bulgarian rites. Among the pilgrims, who are 3,000 in number, there are 500 French priests, 20 Canadian priests, and 200 Oriental priests. The episcopacy of France, Belgium, England, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, North America and Mexico will all be represented. The importance of such a gathering in such a city can be only second to a Council in Rome. May it hasten the Union of the East and the West!

Book Notices.

Donahoe's Magazine for June contains its usual interesting and instructive articles, "In American Studios," there are some illustrations of the works of John La Farge, the American artist who received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his art-work in stained glass. "The Undiscovered Wealth of the World" mentions the mineral resources of Canada, with the forlorn hope that a complete knowledge will not be had for centuries to come. "Catholicity in the Maritime Provinces," pays a well deserved tribute to the Bishops and Clergy there; and "A Model Family School" offers a suggestion that might be followed by some of our wealthy countrymen who object to sending their children to the Public schools.

The Canadian Magazine for June opens with a scientific article by John J. Mackenzie, B.A., on "Bacteria and their Role in Nature." Then follows an interesting article on "The Women of the United States," by Cecil Logsdail, with illustrations of Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Carroll of Baltimore, and other ladies well known to American society. The photo-gravure of "The Lagoon, Toronto Island," makes a very pretty frontispiece.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The cloisters of Sligo Abbey in Ireland are being restored.

The Franciscan Fathers of Cincinnati are going to erect a new college.

A splendid seminary for the education of the native clergy is being constructed in Kandy, Ceylon.

The corner-stone of the new St. Patrick's Church, Toledo, Ohio, will be laid some time this month.

Rev. Joseph Schwartz, formerly rector of the Catholic Church at Windsor Spring, Mo., has been appointed Provincial of the Redemptorist Fathers.

The late Rev. Lord Petre's remains were interred, Saturday, the 13th of May, in the family vault at the private burying ground, Thorndon Park, Brentwood Eng.

Archbishop Navara, the head of the Missions in New Guinea, has issued an appeal for missionaries to spread the faith. He states that there are fifty centres in the country, and 4,000,000 natives to be converted.

"Pastime Papers," by the late Cardinal Manning, have just been published. They are little essays and articles upon various characteristics of men, manners, and things, written in the Cardinal's delightfully lucid style.

The venerable Right Rev. Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt., is now in Jerusalem, and assisted at the ecclesiastical conference just held in that city. He is in perfect health, and will return to Vermont in August.

Several handsome bequests have been made recently to Cincinnati Catholic institutions. The late Mrs. Marie L. Bass, a convert to the Church, bequeathed \$7,000 to Mount St. Mary's Seminary and \$3,000 to the Sisters of Notre Dame.

The Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory are about to bring out an interesting collection of Cardinal Newman's devotional papers. The Cardinal left behind him an important series of unpublished papers in the nature of meditations on various points of doctrine and devotion.

On Sunday morning the beatification of five Dominicans, who died as martyrs in defence of the faith in China at the end of the last century, took place in the Canonisation Hall of the Vatican. Mass was celebrated by the Chaplain of St. Peter's. In the afternoon the Pope, accompanied by a numerous suite, was present at the veneration of the relics.

Girls in Sleeping Cars.

The wise girl knows that nothing is quite so desirable for wear in the sleeping car as a wrapper of dark colored flannel. It may be stated as a positive fact that women who try to make themselves look coquettish in a sleeping-car, and wear elaborate negliges of laced-trimmed wrappers, show extremely bad taste, writes Ruth Ashmore in a sensible article on "The Art of Traveling Easily" in the *Jane Ladies' Home Journal*. Experience has taught that a wrapper of soft flannel in stripes of black and blue, made in the simplest fashion, is most useful. When she is ready to go to bed, and the porter arranges her berth for her she goes to the toilet room, taking with her her shawl-strap package. She removes her shoes and stockings, puts on the knitted slippers that she has taken out of her bag, removes any garments which she pleases, and assuming her wrapper, which has been folded in her shawl-strap repairs to her berth. After fastening the buttons of the curtains, she disposes of her clothing as best she can, folding each article smoothly and carefully, and placing her money, watch and tickets in her wrapper pocket. And then she should try to rest—the porter will call her in good season, and her tickets will not be asked for during the night. In her shawl-strap, which shows as its outer wrapping a shawl or travelling

rug, she may have her own pillow if she desires it. But this is not a necessity, as the cars are supplied with linen that is usually fresh and clean. In the morning the wise girl will put on her stockings and shoes in bed, leaving the lacing or buttoning of them until later. Then she will assume her other garments and repair to the toilet room, where she should as expeditiously as possible make herself neat, trim and fresh, that her friends who are to meet her may not find her dusky nor travel-stained. This she should do quickly, that she may not be classed among the women who are the dread of all considerate women on parlor-cars—the women who take and hold possession of the toilet-room as if it were a fort.

Household Hints.

Draw the finger end of the thumb end of an old kid glove over your cologne bottle cork, and so save much of the strength of the cologne.

If an ink is bespattered on woodwork, it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia; then rinse with a little soda water.

Put some curry in a pepper cruets and place it among the condiments on your dinner table. A little of it adds an appetizing piquancy to meats and soups.

Hard water may be rendered soft by adding sodium bicarbonate (baking soda), a half teaspoonful to a gallon of water. The addition of salt in about the same proportion, will render soft water hard.

Brass may be brightened without much labor, thus: Put a half a cup each of whiting and cold water in a bottle; add an ounce of ammonia; shake well; wet the flannel cloth with this and rub brass and silverware.

When driving in a nail on which to hang a picture the plastering often breaks so badly that it will not hold. Fill the hole with plaster of Paris mixed with water, place the nail in position and hold it there until the plaster hardens.

Strawberries should always be washed before they are used, but it should be done quickly and in very cold water, or their delicate flavor will be injured. Either hold a few in the hand and dip quickly in the water, or place a few at a time in a colander and pour the water over them.

They are most attractively served in the natural state by leaving the stems and hulls on. Place an after-dinner coffee cup filled with powdered sugar in the center of a glass or silver individual berry dish, or a dainty white china saucer. Lay the fruit loosely around the cup and garnish with their own handsome foliage.

If the strawberries are over large or acid, cut them into halves or quarters with a silver knife just before serving them. A mound of such berries dusted with sugar and heaped with sweetened whipped cream is both tempting and delicious.

It sometimes happens that a pricked finger will leave a blood stain upon some delicate work. It is a good thing to know that a paste made of uncooked laundry starch, if spread upon the stain immediately and left to dry, may then be scraped off and with it will disappear all traces of the stain without injury to the fabric.

The cake you wish should have a fine delicate grain, and should positively always be stirred one way. Never knead cookies or fried cakes but stir stiff and roll out as soon as possible. If molasses cookies are rubbed over the top, before being baked, with a mixture of equal parts of molasses and cold water, they will take on a beautiful golden brown color.

A Prompt Cure.

GENTLEMAN—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me I concluded to try B.B.B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache. ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeside, Ont.



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WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

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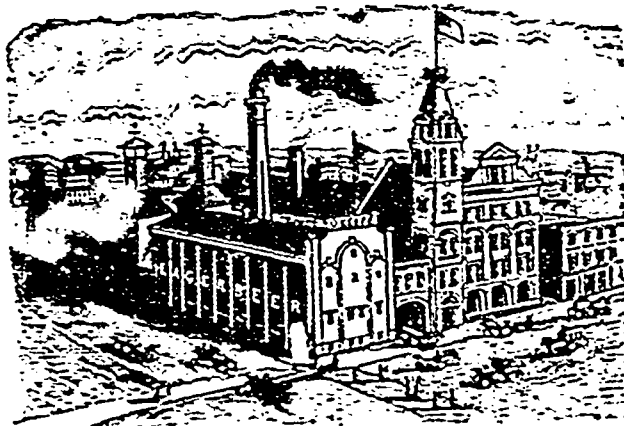
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"Those Wonderful Christy Knives do the work for which they are designed, in an admirable manner, and should have a place in every well-ordered family. I take pleasure in recommending them to housekeepers everywhere. EMMA P. EWING."

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Issued on all approved and well-tried plans are Non-Ferrettable, Indisputable and Free practically from all conditions and restrictions as to residence, travel and occupation

AFTER TWO YEARS

Selected Receipts.

SCALLOPED CODFISH.—Shred and freshen a pint of codfish and stow till tender. Put alternate layers of fish and bread crumbs in a dish, finishing the top with the latter. Just before putting to bake, turn over it two-thirds of a cup of drawn-butter sauce.

DATE CAKE.—Bake a rich cup cake in layers about three-quarters of an inch thick when done; mix half a cupful of whipped cream with a cupful of chopped dates and spread between the layers. Pile three layers high and ice top and sides. To be eaten the day it is made.

HICKORYNUT CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of cream or butter, two and a half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jolly tins, and between the layers spread the following cream. Two eggs, a cup of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, a coffee cupful of chopped hickorynuts, and one pint of milk. Beat the eggs sugar, corn starch and nuts together, let it cook as thick as a custard, and spread it between the layers.

MERINGUE PUDDING.—To a pint of grated bread-crumbs add a quart of milk; mix together five ounces of sugar three ounces of butter and the beaten yolks of five eggs. Grate the outer yellow rind of two lemons and with the juice of one mix all together; flavor with ground mixed spice to suit your taste; put the mixture in a buttered pan and bake twenty five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a spongy froth with three ounces of fine sugar; take the pudding out of the oven, add the meringue and when slightly colored it is done.

Gardening and Farm Notes.

Pure, fresh water is an important item in maintaining good health.

The hogs' quarters should be clean, dry and well ventilated in summer as well as in winter.

Grow some carrots among other root crops. They may be put in as late as July, as they make the best growth after the nights become cool. All sorts of stock relish them and will make good use of a good big supply.

There are three great centres of the cranberry interest in this country:—Cape Cod, lower New Jersey and Wisconsin. From these points hundreds of thousands of crates of fruit are sent every year, and \$1,000,000 are invested in the business.

One of the crazy methods of the ignorant grape grower is to cut away the foliage so that the sun can shine on the cluster, supposing that the fruit will then ripen the better. This stupidity sometimes kills the vines outright and always harms them.

Currant bushes should be so pruned that they will grow into an open bush, as they are inclined to grow up in a thick clump. This fruit is just beginning to attract attention as a profitable one to grow for market purposes and he who plants a liberal plot to them will not lose anything by it.

Anyone can have all the grape vines he wants without cash outlay if he will only strike as many cuttings as he has room for vines from some grape vine in the neighborhood. These cuttings should be taken off before the sap starts and buried until the ground thaws out, when they should be planted by burying them so as to leave only one bud out of the ground. Nine out of ten will grow treated this way.

When a farmer sells the ashes made upon the farm to soap men instead of spreading them upon mowing or pasture lands, or applying them to growing crops, it may be inferred that he does not yet fully appreciate their real value. Ashes are supposed to contain in a natural form all of the mineral or inorganic elements of fertility that enter into the composition of

plants, and hence are valuable when applied to the soil either as a top dressing to meadow and pasture lands or to growing crops of all kinds.

G. J. Kellogg, in planting strawberries, recommends setting two rows twenty rods long, so you can set all perfect flowering kinds in one and the pistillates in the other. You can plant one row and put first a perfect, then two or three pistillate plants, but when you go to that row to get plants and the next spring you would get all the pistillate plants, and the next planting would be a failure. By setting two rows and staking the kinds, then take a record in a book, from the outside of those kinds you can set new beds with success.

A writer in the *Indiana Farmer* thinks the best cultivated farms and the most successful farmers are to be seen and met with from three to ten miles from the country seat or principal villages, to be found in their respective counties. People living near town in the last twenty-five years have become accustomed, he says, to the habit of spending much of their time on the road to or going from town, with correspondingly less time given to the affairs of the farm. This is so with most every member of the family, if not all of them.

It is common among amateurs and some professionals who sow seeds of various kinds, either in or out doors, whether the soil is moist or not, to water it immediately after sowing. From repeated trials I have found the above to be a serious mistake. If the soil or compost in which the seeds are sown is moist at the time of sowing, do not water, as the soil becomes stiff and forms a crust on the surface, which prevents the seeds from pushing through. After sowing the seed in any soil, except an extremely dry one, wait a day or two before watering until the soil dries up pretty well. Then water gently with a fine sprinkler sufficiently to moisten the soil moderately throughout, which will suffice until the soil shows signs of dryness again. Do not as a great many do—give a little sprinkling every day. This only makes the case worse.—*American Gardening.*

The Dairy.

Well fed cows give the largest returns.

Don't rest until you have the cow that produces 300 pounds of butter a year.

If rightly managed June butter can be made the entire year, thus securing the highest market value.

If you are dairying for profit, remember that profit is measured by net income. Poor cows never return a net income.

With the advent of warm weather milk and cream should be handled differently, and churning done at lower temperature.

Skim milk is of value in stock feeding, but never at its best when fed alone. Use it in combination with bran, meal, or even whole corn and you will get the best price for it.

Take a Plebiscite.

Should a plebiscite be taken it would be found that Bardock Blood Bitters is by long odds the most successful and popular cure for dyspepsia, headache, constipation, biliousness, bad blood, etc. It is purely vegetable.

Mr. Jasper Tully, M.P., it is stated, has succeeded in inducing the War Office authorities to make a substantial concession to a poor pensioner, named Bryson, in South Leitrim. Bryson, who lives near Ballinamore, was discharged with a pension of sixpence a day from the Royal Engineers, a complete cripple; and his friends, who are Unionists, got Colonel Sanderson to bring his case before the Tory Government when they were in power, but he failed to secure any redress. Mr. Tully was induced by some of the Nationalists of the district to take up Bryson's case, and having entered into correspondence with the Secretary for War on the subject, he was officially informed, on May 4th, that the Treasury had decided to double the poor man's pension.

That Pie



I had for dinner
was the best I ever ate.
Thanks to COTTOLENE, the
new and successful shortening.

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A SPECIALTY
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Howarth's Carminative Mixture.

This Medicine is superior to any other for Disorders of the Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething, or other causes.

GIVES REST TO CHILDREN, AND QUIET NIGHTS TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.

Prepared according to the original formula of the late John Howarth. Manufactured and sold by

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A PROSPEROUS HOME COMPANY.

Assurance in force, Jan. 1, 1893,	\$16,122,195
New Assurances taken in 1892,	2,651,000
Cash Income for 1892,	614,951
Cash Paid to Policy-Holders in 1892,	214,320
Assets, December 31, 1892, over	2,253,984

The 20-Year SURVIVORSHIP DISTRIBUTION POLICY now offered embraces all the newest features and is the best form of PROTECTION and INVESTMENT money can buy. It has no rival. Guaranteed values, attractive options, and liberal conditions.

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HEAD OFFICE—33 King street East.
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Dublin Gazette announces that Sir Francis Edmond Workman Macnaughton, Lieutenant of the County Antrim, has appointed Major-General Henry Cole Magenis of Finvoy, Ballymoney, and Thomas Sinclair, Esq., of Hopfield, Belfast, Deputy Lieutenants for the County of Antrim, pursuant to "The Militia Act of 1882," which has already been referred to in our columns. This is the Act that was intended to give power to the Tory local magistrates to dispense with the presence of a "Resident Magistrate," and exercise the functions of such an official at their own discretion.

Armagh.

On May 13th his Eminence Cardinal Logue was presented with an address and testimonial at the Palace, Armagh. The presentation was made on behalf of the laity of Ireland as a token of personal esteem and of joy on the occasion of his Eminence's elevation to the Cardinalate.

Carlow.

On the night of May 17th, an old woman named Margaret Maher, living in a tenement house in College street, Carlow, fell into the fire in her room. She was badly burned about the head and one arm, and died shortly afterwards. It is supposed the deceased was in the act of removing some milk off the fire, when she was overcome by weakness.

Cavan.

The election of a medical officer to the Cavan Union took place on May 16th. All the elected guardians were in attendance, Mr. S. Sanderson, J. P., in the chair. Six candidates applied for the position viz.:—Messrs. John McCabe, M. D.; Wm. Beatty, M. D.; J. Kenny, M. D.; James Matthews, M. D.; H. Buchanan, M. D.; and Dr. Atcheson, Dr. McCabe got 24 votes; Dr. Beatty, 8; Dr. Kenny, 7; Dr. Matthews, 3; Dr. Buchanan, 2, and Dr. Atcheson, 2.

Cork.

The Directors of the Munster and Leinster Bank held an examination for clerkships, recently, when Mr. George Donovan, a pupil of Mr. T. Elmes, B. A., Tuckey street, was declared successful.

Three men named McCarthy, father, son, and nephew, were returning from Ballydehob, to Hare Island, on Tuesday night, May 16th, when their sailing boat capsized, and all three were drowned.

Mr. P. O'Shea, the Cork correspondent of the Labour Gazette, in his report, says that little change in the state of employment has taken place in Cork. The strike and lock-out of coal-porters has ended, the men submitting to a reduction of 2s per week, and agreeing to go back to their employment according as vacancies occur, but the greater number are still unemployed.

Clare.

At the Court-house, Ennis, on May 17th, an abortive attempt was made to sell five farms belonging to tenants of Colonel John O'Sullivan on the Bodyke estate of that gentleman. The tenants were—Denis and James Tuohy and John O'Halloran, of Lisbarren, and Martin Molony and John Liddy, of Clonmoher. In each case there was about a couple of years' rent due. The sales had been fixed for one o'clock, and at that hour the agent, Mr. MacAdam, and the special bailiff on the estate, A. R. Martin, were in attendance, but the auctioneer by whom it was arranged that the sale should be conducted failed to put in an appearance, and there was an enforced postponement to two o'clock. When the hour arrived there was still no appearance, of the auctioneer, and there was a second postponement. The auctioneer turned up in half an hour, when however, there was a further hitch over the amount of the remuneration for his services, and the sale was then finally adjourned. None of the tenants put in an appearance.

Down.

On the evening of May 16th, the dead body of an aged man named Peter Toal, who had lately resided with his relatives in Castle street and High street, Newry, was found in the Newry canal, midway between Ballybot and Godfrey bridges. The body, which appeared to have been some days in the water, was slightly decomposed. The deceased was about 60 years of age, and resided in Newry with his relatives; but, at the latter end of April, he left, and his friends thought he had gone to the country to work which he sometimes did. Sergeant Mallon, of Canal street barrack, had the body conveyed to the morgue to await a coroner's inquest.

Dublin.

Lord Gormanstown, who has been appointed Governor of the Colony of Tasmania, will leave London, by steamer, on June 27. Mr. Justin McCarthy is suffering considerable inconvenience from a sprained ankle, the result of falling upon a slippery lawn, on May 13th.

The Very Rev. C. Nulty, S. J., who was for six years rector of St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, Australia, has been appointed rector of St. Aloysius' College, Sydney.

Galway.

Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, visited Killoran, on May 15th, and delivered an eloquent sermon to

ined the children, and congratulated Father Madden on their proficiency in the Christian Doctrine. After Mass he administered confirmation to 70 children. On Sunday, May 21st, the Bishop preached a charity sermon in St. Michael's Church, Ballinasloe, in aid of the new proabtery, which is now in course of erection.

Kerry.

A young man named Sheehan was admitted to the County Infirmary, on May 16th, suffering from a broken leg, the result of a fall from a ladder at Ardferg.

The Earl of Kenmare has appointed Sir John Charles Ready Colomb, of Drounquinn Kenmare, to be a Deputy Lieutenant of Kerry, in the room of Wilson Gun, Esq., deceased.

Mr. John Roche of Castleisland, brother-in-law of the Clerk of the Tralee Union, has been appointed rate collector of the Castleisland district of the union, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. William Quinlan, brother to the clerk.

Limerick.

To the list of distinguished Irish musicians in London, Limerick, the birthplace of Catherine Hayes, has added another in Mr. Joseph Sheehan, who made a successful debut, on May 18th, at the Grafton Gallery Concert, under the name of Mr. Joseph Cope. Mr. Sheehan, who is possessed of an excellent bass voice, recently returned from Italy, having received his musical training at Milan. He is in his twenty-sixth year, and so tall and well built, with a short, pointed beard, that his figure is as commanding as that of Signor Foli. As Mr. Sheehan combines dramatic talent with great vocal powers, he gives promise of a successful career on the operatic stage, where his friend and fellow-citizen Mr. Joseph O'Mara has already distinguished himself as a tenor.

Meath.

The numerous admirers of the late Very Rev. John Fulham, P.P., V.F., the lamented pastor of Ratoath, will be glad to learn that active steps are being taken to perpetuate his memory. With this view, the people on whose behalf he labored for so many years have resolved to erect a monument over his grave.

Sligo.

Mr. Aeneas F. Nuttall, of Cullinamore, had some very fine early ash-leaf kidney potatoes, dug in the open field on the 18th of May. He sold two acres of them to Mr. W. S. Smith, Ratcliffe street, Sligo, and they were on sale at that establishment on May 20th.

Tipperary.

Miss Kate Holohan, daughter of Mr. William Holohan, Gaultstown, Tullerdan, Co. Kilkenny—in religion Sister Mary Evangelina—was, on May 17th, solemnly professed at the Presentation Convent, Fethard, by the venerable Archbishop Ryan, P. P., V. F., Fethard, in the unavoidable absence of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel. A large number of friends of the professed nun attended the ceremony.

Westmeath.

The directors of the Midland Great Western Railway have allowed the signal men at Mullingar the concession of the eight hours' movement.

The Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords has decided that Charles Aloysius Barnwell, of Trimblestown and Torvey, had established his claim to the title of Baron Trimblestown, and to vote for Representative Peers of Ireland. There was no opposition to the claim, which the present Lord Trimblestown's brother, Christopher, had practically established in 1891, but died before the Court of Privileges had time to give their decision.

Wexford.

The fight between the landlord and tenants of the Templemore estate has reached a serious crisis, and Captain Samuel Barrett Hamilton, J.P., Kilmannock, was waited upon by some of the prominent men on the tenants' side, and was requested to interfere. The result was that, on May 13th, Captain Barrett-Hamilton saw the agent of the estate, Mr. E. F. Bowen, at his residence, Glendine, when he spoke strongly on the part of the tenants. The agent could do nothing, and, on the same evening Captain Barrett-Hamilton wrote a letter to Lord Templemore on the subject. Up to last accounts no reply had been received from Lord Templemore by Captain Barrett-Hamilton, but on his reply and its nature very much will depend.

Wicklow.

In the London Chancery Court, on May 19th, Mr. Justice North heard an application on behalf of Mrs. Parnell that certain orders made in chambers might be discharged, that she might be provided with an income from the O'Shea settlement. Justice North made an additional order, the effect of which is that the money is to be paid into court, but that Mrs. Parnell shall have her share of the amount forthwith.

St. Leon Springs.

Mr. M. A. Thomas is now at St. Leon Springs, P. Q., where he has assumed the management of the palatial hotel there, which opens 15th instant. Those who can avail themselves the luxury of a visit to this famous health resort will find Mr. Thomas a most attentive host.

THE DOMINION BANK.

Twenty-second Annual Meeting of Stockholders.

Report of the Directors Read and Adopted—The Financial Statement—Election of Directors.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, May 31st, 1893.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Hon. Frank Smith, Wm. Hendrie, Major Mason, J. Lorne Campbell, William Ince, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Wilnot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadley, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, W. J. Baines, John Scott, John Stewart, W. T. Kiely, S. Risley, David McGee, G. W. Lewis, Gardiner Boyd, G. Robinson, Walter S. Lee, etc.

It was moved by Mr. D. McGee, seconded by Mr. Edward Leadley, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Mr R. S. Cassels moved, seconded by Mr. E. B. Osler, and Resolved—That Mr R. H. Bethune do act as Secretary.

Messrs. R. S. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed Scrutineers.

The Secretary read the Report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the annual Statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April, 1892. \$ 6,938 00 Profit for the year ending 30th April, 1893, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts. 215,040 27 \$221,978 27

Dividend 5 per cent., paid 1st November, 1892. \$75,000 00 Dividend 5 per cent., payable 1st May, 1893. 75,000 00 Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May, 1893. 15,000 00 165,000 00

Carried to Reserve Fund. 50,000 00

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward. \$ 6,978 27

An Agency was opened at Senforth, Ontario, in April last, which promises to be of service to the Bank.

JAS. AUSTIN, President.

Toronto, 11th May, 1893. Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, and Resolved,—That the report be adopted.

It was moved by Mr. Walter S. Lee, seconded by Major Mason, and Resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice-President, and Directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. William Hendrie, seconded by Mr. Geo. W. Lewis, and Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Cashier, Agents, Inspectors, and other officers of the Bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. Anson Jones, seconded by Mr. John Stewart, and Resolved—That the poll be now opened for the election of seven Directors, and that the same be closed at two o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the Scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the Chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. S. Risley moved, seconded by Mr. Gardiner Boyd, and Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. James Austin for his able conduct in the chair.

The Scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, E. Leadley, Wilnot D. Matthews, E. B. Osler, James Scott, and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. James Austin was elected President and the Hon. Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing year.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES. Capital Stock paid up. \$1,600,000 00 Reserve Fund. \$1,450,000 00 Balance of Profits carried forward. 6,978 27 Dividend No. 44, payable 1st May. 75,000 00 Bonus 1 per cent., payable 1st May. 15,000 00 Rescued for Interest and Exchange. 91,423 57 Rebate on Bills Discounted. 32,516 25 1,671,223 39 \$3,171,223 39

Notes in Circulation \$1,021,118 00 Deposits not bearing Interest. 1,225,100 00 Deposits bearing Interest. 8,619,665 16 Balance due to other Banks in Canada. 263 22 Balance due to other Banks in Great Britain. 236,394 39 11,102,440 77 \$14,273,684 16

ASSETS. Specie. \$351,240 04 Dominion Government Demand Notes. 750,483 00 Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation. 76,000 00 Notes and Cheques of other Banks. 265,650 04 Balance due from other Banks in Canada. 121,277 32 Balance due from other Banks in United States. 1,422,927 50 Provincial Government Securities. 140,912 42 Municipal and other Debentures. 1,584,600 48 4,069,927 40 Bills Discounted and Current (including advances on call). 9,176,192 08 Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for). 111,312 94 Real Estate. 9,060 03 Bank Premises. 272,317 20 Other Assets not included under foregoing heads. 4,053 85 9,673,730 70 \$14,273,684 10

R. H. BETHUNE, General Manager.

Dominion Bank, Toronto, 30th April, 1893.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes. When God desires to enrich a soul with grace, He enriches it first with confidence. It is great blindness and a great misery to seek rest where it is impossible to find it—Saint Teresa.

Be not troubled if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labour to do as well as you can.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—St. Augustine.

There is no means by which a creature can so taste and be illuminated by truth as that of humble and continual prayer, founded on the knowledge of God and of self.—St. Catherine of Sienna.

A woman named Catherine Sullivan, of Garryowen, was treated at Barrington's Hospital for a lacerated leg, caused by being crushed between two carts. The injury was not of a very serious character.

At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks—and look back on those times, as on great gaps between the old life and the new. It is only in after days that we see what the danger has been—as a man out a-hunting or riding for his life looks at a heap, and wonders how he should have survived the taking of it.—Thackeray.

The most hopeless man in the world is the man who is drifting. If he fell into a great error, he might almost startle himself into reformation. But he goes with the current, simply because to go against it would require a strong, sturdy, manly fight, and of that he is incapable. Be sure of this—the man who drifts will drift towards evil. No man ever drifted into goodness by chance. To become good means battling, working, enduring, training, and a long, severe fight. But any old wreck can drift along aimlessly towards the frowning rocks of destruction. Are you drifting? Are you on a rudderless vessel?

LISTEN! M. J. CROTTIE, 838 and 844 YONGE STREET, Can sell you Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, Shirts, and Cuffs, As cheap as any other store in the city. Call and be convinced. Our stock is always well assorted. M. J. CROTTIE, 838 and 844 Yonge st., (The Beaver.) North Toronto. TELEPHONE 3362.

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AGENTS WANTED To canvass for the CATHOLIC REGISTER Write for particulars, Or apply at office, 40 Lomb, Toronto.

Fashion Notes.

The sailor hat as we know him was decidedly comfortable, extremely useful and very becoming, in some cases. When he wasn't he was worn because of his other good qualities. He appeared in straw and in tarpaulin, and in the last he was supposed to be dedicated solely and exclusively to wear on a yacht, where the salt water of the deep blue sea could fly up on him and never hurt him. In this useful form he fell in the hands of a French milliner, and the result, which is the smart sailor hat of this summer, is pictured. It is the tarpaulin, or shiny black leather hat made frivolous. The crown is somewhat higher than that of last year and the brim a little narrower; about the crown is a band of petunia velvet, and quite near the front and a little to one side stands up in the most assertive manner a bunch of petunias, while at the back from under the stiff brim two petunia buds peep out.

A leghorn hat can well be worn during the summer in the country, or for driving. The hat has the usual wide brim and low square crown, and at the back it is bent up in curves to permit the hair to come below it, each indentation being caught by a pink rose. In front under the brim, and quite close to the head is a stiff band of green velvet, and on this is arranged a band of pink roses, that are only visible when the face is raised, as the brim is allowed to really form a shade. The outside decoration consists of high bows of pink gauze ribbon; a roll of this ribbon is about the crown, and ties of it are at the side, and may or may not be worn looped under the chin as is most becoming. Usually, however, they are looped as in the picture, because then a deliciously quaint air is given, and one can almost imagine one's self one's own grandmamma in those days when grand-papa came a-wooing.

Wreaths of flowers outside the leghorn hats are liked, especially when the crown is removed, and this, by-the-by, is often done. Very often the place where the crown ought to be is covered by twisted grass or foliage, and then the flowers come about it.

A simple and stylish design is given for the flannel dresses so liked for tennis and for sea-side and mountain. This can readily be copied in Chambray, Madras, ephyr, gingham, and cotton chevots, using white batiste for the collar shown in the picture. This dress is of French flannel finely twilled in white with narrow stripes of dark blue; the collar and belt of either blue or red faced cloth, as is most becoming. The skirt is the new bell shape with a gored front breadth, and two wide breadths added with a sloping seam in the back. It is lined throughout with white mohair, and has red braid at the foot; a shaped belt of red cloth is sewed to the top and buttoned in the back by two gilt buttons. The waist is a blouse, gathered on a fitted saten lining under the belt of the skirt. It is cut down at the top, and trimmed with a red cloth circular collar six inches deep the only seam in the back, lined with silk, stiffly interlined, and stitched twice on the edge. With this is a chemisette of linen lawn puffs and guipure insertion and collar. Bias drooping puffs of flannel are at the top of sleeves that are close below, with a red cloth piping at the wrist.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

On Sunday evening, April 30, the house of Mr. Evans, situated a short distance from Inch Railway Station, was completely destroyed by fire, and nothing but the bare walls are standing. The roof was a thatched one, and a spark from the chimney alighting on the roof is supposed to have been the cause of the burning.

ZERO,

"0" ON THE THERMOMETER OF TRADE ZERO IS THE POINT OF COST PRICE.

Figuratively speaking—Oak Hall is the coolest and most attractive Clothing House in Toronto during the hottest days of June because Oak Hall Prices are below zero. We are clearing out the entire stock of fine grade Oak Hall Suits for men, Youths and Boys at less than the cost of producing the garments.

Our old patrons—grown up men who began to wear Oak Hall Suits when they were boys nearly a quarter of a century ago, and hundreds of others whose trade has been won in past years by the uniform reliable character of Oak Hall Clothing, are among the throngs that visit Oak Hall during its clearing sale—the first we've had since the business was founded. In one sense there is a material cash loss on the cost of every garment we sell, and this we are quite willing to suffer in order to save the trouble and expense of packing the goods away when we move.

But the highest consideration associated with the results of this extraordinary sale is the great number of new patrons that are won with the present low prices for fine clothing, and who are sure to visit Oak Hall again, in the new building next fall. This week we are making special efforts to capture the boys. Oak Hall suits for the little fellows are marvels of style and good workmanship, and all have the characteristic made-to-order fit which distinguishes Oak Hall suits for youths and boys. And the prices are wonders.

OAK HALL Clearing Sale

OAK HALL BUILDING— OAK HALL ENTRANCE— Opposite Cathedral Door

115, 117, 119, 121 King Street East.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of June, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.20	7.15	10.40
O. and Q. Railway..	7.45	8.10	7.15	7.15
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	8.25	12.40pm	7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.30	4.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and R.....	7.00	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland.....	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.....	6.40	4.00	11.05	9.10
G. W. R.....	(a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.)			
	12.00	9.00	2.00	
	3.00		7.30	
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
		10.00		
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
		4.00	10.30	11.00
		10.00		
U.S. West'n States	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Tuesdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for June: 1, 2, 3, 5, 4, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

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A. T. HERNON,
The well-known Church street
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To larger and more commodious premises where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

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Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

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RAMONA.

A Story.

BY HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was Antonio—Antonio, who had been at the Morono sheep-shearing; Antonio, who knew what a marvel and miracle it seemed that the beautiful Senorita from the Moreno house should have loved Alessandro, and wedded him; and he knew that on the night she went away with him, Alessandro had lured out of the corral a beautiful horse for her to ride. Alessandro had told him all about it—Baba, fiery, splendid Baba, black as night, with a white star in his forehead. Saints! but it was a bold thing to do, to steal such a horse as that, with a star for a mark; and no wonder that even now, though near three years afterwards, Senor Felipe was in search of him. Of course it could be only the horse he wanted. Ha! much help might he get from Antonio!

"Yes, Senor, I knew him," he replied.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, Senor."

"Do you know where he went, from Temecula?"

"No, Senor."

"A woman told me he went to Monterey. I have been there looking for him."

"I heard, too, he had gone to Monterey."

"Where did you see him last?"

"In Temecula."

"Was he alone?"

"Yes, Senor."

"Did you ever hear of his being married?"

"No, Senor."

"Where are the greater part of the Temecula people now?"

"Like this, Senor," with a bitter gesture, pointing to his wife. "Most of us are beggars. A few here a few there. Some have gone to Capitan Grande, some way down into Lower California."

Wearily Felipe continued his bootless questioning. No suspicion that the man was deceiving him crossed his mind. At last, with a sigh, he said, "I hoped to have found Alessandro by your means. I am greatly disappointed."

"I doubt not that, Senor Felipe Moreno," thought Antonio. "I am sorry, Senor," he said.

It smote his conscience when Felipe laid in his hand a generous gold piece, and said, "Here is a bit of money for you. I am sorry to see you so poorly off."

The thanks which he spoke sounded hesitating and gruff, so remorseful did he feel. Senor Felipe had always been kind to them. How well they had fared always in his house! It was a shame to lie to him; yet the first duty was to Alessandro. It could not be avoided. And thus a second time help drifted away from Ramona.

At Temecula, from a Mrs. Hartsel, Felipe got the first true intelligence of Alessandro's movements; but at first it only confirmed his worst forebodings. Alessandro had been at Mrs. Hartsel's house; he had been alone, and on foot; he was going to walk all the way to San Pasquale, where he had the promise of work.

How sure the kindly woman was that she was telling the exact truth. After long ransacking of her memory and comparing of events, she fixed the time so nearly to the true date, that it was to Felipe's mind a terrible corroboration of his fears. It was, he thought, about a week after Ramona's flight from home that Alessandro had appeared thus, alone, on foot, at Mrs. Hartsel's. In great destitution, she said; and she had lent him money on the expectation of selling his violin,

but they had never sold it; there it was yet. And that Alessandro was dead she had no more doubt than that she herself was alive; for else, he would have come back to pay her what he owed. The honestest fellow that ever lived was Alessandro. Did not the Senor Moreno think so? Had he not found him so always? There were not many such Indians as Alessandro and his father. If there had been it would have been much better for their people. "If they'd all been like Alessandro, I tell you," she said, "it would have taken more than any San Diego sheriff to have put them out of their homes here."

"But what could they do to help themselves, Mrs. Hartsel?" asked Felipe. "The law was against them. We can't any of us go against that. I myself have lost half my estate in the same way."

"Well, at any rate they wouldn't have gone without fighting!" she said. "If Alessandro had been here! they all said."

Felipe asked to see the violin. "But that is not Alessandro's," he exclaimed. "I have seen his."

"No!" she said. "Did I say it was his? It was his father's. One of the Indians brought it in here to hide it with us at the time they were driven out. It is very old, they say, and worth a great deal of money, if you could find the right man to buy it. But he has not come along yet. He will, though. I am not a bit afraid but that we'll get our money back on it. If Alessandro was alive he'd have been here long before this."

Finding Mrs. Hartsel thus friendly, Felipe suddenly decided to tell her the whole story. Surprise and incredulity almost overpowered her at first. She sat buried in thought for some minutes; then she sprang to her feet, and cried: "If he's got that girl with him he's hiding somewhere. There's nothing like an Indian to hide; and if he is hiding, every other Indian knows it, and you just waste your breath asking any questions of them. They will die before they will tell you anything. They are as secret as the grave. And they, every one of them, worshipped Alessandro. You see they thought he would be over them, after Pablo, and they were all proud of him because he could read and write and knew more than most of them. If I were in your place," she continued, "I would not give it up yet. I should go to San Pasquale. Now it might just be that she was along with him that night he stopped here, hid somewhere, while he came in to get the money. I know I urged him to stay all night, and he said he could not do it. I don't know, though, where he could possibly have left her while he came here."

Never in all her life had Mrs. Hartsel been so punished and so astonished as now. But her sympathy and her confident belief that Alessandro might yet be found gave unspeakable cheer to Felipe.

"If I find them I shall take them home with me, Mrs. Hartsel," he said as he rode away; "and we will come by this road and stop to see you." And the very speaking of the words cheered him all the way to San Pasquale.

But before he had been in San Pasquale an hour he was plunged into a perplexity and disappointment deeper than he had yet felt. He found the village in disorder, the fields neglected, many houses deserted, the remainder of the people preparing to move away. In the house of Ysidro, Alessandro's white kinsman, was living a white family—the family of a man who had pre-empted the greater part of the land on which the village stood. Ysidro, profiting by Alessandro's example, when he found that there was no help, that the American had his papers from the land-office, in all due form, certifying that the land was his, had given the man his option of paying

for the house or having it burnt down. The man had bought the house; and it was only the week before Felipe arrived that Ysidro had set off, with all his goods and chattels, for Mesa Grande. He might possibly have told the Senor more, the people said, than any one now in the village could; but even Ysidro did not know where Alessandro intended to settle. He told no one. He went to the north. That was all they knew.

To the north! That north which Felipe thought he had thoroughly searched. He sighed at the word. The Senor could, if he liked, see the house in which Alessandro had lived. There it was, on the south side of the valley, just in the edge of the foothills; some Americans lived in it now. Such a good ranch Alessandro had; the best wheat in the valley. The Americans had paid Alessandro something for it—they did not know how much; but Alessandro was very lucky to get anything. If only they had listened to him. He was always telling them this would come. Now it was too late for most of them to get anything for their farms. One man had taken the whole of the village lands, and he had bought Ysidro's house because it was the best; and so they would not get anything. They were utterly disheartened, broken-spirited.

In his sympathy for them, Felipe almost forgot his own distresses. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Who knows, Senor?" was the reply. "Where can we go? There is no place."

When in reply to his questions in regard to Alessandro's wife, Felipe heard her spoken of as "Majella," his perplexity deepened. Finally, he asked if no one had ever heard the name Ramona.

"Never."

What could it mean? Could it be possible that this was another Alessandro than the one of whom he was in search? Felipe bethought himself of a possible marriage-record. Did they know where Alessandro had married this wife of his, of whom every word they spoke seemed both like and unlike Ramona?

Yes. It was in San Diego they had been married, by Father Gaspara.

Hoping against hope, the baffled Felipe rode on to San Diego; and here, as ill-luck would have it, he found, not Father Gaspara, who would at his first word have understood all, but a young Irish priest, who had only just come to be Father Gaspara's assistant. Father Gaspara was away in the mountains, at Santa Ysabel. But the young assistant would do equally well to examine the records. He was courteous and kind; brought out the tattered old book, and looking over his shoulder, his breath coming fast with excitement and fear, there, Felipe, read, in Father Gaspara's hasty and blotted characters, the fatal entry of the names, "Alessandro Assis and Majella Fa—"

Heart-sick, Felipe went away. Most certainly Ramona would never have been married under any but her own name. Who, then, was this woman whom Alessandro Assis had married in less than ten days from the night on which Ramona had left her home? Some Indian woman for whom he felt compassion, or to whom he was bound by previous ties? And where, in what lonely, for-ever-hidden spot, was the grave of Ramona?

Now at last Felipe felt sure that she was dead. It was useless searching farther. Yet, after he reached home, his restless conjectures took one more turn, and he sat down and wrote a letter to every priest between San Diego and Monterey, asking if there were on the books a record of the marriage of one Alessandro Assis and Ramona Ortega.

It was not impossible that there might be, after all, another Alessandro

Assis. The old Fathers, in baptizing their tons of thousands of Indian converts, were sore put to it to make out names enough. There might have been another Assis besides old Pablo, and of Alessandro's there were dozens everywhere.

This last faint hope also failed. No record anywhere of an Alessandro Assis, except in Father Gaspara's book.

As Felipe was riding out of San Pasquale, he had seen an Indian man and woman walking by the side of mules heavily laden. Two little children, too young or too feeble to walk, were so packed in among the bundles that their faces were the only part of them in sight. The woman was crying bitterly. "More of these exiles. God help the poor creatures!" thought Felipe; and he pulled out his purse and gave the woman a piece of gold. She looked up in a great astonishment as if the money had fallen from the skies. "Thanks! Thanks, Senor!" she exclaimed; and the man coming up to Felipe said also, "God reward you, Senor! That is more money than I had in the world! Does the Senor know of any place where I could get work?"

Felipe longed to say, "Yes, come to my estate; there you shall have work!" In the olden time he would have done it without a second thought, for both the man and the woman had good faces—were young and strong. But the pay-roll of the Moreno estate was even now too long for its dwindled fortunes. "No, my man, I am sorry to say I do not," he answered. "I live a long way from here. Where were you thinking of going?"

"Somewhere in San Jacinto," said the man. "They say the Americans have not come in there much yet. I have a brother living there. Thanks, Senor; may the saints reward you!"

"San Jacinto!" After Felipe returned home, the name haunted his thoughts. The grand mountain-top bearing that name he had known well in many a distant horizon. "Juan Can," he said one day, "are there many Indians in San Jacinto?"

"The mountain?" said Juan Can.

"Ay, I suppose, the mountain," said Felipe. "What else is there?"

"The valley too," replied Juan. "The San Jacinto Valley is a fine broad valley, though the river is not much to be counted on. It is mostly dry and a good part of the year. But there is good grazing. There is one village of Indians I know in the valley; some of the San Luis Rey Indians came from there; and up on the mountain is a big village; the wildest Indians in all the country live there. Oh, they are fierce, Senor!"

The next morning Felipe set out for San Jacinto. Why had no one mentioned, why had he not himself known, of these villages? Perhaps there were yet others he had not heard of. Hope sprang in Felipe's impressionable nature as easily as it died. An hour, a moment, might see him both lifted up and cast down. When he rode into the sleepy little village street of San Bernardino, and saw, in the near horizon, against the southern sky, a superb mountain-peak, changing in the sunset lights from turquoise to ruby, and from ruby to turquoise again, he said to himself, "She is there! I have found her!"

"San Jacinto?" he said to a bystander, pointing to it with his whip.

"Yes, Senor," replied the man. As he spoke, a pair of black horses, came whirling round the corner, and he sprang to one side, narrowly escaping being knocked down. "That Tennessee fellow'll run over somebody yet, with those black devils of his, if he don't look out," he muttered, as he recovered his balance.

Felipe glanced at the horses, then driving his spurs deep into his horse's side, galloped after them. "Baba!" he cried aloud in his excitement; and

forgetful of everything, he urged his horse faster, shouting as he rode, "Stop that man! Stop that man with the black horses!"

Jos (only son of Jefferson and Maria Hyer, commonly called "Aunt Ri") hearing his name called on all sides, reined in Benito and Baba as soon as he could, and looked around in bewilderment to see what had happened. Before he had time to ask any question, Felipe had overtaken him, and riding straight to Baba's head, had flung himself from his own horse and taken Baba by the rein, crying, "Baba! Baba!" Baba knew his voice, and began to whinny and plunge. Felipe was nearly unmanned. For the second he forgot everything. A crowd was gathering around them. It had never been quite clear to the San Bernardino mind that Jos's title to Benito and Baba would bear looking into; and it was no surprise, therefore, to some of the onlookers, to hear Felipe cry in a loud voice, looking suspiciously at Jos, "How did you get him?"

Jos was a wag, and Jos was never hurried. The man did not live, nor could the occasion arrive, which would quicken his constitutional drawl. Before even beginning his answer he crossed one leg over the other and took a long observant look at Felipe; then in a pleasant voice he said: "Wall, Senor—I allow yer air a Senor by yer colour—it would take right smart uv time tew tell yeow haow I cum by that horse, 'n by the other one tew. They ain't mine, neither one on 'em."

Jos's speech was unintelligible to Felipe. Jos saw it, and chuckled.

"Mebbe 'twould help yer tew understand me ef I wuz tew talk Mexican. he said, and proceeded to repeat in tolerably good Spanish the sum and substance of what he had just said, adding: "They belong to an Indian over on San Jacinto; at least, the off one does; the nigh one's his wife's; he wouldn't ever call that one anything but hers. It had been hers ever sence she was a girl, they said. I never saw people think so much of horses as they did."

Before Jos had finished speaking, Felipe had bounded into the waggon, throwing his horses reins to a boy in the crowd, and crying, "Follow along with my horse will you? I must speak to this man."

Found! Found—the saints be praised—at last! How should he tell this man fast enough! How should he thank him enough!

Laying his hand on Jos's knee, he cried: "I can't explain to you; I can't tell you. Bless you for ever—for evèr! It must be the saints led you here!"

"Oh Lawd!" thought Jos; "another o' them saint fellers! I allow not, Senor," he said, relapsing into Tennesseean. "It wur Tom Wurmsee led me; I wuz gwine to move his truck for him this afternoon."

"Take me home with you to your house," said Felipe, still trembling with excitement; "we cannot talk here in the street. I want to hear all you can tell me about them. I have been searching for them all over California."

Jos's face lighted up. This meant good fortune for that gentle, sweet Ramona, he was sure. "I'll take you straight there," he said; "but first I must stop at Tom's. He will be waiting for me."

The crowd dispersed, disappointed; cheated out of their anticipated scene of an arrest for horse-stealing. "Good for you, Tennessee!" and, "Fork over that black horse, Jos!" echoed from the departing groups. Sensations were not so common in San Bernardino that they could afford to slight so notable an occasion as this.

As Jos turned the corner into the street where he lived he saw his mother coming at a rapid run. She had her sunbonnet half off of her head, her spectacles pushed up on her nose, and

"Why, thar's mammy!" he exclaimed. "What's gone wrong naow?"

Before he finished speaking, she saw the black horse, and snatching her bonnet from her head waved it wildly, crying, "Yeow Jos! Jos, hyar! Stop! I wuz er comin' ter hunt yer!"

Breathlessly she continued talking, her words half lost in the sound of the wheels. Apparently she did not see the stranger sitting by Jos's side. "Oh, Jos, thar's the terriblest news come! Thet Injun Alessandro's got killed; murdered; jest murdered, I say; 'tain't no lees. Thar wuz an Injun come down from ther mounting with a letter to the Ager."

"Good God! Alessandro killed!" burst from Felipe's lips in a heartrending voice.

Jos looked bewilderedly from his mother to Felipe; the complication was almost beyond him. "Oh Lawd!" he gasped. Turning to Felipe, "Thet's mammy," he said. "She wuz real fond o' both on 'em." Turning to his mother, "This hyar's her brother," he said. "He jest knowed me by Baba, hyar on ther street. He's been huntin' 'em everywhar."

Aunt Ri grasped the situation instantly. Wiping her streaming eyes, she sobbed out: "Wall, I'll allow, arter this, thar is sech ez thing ez a Providence, ez they call it. 'Pears like ther couldn't ennythin' less brang yer hyar jest naow. I know who yer be; ye're her brother Feelepey, ain't yer? Menny's ther time she's tolt me about yer! Oh Lawd! How air we ever goin' to git ter her? I allow she's dead! I allow she'd never live arter seein' him shot down dead! He tolt me thar couldn't nobody git up thar whar they'd gone; no white folks, I mean. Oh Lawd. Lawd!"

Felipe stood paralysed, horror-stricken. He turned in despair to Jos. "Tell me in Spanish," he said. "I cannot understand."

As Jos gradually drew out the whole story from his mother's excited and incoherent speech, and translated it, Felipe groaned aloud, "Too late! Too late!" He too felt, as Aunt Ri had, that Ramona never could have survived the shock of seeing her husband murdered. "Too late! Too late!" he cried, as he staggered into the house. "She has surely died of the sight."

"I allow she didn't die, nuther," said Jos; "not ser long ez she hed thet young un to look arter!"

"Yer air right, Jos!" said Aunt Ri. "I allow yer air right. Thar couldn't nothin' kill her, shori er wild beasts, ef she hed ther baby'n her arms! She ain't dead, not ef the baby ez erlive, I allow. Thet's some comfort."

Felipe sat with his face buried in his hands. Suddenly looking up he said, "How far is it?"

"Thirty miles 'n' more inter the valley, where we wuz," said Jos; "'n' the Lawd knows how fur 'tis up on ter the mounting, where they wuz livin'. It's like goin' up the wall uv a house, goin' up San Jacinto Mounting, daddy sez. He wuz thar huntin' all summer with Alessandro."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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