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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 Pope has sent out an important encyclical to the Bishops in the East Indies, commanding them to establish *Diocesan Seminaries* wherever possible for the education of native youth to the priesthood. In this he is but following out the elevating custom of the Church in all ages. Race and color are no bar to the highest positions in the Church of Christ—that true Democracy, where merit is the only qualification for advancement. The Pope, in taking this step, is guided by the soundest principles of missionary work—principles which have been ably enunciated by his Grace of Toronto—that the Church has not a firm and lasting foothold in a country until it produces its own native priesthood. We regret, however, that his good intentions are hampered by lack of funds. It is a subject of surprise and regret that Protestants, in spite of the prevalence of *indifferentism*, are contributing more lavishly to missionary work than Catholics, with the honorable exception of the French people. And it is all the more surprising when we read the accounts of the works of both missions, showing that the Catholic missionaries make far better use of the slender means at their disposal than the sectaries do.

The Pope has further shown his zeal to give the best education to the numerous souls under his charge, by re-establishing the College of the Maronites at Rome. The long tried devotion of this faithful Eastern Church was manifested in the pilgrim age lately made to his Holiness. For faith, amid difficulties, this stalwart band of Christians might be appropriately called the Irish in the East.

There is a quiet depth of pathos in the visit of the Holy Father to the tomb of St. Peter on the eve of the great Apostle's Feast. The words of our account are simple: "The Holy Father, kneeling, buried his face in his hands and remained until 10.30 p.m., absorbed in silent prayer." But to a Catholic heart there is a world of thought in that simple scene. The spare, white-haired old man, bowed down in prayer before his predecessor's tomb. Like him he is a prisoner in his own See; like him he seeks to lead the fallen world to the truth and peace of Christ, and receives in return imprisonment and persecution. But to us it contains not pathos alone, but renewed hope. Christ was persecuted, Peter was persecuted—shall Leo escape it? It is from such scenes as this we learn to feel that, in more ways than one, the Church is never nearer being the Church Triumphant than when she is the Church Suffering.

The action of the Catholics of England in dedicating their land to St.

Peter is most grateful to St. Peter's successor. As a writer in the *Dublin Review* shows, England was from the earliest ages devoted to the Prince of the Apostles, kings, bishops and people without number having made the toil some pilgrim's age to his See. The event is a happy omen. We have devotions to saints symbolical of every virtue; that to St. Peter is especially the devotion of unity and obedience. It will reflect itself in that feeling of loyalty to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, which has developed so strongly among Catholics in our day.

Six thousand dollars have been subscribed for the memorial fund of the late Cardinal Manning. It is to be applied, in accordance with his known wishes, to some plan for the relief of London's poor. This is most appropriate. The Cardinal's best memorial is where he would wish it—in the affectionate hearts of the poor and suffering, and no amount of marble could, with any sculptor's skill, make him a monument half so grand, not if an Angelo were to carve a mountain in his form.

There is much consolation in the latest reports from Uganda, where some time ago the Protestants, Mohammedans and Pagans (a fine combination) united to massacre the native Catholics. Sir Gerald Portal, who was appointed to settle the trouble, restored the Catholics to most of the territory from which they were driven, and decreed that the offices of Minister of Justice, and commanders of troops and canoes should be held jointly by a Protestant and a Catholic. As he is a Protestant, his evidence as to the comparative merits of the French priests and the Church Missionary Society is a valuable testimony to the effective work of our missions. He praises the devotion of the natives at Mass, the efforts made by the priests to promote agriculture and road-building, the order, regularity, cheerfulness, self-sacrifice and zeal of the priests, and the excellence of their training. "It is," he says, "perhaps unfair to draw comparison between these men who have reaped the benefit of a long course of training at Algiers and those who labor in the ranks of the Church Missionary Society, who, in the majority of cases, have been drawn from ordinary commercial avocations, and who, after undergoing a short course of training in religious subjects, are despatched to the mission-field with very imperfect knowledge of the work which they have been sent out to take up." Quite true as regards the individuals, but the systems must be compared as they are. The lack of unity of belief and obedience among the English missionaries "is a glaring contrast to the confidence reposed by the French priests in their

executive head." Or in other words, the discipline of the Catholic Church is indispensable for efficient work among the heathen, and the doctrine of private judgment is in practice as in theory, absolutely incompatible with the evangelizing mission of christianity.

If, as is suggested, Chief Justice Coleridge is appointed Viceroy of India, Sir Charles Russell will probably succeed to the Chief Justiceship of England. It was the narrow bigotry of the late Tory Government, in throwing out Gladstone's motion to remove one of the galling disabilities of Catholics, that deprived Sir Charles of the position of Lord Chancellor in the new Cabinet. It is a noteworthy fact that England could find no better man in whom to confide her interests in the Behring Sea dispute than this Irish Catholic jurist.

After all the long patience of the last fifteen years of moral suasion the Irish members, at the last moment, were forced to try, in the words of the Cork lad in O'Brien's novel, "what a touch of physical force can do." The bitterly insulting taunt which the renegade Chamberlain applied to the venerable person of his former chief was too much for those who best knew his purity of motive and honesty of purpose, and drew from T. P. O'Connor, ordinarily a peaceful man, the fitting name "Judas." A scene occurred the like of which was never before witnessed in the house. But it is a noteworthy fact that the Conservatives, those so-called representatives of all that is oldest and best in England, were the real movers in the disgraceful scene which followed. Their refusal to enter the division lobbies at the Chairman's call was the cause of the fracas. Of course the reporters, with a brilliancy of design which would do credit to a great painter, have selected from the struggling mass those members who would best strike the popular fancy. Healy, Redmond, Major Saunderson, Dr. Tanner are the men who stand out in the painting. They are chosen for the same reason that a little row in Ireland is talked of by every one, while, if men are shot down on the streets in an English riot, it is not thought of. The whine of the London *Times* would be amusing were it not so malevolent. They regret that the English Conservatives should have lowered themselves so much. Why? Because it hurt the good order of Parliament? No! but because they should leave these things for the Irish, in order that the *Times*, from the mudhill of purblind Tory self-complacency, might criticize those low mortals. It is a happy event for England and for Ireland that their twin destinies are in

the hands of the grand old statesman of Midlothian, and not in those of the theatre thunderer.

The Home Rule Bill is now through committee, and will go before the Lords late in August. According to the new financial arrangements, Ireland pays one-third of her revenue to the Imperial Exchequer, and the Imperial Government collects the revenue for a period of six years. Though this is a sore hurt to national pride it is not without advantages, as the Ulstermen could hardly hesitate to withhold their share of taxation from the Imperial Government. That the lords will reject the Bill is hardly doubtful. What Gladstone will do with the Lords depends on his next majority. In the meantime new election laws will strengthen the power of the Liberal party in the constituencies.

Germany has been amusing herself in the meantime by devising a system of tariff retaliation with Russia. She may find that such a system is what our Australian friends call a boom-crang.

In the world of labor, the principal event is another great strike in the English coal mines. This time the demand is for higher wages. In the United States it was rumored that T. V. Powderly was about to resign his position as Master-Workman of the Knights of Labor. We are glad to hear the statement is unfounded, not only because Mr. Powderly is a good Catholic, but because he has shown himself a good, practical, conservative leader, consulting the true interests of the working class rather than rushing into unreasonable strikes without occasion.

The Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, has begun its work under excellent auspices. Some of the ablest thinkers in the Church in America are to lecture there, and the numbers who flock thither will carry away the rarest gems of Catholic truth and eloquence. Among the distinguished lecturers many are already familiar with the Revs. P. A. Halpin, S. J., Fr. Zalm, C.S.C., A. F. Hewit, C.S.P., Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Brother Azarias, George Parsons Lathrop, and Maurice Francis Egan. It is but another indication of the promise given by the Church in America that she will yet give to the Church as glorious names in the treasury of good words as she has already given in the treasury of good works.

The financial depression in the States still gives cause for anxiety. The failure of public confidence has caused a run on the banks, and some of the oldest institutions have gone under. The hopes of renewed prosperity seem to be centered in President Cleveland. His intentions are to have an early session of Congress, repeal if possible the Sherman Silver Act, remodel the coinage, and then deal with the tariff at more leisure.

INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.

Speech of the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.

Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, Member of Congress from New York, delivered an address before the graduating class of Manhattan College, in which he comments upon the following striking passage from the recent letter of the Holy Father to the Episcopate of the United States:

"While industriously laboring for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls entrusted to your care, strive also to promote the welfare of your fellow-citizens, and to prove the earnestness of your love for your country, so that they who are entrusted with the administration of the Government, may clearly recognize how strong an influence for the support of public order, for the advancement of public prosperity is to be found in the Catholic Church."

These words of the Holy Father I have read to you to-night, not that they contain anything new, but because they refer to the ancient teachings of the Church, because they show to-day that singular simplicity of the mission assigned to her from the dawn of Christianity. Through all the years that have lapsed, through all the centuries that have gone by, the pathway of liberty was mapped out by the doctrine of Christianity. And the rules of social order, on which all free institutions must depend, are not the rules of Christian morality, toward which her teachings incline every day.

You are fresh from the study of the development and evolution of our modern civilization. You remember the method in which the Church first grappled with the rudest stage which history has ever known. You remember how she instituted the order of chivalry to soften the conditions of barbaric life. And as you recall the pages of her history, you will remember that the man who was a candidate for the honor of knighthood, spent the night before his investiture, in long vigils, within the walls of a church, kneeling beside his armor, resisting the approaches of sleep, and the pangs of hunger, triumphing over the weakness of the flesh, and, on the following day, when the white robe of innocence was wrapped around his shoulders, and the golden spurs were placed upon his heels, and his sword clasped upon his side, he took the obligation that he would maintain the truth, defend the weak, and exalt the dignity of women. Times have changed, and the conditions of men have changed. To me there is nothing so impressive in the ceremony to which we assist to-day, as the lesson which we can draw from it, that while the mission of the Church is always the same, and the obligations she imposes upon you are still the same as those which she imposed in the days of chivalry, in the feudal ages, yet, that she changes them to meet the new conditions of mankind, that every difficulty that besets society, she faces, and meets, and overcomes.

KNIGHTS OF THE MODERN CRUSADE.

You, young gentlemen, are the knights of this modern crusade. We thrust the sword no longer by your side, because the dangers that menace society, are no longer confined in any threat of hostile foe to bring to society immediate destruction, but we confer upon you here, to-day, these diplomas that ground you in the essential elements of Christian truth, that through all your lives you may withstand, and meet, and overcome, any heresy that may be leveled against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

Conceive, for a moment the manner in which the Church to-day discharges the mission, which, in all ages, she has discharged! Conceive the benefits you have enjoyed, and from that deduce the lesson of the enormous

responsibilities that are imposed upon your shoulders. In this age we measure everything of value by its capacity to produce wealth. Here, in this diocese, three thousand men and women, who create wealth by tens of millions, with their own energy, have deliberately turned their backs upon all the walks of human ambition, and devoted all their days, their thoughts, and their energies to your equipment, and to the equipment of other young men, for the tests, and the struggles, and the difficulties of life.

You are the beneficiaries of that enormous force which exists nowhere except in the Catholic Church, which can exist nowhere except in the bosoms that are inspired by a love for that eternal truth, which is always found within the bounds of the Eternal Church.

How, then, are you to carry out this admonition of the Holy Father? What part are you to play in proving to the world the powerful influence which the Catholic Church can exercise in the maintenance of social order, and for the advancement of national prosperity? You can, in your daily lives, be true to the three purposes which animated the knights of old; maintain the truth; be loyal to the faith; profess your creed. Always steer your course through life by the chart which has been given you by your Alma Mater. Maintain the truth wherever you go. Where are we to find it? Where are we to look for it? We most certainly will find it in the doctrines and teachings of the Holy Catholic Church.

I have said that we are no longer in danger of invasion of an armed band of foemen. No longer do any try to take the cross from the steeple of our Church, to overturn altars, or to profane sanctuaries. But there are forces at work calculated to take the spirit of truth from your bosoms, and to overturn, in your mind, that reverence for the Christian faith to which, if you are to be successful, and creditable, and useful, in your day, you must ever remain loyal. You must maintain this truth.

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH.

As I asked you, where are you to find this truth? How are you to look for it? If it ever be your fortune to visit Rome, to go down into the Catacombs, you will there be shown, in one of the narrow passages, the skeleton of a human body, the skeleton of a Christian, who was buried there in the second century. His bones remain there now nigh eighteen hundred years, and, as the Catholic looks upon him, he recognizes in that form, which once held a human soul, an acquaintance; for, from the day he could hear a prayer, he has prayed for the repose of that soul, as he has prayed for the repose of all other souls of the faithful departed. There, looking round within the limits of the horizon, you see the wreck and the ruins of ancient splendor. Monarchs have fallen, and their memory has been forgotten; vast kingdoms and nations have sunk into oblivion, palaces have crumbled into dust, dynasties been overthrown; dust of centuries is piled upon the forum; institutions have perished; but the faith which bound man's soul to pray for the soul once joined to that skeleton, lives to-day, and, through all the years that have passed, the doctrines of your Church have remained true, and have pointed the road to the most perfect civilization.

It is the Truth that is eternal, the Truth that has withstood the destruction of all institutions, the Truth that is the Truth to-day, though I speak in the language that did not then exist. And the bond which binds you with all the civilization of two thousand years, is the faith you and I profess, is the basis of all civilization, from which all modern progress has come, the liberty of which we boast, the liberty which we cherish, the liberty

which is secure for the present and for the future.

What is it, but the recognition of certain rules which the Church has preached now for two thousand years, and is illustrating to you to-day? What are the fundamental doctrines of every institution, from a secular standpoint? Equality before the law; supremacy of the law itself, and the eligibility of every one to the highest office within the State. Is that a new doctrine, discovered on this soil for the first time? Are you, young gentlemen, beholden to the discovery of their continent, or to the adoption of our Constitution, for the discovery of these principles?

Why, for two thousand years the Church has preached and shown that all men were equal in the sight of God, that the law of God was the supreme law, and that every son of the Church was eligible to the priesthood, and to the highest offices. Talk to us of an apology necessary, or explanation that the Catholic Church is the true friend of liberty, and the true pillar of equality! Now, gentlemen, it is by loyalty to the Catholic Church, that you can become the best citizens that this Republic has ever known.

CATHOLIC ENTERPRISE.

When this continent was discovered, as the direct result of a fervent faith, entertained by the great navigator, Columbus, the old order was vanishing in Europe, and in Spain was to be found its last vestige. There was no feudalism left in France after Louis XIth. You know that it perished in England with the Wars of the Roses. And so the old civilization of blood, of rapine, of carnage, and of destruction had been accomplished. The manners of men had been modified and softened by the influence of the Christian Church, and then, in the Providence of God, by the direct intervention of Catholic activity, this glorious land was unfolded before the eyes of man, and built on the ruins of the ancient civilization. This modern commercial civilization of ours was founded upon Catholic enterprise, upon Catholic piety, upon the Catholic love of spreading the faith to regions then unknown to the civilized world. Through all that period of confusion, the Church was ever wielding the influence of peace. This civilization is not the civilization of destruction, but built upon destruction. The man who gains the highest award in this State of ours, is not the man clothed in glittering armor, nor is he the man who burns villages, or destroys human life, it is the man who invents some new method of cheapening labor, some new method of cheapening the cost of production, some new method of spreading the general prosperity of its fellow human beings. But that is essentially a development of that policy of peace which the Church always taught. Here we see again that civilization is essentially the product of Catholic faith and morality.

You, young gentlemen, going out into the world now, with the seal of the Church upon your brow, with certificates attesting your capacity to meet the difficulties of life, are to be the exponents of this Christian education, and, to a great extent, its value will be decided by the manner in which you bear yourselves. All men cannot achieve fame. The Holy Father says that it is our duty to so comport ourselves, that those who are entrusted with the administration of the Government, may clearly recognize how strong an influence to support the public order, and for the advancement of public prosperity, is to be found in the Catholic Church. They who control the Government? Who are they? Who are they who control the Government of these United States? The common people.

DUTY OF THE PEOPLE.

Every man who has reached the age of manhood, every person in pos-

session of his faculties, who can approach the ballot box, who is free from taint of crime, is one of the controlling influences over this Government of ours. Therefore, it is not necessary that life should be conspicuous, in order to have an influence upon those who control the Government. Every human life yields an influence all around it. Nothing is wasted in the economy of Nature. Not one single drop of rain that fell to-day has gone to waste. Every one has filled some part in the great economy of life, which is controlled by Providence. Every ray of light that escapes from the sun performs a mission upon this earth of ours. Every wind that blows around us is charged with some important function; and every human life performs its intended duty. And in a Republic like this, where all men govern, this very life is capable of exercising a wide influence upon the future of the nation. When, therefore, you are to control your lives, so as to convince those who control the Government, of the value of the Church, it means that you must so regulate your own daily life, that your neighbors can see it. In whatever walk you may exercise your faculties, whatever occupation you may pursue, they will recognize in you that industry, that love of truth, that devotion to honor, which should characterize every man who starts in life with the approval of the Church upon his brow.

That is the mission that lies before you, and be not deceived by those who assume that a disbelief in the truth of religion is an evidence of strength, or of intellect. There is no war between science and religion. No single law has ever been discovered, which, in any way, disapproves the doctrine of true religion. Science and religion go hand in hand as far as science can go; but when we come to that point, where human knowledge is exhausted, where the human eye is baffled by the darkness and gloom of doubt and ignorance, then religion lights the lamp and tells every one that the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God.

While you are loyal to that faith which recognizes the value to the human race of all instruction, and all education, you will always be loyal to yourselves. You stand now upon the edge of an unknown sea; you cannot even tell the progress which you are making. You may not escape disaster, you may not escape difficulty, but if you are loyal to the chart which is given you by your Church, and by your College, you need never fear absolute shipwreck. You need never fear that anything you may do, while you are guided by conscience and faith, will be discreditable to yourselves, or injurious to your country. If you trim your lamps, if you guide your footsteps by the light which the Church sheds over your path, you may be assured that, every day of your lives, every act which you perform, everything which you do, will tend not only to your own benefit, but it will be of advantage and credit to your religion, to your Church, to your College, and of enduring benefit to your country, and to your fellow-men. (Great applause.)

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

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

If thou dar'st pass by thy neighbour here, he will lie in thy path when thou passeth over to the gate of heaven.

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

WOLFE TONE.

A Stirring Scene at the Patriot's Grave

The anniversary of Wolfe Tone's birth was celebrated at Bodensstown churchyard, Sunday, June 25. There was a very large attendance, and not for a number of years has the occurrence brought together such a crowd as that which assembled yesterday to pay a tribute to the memory of one of the most sterling of the many patriots who sacrificed their lives in defence of Ireland's cause. The residents of the surrounding districts were present in strong force, and the number who journeyed from Dublin by the two special trains must have been close on a couple of thousands. Indeed so great was the anxiety of Nationalists from this city to take advantage of the special train arrangements that it was very difficult for those who wished to visit the sacred spot, and many from Lucan and Clondalkin were obliged on account of the throng to forego their intended journey. The Young Ireland League had taken every opportunity for making the demonstration one of the most successful that has yet been held, and that they succeeded was amply shown by the thousands who made their way to Bodensstown churchyard. The weather was everything that could have been desired, and if any complaints were at all possible it must have been in regard to the excessive heat. It is to be regretted that some of those who visited the place, in their desire to carry away some token of remembrance of the great Irishman, interfered with the stone which covers the grave by hewing away a large portion of it. Their action certainly was the result of thoughtlessness, but it could scarcely be condemned in too strong terms, especially as another slab was dealt with in a similar way until there was none of it left. A number of wreaths were placed on the grave by, among others, the Young Ireland League, Isles of the Sea Gaelic Athletic Association, the ladies of Caragh and Digby Bridge, and the Celbridge band. The Henry Grattan G. A. A. wreath, which was a very handsome one, had the following inscription: "From the Henry Grattan G. A. A. Celbridge. Tone, the dream of thy life is at last waking over us; then freely we'll stand on the green isle that bore us." On the reverse side were the lines from Moore's poem:

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot's name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame.

The bands present included Bray Emmet Independents, the Wolfe Tone Fife and Drum band, the Lucan Brass band, St. Mary's (Lucan) Fife and Drum band, the Finglass Brass band, the Grattan Volunteer band and the Naas Labor Union band.

Mr. J. L. Carow, having been called upon to preside, was warmly cheered. He said his thanks in the first place were due to the Young Ireland League, who had conferred upon him the greatest and most distinguished honor that he had received in his lifetime by asking him to preside at the celebration of the birth of one of the most true and earnest patriots who had ever breathed the breath of life. He could have wished that the duty had fallen to worthier hands.

A Voice—We couldn't have better.

Mr. Carew—He would not stand between the meeting and Mr. Doyle, a member of the Young Ireland League, whose duty it was to deliver the oration to the memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone. They in Kildare were proud that that distinguished and great patriot had been born among them, and that his ashes now lie in Bodensstown churchyard. Not one in the long list of Irish patriots had made such sacrifices as Wolfe Tone had made for the country. (Cheers.) He gave up his family, wife and children all for Ireland. Other men had unquestion-

ably made sacrifices, but he had forfeited his life in a glorious effort to free his country. The keynote of his whole existence was to make Ireland a nation, and he died breathing the words "Ireland a nation" on his lips. (Cheers.) The speaker concluded by calling upon Mr. Doyle to deliver his discourse.

Mr. Joseph Doyle then proceeded with his address, in the course of which he gave a vivid description of Wolfe Tone's career. Having explained the position of the country at the time that Tone commenced his struggle against England, and the condition of the Catholics, the speaker described the designs and means of the great Irishman, which were to subvert the tyranny of an execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, to assert the independence of his country, to unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic Dissenter. It was a great pity that the autobiography and pamphlets of Wolfe Tone could not be produced in such a form as would enable the public to study his career and the objects of his life. The speaker went on at length to deal with the action of Tone, commencing with his visit to Belfast and the founding of the first club of United Irishmen in 1791, and the subsequent founding of a club in Dublin, his appointment as secretary of the Catholic committee, and his labors in that position; his departure for America and his subsequent visits to France, which resulted in the fitting out of fleets by that government for the freedom of Ireland from the tyrannical yoke of England. Mr. Doyle gave a graphic account of these expeditions and their failures, and narrated the story of Wolfe Tone's capture, imprisonment and sad death in prison. Although he did not succeed in the immediate objects at which he aimed, there was no question that his life was not a failure, for he served to keep before the Irish people an example of independence, an example of firmness and his career was a light which would guide them to that goal which if they were only true to themselves they would one day reach. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Murphy, Clontarf, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Doyle for the eloquent address which they had just listened to. He did so with the utmost pleasure, and all he would do at present was to impress upon those assembled there that day the absolute necessity of studying the life of Wolfe Tone and the other patriots who had given their lives in the service of Ireland. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Lynch, in seconding the vote, said that it was creditable to the Young Ireland League to find them doing such honor to Wolfe Tone.

Mr. Doyle having briefly replied, Mr. Barden proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. Mr. Carew was well known to them all. They had tried him, and he behaved they could trust him. (Cheers.)

A Voice—We'll have him in parliament again.

Mr. Barden was proud to see such a demonstration at Wolfe Tone's grave—at the grave of one of the grandest men that Ireland had ever produced. (Cheers.)

Mr. David Fagan, in seconding the vote said that Mr. Carew deserved well of Kildare, and he was sure the Young Ireland League was thankful for his having consented to preside. He hoped the celebration of the birth of Wolfe Tone would increase year by year until 1898 when they would have a magnificent demonstration. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Dixon, in supporting the vote, said they all agreed with Mr. Carew that it was an honor for an Irishman to preside at the anniversary and to do

honor to the principle of Wolfe Tone. At a time when conciliation with England was spoken of it was the habit among some Irishmen to eschew any reference to Wolfe Tone, Mitchel, Kickham or others who had suffered so much for their country. He characterized such people as contemptible in every shape and form. Unfortunately it was their lot in Ireland to have schools in which the history of Ireland was not taught, and the result of this was that children grow up without being made acquainted with the struggles for freedom which had been made by their forefathers. The only way people can hope to do anything for Ireland is by aiding a correct knowledge of every National movement that has existed for the last three hundred years. By that knowledge only could they guard against the errors of the past. By that knowledge they could crush the perpetual cant and fraud with which every movement had been frustrated. He was glad that Mr. Carew, who was so well identified with Kildare, had consented to preside at the meeting. He hoped that they would come in large numbers at every future anniversary, and make the celebration worthy of the great patriot whose memory deserves to be kept green among them. (Cheers.) The suggestion that Wolfe Tone's autobiography and letters should be published in a cheap form was a very good one, for it would give every one an opportunity of understanding the great efforts he had made to free his country from British thralldom. (Cheers.)

The vote was passed by acclamation.

Mr. Carew, in reply, expressed his thanks for the hearty manner in which he had passed the vote of thanks to him. He should ever prize the honor that was done him as one of the greatest that could be conferred on any loyal worker in the National ranks. He had tried to do his duty in the past, and he would endeavor to do it in the future. (Cheers.) He could not do better than try to imitate the example of him whose ashes lay close by. He had said previously that he had hoped some one more worthy should have been found to fill the chair. (No, no.) He had mentioned an incident that occurred in connection with Wolfe Tone's grave some twenty years ago. They were all aware of the work which had been done by John Redmond in that district. (Cheers for Mr. Redmond.) He (Mr. Redmond) cherished a warm feeling for Wolfe Tone, and it was not generally known that when he was a student in Clongowes College he came frequently to the grave, and noticing that it required very badly to be repaired he started a collection among his comrades in the college for the purpose. He (Mr. Carew) had hoped that Mr. Redmond would have been able to be present that day, but duty required his presence in another's place, where he engaged fighting for the principles which he had learned from Wolfe Tone. The merits of the great patriot had been sufficiently dwelt upon by Mr. Doyle. He (Mr. Carew) said in the last speech that they would vindicate the memory of Wolfe Tone, but he could say now that it had been vindicated. None in the long line of Irish patriots had done so much by his example and self-sacrifice as Wolfe Tone. A new book, "The Memoirs of Wolfe Tone," had been published by Mr. Barry O'Brien, and it was to be hoped that this would be brought out in a cheap edition, and it should be read and digested by all who love their country. They would see that Wolfe Tone initiated the principles of independence which they were advocating at the present time. That was the only path to National liberty.

Mr. Carew said he did not want in the course of any remarks he might make to offend any one, but this he

would say—that for Ireland the path of independence was the only path of honor, safety and success. (Loud cheers.)

A vote of thanks having been passed to the bands for their attendance, the meeting separated.—*Irish Independent.*

Carping at Priests.

In every congregation are a few chronic croakers who manage to find fault with all that goes on in the parish. These malcontents bestow a large share of their sneering criticisms on the pastor and discern some flaw in everything he does, from preaching and saying Mass to combing his hair and tying his shoestrings. They make too free with the Lord's anointed. True it is that the people lightly look up to their priests for the highest models of the Christian life and measure their actions on the rules of the Gospel. They rejoice and are invigorated in virtue when they see their pastor mortified, charitable, patient, humble laborious. They are grief-stricken and discouraged should he fail to set the best of examples in every respect. But the inevitable observation of the pastor's demeanor is very different from the cavilling scrutiny which must be censured. The priesthood is an awful dignity. It surpasses incomparably the ministry of the angels. It is among the wonders of God's ways. The priest is, as it were, another Christ. He is consecrated for the same work—to make men know and love and serve God. He is the channel of grace. He is the instrument by which the dread Sacrifice of Calvary is repeated every day. He raises aloft the Body that hung on the Cross. Through his veins runs the Precious Blood. He applies the merits of the Redeemer to the souls of sinners, and when he lifts up his hand in benediction over them, their guilt is washed away. He is dead to the world. He lives in the air of Heaven. No man may speak lightly of him nor harm him with impunity.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

The Word "Mrs."

A curiously awkward word, if it be a word, says Sala's Journal, is "Mrs." It is not spelt as it is pronounced—no one but a Welshman or a Pole would be equal to pronouncing it as it is spelt; and its pronunciation is a clumsy contraction of the good old designation, mistress. In days of old, when, as Mr. Austin Dobson has depicted for us in so many graceful verses, leisure had not become, as it is now, almost a forgotten luxury, and people were less anxious to clip their speech, the full pronunciation was often used, and "mistress was not altogether elbowed out of existence by the vulgar "missis." But nowadays "mistress" has become as much a term of opprobrium as of honor and consequently, the contracted pronunciation of "Mrs." has prevailed and holds the field.

Another point worth noting in the history of the designation, is that about a hundred and fifty years ago, and earlier, "Mrs." was applied quite impartially to unmarried, as well as married ladies. Even children were sometimes styled "Mrs." The burial of an infant daughter of John Milton, who died at the age of five months, is recorded in the parish register of St. Margaret, Westminster, and her name is entered as "Mrs. Katharine Milton," followed by a small "c" to indicate that a child is meant. But this may be regarded as an exceptional use of the title.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

A REMARKABLE DISCOURSE.

The following is taken from the Roman correspondence of the *Irish Catholic*:

On Sunday, June 25th, his Eminence Cardinal Thomas took possession of his new titular church, that of Santa Maria Nuova Santa Francesca Romana. Besides the usual solemnity attendant upon such occasions, his Eminence lent a peculiar charm to the surroundings by a speech, which has excited universal admiration. The exordium of his Eminence's discourse was devoted to an eulogium of the ever Blessed Virgin as a model for all Christian mothers. The Cardinal then showed how Saint Frances of Rome imitated in her life the grand example of the lowly maid of Nazareth. Passing on then to the dealings of Leo XIII. with France, his Eminence said: "It is not only the Christian *dite* of France that is bound to comply with the exhortations of the Holy Father. He calls upon all just men, upon all honest souls. He demands, he desires France to be free, united, and strong, for God has need of her in the high mission of civilization. For what is, as a matter of fact, the present period but a painful passing from a world that is played out to a world that is springing into being? It is the agony of death and the labour of child-birth! It is the rude meeting of two currents that bear in their bosom the destinies of the human race, in the one there is a love of order, the instinct of conservation which clings to the traditions of the past; in the other, under the name of progress, there flows an unbridled love of innovation which flows rapidly on towards an unknown future. The effect of the meeting of these elements is a war of ideas, a war of interests, contradiction, and chaos. The issue, however, of this crisis will be not death, but resurrection in such a way that God shall be thereby glorified—*infirmities hanc non est ad mortem sed pro gloria Dei*. Such is our unconquerable hope. This finds its support in the admirable Encyclicals of the Sovereign Pontiff, in his wise counsels for the regeneration of the family and of society, in the gracious advances which he has made to peoples and to governments. He has pointed out what we are to retain and what we are to let die among the affairs of the past. With a steady and unflinching hand he has traced out the laws of progress in philosophy, letters, science, and art. He has cast a penetrating glance upon the future of Democracy, pointing out the danger of its ardent longings, and at the same time, with benign mercy recognizing its wants and its legitimate aspirations. Leo XIII. in fact, without fear and without pride, consents to treat with this great power called Democracy, as Sixtus V. with Henri IV., and Pius VII. with Napoleon.

"Why, then, should we have any cause to fear? Why entertain doubts about the immortal fecundity of the Papacy? Let us look around us and listen to the lessons taught us by the great ruins that surround us. Here everything speaks of death, but also of resurrection, for upon the tomb of Pagan Rome rises up the Rome of Christianity, the city of St. Peter and of Leo XIII. What a wonderful transformation! What a glowing example of the regeneration of the peoples by the Gospel and the Cross. Ah, Cross, I salute you with the Christian poet as you crown the summits of temples and obelisks! 'Holy Emblem what is your mission there on high in mid-air, you whom the songs of prophets have spoken of as the mystery key? Well might we answer that it is to unlock the gates of heaven.' In the convictions of my faith I muse upon some of the eloquent inscriptions which give life and personification to the monuments by lending them a voice, and all these

voices blend in one harmonious concert, their dominant note is the cry of victory inscribed upon the base of that monument erected by Sixtus V. in front of the Vatican:—'Behold the Cross of the Lord, let all hostile powers flee, the Lion of the tribe of Juda has prevailed, Christ triumphs, He reigns, He commands, may He bestow peace upon the nations!' The Gospel and the Cross have lost none of their divine persuasion, none of their civilizing power. Let us, then, look with faith to the future. Immense transformations are preparing upon the stage of the world; our great Pope has drawn out their plans, and some day, with the aid of God and with that of France, they shall be realized!

She Forgave Her Enemy.

The power of the church is grandly shown in the following incident, which took place during a term of court the writer attended in Albuquerque, N. M.

A young Pueblo Indian had killed a member of his tribe and was on trial for the crime. The mother of the murdered boy was called to testify. As she stood up on the witness stand it would be difficult to imagine a more weird and unearthly appearance. She must have measured nearly 6 feet in height, but extreme age had bent the broad shoulders, and the long, bare, lank arms and coarse hands told of many a year of weary toil. Her face was haggard and cadaverous, and the scanty gray hair straggled over her brow and almost hid the vivid gleam fitfully parted from her deep, dark eyes. The house was full of spectators, and a motley group of Indians, dressed in tawdry finery, lounged around the door.

Don Jesse Sena, the interpreter, rendered her evidence into English for the court and jury. On being sworn, and she understood the obligation well, she refused to testify, although repeatedly urged to do so.

When asked her reason for refusing, she said that the padre had instructed her to forgive all her enemies; that she forgave the prisoner and could not swear against him. On being assured that it was not a violation of her obligation as a Christian, and being ordered to testify by the judge, she reluctantly proceeded to do so. When she had concluded, she arose, and raising her long, bony hands she exclaimed in a voice that was tremulous with emotion. "Juan, you killed my boy, but God says I must forgive you, and I do. I obey His will." As she stepped down from the stand a dead silence reigned throughout the court, and I could not help thinking that the good padre, who sat among his Indian children, must have felt that his teachings had borne good fruit in the heart of that poor, bereaved Indian mother.

Within a day or two of the above touching event a white mother stood in the same place, testifying against the alleged slayer of her son. On the conclusion of her evidence she arose and horrified the people by launching a torrent of blasphemous curses at the unfortunate prisoner, who bent his head and bore the storm in silence.—*Catholic News*.

Jean Ingelow Loves Flowers.

What can be done with loving care and devoted personal effort, even in cramped city quarters, is demonstrated by Jean Ingelow in her London home. The half acre of ground which surrounds her house literally blossoms like the rose with verdure and floral loveliness. Miss Ingelow's visitors drink tea with her *al fresco* in the summer, and in the winter she preserves the illusion as much as possible by setting out her tea table in a large conservatory. Her love for and knowledge of flowers that abound in her poetry are inherent and unlimited.

Montalembert and His Daughter.

Near the end of his life an event occurred in his household, which, though it was sudden, should not have been unlooked for. His youngest daughter, a brilliant girl, who possessed "much of her father's talent and many of his characteristics, who had made a brilliant entry into 'the world' some time before, announced her desire to become a nun." "One day," says M. Cochin, "his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him: "I am tired of everything around me. I love pleasure, society and amusements, I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him. And when he said to her: 'My child, is there something which grieves you? She went to the book shelves and sought out one of the volumes of 'The Monks of the West.' 'It is you,' she answered, 'who has taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.'" Could pen have pictured a sweeter picture, or the imagination have conceived a day of purer recompense for the author of volumes consecrated to humility and heroism? "Some time after," continues the same sympathetic narrator, "I had the happiness to accompany the family to the convent where the reception was to take place; the priest was at the altar to celebrate the bridal, and the bride, adorned for the ceremony with her jessamine flowers and bridal veil, knelt radiant at the altar. But there was no bridegroom there. The bridegroom was that invisible Husband, who for two thousand years had attached so many souls to Him by bonds which cannot be broken, and drawn them by a charm which nothing can equal." The reader, if he has perused "The Monks of the West," has read at the conclusion of one of the volumes treating of the Anglo Saxon saints, what Mrs. Oliphant calls "one of the most affecting utterances of suppressed emotion which perhaps, has ever been put on record." It is a description of this episode:

This daughter was the favorite of Montalembert. She was the youngest of three—he never had a son. His favorite appellation in addressing her was, "Mon bonheur." It was a sacrifice to part with her—a sacrifice whose keenness only a parent can appreciate. His health was poor, his days were numbered, and the sweet ministrations of this dear child would have made anyone less human than Montalembert exclaim that she had left him to his great regret—a *ma grande desolation*. But this natural sorrow soon gave way to a deep and genuine joy that this tender scion had found a safe asylum for her innocence, where she would be happy and useful, free from the sorrows of the outer world. The time, for his leaving that world was, as we have intimated, approaching rapidly. Soon society had to be given up. Then came the arm-chair. From 1867 his sufferings continued to be very acute down to the day of his death. Then the easy chair had to be abandoned for the bed. Mrs. Oliphant, who knew him in these waning days, has devoted many pages of beauty and pathos to their memory. "Never," says she, "were there a more striking evidence of that vigor and life of the soul which is independent of—nay, almost in antagonism with—the strength of the body. . . . Death has nothing to do with such a man. Looking at him, the spectator felt it to be of all things the least creditable. He was an embodied contradiction to that condition of humanity, an assertion of immortality more triumphant than any argument. Physicians might say what they would, we believe that no one could have seen Montalembert in that prolonged and most painful passage of life without

feeling a half-indignant, half-contemptuous inclination to deny the possibility of dying. With such a deathless, brave, bright and unconquerable individuality death had nothing to do."

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

The recipient of an extraordinary favour from God, through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, made known the following facts, in testimony of her gratitude, for the exaltation of Blessed Margaret Mary, and for the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For about two years she suffered from what doctors pronounce chronic Bright's disease, after an attack of grippé. Cold followed cold in rapid succession, bringing a distressing cough with spitting of blood, difficult breathing at times so oppressive as to threaten smothering. Whenever she went to church, she was almost sure to take sick. Sudden fevers, faintness and momentary loss of sight were of frequent occurrence. To these ailments was added a swelling of the body, which caused much pain.

She went to Atlantic City, but returned unbenefited. A skilful doctor advised a milk diet at once, and, after four weeks, this treatment had the effect of reducing the swelling; but the lack of solid food made her very weak. With nourishing diet the swelling reappeared, accompanied by intense pain in the back, head and limbs.

Consulting another doctor later on, she was advised by him to go to the University Hospital, to take to bed and limit herself to milk diet. He gave but little hope of a cure, one chance in a thousand to get better for a while. Reflecting on his advice, she determined to consult her regular physician, and resolved to go to St. Agnes' Hospital and there follow the prescribed treatment of four weeks more. She became so weak that the Sisters thought she would die. One day her respiration rose to 104 a minute. Solid food was given once more, followed by an improvement in strength but the swelling soon returned. Finding no permanent benefit in the hospital she returned home.

At home she kept growing worse. Her doctor gave up her case saying he could do her no good. Still he advised her to consult a specialist, who, on examination, pronounced her case chronic Bright's disease. She was told to return to the hospital, and not stay shorter than six months or a year, though even then she was not promised a cure, as the swelling might go to the heart and carry her off at any moment.

She ceased to hope save in God alone. Whilst perfectly resigned to die, she was urged by a friend to seek a cure through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. She obtained a relic and began a Novena on Sunday, October 2d. During the Novena she coughed incessantly spat blood, was not allowed to sleep apart for fear of smothering, had violent headaches, swelling of the body and other serious ills. On Monday, October 10, she went to Holy Communion and was freed from every trace of her malady. Bright's disease, dropsy, everything disappeared at once, and without a taste of medicine since the Novena began. Next day she resumed her household duties, and began by whitewashing a room. To God and his Blessed Servant, Margaret Mary be the honor and the thanks for so great a favour—*American Messenger*.

During the dog day season, the drain of nervous and vital energy may be counteracted by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, it acts as a superb corrective and tonic, and enables the system to defy malarial and other climatic influences.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces.

SELF-EDUCATION.

By Maurice Francis Egan in the Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.

The question of self education ought to occupy the attention of our young people more than it does. After all, every man or woman educates himself. One gets instruction in the average schools; it is only in the unusual and uncommon school that we are educated. The school may give the impetus, the direction,—sometimes, but not often, the stimulus. It is a modern fallacy to imagine that the efficiency of a school depends on a system; it is a question of the teachers.

A man's education depends on himself. The members of the gentler sex do more consciously to instruct and educate themselves than we do. The greatest number of American Catholic young men and women do not enter life through the portals of the Catholic college or convent school. They are, therefore, more especially in need of a kind of education which other schools do not give. Any system of education which leaves them at the end of a certain term either well satisfied with the knowledge they have, or so tired of books that they are glad to fling them away is a bad system. Too much weight is given to the school and too little to the formation of character in other ways. A school, under any system not entirely machine-like, is simply the teacher.

But, after a time, every man and woman must be his own teacher. There is an *interregnum*,—an open space,—between school and the plunge into actual life. This ought to be made use of, to think, to plan seriously the intellectual work of the future.

The Catholic college and the convent are supposed to ground the student firmly in the Christian ethics of life. Above all, to supplement the training which each young Catholic receives in the rudiments of religion by such knowledge of philosophy and such illustrations of the value of religion, as will give him a greater grasp of the verities of life and the power of applying those verities to actual life.

But for the great mass, college or academic training of this kind can not be counted on. And yet it would not be true to say that the people deprived by circumstances of the full value of Catholic education are less intelligent or less capable of acquiring the highest culture than those who have begun to acquire it. In fact, as we are at present situated,—(Colleges and higher schools being dependent on the fees of the students,) the question of money largely settles who shall and who shall not receive the benefits of the higher Catholic culture. There are few scholarships in Catholic colleges,—none at all in convent schools—by which the student of lesser means can obtain the advantages for which his talent fits him. This lack of thought for the benefit of the poorer student is due to the fact that the laity of the United States have not awakened to the duty or the responsibility of their position in regard to higher education.

Given the desire to be better educated, let us consider how the young Catholic is to be about it, as things are. She or he must read, What? The 180' novels, the new essayists? Enough to be able to talk in a literary way? The magazines? Are these sufficient? Shakspeare? Dante? Not at all.

The late novelist and the new essayists should be touched only after a standard of judgment has been formed. They are stimulating and suggestive and often instructive. But before one reads even Shakspeare one should have made some preparation. A Catholic who begins Dante without having read a life of St. Thomas Aquinas begins at the wrong end. There are at least two good lives of St. Thomas in English,—one by Father Pius Cavanaugh, the other by Dom Jerome

Vaughan. The lives of the great saints are a great help to intellectual, as well as spiritual growth. One understands the position of Cardinal Newman and Father Faber better when one has read the life of St. Philip de Neri, and the condensation of the *summa* done into English by eminent hands can be had in every library for intellectual growth and refreshment. To have read Dante,—that is, the "Divine Comedy,"—without having some knowledge of St. Thomas, is to lose much of its beauty and strength. And Dante makes us think of his predecessor, St. Francis of Assisi. Around all great poems cluster philosophy, history and knowledge of all kind. The appreciative study of these things make the higher Christian education, and it can be attained out of college, as well as in it.

A plea should be made for the intelligent introduction of the lives of the saints into the systems of education;—that is, the lives of the saints that appeal to us moderns. We listen with reverence to the legend of St. Denis of France, and admire at a distance the asceticism of St. Rose of Lima, but there are saints, like St. Francis de Sales, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip de Neri, who appeal directly to us and benefit us greatly because the problems they solved confront us in actual life.

The critical time in life is for the young when they confront life. Then is the time when they should begin to educate themselves.

The Summer-School is an effort to meet the need for self-improvement. It is a happy omen; but, to take advantage of it is beyond the means of many who long to become intellectually stronger. The experience of all those who attended Father Halpin's lectures last year, shows that there is an actual thirst on the part of our young women—and some of our young men—for the higher education which forms both judgment and character. Until we can have more Summer-Schools and more winter lectures, our careful plans, we must encourage our young people to read the right books at home.

He Didn't Know.

Over 150 trains a day come into the Grand Central Depot, and the other afternoon, just when business was heaviest, and one of the long-suffering station attaches was calling out the 5.10 express from Albany, a woman came up to him, her whole figure a life-size interrogation point.

"Do trains from Connecticut come in here?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the station man.

"Express trains?"

"Yes madam?"

"All trains?"

She cogitated a moment and then asked:

"What time does the evening train from—oh, dear, I've forgotten the name of the town, but it's in Connecticut and seventeen trains a day stop there—you know the town I mean. Now tell me when the evening train from there comes in."

"But, madam," mildly expostulated the train caller, "you haven't told me—"

"Yes I have," interrupted the woman.

"But, madam," I don't know—"

"Oh, that's it," she snapped, "you don't know. What are you here for but to know when trains come in?"

"I'd be happy to tell you if—"

"No such a thing," snarled the now thoroughly aroused woman, "you know but you won't tell me. You're an impertinent rascal and I shall report you at once," which she proceeded to do.—*New York Advertiser.*

It would be an abuse to leave good works which must be public in order to avoid the dangers of vainglory.—*St. Teresa.*

A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigor and many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him: "Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you great pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply; "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful, first there were faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose, he had smelt one before, but had never seen one, then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: "O, why have I seen all of these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him, with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, "Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is; show me Him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise Him through endless ages."

St. Patrick's Three Wishes.

The following extract is from *Boyer of Wendoxe's Chronicle*: In the year of grace 491, St. Patrick the Archbishop of Ireland rested in the Lord in the one hundred and twenty second year of his age. Of his sanctity and miracles many wonderful things are recorded; for during forty years he was a pattern of apostolic virtue, whilst he gave sight to the blind, made the deaf hear, cast out devils, ransomed captives, and raised nine dead men to life. He wrote three hundred and forty-five elementary tables, ordained forty-five bishops and three thousand presbyters; he converted twelve thousand men in the province of Connaught to the Christian faith he baptised in one day seven kings and the sons of Almogith he fasted forty days and as many nights on the top of a hill called Holy, where he offered three prayers for those Irish who had embraced the Christian faith; first, that all should have the grace of repentance even at the point of death; second, that unbelievers might never overcome them, and thirdly, that not one of the Irish might be alive at the coming of the judge, by virtue of which prayer of St. Patrick they will die several years before the Judgment.

Tell the Truth.

There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable. There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A trifling incident grows in size but not in quality by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact, or slender bit of news, and pad it with added words, and paint it with highly colored adjectives until it is largely unreal and gives a false impression. And one doesn't like to listen to folks when so much must be allowed for "shrinkage." Cultivate the habit of

telling the truth in little things as well as in great things. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never "stretch" a story to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolishly and falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told exactly as they came to pass.—*Catholic American.*

Jubilee of Rev. Father Davis.

On July 20th the Catholics of Madoc celebrated with enthusiasm the silver jubilee of their pastor, Rev. Father Davis. Twenty-six priests were present to do honor to their friend, and many addresses of congratulation were delivered to him. His parishioners presented him with \$600 \$100 being in gold from the Marmora mines, mined specially for the occasion. The address of the people was full of affection to the priest who has been in their midst for five and twenty years. Father Davis is still a comparatively young man, being born in 1843. During the 25 years of his priesthood he has been not only a successful and zealous pastor, but a brilliant student and writer. A series of letters written by him on the "Claims of Anglicanism" have been the means of converting two members of the Anglican Church, a minister and a student, who are now priest and student in the One True Fold. This devotion to study is remarkable and praiseworthy in one who has done so much difficult missionary work as has fallen to his lot. We join with his faithful flock in the congratulations due on this happy occasion, and hope he may long be spared to continue his zealous administrations for the good of souls.

St. Basil's Garden Party.

The ladies of St. Basil's are actively engaged in preparations for the parochial annual Garden Party. They have decided to hold it on the College grounds next Wednesday, August 9th. In the past St. Basil's garden party has been always attended with great success, and furnished an attractive evening for the friends of the Basilians all over the city. This year hopes are entertained that it will be even more successful than usual. The ladies in charge of the various tables are working with great energy to that end, and their appeals are meeting with a generous response. The object—to pay off the debt contracted in erecting the Novitiate—must recommend itself to the Catholics not only of the city, but also of the Province.



SOMETHING UNUSUAL,

as a medicine, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And, because of that, there's something unusual in the way of selling it. Where every other medicine of its kind only promises, this is guaranteed. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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THE TWO MARIES.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France, one dark morning, an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block. A gaping crowd stood by and wild shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the multitudes that dreary morning were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed. But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame as each shock of the glittering knife covered the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the bloody leaders. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than 16 or 18 years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell, she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him."

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her. But any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved. The first female watched the creature for a few moments, and then pressing her way to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called Pauper Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes, but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street and then down into a filthy cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Marie the Pauper."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so, I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself for a short time, or until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the pauper. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping going on and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me."

"Yes, I want to look as nearly like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can fix that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie, the pauper of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet of the lady and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the fifth and rags she merged into the street.

She now took her course back towards the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the great crowd and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those remarks sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform.

She swept it with her eyes. Her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

The crowd opened as the body of men passed.

Marie was among them. A low cry escaped her.

Her brother was there. But he walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this time the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guard, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocracy that are to die."

"Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No. I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie. Don't you know me?"

"The pauper?"

"Ay! I look like one, don't I?"

"But 'his man is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light passed at once across his face and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister."

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed pauper, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not de Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us that before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release that man."

The chains were instantly removed and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and then asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes, I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it and I am glad." Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so they both sought secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so, it was a deed of mercy and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested and lived happily with that sister who so nobly perilled her own life to save him by representing the pauper of Paris.—*Cork Examiner.*

The Blessed Virgin's Day.

Why is Saturday dedicated to the Blessed Virgin?

The celebrated Durand in his *Rational* assigns four reasons for this choice of Saturday made by Mary herself for her day of predilection. 1st. Because on Saturday, the day after the death of Jesus Christ, the faith remained on earth in the person of the Blessed Virgin. 2d. As Saturday is the precursor of Sunday so the Mother of God is the precursor to Eternal Life. 3d. Because it is but right to unite the feasts of the Mother and Son. 4th. As Saturday was the day the Creator took for repose, so also did He find rest in the heart of His beloved Mother.

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Sisters of Charity.

By Eugene Davis

Not always are they truly great, whose words
Or deeds of high renown seem so sublime,
Born on the wings of song, sweeter than words,
And ringing down the avenues of time.

The truly great are they who, doing good,
Let not a friend or nearest neighbour know;
Who toll by stealth, and clothe them in a hood
Impassive, as on mercy's work they go.

Far from the glare of forum or of mart,
They raise to pallid lips a cup of balm,
Laying a holy ointment on the heart,
And breathing on its troubles bliss and calm.

An aureole shines lustreful o'erhead
Where'er they kneel to still the pangs of care:
God's sunshine walks with them where they tread,
God's angels hover round them everywhere!

Their small, white hands, grown strong for Christ's
dear sake,
Bring back its glow unto the haggard face;
Dark brows relax, and eyes in rapture wake,
Beholding all their pity and their grace.

Salve on the wounds of sufferers they pour
With faint, soft touch, and pure, celestial smiles,
Soothing the bed of sickness o'ermore
With mystic peace as of cathedral aisles.

And yet their names shine not upon the roll
Of earthly fame. No vault-paved, proud abode
Speaks, when they die, the glory of each soul
Which lived for good, and did the work of God.

But, oh, their names withal will never die;
For down eternal days they shall be known
Deep graved upon the frescoes of the sky,
Over the choirs, beside the great White Throne!

Lord Beaconsfield.

About a year after the death of this distinguished statesman, the *Porcupine*, a radical weekly published in Liverpool, England, startled the whole country by the announcement that he died a Catholic. It asserted that Father Clare, at that time rector of St. Francis Xavier's in Liverpool, baptized him a few days before he died.

It was well known throughout England that for years Beaconsfield and the Jesuit Father were on very familiar terms. From a cordial acquaintance which first marked their association time brought about an intimate friendship, and Father Clare was frequently a guest of the earl after the latter's last political overthrow, which brought Gladstone again into power. Beaconsfield avowed that his political life had ended and then he would retire to his beautiful Hughendon domain and pass the remainder of his days among his books. But this hope was dissipated by a serious attack of illness which prevented his removal from London. His disease grew alarming and his death was looked for daily. At this juncture a dispatch from Beaconsfield's town house reached Father Clare and he promptly journeyed to London and was seen to enter and leave the Earl's home. Three days after Beaconsfield died.

At the time of his death the state church defenders were shocked that no minister was present to console his dying hours, but they had not to wait long to learn that he did not die without the consolation of religion. But what was their chagrin when the *Porcupine* asserted that a priest of the Roman Catholic Church—a Jesuit—had ministered to him! When the news was published a host of indignant denials were set on foot. The *Porcupine*, however, met these denials by asserting that it had no Catholic leanings, nor had it consulted or derived its information from Catholic sources. The news came from the Earl's house. One of the servants, an eye-witness of the baptism, revealed the story, which was subsequently corroborated. Lord Rowton, Beaconsfield's secretary and confidential friend, in a letter to the *Times* pleaded ignorance of the fact, but would not give it a flat denial when called on to do so.

Father Clare, when asked to affirm or deny his part in the proceedings, maintained a studied silence, and has done so ever since. Beaconsfield, though born a Jew, was brought up a strick Episcopalian. But during his long and eventful career he often re-

vealed Catholic tendencies. On one occasion he referred to the ritualistic communion service as "the Mass in masquerade." The peroration of his great speech at the Oxford Church Convention was a magnificent eulogy of Catholic piety. In his writings, and especially in *Lothaire*, he displays a generous, almost a Catholic spirit. His description of Manning as Cardinal Grandison will ever remain a classic and Catholic portrayal of England's great churchman—*Catholic Times*

An Incident of Our Civil War.

Beneath the branches of a wide-spreading tree, on the left bank of a brook, was located "Post No 4." Beyond it to the south is a mile or more of neutral ground—forest, field, and thicket, and the tents of a brigade look like tombstones as the moonlight of a summer's night falls upon them. A cavalry picket is stationed here, and as he relieves his comrade he is told that all has been quiet along the front.

Watch the horse as the relief passes out of hearing and everything grows quiet. He knows the direction from which danger is to be apprehended. His ears are pointed toward the other bank, and eyes take in the movement of every bush and limb as stirred by the night breeze. A mile away there are thousands of men quietly sleeping. One might listen for an hour and hear no sound or see no sign that the spectre of war was flitting about over these fields, which will be torn by shot and shell a few days hence.

The trooper peers into the gloom and listens and speculates on every sound. Battle lines will not move forward in the darkness, and a reconnoitring party would betray itself in time for him to give the alarm. Danger will come to him, if it comes at all, from the murderers and assassins of war—the guerillas and bushwhackers, who kill for plunder or revenge.

Hist! What was that? The horse throws up his head and works his ears, but the trooper leans forward to pat him in a soothing way. Some animal stirring in a tree top not far away had dislodged a dead limb or piece of bark. Now there comes a sound from the thicket on the left, and the horse turns his head and points his ears. Even a field mouse scampering over the dead leaves can be heard yards away on a quiet night.

Ah! Fear—listen—feel the horse tremble with excitement as a dry branch cracks in the thicket across the creek. Did human footsteps cause that sound? The horse stands with ears pointed, head lowered, and one forefoot almost off the ground. He is an old veteran. If it were otherwise he would toss his head and paw the earth and betray his location to any one prowling near. A hundred nights of picket duty have taught him caution.

"Come, old boy, there's nothing to fear," whispers the trooper as he pats his neck. "We mustn't get excited about a 'coon or 'possum moving about. You and I have been in some tight places together, but we are all right here. Let's settle down to kill time until we are relieved."

A quarter of an hour goes by. The horse has not ceased to watch and listen. No cavalryman's horse on our post forgets the situation. Some will neither eat or drink—none ever sleep. The trooper's eyes stare into the thickets, but in a vacant way. He listens, but he so longer separates the different sounds. A tree toad is uttering its peculiar plaint—crickets sing in the dry grass—afar off a whippoorwill is making night melodious. He does not sleep, but he thinks of home and wife and little ones.

Listen! There was a peculiar sound from the stony bed of the creek—the crunch of gravel under a footstep. The horse hears it and points his ears, and his eyes grow larger. The trooper hears it, but it does not break his waking dream. The end of war; a

nation of rejoicing, and the bronzed-faced veterans marching from battlefields to fields of waving grain.

The horse is trembling with fear and his breath comes faster. He hears the sound again and again. Something is creeping up the bed of the creek, whose high banks form an excellent shelter. Is the trooper asleep? Have those sounds no significance to the man who knows that on this front some one has been murdered almost nightly? The horse carefully turns his head to look back.

"So-ho! So-ho!" whispers the trooper as he caresses him, but he is still thinking of home and those who will welcome him.

The horse shrinks backward and utters a snort of alarm, and the trooper suddenly rouses himself. It is too late. As he straightens up in his stirrups there is a flash of fire in his face, followed by a report which will arouse a thousand men, and after a lurch or two and a clutch at the saddle he falls to the ground. The war is over for him. The horse wheels and bounds away a few yards, but when the guard turns out and comes hurrying up they find the animal standing almost over his dead master, with his frightened eyes watching the bank and his ears strained to every sound.

"Ambushed and murdered," whispered the men as they gathered around the corpse. "The bushwhacker must have crept up the bed of the creek to shoot him, and it's a wonder his horse didn't give the alarm in time."—*Our Dumb Animals, Boston.*

Training of Emperors.

Every day in summer, as well as winter, the Princes rise at 7 o'clock and take breakfast, consisting of tea and rolls, three-quarters of an hour later. Never more than fifteen minutes are allowed for this meal.

Punctually at 8 o'clock lessons begin. The Princes are generally instructed separately, but in some branches the two older brothers are together. Crown Prince William is a very diligent and far ahead of the others in most of his studies.

At 9.45 a lunch is served of sandwiches, red wine and "Fuerstenbrunnen" mineral water, it is generally used at the Emperor's table. After lunch studies are resumed for a short time, followed by riding lessons. If the weather permits, these are taken in the open air; otherwise a manege, erected expressly for the purpose, serves for their equestrian exercises. The little Crown Prince rides his white horse Abdul, a birthday gift from his father.

Sometimes a drive in a pony carriage takes the place of the ride. This vehicle is drawn by a white pony, whose harness is hung with silver bells.

The Princes dine with Major von Falkenhayn, or their tutor, Herr Keasler at 1.15 o'clock. Soup, fish, a roast, potatoes and other vegetables, dessert, cheese and fruit form the bill of fare. About 2.30 o'clock the boys go into the park to play. Generally on these occasions the Crown Prince may be seen on a tricycle, which was also a birthday gift from his father.

While the Emperor and Empress were at the Marble Palace at Potsdam, the Princes walked or drove over there at 4 o'clock every day to see their parents and younger brothers, and returned home at 6 o'clock, after having taken some milk and rolls. Upon their arrival supper was served; on alternate days warm and cold. Till 8 o'clock the Princes romp about, then they are bathed and go to bed. So one day passes like another. On Sunday morning there is service in the palace, or the Prince drives over to the Garrison Church.—*Harper's Young People.*

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 3—Finding of St. Stephen, Protomartyr.
4—St. Dominic, Confessor.
5—Dedication of St. Mary of the Snow.
6—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost, Transfiguration of Our Blessed Lord.
7—St. Cajetan, Confessor.
8—Sts. Cyriacus and Companions, Martyrs.
9—St. Amulius, Bishop and Martyr.

The "Canadian Churchman."

The recent conversion of two High Church clergymen in New York to the Catholic faith has evidently not improved the temper or historical accuracy of the organ of that party in Canada. The *Canadian Churchman* has rehearsed two or three stock arguments, which have been so often refuted by members of their own church in England that it seems almost a waste of time to treat of them now. However, the experience of Catholic controversy shows us that the same old errors will come up year after year, and it is the duty of Catholics to bowl them over as soon as set up.

The first is as old as the days of St. Augustine, perhaps older. The *Churchman* speaks of "the slipshod use of the word 'Catholic' which is common in the American press, and which traitorously gives away our whole case to the Roman Catholics." This is almost precisely the language used by the Donatists in the fourth century against the Catholic Church, and from that great authority we may draw arguments which are as valid now as at that date. "Catholic" means universal. It is a term which, by its very meaning, cannot be limited. To speak of an Anglican Catholic Church in the sense in which the *Churchman* would use it, is as absurd as to speak of a limited infinity or a short eternity. True, we allow the use of the expression "Roman Catholic" as applied to our faith, but the first adjective is not limiting, but descriptive. "Catholic and Roman" would better describe our meaning.

But it seems almost absurd to deal with this puerile contention in a serious manner. As St. Augustine says, if you enter any town and ask the first person you meet where to find the Catholic Church, he will show you the Church in union with Rome. The same is true in our day. Indeed, if a stranger were to ask the loftiest of the High Church clergymen—"Are you a Catholic?" he dare not answer directly "I am," but would have to hedge his assertion about with an explanation. This paper is called "The Catholic Register." Could the *Canadian Churchman* assume a name as distinctively Catholic without certainty of being mistaken for "Roman?" Indeed it accepts the name of "the Church of England" with good grace, and does not seem to claim the title "Catholic," except after a period of

reflection. It is like a man concealing his identity under an assumed name. His natural inclination is to give his proper title, and it is with difficulty he keeps before him the name he stole. But this is a claim which not even St. Augustine could treat seriously. When the Donatists claimed to be the real Catholics he wrote: "How can we be the separatists, whose communion is diffused over the entire world? But as if you were to say to me, that I am Potianus, I should not know how to refute you, excepting by laughing at you as in jest, or pitying you as insane; I see no other course now. But as I do not think you were joking, you see what alternative remains."

"The Story of the Church of England," in the same edition, fairly bristles with historical misstatements. It is an endeavour to show that the Church of England by law established is the same as the Catholic Church of pre-Reformation days. A few facts will be sufficient to disprove this claim, though the whole history of England, as written by Anglican authorities, would serve to show the inseparable connection of Anglicanism with the revolt of Luther, and not the faith of Edward the Confessor, and the sameness of Catholic faith in Augustine, Becket, Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Vaughan.

Misstatement No. 1. "The so-called mediæval period embraces the history of organic relationship of the Church of England with the See of Rome. There was no such relationship before the Norman Conquest." Facts—St. Augustine was sent to convert the Romans by the Pontiff St. Gregory the Great, received the Pallium from him, and expressed his obedience to him in his letters. The Church in England conformed to Roman usages in preference to those of the monks of Iona. In the Saxon period eight kings and twenty-one prelates made the toilsome journey to the Holy See for Pallium or pilgrimage. The right of the Pope to appoint Bishops and Legates and to settle controversies was unquestioned. Canute made a pilgrimage to Rome, and St. Edward, in lieu of his pilgrimage, built the magnificent Cathedral of Westminster in honor of St. Peter.

Misstatement No. 2. "Some people seem to think that Henry VIII. or Edward VI. established a new Church. . . . Nothing of the sort ever happened." Facts—The Church established by these sapient and godly monarchs differed from the old in doctrine, usages and jurisdiction. If this be not a new church, what constitutes one? The official documents from which the Anglican establishment draws its doctrine repudiated, in insulting terms, everything which characterized the faith and obedience of the ancient Church. The authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, though assailed in particular cases, was never denied in England until it suited Henry's wishes. In fact, that monarch appealed to the Pope's authority until it decided against the gratification of his lusts. Indeed, so plain does this fact appear that a strong party in the Anglican Church repudiate this attempt to identify the present establishment with the Church of Saxon

and Norman England, and it is against this party the writer has entered the lists. Did we not know how heresy blinds its disciples we would wonder how any student of history could make such absurd claims. If our friends of the High Church really wish to have the faith of their ancestors, let them ask themselves what Church any of the Saints of early England would embrace if they were brought back to life to-day. There can be no doubt it would be the faith of the Church obedient to the Apostolic See.

Midsummer Fancies.

Last week's hot weather developed the dull obrysalis which forms the head of one of the *News* staff, and here is the splendid butterfly that came forth: Sir Charles Tupper is to come back from England and take in his capacious grasp the reins of power in Canada, while Sir John Thompson assumes, as Chief Justice of Canada, that attitude of repose which reporters remarked in him during the arbitration meetings in Paris. The only reason assigned is that on two former occasions, when Sir Charles came out, something of importance happened. To conclude from this that Sir John Thompson is to resign is the shrewdest folly, not to be excused even by lack of real news or interesting occurrences. Is there not that never-to-be-avoided Sunday car question and the infallible ministerial utterances thereon? Why should a newspaper in this city seek any other theme as more interesting?

The fact is that neither the Conservative party nor Canada can spare the services of Sir John Thompson in this present crisis. He possesses a far greater influence than Sir Charles in every Province of Confederation, except perhaps New Brunswick. The bolt of Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brien may be of more value to his party than otherwise; and whether in power or not, his political opponents concede that a man of his well-known honesty of purpose and judicial cast of mind will be of great service in settling the present religious issues on broad principles of equity.

We are no politicians, but we would not like to see any of our best statesmen, among whom Sir John Thompson is undoubtedly one, leave public life now, when Canada has so many difficult questions ahead. The facts of the case are that Sir John Thompson will, no doubt, return from England with increased Imperial honors to resume his position as Premier of Canada.

The Crusade of the Paulists.

The *Catholic World* has given us an account of the plans of the Paulist Fathers to sow the seeds of Catholic truth in the minds of Protestants. The Paulists, founded by converts, and largely recruited from the same class, have distinguished themselves, like their great patron, in propagating the faith among non-Catholics. Their present intention is to organize a series of lectures combatting the ignorance and prejudices of Protestants in regard to Catholic truth.

The Church in English-speaking countries has so far been occupied in

holding together her children and placing herself on a solid basis, but the time is now ripe when she should go out among the misguided people who surround her, and dissipate the mists which have prevented them from seeing her in her true light. "Go, teach all nations" resounds in their ears to-day as it was uttered by our Lord centuries ago, and it is in fulfilment of this command that they now enter upon their mighty undertaking. Many will consider them over-confident, but it is a characteristic of a Christian to be confident, over-confident if you will. "Fear not, for I have overcome the world," "I am with you all days"—these are no meaningless words to the worker in Christ's vineyard. Moreover, the past gives glorious promise of the future. Humanly speaking, the Christian Church of the early ages had no such hope of success as the Church in the United States to-day. The Paulists in their undertaking, are only following the example of the saints of the Church in dealing with heresy in every age.

Catholicity is truth, and truth is naturally aggressive. When placed on the defensive, it is as little in its place as an innocent man in the dock. As for their method, we have the fullest security in their past record that their campaign will be carried on with zeal, moderated by true Christian prudence and patience. It is but natural, indeed, that men who keep before them as a model the great Apostle of the Gentiles should view with sorrow the errors in which many poor souls have been brought up, and endeavour to enlighten them. With his words to Timothy ringing in their souls: "I charge thee before God and Jesus Christ . . . preach the word: be instant in season, out of season," it is little wonder they should enter into the whitening fields to garner souls for Christ. The time is now opportune. Men think now-a-days, and are bolder to embrace the truth when it is perceived. And if but one soul were gained, surely the labor were well spent. Catholics in America will follow the labors of these true sons of St. Paul with prayerful interest, in the hope that they may gain great fruit in the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls.

A Brave Deed.

We clip the following from the *St. Thomas Times* of Friday last: "A correspondent writes: Mr. Dail King, of St. Thomas, had a very narrow escape from drowning at Pt. Stanley Tuesday. While bathing, he attempted to swim out to the diving pier becoming exhausted. Going against the heavy sea and strong winds was carried farther away every instant. It was evident that he could never reach shore without speedy assistance. His companion immediately realized the situation. Without hesitation Mr. N. J. Amyot, also of St. Thomas, plunged into the mad waters and swam to the rescue. By skilful swimming and courageous efforts Mr. Amyot succeeded in landing the exhausted young man in a semi-unconscious condition. Too much cannot be said in praise of the heroic manner in which Mr. Amyot fought against the angry sea."

The hero of the above incident is the only brother of Dr. Amyot of this city, and nephew of Dr. Ferré.

Intolerable Insolence.

The disgraceful scenes witnessed in the British House of Commons on Thursday night last are the direct and inevitable result of the unceasing and long-continued provocations to which Mr. Gladstone and his friends have been submitting, in almost silent acquiescence, for the past six months. Tory intolerance has been unsparing in its unjust and bitter attacks against the loyalty, the dignity and the honour of the Irish people. Irishmen have been treated as lower than Hindoos or Hottentots, as Rome-riden, impecunious, garrulous, incapable of financing, and unfit to be trusted with the use or employment of fire-arms. Such fiery spirits, and eloquent debaters as Dillon, O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, and others, had to bear in silence all these and more galling insults so as not to retard by one hour the day of Ireland's victory over hate and fanaticism. Thomas Sexton alone, on one or two occasions uttered his indignant protest against such intolerable insolence.

But while Irishmen mastered their feelings and repressed the indignation that sought to find vent in burning words, and the patience of Englishmen gave way, and last week a storm burst upon the House of Commons such as history has not chronicled since the days of Cromwell and the Long Parliament. The cablegram states that "blows were struck right and left; members fell and were picked up by their friends to fight again; the whole space between the front benches was filled with a struggling, cursing mass of members, striking, clawing and upsetting each other. Eventually Mr. Majoribanks, at the request of Mr. Gladstone, dug his way through the mass of belligerents, and by repeated appeals in the name of the Premier succeeded in stemming the conflict."

The whole blame and responsibility of the scandalous fracas will be laid at the doors of the Irish members, no doubt, especially of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who countered Mr. Chamberlain's cry of Herod against Gladstone with the too well-merited soubriquet of "Judas," hurled in retort. Mr. O'Connor's one word, however, was but the determining blast that precipitated a storm which had been accumulating for days and weeks previously.

Only the day before Mr. Chamberlain had ridiculed the idea of Ireland being ever, at any time, permitted by law to collect her own taxes. "If Irishmen," he said, "are allowed, after six years, to handle their own money they will be masters of the situation, and will have a good pretext for wringing more favourable terms from the Imperial Parliament. The financial plan, as presented now in the Home Rule Bill, is putting a premium on extravagant administration under the Irish Legislature."

Thereupon the aged Premier, usually so calm, spoke heatedly, but with perfect self control, and compared his adversary to the "Devil's advocate," whose function it was to misconstrue every noble act and blacken every virtue. Mr. Balfour jumped to the rescue of the discomfited Chamberlain, and said that the office of the "Devil's advocate" was preferred only in rela-

tion to the defunct. When Home Rule was dead and buried he would willingly take part in its canonization.

This truculent piece of borrowed witticism, although provocative of much laughter, did not appease the insatiate wrath of the member for East Birmingham. When the final closure of the debate in Committee was announced for ten p.m. Mr. Chamberlain began to characterize the whole proceedings as a most discreditable farce—as a mere sham, with the guillotine ready to fall on friend and foe alike, without regard to justice or constitutional rights, with Gladstone hold up as a God. "Never, since the time of Herod, has there been such." Here the feelings of wrath, so long pent up in Irish breasts, could no longer brook restraint. "Mr. Chamberlain," adds the despatch, "got no further. Immediately there rose from the Nationalists such a roar of indignation as has not been heard in the House since the days of Parnell. Mr. Chamberlain plainly was startled, but he tried to talk on. He turned to the Nationalists, and the shrill yells of execration sounded above the uproar."

And yet, in spite of all the aggressiveness and provocation, of obstruction so tantalizing and unfair to a measure of justice to Ireland, her representatives will be condemned for their impatience, when patience ceased to be a virtue. It will be shouted into English ears on many platforms that the turbulent Irish, as the *Times* insinuates, are capable only of pot-house legislation; but the English masses in all parts of Great Britain will appreciate the feelings of disgust and resentment with which Irishmen received the imputation that their ablest and most honored statesman is no better than a fetish—that, in impiety and cruelty, he out-herods Herod.

A Recent Conversion.

The language of Bishop Ryan in regard to the recent conversion of Rev. Mr. Adams, a Protestant Episcopal Clergyman in New York City, affords a striking contrast to the Barnum like methods of certain clerical advance agents when a poor Catholic lapses from the faith delivered to the saints. A reporter spoke of the happy event as a victory to the Church, but the Bishop gave him the true Catholic view of it—that the victory was mainly to the man himself. Every human soul is infinitely precious, the salvation of one alone is of more account to the Church of God than the rise and fall of states, and the destruction of all things material. And the soul of a simple laborer may be as precious in the eyes of God as that of the most learned student.

Of course we rejoice in the conversion of such men as Mr. Adams or Mr. Russell, since their example may lead others to enquire into the truths of Catholic faith, and accept them. But it is well to keep in mind the position and work of the Church. She is no political organization, nor benefit association, nor dealer in sensational literature. She is the divinely-chosen Ark out of which no man can be saved from the deluge, and however great a man may be, when he enters her

protecting roof the principal gain is to himself, so while we rejoice, in the communion of saints, with the angels of Heaven that another soul has entered the bark of Peter, we do not lower ourselves to the level of some of our advertising sects, and place him on exhibition as a rival to the champion prize-fighter or ballet-dancer in the affections of the amusement-loving public.

But perhaps we expect too much of our "Evangelical" brethren, when we consider they are only human societies, with the business instincts more fully developed than the religious (as in the case of some of their missions), we can excuse them. Then again conversions are so rare, and to get a real, live Papist, especially if caught in the wilds of some convent or monastery, is such an elevating (?) and delicious treat, not to mention that some of them have many of the qualifications for fame which have drawn packed houses to see the James Boys and Lottie Collins. Truly it were sufficient to make the great Barnum turn green with envy could he see how his "Great Moral Show" has been out-moralled in Ontario during the past year.

The Siamese Difficulty Settled.

The Siamese ombroglio appears to be, for the time at least, settled. It was a battle of diplomats only, and the English papers seem to feel that Lord Dufferin is victorious. Certainly, on the face of things, he is not, as Siam has accepted France's ultimatum. But in spite of this apparent gain for France, there is a rumor that Foreign Minister Develle is about to resign. There is a feeling that, though France has obtained all she demanded, she really wanted Siam in its entirety; and the outcome of the affair will be that France gains a few thousand square miles, while England acquires the good-will and protectorate of Siam, which would be virtual possession. Whatever comes of it, there is little doubt that Siam is doomed as an independent power. We have heard much of English interests and French interests, but nothing of Siamese rights. It is fortunate, at any rate, that the difficulty is settled without bloodshed.

Quebec Schools.

Some newspapers of Ontario have been expending volumes of cheap pity on the benighted condition of education in French Canada. It will perhaps be new to them to learn that the highest praise has been bestowed on the Educational Exhibit of that Province at the World's Fair in Chicago. A bad custom has gained ground in Ontario to criticize everything Catholic in Canada, simply because it is Catholic, and our French-Canadian brethren have had to bear the brunt of the battle. It will be gratifying to them to receive the praises of independent judges in the matter.

In Ontario we have altogether too much of the John Bullish sentiment that "whatever is," among us, "is right," and that all other systems of doing anything, are wrong. The old Province of Quebec has produced by

her system men quite as learned and capable as this much-vaunted Province of ours. In fact, on the floor of the House of Commons, where the merits of both systems may best be compared, the French members are superior to the majority of English-speaking representatives in oratory, breadth of statesmanship and liberality of opinion.

If newspapers like the *Toronto Mail* would devote their energies to setting their own house in order, and pay less attention to prying into their neighbor's, this Canada of ours would be more united and contented. The schools of Quebec are turning out better educated men to-day than those of Ontario; their professional men, who are supposed to be the mainstay of a country's civilization, are a superior body of men, in fact, setting the religious aspect of the question aside, a thing most difficult in practice, the education of Quebec, with the liberal modifications proposed by the Bishops, will be superior and more effective than that of Ontario.

Book Notice.

Donahoe's Magazine is at hand, crisp and interesting as usual. It contains articles on the Money Trouble, the Irish Question, American Art, and one on the Fenian Raid by John F. Finerty. Among the illustrations are a number of pictures of John Boyle O'Reilly at different ages. But to us the most attractive was a charming article by Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.O., called "From Altar Boy to Priest." It describes, as he says, "the different phases of the evolution that develops young Mike McCarthy into 'his Reverence, Father Michael.'" The trials and triumphs of the young server until the great day when he can "serve Mass alone" are narrated with a gentle humor and grace that will strike a responsive chord in the heart of every man who ever served Mass.

But it is in College life that he is at home. One sentence bearing on a present question goes to show that the Reverend author did not make any of his course in the good city of Toronto. "It is a distinct relief to him to discover that the true Catholic Sunday is not the Puritanic Sabbath of long faces, solemn accents and general oppressive gloom; but that, having sanctified the day by devout attendance at Mass and sermon, Vespers and Benediction, he may, without fear of breaking the Third Commandment, throw himself with genuine zeal into a game of baseball, cricket, or lacrosse."

That would be all right in a city where people have learned to mind their own business, but if students in this city disturb the post-prandial nap (meditations, we mean) of the good citizens, they are berated in indignant letters to the city journals as if they were reprobates, or threatened with police.

The Rev. Mr. Adams, who became a Catholic last week, has been declared by his former co-religionists to be insane. It seems to us that St. Paul suffered a similar accusation. But Mr. Adams prefers the 39 stripes of St. Paul to the 39 Articles of Cranmer.

Selected Receipts.

EGG-PLANT FRITTERS.—Pare the egg-plant and cut into slices about one inch thick, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of flour. Beat well, add one level teaspoonful of baking powder, beat again. Cut each slice of egg plant into quarters, dip in the batter and fry in smoking hot fat.

FRUIT WITH CEREALS.—A banana, raw, is not easily digested, but if cooked but slightly can be eaten by a person who could not possibly digest a raw one. When there is a dull, as it were, in our smaller fruits, one can always get bananas, which may be fried, baked or served with hot cereals. Peel the banana, cut into very thin slices with a silver knife, put these in the bottom of a bowl, and pour over the boiling oatmeal, farina or wheat granules; serve with sugar and cream.

GREEN CORN DUMPLINGS.—One of the best dishes that can be made from corn is corn dumpling or oysters. Take young corn, fresh, sweet and juicy. Grate as fine as possible sufficient to make a quart. Mix it with a half pint of sifted wheat flour and season with saltspoonful each of salt and pepper. Warm a half pint of milk in a stewpan, add six level tablespoonfuls of butter and when it becomes soft in the milk pour it over the corn, stir thoroughly and set to cool. When about to make the dumplings stir into the mixture two well-beaten eggs. Fry in hot fat ten minutes or more, in proportion to their thickness.

ICED ORANGES.—Peel six oranges, carefully removing all the white skin and seeds, and separate into small portions. Whip the white of one egg with three tablespoonfuls of water, then add a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. Mix these well together and strain through a fine wire sieve into a flat vessel. Dip the pieces of fruit first into very good sherry and then into the mixture, and roll carefully in granulated sugar. Place each piece separately on a platter until dry, and arrange tastefully in a glass dish. The seeds are easily removed by cutting through the portions of fruit in the centre just deep enough to pinch out the seed without losing much juice; the icing will close the cut.

ROAST BEEF'S HEART.—Get from your butcher a nice firm heart; let it stand in a pan of cold water in which a handful of salt has dissolved for half an hour. Prepare a stuffing of grated bread-crumbs, one large onion, a sprig of parsley, a teaspoonful of dried sage (or better yet is green sage when you can get it), a piece of butter the size of an egg, and pepper and salt. Mix these together with one well-beaten egg, fill all the holes in the heart with stuffing and boil for one hour in a small saucepan in which the heart can stand upright, so that the stuffing cannot boil out. After it has boiled slowly for an hour take out of the water, cover the top of the heart with a large slice of larding pork and roast for two hours, basting frequently. Serve with currant jelly on very hot plates, and see that the slices are cut thin and lengthwise of the heart—it will be more tender. Serve some of the stuffing on each plate.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Cut or chop into shreds the bits of fish that are left over, having carefully removed every speck of bone. Slice an onion in small pieces and fry it brown in a saucepan with a spoonful of butter; a cupful of rich gravy or soup-stock properly seasoned is an addition to the croquettes, although they may be made without this by putting in brown butter and cream. Stir the fish into the saucepan containing the cooked onion; beat two eggs thoroughly, and if the soup-stock is not at hand, put in a cupful of milk and cream and an additional bit of butter. Let this cook for two or three minutes, or until thoroughly heated,

then set away in a cool place. Afterward keep the dish on ice until wanted. When needed for use mould the croquette material into proper shape, dip the little balls in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. When the croquettes are done remove them with a wire spoon, place them on a bit of paper to drain, then slide them on a plate; or each croquette may be settled in a little shell made of a lettuce leaf. A garnish of parsley, crosses, or the yellow parts of lettuce finishes the dish.

The Legend of the Palm Branch.

Why is the palm-branch an emblem of victory? Why are the martyrs represented with a palm in their hands? There is a pretty legend in answer to these queries.

An angel, as we know, came to visit St. Joseph, and told him to flee into Egypt; therefore at dawn, Joseph, Mary and the Child Jesus were on their way. Having escaped the soldiers of Herod, they were on their way to a great city. As soon as they entered it, all the idols fell down, and the inhabitants in great terror, began to rush through the streets in all directions. Joseph and Mary were frightened at this wild conduct of the people, and hurried out of the city without taking any provisions with them.

Towards the middle of the day, Mary became very hungry and very thirsty, and the Holy Family sat down to rest at the foot of a sycamore tree. Just in front of them was a group of palm trees loaded with fruit. The Blessed Virgin said: "I would like to eat of those dates if they were within reach."

Joseph arose and tried to shake the tree, but in vain. He then tried to knock down some of the fruit, but his attempts failed. Then he shook his head sadly and said:

"They are too high; let us go farther, and we may find some that we can reach."

But Mary was tired out and she sighed. Then Jesus said: Palm-trees, beautiful palm, bow down your head and offer your fruits to My Mother."

The palm-tree bowed its head, and the Blessed Virgin took as many of the dates as she wanted; and then the tree straightened itself up again, and was covered with more fruit than before. And whilst Mary was eating the dates, the Child Jesus, who was sitting on the ground, made a little hole in the sand with his fingers, near the roots of the sycamore-trees. And when the Blessed Virgin, after having eaten, said: "I am thirsty," she had only to stoop down; for from a hole made by the Child Jesus there flowed a spring of pure water.

Before setting out to continue their journey Jesus turned to the palm-tree and said to it:

"Good palm-tree, I thank thee, and, as a reward for the service thou hast done My Mother, I command my angels to carry one of thy branches into the beautiful Paradise of My Father; and as a sign of My blessing, thou shalt be worn as a crown by those that have conquered for their faith. It shall be said to them: "You have deserved the palm of victory."

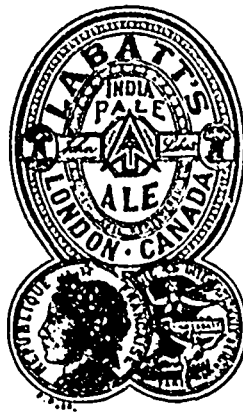
So He spoke, and an angel flew around the tree, and took a branch of it, and bore it away to Heaven.

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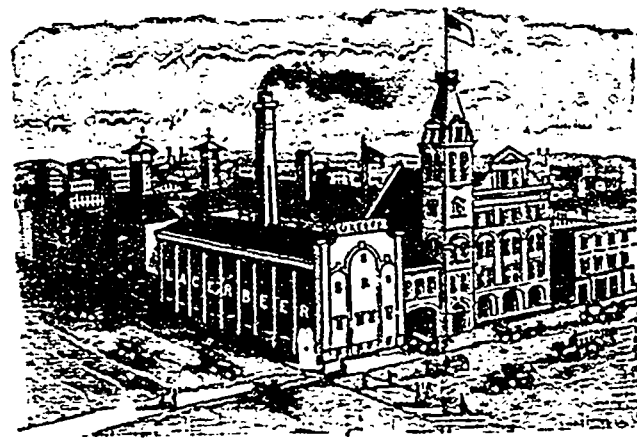
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What Makes a Man?

A truthful soul, a loving mind;
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within,
That never makes a league with sin;
That snags the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at His throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a man.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN?

Not costly dress nor queenly air;
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;
Not graceful form nor lofty tread,
Not paint, nor curls, nor splendid head,
Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes;
Not voice that mightingale outvies;
Not breath as sweet as eglantine;
Not gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine;
Not all the stores of fashion's mart,
Nor yet blandishments of art;
Not one, nor all these combined,
Can make one woman true, refined.
Tis not the casket that we prize,
But that which in the casket lies!
These outward charms that please the sight
Are naught unless the heart be right.

Fashion and Fancy.

Some of the new waterproof wraps are remarkably pretty and becoming. A few years ago no woman expected to look well in a waterproof. A gossamer in those days was as utilitarian a garment as any dress reformer could desire. It was strictly for use; beauty was not considered.

Now, however, while even more useful than before, it is so pretty, as well, that many women welcome a showery day as an opportunity of appearing to advantage with little trouble; a water proof wrap is capable of covering a multitude of sins in a matter of costume.

One dark-haired, who ought to welcome every rainy day, she is so charming in her rubber outfit, wears an ulster of cream-colored rubber cloth. It is belted around the waist trimly as any gown bodice, and has a deep cape with three tiny capes at the neck. The only objections to such a garment is in its warmth. For cold, blustering winter storms these cape waterproofs are just the thing—that is, if the cape be buttoned down the front so that it cannot go flapping over the wearer's head at every fresh attack of the wind.

For the light summer showers, when the air is warm and heavy, the nature of rubber makes it an almost unendurable material, and when it must be worn in several thicknesses its warmth is intolerable. Often the garment is as wet from perspiration within as from the rain without, in which case it invariably stains the bodice worn under it.

Too little difference is made in the designing of winter and summer waterproofs. Summer cloaks should be of the lightest weight and simplest cut, that there may be as comfortable as rubber may be made. While there is little room for improvement in the appearance of waterproof garments, there is much in this point of suitability to the seasons.

If winter garments could be made so warm as to obviate the necessity of wearing a cloth jacket beneath—which always is imperative on the colder days—and summer wraps so light that they might be worn with discomfort, the relief would be great. At present the heavy mackintosh is the best reliance for winter wear, and the light-weight English waterproof for summer.

Both these grades are expensive as also are the silk waterproofs. What really is needed for summer is an inexpensive grade of waterproof serge or alpaca, made up with but one thickness over the shoulders. The present varieties of serge, for which waterproof qualities are claimed, are either so ex-

pensive or so unreliable as to make them scarcely worth considering.

The best way to secure a really serviceable summer waterproof is to buy the Eng'ish cravenette of some reliable house and have it fashioned to meet individual need. A skirt or jacket of this, while particularly useful on many occasions, does not replace a long wrap, which so often is required for the protection of the general costume.

Of the present range of medium-priced waterproofs, the prettiest are the light grays and creams of solid color. The new "rubber velvet," which looks like cloth, and is made by sifting powdered felt over hot rubber, is light but does not lose the disagreeable properties of the rubber. It comes in felt-cloth shapes.

Some women prefer simple white gowns for cloudy days and the pure white pique suits are excellent if not intended to encounter a downpour. An exceedingly chic gown of corded pique, in unbroken white, has milliner's folds of the pique run around the skirts in twos. The two folds at the bottom are an inch in width and a finger apart. A foot above, two narrower folds are set closer together, and at the knee the two folds are quite narrow and close set, not over an inch and a half apart.

Two folds, almost overlapping, edge the revers of the Eton jacket, and outline deep pointed cuffs on the mutton-leg sleeves; one fold edges the belt which is two inches in width, smooth, and cut with the cords running crosswise. The skirt is gored to flare considerably; the sleeves are as large as possible without exaggeration; the pointed revers and turn-over collar are of importance; the jabot front is of fine French embroidery, and the entire costume bears that air of jaunty grace which should be characteristic of all the little jacket suits, but is not.

Rose Sunday.

At Rome, says *Notes and Queries*, it was the practice of the Church to bless the rose on a special day set apart, which was called Rose Sunday. The benediction of the rose is pronounced with particular solemnity on the fourth Sunday in Lent. The Holy Father, clothed in white robes, reads the formula from a book which is held by a bishop. Two other bishops, holding lighted candles, stand by his side.

This high dignitary of the Papal Court surround the Pontiff, holding the incense, the holy water, the spices and other perfumes, while another dignitary, kneeling, presents the rose to the Pope, who dips it in a balsam, sprinkles it with holy water and incense reads the Prayer, blesses the incense, the spices perfumes, which are in turn presented to him by a Cardinal. After putting these into the vase which holds the rose, the Golden Rose is blessed, and the ceremony ends.

In modern times the Golden Rose has taken the form of a branch with several flowers, a natural rose which has been blessed by the Pope forming the centre. Quite lately the Golden Rose has been worth over 10,000*l.* Such was the rose which Queen Isabella II. of Spain received in 1856. It was planted in a magnificent vase of silver gilt, a splendid example of Roman workmanship. The Golden Rose is supposed to convey a blessing to its royal recipients, and even to churches and towns.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is *eminently pure and really efficacious*—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Baron Schleinitz, of Mortenburg, one of the most distinguished writers in Germany, has abjured Protestantism and entered the Catholic Church.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODBURN, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

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- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

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

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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To canvass for the

CATHOLIC REGISTER
Write for particulars,
Or apply at office
40 Lombard st., Toronto.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Stuart Knill, has been created a baron.

The present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Vaughan, has seven brothers who are priests, and three sisters nuns.

Four hundred and eighty-eight people, among whom there were sixty-three converts, were recently confirmed in St. Peter's Church Philadelphia, by Archbishop Ryan.

The report is confirmed that Prince Max, the twenty three-year-old son of Prince George, heir presumptive to the Saxon Throne, has entered a Monastery in Eichstaett for the purpose of studying theology.

Cardinal Moran's new work on the "History of the Catholic Church in Australia" will be published very soon. The manuscript was placed in the hands of the publisher on the 31st, of March. The book will form a voluminous record, occupying no less than 1,500 pages quarto.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, who is away on his pastoral tour went to Sherbrook on July 25th to attend the funeral of Mgr. Racine for whom there is great sorrow throughout Quebec. His Grace will attend the retreat of the Priests which will open at the Ottawa University on Monday 31st inst.

Father M. P. Smith the well known Paulist Father lectured on Congregational Singing, at the Catholic summer school, a week or two ago. The result was that on the Sunday following, at first Mass the entire congregation and the choir sang "Holy God We Praise Thy Name" very successfully.

It is announced from British Columbia that Rev. Father McGuckin O. M. I. Superior of the Ottawa University is seriously ill, and that on the recommendation of his physicians has decided to resign his position as Rector of the University of Ottawa. His medical advisers recommend a complete rest and change of air.

Archbishop Corrigan made a very effective reply the other day to the individuals who have been accusing him of having refused to comply with a certain order of the Apostolic Delegate. The New York prelate published Mgr. Satolli's letter, and showed that there was not even the semblance of a command placed upon him in the matter in question.

The Rev. John McGuire, of St. Mary's parish Long Island City, returned from his European trip last week to find his \$200,000 church property in ruins. It was destroyed by the fire that wiped out a block in that city Friday morning of last week. Father McGuire spent twelve years in building and paying for the property, and this was the first vacation he had taken in all that time.

Sunday, Oct. 15, has been chosen as the date for the celebration of Cardinal Gibbons' silver jubilee, and Mgr. McCollan, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, has arranged the program for the occasion, which at the Cardinal's request, will be simple in its nature, although most solemn and impressive, besides being attended by the noted dignitaries of the Church in America. The services on Oct. 15 will consist of a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving and an address by Mgr. McCollan. Mgr. Satolli and the Archbishops throughout the United States have accepted invitations to attend.

Picnic at Richmond Hill.

We are pleased to note the fact that the good people of Richmond Hill, headed by their Pastor, Rev. Father McMahon, are making a vigorous effort to have their Picnic on Toronto's Civic holiday, the 25th of August, the grandest affair of the season. A new Church is about to be erected, and the object of the picnic is to raise funds necessary for the accomplishment of that worthy purpose. Persons wishing to have a pleasant day's outing should take in Richmond Hill Picnic on the date announced.

HE LOVED
good bread, pie,
and pastry, but his
stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED
to cook, but was
tired and sick of the
taste and smell of lard.

She bought Cottolene,
(the new shortening) and

THEY LOVED
more than ever, be-
cause she made better
food, and he could eat it
without any unpleasant
after effect. Now

THEY ARE HAPPY in
having found the BEST,
and most healthful short-
ening ever made -

COTTOLENE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 2, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 63	\$0 64
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 53	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	0 35	0 44
Oats, per bush.....	0 41	0 42
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	8 00	8 60
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 18	0 20
Eggs, now laid, per dozen.....	0 14	0 15
Parsley, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 50	0 00
Celery, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Turnips, per doz.....	0 25	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 50
Potatoes, per barrel.....	1 75	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	3 00	12 00
Straw, sheaf.....	6 00	7 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Aug. 1.—The demand for stock has been sharpened by better advices from Britain. Sellers therefore found it easier to dispose of good export cattle, and were also able to realize fuller prices than were going last week.

CATTLE.—The prices for exporters ranged from 4 1/2 to 5c, prices fluctuating close around \$4.65 per cwt. Among the sale of butchers' cattle, 20, averaging 1,050 lbs., were sold at \$37.50; 16, averaging 960 lbs., at \$31.50. About a dozen milk cows, fresh-calved, were sold, and brought good prices, the value in one case rising to \$52. The range of values was kept pretty well between \$30 to \$45. The grass is beginning to become parched, and milkmen are freer buyers. Springers are scarce, \$40 being refused in two cases for mediums. Last week's cattle receipts on this market were 2,648 head.

Sheep sold at \$4.25, \$4.50, and as low as \$3.75. Lambs were taken at prices varying from \$3 to \$4.25. A lot of 71, averaging 68 lbs., went off at \$4 a head.

Calves brought from \$3 to \$6; but some extra good ones brought \$8.

Hogs ranged from \$6.25 to \$6.50 for medium weights, and \$5 for rough.

Mr. John Flynn, Harbor Commissioner, Horse Head House, Passage West, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for the County Cork.

On July 10, while Patrick Curran, Mahoran, mason, 30 years of age, unmarried, was repairing the roof of a two-story house at Letterkenny, he fell a distance of 30 feet, fracturing the base of his skull on the street. He expired within half an hour.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

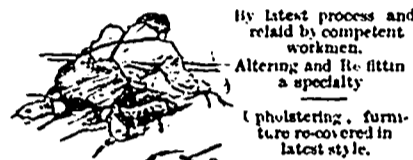
Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Imbrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Four-penny value of the medicine free.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

TEACHER WANTED,

FOR School Section No. 2, Medonte—male or female holding a second or third-class certificate, for the last half of 1893. Duties to commence on 21st August. State references and salary Address: J. J. FRANKLEY, Secretary-Treasurer, S. S. No. 2, Medonte, Mount St. Louis, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED.

EXPERIENCED Teachers wanted for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Kingston. Principal and two assistant teachers. Must have at least second-class certificates. Apply at once, stating salary and enclosing recommendations. J. J. BEHAN, Secretary R. C. S. Board, Kingston Ont.

INFORMATION WANTED.

DAVID NAGEA TOBI, an Armenian, aged 16, left Toronto June 22nd, selling fancy goods from door to door. Any person knowing his whereabouts please write Nagea Tobia, 25 Agnes street, Toronto. The boy's father is very anxious to obtain news of his son.

The Price of Carelessness.

The number of articles of value picked up on the World's Fair grounds is enormous and is growing every day. They range from a \$1 umbrella to a \$1,000 diamond ring. Pocketbooks by the hundreds, containing sums of from \$1 to \$5,000, are found daily. The great proportion of these are picked up in the toilet-rooms of the Clow Company, whose contract provides that it shall have the sole control of its property, and that includes all lost and found articles. A large vault and a strong iron box contain the uncalled-for articles. In the possession of the company there is already a great collection of umbrellas, diamond rings, pocketbooks, and almost every article worn or carried by a visitor to the fair. The value of these "finds" amounts to several thousand dollars.

Silence.

How many resolutions are formed, how many sublime conquests effected, during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her—when some of those cutting words have been spoken which send the hot blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence! A mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near. During the pause they have made a step towards heaven or hell. They are the strong ones who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them, who give time to their souls to wax strong against temptation.

Tom Moore's Testimony to the Faith.

Hail! then to thee! thou one and true Church, which art alone the way of life, and in whose tabernacles alone there is shelter from all this confusion of tongues. In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who vainly would pay into their recesses, saying to both, in language of St. Augustine: "Do you reason, while I shall wonder; do you dispute, while I shall believe, and beholding the heights of divine power forbear to approach its depths!"

Laughter.

You may always trust the man whose laughter has a genuine ring about it. Laughter, merriment, cheerfulness, are absolutely essential to enable us to live our best. Life is so serious, you may say, that the man who is in earnest will have no time for laughter. I tell you, it is just because life is so serious that we need all the laughter we can get to help us through with it. You may think too much of the seriousness of life. You may brood over the tragic side of human experience till you find yourself in a mad house. And what would be the good of that?

On July 11, William Victor Thompson, son of Mr. William Thompson, linen merchant, carrying on business in Belfast, was burned to death at Oak Hill, a short distance outside Dunmurry.

His Eminence Cardinal Lognon has appointed the Rev. Henry McNece, Adm. of Armagh and chaplain to his Eminence, to be Parish Priest of Magherafelt, county Derry, and to be Canon of the diocese.

AGENTS WANTED.

COLUMBIAN JUBILEE or Four Centuries of Catholicity in America. Published by J. S. Highland & Co., of Chicago, with the approbation of his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, and approved by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and many Archbishops and Bishops throughout the Continent.

Illustrated with Colored Frontispieces and many rare and beautiful engravings from paintings by Gregori and others. This work has had the largest sale of any Catholic work of recent years. See Editorial notice in CATHOLIC REGISTER of July 27. Agents wanted in every town and city in the Province. Salary or commission to good reliable agents. Apply at once. Address

T. J. KELLY, St. Thomas, Ont.

Or call at 112 Wellington St. West, Corner York, Toronto.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Prayers were still offered, and voices which praised God's ceaseless love and mercy, and repeated His commandment to love even our enemies, continued to be as monotonous and unfeeling as before. The family assembled at the meals, and on Sundays the husband and wife walked to church side by side. But Frau Hellwig, with iron resolution, avoided accosting her husband, repelled his advances with the curtest brevity of speech, and even managed to always look over or beyond his slight figure. The little intruder also did not exist for her. On the first evening of conflict she had ordered Frederica to provide daily for the child, and had flung into the old cook's room sheets and coverlets for the little bed. Frederica was also told to open, before her mistress, Felicitas' trunk of clothing, which a servant had brought from the Lion, and the dainty little wardrobe, each article scented with delicate perfume, was hung in an open gallery to air. This began and ended her enforced care of the "player's child," and when she returned to the sitting-room she regarded the whole matter as a closed chapter for ever. Only once afterward did a spark of interest seem to glimmer in her mind. One day a seamstress was installed in the sitting-room to make two dark dresses for Felicitas of the same plain cut Frau Hellwig wore herself. At the same time she held the struggling child firmly in her lap, and toiled with brush, comb, and pomade till the beautiful curls were smooth and straight enough to be put into two ugly braids at the back of her head. This woman's hatred of grace and beauty, of everything opposed to her own narrow views, or which belonged to the realm of the ideal, was even stronger than her resolute determination to utterly ignore the child's presence in the house. Hellwig was almost ready to weep when he saw his little darling so disfigured, while his wife, after the sacrifice her hatred of beauty had imperiously required, became, if possible, more repellent to the child than before.

Yet the little one was not to be pitied, she could fly from the spell of those Medusa eyes to a warm heart—Hellwig loved her as if she were his own child. True, he did not find course to express this affection openly—he had exhausted his fund of energy in the conflict with his wife on the eventful evening when he brought Felicitas home—but he watched her unceasingly. Like Nathanael, she had her own special corner in her foster-father's room, where she could play with her dolls and lull them to sleep with the little songs she had learned at her own mother's knee.

Nathanael did not go to the public school; he received his instruction, under his father's oversight, from private tutors, and when Felicitas had reached her sixth year, she shared these lessons. As soon as the snow melted and the crocuses and snowdrops bordered the empty black flower-beds, Hellwig took the children every day out to his large garden; there they studied and played, returning to the house in the market-place only for their meals. Frau Hellwig rarely entered this garden, she preferred to sit with her knitting in the large, quiet room behind the spotless white curtains falling in regular folds to the floor, and she had a special reason for this preference. One of Hellwig's ancestors had laid out the garden in the old French fashion. The sand-stone mythological figures and groups, the size of life, placed here and there, had evidently been executed by a master of the art. True, the light-hued forms stood forth in rather strong contrast against the stiff, dark rows of yew-trees. The charming, but almost wholly undraped form of a Flora, the

delicate bare arms and shoulders of a struggling Proserpine, and the nude, muscular figure of her powerful ravisher, could not fail to instantly arrest the eye of any one who entered—and the statues were literally stones of offense in Frau Hellwig's eyes. At first she had imperiously demanded the removal of these "sinful representations of the human form," but Hellwig saved his favorites by referring to his father's will, which expressly prohibited the removal of the statues. Thereupon the mistress of the house instantly had a quantity of vines planted at the base of these mythological apples of discord, and ere long Pluto's grim countenance peered out from beneath a green wig. But one fine morning Heinrich, by his master's orders, and to his own intense delight, uprooted the green parasites from the earth, and since that time Frau Hellwig, for her soul's welfare, and because the statues had been witnesses of her defeat, never entered the garden. For that very reason it became the real home of little Felicitas.

Behind the tall yews stretched a magnificent lawn. Huge chestnut-trees struck deep root into the flower-strewn turf, and a rippling stream flowed through part of the green plain; a dense growth of hazel bushes bordered its banks, and the little dam, thrown up as a protection against the spring floods, glittered in May with yellow cowslips, while later in the year the rosy blossoms of the field-pinks peered out behind the waving blades of grass.

Felicitas studied unweariedly, and was always remarkably quiet during the lesson-hours. But when, in the afternoon, Hellwig declared study ended, she suddenly seemed completely transformed. Still flushed by mental application, she seemed fairly frantic, intoxicated with liberty; again and again, with uplifted arms, she would bound aimlessly over the turf, as untamed in her careless grace as the wild young scud of the steppes. Then, with the speed of lightning, she would scale the trunk of a small chestnut-tree, her face, surrounded by masses of her loosened hair, peeping laughingly from among its topmost boughs; or, lying prone on the bank of the stream, with her hands clasped under her head, gaze upward into the green dusk of the feathery leaves swaying gently to and fro, and dream the bright, delusive visions of the world and the future which must ever haunt the brain of a quick-witted child, either from fairy tales or its own powers of imagination. The water in the brook below murmured monotonously, the sunbeams danced on the waves, and glimmered through the dark hazel bushes like half-veiled, mysterious, fiery eyes; bees and beetles buzzed above her, and the butterflies, tired of hovering around the carefully tended exotics in the front garden, found here their promised land, and fearlessly alighted in the cups of the flowers close to the little girl's cheek.

Sometimes white, oddly shaped shining tops would float over the tops of the trees—then the memory of a strange past would suddenly return to the thoughtful child. Her mother's dress, too, had been white and glittering, the light of the candles had been reflected in the snowy luster of the long, flower-strewn robe that had fallen over her narrow bed. Felicitas still wondered why her mother had had flowers in her hands and had not given her a single one, nor why she had not been allowed to wake her with her kisses, which she had always done every morning, amid mutual jesting, to the child's infinite delight. She did not yet know that the bowitching face that had always bent over her with such passionate love had long been mouldering under the earth. Hellwig had never ventured to tell her the truth, for though now, at the end of five years, she no longer wept so bitterly for her parents, nor pleaded so

bitterly to see them, she still talked of them with touching affection, and relied implicitly on her foster father's vague promise that some day she would see them again. Nor did she know anything about her father's calling; this had been the juggler's own request, and therefore Hellwig sternly insisted that no one in his household should allude to the child's past life. It did not occur to him that the veil he held so tenderly before her eyes might escape from his hand too soon; he never thought of his own death, yet this terrible specter had long walked noiselessly but surely beside him. He had an incurable disease of the lungs, but, like all consumptives, cherished the firmest hopes of recovery.

Already he was compelled to be conveyed in a wheel-chair to his beloved garden, but he believed his to be merely a temporary weakness which did not prevent his making extensive plans for building and traveling in the future.

One afternoon Dr. Boehm entered Hellwig's room. The invalid sat at his desk writing—several cushions, pushed into his chair behind and on each side of him, supported his emaciated, drooping figure.

"Halloo!" cried the doctor, shaking his cane at him. "What nonsense is this? Who in the world gave you leave to write? Put down your pen at once."

Hellwig turned—a pleasant smile was hovering around his lips.

"There's another instance of the saying, 'doctor and death come together,'" he replied. "I am writing to my son, to John, about little Fay, and just as you enter the house I, who never in my life had less idea of dying, am letting this sentence drop from my pen."

The doctor stooped and read aloud: "I have great reliance upon your strength of character, my dear John, and would therefore place in your charge unconditionally the child entrusted to my care, in case I should leave this world sooner than —"

"Enough! Not a word more today!" said the physician, putting the half-finished letter in the drawer. Then he hurriedly quit the sick man's pulse and stole a glance at the two round red spots glowing on the prominent cheek bones.

"You are just like a child, Hellwig," he said. "If I turn my back you are certain to commit some great imprudence."

"And you tyrannize over me abominably. But just wait. Next May I'll slip out of your clutches, and you can follow me to Switzerland for aught I care."

A few days later the windows of the invalid's bedroom in the Hellwig mansion stood wide open, a pungent odor of musk floated out into the street, and a man in deep mourning went through the town, informing all the friends of the family, in the name of the afflicted widow, that Herr Hellwig had departed this life an hour before.

CHAPTER VI.

Under the window hung with green curtains, opening upon the hall, on the very spot where five years before the juggler's beautiful, unhappy wife had borne the pain of deep humiliation, now stood the coffin containing the mortal remains of Hellwig. The earthly husk of the ex-merchant had been surrounded with all the splendor of wealth. Handles of massive silver glittered on the casket, and the head of the corpse rested on a white satin pillow. And a terrible contrast—around the haggard, emaciated face, freshly cut flowers were exhaling their fragrance—young, innocent lives destined to a premature death, for the decoration of the dead.

Throngs of people, speaking in whispers, went and came noiselessly. The man who lay there had been rich, influential, and very generous—now he was dead. All eyes glanced hastily,

timidly, at the pallid, distorted face, but lingered long on the magnificent display of funeral splendor, the last glimmer of earthly pomp.

Felicitas crouched in a dark corner behind several large tubs containing orange-trees and oleanders. She had not been allowed to see her uncle for two days, the death-chamber had been closely shut, and now she knelt on the cold pavement of the hall, gazing at the strange face, from which death had effaced even the expression of infinite kindness. What did the child know of death? She had been with him in his last moments, but never thought that the stream of blood that gushed from his lips must suddenly end everything. His eyes had rested on her with an indescribable expression when she was sent out of the room.

In the street outside she had run angrily and anxiously to and fro under the open windows of his bedroom. She knew how carefully he protected himself from every draught of air, and now the people in there were so careless. She had wondered that no fire was made in his room in the evening, and in answer to her continual entreaties that she might be allowed to carry the lamp and a cup of tea to her uncle in his chamber, Frederica had angrily exclaimed:

"Are you out of your senses, child, or don't you understand German? He is dead, dead!"

Now she saw him again, so altered that she scarcely knew him, and the child gradually began to comprehend the meaning of death.

Whenever a fresh throng of curious spectators filled the hall, Frederica came in from the kitchen holding the end of her apron to her eyes, and extolled the virtues of the man whom she had so often tried to annoy.

"Just look at that girl!" she interrupted herself angrily, perceiving Felicitas' pale face, with its hot, tearless eyes among the orange-trees. She doesn't shed a tear. Thankless creature! She can't have a spark of affection in her nature."

"You never loved him, and you are crying, Frederica!" replied the child, in a low tone, and she shrunk still further into her corner.

The hall gradually became empty. Instead of the throngs from the lower classes, who now gathered in the market-place to watch the funeral procession, there were dignified gentlemen in mourning, who, after a short pause beside the coffin, went to the sitting-room to express their sympathy with the widow. For a few moments the large vaulted hall was pervaded by a silence that might almost have been called solemn, had it not been interrupted, ever and anon, by the murmur of voices in the adjoining room.

Suddenly little Felicitas started from her reverie and gazed in terror at the glass door opening into the courtyard. There, behind the panes, appeared a strange vision—her uncle was still lying here with sunken eyes, and an unfamiliar expression around his tightly closed mouth, and yet, there he stood, gazing inquiringly into the deserted hall, once more alive, with the same kindly face, though the head seemed muffled in some odd covering. It seemed almost spectral, when the handle of the door was gently moved, and directly after it noiselessly opened. The apparition appeared on the threshold. Yes, the features were strikingly like Hellwig's, but they belonged to a woman—a little old lady, who, richly clad in a by-gone fashion, slowly advanced to the coffin. A dress of heavy black silk, guiltless of a single wrinkle, fitted the spare, angular figure faultlessly; it was cut short enough to show a pair of wonderfully tiny feet, whose tread, however, was somewhat unsteady. Over her forehead curled a profusion of carefully arranged snow-white locks, covered by a transparent black lace handkerchief fastened under her chin.

Without noticing the child, who stood motionless, gazing breathlessly at her, the old lady approached the coffin. At sight of the dead face she shrunk back in evident horror, and her left hand, apparently unconsciously, dropped a bouquet of costly flowers on the lifeless breast. For a moment she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, then, deeply agitated, laid her right hand, as if in solemn appeal, upon the cold brow of the corpse.

"Do you know the whole story now, Fritz?" she murmured. "Yes, you do, as your father and mother have long known it! I forgave you, Fritz. You never knew the wrong you were committing! Good-night! Good-night!"

She clasped the waxen hand of the dead tenderly between her own, turned from the coffin, and was vanishing as noiselessly as she had come, when the door of the sitting-room opened and Frau Hellwig appeared. Her face looked whiter than marble under her black crape cap, but her features were more rigid than ever—the cold eyes did not show the faintest trace of tears. She held in her hand a thick garland of dahlia, which she was evidently about to place as the last "gift of love" upon the coffin.

Her astonished gaze met the old lady's eyes. For a moment both seemed rooted to the spot, but an evil light began to glow in the widow's glance, her upper lip curled slightly, showing one of her white front teeth—there was undying malignity in the expression. The old lady's features also revealed deep emotion; she was apparently struggling against an almost invincible repugnance, but at last she conquered it, and with a gentle, tearful glance at the lifeless form, held out her hand to Frau Hellwig.

"What do you want here, aunt?" asked the widow curtly, entirely ignoring the little lady's movement.

"To give him my blessing," was the gentle answer.

"An infidel's blessing has no power." "God will hear it. His infinite mercy and love do not regard the empty form if the prayer comes from a sincere heart."

"And a guilt-laden soul!" added Frau Hellwig, with biting contempt.

The old lady drew herself up to her full height.

"Judge not," she began, holding up her forefinger with a threatening gesture. "but no"—she interrupted herself with indescribable gentleness, glancing toward the dead form, "not another word shall disturb your sacred rest. Farewell, Fritz."

She went slowly back to the courtyard, and disappeared through a door which Felicitas had hitherto always found locked.

"Well, that was high and mighty enough in the old mam'selle," murmured Frederica, who had the whole scene from her kitchen door.

Frau Hellwig silently shrugged her shoulders, and laid the wreath at the feet of the corpse. She could not yet control her excitement.

Unfamiliar as was any expression of feminine gentleness and tenderness to this woman's features, rigid and immovable as they appeared in their iron sternness, they could become wonderfully alive with hatred and contempt. Whoever had once seen the evil smile which at such moments hovered around the corners of her mouth, could never again trust the repose of that countenance. She bent over her dead husband, apparently to adjust something; in doing so her hand brushed the old lady's bouquet, which fell over the edge of the coffin and rolled along the floor to Felicitas' feet.

The clock struck three. Several clergymen in their ministerial robes entered the hall, the gentleman came out of the sitting-room, followed by Nathanael and a tall, slender youth. The widow had telegraphed to her son John, and he had arrived that morning

to attend the funeral. For a moment little Felicitas forgot her grief, and gazed with childish curiosity at the young man who had always been his father's favorite. Was he weeping behind the slender, well-kept hand he had raised to his eyes at the sight of the lifeless form? No; no tears fell, and the child's inexperienced eyes could perceive no sign of emotion on the grave face, save its unwonted pallor.

Nathanael stood beside him. He shed plenty of tears, but his sorrow did not prevent his nudging and whispering to his brother, when he discovered Felicitas in her hiding place. John's glance followed the direction of his brother's finger, and for the first time he fixed his eyes on the child's face. They were terrible eyes—grave, gloomy, with no light of kindness or affection. In the Bible there was a picture of St. John the Evangelist, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," a beautiful, gentle face, almost feminine in its outlines. "That's John on the Rhine," the little girl had always said, and her uncle had smiled and nodded assent. But those lovely features, framed by their light locks, bore no resemblance to this head, with its smooth, close-cut hair, and the grave, pale, irregular profile.

"Go away, child; you are in the way here!" he said, sternly, when he saw that preparations were being made to close the coffin.

Felicitas, confused and startled, as if she had done something wrong, left her corner, and, unnoticed by the others, glided into her foster-father's private room.

Now she sobbed bitterly. Never had she been in his way. Again she felt his burning hand stroke her head, and heard his kind faint voice whisper hoarsely, as he had so often done during the last few days:

"Come, Fay, my child, I am so glad to have you near me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Happy Mind.

It has been said that "a wise teacher, having before him the intent to make a happy-minded man of his pupil, will try to lay a groundwork of divine contentment in him." There is no greater power than the power of a happy mind—a mind that is so easily pleased with the small pleasures and beauties of life that trifling sorrows do not paralyze or weaken it. It is so easy to teach the "divine contentment" to a little child that one wonders to find so many peevish, fretful people in the world. A home where fretfulness was never provoked by the thoughtlessness of parents would be an ideally happy place, and assuredly the result of truly co-operative home-making would be to render every member of the family thus divinely content.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALCOURT, General Merchant, Wotton, P. Q.

Rev. Henry Meissner, pastor of St. Charles Church, Paris, Ind., celebrated, on July 25th the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

"For Years,"

Says CARLIE E. STORCKWILL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton



weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to

half a day, leaving as suddenly, but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

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OFFICE OF THE GRAND PRESIDENT, C.M.B.A.
Brockville, Ont., July 25, 1893.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada:

BROTHERS—At your last Convention at Hamilton you appointed a special Committee, which, with the Executive was, amongst other duties allotted to them, to make such alterations in the Constitution and Laws of the Association as were necessary to meet the changed condition of our affairs in Canada.

The work of the Constitution has been completed, and the Constitution and By-Laws, which will govern this Grand Council for the present, can now be had on application to Grand Secretary Brown.

As many of the changes are of an important character, I would advise all branches to furnish copies to their members as early as possible.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,
O. K. FRASER.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND PRESIDENT OF THE G. C. OF CANADA.

Brockville, July 25, 1893.

BROTHERS—It is being said that through the instrumentality of the Grand Secretary and other members of the Council, an amendment was made to the "Insurance Corporations Act of 1892," which precludes members of this Association outside of Ontario hereafter being eligible to the first offices in the organization.

The facts are that your Grand Secretary took no part whatever in connection with the legislation referred to, but on the other hand every member of the Board of Trustees, and every officer of the Special Committee appointed at last Convention to meet the Supreme Council (which composed largely of the most prominent members of the Association outside of Ontario) was furnished with a copy of all amendments of last session to the Insurance Act, and no objection came from any quarter, for the very good reason that the Act not coming into operation until 1895, it is open to the delegates at next Convention to say whether they shall remain as they are or register under their Dominion Act of Incorporation. Either course can be adopted, and no privilege now enjoyed by any member has been taken from him by the legislation in question.

Let me say to the members generally that since I was entrusted with the Grand Presidency of this Council I have deemed it my duty to refer every question of importance to the Executive and this same Committee of judges and lawyers, and I think you will be with me in the conclusion that your interests are thus properly safeguarded. This course I will continue to pursue until my term of office ends, and the members of the Association need not worry, if once in awhile similarly unreliable reports, emanating from the same unreliable sources, go unchallenged. Your Executive prefer to devote their time to furthering your interests than to following up these foolish attacks.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,
O. K. FRASER.

Taking the Veil.

On Tuesday morning the ceremony of religious reception and profession was held in the chapel of the House of Providence, Kingston, in the presence of a large congregation. His Grace Archbishop Cleary performed the ceremony. The ladies who received the habit and took the white veil were Miss Mary E. McCarthy, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Mary A. McLellan, St. Andrew's, Ont.; Miss Mary Marelle Martin, Marysville; Miss Mary Keenan, Glenburnie; Miss Katie Braniff, Brockville. The ladies who professed and took the black veil were Miss Agnes Murphy, Wolfe Island (Sister Mary Thomas); Miss Kate Marigan, Brewer's Mills (Sister Mary of the Rosary); Miss Katie Boylan, Montreal (Sister Mary Benedict). The following ladies took their perpetual vows—Sister Mary Angel Guardian, Sister Mary Anthony of Padua.

Pic-nic at St. Joseph's.

A meeting of ladies and gentlemen was held on Sunday last to make the necessary arrangements for the annual pic-nic in connection with St. Joseph's Church. This is an event which is eagerly looked forward to every year; and as the Rev. pastor, Father Bergin, has made considerable improvements in the Church, it is confidently expected that the attendance will far exceed that of other years. The pic-nic will be held in Lealies' Grove, corner Caroline Avenue and Queen Street East on Wednesday, August 23rd.

Rev. Father McBride.

We are very much pleased to announce that Father McBride who has been dangerously ill, is now recovering. The Rev. Father has been in St. Michael's Hospital for the past week.

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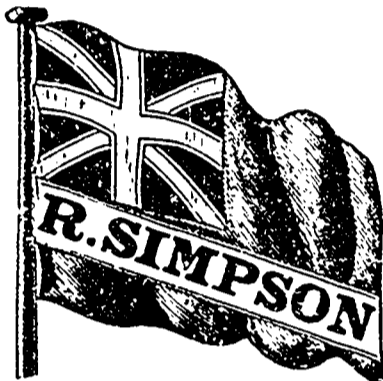
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- Stamped Pillow Shams, 25c a pair.
- Stamped Linen Tray Covers, 15c.
- Men's Lustre Coats, \$1 25, regular price \$1 75.
- Men's Ceylon Flannel Coats and Vests, \$3 25.
- Men's Ceylon Flannel Coats, \$1 25.
- Boys Tweed Suits, two pieces, 22 to 25, 99c, were \$1 40.
- Boys' Navy Blue Suits, \$1 50, splendid value.
- Ladies' Dongola Oxfords, plain or tip, \$1 50, were \$2.
- Men's Black Oxfords, \$1 65, were \$2.
- Ladies' Buff Oxfords, 85c.
- Ladies' Button Boots, plain or tip, \$1.
- Men's Canvas Hats and Oxfords, 75c, were \$1 25.
- Marseilles Quilts, 11-4, \$1 40.
- Alhambra Quilts, 11-4, red and white, blue and white, chintz, \$1 25, were \$1 75.
- Grey Blankets for Camping, 6 lb., \$1 50, post.
- Porters, great bargains, 70c.
- Camp Beds, woven wire mattress, \$1 40.

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	Close.		Duz.	
	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	3.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.	6.40	4.00	11.05	9.10
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. noon		a.m. p.m.	
	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 Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 1, 4, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch Postoffice.

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