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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 25.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The week has not been without very serious interest for the Catholics of Toronto. The movement against St. Michael's Hospital culminated on Wednesday the 14th, by the City Council cutting off the grant from all except the Toronto General Hospital. The following report is taken from the *Empire* of the next day:

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee a resolution was passed ignoring all the hospitals of the city and giving a grant of \$20,000 for the keep of indigent patients in the Toronto General Hospital only. This step created no little consternation among the outside institutions and when the committee met again yesterday afternoon the representatives of the hospitals given the go-by were present in full force. Every member of the executive was in attendance, including the mayor.

Judge McDougall appeared in behalf of Grace Homoeopathic Hospital and asked that that institution be granted civic aid on account of its treatment of pauper patients. He thought the institution was doing good work and there could be no doubt that they were entitled to a share of the civic aid. The institution received altogether 70 cents per day for the keep of pauper patients, while their maintenance cost 85 cents per day. All they wanted to do was to keep the hospital afloat, and he wound up by showing that the institution was non-sectarian. He could not understand who had made complaint against the grants to all the hospitals with the exception of the Toronto General hospital. The students were welcome to the wards of Grace hospital.

Mr. E. Gurney supported the contention of Judge McDougall. He stood before them as a large specimen of a small pill-taker, and spoke strongly in favor of homoeopathy. They did not ask for charity, but they wanted what was right.

Dr. McConnell presented the case of St. Michael's hospital. Dr. O'Reilly, of the General hospital, had stated his opinion as being in favor of each hospital standing on its merits. There was nothing in the talk about sectarianism. He (Dr. McConnell) believed the nurses of St. Michael's hospital were highly competent.

Ex-Ald. DeFon endorsed what Dr. McConnell had said. Those in charge of the institution had gone to considerable expense to prepare for the reception of public patients, and now this patronage had been suddenly withdrawn. He read a statement signed by the faculty, showing that the management and equipment were excellent and that patients of all creeds were taken in. He criticized the statements of Dr. Orr at the last meeting of the executive.

Mr. W. H. Howland, as an ex chairman of the Toronto General Hospital Board, said the hospital which he had represented was not interested in the withdrawal of the patronage from the other hospitals. It would be a pity to reduce the facilities for the treatment of the sick that were to be found in Toronto to-day.

Mr. Thomas Long also spoke on behalf of St. Michael's hospital. All they asked was to be treated the same way as other hospitals in the city doing the same work. If they were doing the work fully as well as the General hospital they should have the same treatment. All classes and creeds were treated at St. Michael's. He understood that the students were permitted to visit the hospital whenever it suited their convenience.

Dr. Dwyer, the house surgeon at St. Michael's hospital, said his hospital was just as free to the students as the General hospital.

Dr. Lynd said the chairman of the Board of Health had explained that the amount of \$20,000 would cover the amount necessary for the keep of indigent patients. He, therefore, moved that the motion passed at the last meeting to the effect that no patients be sent to any but the General hospital be rescinded, and that the system of sending city patients to the hospitals be the same as last year. He would be sorry to see a narrow spirit shown in this matter.

Ald. Orr was sorry that the question moved at the last meeting of the committee had brought about discussion on the lines that

had followed. He was not going to criticize any of these hospitals but he would refer to a letter in the papers signed by House Surgeon Dwyer. Dr. Dwyer had attributed it to the speaker as saying that Dr. Dwyer was not a qualified medical practitioner. He had said nothing of the kind, but he did say that the superintendent of that institution was not a medical practitioner. (Hear hear.)

Mayor Fleming—who is that?

Ald. Orr said he referred to the Rev. Mother de Chantal. He defied any person to contradict the statement. This lady was the absolute monarch of the institution. He objected to Dr. Dwyer and others, when they thoroughly know what he meant, attempting to place him in a false position. He knew of two medical men who had withdrawn from the staff on account of the nursing which their patients received. No professor of Toronto University or Trinity had delivered a clinic in St. Michael's hospital, and he ventured to say they would not be allowed to do so by the medical staff there. He did not think the Toronto General hospital should be sacrificed to support these sad institutions. The city paid for no indigent patient in the Toronto General hospital for longer than three months, but it was not so in the case of the other hospitals.

Ald. Bailey contended that it would be a saving if all the city patients were sent to the General hospital. He had instances where visitors had been refused admission to St. Michael's hospital. In this same institution there were patients to day who had been there at the expense of the city for over 240 days.

Ald. Leslie favored city patients being sent to the General hospital.

Mayor Fleming made an appeal on behalf of St. Michael's hospital, claiming that the General hospital authorities were not in sympathy with the present movement.

Ald. Davies would not pass by the homoeopathic institution, but the city should only recognize one general hospital.

Ald. Lynd's motion to rescind the former resolution was lost, only the mover, Ald. Shaw, Carlyle and the mayor voting for it.

A motion by Ald. Lamb, that a grant be made of \$1,000 each to St. Michael's and to Grace hospital, was lost, the mayor voting against it.

Our comments on the above are reserved for another column: suffice it here to say that the decision is in keeping with the bitter spirit—dreadful of the age. Compare the action of the Toronto City Council in this matter with Councils in France where they expelled religious from the charge of the sick. In the latter case it was expulsion, in the former it is prevention.

Canadian Presbyterians are agitated over an address delivered by Prof. Campbell of Montreal last winter similar in thought to that of Dr. Briggs for which the latter was condemned by the Presbyterian General Assembly at Washington. In February the Rev. John Campbell well known as a ripe scholar and thoughtful student, delivered a lecture before the faculty and students of Queen's University, Kingston, upon "The Perfect Book or the Perfect Father." Starting from the principle that man in mind and heart needs and seeks infallibility, he lays down the particular application of this proposition that Protestant Christians "bestow this character (of infallibility) upon the greatest book in the world, known as "The Book or the Bible, The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament." He thereupon assails the Bible with all the weapons which the talent of an

able critic can supply and with all the freedom a fearless and independent churchman can command. According to Prof. Campbell the Bible is not a perfect book, the idea of an infallible Bible is "vulgar idolatry;" the writers of the Old Testament to whom God spoke at divers times had different and contradictory ideas of God: that God is calumniated in the Old Testament, for says Dr. Campbell: "I do not find the imperator in the New Testament, nor the judge, nor the warrior, nor the avenger." But it is impossible to analyze in a paragraph a five column lecture. Although not meant it is a direct blow at the Protestant teaching of the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. Mr. Campbell would do well to study Catholic Philosophy upon the Divine Attributes, and learn the sublime views which reason carrying in its hand the torch of faith holds concerning God. St. Thomas *contra Gentiles* will be an infinitely better guide for a mind like his than the slow, doubtful groping of self-opinion which starts from ignorance and after wandering over all the regions of thought winds up in doubt. That man needs an infallible guide, that the dumb Book cannot act such a part, that men of Dr. Campbell's thought can only find refuge in the harbor of a living, teaching truth are practical conclusions to be drawn from this clever, yet problematic discourse. The General Assembly sitting at Brantford brought up the case and referred the subject to the Montreal Presbytery, which has not yet come to a decision.

The third clause of the Home Rule Bill treating of matters in respect of which the Irish Legislature shall have no powers to make laws has at length been adopted. The next clause which forbids the making of laws bearing upon religious matters, the right of life and property, corporate rights and the rights of the people to the public sea fisheries, was entered upon. Two amendments in regard to the subsection on religious matters were thrown out by the withdrawal of one, and by the other being rejected without a division.

At a conference of the Irish members the resolution calling upon certain members of the *Freeman's Journal* including Mr. Sexton to resign was rescinded. They also urged Mr. Sexton to reconsider his determination of retiring from Parliamentary life. This he has done and will continue to represent North Kerry. Close upon this follows the news that some other member, Mr. Murrough for the South east division of Cork, threatens to resign on account of the attitude of Mr. Sexton and the *Freeman's Journal* towards the Parnellite faction. What

a shame to see such divisions maintained.

The German elections which took place last Thursday show so far as present returns are concerned an increase in the ranks of the Socialists. This would mean that opposition to the Government is strengthened, but as the Socialists are split up into many divisions the Government may be said to still hold its own. Many of the constituencies have not yet sent in returns, so that what the real state of the next Reichstag will be remains a matter of conjecture.

The manifesto of the Catholic Centre party treats exhaustively the questions of the day military, political and social—and maintains that the forefront of opposition is to the transformation of the Empire into a military state, a standing army in times of peace. But this standard is lowered by the clause which states that the Catholic party is ready to grant for army and navy purposes everything which is necessary for the defensive powers of the Empire. Turning its attention to ecclesiastical questions it sets forth the Centrists' demands in plain terms as follows: "It will be our chief and most patriotic object to close as soon as possible this, the most dangerous wound from which Germany suffers. It will be our aim to attain the most perfect liberty of conscience and of religion independence, freedom, and respect for the Church, and complete equality in every department of public life for the followers of recognised Christian creeds. Above all, the law of exception against the Jesuits and the Orders supposed to be affiliated to the Society of Jesus must be repealed. We intend to bring this motion as soon as possible before the Imperial Diet again, and we shall not be deterred from our purpose by any political situation. We are determined to repeat it until the Reichstag and the Federal Governments acknowledge that denominational prejudices must not be given a voice in the decision, and that, after the repeal of the law of exception against social democracy, the survival of the against members of Catholic Orders is calculated to arouse tenfold bitterness."

The pioneer parish of Oshawa opened a new chapter in its history on Sunday last, when his Grace, the Archbishop, laid the foundation stone of what will be a beautiful brick church. His Grace was accompanied by Vicar-General McCann. The old building, situated north of the presbytery, was commenced in 1841 by a Father Kirwan. The new church is on the lot south of the priest's house. The pastor, Father Jeffcott, is devoting himself to the great work with an energy which will certainly secure success. His many friends throughout the Diocese, as well as the now scattered members of the Oshawa parish, will, no doubt, help the deserving cause.

MARSHAL DUKE DE MCMAHON.

The Great Celtic Soldier and His Famous Comrades.

Even the slight indisposition from which Marshal MacMahon suffered a few days ago gave rise to serious uneasiness. No ailment is insignificant to a man of such advanced age, and it will be indeed a loss for France when that grand figure, once so prominent, lately so effaced, disappears from the country which he helped to make great. He belongs to that pleiad of *Marschaux de France* in which Pelissier and Canrobert were his contemporaries.

Marie Anne Patrice Maurice de MacMahon was born on the 13th of July, 1803, at Sully, the ninth of the eleven children of the Marquis de MacMahon, Lieutenant General and personal friend of Charles X. He left St. Cyr to serve with Pelissier, Canrobert and Changarnier, in the regiments sent to Africa, distinguished himself in those arduous campaigns, and was raised to the rank of General after his daring exploits at Constantine. He reached Malakoff in time to carry the works and display heroic valor; it was there that he spoke the now historic words which on the bastions of the captured "Tower" rang above the thunder of the Russian cannon: "I am here, and here I shall remain!"

Passionately fond of Algeria, the land in which he had won his first laurels, MacMahon forsook it in '57 in order to go and pacify Kabylia and presently to receive the appointment of Governor of that province by the Emperor. Magenta remaining as the triumphant record of strategy and military science saw the General assume the title of Duke and Marshal of France, and achieve the highest honors. Then came 1870 with the fatal reverses obscuring the glorious pages of a life on which were inscribed so many victories, yet the brave soldier remained undaunted and undismayed; he advanced in the direction of Wissembourg and Froeschweiler, where 100,000 Prussians awaited 40,000 Frenchmen; he saw the remnant of those fine squadrons of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers decimated by the dragoons of the enemy, and as they fell, wrenching from the Emperor William, the involuntary tribute, "*Oh, les braves gens!*" MacMahon would have operated a junction with Bazaine, thrown back Prince Frederick Charles beyond the Meuse, and pursued the Prince Royal marching on Chalons. Other advice prevailed. It was not to be. Napoleon III. entered Sedan to be trapped with his 180,000 men, and, fortunately for MacMahon, he lay seriously wounded before the *rebellion* of a large army took place. Had he been at the head of his troops he would have conquered or perished, but never have been captured alive. When he bewailed that he had not died before this humiliation to his flag the last surviving Turcos who had fought with him at Froeschweiler gathered around him with tears on their swarthy cheeks, for they had loved him since the days in Africa, and said in their broken French: "Die! You won't die; you see we are still alive." The Marshal was carried off in an ambulance a prisoner to Germany and returned to France a broken-hearted man, to whom military service was henceforth but a glorious memory.

When the peace was proclaimed MacMahon became, almost without his knowledge, a politician. After the elections of January 27 his star arose luminous and steady over the political horizon of France. He offered in his person the singular spectacle of a man whose only passion was to serve his country under arms serving her from 1878 to 1877 in the highest civil functions. His period of presidency was perfectly clean and loyal: he

may have erred on minor questions, offended one party or another, laid himself open to the censures of the press, but his reputation of a perfectly honest man was as undisputed as that of the soldier of Malakoff, of the victor of Magenta, or of the prisoner of Sedan; it can be summed up in the word—*immaculate!* He submitted rather than accepted to be elevated to the Presidential chair. He descended from it with equanimity to retire to his country home at Sully St. Legor, near Autun. He has often said that he would never see the government of his choice: born and bred in strictly legitimist views he considered that the supreme salvation of France lay in a monarchial restoration. For one brief moment he helped to see the realization of that dream, and confidently expected the hour when the Comte de Chambord, seated on the throne of his fathers, would grant him "a small military command." The dream was rudely dispelled when the manifesto of Salzburg elicited from the National Assembly the vote of the Septennate.

But, whatever part MacMahon has played during the eighty-five years of a well-filled life, he has in the past and present been surrounded by the homage and respect of his countrymen. Every head is bared before the white-haired old man, who carries his age so bravely, walking erect still, reading without spectacles, riding on horseback, and putting the final touch to his memoirs.

Canrobert, whose only daughter, Claire, was quietly married in 1890, a few weeks only after her mother's death, is equally worthy of the dignity of Marshal, conferred on him for his glorious services in the army. His name appears on the roll of thirty-eight battles, sieges, or attacks, beginning in 1855 with Oued Sig, in Africa, and ending in 1870 with Ladonchamp. Among them stand out in relief the dazzling names of Isly, Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, Sebastopol, Magenta, Solferino, Gravelotte, and St. Privat.

After the close of the Franco-German war Canrobert took up his residence in a small hotel in the Rue de Maignan, close to the Champs Elysees. During the lifetime of his beloved wife, the beautiful Flora MacDonald, he frequently visited his property at Jouv en Jouas, but when the Marechale died he never returned to a spot so associated with his happiest moments, and leads an almost cloistral existence of seclusion in his Paris house.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since Napoleon III. created the last Marshal of France, Gen. Leboeuf, and it seemed as if the title would die out forever as formerly the fine one of Comte de Paris, but the young men of to-day harbor the hope that this supreme reward will once again be vouchsafed to their valor and that they may look forward to that baton which was popularly supposed to lie hidden in the knapsack of every conscript. This revival would be hailed with acclamation by the army. The dignity dates from a remote period of the history of France. Under Philippe Auguste the name was given to the chief of an outpost, but about the end of the thirteenth century it became an expression of the highest military rank. From the reign of Louis XIV. till the republic there were generally fifteen or sixteen Marshals of France. In 1791 a decree reduced the number to six, and two years later the "Terror" abolished the institution as incompatible with equality. Napoleon reconstructed it, and it was from the Generals of the republic that he elected the Imperial Marshals; they had all won fame on battlefields, and were the worthy followers of the Turennes and Catinats. Under the old regime they were addressed as "Monseigneur," and such as "Excellence." For a

brief space of time seniority in office conferred a certain superiority over the other colleagues, but this preference was soon abolished.

The baton, the insignia of the rank, so often represented in old portraits, is a small roll of wood, some sixteen inches long, covered in blue velvet, and decorated with embroidered golden emblems. There was formerly fleur de lis, then bees under the empire, and a five-pointed star under Louis Philippe. At each extremity of the baton is a golden ring, on which a motto is engraved. The King used to send the baton to the new dignitary, or to hand it himself to the recipient. Louis XIII., on the beach of Honfleur, threw his cane to the intrepid La Meilleraye, saying: "I make you Marshal of France—there is your baton." La Meilleraye picked up the stick and used it as a hero. In memory of that royal act, on more than one occasion the Kings of France have placed their canes in the hands of the freshly made Marshals as if to invest them with some of their authority.

Before the revolution a Marshal carried his baton whenever he was at the head of his troops. Since then it became a purely decorative insignia, figuring chiefly in paintings. Marshal de Castellane was the last who brought his baton into public ceremonies. When he paid an official call an aide-de-camp carried it, standing at his side. At reviews he brandished it aloft, and was even seen to throw it into the air and catch it ere it fell, as the Arabs do with their rifles.

Almost all the great French families have had Marshals among their ancestors; to mention only one, the Bernadottes are to-day on the throne of Sweden. It would take volumes to specify all the names that have received added lustre from the honor.

Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, was once asked what in his opinion constituted a real French Marshal. He answered without a moment's hesitation: "It is a man who has more duties to fulfil than any one else and who is blameless in all things." Tradition tells us that the predecessors of Canrobert, and MacMahon, Duke of Magenta have, like these last illustrious survivors, deserved this proud definition.—*M. de S. in New York Sun.*

The Hand of God.

A worthless, ungodly man, dwelling in the Vosges in France, had lately lost his mother, and saw his sister likewise at the point of death, when he learned that the latter had made a will, the arrangement of which was of such a nature, it seems, that it suggested misgivings to him.

Taking a crucifix, this unfortunate man placed it on a table before him, and, in the presence of several witnesses, he adjured the Christ to reveal the contents of the will to him, and threatened, with many blasphemies, to burn the crucifix if, at the end of a week, he had received no answer. Saying this, he placed beside the crucifix a small stove and matches.

The following week, our blasphemer having gone to business, did not return until night was far advanced. What happened?

The Christ had preserved, in regard to this worthless man, the same silence that He had in regard to Herod; but about three o'clock the next morning a conflagration, the cause of which we know not, consumed his house, and the next day there were found in the midst of the ruins the bones of the unfortunate blasphemer.

This was the crucifix's reply.

A Complicated Case.

DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children. Mrs. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N. S.

Notes from the World's Fair.

We clip the following notes from the *New World*. They may be found interesting to those who intend visiting the World's Fair:

Before you leave see one treasure in St. Viator's College Exhibit, the stole of Father Damien, the martyr priest of the leper colony of Molokai, a man of our own day, brave as any hero of the first glorious years of the Christian era, who in all the strength of a vigorous manhood went down into a living grave, "said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister," gave his days and his nights to the service of decaying corpses that prisoned living souls, knowing from the beginning that their fate must be his, yet never faltered in his labor of mercy and love.

The beauty and extent of the Mexican Exhibit in the Manufactures Building is a great surprise to the prejudiced or ignorant who think that nothing good can come out of that calumniated land. The display of cotton and woolen fabrics is considered particularly excellent. The blankets especially are as fine as any country can show. Mexican sombreros are shown costing from \$25 to \$100. Not the least interesting are the products of the Indians of Mexico. These include specimens of pottery, polished horn, carving in wood, shell and oyxn; cordage made from the fiber of the houbiquen plant; hand-made copper vessels beautiful in design and decoration, all made by native Indians of Mexico.

The most attractive exhibit in the Mines Building is that of the Cape Colony diamond industry. In pictures are shown the mines and manner in excavating the precious soil. The practical exhibition shows the washing and separating the dirt from the stones done by machinery operated by Zulus. Still more interesting is the cleaving and cutting of diamonds, and the polishing of the stones by skilled workmen. Rough diamonds are shown in the exhibit to the value of \$750,000.

On the south wall of the government room which contains the national exhibit in the French display, hangs a marvelous tapestry from the manufactory at Beauvais. It is about twelve by twenty feet in size. Its title is "The Fairies' Godchild," and shows an infant on a couch surrounded by fairy godmothers who are bestowing their various gifts. A hag is observed retreating from the happy scene. The coloring is rich and the hues finely blended. This tapestry is worth \$120,000 and was fifteen years in process of manufacture.

The Japanese Exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts is the delight of all beholders. Japan's favorite flower, the Chrysanthemum, greets one in the beautiful tapestry which hangs at the entrance. Just beyond is a startling representation of a huge gorilla carved in cherry wood. The walls are hung with magnificent tapestries and curious paintings on silk or paper. The center of the room contains cases in which are displayed carvings in ivory and wood. Bronzes, cloisonne work, and all the other artistic products of Japan unite in making a remarkable display.

The carrying capacity of the movable sidewalk on the south pier is estimated at 5,600 people. The fare is five cents for the ride of 4,300 feet. Once the machinery is set in motion it never stops during the day or evening while the Fair is open to the public. Two platforms travel side by side in the same direction, one at three, the other at six miles an hour. Stepping from the station into the first platform the passenger is enabled in a moment to step on the second and faster one and secure a seat during the journey.

"It has cured others and it will cure you" is true only of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The motto suits the medicine and the medicine the motto. What better assurance could you have that a remedy will cure you, than the fact that it has cured such multitudes of others?

THE CHURCH ABROAD.

THE IRISH IN AUSTRALIA.

Rev. Michael Phelan in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.

To play no role of self-constituted censor, or assume the office of fault-finder for the mere pleasure the occupation gives, betrays gross arrogance and contemptible vanity. To the writer it presents few attractions; but if in this and subsequent papers he is forced to say things occasionally that may not altogether be palatable, it is with the assurance that he does so for three cogent reasons:—(a) they are statements of facts universally acknowledged here; (b) their remedy is a crying want; (c) the discovering of them to those in whose hands the cure may lie is the discharge of a friendly office, perhaps an obligation, and not the carping of hypercritical cynicism.

With all due respect, and indeed regret, necessity forces me to say that the religious training of the Irish immigrant is not at all equal to his new surroundings, and far short of what is necessary in a Catholic to hold his own amid the wars and clashings of religious opinions around him, and the numerous seductions to apostasy on every side. In this country it may be stated, as a rule, that parents religiously ignorant, except in rare cases, bring up indifferent, if not infidel, families. So, though force of habit and tradition may preserve the first, the second and succeeding generations will suffer sadly for the neglected instruction of the pioneers. This is especially true of scattered districts, where a priest can visit but seldom, and a Catholic school is unknown. On the thorough instruction of an immigrant not only does his own perseverance depend, but also into the account are to be taken the after generations, who must in a great measure look to his zeal and intelligence for their knowledge and constancy. To the ignorance and neglect of one Catholic father the ruin of a multitude may be traced.

A well-instructed Catholic can scarcely be a negligent one, when he sees around him the dangers with which his children are beset. There are in every part of this country families, infidel or Protestant, having on their faces the bright intelligent birth-mark of their Celtic origin, and most Catholic names. Trace the history of any one of them, and invariably the lapse has one of two origins—a mixed marriage, or a poorly-instructed parent, who also became a negligent one. These are the two principal—it might be said the only—sources of leakage. Not alone is he set up for the saving or the ruin of his own blood, but a centre of light to those around him. The Catholic may be challenged who has lived a number of years here, without having opportunities, not only of defending his religion, its principles and practices, but of helping and enlightening struggling, prejudiced, or earnestly-inquiring minds. To break the crusts of error and prejudice, and lead souls, some way at least, into God's light, is within the power of the humblest. Catholic truth, too, meets Protestant minds here under singularly favourable circumstances. They are not hardened or blasted by continental sacrilege or apostasy lying between them and God's grace like a thick wall. The ties of family tradition, public opinion, or racial hates, do not chain them to the old moorings as at home, or repel them from honest investigation of the Church's claims. The old oaken pew, with its sweet and tender memories reaching back to childhood, the vault containing the centuries of ancestral dust, the circling chain of Protestant families dovetailed and intermarried, the local Protestant traditions, all these have passed away. Long distance from the scene of strife,

a constant blending and intercourse, melts anti-Irish prejudices, and with a little knowledge begets warm appreciation of our countrymen's genial natures. Thus it happens that Englishmen, who at home would as soon cut off their right arm as to think of joining an Irish Catholic congregation, and listen to their duties explained in Munster brogue, and face the mookery or the scowls of their friends here, marry Irish wives, and become good zealous Catholics. To himself you add the ever-multiplying generations destined to bear his name, the non-Catholic elements with which Providence surrounds him, and which, if it is not possible to transmute, it is certainly within his power to alter and to better, the number of souls whose salvation depends on the properly instructed mind of a single immigrant, is almost reduced to a definite mathematical problem.

I can fully understand how, in a country where the moral surroundings, the social life, and the literary instincts, are all impregnated with the divine aroma of catholicity, where anti-Catholic hostility, in all its truculent insolence, or still more dangerous bland seductiveness; where the constant defensive struggle, nerving to action and sharpening caution; and where, alas! the sad spectacle of apostasy are happily unknown, how easy it is, under such circumstances, to account for a pastor's blinking vigilance. He is led to forget the fact that a certain portion of his flock is destined, sooner or later, to go forth and be the foundations and apostles, to form off-shoots of the Irish Church, that in expansive width and towering strength are destined to eclipse the parent stem; to fill the noble mission evidently destined by heaven for our race—the world's apostolate, amidst the decay of Catholic, and the materializing of Protestant faith, that they are to be thrown in surroundings far different from those of their Irish homes. The sense of great and confident security for the majority of his flock in the present, is too apt to lull his anxiety about the few in the future.

The pastor's all-important duty of cultivating and enlarging the religious knowledge of his people, is relegated to the school-master and the Sunday school-teacher; his weekly discourses chiefly consist in moral disquisitions and exhortations, very excellent in their way; the sensibilities of his hearers, their fervour and their piety, may be intensified and inflamed, but their intellectual faculties are seldom enriched or enlightened. Young men and women coming here were generally instructed in their Catechism till they were confirmed, and very little trouble it has given them since they arrived at the mature age of ten, the more developed faculties remained unfulfilled. There was no necessity. At one stroke Catholic surroundings, that almost defy a fall, are suddenly cut off, and with a fragmentary recollection of their confirmation knowledge they land here. The scene, indeed, is changed. A sharp as well as a large demand is suddenly made, not only on their steadfast adherence to principle, but also their capability of protecting and defending the faith that is in them. From the hot-house of Catholic fervour they are suddenly transplanted and bid strike root amidst the chilling ice blasts of sceptical, often ribald, infidelity.

Piety, purely emotional, glowing and effervescent, has a poor chance of lasting in such an atmosphere. The cold sneer of the sceptic, or the plausible objection of the sophist, soon quenches its fire and cools its ebullitions. The devotion that rests not on the solid bed-rock of knowledge is a feeble gift, ill suited to the questioning spirit of our age and the practical nature of the Australian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Touching Religious Vocation.

We take the following account from a letter by Mgr. Kleiner, Bishop of Mangalore, published in the last number of the *Annals*:

If this story was not of itself too long, I would prove by facts the fecundity of our apostleship. Here is, amongst others, a conversion which shows how very attentive God is in watching over the souls that are faithful to His grace. On the 28th of last July two young religious, natives of St. Anne, set out for Mysore, after having made their annual retreat. Having arrived at the railroad station, they took possession of a private compartment. Soon a young lady, resplendent with jewels, took a seat in the coach. The train started. After some moments of silence, the stranger thus addressed the two Sisters:

"Why this odd dress and this veil that covers your head?"

"We are Christian virgins, consecrated to God."

"Oh! this is beautiful," suddenly cried the young lady. "to remain a virgin to please God! I also desire to be a virgin; my heart has long since told me so, and for this reason I have refused many good proposals."

"Then come with us."

"No; I shall never go with you; I am a Protestant. My religion is better than yours. You are like idolators; you adore statues." Then pointing to the crucifix which Sisters wear on their breast; "There is an abomination; I would never consent to carry that."

The Sisters thinking they had to deal with a Protestant, like other unfair reasons, did not reply. But shortly afterwards the young lady reiterated her charges, and the Sisters, seeing simplicity and honesty manifested in her questions, told her that Protestants lied when they accused Catholics of adoring images. They plained to her the truth of their religion. The young lady seemed moved, but not convinced. Having reached Mysore the Sisters asked: "Are you acquainted with anyone in the city?"

"No," said she; "I come from Madras, I have never seen Mysore. I have a letter for the Protestant minister, who is to give me a position as school teacher or as catechist for women. But I do not know him; I do not know where he resides."

Then, at the invitation of the Sisters, our Protestant lady consented to go to the convent with them. The next morning she went in search of the minister. He was absent, but his wife welcomed her, and said her husband would return about five o'clock that evening, and had breakfast served. She did not feel at ease, a voice within bade her return to the convent. She arose, excused herself, thanked the lady, said she had friends in the city, and that she would return at five o'clock.

The young lady immediately returned to the convent. The same voice within her said: "Remain here, here alone will you be happy."

"If you will permit me," said she, "I also will become a Catholic and a religious. Now I understand all! I was obliged to leave Madras for Mysore in order to escape the attentions of a young gentleman who was determined to marry me. After my arrival at Bangalore I missed the train going to Mysore. You can conceive how lonely I felt, and this is how it happened that the next day I traveled with Sisters. I had never met Sisters before; I believed them to be Jews, and for curiosity I seated myself near them to hear what they were saying. It was thus that I met Christian virgins—I who have always desired to remain a virgin. For five years, in spite of all that our ministers said against devotion to the Virgin Mary, I secretly prayed to her each day. Now I have reached the summit of my

desires; for this may the good God be eternally blessed!"

Our convert renounced the Protestant religion, and she studied the catechism with such ardor that we were obliged to caution her against sitting up too late at nights. While she was preparing herself in this manner for baptism, which was to renovate her upon condition, she one day assisted at the Stations of the Cross with the orphans. When the tenth station was reached, where our Lord was stripped of his garments, our catechumen was deeply moved. Then, casting a glance on her jewels: "What," said she. "Our Lord consented to be stripped of his garments for love of me, and shall I dare to appear adorned with these vanities?" Instantly she doffed her jewels; then, the Stations being finished, she brought them to the Superior. When the much longed for day of her public renunciation and of her baptism arrived, the orphans urged her to wear all her ornaments at least on that day, as an emblem of joy. "No, no," said she with resolution; "I do not wish to do so. I shall never wear them more. I desire henceforth to please God alone and to become a Sister."

After her baptism and first communion she went to the convent in Bangalore, where she was admitted as a postulant with the Sisters of St. Anne. She accepted with happiness poverty in food and dress, the yoke of obedience and the renunciation of her own will.

I asked her one day if she still had a horror of crosses and statues.

"Oh! no," said she, lovingly taking the cross which she now carries suspended from her neck. "While I was a Protestant I did not understand these things: I love this cross; I venerate it, and I hope it will never forsake me."

During the devotion of the Stations of the Cross, we often remark that she tries to hide the tears that fall from her eyes. Mary Agatha is now her name, and not Ruth, the Protestant.

Anecdote About Gounod.

Speaking of his beautiful division of sacred Dramas, the principal merit of the work, we recall the story of the famous composer's musical vocation. While attending college Gounod already had a taste for music; his parents worried him about it. They complained to the principal, M. Prisson, who removed their fears: "He, a musician? never! he will be a professor, he has the mark of a Latin and Greek scholar." Being himself a trifle in doubt, he immediately had the youth Charles summoned to his study. "Let me catch you again," said he, "trembling notes. . . . Moreover, this is not a profession. . . . And then, you are not gifted. See! here is pen and paper, compose me a new air for the words of Joseph: *a peine au sortir de l'enfance*." It was recreation hour. Before the bell rang for study Gounod returned with his leaf covered with notes. He rested himself at the piano, sang his work, and caused the principal to weep. M. Prisson arose kissed him and said: "Ah! they may say what they wish: compose music!" The child followed his advice; and sacred music is indebted to him for some of its most beautiful pages.

Inactivity of the Stomach.

Persons having impoverished blood or suffering from enervation of the vital functions, or of inactivity of the stomach, or of pallor and debility, should use Almoxia wine which contains natural Salts of Iron. See analysis of Professor Heya. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions.

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

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

Forty-First Annual Commencement.

The forty-first Commencement Exercises of St. Michael's College took place in the College Hall on Tuesday, the 20th instant, at half-past nine, A.M. His Grace the Archbishop presided. Besides the members of the Faculty the following clergymen were present: Very Rev. Deans Cassidy and Egan, Father Walsh (Secretary), Fathers Barrett, C.S.S.R., Grogan, C.S.S.R., Muddigan of Dundas, McEneaney of Port Colborne, Whitney of Caledon, Lynch, Kennedy, of the Diocese of Hartford, Connecticut, T. Collins of Peterborough, City of Hamilton, J. B. Collins, C.S.B., T. Hayden, C.S.B., Buckley, C.S.B., of Owen Sound, Coyle and Redden. The Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, occupied a seat to the right of the Archbishop. Amongst the audience we noticed N. Murphy, Esq., Barrister, M. Teefy, Esq., of Richmond Hill, and R. Lewis, Esq., Teacher of Elocution. The audience, not very large by reason of the hour, consisted of the relations and friends of the students. After the items of the programme had been satisfactorily performed his Grace, in a short, well chosen speech, congratulated the winners of the prizes upon their success, and wished all of the boys a very pleasant vacation. His Grace thereupon called upon Mr. Ross, who addressed the audience. He expressed his pleasure at being present at their exercises, which had interested him very much. They showed that no department was neglected, that great attention was paid to the important item of good behaviour, that the speech he had heard as well as the declamations proved that correct enunciation was rightly insisted upon. He was glad that St. Michael's College was doing so well, and wished them all continued success.

The following is the programme:

PART FIRST.

- 1. OVERTURE, "The Chimney" THE COLLEGE BAND.
2. SALUTATORY MR. F. DOYLE
3. CHORUS "God of Nations" THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
4. RECITATION "Gualberto's Victory" MR. F. KENNEDY
5. OVERTURE "The Barber of Seville" THE ORCHESTRA
6. DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS AND SCHOLARSHIPS.

PART SECOND.

- 1. "PASSEDENA" THE COLLEGE BAND
2. SPEECH "Pope Leo XIII." MR. J. R. COTY
3. CHORUS "Jubilee Hymn" THE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB
4. RECITATION "Patriasius" MR. T. F. HOLLAND
5. DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.
6. MARCH "Home, Sweet Home" THE COLLEGE BAND.

MEDAL AND PRIZE LIST.

NOTE—THE NAMES OF THE DONORS ARE GIVEN IN PARENTHESES.

MEDALS.

- CAMPBELL MEDAL—Classics—(Archdeacon Campbell)—J. E. McRae. HONORS—1. J. Kennedy. 2. M. J. Buckley.
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DOWLING MEDAL—Literary Association—(His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton)—A. E. Hurley. HONORS—E. Harley.
MADDIGAN MEDAL—Commercial course—(Rev. Father Maddigan)—T. A. Duffy. HONORS—1. A. Ritchie. 2. J. A. Murphy. 3. K. Morrow.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

- NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—(His Grace the Archbishop)—1. J. R. Coty. 2. A. E. Hurley. 3. T. M. McDermott.
CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE (Mgr. Rooney). C. Collins. HONORS—J. R. Coty, T. P. Holland, F. P. McHugh.
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PRIZES.

GOOD CONDUCT.

- SENIOR DIVISION—(The Provincial). J. J. O'Brien. HONORS—J. H. Corcoran and T. P. Holland.
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SOCIETY PRIZES.

- ST. MICHAEL'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION—(Mgr. Noonan). E. Harley. Accessit—J. Kennedy.
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB—PRIZE—C. Brady. HONORS—A. E. Hurley, J. R. Coty, F. Kennedy, T. McDermott, C. J. Coakley.

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- (R. Lewis, Esq.) 1. F. Doyle. 2. F. Kennedy.

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- EXCELLENCE—(Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G.) 1. J. E. McRae. 2. J. Kennedy. HONORS—M. J. Buckley and J. J. O'Brien.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—M. J. Buckley.

- HONORS.—J. E. McRae. LATIN.—J. Kennedy. HONORS.—J. E. McRae. GREEK.—J. E. McRae. HONORS.—M. J. Buckley. ENGLISH.—J. Kennedy. HONORS.—M. J. Buckley.

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- EXCELLENCE—(Very Rev. Dean Egan). 1. A. Barter. 2. J. Reid. 3. T. H. Quigley. Accessit.—Jos. McCann. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—A. Barter. Accessit.—John Reid. ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—T. Quigley. Accessit.—J. Reid.

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- ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—F. Snyder. Accessit.—F. Heyward.

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- MENTAL ARITHMETIC.—C. Anderson. Accessit.—F. Dillon.

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- Geometry—1. J. E. McRae. 2. T. Stanton.

- THIRD CLASS—Algebra—1. J. Lecch. 2. P. J. Kelly.

- Geometry—1. A. Staley. 2. P. J. Kelly.

ARITHMETIC.

- FIRST CLASS—1. T. A. Duffy. 2. W. Hanley. Accessit.—T. H. Quigley and J. Grady (equal).

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Feast of the Sacred Heart.

By Father Abram Ryan

Two lights on a lonely altar,
Two snowy cloths for a Feast;
Two vases of dying roses
The morning comes from the east,
With a gleam for the folds of the vestments
And a grace for the face of the priest.

The sound of a low, sweet whisper
Floats over a little bread,
And trembles around a chalice,
And the priest bows down his head!
O'er a sign of white on the altar—
In the cup—o'er a sign of red.

As red as the red of roses,
As white as the white of snows,
But the red is a red of a surface
Beneath which a God's blood flows;
And the white is the white of a sunlight
Within which a God's flesh glows.

All words of the olden Thursday!
Ye come from the far-away!
Ye bring us the Friday's victim
In his own love's olden way.
In the hand of the priest at the altar
His heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted!
The silver-sound of a bell!
The gleam of a golden chalice
Be glad, sad heart; 'tis we'll!
He made, and he keeps love's promise,
With thee, all days to dwell!

From his hand to his lips that tremble,
From his lips to his heart a thrill,
Goes the little Host on its love-path;
Still doing the Father's will;
And over the rim of the chalice
The blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed
With the waves of a wondrous grace;
A silence falls on the altar—
An awe on each bended face—
For the Heart that bled on Calvary
Still beats in the holy place.

The priest comes down to the kneeling,
Where brows are bowed in prayer;
In the tender clasp of his fingers
A Host lies pure and fair,
And the hearts of Christ and the Christians
Meet there—and only there!

Oh! love that is deep and deathless!
Oh! faith that is strong and grand!
Oh! hope that will shine forever,
O'er the wastes of a weary land!
Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven
In the palm of the priest's pure hand.

THE LAND QUESTION.

(CONTINUED.)

To the Editor of The Register.

Sir,—My first letter begins with the words, "A law that works injustice in Ireland cannot work justice in Canada." This was intended to say, "A law that works justice in Ireland cannot work justice in Canada."

After pointing out the supreme importance in the land question, Bishop Nulty commences his letter with the following propositions: "Private property in land is not justified by its general acceptance. Human slavery was once generally accepted. Even Christians recognize slavery. The approval of the world cannot justify injustices. Private property in land is the twin sister of slavery. National right, not vested right, should control."

In defining the right of property, Bishop Nulty uses the following words:

"Every man has a natural right to the free exercise of his mental and corporal faculties; and whatever useful thing any one has produced by his toil and his labour, of that he is the rightful owner—in that he has in strict justice a right of property. The two essential characteristics of property, therefore, are: First, the thing itself must be useful for some purpose; and, secondly, it must be the product or the result of our labour. Now, the effort of the exertion demanded by labour is irksome, distasteful and repulsive to the indolence and self-indulgence that is natural to us, and, therefore, no one will voluntarily subject himself to the painful inconvenience of labour who is not stimulated by the prospect of the remuneration and enjoyment which the fruit of his labour will return him.

"Whoever, then, has voluntarily subjected himself to the painful

operations of labour has, in strict justice, a right of property in the product or result of that labour; that is to say, he, and he alone, has a right to all the advantages, the enjoyments, the pleasures and the comforts that are derivable from the results of his labour. Others cannot complain of having been excluded from the enjoyment of a thing whose production cost them nothing, which he was not bound to produce for their use, and which, were it not for his efforts, would not have existed at all. Use and exclusion are, therefore, the two essential peculiarities of the enjoyment of a right of property. The power to dispose of legitimate property is almost absolute. Property may be devoted by its owner to any purpose he pleases that is not inconsistent with the public good and does not interfere with the rights of others. He may keep it for his own use and enjoyment if he wishes, or he may exchange it by barter or sale for an equivalent in value of the property of others; he may alienate it by free gift when living, or bequeath it to anyone he pleases, as a voluntary legacy, when dying. He might even destroy it and do no wrong to anyone. If Michael Angelo, in that delirium of artistic frenzy in which he called on his celebrated statue of Moses "to speak," had dealt it a blow of his mallet, which would have created not merely a rent in its knee, but had actually shattered it into atoms, the world might indeed deplore the destruction of this immortal work as an irreparable loss, but it could not complain that he did it an injustice or a wrong. Michael Angelo was master of his own free actions, and he was not bound to spend years of labour and toil in producing that incomparable statue to delight and please the world, and, even after he had produced it, he was not bound to preserve it for its enjoyment. He might do what he liked with his own.

"Every individual whose labour produces an article of property makes a substantial addition to the wealth of the nation; and a nation's general prosperity and happiness, and the degree and abundance in which it possesses all the comforts, the enjoyments, the luxuries and pleasures of life, depend entirely on the numbers engaged in industrial productiveness, and on the skill and efficiency of their labour. Every man, no doubt, works for his own self interest, for his own benefit and happiness, but whether he wishes it or not he works, too, for the increased enjoyment and prosperity of others. No man consumes all that his labour produces, and the benefit of the superfluous products of his labour, if not enjoyed by himself, is sure to be enjoyed by some one to whom he has transferred it. If a bootmaker does not himself wear all the boots he produces, somebody else is sure to wear them for him. It is, therefore, highly in the interest of the community, as well as of individuals, to encourage the production, the multiplication, and accumulation of objects of wealth; and, therefore, to stimulate the activity and energy of the labour necessary for their production the laws of all nations, as well as the law of nature, have regarded as sacred and inviolable the right of property which a man enjoys in what he produces. O. P. H.

Bad Blood Cured.

GENTLEMEN—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for bad blood and find it, without exception, the best purifying tonic in use. A short time ago two very large and painful boils came on the back of my neck, but B. B. completely drove them away.

SAMUEL BLAIN, Toronto Junction.

On Sunday evening the tasteful little Church of St. Joseph's, Leaside, was crowded by reason of musical vespers, and a grand literary treat from Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral who preached upon the Sacred Heart.

Loretto Abbey's Piano Pupils.

The piano is pre-eminently the most popular instrument of our day, is the most universally studied, and justly so because it is everywhere the instrument of the home and the concert room. The greatest masters of the past and present have added to its literature, and given for its interpretation some of their best and most beautiful thoughts. In every Ladies' School, every Conservatory and Musical College, the majority of the students study this beautiful instrument in preference to either the organ, or violin; and the pupils of Loretto Abbey are no exception to the rule, for in this very celebrated Institution there are many young ladies, the majority possessing in no ordinary degree genuine musical talent studying the piano, some of whom have already arrived at a high state of proficiency under the excellent and painstaking tuition of the Sisters in the abbey. In the yearly examinations conducted by the writer the young ladies perform with commendable success and technical accuracy Beethoven sonatas, Chopin's ballades, and scherzos and rondos by Mendelssohn and Weber; and pupils in the junior department play lighter pieces by Lysberg, Kuhn and Behr. Diplomats were granted this year to Miss Chopitea and Miss Wright respectively, and both of those young ladies certainly earned them. The former played the G minor ballade by Chopin, and Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; and Miss Wright performed Chopin's popular B flat minor scherzo, and the sonata pathetique by Beethoven. These numbers were played with much brilliancy and with considerable attention to light and shade, and the various details which go to make really artistic playing.

In the gold Medal class there were several who displayed real ability, and who give much promise, notably Miss Guttin (who won the Gold Medal) and Miss Miller and Hawkins who were next in the order of merit. The silver medal was won by Miss Barr, although here as in the former class, the competition was close, the young ladies as a whole playing remarkably well, that of Miss Barr and Miss Butler who was second best, being particularly good.

In the division 5th class Miss Dodge and Miss Ross were equal; in the 4th class, Miss McMahon and Miss Kennedy were likewise equal; and in the division 4th class Miss Kirk, a very talented young lady, whose touch and general style is already neat and quite finished, was first in order, and Miss Lynn in 3rd class.

The musical work done in the Abbey as shown by the different young ladies performances was highly gratifying to me; and although the public hear but little of what is going on musically within its spacious walls, the pupils are pursuing their studies faithfully and assiduously under the energetic and thorough teaching of the patient, sympathetic and talented Sisters of the Institution. W. O. FORSYTH.

Letter from Mr. Blake.

The following is from the St. Catherine's Evening Journal:

On last St. Patrick's day, at the suggestion of the pastor of St. Catherine's Roman Catholic Church, the Very Reverend Dean Harris, a collection was taken up, at the morning service, in aid of the Home Rule Fund, and the sum of some one hundred and thirty dollars realized. A sterling draft for the sum of £24.6.1 was, through Mr. John McKeown, of this city, transmitted to the Honorable Edward Blake, the Canadian statesman, who at great personal sacrifice is now doing grand battle for the cause of Irish self government.

Mr. Blake, who is an old University classmate of Mr. McKeown's, acknow-

ledges the receipt of the draft in the following letter, received yesterday:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 4, '93.

My Dear McKeown:

I have received the draft for £24.6.1, the proceeds of St. Catherine's collection in aid of Home Rule, and have transmitted it to Messrs McCarthy, Sexton and Dillon, trustees, with the request that they would cause the receipt to be published and acknowledged to you. Pray thank the people from me. It gave me great pleasure to receive the amount from you, and to read your kind letter.

Believe me, I have never forgotten old days and old friendships; and that I long more closely to them and value them more than ever now when I am separated from almost all I hold dear. It is doubtful whether I will be able to return to Canada this summer for a visit, as I had planned. We are struggling on here under great difficulties, as you will see; but with good heart and hope for a final triumph. Believe me as ever your attached friend,

EDWARD BLAKE.

John McKeown, Esq.,
St. Catharines, Ont.

Obituary.

Few names commanded more respect in the southern portion of the County of Ontario than that of Dennis O'Connor, whose death took place on Monday morning, the 19th inst., at his residence in the Township of Pickering. A short time ago he received a paralytic stroke from which he partially rallied, but last week showed symptoms of relapse. The details of his age and life are not yet well enough known to us to state anything positively. He was a native of Cork, Ireland, and came to this country many years ago to the very place where, in courage and labor, he built a home of comfort and plenty. His years were full, for his age is over eighty five. He was twice married, his second wife still surviving him. By his first wife he had two children, the elder of whom is now the esteemed Bishop of London. The second, a daughter, entered religion, but is dead these many years. Two daughters by the second wife have also devoted their lives to the Church, one amongst the Sisters of Loretto, the other being a sister of St. Joseph. The rest of the family, consisting of two sons and one daughter, are living near the old homestead.

Mr. Dennis O'Connor was a man of sterling worth, upright character, and indomitable determination. Being of a retired disposition he never took any prominent part in politics, but lived a long and holy life with the single purpose of serving his God, his Church and his family. May his soul rest in peace!

Blantyre Park Picnic.

The Executive Committee having the arrangements for the picnic on Dominion Day at Blantyre Park met last Monday evening at St. Michael's School. Reports were received from the various sub-committees, which showed that they had been diligent in discharging the several duties assigned to them. Arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk Railway and the Toronto Street Railway and a connecting line for the carrying of persons wishing to attend the picnic. The hours of trains will be announced by handbills and advertisement. The Amusement Committee promise an excellent programme of sports and attractive prizes for the participants. The Music Committee have been instructed to secure the services of the 48th Highlanders' Band and a first class String Band as well. All the indications at present point to an immense success for this inaugural picnic at Blantyre Park.

Thornhill Picnic.

On Wednesday, June 23rd, a picnic will be held at the Hawthorne Mineral Spring Grove, Thornhill, in aid of the Catholic Presbytery. The new Pastor is leaving nothing undone to have the picnic a success. A very enjoyable day will be expected, weather permitting, in that picturesque grove, and we feel sure the Pastor will appreciate the presence of all who will attend. Let the friends of Father McMahon turn out in their numbers and help him and his people to make the enterprise as successful as it deserves to be.

Stick To The Right.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

St. Joseph's Academy closed yesterday. The scene is changed from former years when an elaborate programme was carried out amidst admiring throngs. This year His Grace assisted at High Mass, and then, the pupils assembling in the Hall, distributed awards to the successful candidates. We regret that for want of space we shall have to postpone further report till next week.

REPENTED AT LAST.

A Mining Story by Mary Hunt in Leaflets from *Loreto*.

CHAPTER I.

"Forward Ho!" The miners shouldered their pick axes and marched on hurriedly in answer to their Captain's command: and many an old digger shook his head as he looked at the threatening clouds and prophesied a coming storm.

At noon the sky had been clear, and nothing seemed to speak of a wild night around the mines in New South Wales.

But soon the sun was darkened and the winds swept along the mountains. Hour by hour Captain Burke watched the menacing clouds, then thinking his miners safer, sheltered by their mean huts, sternly gave the command, "Forward Ho!"

As the gold diggers clambered along the way, the storm increased and great flashes of lightning rent the darkened sky and threw, for one moment, a gleam of light around the Captain and his little band. All kept to the well-known track, save one, who, faithfully followed by his dog, had taken his own homeward path. He walked with his head bent downward and seemed to care little for the raging storm. Now and then a gleam of light would fall upon the dark and hardened face, showing there no sign of human virtues. It was a wild face, partly hidden by grizzly black hair, which was worn at an uncommon length, descending low on the brow and giving him a sullen and almost stupid expression; his eyes were cold and black; and he continually cast them about him with a restless suspicion; his back was slightly bent with age, and an accident in his youth had deformed his left shoulder, giving him a most awkward appearance. And now, as he crept through the night, he seemed more like a dark shadow than a human form.

Although three years had passed since Ben Darley had arrived at Goulburn, a village in the centre of the mining region, no one knew anything of him, except his name, which the miners had lately changed to Miser Ben, for the two-fold reason that he loved and hoarded gold, and treasured jealousy in his mind deep and secret thoughts; and now as he paused in the ceaseless storm he seemed to live in his own sad musings. An angry peal of thunder burst over his head, and at the same instant the dog crept to his master's feet with a low, impatient growl. Old Darley knelt down on the damp path and patted his faithful friend; then after a few muttered carcases said—"So, old Pompey, you think it is time to go out of the storm. Come, then, and old Miser Ben will share with you the last crust upon his shelf." He then arose and quickened his pace, and before many moments stood within his little hut. It was a mean dwelling, containing only two rooms, which were poorly furnished but kept scrupulously clean by old Ben Darley. The room in which he stood contained only one chair and a time worn table, which was supported at one end by the boughs of a tree. In one corner of the room was an old fashioned fire-place built of bricks and dark colored clay. Opposite this, and at the farther end, a shelf was constructed in the wall. In its deepest shadows stood a crucifix almost hidden by dust and cobwebs, for the old miner had of late neglected the niche where stood the emblem of his salvation. And now as he lighted his candle and kindled the log upon the hearth not one thought was given to Him who sacrificed His life for the sins of men. After Ben had shared his supper with his dog his head sank heavily on the table and he fell into a troubled sleep, while the midnight hour dragged wearily on.

CHAPTER II.

The morning broke with a clear and bright sky, the air was cool and re-

freshing after the heavy showers of the night. The rain-drops, which were still resting on the foliage, glistened brightly in the morning sun. At day-break the Australian women had gathered at the edge of the mine to search for the tiny particles of gold that might have been washed to the surface by the rain. Both women and children carried in their hands small baskets, and as they moved around, with their bright colored shawls thrown loosely over their shoulders, they made a pretty picture. Near them stood a tall young man with a frank and pleasant countenance. He gazed on their work with interest; and several times an amused smile passed over his features as parts of their confused conversation reached his ears. Presently a horse was heard galloping up the path, and Captain Burke was soon in view. The women stopped their work to look after "Good Captain Hal." As he neared the stranger he dismounted, saying, "Good morning, my young friend; I see you are interested in the crowd before you; I suppose it is one new to you?"

"Yes," and Howard Dane looked again towards the busy wives.

"Yes, it is a scene strange to me, but one I hope to enjoy again. Do you know, Captain Burke, this rude group has impressed me deeply. While standing here, I have learnt a lesson that alone nature could teach.

The Captain looked intently on the radiant face of the speaker, then said: "It may be that this morning you will become my instructor." Then with a jovial air he continued—"And it would not harm an old man like me to know what golden thoughts have entered thy young head." The youth in answer smiled and said:

"As I looked at your busy workers, gathering the sands of gold from the black soil beneath, I thought that when picking my steps through the dark path of life I might in a like manner gather the golden sands of virtue, which at the end of my journey would make my eternal crown."

For a moment Captain Hal was silent and perplexed. "Twenty long years I have lived among those mines, and no such thought has entered my old head; but come, now, I must be off to Goulburn, we will expect you to follow this evening."

With these words the abrupt Captain hurried away. Howard followed him with a steady gaze. He was greatly indebted to this sturdy man, for through his influence he was now employed in a large business house in Sidney.

Ere Howard Dane turned to go, he looked once more at the scene before him.

The women had now quitted their work and were smiling and nodding to a fair young girl, who stood in their midst.

Edith Fenton had always been a favorite among the diggers and their wives, while the children almost idolized their "fair haired queen."

Colonel Fenton had settled in Australia at the time of the great rush.

Like many others, he left his native country and tried his success among the gold diggings. After many years of hardships, he realized a large fortune and then retired to Sydney, where he now lived quietly, caring little for anything save his daughter Edith, and an occasional visit to the mines.

At a distance from the group and near Howard Dane stood the bent form of Ben Darley.

Of all the miners no one loved Edith Fenton better than the old miser; but while the other, crowded near, he avoided her soft, searching gaze. As he stood looking at her a light seemed to break over his hardened features; but turning he caught sight of Howard and gazed until a vacant stare overspread his face, then with a heavy groan and despairing cry, he called aloud, "O God! my promise, my pro-

mise!" In a moment the youth was at his side. As old Ben turned towards him a ghastly palor crept over his face and for a moment he struggled violently; but the next instant he became perfectly calm, and except for his ashen brow and trembling lips, one would think that nothing had happened.

He gazed steadily at him, then said, "You look like a stranger, yet—you are here to accuse me;" then with some of his former emotion he continued, "God knows, my heavy conscience is enough, but your face, your very look almost drives me mad."

The youth advanced and laid his hand tenderly upon the old man's shoulder. "I am a stranger," he said, "and ready to be your friend."

"No! I can have no friends," replied the old man in pitiful tones; then with a half frightened look he continued, "but you know her—you know Alice."

Howard started; then remembering that there might be others of that name besides his little sister, said: "Yes, I know Alice, poor blind Alice, I"—

"But your name," interrupted the miser.

"Mine! I am Howard Dane."

Old Ben clutched his arm fiercely, while he crouched almost timidly at his feet. At that moment a band of miners came up, and the old man, covering himself, muttered a few words and crept away.

CHAPTER III.

Two years have passed since Howard Dane first came to Australia. When only a few months at Sydney he had already won the respect of all. The miners knew that never a braver lad had come among them; he was always willing and able to help them, and by many acts of kindness lessened the hardships among the mines. No one admired the youth more than Colonel Fenton; together they spent most of their evenings at chess; their game being finished, they would chat gaily to each other, while again the old man related many of the trials and oppressions of his younger days. Edith would sit quietly by listening to them with interest, but rarely joining in their conversations. She, too, admired Howard; his proud, noble face had a charm for her. Little by little, she had heard from him the story of his life. Although his father had been dead for many years, his little sister Alice had been tenderly loved and cared for by his mother, but at last came the blow; their mother was taken from them and they were left to the mercy of their uncle Bennet Dane, a hard-hearted selfish man. He stood at their mother's death bed and promised to befriend his brother's children. It was wonderful to see how the blind and innocent child clung to her uncle, while she received from him little but cruelty. He was always surrounded by his own friends and heeded little the needs of the orphans. After a year passed he tired of his duty and forgot his promise. He made long tours through the continent, but rarely visited Florence, where the children remained. One day he left them, saying that his stay would be longer than usual. He never returned, and thus broke that solemn promise by which he was in duty bound to protect the orphans; and now that he might better satisfy his selfish nature left them to desolation.

Howard struggled on wearily for a few years; then leaving his sister at a convent, he started for Australia. He wrote her long and interesting letters, and she answered in a small timid hand. One of these letters Howard carried with him to his old friend, Colonel Fenton, and read it to him and his daughter. When he came to the words "I shall wait for Uncle Bennet, and although I am blind, I think I will see him first," he was overcome and his eyes filled with tears, but mastering his grief he said, "Although

she is seventeen she is as innocent as a child. I thank God she is blind and cannot find the path to sin."

From that time Edith became interested in little Alice, and it was soon agreed that she would leave Florence and make her home at Sydney. When spring came Alice was the first flower greeted among them. One day, about a month after the child arrived, she was seated in Colonel Fenton's garden, singing a sweet little song. She was interrupted by the sound of a footstep on the gravel path. A moment later, a feverish hand was laid upon her head and an eager voice questioned—"Are you Alice, little Alice?"

For a moment a sweet dreamy light came into the child's eyes; then she said, "Yes, I am blind Alice and— and are you Uncle Bennet?"

The old man crouched away, and in a moment was gone. At the same instant something fell on the path, and the child stooping down, clasped it in her little hands.

It an old-fashioned purse or bag; at one end was a peculiar brass plate on which was engraved the name—Bennet Dane. After the child seized it, she walked hurriedly towards the house and carried it to her confidant and friend, Edith Fenton.

When Howard came that evening, the child cried gleefully, "I have seen him. I have seen him." Before long he knew all, and now understood what had puzzled him for years. The next morning the Colonel and Howard took their way to the miser's hut.

They found him bowed before the Crucifix, that stood on the dusky shelf. Grief was seen in his aged face and trembling form, and his whole attitude proved that the sinner "Repented at Last."

A month later the miser's life had drawn to a close. Bennet Dane—alias Darley—died with the name of Jesus on his lips.

As time passed Edith and Howard saw Alice grow sad and pensive; in autumn their spring flower dropped its head and was buried under the winter snow.

One lovely spring morning a quiet wedding took place in a little chapel in Sydney, and Edith and Howard were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. When summer came, and the ground was covered with flowers, they went together and laid floral wreaths upon two green mounds in the quiet churchyard.

Here, side by side, in the shade of the old stone church, slept sweet blind Alice and the repentant uncle.

MARY HUNT.

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR

BAKING
POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLET, Toronto, Ont.

FLEXIBLE BRIDLED
TRY THEM
FLAT
BOECKH
BRUSHES

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

Edmund Browne in the Lamp.

One sad defect in Irish literature is the absence of a good collection of the sparkling and humorous sayings for which Irish men and women of all ages have been remarkable. Even down to the present time they prevail in my lord's castle and his servants' hall. A story is told, that shortly before the termination of Mr. Balfour's Chief Secretaryship he entertained, among others, Father Healy, the wit of Bray. Mr. Balfour asked Father Healy if he thought that the people of Ireland disliked him as much as they pretended; to which the vicar of Little Bray replied: "If they only hated the devil half as much the priests of Ireland might take a long holiday." Another story is told of his Grace the present Archbishop of Cashel, examining a little peasant boy on the Catechism, and asking him "What was matrimony?" "The little fellow couldn't recall the exact words of the answer, but determined not to be beaten, replied "Two people getting married, your Grace." "Could two little boys get married?" pursued the Archbishop. "Yis, your Grace." "How is that?" "To two little girls, your Grace."

Irish wit and humour has an air of simplicity, and yet simplicity is not its character. It belongs more to the mind than to the tongue, and more to the heart than either. It cannot be called a pun, a quiz, or a joke. It is unstudied, and it comes unsearched and uncalled for. It is to be found in the writings of the novelists, the dramatists, the poets, and, indeed, in all departments of Irish literature. Yet a great amount has been lost from the fact that no good record has been kept. What a delightful collection might be made if even the sayings of the Monks of the Scrow were preserved? In looking up materials for a series of lectures I had to deliver on illustrious Irishmen, I kept continually coming across the most witty and humorous passages, strewn here and there with the most eloquent and pathetic word-painting. An instance of this may be found in a speech delivered by O'Connell in his native Kerry, where, after delivering an eloquent burst, a drunken opponent shouted out some objectionable remark. O'Connell appealed to some of the audience to take and show him the lakes of Killarney. "The bottom iv'em, Counsellor?" (as he was familiarly called), said a witty listener. "Oh, no," said O'Connell: "I don't want to frighten the fish." His anecdotes, with those of Curran and the host of other wits who from time to time adorn the Irish Bar, would fill a good-sized volume. After exhausting these I took up the works of Dean Swift. He was a perfect master of satirical wit and humour. He told the Irish people "to burn everything English but her coals," and in reply to an English lady, who praised the air of Ireland, he said: "For goodness sake do not tell them of that when you go back to England or they will tax it on us."

There is an impression prevalent among many people with a taste for reading that standard works are the repositories of all that is good in literature and it is frequently urged that life is too short to be spent in exploring literary byeways. Now, this is as absurd as to imagine that the wild flower of the valley has none of the charm which nature has bestowed with such prodigality on its more favoured relation the rose, "that proud in beauty glows" in Arcadian bowers. And so it is with Irish literature. Lever, Carleton, and Lover are generally believed to have a monopoly of the humorous in fiction.

The two former present to my mind little short of a grotesque caricature. Lover, however, although sometimes

straying from the true paths of character-sketching, makes one laugh rather with, than at his creations. For instance, his old lady who goes into a shop in Dublin for a halfpenny candle, and is informed that in consequence of the Russian war they are raised in price to a penny, exclaims, "Wisha, glory be to God, do they fight by candle-light in Russia?" is very happy. The true representative of the Irishman in fiction is to be found in that literary wild-flower, *The Homes of Tipperary*, by poor, kindly O. J. Kickham. Yet he is unknown almost to English readers, and what is still more unfortunate, even were they to read him it is very doubtful if they would understand or appreciate him. Their Irish characters of fiction—aye, indeed, and very often of reality—are monstrosities dressed up in swallow-tail coats, battered tall hats, with a clay pipe stuck in the front, something like an exaggeration of a policeman's *baton* being twirled around their fingers while with a shout they exclaim, "Shure and bedad, who'll thread on the tail of my coat now, you spalpeen." This is simply painful to an Irish person acquainted with his country people at home. It is sad in other respects, too; for it is this want of knowledge by the English people of their Irish neighbours that has been the cause of much of the trouble which has existed so long between them. I have an abiding faith in the ultimate recollection of the two peoples. When the Irishman is divested of the absurd habiliments with which the fifth-rate music hall artiste has decked him for parade before unenlightened English audiences, and when the cause of his country is likewise stripped of the trappings with which unscrupulous politicians have surrounded it, sometimes for selfish and always for ignoble purposes, both will recommend themselves to the English mind.

The Homes of Tipperary has brought tears and laughter alternately from many a reader. It would be difficult to find in Irish fiction a more humorous scene than that enacted on the day of Maurice Kearney's station—in parts of Ireland churches were so far apart that the priests had, and in some places they do so up to the present time, to assemble the people at convenient places for Easter duty; Barney Broderick's violent encounter with the priest's boy; the reproving speech of one of the onlookers reminding Barney that he had been on his duty (meaning to Confession and Holy Communion) and that it was a shame for him.

"D—n well he knows that I'm in the sthate of grace, but, plaze God, I won't be always so, and then I'll break every bone in his body, the Kerry blaguard from the County Limerick."

This class of humour, known as Irish bulls, is not the genuine article. It is a peculiarity of the Celtic mind that it is capable of receiving more than one impression at once; but oftentimes in the endeavour to give expression to one idea another comes rushing forward and the two not infrequently get jumbled together, producing the Irish bull. On another occasion Barney Broderick was asked by an intending traveller by rail if he thought he would catch a train. "Oh, you've lots uv time, but if you don't hurry you'll be late," was the reply. This looks at first somewhat of the nature of an Irish bull, but on close observance it is only a slight exaggeration. Barney undoubtedly wanted to convey to the mind of the traveller that he hadn't lost the train, but that he'd require to put on speed to catch it. I must leave a more lengthy reference to humorous fiction for a future article.

As a blood-purifier, the most eminent physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful combination of vegetable alteratives ever offered to the public. As a spring and family medicine, it may be freely used by the old and young alike.

A Clever Canary Bird.

My canary bird Noah is singing over my head an unusually beautiful and cheering song, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Times*, and I fancy that his clear notes are due to the clever trick he performed one morning lately. The night before he had been very cold, but the sun rose warm and the chill wind had departed, so that when Noah, in his pretty, clever way, begged me to let him have a little fly around the garden, I opened the window and bade him go.

On these rare occasions he waits for my whistle to tell him "time's up," but on this occasion I had not more than seated myself at my work when I saw Noah at the window pane. I was surprised, but concluded that he had found the air unpleasantly cool; so I raised the sash to admit him.

But as I put out my hand to take him he flew back into the garden. I laughed at his play, for I took it to be that, and went back to my seat. In another minute, however, I heard a flutter of wings once more against the glass, and saw Noah there again. Calling to him that I was not to be fooled again, I kept my seat, but he continued to throw himself so violently against the pane that I was afraid he would kill himself, so I once more opened the window.

As soon as I did so, he flew away as before, but this time it dawned on me that he might mean something by his conduct. I stepped out into the garden, where he greeted me with a burst of joyful song, and flew away just a few feet ahead of me, looking back as he fluttered on. I followed and he led me to a rose bush at the other end of the garden, but I could not see what brought him, until, with a series of loud staccato notes, he flew down beside a heap of yellow leaves.

Then I saw lying there what I took to be a dead canary, but when I stooped and took it up in my hand it stirred feebly. The poor little creature had evidently been out all night in the cold and was almost frozen, but on my placing it near the stove in a spool basket on a soft bed of cotton, it gradually revived.

Noah was delighted, and would fly from me back to the invalid twenty times a minute, trilling his prettiest songs and hopping about the other canary with his saucy head on one side and chirping, "How are you now, brother?" as plainly as if he said it.

I have advertised for the lost bird's owner, and no one has appeared as yet.

Woolen aprons are recommended either to cooks or other women who are constantly about a hot stove.

It is said that a pinch of salt placed on the tongue, and allowed to dissolve slowly, is a certain cure for sick headache.

A reliable clock is a necessity in the kitchen, and should be furnished if something else is sacrificed. Cooking cannot be properly done without it.

Pure castor oil is highly recommended as the best preservative of harness leather, as, while it keeps it silky and supple, it will not soak in, like neat-foot and lard oils.

A great convenience when cleaning house is a stick with a notch cut in the end that will lift the picture cords off from the hooks without so much stepping up and down.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

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



GENEROUSLY GIVEN THE POOR. San Francisco, Tex., June 12, 1910. Two years ago you were kind enough to send me a bottle of your Nerve Tonic, which gave me relief from the suffering from which I was suffering, and I got well after using it. I have since given it to my poor friends, and it has done them good. I have since given it to my poor friends, and it has done them good. I have since given it to my poor friends, and it has done them good.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine that ever helped me. I was a sufferer who was suffering from nervousness and I had been suffering for ten years. I was recommended to try it to many of my friends, and I had the desired effect. A few months ago I was afflicted with epilepsy for several years and I was recommended to use Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and I used three bottles cured me entirely. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

June 22 - Votive Office of the Most Blessed Sacrament.
23 - Vigil of St. John Baptist.
24 - Nativity of St. John Baptist.
25 - Fifth Sunday after Pentecost, S. Gallian, Martyr.
26 - SS. John and Paul, Martyrs.
27 - S. William, Abbot.
28 - S. Leo II., Pope, Confessor.
Vigil of SS. Peter and Paul

CIRCULAR LETTER.

— OF —
His Grace Archbishop Walsh
— TO THE —
CLERGY OF THE CITY.

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS:

We deem it our duty to call your attention, and the attention also of your people, to the recent action of the City Council Executive in refusing the allowance hitherto given for the treatment of the poor in St. Michael's Hospital. The reasons given for this hostile action rest on foundations of sand. One member spoke against sectarianism in the public dealings with the Hospitals. "Sectarianism" is here doubtless meant for distinctive religious beliefs and ministrations. Now, if the teachings and ministrations of the Christian faith are at all times of the greatest moment to man, if the consolations and hopes and the sustaining influences and graces which the Christian religion imparts are at all times of priceless value, surely they must be of infinite importance and of inestimable value to all, but especially to the poor, in the time of pain and suffering, and amid the sorrows and anguish and fears of the death bed. If public charity should always be given not only in a spirit of impartial justice, but also in a spirit of Christian tenderness and compassion, it should be administered with special sympathy and kindly thoughtfulness during the visitations of sickness, and in a way that will bring most comfort to the heart and the soul that are sick as well as to the suffering body.

Can any one for a moment deny that for the sick Catholic poor the ministrations, of the Sisters of Charity, their Christ-like sympathy for the suffering, their life-long consecration to the alleviation of human misery, their prayers and spiritual exhortations and instructions, the hopes and the trust in the merciful God their presence and example as well as their words inspire, are of a value and importance that are simply inestimable? Is it kind, is it charitable, is it Christian to take the poor that are at our mercy, and especially in the dark hours of their sickness that for many may be unto death, away from such blessed influence and comfort of surroundings, and force them into institutions where, from the nature of things, they cannot have these priceless advantages in full measure and completeness?

But, says another sapient alderman—a medical doctor—"These charitable

institutions are mere 'fads,' and were the grants continued to them the General Hospital would be sadly crippled." So that it is the welfare of the General Hospital that must be considered, and not the interests of the sick poor. In other words, the sick poor exist for the sake of the hospital, and not the hospital for the sick poor. The doctor justifies his course by what, in face of the evidence, we must call false allegations and accusations. Hear him: "The responsible Superintendent is not a qualified physician, for it is no other than Madama de Chantal." This lady is the responsible Superintendent of the institution as far as its general and economic management is concerned, but she has nothing whatever to do with the medical treatment of the patients; and the institution has a qualified resident physician, who is medical superintendent. Hence the allegation of the doctor is false, in the sense which he meant.

Again he accuses the religious nurses of the institution as negligent and inefficient, and he bases this serious charge on the evidence of two physicians whose names are not mentioned, but which he was prepared to impart *privately*. What sort of evidence is this on which to assail the character and smirch the fair fame of an important institution? Such back-stair evidence would be laughed out of a court of law; and yet it is on the strength of such testimony the public are asked to believe the story of the inefficiency and negligence of the Sisters as nurses! Who are those unnamed physicians? If they exist let them, in common fairness and manliness, come forward and give their names, and then we shall be able to estimate the value of their testimony.

Happily for the interests of truth and for the defence of the Sisters we have not to depend on the hole-and-corner evidence of nameless doctors. Here is the evidence of the resident Medical Superintendent, and here also is quoted the testimony of the Medical Staff of St. Michael's Hospital.

DR. DWYER'S STATEMENT.

Editor News—In Friday's issue of your paper certain statements were made by Ald. Orr concerning St. Michael's Hospital. These statements were made during a committee meeting of the City Council and are as follows:

1. That I am not a qualified physician.
2. The nursing is defective.
3. That no advantages are given to students.
4. That patients are kept after being cured and given work to do such as cooking, etc.
5. That patients are not properly attended.

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

1. I am a graduate of Toronto University, and a licensed practitioner, and I am and have been the resident medical superintendent of St. Michael's, dating from its inception.
2. We have a competent staff of nurses, while of their faithfulness and efficiency the staff and I are the best judges, and they are fully up to the standard.
3. The students of the Women's Medical College have had clinics all winter, and the same liberty has been given to Toronto University—a privilege which has been taken advantage of, as will be seen by the curriculum.
4. Patients are not given work to do when convalescent any more than at the General Hospital, where one of the printed rules is that convalescent patients must assist the nurses.

The fifth charge may be characterized as grossly untrue.

It is also insinuated that St. Michael's is a sectarian institution. Since the

opening 100 Protestants have been treated, and no distinction has ever been made between denominations. This does not favor of sectarianism.

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

R. J. DWYER, M.D., M.C.P.S.O.,
Medical Superintendent.
St. Michael's Hospital, June 2, 1893.

TESTIMONY OF THE MEDICAL STAFF.

Owing to statements made concerning St. Michael's Hospital by Dr. Orr, as reported by the public press, a meeting of the Staff was called on Thursday afternoon, 8th June and it was unanimously resolved:

1st. That the resident physician is a thoroughly qualified and efficient Superintendent.

2nd. That the nursing has been satisfactory, and the nurses have been efficient and attentive.

3rd. That the Hospital has been used extensively for clinical instruction by the Faculty and Students of the Woman's Medical College, and that the Students of the University of Toronto have had the same privileges.

4th. That the management and equipment are excellent.

5th. That patients have been admitted and treated without regard to creed.

6th. That a down town Emergency Hospital is desirable for the reception of severe accident cases.

7th. Moreover, that since Dr. Orr's statements have influenced the public as well as the City Council prejudicially to the interests of the Hospital, we desire to contradict them, and express the hope that St. Michael's Hospital will continue to receive the same aid from the City Council that it has in the past.

C. R. CUTHBERTSON, M.D.

N. WALLACE, M.D.

T. F. McMAHON, M.D.

WALTER McKEOWN.

R. B. NEVITT.

J. A. ANVOT.

EDMUND E. KING.

I. H. CAMERON.

C. McKENNA.

A. McPHEDRAN.

A. H. GARRATT.

D. CAMPBELL MEYERS.

JOHN CAVEN, M.B.

WM. OLDRIGHT.

In the face of such overwhelming evidence we rebel with just indignation the false charges and malignant accusations made against St. Michael's Hospital and the devoted and Christ-consecrated women who minister within its walls, and who have left the world and all that it holds dear to expend their lives, for Christ's dear sake, in the service of the poor, the sick and the suffering. They labour not for earthly gain or human applause; they do good by stealth and blush to find it fame; and in this materialistic age their self-denial and self-sacrifice, their disinterested labours, their life-long consecration to the great and holy cause of aiding and relieving the suffering poor, in smoothing the pillow of the sick bed, and raising heavenward the thoughts and hopes of the dying, deserve public recognition and commendation instead of the revilings and injustices of blind and brutal bigotry.

In this connection we make bold to affirm that neither the action of the Executive of the City Council nor the groundless reasons on which that action is sought to be justified represent the views or receive the approval of the fair-minded, intelligent citizens of Toronto. These citizens are large-hearted and tender towards the poor, and are animated by the spirit of justice and fair play towards their fellow-citizens of all denominations, and we are very much mistaken if, in due time, they will fail to right the wrong inflicted, and to require that the sick poor shall be sent to the institutions of their choice.

What good can this wretched intolerance and religious bigotry effect?

Will they contribute to the promotion and diffusion of the sweet charities of life? Will they make the social relations of our citizens pleasanter and happier? Will they not, on the contrary, serve to offend and irritate, and to sting with a sense of wrong a large class of our fellow-citizens?

In any case, the duty of our Catholic people in this emergency is as clear as the day. We must protect, help and uphold St. Michael's Hospital. We must aid it by our sympathy, our encouragement and by monetary contributions. We must enable it to keep its doors wide open for the sick poor, whether Catholic or Protestant. No child of misfortune of any creed or color must ever be refused its sacred hospitality when suffering from the pangs of disease. Above all, we charge the Catholic Clergy of this city to see to it that all our sick poor who need medical treatment shall be sent to St. Michael's Hospital. There they will be heartily welcome; there their bodily ailments will be carefully and scientifically treated, and their religious interests will be in safe keeping; there the holy Sacraments can be administered with the respect and reverence due to them, and can be received by the sick and dying poor in prayerful recollection without the fear of the scoffs and sneers of unbelievers.

We require of the Clergy to announce from their pulpits on Sunday next our express desire that all our sick poor shall henceforward go to St. Michael's Hospital for medical treatment, and we expect of our Clergy that they will faithfully carry out our desires in this respect.

This circular letter shall be read at all the Masses in all the Catholic churches in this city on Sunday next.

Believe us to be,

Rev. and Dear Fathers,

Your devoted servant in Christ,

† JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace,

Toronto, June the 17th, 1893.

N. B.—It is but fair to state that his worship the Mayor and several Aldermen did their duty nobly by St. Michael's Hospital, and the fact will not be forgotten by our people.

† J. W.

The above circular needs no endorsement from us, and we can give no better comment than to quote the remarks made by Father Ryan upon reading the document at High Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday. He said: "This splendid letter was a powerful and practical sermon. It spoke eloquently for St. Michael's Hospital, and as eloquently for the clear head and brave heart of the venerable Archbishop of Toronto. Archbishop Walsh, he said, had the gifts of a great ruler. He knew how to keep silent and how and when to speak. His dignified silence under brutal provocation won for him the esteem of the most respectable citizens of all classes and creeds, while his amiable character, his large minded views, and his wise and prudent administration had contributed much to civic and social harmony in Toronto. But like a true pastor and watchful shepherd he knew when and how to speak with power and effect. His splendid letter was a timely and brave defence of a noble institution and a devoted order of women against a slanderous and cowardly attack. The letter eloquently explained itself. Father Ryan said that he would only add that, from daily attendance at St. Michael's Hospital since its opening, and from an intimate knowledge of the best hospitals in Europe, the United States and Canada, he could testify, without fear of successful contradiction from medical aldermen, that St. Michael's Hospital could favourably compare with the best in medical skill and treatment and in efficient and devoted nursing and care of the sick and suffering."

The Royal Surrey.

It appears to be the intention of Lord Salisbury and his desperate Tory clique to arouse all London by a series of meetings against Home Rule for Ireland. The noble lord is fully convinced, against all appearances to the contrary, that his mission to Belfast was a triumphant success; and now, after consulting with Messrs. Balfour, Goschen and the other leading Conservatives, he has resolved to address himself to all the constituencies in the great Metropolis, and raise such a storm that must carry in its track and fury not only all London, but all England, from Land's End to the Cheviots.

Never, in British history, did any Imperial Act meet with such desperate and bull-dog opposition as the Home Rule Bill. There is no quarter shown the enemy, no truce given; it is hack and hew without mercy all along the line. The opponents of the measure, besides their own innate hatred of Ireland's autonomy which prevents them from yielding graciously to any liberal concession, are fascinated with the undying hope of a break in the ranks of Irish Nationalists, or what would be still more acceptable, if not mere welcome, a break in the vigorous health, or in the clear-seeing intellect of the Grand Old Man. Insanity or general debility, the ordinary result of old age, or even death itself, may be reckoned as factors in Tory calculations of a protracted debate on the Home Rule Bill.

Now that all such contingencies, owing to Mr. Gladstone's pure and sober habits of life, seem relegated to the beginning of the coming century, another appeal must be made to the passions and prejudices of the uneducated amongst the masses of London. The first of such contemplated meetings was last week held in the Royal Surrey Theatre. The leader of the obstructionist opposition illustrated his opinion of Mr. Gladstone's action towards Ireland with an elaborate metaphor based on the account of the recent disaster in Washington. "The Premier," his lordship said, "was digging a cellar under the ancient fabric of the Empire. He was working carelessly, as did the men under the old theatre in Washington. If he should be allowed to continue his task all three floors of the Imperial building, throne, church and parliament, would come crushing down around the heads of the destructive Liberal party."

Such bare-faced assumption and begging the question can make but little impression on the cool-headed, thinking people of England. Far from sapping the foundations or undermining the structure, Mr. Gladstone, than whom no more loyal or purer patriot breathes in Great Britain to-day, is but rearing up props and pillars to sustain the Empire such as never existed before. The new solid buttresses that England's greatest statesman has discovered are the heartfelt gratitude and new born loyalty of a long suffering nation. The sympathies, the affections and effective strength of millions of Irishmen at home and abroad are the gigantic towers that England must in the

future lean upon in her struggle for existence and permanency as a power of the first magnitude.

Lord Salisbury's closed meeting within the walls of the Royal Surrey Theatre formed a very striking contrast to the open-air demonstration in favour of Home Rule that was held two weeks previously in Hyde Park. Of this monster meeting the cable stated: "Regarded as an indication of popular feeling to-day's proceedings have rarely been equalled and never surpassed in London during the present generation. In numbers, in enthusiasm and in gorgeousness, Sunday's display was well-nigh unsurpassable. A quarter of a million, surrounded the twelve platforms which had been erected in the Park, and even in a city of millions of men's souls must be deeply moved to result in such an assemblage. Over a score of bands, judiciously placed in the procession, supplied Irish Music, and a hundred banners added brightness to the scene. All along the route taken by the procession on its march from the embankment to Hyde Park the streets were lined with huge masses of spectators, and it is deeply significant of the feeling of the metropolis, on the question now before the country, that at no point was there the slightest sign of hostility manifested, while many times hearty cheers were given for Home Rule and Mr. Gladstone."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., from the central platform delivered an eloquent address, in which, among many other pithy remarks, he said: "The attendance of our English brethren in this demonstration is an indication and a proof of the real heart and purpose of our policy. The Ulster minority who protest against Home Rule do so, as they profess, in the interests of the British people and the British Empire, and they charge our policy as one inspired of hatred. Both to one and the other, the tens of thousands of patriotic Englishmen who are here to-day assembled answer back that in Home Rule they see not the destruction, but the salvation of the Empire, and in Home Rulers not irreconcilable enemies, but friends yearning and imploring for the opportunity to close the quarrel and conclude a final, an enduring and imperishable peace."

At the same meeting Mr. Nooraji, M.P., proposed the following resolution: "That this monster meeting pledges its support to Mr. Gladstone in his noble efforts to close for ever the long and disastrous conflict between the peoples of England and Ireland, and condemns the shameless obstruction of the Tory party, not only of Home Rule, but of all measures of reform demanded for the great masses of the people in the House of Commons." He said they were that day assembled in support of the glorious Act which the British people were going to enact in the emancipation of the Irish people.

Mr. John Dillon said: "We have not held our meeting in Albert or Surrey Theatre; such halls could not accommodate one-twentieth of the people who sympathize with us here in London, and who are here to-day to tell the minority of Ulster that it must not coerce all Ireland into abject

submission, or propagate the hateful doctrine that either in England or Ireland a pampered few shall be permitted to crush the aspirations or take away the liberties of an entire nation."

From eleven other platforms stirring and eloquent speeches of similar import were delivered by such popular orators as Michael Davitt, T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Eldridge Hoaly, Rev. Mr. Smith, Protestant minister of Carrigfergus; Mr. P. H. Carville, M.P., Mr. Diamond, M.P., Mr. T. J. Condon, and others, who created widespread enthusiasm in favour of Ireland's cause, and heaped well merited ridicule on the puny efforts of Lord Salisbury to stem the torrent of English popular conviction that now threatens to carry before it all Orange hate and Tory fanaticism, both in England and Ireland.

Our Catholic Institutions.

Under the heading of "Charity Reform" there appeared in the columns of the *Globe* of Wednesday, 14th instant, an article of no common type of bitter intolerance. Having taken up the cudgel of McCarthyism in the Separate School question of Manitoba, we might naturally expect such sentiments from that journal in its dealings with all subjects dear to every Catholic heart. The occasion of this sweeping cyclone of bigotry referred to was the action taken by some tolerant alderman of Toronto to rescind the decision to shut off public aid to all hospitals, excepting the general hospital of the city. This blow was struck at St. Michael's Hospital. The writer admits that the motives prompting this refusal of civic aid was bad. "It may be that the motives of the aldermen who began the agitation were none of the best, and that their desire was to wound the Roman Catholic Church, rather than reform the city's charity roll." True, Mr. Editor. And on the same grounds we may also infer that the motives inspiring your article are equally far from being the best; for we fail to grasp any other reason for such a tirade, excepting religious intolerance and prejudice to the noblest institutions of Christianity.

The writer assumes that these Catholic works of charity are breeders of sectarian strife, and serving no necessary purpose but opposition to civic institutions; for he says: "Nothing will more readily break down the spirit of sectarianism so rampant among the people of Canada than the maintenance of common public institutions such as the General Hospital on the governing board of which Catholic and Protestant may sit side by side and in the wards of which Catholic and Protestant clergy may minister to their adherents."

We indignantly deny the first principle underlying all this, and condemn the remedy advised. These sweeping assertions are aimed not only at hospitals, but also at our schools, industrial and separate, as a further perusal of the paragraph shows. Such a mode of dealing with sectarianism will also apply to the Church itself. Persecute her and we will have a civic church, call it what you will, starve her out. What an admirable principle to lay down in a public paper in this enlightened nineteenth century!

But these means have been tried long ago, time and again, and have proved futile, leaving, as a result, the

darkest stains on the pages of history, while the persecuted achieved a glorious triumph. Verily this is a stupendous remedy to destroy the spirit of sectarianism!

But how comes this spirit of religious bitterness? Is it from the halls of our schools or the wards of our hospitals? We defy the *Globe* to prove the assumption. If there is anything which tends to fan the flame of sectarian strife, it is the doctrine and practice which are inculcated in the article in question. You would imagine, from the language of the logical and dictatorial writer who sits on the McCarthyite bench in the *Globe* office, that our Catholic hospitals and schools are innovations on the birthright of the land, having no higher motive than a narrow antagonism to all like civic establishments.

Whence came your hospitals? Search history and you will find that their origin was Catholic. They were born and bred in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Long before the dawn of the present multiplied Christian sects the Catholic Church established her hospitals for the sick and dying. There was no daily *Globe* to oppose such works when St. Basil founded a hospital in Caesaria, when St. Chrysostom established another in Antioch, and St. Ephraim one in Edessa.

The love of God is a higher and stronger motive of duty than any human motive of action, whether it be honor or love of gain. Hence the tender care of the Sister of Charity, whose life is consecrated to God, in tending to the wants of suffering man is prized by all who know the worth of her ministrations in the hour of pain, whether he be the soldier wounded on the field of battle, or the poor laborer stricken in want and destitution. It matters not what his creed may be. By her vow of charity she knows no distinction of persons. Her praise is sounded on the lips of members of all denominations, Catholics, Protestants and Infidels. The moment of sickness, too, is a time when medical aid and careful nursing, efficient as these should always be, is required by those whose soul's salvation is dear to them or at stake. The words of prayer and spiritual solace are ever sought by the dying Catholic. And where can a holier atmosphere be found than in those institutions presided over by these servants of God? This being the case, it is only natural and just that in a city professedly Christian the recognition of noble labor should be given, and such institutions should be not only tolerated, but fostered and encouraged.

Of our educational institutions let a word suffice. The soul is more precious than the body. The moral training of the youth is paramount to the individual and society. Hence that education is deficient which is not grounded on faith and morals. This is the reason why we have schools, industrial and otherwise. There is no antagonism shown to other institutions; on the contrary, they but furnish an aid to the crowded halls. And after all, what more was sought for by those conscientious members of the City Council who moved the rescindment of the former narrow decision than a recognition of the rights of Catholics?

From the presumptuous use of the egotistic *We* in the pages of the *Globe* you would infer that the writer was the mouthpiece of the whole community, and that they were all rampant bigots. Our Catholic schools and hospitals will live for they lived and multiplied in the midst of paganism. They are founded on the eternal principle of the love of God above all, and our neighbour as ourselves for the love of God. We must, however, complain of such opposition as that taught by the *Globe*, for we have a right to freedom of speech as we have to the aid of our people.

A Legend of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

It was Sunday evening. Twelve young students were seated, care free and joyful, around a well served table, each one amusing himself after his own fashion, though in all propriety. Suddenly one of them, in a mysterious tone, announced that he had conceived a project for which he asked the concurrence of the company. Not one refused. Then he said:

"Let us return hither this day week, and we will tell stories and sing merry songs; especially each of us must bring some jewel or trinket from his betrothed, and he who brings the least beautiful shall pay for the supper of the whole party."

Among these students was one whose thoughts never dwelt on any daughter of Eve. His young heart was absorbed in love for a Virgin he served in public or in private. This Virgin was none other than Mary. After his companions left him this good young man who had no betrothed, as they had, seated himself upon the tender grass, and, with folded hands, thought to himself. "Fool that I was, I lightly to have made a promise which will cost me so dear! The whole cost will fall to me, and I must spend in one day, my whole year's income!" He commenced to weep bitterly, for he was not rich, and the loss which he feared would be real misfortune to him. During the whole week he worried himself in endeavoring to hit upon some plan of escape; but in vain! and already it was Saturday, and would come Sunday. What was he to do? Finally, in his secret resolution, he entered a church, and there heard Mass. When the crowd passed out he approached the altar of the Virgin, to confide his trouble to her and to beseech her aid and assistance.

On his knees, profoundly absorbed in prayer, he reminded her with what fidelity he had served her from infancy, without ever having wishes to love any other woman than her upon earth. In fine, he asked of her a jewel as a reward. In his simple and confiding piety, he also besought the Infant in the arms of His Mother to join with him in his prayer to obtain it. O power of faith and prayer! A voice spoke from the Virgin's image, and this voice said to him. "Arise, my faithful servant, and approach the Lady!" The student, in an ecstasy of joy, arose and approached her statue, thanking her for the words she had vouchsafed him.

Very soon he remarked that the Divine Infant held in his hand a casket; His Mother desired Him to give it to him who had so often watered her feet with his tears of love. The Infant obeyed, and Mary gave the casket to the student, who kissed it with the warmest expressions of gratitude.

Toward midday the joyous companions assembled at the rendezvous. Each displayed, with pride, the token he had received. The first had a ring of gold, the second, two silken suits, the third, an embroidered dressing gown, the fourth, a magnificently adorned girdle, the fifth, a purse, embroidered in gold, and perfumed, the sixth, a silken cap, the seventh, a rich bracelet, &c. All these presents were most beautiful. At length comes the turn of the poor one, of the student whom each condemned in advance to pay the forfeit. He had even to sustain considerable raillery because they knew him to be one who had no lady-love. But he draws forth his casket, opens it, saying, "This is the bijou of my beloved." A celestial perfume exhaled from it. All uttered a cry of admiration when they saw him draw forth, first an amict then an alb, a cincture—all the priestly vestments used at Mass. Truly a bijou in gold and in precious stones of great price. The students unanimously declared that they were unparalleled in beauty. They pressed him with ques-

tions whence he had obtained so rich a gift, the pious youth assured them that it was the effect of his prayers to Jesus and His Mother. All fell at the knees of the Saint, begging pardon for their scoffs. They wished to carry this gift processionaly to the sanctuary where Thomas had received it. The event occurred at Rome and the news was carried thence to every country. Very soon, following so clear an indication the holy young man received minor orders. When he celebrated his first Mass there was a crowd in the sanctuary, devoutly wishing to behold closely the gift of the blessed Virgin.

Meanwhile a powerful Bishop died; the Pope, on hearing of it, exclaimed, "To-morrow this mitre shall rest upon the head of Thomas." And the next day the virginal servitor of Mary was appointed to the Bishopric, and died a saint. May this touching legend teach us also to have recourse in all our wants, to Jesus and Mary.—*The Sunbeam.*

Wagner's Boyhood.

In Great musicians, as in great poets, the gift of genius usually manifests itself at an early age. Mozart and Keats are only brilliant examples of what may be called a general law. It is the more interesting, therefore, to a case like that of Wagner. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, who died when the boy was seven years old, was very fond of him, and on the evening before his death, we are told, asked the little fellow to play on the piano operatic airs which he had been taught. Richard played not so very badly, and the sick man said in a feeble voice to his wife, "Do you think he might have a taste for music?"

The next morning the mother talked to the children about their dead father's affection, and said to Richard, "He would have liked to make something of you." The boy never forgot the words.

At that time, however, no one would have dreamed of making him a professional musician. When he was 9 years old his mother devoted him to a classical education. He is described as a headstrong "fantastic" child, who would fly into a passion at nothing, but who, nevertheless, gave himself up to an enthusiastic study of Greek, and soon became his masters favorite pupil.

He took lessons on the piano, almost of course, but had little taste for the instrument, and found the technic of it a bore. His teacher after awhile dismissed him as incorrigible.

For all that, the boy even then had dreams of being a composer, and a few years later, at his own request, he was put under an instructor in harmony.

The poor man had hard time with his eager but headstrong pupil, and before long he, too, was constrained to give him up in despair, saying, like the professor at the piano, "Nothing can ever be made of the boy."

And yet the boy was to become, if present judgments are to be trusted, one of the few great musicians of the world.

Borax used in washing white paint will cause it to turn yellow very soon on account of its action on the oil. A practical painter told me this. If used in starch except in the hands of an experienced laundress, the clothes will look as if scorched. A colored laundress I knew could use it success fully, and she ironed shirts, cuffs, and collars with a piece of muslin over them. Sugar used in starch acts precisely the same as borax, and requires as careful ironing. Borax put in wash water will whiten clothes, but it also rots them.

Try It.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' EUCORRINE OIL—with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are often times inflammatory and astringent. This oil is, on the contrary eminently cooling in any sothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Cottolene
A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way A lady passed on marketing day. Who, pausing at a grocery store, Stepped quickly in at the open door. With bated breath and anxious mien She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work, Interrogated every clerk; But none up to that time had seen An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame, "That answers to this curious name. What is it made of? What's its use? My ignorance you'll please excuse."

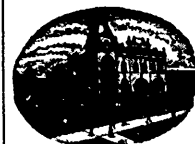
"You're not the merchant for my dimes, I see you're quite behind the times. For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know, Is now the thing that's all the go, An article of high regard; A healthful substitute for lard. Its composition pure and clean; For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled, The grocer gently scratched his head— On his next order, first was seen, "One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

Ask Your Grocer for it.

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HEAD OFFICE—88 King street East.

BRANCHES—546 Queen street West, and 399 Yonge street.

Selected Receipts.

SAUCE.—One cup milk, one of sugar, yolks of three eggs, butter the size of a walnut. Set in boiling water till it thickens. Serve both cold.

PUDDING.—Three tablespoonfuls of corn starch in cold water. Pour on one pint of boiling water, add a pinch of salt, beat in the whites of three eggs. Steam ten minutes.

STEWED BEANS.—Wash, soak and parboil a quart of beans the same as to bake; boil in sufficient water to cook nearly done; add a cup of cream or milk and a piece of butter, salt and pepper, boil dry and serve.

ORANGE PIE.—The grated rind and juice of two oranges, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of butter. Cream the butter and sugar and add the beaten eggs then the grated rind and juice of the oranges, and lastly the whites beaten to a froth and mix in lightly. Bake with one crust.

MUTTON BROTH.—The water that mutton is boiled in makes a very good broth. After removing the mutton, set the water to cool, when cold remove the fat that will rise in a cake to the top. Heat what remains, adding a good quantity of salt and a little pepper; also rice or barley and an onion if desired.

A GOOD CAKE.—Two cups of good, rich, sweet cream, four eggs, the whites beaten separately, two cups of sugar, beaten with the yolks, two heaping cups of flour, into which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavoring and a little salt. Add the whites last, after the other materials are well beaten together, stir them in lightly and put the cake in the oven in two moderate-sized tins or one large one.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—This consists of boiled carrots, beets, turnips and parsnips cut in small pieces by means of a tin cylinder, and inch lengths of boiled string beans. All the vegetables are separately boiled in salted water only until tender, drained and then immediately plunged into cold water to set their color. After they are dried upon a soft clean cloth they will be ready to dress like any vegetable salad, with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar. This salad is excellent with any roast.

BROWNED POTATOES.—Put a tablespoonful and a half of butter in a frying-pan. Chop up six cold boiled potatoes, season them with salt and pepper and moisten them with about six tablespoonfuls of cream. Spread the moistened potatoes in the frying-pan as soon as the butter is thoroughly heated. Draw the saucepan toward the back of the stove, where the potatoes will slowly brown. In half an hour examine them, and if they are fully browned, fold them over like an omelet and serve.

The Dairy.

The farmers who think they have not time to weigh the milk of each cow daily, and test it frequently, if using it for butter, remind us of the lazy farmer who could not find time to sharpen his tools. There is no other way to find out which cows are earning their board and which are running their owner in debt.

The bitterness in milk is due to the growth in it of an organism that may get into the milk through the food or the water drunk. produces a fermentation in the milk and in the cream that prevents the separation of the butter globules, and the cream froths but does not make butter. Give the cow a pound of epsom salts and examine the feed to see that there is no mildew in it, as this is sufficient to cause the trouble.

Says *Howard's Dairyman*: After milk has been drawn from the cow it must be set at once and not disturbed if all the cream is expected to rise. Every old housewife knows that if a pan of milk is dipped into or shaken after being set, the cream will stop raising.

Now milk that has been drawn and transported for family consumption has been shaken in the carriage and will not yield the same amount of cream it would if set on the farm. Then again much depends on the kind of cows the milkman keeps, and much also on the length of time they have been in milk. Three things govern the amount of cream which is obtained from milk by other than separator process: (1) The amount of butter fat the cow puts in it and the size of the fat globules. The larger the globules the more thorough the separation. (2) The least amount of agitation possible for the milk after being drawn and after it is set. (3) The length of time the cow has been milked. The separator makes no account on the two last conditions.

The swelling of the cream in the churn may arise from one or two causes. The mixing of cream that has not thoroughly ripened with that which has become a little acid, which may be the case with two lots of cream taken from the milk at the same time, if one cow is fresh in milk and the other is not, or when the cream taken in the morning is mixed with that which is three or more days old. But as frequently it results from having the cream too cold.

A century or so ago the good housewife said it was bewitched, and dropped a red hot horse-shoe into it, which drove away the witch, and raised the cream to the proper temperature. More modern butter-makers put in a little hot water bringing the temperature up to about 66°, and the churning goes on all right. The water at almost the boiling point seems also to have an effect, as did the hot iron, to dissolve and separate some of the solids in the milk, and not only hastens the churning, but gives a large result in butter. After the butter has come in grains, wash it out in cold water to harden it, and take away all the buttermilk. The water will work better with the addition of a little salt, but both the water and the salt should be pure and clean.—*Country Gentleman.*

Household Hints.

Dirty sinks breed disease and bring roaches.

Borax water will remove stains from the hands.

Remove egg stains from spoons by rubbing with salt.

A small box filled with lime will absorb dampness.

Cream and acids do not curdle, but milk and acids will.

Gum camphor scattered about mice haunts will drive them away.

Emery powder will remove ordinary stains from ivory knife handles.

To remove fruit stains dip the spots several times in scalding milk.

Leather chairs may be revived by rubbing with the white of an egg.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by scrubbing with ammonia, and rinsing in cold clear water.

When the oven is too hot, putting in a pan of cold water will reduce the temperature.

The quicker food of all kinds cools the longer it keeps. This is particularly true of soups and bread.

The following is an excellent receipt for a cement to mend china or glass: Make a thick solution of gum arabic in water, then stir in plaster of paris until the mixture becomes a sticky paste. Apply with a brush to the broken edges, and in three days the article cannot be broken in the same place.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed, and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

INSIST UPON A Heintzman Co. Piano

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

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

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

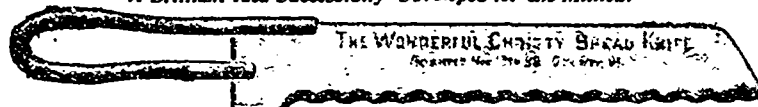
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"Those Wonderful Christy Knives."

BREAD, CAKE, AND PARING.

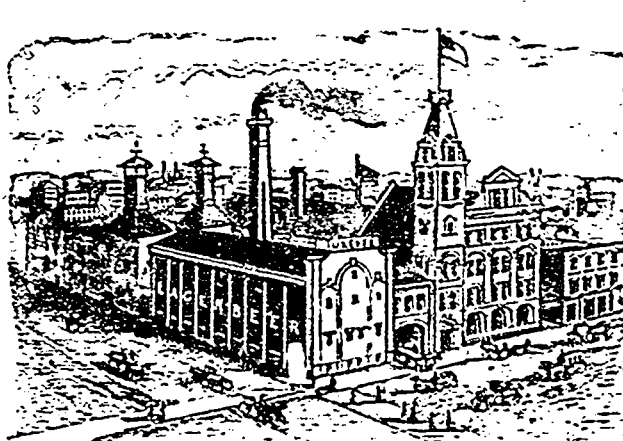
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Read what MRS. EMMA P. EWING, late Professor of Domestic Economy in the Iowa Agricultural College, Iowa, and in Purdue University, Indiana, and now in charge of the School of Cookery at Chautauque, N. Y., writes:

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

A LIVE AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. Our Agents are Coining Money. Set of Three Beautifully Finished PLATED KNIVES sent (charges paid) for ONE DOLLAR. Circular Free on Application. The CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Toronto, Ont.



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\$3 a Day Sure.

Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you are. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully, remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

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Fine art tailoring a Specialty. Terms moderate



FARMERS TEXAS BALSAM

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HORSES AND CATTLE.

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

C. F. SEGSWORTH,

No. 6 Wellington East, Toronto, Ont.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Sunday, May 28th, a man named James McClure...

On May 26th, Dr. J. J. Adams, J.P., district coroner...

Cork.

At Queenstown, on May 30th, a child about five years old...

Derry.

Details are to hand of a strange shooting case at Straggan...

Down.

On May 26th, His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Flood, arrived in Newry...

Dublin.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Lawlor...

Kerry.

During the last week of May, a man named John Walsh...

Mrs. Mary Casey, of Killarney, died on May 28th...

Limerick.

On May 31st, the Solemn Office and High Mass for the repose...

Louth.

In Drogheda, on the morning of May 27th, general regret...

Sligo.

District Inspector Lee, of the Phoenix Park Depot...

Tipperary.

On Saturday evening May 27th, a gun accident of a serious nature...

gentleman named Harry Sadler, who resides near the village of Lattin...

Tyrone.

On Sunday, May, 28th, Bridget Moran, a native of Ballygawley...

On Thursday evening, May 25th, a sad accident by drowning occurred...

Wexford.

In Mullingar, on May 30th, an inquest was held on the body of a young man...

Wexford.

Dr. S. McCormick Boyd, son of Dr. J. W. Boyd, New Ross...

John Goff, of Gibson street, Wexford, was returning from Sleedagh...

Mr. John Ryan, of Craneroc, died suddenly at his residence...

Wicklow.

Miss Mary Brangan (in religion Sister Mary Helen), daughter of Mrs. Anne Brangan...

The Bray Industrial Exhibition, on May 30th and 31st, attracted a considerable number of visitors...

Catholic Order of Foresters.

At a meeting of St. Joseph's Court, No. 370, Catholic Order of Foresters...

Rev. Father Doherty of Arthur was in town Tuesday the 20 inst. He holds the regular big picnic...

Miss Annie Cummings, daughter of the late Sergt. Major Cummings...

Rev. Father Doherty of Arthur was in town Tuesday the 20 inst. He holds the regular big picnic...



A "RUN-DOWN"

and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only guaranteed remedy.

Can be counted on to cure Catarrh - Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.



K. D. C. is specially prepared for the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia.

Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada...

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.

Table with columns for destination (G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.), time (a.m., p.m.), and class (Close, Dlx.).

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m.

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...

Advertisement for James Good & Co. Ports: Alicante, Commendador, Taragona. Includes text: 'This is a Light Spanish Wine, and recommended by medical men as just the thing for invalids.'

A Priceless Boon!



To those who pursue sedentary employment or are unduly confined with household duties.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER

proves a priceless boon. It stimulates digestion, excites the liver and kidneys to proper action...

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd.

Head Office—King street West, Toronto. Branch Office—Crystal Hall, 449 Yonge st.

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LOCKSMITH and BELLHANGER. Razors, Scissors and all Kinds of Cutlery Ground and Repaired. Lawn Mowers Ground & Repaired. 596 YONGE STREET, ESTABLISHED 1861. TORONTO

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VISITORS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

Will find these reliable brands of ALE AND STOUT

on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants, clubs and refreshment rooms in CHICAGO. Families supplied by C. JEVNE & Co., 110-112 Madison St., Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM. Brewery at London, Ont., Canada.

In Memoriam, W. D.

*Died Shortly after his First Communion,
June 5th, 1893, aged 12 years.*

By MRS. ROBERT COPPING, TORONTO.

Pure radiant beings of the heavenly sphere,
Who guard the pearly gates with hearts so true,
Open them wide and let a ransomed soul
From earth come through

A pure young spirit— from the church's arms
Straight to his Saviour's— stretched and opened wide
He saw the path was rough and took the lamb
To His dear side.

Write on a pure white cross in words of gold
This blessed truth— and then what'er betide,
These words will heal a mother's broken heart—
He lives, for Jesus died.

And when the risen Christ shall come again
To meet His loved ones from the earth set free,
That spirit shall await at Heaven's gate
To meet and welcome thee

Condolence.

At a meeting of County Board of York Co., A.O.H., held on May 31st, the following resolutions of Condolence were unanimously passed:

Whereas we, the members of the County Board, having learned with sadness of the death of Miss Mary Hyland, the beloved sister of our esteemed Brother, M. H. Hyland:

Resolved that we tender to Brother Hyland and other members of his family in the hour of their grief our sincere sympathy and condolence, and trust that Almighty God will grant them the grace to bear their misfortune with Christian fortitude.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Brother Hyland and inserted in the minute book of the County Board and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record. T. McKEAGUE, Cor. Sec.

Whereas we, the members of the County Board of York Co., A.O.H., here assembled, having heard with sincere regret of the death of Miss Rahelly, the beloved sister of Brother Rahelly:

Be it resolved that we do hereby tender to Brother Rahelly and other members of his family our sincere sympathy and condolence in the loss they have sustained, and hope that Almighty God will give them the grace to submit with resignation to His holy will.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother Rahelly and inserted in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication. T. McKEAGUE, Cor. Sec.

A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhoea and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, June 21, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 68	\$0 69
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 67	0 68
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 66	0 67
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Barley, per bush.....	0 39	0 44
Oats, per bush.....	0 38	0 39
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 63
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	7 25	7 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 60	0 80
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Butter, per lb.....	0 16	0 17
Eggs, now laid, per dozen.....	0 12	0 13
Paraloy, per doz.....	0 20	0 09
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 80	1 00
Colery, per doz.....	0 50	0 60
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 25	0 00
Onions, per bag.....	1 40	1 50
Carrots, per bag.....	0 40	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 50	2 75
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	10 00
Straw, sheaf.....	6 00	7 00

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

TORONTO, June 20.—We had from 70 to 75 loads of offerings on sale here this morning. The market was a very poor one. Cables from London and Liverpool report there excessive supplies, a light demand on account of hot weather, and correspondingly low prices. The consequence was that here to-day there was scarcely any export trade being done: a few loads were purchased at from 4 1/2 to 5c., but most of the stuff was held over, and some went back to the farmers. Butchers' cattle were in very light supply, and this accounted for figures being about maintained, as the local demand was, of course, much checked by the intense heat. Prices were practically unaltered, but sales were of no public or representative value. Sheep were weak and scarcely asked for: at from \$3.50 to \$5.50 clipped and woolled. About one hundred spring lambs were here, and all sold at from \$4 to \$4.75 each, and they are wanted. Hogs were unchanged and wanted at from \$6.50 to \$6.70, weighed off cars. All grades will sell.

SOME MEN

BUY THEIR PANTS

At the Millinery and Ladies' Dress Goods Stores.

Some men do that to please their wives, who insist, because one counter is heaped with bonnets and another with corsets at half price for them, that the "Pant Counter" must be groaning with similar bargains for their hubbies. Most men know better, of course, and most men buy their own clothing at the Men's Clothiers. And they are the men whose attention is sought by Oak Hall. During this Oak Hall Clearing Sale of its entire stock of fine grade suits for Men, Youths and Boys the prices are less than the cost of producing the garments. No other clothing house in Canada, and certainly no millinery or ladies' dress goods store, can possibly compete with the prices for Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing of the kind we make and sell.

Special Snaps in Summer Suits.

OAK HALL,

OAK HALL BUILDING—
Entrance Directly Opposite Cathedral Point,
115, 117, 119, 121 King Street East.

COSGRAVE & CO.

**MALTSTERS,
Brewers and Bottlers
TORONTO.**

Are supplying the Trade with the superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS.

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian
bread of Hops. They are highly recom-
mended by the Medical faculty for
their purity and strengthen-
ing qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International
Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and
General Excellence of quality. Honorable Mention,
Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St
TELEPHONE No. 264.

LISTEN!

M. J. CROTTIE,

838 and 844 YONGE STREET,
Can sell you

**Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,
Men's Furnishings, Hats and
Caps, Ties, Shirts,
and Cuffs,**

As cheap as any other store in the city.
Call and be convinced. Our stock is
always well assorted.

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838 and 844 Yonge St.,
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TELEPHONE 3362.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap,
Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other
uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILBERT, Toronto.

**SCOTT'S PINK CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists
CONSUMPTION**

- 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. Kilgannon, 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, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelph, Rev. J. C. Heman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

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

**GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
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RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

Rumours about Felipe ran swiftly throughout the region. The presence in the Cahulla village of a rich Mexican gentleman who spent gold like water, and kept mounted men riding day and night after everything, anything, he wanted for his sick sister, was an event which in the atmosphere of that lonely country loomed into colossal proportions. He had travelled all over California, with four horses, in search of her. He was only waiting till she was well, to take her to his home in the south; and then he was going to arrest the man who had murdered her husband, and have him hanged—yes, hanged! Small doubt about that; or, if the law cleared him, there was still the bullet. This rich Senor would see him shot, if rope were not to be had. Jim Farrar heard these tales, and quaked in his guilty soul. The rope he had small fear of, for well he knew the temper of San Diego County juries and judges; but the bullet, that was another thing; and these Mexicans were like Indians in their vengeance. Time did not tire them, and their memories were long. Farrar cursed the day he had let his temper get the better of him on that lonely mountain-side; how much the better, nobody but he himself knew—nobody but he and Ramona; and even Ramona did not know the bitter whole. She knew that Alessandro had no knife, and had gone forward with no hostile intent; but she knew nothing beyond that. Only the murderer himself knew that the dialogue which he had reported to the judge and jury, to justify his act, was an entire fabrication of his own, and that, instead of it, had been spoken but four words by Alessandro, and those were, "Senor, I will explain;" and that even after the first shot had pierced his lungs, and the blood was choking in his throat, he had still run a step or two further, with his hands uplifted deprecatingly, and made one more effort to speak before he fell to the ground dead. Oathless as Farrar was, and clear as it was in his mind that killing an Indian was no harm, he had not liked to recall the pleading anguish in Alessandro's tone and shot in his as he fell. He had not liked to recall this, even before he heard of this rich Mexican brother-in-law who had appeared on the scene; and now, he found the memories still more unpleasant. Fear is a wonderful goad to remorse. There was another thing, too, which to his great wonder had been apparently overlooked by everybody; at least, nothing had been said about it; but the bearing of it on his case, if the case were brought up a second time and minutely investigated, would be most unfortunate. And this was, that the only clue he had to the fact of Alessandro's having taken his horse was, that the poor, half-crazed fellow had left his own well-known gray pony in the corral in place of the horse he took. A strange thing, surely, for a horse-thief to do! Cold sweat burst out on Farrar's forehead, more than once, as he realised how this, coupled with the well known fact of Alessandro's liability to attacks of insanity, might be made to tell against him, if he should be brought to trial for the murder. He was as cowardly as he was cruel; never yet were the two traits separate in human nature; and after a few days of this torturing suspense and apprehension he suddenly resolved to leave the country, if not for ever, at least for few years, till this brother-in-law should be out of the way. He lost no time in carrying out his resolution; and it was well he did not, for it was only three days after he disappeared that Felipe walked into Judge

Wells's office one morning, to make inquiries relative to the preliminary hearing which had been held there in the matter of the murder of the Indian, Alessandro Assis, by James Farrar. And when the Judge, taking down his books, read to Felipe his notes of the case, and went on to say, "If Farrar's testimony is true, Ramona's, the wife's, must be false," and "at any rate, her testimony would not be worth a straw with any jury," Felipe sprang to his feet, and cried, "She of whom you speak is my foster-sister; and, by God, Senor, if I can find that man, I will shoot him as I would a dog! And I'll see, then, if a San Diego County jury will hang me for ridding the country of such a brute!" and Felipe would have been as good as his word. It was a wise thing Farrar had done in making his escape.

When Aunt Ri heard that Farrar had fled the country, she pushed up her spectacles and looked reflectively at her informant. It was young Merrill. "Fied ther country, hez he?" she said. "Wall, he kin ez many countries ez he likes, an' 't won't dew him no good. I know yeow folks hyar don't seem ter think killin' an Injun's enny murder, but I say 't is; an' yeow'll all git it brung home ter yer afore yer die: ef 't ain't brung one way 't be anuther; yeow jest mind what I say, 'n' don't yeow furgit it. Naow this miser'ble murderer, this Farrar, thes' lighted out er hyar, he's nothin' more 'n a skunk, but he's got the Lawd arter him, naow. It's jest's well he's gawn; I never did b'leeve in haugin'. I never could. It's jest tow men dead 'sted o' one. I don't want to see no man hung, no marter what he's done; 'n' I don't want to see no man shot down, nuther, no marter what he's done; 'n' this hyar Feeleppy, he's thet high-strung, he'd ha' shot thet Farrar, any minnit, quicker'n lightning, ef he'd ketched him; so it's better all raound he's lit aout. But I tell yeow, naow, he hain't made much by goin'! Thet Injun he murdered 'll foller him night 'n' day, till he dies, 'n' long arter; he'll wish he wuz dead afore he doos die, I allow he will, naow. He'll be jest like a man I knowed back in Tennessee. I wa'n't but a mite then, but I never forgot it. 'T's a great country fur gourds, East Tennessee is, whar I wuz raised, 'n' thar wuz two houses, 'n' a fence between 'em, 'n' these gourds a runnin' all over the fence; 'n' one o' ther childun piched one o' them gourds, an' they fit abaout it; 'n' then the women took it up—ther childun's mothers, yer know—'n' they got fightin', abaout it; 'n' then 't the last the men took it up, 'n' they fit; 'n' Rowell he got his butcher-knife, 'n' he ground it up, 'n' he piked a querril with Claiborne, 'n' he cut him inter pieces. They hed him up fort, 'n' somehow they clared him. I don't see how they ever did, but they put't off, 'n' 't last the got him free; 'n' he lived on thar a spell, but he couldn't stan' it; 'peared like he never hed no peace; 'n' he come over ter 'us, 'n' sed he, 'Jake',—they aller called daddy 'Jake', or 'Uncle Jake',—'Jake', sed he, 'I can't stan' it, livin' hyar.' 'Why, sez daddy, 'the law o' the country 's clar'd ye.' 'Yes, sez he, 'but the law o' God hain't; 'n' I've got Claiborne's aliers with me. Thar ain't any path so narrier but he's a walkin' in it, by my side, all day; 'n' come night, I sleep with him ter one side, 'n' my wife 't other; 'n' I can't stan' it!' Them's ther very words I heered him say, 'n' I wuzn't ennythin' but a mite, but I didn't furgit it. Wall, sir, he went West, way aout hyar to Californy, 'n' he couldn't stay thar nuther, 'n' he come back hum agin; 'n' I wuz bigger then, a gal grown, 'n' daddy sez to him,—I heern him,—'Wall, sez he, 'did Claiborne foller yer?' 'Yes, sez he, 'he follered me. I'll never git shot o' him in this world. He's allers clost to me everywhar.' Yer see, 't was jest his conscience er

whippin' him. That's all 't wuz. 'T least, that's all I think 't wuz, though thar wuz those thet sed 't wuz Claiborne's ghost. 'N' thet'll be the way 't 'll be with this miser'ble Farrar. Ho'll live ter wish he'd let hisself be hanged er shot, or erry which way, ter git out er his misery."

Young Merrill listened with unwonted gravity to Aunt Ri's earnest words. They reached a depth in his nature which had been long untouched; a stratum, so to speak, which lay far beneath the surface. The character of the Western frontiersman is often a singular accumulation of such strata,—the training and beliefs of his earliest days overlain by successions of unrelated and violent experiences, like geological deposits. Underneath the exterior crust of the most hardened and ruffianly nature often remains—its forms not yet quite fossilised—a realm full of the devout customs, doctrines, religious influences, which the boy knew, and the man remembers. By sudden upheaval, in some great catastrophe or struggle in his mature life, these all come again into the light. Assembly Catechism definitions, which he learned in his childhood, and has not thought of since, ring in his ears, and he is thrown into all manner of confusions and inconsistencies of feeling and speech by this clashing of the old and new man within him. It was much in this way that Aunt Ri's words smote upon young Merrill. He was not many years removed from the sound of a preaching of the strictest New England Calvinism. The wild frontier life had drawn him in and under, as in a whirlpool; but he was New Englander yet at heart.

"That's so, Aunt Ri!" he exclaimed. "That's so! I don't s'pose a man that's committed murder 'll ever have any peace in this world, nor in the next nuther, without he repents; but ye see this horse-stealin' business is different. 'T ain't murder to kill a hoss thief, any way you can fix it; everybody admits that. A feller that's caught horse-stealin' had ought to be shot; and he will be, too, I tell you, in this country."

A look of impatient despair spread over Aunt Ri's face. "I hain't no patience left with yer," she said, "er talkin' zbaout stealin' hosses ez ef hosses wuz more'n human bein's! But lettin' that all go, this Injun, he wuz crazy. Yer all knowed it. Thet Farrar knowed it. D'yer think ef he'd ben stealin' the hoss he'd er left his own hoss in the corral, same ez, yer might say, leavin' his kyerd to say 't wuz he done it; 'n' the hoss er tied in plain sight 'n' front uv his house fur ennybody ter see!"

"Left his own horse, so he did!" retorted Merrill. "A poor, miserable, knock-kneed old pony, that wa'n't worth twenty dollars; 'n' Jim's horse was worth two hundred, 'n' cheap at that."

"Thet ain't nuther here nor thar in what we air sayin'," persisted Aunt Ri. "I ain't a speakin' on 't ez a swap er hosses. What I say is, he wa'n't tryin' to cover 't up thet he'd tuk the hoss. We air sum used ter hoss thieves in Tennessee; but I never heered o' one yit thet left his name fur a reference berhind him, ter show which road he tuk, 'n' fastened ther stolen critter ter his front gate when he got hum! I allow me 'n' yeow hedn't better say anythin' much more on ther subjeck, fur I allow we air bound ter querril ef we dew;" and nothing that Merrill said could draw another word out of Aunt Ri in regard to Alessandro's death. But there was another subject on which she was tireless, and her speech eloquent. It was the kindness and goodness of the Cahulla people. The last vestige of her prejudice had melted and gone, in the presence of their simple-hearted friendliness. "I'll never hear a word said agin 'em, never, ter my longest day," she said. "The way the pore

things hed jest stripped theirselves, to git things fur Ramony, beat all ever I see among white folks, 'n' I've ben raound more 'n' most. 'N' they wa'n't looking fur no pay, nuther; fur they didn't know, till Feeleppy 'n' me cum, that she hed any folks ennywhar, 'n' they'd ha' taken care on her till she died, jest the same. The sick allers ez took care on among them, they sed, 'a long uz enny on 'em hez got a thing left. That's ther way they air raised; I allow white folks might take a lesson on 'em, in thot; 'n' in heaps uv other things tow. Oh, I'm done talkin' agin Injuns, naow, don't yeow furgit it! But I know, fur all thet, 't won't make any difference: 'pears like there cuddn't nobody b'leeve ennythin' 'n this world 'thout seein' 't thei'r selves. I wuz that way tew; I allow I hain't got no call ter talk; but I jest wish the hull world could see what I've seen! Thet's all!"

It was a sad day in the village when Ramona and her friends departed. Heartily as the kindly people rejoiced in her having found such a protector for herself and her child, and deeply as they felt Felipe's and Aunt Ri's good-will and gratitude towards them, they were yet conscious of a loss—of a void. The gulf between them and the rest of the world seemed defined anew, their sense of isolation deepened, their hopeless poverty emphasized. Ramona, wife of Alessandro, had been as their sister—one of them; as such she would have had share in all their life had to offer. But its utmost was nothing, was but hardship and deprivation; and she was being borne away from it, like one rescued, not so much from death as from a life worse than death.

The tears streamed down Ramona's face as she bade them farewell. She embraced again and again the young mother who had for so many days suckled her child, even, it was said, depriving her own hardier babe that Ramona's should not suffer. "Sister, you have given me my child," she cried, "I can never thank you; I will pray for you all my life."

She made no inquiries as to Felipe's plans. Unquestionably, like a little child, she resigned herself into his hands. A power greater than hers was ordering her way; Felipe was its instrument. No other voice spoke to guide her. The same old simplicity of acceptance which had characterized her daily life in her girlhood, and kept her serene and sunay then—serene under trials, sunny in her routine of little duties—had kept her serene through all the afflictions, and calm, if not sunny, under all the burdens of her later life; and it did not desert her even now.

Aunt Ri gazed at her with a sentiment as near to veneration as her dry, humorous, practical nature was capable of feeling. "I allow I donno but I sh'd cum ter believin' in saints tew," she said, "ef I wuz ter live 'long side er thet gal. 'Pears like she wuz suthin' more 'n' human. Thar's sum would say she hedn't no feelin'; but I allow she hez more 'n' most folks. I kin see 't ain't thet. I allow I didn't never expect ter think 's well uv prayin' to picters, 'n' strings er beads, 'n' sech; but ef 't's thet keeps her up, I allow thar's more 'n' it's hed credit fur. I ain't gwine ter say enny more agin it, nor agin Injuns. 'Pears like I'm gittin' heaps er new idears inter my head, these days. I'll turn Injun, mebbe, afore I get through!"

The farewell to Aunt Ri was hardest of all. Ramona clung to her as to a mother. At times she felt that she would rather stay by her side than go home with Felipe; then she reproached herself for the thought as for a treason and ingratitude. Felipe saw the feeling, and did not wonder at it. "Dear girl," he thought, "it is the nearest she has ever come to knowing what a mother's love is like!" And he lingered in San Bernardino week after

week on the pretence that Ramona was not yet strong enough to bear the journey home, when in reality his sole motive for staying was his reluctance to deprive her of Aunt Ri's wholesome and cheering companionship.

Aunt Ri was busily at work on a rag carpet for the Indian Agent's wife. She had just begun it, had woven only a few inches, on that dreadful morning when the news of Alessandro's death reached her. It was of her favourite pattern, the "hit-or-miss" pattern, as she called it: no set stripes or regular alternation of colours, but ball after ball of the indiscriminately mixed tints, woven back and forth on a warp of a single colour. The constant variety in it, the unexpectedly harmonious blending of the colours, gave her delight, and afforded her a subject, too, of not unphilosophical reflection.

"Wall," she said, "it's called thar 'hit-er-miss' patten; but it's 'hit' oftener 'n 't is miss.' Thar ain't onny accountin' fur ther way ther breadths 'll come, sometimes; 'pears like 't wuz kind er magio when they air sewed together; 'n' I allow thar's ther way it's gwine ter be with heaps er things in this life. It's jest a kind er 'hit-er-miss' patten we air all on us livin' on; 't ain't much use tryin' ter reckon how 't 'll come aout; but the breadths does fit heaps better 'n yer 'd think; come ter sew 'em, 't ain't never no sech colours ez yer thought 't wuz gwine ter be, but it's allers pooty, allers; never see a 'hit-er-miss' patten 'n my life yit that wa'n't pooty. 'N' ther wa'n't never nobody fetched me rags, 'n' hed 'em all planned aout, 'n' jest ther way they wanted ther warp, 'n' jest haow ther stripes wuz ter come, 'n' all that they wa'n't orfal diserpynted when they cam ter see 't done. It don't never look's they thought 't would never! I larned that le'son airly; 'n' I allers make 'em write 't aout on a paper, jest ther wedth er every stripe, 'n' each er ther colours, so 's they kin see it's what they ordered; 'r else they 'd allers say I hedn't wove 't 'a I wuz told ter. I got ketch'd ther way oncet! I allow ennybody's a bawn fool gets ketch'd twice runnin' ther same way. But fur me, I'll take thar 'hit-er-miss' patten every time, sir, straight along."

When the carpet was done Aunt Ri took the roll in her own independont arms and strode with it to the Agent's house. She had been biding the time when she should have this excuse for going there. Her mind was burdened with questions she wished to ask, information she wished to give, and she chose au hour when she knew she would find the Agent himself at home.

"I allow yer heered why I wuz behind timo with this yero carpet," she said; "I was up ter San Jacinto Mounting, whero that Injun wuz murdered. We brung his widder 'n' ther baby daown with us, me 'n' her brother. He's tuk her home ter his house ter live. He's reel well off."

Yes, the Agent had heard this; he had wondered why the widow did not come to see him; he had expected to hear from her.

"Wall, I did hont ter her thet p'raps yer could dow something ef she wuz ter tell yer all about it; but she allowed thar wa'n't enny use in talkin'. Ther jodge, he sed her witnessin' wouldn't be wuth nuthin' to no jury; 'n' that wuz what I wuz a wantin' to ask yeow, ef that wuz so."

"Yes, that is what the lawyers here told me," said the Agent. "I was going to nave the man arrested, but they said it would be folly to bring the case to trial. The woman's testimony would not be believed."

"Yeow've got power ter git a man punished fur sellin' whisky to Injuna. I notice," broke in Aunt Ri; "hain't yer? I see yeour man 'n' the marshal here arrestin' 'em pooty lively last month; they sed 't was yeour doin'; yeow was a gwine ter prossacute every

livin' son o' bell — them wuz thar words— 'bet sold whisky ter Injuna."

"That's so!" said the Agent. "So I am; I am determined to break up this vile business of selling whiskey to Indians. It is no use trying to do anything for them while they are made drunk in this way, it's a sin and a shame."

"That's so, I allow ter yeow," said Aunt Ri. "Thar ain't any gainsayin' thet. But ef yeow've got power ter git a man put in jail fur sellin' whisky t' 'n Injin, 'n' hain't got power to git him punished ef he goes 'n' kills thot Injin, 't seems ter me thar's suthin' cur'us about thet."

"That is just the trouble in my position here, Aunt Ri," he said. "I have no real power over my Indians, as I ought to have."

"What makes yer call 'om yeour Injuns?" broke in Aunt Ri. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dog's Long Journey.

The account of a dog finding its way to its old home, say twenty to forty miles, although not formerly knowing the road, is nothing very unusual, but when the distance reaches some 200 miles, the event is worth notice. The following remarkable return of a fox-terrier is absolutely true:

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

In the will of the late Patrick Bronnan, a pioneer settler in Kansas City \$22,000 is bequeathed to various Catholic charities.

It is stated that Rev. Dr. Barry, of England, who is now in America and favored Toronto last week with a visit, has been offered the chair of philosophy in the Catholic University at Washington.

The Sforza Book of Hours, one of the most beautiful existing works of Italian art of the fifteenth century, has been presented to the British Museum by Mr. Malcom, of Poltalloch.

Two of the Royal visitors from Spain the Duke of Tamames, and Don Pedro Jover, were students at two of the great English colleges conducted by Jesuits. The Duke studied at Stonyhurst, and Don Pedro at Beaumont.

The old "Sermon Bell" of the Vatican, which has done good service since A. D. 1288, has gone the way of all bells. A new one, of the same size, bearing in bas-relief figures of Our Lady and SS. Peter, Paul and Leo, was lately blessed to replace it.

Archbishop Feehan of Chicago is apt to have a busy time of it this summer. In addition to all his official labors, he will have to hold himself in readiness to receive the many eminent personages who, pending their visit to the World's Fair, will desire to pay their respects to the head of the Catholic Church in Chicago. Fortunately, Dr. Feehan is in vigorous health and not averse to hard work and constant occupation.

Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., the son of general Sherman, continues to slay the A. P. A. and other proscriptive societies mercilessly. He made a very affective speech against these pestiferous organizations out at Omaha recently; and no better man could be chosen for the task than he, for every American understands that old Tecumseh's son would not brook any insidious plotting against American institutions on the part of his co-religionists were American Catholics base and ungrateful enough to indulge in such work.

The Italians have two very large parishes in New York. The Church of the Most Precious Blood was founded only a few years ago, but it has a membership of 25,000, making probably the largest congregation in this country. Another parish, that of St. Joachim has 15,000.

The Franciscan fathers of Southern California have begun a movement looking to the preservation of the old missions, and the restoration, as far as possible, of those damaged by time, relic hunters, treasure seekers and vandals. The movement was mainly incited by the recent return of two Franciscan friars to the old mission of San Luis Rey, where they are founding a college for the education of novices of their order.

An industrial school for girls is to be erected at Manassas, Va., by the Benedictines. One thousand seven hundred acres were purchased for this purpose a few weeks ago. After the establishment of the school for girls, another portion of the land will be laid off and buildings erected for an industrial school for boys. The orphans of the Virginia Catholic Asylum in Roanoke will in after years be transferred to the new school as soon as they are old enough to learn trades.

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MRS. WINNLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINNLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Tariff Reform.

Tariff Reform is in the air. The praises B. B. B. are also heard everywhere. No other medicine cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood so rapidly and surely as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Knights of St. John.

This society all plumed and belted marched in a body to St. Basil's Church last Sunday afternoon. As they halted in front of the College they were saluted by the St. Michael's College Band. When they had taken their places in the church they were addressed for a few moments by Rev. Father Tealy, who then gave the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Upon the Knight's forming again outside, the College Band gave another set of selections, after which they marched off.

The Committee at a meeting held on Monday, June 10th, moved a unanimous vote of thanks to the Basillian Fathers in aiding the society to bring their general Church parade to a most successful issue. A vote of thanks was also moved to choir and students of the College who so kindly furnished music for the occasion.

A resolution was also passed that a copy of the above minutes be sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication. Signed on behalf of the Committee.

J. A. HINES, G. A. McDONALD, J. J. DALTON, Chairman.

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Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

TO CREDITORS OF MARY NOLAN, Late of the City of Toronto, Spinster, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to R. S. O. c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Mary Nolan, who died on or about the 3rd day of June, 1893, are required to deliver or send by post to the undersigned, the solicitors for the executor of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and descriptions, and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, duly verified by Statutory Declaration on or before the 22nd day of July, 1893, after which date the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which he shall then have notice, and he will not be liable for any claims of which he shall not have had notice as above required at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto 19th June, 1893. ANGLIN & MINTY, 157 Bay Street, Toronto.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

TO CREDITORS OF JOHANNA FORSTER, Late of the City of Toronto, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Johanna Forster, who died on or about the 26th May, 1893, are required to deliver or send by post to the undersigned, the Solicitors for the Executors of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, duly verified by Statutory Declaration on or before the 20th day of July, 1893, after which date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which they shall then have notice; and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not have had notice, as above required, at the time of such distribution.

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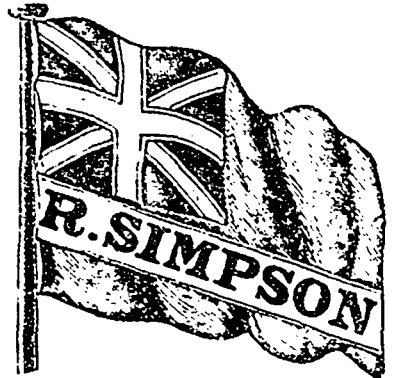
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WM. FITZPATRICK, Secretary, Fergus P. O., Ont.

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