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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 33.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

War, famine and disease are at work depleting the crowded populations of the Orient. The Chinese and Japs are still engaged in slaughtering each other with Eastern barbarity; and to add to the evils, the people of poor Corea are starving, and the Black Death has broken out in China. Which will win? is the question that seems to agitate the correspondents, but the mere fact of war and its horrible consequences is to our mind the most important. Two mighty nations are rending each other and sacrificing thousands of lives for a nominal superiority over a land with which neither has anything to do.

This indeed offers ground for outside interference, but the great difficulty which presents itself is that the two nations, England and Russia, which have the best opportunity to intervene, are themselves suspected by the hostile nations of having designs on the country in question. The hope is expressed in the officialdom of England that Japan will lose, as the English fear that Japanese victory will mean increased Russian influence. It is the general opinion, however, that Japan will not lose. In America there is such a degree of ill-feeling against the "heathen Chinese" that Japanese gains are hailed with unmistakable joy. The Government of the United States, however, would be the best power to arbitrate in the matter, as it has less of private interest in its settlement.

In the United States the Tariff Bill is finally settled. The Senate has won all along the line, and their Bill was adopted without a change. The defeat of Senator Hill's motion to recall the Senate conferees showed the Representatives that any attempt to break down the bill would meet with determined opposition in the Senate. To cover their retreat the House passed a bill putting sugar, coal, iron and barbed wire on the free list, but this bill will receive cold welcome at Senatorial headquarters.

This outcome is a severe blow to the President. With all the assistance of patronage, the votes of the House and the moral force of the majority of Democrats outside, the Administration has been defeated in a contest in which all its strength had thus been put forth. The result we may expect from the bitterness thus caused is a movement for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people.

Early one morning last week 40 special police from Baltimore swooped down on the Coxeyites encamped at Highlands, Md., about 10 miles from Washington.

Library of Parliament

army of commonwealers. The officers left five of the 108 men in charge of the place, with the warning that unless they vacated within three days they would be arrested. As the Coxeyites made their pilgrimage to obtain "Good Roads," they are to be given the privilege of making roads, as convicts, in the district near Baltimore. This is the irony of fate.

The Evicted Tenants' Bill has passed the House of Commons, and passed with its provisions regarding the reinstatement of the old tenants and compensation of the present land-grabbers. The Unionists made violent attempts to destroy the forcible reinstatement clause, but the task was hopeless, and the bill has passed. One of these warm mornings a few of the noble and kind-hearted lords of England will meet and dash this cup of happiness from the lips of the helpless poor of Ireland. And then they will run off to the gambling tables at Monte Carlo, or prepare for grouse shooting in Scotland, and write to the agents on their estates in Ireland for more money. These are the men to whom the Irish must look for justice.

That the Irish do still hope for justice is evident from the peaceful state of the country. The English police Ireland thoroughly, but if every Saxon of them all was a peeler, they could not keep Ireland quiet unless they offered to her some hope of justice. This is evident from the remarkably low percentage of crime in Celtic Ireland during the past year. In Wexford and Galway the Judges received the traditional white gloves, to show there were no criminal cases. In Fermanagh and Clare the docket contained only a few trivial offences. Thus does Ireland answer the charge that it requires the rule of a "strong" Government. We do not hear of white gloves in the "black" counties of the North-East, where all the salt and savor of Ireland are supposed to be collected.

A Papal encyclical letter has been addressed to the Brazilian bishops. In it his Holiness urges them to educate and enlighten the people with all the means at their command. Ignorance, he says, is the cause of the evils of the day. The bishops ought to establish schools wherever there are priests to direct them. The priests sent out from the American College in Rome, the Pope says, are imbued with the proper spirit in the cause of educating the people, and will give valuable aid whenever so placed as to be able to take part in the work.

The Italian Government is said to be taking steps to deport 2,000 Anarchists to the Italian possessions on the Red Sea. The prosecution of the French Anarchists is reported to have

fallen through. Caserio is to suffer death in a week. Senator Hill has introduced a bill in the U. S. Senate for the deportation of Anarchist immigrants. The German Government is meditating measures similar to those adopted by France and Italy. This is the Anarchist news of the week in brief. It shows that the nations of the world, in the closing years of this nineteenth century of grace, are rousing themselves for combat with the giant evil they have themselves produced by restricting the action of Christianity on the masses of the people.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Chronicle* says that the Pope received several clergymen who were recently converted from the Church of England. The Pope said he rejoiced at their conversion. He and his successors would be prepared to sacrifice all except the custody of the sacred deposit of truth to welcome back those separated from the fold by schism and historical events.

His Holiness has also granted audience to a band of American pilgrims under Rev. Father Porcile. His continued activity is wonderful. Gladstone has given up active work, but his Holiness still continues to labor with the vigor and enthusiasm of a man in his prime.

We learn with pleasure of the proposed visit to Canada of Mr. J. F. Hogan, member of Parliament for Mid-Tipperary. Mr. Hogan occupies the same place for Australia in the National party as Mr. Blake does for Canada, and Mr. Fox for the United States. He is a brilliant Irish Australian who achieved fame for himself as a journalist and author in Australia and offered his brilliant talents to the service of the land of his fathers. It is not the Irish people alone who will give hearty welcome to Mr. Hogan. He is an ardent Imperial Federationist, a fact which will palliate even the crime of being a Home Ruler with numbers of our compatriots. At any rate, we welcome him for what he is, as a man who is willing to put forth all that is in him to help the old land in time of need.

A noted Irish Catholic has just passed away in Sydney, Australia, in the person of Hon. Peter Fawcett, Judge of the Supreme Court, and formerly Solicitor General of the colony. He was born in Dublin, and after a Catholic school education he graduated from Trinity University and was called to the bar. In 1852 he went to Sydney, where he made a name and place for himself in politics and law.

For over forty years Judge Fawcett had been prominently identified with

every important Catholic movement in Sydney, and the charities connected with the Church knew no more sympathetic or more generous friend. He was one of the founders of St. Vincent's Hospital, and there is not a religious community, not only in the diocese of Sydney, but throughout the whole colony, that has not from time to time had his sympathy—a sympathy always practically as well as sentimentally expressed. As a member of the Senate of the University he guarded the Catholic interests in that body, and he was also a fellow of St. John's Catholic College within the University, always taking an active interest in that institution. A sound Catholic in profession as in daily life, he was also a true if undemonstrative Irishman. His patriotism was never paraded, but he was never found wanting when the old land needed his name in a national movement, or his name and money for a subscription list.

Catholics are accused of favoring ignorance and darkness. American Catholics answer by pointing to two universities, 100 colleges, 700 academies, and 3,500 parochial schools, supported entirely by themselves.

The dean and chapter of Peterborough Cathedral, England, have decided to erect memorials in that splendid old Catholic foundation to two Catholic women, Queen Catherine of Aragon, and Mary, Queen of Scots. It is indeed fitting that these Catholic martyrs should obtain recognition in the walls of a church built by Catholics.

Though Leo XIII. in his late encyclical expresses a desire to have the Scriptures more abundantly opened for the use of the Lord's flock, and the American bishops and archbishops at their meeting in Baltimore a year ago declared the Bible the most valued treasure in the family library, not a priest or bishop in Mexico or South America is found by the Bible men to approve these commendations. They stigmatize the circulation of any version not loaded with notes and made expensive.—*Zion's Herald*.

What artless simplicity! not a priest or Bishop advises his people to accept and treasure up the Protestant translations which these people scatter broadcast among these Catholic peoples. It is a shame, good Biblemen, that the Catholic authorities do not foster your work among their "benighted" people. As for the annotated editions, there are in the Scriptures "many things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction." As the good Biblemen always describe South Americans as being universally "unlearned" and "unstable," they should be more cautious about providing them with means for "their own destruction." Catholic peoples receive their interpretation of the texts from the source from which Protestants receive the text itself—from the Catholic Church, custodian of all truth, the teacher of the nations, the earthly dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost.

THE MODERN ANANIAS.

From the San Francisco Monitor.

Since Ananias Henry betook himself to parts unknown to recuperate his shattered vocabulary, the A. P. A. has been at a loss to find a preacher infamous enough to take his place. Poor Pegg proved such a dismal failure that after a solitary appearance he retreated to his native obscurity. Dr. Dille, however, was more of a success. Last Sunday he gave evidence of powers of mendacity and misrepresentation sufficient to make him a partner of Henry. Were it not for his sex he would be well worthy of the name of Sapphira. His mastery of all the artifices of slander and deceit must be confessed after this latest tirade, and we have no doubt that the A.P.A. will find him a most able and willing tool in its campaign of prejudice, insincerity and filth.

"Romanism and the Republic" was the title of the so called lecture. It consisted of a rehash of the old calumnies about the decadence of Catholic countries and the wonderful progress exhibited by those which are inhabited by Protestants. This subject has been already picked to tatters, but the preachers continue to wave the rags as vigorously as in days gone by politicians of a certain school swirled the bloody shirt. It is a subject which would take pages upon pages to discuss and settle, and therefore can be decided as little in a sermon as in a squib. However, to show the utter insincerity of Dr. Dille, we will take up a few of his statements. Facts and figures are stubborn things to deal with, and though they make dull reading, it is necessary at times to touch on them to make plain the truth.

We may, however, remark in passing that, like every bully, Dr. Dille shows a disinclination to tackle one of his own size. He knows well, as everyone else does, that the overwhelming majority of the natives of Central and Southern America are of pure Indian blood. In this country the Protestants exterminated the Indians; in Spanish America Catholics Christianized them. The same people who are here copped up in filthy reservations, south of the Rio Grande, rule the land their fathers owned. These Indians have for three centuries been under the influence of Christianity, and Dr. Dille chivalrously compares them with us who have had the blessings of civilization for twelve centuries. If the Doctor wishes to find a proper parallel for the Spanish American republics, let him look to England under William the Conqueror and his successors, or to France and Germany under the sons of Charlemagne. He is greatly disturbed at the revolutions which take place in those nations, but let him compare them with the bloody conspiracies and brutal wars by which our own ancestors struggled into civilization. If it is a mark of higher policy to exterminate the people to whom you are sent to preach the gospel, then Protestantism has proved its claims to this distinction by its course in Hawaii, by its course in the United States, by its course in Canada. But others believe that the disciples of the Master, who came not to destroy but to save, should have different ends. The Catholic missionaries in Spanish America saved the Indians and Christianized and set them forward on the march towards civilization. On that road they are now struggling onwards, with many a setback it is true and many a fall, but still onwards. Fine and manly and fair it is for us, whose ancestors had to tread the same weary way of revolution and anarchy and tyranny, to look back from our lofty pre-eminence and scoff at those children of the eleventh hour. Fair it is for us to blame that Church for their

faults, which has been the means of saving them from total annihilation. The gibbering ghosts of the slaughtered tribes who welcomed the first English settlers to these United States, the wretched remnant of a robbed and plundered people, fading before the pestilent progress of the preacher's gospel, must forget their native stoicism for a moment and laugh out loud as they hear Dr. Dille's discourse on the civilization of the Indian and the beneficent influence of the gospel of Bible, Buckshot and Beer.

Moreover, in dealing with the countries of Europe the Rev. Dr. pursues the same tactics of the bully, comparing little countries with great and lauds of immense natural resources with lands whose nature has dealt her favors with a more niggard hand. He takes big Germany and little Italy and puts them side by side. He takes England with her exhaustless coal fields and sets her against Spain, which is almost destitute of that necessity for manufactures. How was it in his comparisons that he left out France, the oldest daughter of the Church, a not unworthy competitor of Germany or of England? If he wanted to compare small countries why did he not take Belgium and Holland and tell us why the Protestantism of the Dutch did not save them from the decline which he attributes to the Catholicism of Spain? But of course Dr. Dille was not put on the platform to instruct the ignorant or to tell the truth, but to fan the flames of prejudice by the breath of slander and deceit.

Poor Ireland could not escape the Doctor's attention. In addition to all her grievances this is the heaviest that her name is in Dr. Dille's mouth. "He made comparison," says the reporter, "between Roman Catholic and Protestant countries to show that in point of enlightenment, civilization and morality the latter are in advance of the former. He said that the northern part of Ireland was in advance of the southern part, simply because the north is governed from the banks of the Thames and the south from the banks of the Tiber; the north from the court of St. James; the south from the Vatican." This is a pretty bold statement, and must have seemed to Dr. Dille a staggerer for the Papists. Ireland is a small country and her people are practically homogeneous. The resources of the north and south are to all intents and purposes identical, yet here we have Ulster surpassing the other provinces in "enlightenment, civilization and morality," and to what other cause can the superiority be attributed, if not to the glorious reformation which delivered that happy province from "Popery, Brass Money and Wooden Shoes?"

But is it a fact that Ulster is so much ahead of the rest of Ireland? The Doctor seems to take it for granted, but census returns and Government reports and percentages are hard things to knock one's head against. Let us take up the three points of "enlightenment, civilization and morality," and see how the British census of 1890 bears out his contention. To begin with "enlightenment." Of course everybody knows that "enlightenment" is the peculiar prerogative of the members of the Orange Lodges. No one who has ever seen the heavy faced followers of the pious William on one of their July jamborees could doubt this truism. Ulster certainly must lead in the matter of education, and very likely the census returns have been manipulated by "Rome's Hand" if they tell a different tale. However here are the figures. Out of every 100 persons the number of those who read and write is in:

Table with 2 columns: Province, Percentage. Rows: Leinster (74.6), Munster (61.7), Ulster (70.7), Connaught.

These are the figures for 1890 and they give "enlightened" Ulster the superiority over poor, mountainous Connaught. The two Catholic provinces of Leinster and Munster lead Protestant Ulster in this test of education furnished by the three "R's."

As to civilization, we have several means of judging the relative positions of the North and South. The countries of the United Kingdom manage to struggle along under that odious tax which so many of our politicians are denouncing to-day—the income tax. The returns from the collectors give, as nothing else can, an idea of the wealth of the four provinces of Ireland. According to the returns for 1880-90, we find that duty was charged in

Table with 2 columns: Province, Amount. Rows: Leinster (1,235,120 00), Ulster (722,010 00), Munster (654,125 00), Connaught (181,575 00).

So that instead of Ulster leading in wealth it makes a bad second to popish Leinster, while Munster, the stronghold of the Celtic clans, gives it a close run for even that position.

Moreover, when we consider the per capita distribution of this wealth, the "civilization" of the prosperous Irish province gets a further set back. The following table is deserving of Dr. Dille's closest attention, and we would advise him to paste it in his hat for future reference:

Table with 2 columns: Province, Amount per inhabitant. Rows: Leinster (452 43), Munster (31 62), Ulster (30 60), Connaught (17 82).

Again, instead of leading all the other provinces by virtue of its Protestantism, Ulster goes down to the third place to keep company with the benighted papistry of Connaught.

Let, however, Dr. Dille's experience with the Orangemen should lead him to believe that they are capable of lying about their incomes to dodge the collector, we will take another means of ascertaining the relative "civilization" of the great divisions of Ireland. The census tables divide the agricultural holdings into three classes. The method of division depends upon valuation for purposes of taxation. Those which are rated between \$500 and \$1,000 form one class, those between \$1,000 and \$1,500 a second, and those over \$1,500 a third. Let us now see the number of these holdings in the four provinces and we can form a good idea of the condition at least of the farming population.

Table with 4 columns: Province, over \$500, over \$1000, over \$1500. Rows: Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught.

Ulster again takes the third place. The same result is obtained if we compare the holdings by acres instead of by valuation. The following table is also worthy of a place in Dr. Dille's hat:

Table with 4 columns: Province, acres 50 to 100, acres 100 to 200, acres 200 to 500, acres over 500. Rows: Munster, Ulster.

Of course Ulster has the glorious satisfaction of beating Connaught, so we need not give the figures for that province, but the strange thing is that while we are sick and tired of hearing about the prosperous Presbyterians of the North, we never hear of their vastly more numerous but equally prosperous Catholic countrymen of the South.

The position of Ulster is made still more plain if we consider how the holdings rated over \$100 are divided among the counties. There are 32 counties in Ireland and of these 9 belong to Ulster. Taking now the ratings of over \$100 we find that for every 1,000 persons

Table with 2 columns: County, Percentage. Rows: Dublin, Meath, Kilkenny, Wicklow, Westmeath, Carlow, Cork, Tipperary, Wexford, Kildare, Limerick, Queen's, Down.

Down is the first Ulster county which appears on the list and we find it only in the thirteenth place. Antrim the next highest of the Protestant counties is sixteenth, Fermanagh is seventeenth, while Derry, about which we heard so much from Ananias Henry, disputes the twenty third place with Clare.

Another test of civilization is the character of the dwellings of the people. The census has divided the house accommodation of Ireland into four classes. The first class is of course much the same all the world over, but what the fourth class is only those who have seen the hovels in which Irish landlordism houses its serfs can imagine. The following table shows the percentage of house accommodation for the four provinces:

Table with 4 columns: Province, 1st class, 2nd class, 3rd class, 4th class. Rows: Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught.

One would imagine that the prosperous Protestants of the North would have at least decent house accommodation, but the table shows that their tastes run to those dwellings which are but one remove from the hog pens. The Catholics of Leinster and of Munster are vastly better housed than their "civilized" brethren of the "black" North.

Finally, to take up the question of morality, the difference here is so stupendous that it will hardly be believed. The percentage of illegitimacy in Ireland is the lowest in the world. Scandinavia stands the highest in this immoral record. Of 2,714 children born in one year in Stockholm, 1,137 were illegitimate. In Ireland the percentage varies from 1.3 to 6.2. The 1.3 comes from Catholic Connaught, while the 6.2 belongs to Protestant and moral Ulster. These little facts we commend to Dr. Dille's attention the next time he institutes a comparison between Catholic and Protestant countries. However, they may not be very suitable for his purpose, because they have the disadvantage of being true.

Death of Judge Holt.

Another historic character has passed away. General Joseph Holt, a distinguished jurist and orator, died at his residence, No. 239 New Jersey avenue, Washington, D.C., on Aug. 1st. His death was indirectly due to a fall he sustained while descending the stairs at his home some days ago. Until this accident befell him he was in excellent health for a man of eighty-seven years.

Judge Holt is widely remembered for his part as Judge Advocate of the court-martial which tried Mrs. Surratt and the other conspirators accused of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, and the execution of the sentences. President Andrew Johnson, through others, charged that Judge Holt had, on laying before him for his action the proceedings of the military commission, suppressed and withheld from him a petition for clemency in the case of Mrs. Surratt, signed by five members of the Commission, and that he had signed her death-warrant in ignorance of the existence of such a petition. Judge Holt is thus another of the participants in the judicial murder of Mrs. Surratt, who has died a violent death.

Mme. Casimir Perier has contributed 10,000f. to the national subscription started by the women of France to found a philanthropic establishment in memory of President Carnot, and for which funds are being rapidly received.

Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

FATHER McGUIRE'S PICNIC.

The Premier Attends and Makes a Happy Speech.

Wiring from Bracebridge on the 9th instant, the *Mail's* correspondent says:

The town has been in a fever of excitement during the past ten days in anticipation of the visit of Sir John Thompson, who was announced as a speaker at a picnic to be held on the fair grounds here in aid of the funds of the district under the charge of the Rev. Father McGuire. It is admitted that many Protestants who have hitherto not taken any part in Roman Catholic bazars and picnics came forward and worked for the success of this gathering, although the Roman Catholics of Bracebridge only include about thirty families, and so sparse is the Roman Catholic population that the Rev. Father McGuire, with one assistant, is able to attend to the spiritual needs of all this district, which includes also Parry Sound, Gravenhurst, Huntville, and all the smaller places lying between. The crowd on the grounds to day was far in excess of that seen at any of the previous picnics under the same auspices, a fact no doubt largely due to the anticipated visit of the Premier.

Bracebridge had put on its most festive appearance, numerous flags were flying over public and private buildings, and mottoes such as "Welcome to Sir John," "Canada, a Nation," "Bracebridge Greetings," were hung across the street. The town was full of visitors, and at three p.m. a large crowd assembled on the pier to welcome the distinguished visitors. At five minutes past three Senator Sanford's steam yacht, the *Nainid*, gaily decorated with bunting, steamed up to the landing stage. The party which landed consisted of the Lieut. Governor, Sir John Thompson, Senator Sanford, Judge Mahaffy, and Mr. Geo. Tate Blackstock, Q.C. They were received with hearty cheers, and the Bracebridge Citizens' band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Father McGuire introduced the party to Mayor Hunt. A procession was formed, and headed by the band, the visitors being in carriages, the principal streets were traversed to the Town hall, where a halt was made.

A platform had been erected in front of the building, and here the Mayor, on behalf of the Council and citizens generally, presented the Premier with an address of welcome.

In response, Sir John Thompson expressed regret that owing to the illness of their little daughter Lady Thompson was unable to be present. He accepted the address as a tribute, not to the man, but the office he filled. He was afraid too many kind things had been said of him, but the greatest act of kindness was in stating that he was worthy to follow the footsteps of the three distinguished men who had previously held that office—Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir John Macdonald, and Sir John Abbott. He had the honour of serving under the two latter men, and appreciated their worth and patriotism. With regard to Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, men, no matter how they differed from his policy, admired his sterling integrity and devotion to duty, so that it was no mean honour to be told that Sir John Thompson was worthy to follow in their footsteps. It was a striking fact that the Dominion had no ex-Premier, and he could assure them he was not a candidate for that office; he had no desire to fill it for at least a long time to come.

The Lieut.-Governor was pleased to see the Municipal Council welcome such a distinguished visitor, and he was sure the welcome was not because of party politics, for distinguished Canadians, irrespective of politics, were always welcome in Ontario. The people of Canada felt the pressure of hard times, but they should thank God

for the happy lines in which their lives were cast.

The procession then reformed, and marched to the Exhibition grounds, where a very large number of the people were assembled, who gave the party a very cordial reception.

The Mayor took the chair at the meeting, and more than two thousand people gathered around the temporary platform. His Worship expressed pleasure at seeing all creeds united in a good cause, that of helping the cause of religion.

Sir John Thompson, on coming forward to speak, was very cordially received. He disclaimed any intention of making a political speech so soon after leaving Ottawa, where everyone was tired of hearing everyone else speak. He had only been accustomed to plead at the bar and to talk politics, and had come to Muskoka to escape from all this. He had been so far delighted with all he had seen, and when Father McGuire asked him to come to this picnic he could not refuse, owing to the kindness extended to him ever since he entered Muskoka. The beauty and grandeur of the scenes around them should remind Canadians of the beauty and expanse of the Dominion, a country of homes, a country where every honest individual could find peace and plenty. Here they had everything which could make a people happy and great. He could remember when down in the East they were told that Ontario cared nothing except to get free access to the sea. Now the people of the East know better, and they rejoiced that the magnificent seaboard on the Atlantic was secured for all of Canada by Confederation. But it was not only the eastern seaboard alone Canada had to be proud of, for away to the West were the great and fertile prairies, and still further west the Pacific seaboard, so that the Dominion had a double share of that essential of national prosperity, an extensive seaboard. Canada was just now in a fortunate position. The Lieut. Governor had previously referred to the serious state of affairs in the Republic, but it was not there alone where trouble existed. The chief of a great nation had been struck down by the assassin's knife; in Britain the agricultural distress was most severe, and almost every European nation was being forced to take action against traitors and Anarchists. It was cause for thankfulness that in spite of difficulties, Canada was happy and contented. The English-speaking race and French-speaking race have both agreed to govern themselves locally, and to unite for the welfare of the country. The desire of Canadians was to live in peace among themselves and with the neighboring nation, for whom they had nothing but the most kindly feeling and the best wishes, but it was too late to talk to us of wedlock to the States, for we are wedded to our own country and to the great country which gave to us the peace we enjoy, and the right to govern ourselves. He had in his possession a letter written nearly thirty years ago by Sir Joseph Howe to his (the speaker's) father. That letter described a voyage from Nova Scotia to Quebec, and showed that in those days the then provinces knew little of each other, and had apparently no common interest. All that had been changed by Confederation, and Nova Scotians, whilst intensely loyal to their own province, were equally loyal to Canada, and ready if need be to die for the Dominion. Nova Scotians had taken their share of the burdens of the country, and were said to be like the Scotch, particularly fond of all good jobs. He rejoiced to be present because of the demonstration. Such a gathering gave token of the spirit of toleration and good feeling which were so characteristic of Canadians. He was delighted to hear from all parties that Protestants were as anxious to make the picnic a success as was Father

McGuire, and were as generous in their donations as Catholics. There could be no hope for a country where there was no toleration in religious matters. Proceeding, he said he had used these words before and was jeered at by a great paper in Ontario. "I was told I only asked toleration for myself and my co-religionists. I ask no toleration for myself from any man. I ask for no toleration for my religious views. I neither defend nor explain my views; neither will I do so to any man. When I see Protestants, as I see them to-day, helping a good cause I rejoice at the toleration exhibited." Sir John concluded after paying a warm tribute to the people, who, irrespective of politics or creed, had given him such a kind welcome.

The Lieutenant-Governor expressed his delight with the good feeling which existed among the people of Muskoka. Such toleration exhibited was of the most hopeful augury for Canada. He trusted that not only members of the Cabinet but politicians of both sides would go among the people and learn their wants. (A Voice—"And give us reciprocity.") Canada was a great country of which they were all proud, and if they were loyal to duty a grand future lay before them.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock and the Rev. Father McGuire gave short addresses.

Mr. A. P. Cockburn, ex M.P., was called for. He deprecated very strongly the bitter sectarian feeling exhibited during the recent provincial election, and especially in Muskoka, and trusted it would soon die out and be forgotten.

Cheers for the Queen, the Premier, the Lieutenant Governor, Father McGuire and Mr. Cockburn closed the meeting.

Among those present, in addition to the Premier's party, were Sheriff Bettes, Dr. Bridgland, Mr. J. B. Browning, Mr. Aubrey White, Ontario Crown Lands Department, the Rev. John Jones, Orillia; Judge McCurry, Mr. W. H. Spencer, J.P., ex-Mayor S. H. Armstrong, Mr. Robert Perry, Dr. Topp and other Conservative and Liberal leaders.

Mr. Frank Madill, M.P. for the district, was not present, and Mr. George Langford, M.P.P. for the district, although in the town, did not meet the Premier.

The programme of sports was very long. Orillia won the lacrosse match by 3 to 2, and the gold watch given to the lady selling the largest number of tickets was won by Miss Haines, of Huntsville, a Protestant.

The weather was superb, and the proceeds of the picnic exceed \$2,000, or more than \$600 over last year. The Premier's party lunched at the Queen's Hotel, and left at the close of the sports by the *Nainid* for Senator Sanford's residence at Sans Souci Island, Lake Rosseau.

A Seed in His Lungs.

Benjamin H. Wells, a resident of West Lubec, Me., in eating an orange several weeks ago got one of the seeds lodged in his throat and was unable to remove it. Lately his throat began to swell, so that it became difficult for him to breathe. He obtained medical advice, and was informed that the seed had sprouted and must be removed at once. He went to Boston for a surgical operation for its removal, but the report was that Mr. Wells can get no relief, as the seed, instead of being lodged in the throat, is in the lungs, and cannot be reached. The Boston physicians can do nothing for his relief.

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.

Lord Aberdeen's Estates.

Before the royal commission on agriculture, presided over by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. George Muirhead, factor for Lord Aberdeen's estates in Aberdeenshire, in the course of his evidence, said that the acreage of Lord Aberdeen's estate was 53,000 acres, the rental being about £10,000 a year. Since 1872 Lord Aberdeen had spent over \$200,000 in improvements on the estate. In 1880 £21,000 was returned to the tenants, owing to the disastrous season of 1879, in 1886 £5,000 was returned; and in 1892 £2,039. In 1886 a re-valuation was offered to every tenant, and to those who accepted it it brought a reduction of about 22 per cent., but nothing like all the tenants asked for a revision.

The new rents under the revision were to stand for five years. In 1890 these rents were raised 11 per cent. All the tenants were under lease. He gave details of the number of years' rent at 18s. an acre, which it took to equip holdings of different sizes, ranging from £120 for holdings of five acres to £2,300 for holdings of 500 acres. He had at least 100 applications for farms lying in his office to day. The farms which came to be let were generally let for less than some applicants were willing to give. Judging from the regularity with which rents were paid, he had no reason to suppose that the agricultural depression was felt in Aberdeenshire. His opinion was that the depression existing generally was due to the contraction of the currency and the consequent appreciation of gold. The only remedy he could suggest was an addition to the supply of gold.

Who Converts the Chinaman?

The *Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle* asks the above and answers the question as follows: "Evidently, in so far as he is converted at all, it is by the Catholic missionaries. They are first, like Eclipse, and the rest are nowhere. From the decennial report of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, it appears that in Mowchang twenty-three Catholic missionaries have more than 12,500 converts, whereas seventeen Protestant missionaries have congregations numbering only about 2,000. In Chefoo the missionary body comprises some seventy-five Protestants with 500 converts, and 100 Catholics with 100,000 converts. Thus, while each Catholic secures 1,000 natives, each Protestant secures only six or seven. In Mengtoz the situation is even worse from the Protestant point of view.

"There are, we are told, twenty-three Catholic priests with 10,000 converts; twelve men and nine women Protestant missionaries can only boast of a dozen baptized adherents. No clear light is thrown upon the causes of the failure of the Protestant mission; but it is doubtless due in great measure to the faculty possessed by the Catholics of identifying themselves with the interests of the natives. In Ichang, for example, the Fathers have taught the people to grow the potato, which in many villages has superseded even rice as the staple food."

Recovered Her Sight at a Tomb.

The blindness of Mrs. Mary Coyle, of Hazel street, Wilkesbarro, has been almost entirely cured, she avers, by a remarkable process. She was almost totally blind for years. On Wednesday she visited the tomb of Father O'Haven, who was pastor at St. Mary's church, which she attended, for twenty-five years, and there wept and prayed. Then she applied the dust of the grave to her eyes. Now she sees as well as before she was blind.

Harry Bradley, of St. Louis, lost his own life recently in his efforts to save a drowning dog. The brute was saved,

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Presentation and speech by Archbishop Cleary

Mention has already been made in the Register touching the monument presented to the authorities of the General Hospital of Kingston by Archbishop Cleary. We take from the *Tribune* the following report of his Grace's eloquent address at the unveiling of the memorial, which is designed and executed in the purest Carrara marble. His Grace said:

About thirty years ago, my friend Mr. John Francis Maguire, Member of Parliament for my native borough of Dungarvan, and subsequently for Cork city, made a tour through the United States and Canada, to examine the condition of the exiled Irish that had settled in these countries. He spent some days in Kingston and paid a visit of sympathy to this spot whereon we now stand, once the scene of unspeakable woe. God alone and the recording angel have kept account of the excruciating pains of body and sorrows of soul, of the tears and agonizing groans of the famished, fever-tormented children of Ireland that expired here, in their last breathing. The ejaculatory prayer of submission to the Divine will with Christ-like cries to Heaven for forgiveness to those who had most cruelly ill-treated them. In a book published afterwards, Mr. Maguire severely notices the fact that "neither rail, nor fence, nor stone, nor cross, nor inscription is here to tell that 1,000 of a Christian people slept beneath the turf of this gigantic grave."

On reading this a few years ago, I resolved within myself that, so soon as my diocesan obligations should allow me a respite from labor, I would erect a monument here to my afflicted compatriots and wipe out the reproach so vividly chronicled by Mr. Maguire. There is a melancholy pleasure in the work of this evening. It soothes a thorny feeling in my Irish heart, and will, I doubt not, afford comfort to my fellow citizens of Kingston, irrespective of creed or race, and to Irishmen all over Canada and elsewhere. The inscription carved upon the pedestal of this monument has been prepared with becoming deference to the sentiments of the Protestant governors, lay and clerical of this hospital, and, as it stands now, is approved by them. It commemorates in simplest language the sad event of which it is to be a perpetual memorial. It omits designedly all reference to the causes that brought about the Irish famine in 1847 and the extermination of the hardy and industrious farmers of Ireland from their ancestral homesteads in punishment of God's visitation upon the land by the blight of the potato crop.

Those were indeed awful times in Ireland. Week after week, hundreds of families—men, women and children, the robust and the sick—were ejected from their peaceful dwellings, and ruthlessly cast upon the roadside, without roof or shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and without food or adequate clothing, or provision of any kind for nature's necessities. Famine succeeded hunger and exposure, and fever succeeded famine; and despair at length enforced the fatal decision to accept the land agents' proposal of payment of a few pounds of passage money for every family that consented to cross the Atlantic Ocean in the floating hearse. This historical reference is omitted from the monumental inscription, because it would help to keep alive for all time these painful recollections, which we who witnessed the shocking scenes of misery can never forget, but which, it is hoped, will gradually fade from memory when the good feeling recently awakened, and already developed into vigorous activity among the British people towards their Irish

brethren shall have overturned forever the execrable system of misrule hitherto imposed on Ireland by a greedy, heartless, alien aristocracy, whom nobody nowadays will undertake to defend. In the dawn of the coming era of peace and permanent friendship between the two nations we bury the hatchet. May the much-afflicted dead rest in peace!

The number who died of the ship-fever in Kingston in 1847 is variously estimated, exact registers not having been kept for a good part of that laborious and distressing time regarding the Protestant victims. Good Father Dollard, however, has left behind him a most carefully kept diary of the Catholics who succumbed to the pestilence and were buried by him religiously, giving the name and surname of each, the age and the date of death, and the parish or county in Ireland from which the emigrant had come. Kingston was then a comparatively small place. It was only in the previous year it began to be styled a city. Father Dollard's tabulated register shows 52 to be the number of Catholic citizens that died between January 1st and June 30th in 1847, whereas in the second half of that year he buried 1,182 Catholics, of which number 980 "immigrants" and 41 "residents" were victims of the plague. The mortality became gradually reduced after Winter had set in, and the record of 1848 shows only 53 Catholics, styled "last year's immigrants," to have died of the dread disease. Accordingly, after making the closest approximate calculation warranted by the existing Protestant records, we have inscribed on this monument the total number of victims of the plague, Catholics and Protestants, "about 1,400."

With thankfulness to the Heavenly Father, from whom are all holy desires, righteous counsels and just works, we commemorate on this monument "the assiduous attention and compassionate offices of the good citizens of Kingston" towards the sick and dying immigrants, who were thrown suddenly and in alarming numbers upon the streets of this city. In a single day a forwarder named Grier landed 1,800 of them upon his wharf, now called Gunn's wharf. The sight of their diseased and helpless condition sickened the souls of the bravest. Many were seized with panic and fled to distant places. But, thank God, there were also many, very many, among the Irish of Kingston who received their poor, hopeless fellow-countrymen into their homes and cared for them tenderly. Their charity, alas! was the occasion of the spread of the contagion through the city, and hence the large number, 141, of the "Catholic residents" who died of the fever in the second half of the year 1847. There were also in sufficient number courageous and kind-hearted gentlemen, of Irish birth most of them, who occupied civic positions or stood high in social estimation, and were ready to risk their lives in fulfilment of the sublime duty of religion set before us by the Church in the parable of the good Samaritan, recited in yesterday's Mass. The names of the most prominent of those high-minded, unselfish men are familiar to most of you. The members of the Municipal Council of the city of Kingston were indefatigable in their exertions for the relief of the plague-stricken strangers, as I am credibly informed by our most worthy City Clerk, Mr. Michael Flanagan, who was then, as now, the first officer of the city, and who at the same time was Secretary to the Municipal Board of Health. It will not be invidious to mention a few who distinguished themselves in the work of charity by their exposure of their lives in the fever shed. Let me name Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, Mayor of Kingston city at that time, the respected father of George A. Kirk-

patrick, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario to day. He was a most intimate and valued friend of the Right Rev. and Hon. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston, who appointed him executor of his last will. He always exhibited the kindest feeling towards his Catholic fellow-citizens, and in the day of direful distress he stood gallantly by the side of his poor Irish compatriots, on whom the hand of affliction had been laid heavily. With him were associated in every effort of relief Alderman James Baker, a fervent Catholic and most worthy citizen, father of Mrs. James Davis, who still resides amongst us and is respected by all, also Alderman Robert Anglin, a thorough Protestant Irishman, universally esteemed by Catholics as well as Protestants, and united in close friendship with the venerable Bishop Phelan. Alderman Anglin's brothers and sons are still to the fore in this city, enjoying the respect of all who know them. Mr. William Ford and Mr. James Meagher have left after them likewise a tradition of zeal and activity in alleviating the pain and sorrows of the afflicted exiles in 1847. All praise is given to the medical profession in this city for the courageous services rendered by its members during the pestilence of 1847.

To none, however, is the tribute of grateful remembrance and public honor more fully due than to the large-hearted and self-sacrificing Bishop Phelan and his two assistants, Father Dollard and young Father Patrick Neylon. On them the chief burden of the care of the sick, dying and dead naturally fell; because the victims of the plague were for the most part Catholics; and the more helpless the sick, the more of time and care and watchful solicitude was demanded of the priest in attendance upon them for the beneficial administration of the last rites of religion. Therefore did they devote themselves to the dangers and fatigues of the fever sheds day and night without any regard to their own safety. The immense number of those poor people whom they shrived and anointed and buried with the funeral rites of the Catholic Church—1183—besides those who recovered from the pestilence after reception of the last sacraments, tells, of itself, the measure of the labor they underwent during that half year of indescribable horror. The Bishop and Father Dollard survived it; but the young priest, Rev. Patrick Neylon, died in the fever sheds, a martyr to his priestly office and the charity of Christ.

The Archbishop, addressing Principal Grant, said: "To you, sir, as representative of the Board of Governors of this General Hospital of Kingston, I now have the pleasure and honor of presenting this monument, as my personal gift to your institution and this city, with full confidence that you will preserve it unto future generations in memory of the terrible sufferings of my exiled compatriots, and of the Christian kindness and heroic charity of the good citizens of Kingston in the alleviation of human distress in the year 1847."

Hon. F. Geoffrion Dead.

Hon. Felix Geoffrion, Q.C., M.P. for Verchères, died of gastric fever at his residence at Verchères on the evening of the 7th instant. By his death the Liberal party loses one of its veterans, and the Liberals of the district of Richelieu their old time leader. Mr. Geoffrion, next to Mr. Bourassa, M.P. for St. John's, was the oldest member of the Federal House, having occupied a seat there uninterruptedly for 32 years, the next oldest member being Sir Hector Langevin. The member for Verchères attended to his Parliamentary duties as usual during the last session. When prorogation came he returned home in apparently

passable health, but after a hearty meal he suffered from indigestion and had to take to his bed, and remained in it until his death. For some years past Mr. Geoffrion had not been in the best of health.

At the opening of the Federal campaign in February, 1891, after an address to his electors of Beauce, while walking on the slippery sidewalk he fell and broke his thigh. Throughout the campaign he was confined to his residence. His popularity in the county then became evident, as he was returned by the largest majority he ever had, defeating the Conservative candidate, Mr. A. M. Archambault, N.P., of St. Antoine, by 173. Though Verchères was a close county it never went back on its old representative. On Monday of last week his condition became so serious that the last sacraments of the church were administered to him by Rev. Mr. Bernard, parish priest of Verchères.

The deceased was the son of the late Mr. Felix Geoffrion, and was the elder brother of the well known lawyer, Mr. C. A. Geoffrion, Q.C., and of Messrs. Aimo Geoffrion, Inspector of Registry Offices, and Victor Geoffrion, and of Mesdames Cusson, Morin and Chevette. He was born at Verchères on October 1, 1852, and was therefore in his 62nd year. After his course of studies he chose the notarial profession, in which he attained eminence. In 1856 he married the daughter of Lt. Col. Joseph Dan sercau, by whom he had three children. The wife and children are now all dead, Mrs. Geoffrion dying about twelve years ago. His son died at the age of twenty, and the two daughters at an early age. From 1851 to 1863 he was Registrar of Verchères County. He had been President of the Montreal, Chambly and Serol Railway, and had occupied nearly all the positions of trust in the county and district. He was first returned in 1863 to the Canadian Assembly, and went through a score of contests successfully. He was one of the best stump speakers ever heard in the Province, though he rarely spoke in the House. Hon. J. A. Chapleau, then at the zenith of his power as a public speaker, undertook to face him in Verchères, but was defeated at the polls. It is remarkable that Mr. Geoffrion was opposed at every election except at that rendered necessary by his entry into the Cabinet, when he was returned by acclamation.

Though Mr. Geoffrion was seldom heard on the floor of the Commons he was active in committees. In 1871 he moved the formation of a select committee to inquire into the causes of the difficulties in the Northwest during 1869-70, of which he became Chairman, and prepared the report thereof to Parliament. On July 8, 1874, he was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Minister of Inland Revenue, succeeding Sir A. A. Dorion, appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench. He remained in office until December, 1876, when, owing to serious illness, Mr. Geoffrion resigned, retaining his seat in Parliament. He was replaced in the Cabinet by Hon. Rodolphe Laflamme.

Wonderful stories are told about a shell recently invented by Admiral Markoff, of the Russian navy. It is declared that one of these shells fired at a six inch Harveyized plate at an angle of 20 degrees, passed through the plate and backing and fell 400 yards further on. A similar shell is said to have pierced a ten inch plate at angle of ten degrees.

The hair, when not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It imparts that silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

The Late Mr. John Heelan.

It is with deep and unfeigned regret that we record the death of Mr. John Heelan, which sad event took place on Sunday morning at his late residence, Ottawa street, Montreal. It is true that Mr. Heelan's death was not quite unexpected, yet it came like a shock to his great host of friends and admirers in Montreal. A short time ago deceased visited Colorado for the benefit of his health, but ever since his return the fatal malady that finally carried him off had been making steady headway. He was in his thirty-second year, in the full bloom of noble manhood, and at that period of life when the future looks rosy with promise and hope. When the painful news of his death became known the Shamrock Athletic Association ordered a floral star, with an inscribed inscription wrought in natural flowers, to be sent to decorate the couch whereon the one-time star of the lacrosse field slept his last sleep. Eight years have gone by since Mr. Heelan was an active member of the Shamrock team, and yet it seems only yesterday since he was seen on the grounds wearing the colors of the club and evoking enthusiastic applause from the thousands who watched and admired his prowess. He was, physically, a splendid specimen of manhood; he was one of the most expert players of his day; when sent with the ball on his lacrosse rushing towards the goal of an opposing team, many is the cheer that encouraged him and that told how keenly awake to the importance of his triumph were all who took interest in the manly game.

While occupying a place of distinction in the ranks of the amateur athletic men of the country, he was foremost in the grand work of placing in the front every organization with which his nationality was specially connected or in which his fellow-countrymen were particularly interested. In the field of physical culture he nobly did his part. But apart from those achievements, that will not soon be forgotten, he devoted his time to the acquiring and cultivating of the qualities of mind and heart that tend to elevate a people. He was a young Irishman of whom his fellow-country could well be proud, and a Catholic whose life and example should not be lost upon his co-religionists. Socially, he was a charming companion, and all who enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with him have ever felt better and happier by reason of his association and companionship. And above all, to these fine characteristics we must add that of a deep and solid religious spirit, a Faith that no obstacle could shake and a Charity that kept pace with the devotion of his heart. In the last hours and during the trying months that preceded the end this religious fervor was his grandest consolation and the truest guarantee of a future of happiness.

The chief mourners at the funeral were the father of the deceased, Mr. William Heelan, and his brother, Mr. Patrick Heelan, as well as other near relatives. The pall-bearers were Messrs. E. Kennedy, R. S. Kelly, James Wilson, W. O'Brien, F. Ryan and F. Barret.

The large concourse of sorrowing relatives, mourning friends and grief-stricken admirers that followed his remains to that silent city beyond the mountain is the best evidence of the esteem, respect and love in which he was held by hundreds. In the words of that service which the Church chants over her faithful children, we bid him farewell—"May his soul rest in peace."—*True Witness.*

The Mayor has given orders that the overcrowding of ferry boats be looked into and stopped.

A. O. H.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Toronto, Aug. 13, 1894

DEAR SIR—A few lines in reference to the progress of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Ontario may be interesting to the many Irish Catholic readers of your valuable paper in this Province, and also outside of it where any of our race exist, and to whom the Organization is practically unknown.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians is a purely Irish Catholic Society, by birth or descent, drawing together the scattered elements of our race from the hills of Antrim to the lowlands of Cork in Ireland. Not only there, but our Order has marched across St. George's Channel, and to-day Irishmen all over the British Isles, wherever their lot is cast, can point with pride to the inspiring motives of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

On the continent of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, wherever Irishmen are found, we also find a Division of the A.O.H. Our membership on the continent numbers 125,000, and in Ireland, England and Scotland, 205,000. With a muster roll equal to a standing army, we can with confidence invite every true son of Ireland to join us in building up the only Irish Catholic Organization on this continent.

While our membership in Ontario has not increased as rapidly as we would wish, owing to large numbers of our people having connected themselves with other Societies prior to the introduction of the A.O.H., still we feel confident that, with the introduction of a system of insurance similar to the one in existence in our Order in the State of Minnesota, success will attend our efforts in bringing many more of our race under the motto of our Order: Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity.

Respectfully yours,
HUGH McCaffrey, Prov. Pres.

Dianthro Pic-nic.

More than 2,000 people attended the picnic of St. Paul's on the Civic holiday. A splendid programme of amusements was provided, there being brass and string bands, dancing platforms, lacrosse and other games. The most exciting contest of the day was the lacrosse match between the League of the Cross and Elms clubs, resulting in a tie after an hour and a half's play, the score being 2-2. In the evening the grounds were illuminated and a splendid display of fireworks took place.

Refreshments were to be had at several booths, which were presided over by Mrs. Melady, Mrs. Rosar, and the Misses O'Connor, Mallon, Walsh, Neilson and Haffey.

Among those present were: Very Rev. V. G. McCann, Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, Rev. Father Gallagher, Rev. Father Jesscott, Rev. Father Walsh, Rev. Father Coyle, Rev. Father Brennan, Rev. Father Guilmaue, Rev. Father Hand. Other prominent gentlemen present were: Messrs. Hugh Ryan, T. Anglin, E. Foley, James J. Mallon, Charles McCabe, W. H. Cahill, George Duffy and Patrick Boyle.

Official.

To the members in the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada.

BROTHERS—Notice is hereby given that the Ninth Convention of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada will be held in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, commencing on Tuesday, the fourth day of September, 1894, at 9 o'clock a.m.

Delegates must be present at the opening of, and at every Session throughout the Convention, otherwise they will not be considered duly qualified delegates.

Circulars will be sent to Delegates, giving full information regarding railroad fare, hotels, etc. Yours fraternally,
S. R. BROWN,
Grand Secretary.

London, August 11, 1894.

Ex-Mayor James Beaty, who had an operation performed on him recently at the General Hospital, is progressing favorably.



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Sancta Maria.

By ELLA WILLIARD POWELL.

Above the portal of God's holy house,
A statue of the blessed Mother stands,
And beckons to a weary, wandering world
With outstretched, loving hands.

To all God's sinful, thrice children
She calleth gently—"Come to me
Kneel at the altar of thy God,
And know Christ called for thee."

Speekest, yet calling softly
To path the righteous tread,
Thou statue, gently eloquent,
Art a messenger of God.

The East India Missions.

The *Catholic Missions* published the following letter of Rev. Father Carrier, S.J., a missioner in Trichmopoly, East Indies:

The Madeira Mission and the Society of Jesus can invoke a new martyr, the Rev. Ambrose Amirdam, who fell under the strokes of an iron bar in the hands of savage pagans.

He was born at Hariscala on the 3d of September, 1858, in one of the best families of the place. After having accomplished his studies with great success in the College of Negapatam, Ambrose was received in the Society of Jesus, where he was remarkable for his piety and charity, and still more for his ardent zeal in procuring the conversion of pagans and promoting the spiritual welfare of Christians. Since twelve years he was a priest. He had done a great deal of good and had converted a large number of infidels.

On the 9th of January he left us in good health, full of life and spirit. He had been designated to be the guide of Rev. Arthur Allehin, an English Jesuit, formerly an officer of the navy, a convert, and who wished to visit our stations before returning to England, where he was to be one of the writers on the *Month*.

Father Amirdam was going to Tuticorin, where he would have found his companion and pass through the Pala Nagel, when many Christians came in haste to inform him that a priest of the idols, very much respected and considered as a powerful magician, had encroached on their rights by building on the land around their church. Without any other consideration but his zeal the missionary went immediately to examine the affair. He entered a protest against the usurpation, and sent for the police, whose station was not more than fifty steps distant. The Rev. Father spoke calmly, and made his protest with the most admirable mildness. Whilst all were awaiting the police agents, a pagan drew near and struck him on the back with an iron bar a little below the left shoulder with such a force that the wooden handle broke into splinters in the hands of the assailant. The horrible blow, probably fatal, did not deprive immediately the good Father of all consciousness. He fell on his knees, crossed his arms on his breast, and raised his eyes to heaven. No doubt in that supreme moment he sent a prayer of humble resignation and ardent love to God, and asked mercy and forgiveness for his murderers.

A second ruffian more savage than the first struck the good Father perpendicularly on the head, inflicting a large wound about three inches deep running obliquely from the top of his head almost to the left ear.

The blood gushed abundantly and formed a red pool on the sand where lay the martyr unconscious and nearly dead. Still they struck repeatedly on his chest. A pagan more cruel than the others arrived with a large pruning hook, and was on the point of severing the head and of chopping the limbs of the invincible soldier of Christ. He would have accomplished this ghastly work, but a generous Christian, a brother of one of our best native priests, exposing his life, rushed in the middle of the infuriated crowd to prevent that

horrible and sacrilegious butchery, and took the dying martyr from the hands of his torturers.

The Rev. Father Carrier describes how he had been summoned. He hurried and arrived before the night to administer the last Sacraments to his dying brother, who though spitting blood constantly and being agitated by a violent delirium, cast occasionally an imploring glance on the crucifix or the image of the Holy Mother of God.

A doctor, who arrived in the morning, declared there was hardly any hope to save the patient, and advised to have him conveyed to the next town, where the surgeons provided with the necessary instruments might attempt to do something to save a precious life.

The martyr started, carried on a stretcher and surrounded by a large number of Christians, when his soul took its departure from this world and went to receive in heaven the crown conquered by his glorious sacrifice.

Make Your Mark.

Because you are without money, friends and talents, it does not follow that you are of no account in the world. Each school-boy knows that Lincoln was a poor boy, that Grant was nobody particular until the late war gave him his opportunity, that Livingston, the great African explorer, was a poor weaver-boy, and Burns a plow-boy.

Application, industry and honesty were the magic keys that opened to them the doors of success. Others with friends, money and matchless talents, started in the race also, but came to naught because they lacked one thing—an unalterable determination to succeed, like many boys of today; they said "I can't" and "I won't," instead of "I can" and "I will." You cannot make your mark in a day, you cannot achieve success at a bound; some men have apparently done so, but in reality it was the work of years which had been patiently waiting its sure reward. In a word, it is the patient endeavor and faithful work of every day which enables a man to make his mark.

Nothing but Money.

We all want to be happy, and we want something to make us happy; but, if it is to be worth our pursuit, the happiness it yields must not be a mere momentary flash, but a solid and permanent satisfaction. It was the melancholy confession of a wealthy American lady—"When I was young I had everything but money, and now that I am old I have nothing but money; and what can it do for me?" Similar was the testimony of one who lived in the full splendor of the Court of the first Napoleon—"Ah," she said, "I had a beautiful house, I had fine diamonds, every day I might vary my elegant dress, a chosen circle of friends dined at my table, every theatre was open to me, there was no fetter given in Paris to which I was not invited; and yet, amid it all, an inexplicable cloud hung over me, a secret anxiety as to the future always possessed me."

Tame Eowl.

Care and feed make the breed, and a flock of poultry properly cared for is a tame one. Tame fowls thrive better and are more profitable than a flock of wild ones. A flock of poultry is a good indication of the nature of their owner, and it is a noted fact on farms where poultry is recognized as a source of profit that the flock appears to know their owners will not harm them. On farms where poultry "eat their heads off" and do not pay they are so wild if one stoops over as if in the act of picking something from the ground the flock will scatter in all directions, sounding their well-earned notes of alarm.

RELIEF AT LAST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDON-BORO YOUNG LADY.

A Victim of Severe Pains, Dizziness and Watery Blood—At Times could not go Up a Step—How She Regained Health and Strength.

From the *Clinton New Era*.

Miss Kate Longman is a young lady of about 22 years of age, who lives with her mother in the pretty little village of London-boro, six miles from the town of Clinton. Both are well-known and highly esteemed by their many friends. The *New Era* having learned that Miss Longman had been a great sufferer and had been recently restored to health by the timely use of a well-known popular remedy, dispatched a representative to get the particulars of the case. In reply to the reporter's inquiries Miss Longman said that if her experience might be the means of helping some other sufferer, she was quite willing that it should be made public. "For a long time," she said, "I was very poorly; I was weak and run down, and at times suffered pains in my back that were simply awful. My blood was in a watery condition, and I was subject to spells of weakness to such an extent that I could not step up a door step to save my life. I doctored a great deal for my sickness, but without avail. At last, after having frequently read in the *New Era* of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to give them a trial. The result was that my health soon began to return and the pains and weakness left and I was again restored to strength." At this moment Mrs. Longman entered, and being informed who the visitor was and what was his mission, said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest medicine known. My daughter was so sick that I feared she would die, and she continually grew weaker until she began the use of Pink Pills, and they have cured her, as she has not had a recurrence of the trouble since." Miss Longman is now the picture of health, and declares that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entitled to the credit. The *New Era* knows of many others who have benefited by this remarkable remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Aug. 16—St. Roch, Confessor.
17—Octave of St. Lawrence, Martyr.
18—St. Hyacinthe, Confessor.
19—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
20—St. Joseph, Father of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
21—St. Bernard, Confessor and Doctor.
22—St. Jane Francis, Virgin.
23—Octave of the Assumption.

The Winnipeg School Board.

Some weeks ago the Catholics of Winnipeg offered to place their schools under the control of the Public School Board, and fulfil all requirements of Government if they were allowed to preserve the schools as in some degree Catholic institutions, and receive a share of the taxes which their money helped to produce. The offer was refused.

This is outrageous. Financially, the offer was a splendid one to the Public School Board, but they rejected it. Why? Because "the city would not have the happiness of seeing its Protestant and Roman Catholic children growing up as schoolmates," answers the sapient *Mail*. That is the cry of these semi-Socialists. Conscience, religion, even *Money*, that wondrous power, are minor considerations. Trample on them. Bring the children up together. That is the cry. Why not carry the nonsense further? Why not follow Fourier's ideas—take the children from the mother's breast, and "bring them up together?" Create a religion; force all to join it—the State, that new deity, will prosper under it.

What though infidelity and anarchy and cynicism permeate all Europe; what though only 40 per cent. of the people of the United States practice or profess Christianity; what though education is to an unprincipled man an aid to crime, still—bring the children up together. That will cure all evils. Don't let the priest get a chance at Catholic children—he will teach them principles of morality. Don't let a parent have any control over his own child—the State, the sacred State, owns parent and child, body and soul. And fine every recalcitrant parent who claims control over his own flesh and blood—make him pay double—the State is everything. Adam was not, of course, a father in his authority over his own children. How could he be?—he was the State. There are not, nor ever have been, any rights except those of the State. The individual has no rights, the parent no rights, the family no rights. The State possesses all rights, and the State decrees "Bring them up together."

If the ideas of the semi-Socialists have not progressed to the ultimate point we have indicated, it is not

because their principles do not lead them thither. The ultra-Socialists advance the same arguments for complete State control of all individuals as these men do for State control of the education of the child.

We strenuously object to the principles, and their application in our midst. We stand for the individual, for the parent for the family. We are governed beyond endurance. Under the name of liberty, our brethren are suffering from a tyranny as odious as that of Nero or Henry VIII. Catholics can scarcely be full aware of the injustice their Manitoba brethren are suffering in this arbitrary confiscation of their proportion of school taxes, because as parents they wish to see their little ones grow up in the knowledge and love of God.

We said last week that we were "impatient, but not yet complaining," at the delay in granting them relief. But now we feel it our duty to demand a speedy arrangement of these affairs. The animus of the law has been made apparent, and that animus is evidently directed against Catholic schools—not on the ground that they are costly, nor that they are inefficient, but that they are Catholic. All Catholics must rouse themselves in defence of this principle of parental right. It was obtained at too much cost for us to lose it without a struggle.

Miracles at St. Anne's

This famous Canadian shrine is becoming better known to the world as each succeeding year rolls by. During the present year 21,000 pilgrims have gone to it, and many remarkable cures have been recorded in the columns of the daily press. The "Good Saint Anne," as her faithful French clients have named her, has proved her goodness and love to many of the faithful of all races; and the testimony of miracles performed would be enough to satisfy even Catholic Bishops, who, of all believers, demand the most convincing proofs on such a question.

It is unfortunate that there is not at Ste. Anne de Beaupre a board of competent physicians, to testify regarding true miracles performed. The need of such an authority is shown by the action of Senator Sullivan, who found it necessary to deny the announcement of a miracle, which was made concerning one of his patients at the Hotel Dieu, Kingston. The Senator Doctor acted properly in denying this report of a miracle which did not take place. Catholics do not want bogus miracles, and be sure St. Anne does not want them either. There are enough well-attested wonders performed without imagination creating more.

If doctors were present at the shrine—Protestant doctors as well as Catholic—their solid testimony regarding miracles performed would have more weight with all people than the records of pious pilgrims or sensational reporters. Some people seem to think that the authorities of the Church are pleased at the fanciful multiplication of wonders. Not so. The Church rejoices at all manifestations of the power of God and the intercession of the Saints, but it requires most thorough and convincing proof before

it declares that a miracle has been performed.

Most of our readers have heard of the Anglican clergyman visiting Rome who was allowed to peruse the records of a process of beatification then going on. After reading the evidence for several miracles, he exclaimed to his host, a Roman priest: "If your Church could always produce such testimony for the wonders of your saints, I could become a Catholic." The priest told him that not one of the miracles he was reading had been accepted by the Sacred Council, explaining the reason for their rejection. The Anglican became a Catholic.

Well-attested miracles are the kind we want. Our Protestant friends reject all post-Apostolic miracles with the word "Impossible." If half-miracles are advanced as proof, they are strengthened in their belief that Catholic miracles are inventions. There are enough well-authenticated miracles performed at the shrine of La Bonne Sainte Anne to convince those friends without stretching the word to cover doubtful cases. Let us, then, publish to the world only the undoubted wonders of our national shrine, and pray to our dear patroness to multiply the manifestations of her charity and power for the physical and spiritual good of her clients in this vale of sorrows.

"Muscular Christianity" Again.

All earnest Catholics in this Dominion were grieved at the reports of an attack made on Protestant mission-houses in a suburb of Quebec last week. The Catholic journals of Quebec Province were outspoken in their condemnation of the affair. True, the circumstance was magnified by sensational reporters, as everything hurtful to Catholicity is magnified; but that only increases the evil to our faith, since there are so many people anxious to believe the worst about us.

It is not long ago since we earnestly advised all Catholics to avoid any such cause of scandal to our Protestant friends. Catholics are free from the charge which lies at the door of certain clergymen in every Protestant sect in this country—the charge of endorsing without examination every lie which the desire of money or notoriety or revenge can inspire abandoned creatures to formulate against the Church.

But some of our people, and by no means the most faithful, are not free from the charge of using the primitive weapons of Protestantism against itself, and of lowering themselves to the level of a Belfast mob on account of the silly utterances of a perverted or a perverting preacher.

We are fully aware that our French brethren have to suffer many insults at the hands of these itinerant gossippers, we know that they are treated as being uncivilized, un-Christian, idolatrous; we know that the priesthood and the womanhood of Quebec are vilified and insulted; but we still believe that, hard as it is to human nature, they should follow the example of the Divine Model and return love for hatred and blessings for calumny.

Of course we can return a "tu quoque" to those who make capital of this unhappy incident. We might

enquire how much licence would be given to a Catholic if he established a mission-house in Toronto to inform all good Protestants that they are barbarians, infidels, hopelessly, irrevocably damned. We might remind them of Orango and P.P.A. and knowing disturbances, and recur to the treatment the Salvation Army received in Protestant London, when Cardinal Manning spoke nobly in its defence. But Catholics should aim at a higher level than being simply as good as others. We have the faith of Christ, and we must cultivate His meek spirit, and accept reviling and persecution as blessings when suffered in His name.

It would redound more to the glory of the Faith and be more beneficial to our own sanctification if we could imitate the good Catholics of Arklow, who, according to the testimony of an English Protestant member of Parliament, kept off the main street for two successive Sundays to avoid trouble with two Protestant ministers who were driving up and down denouncing the "errors of Rome." Flesh and blood cannot do these things, but grace can. Good Catholics who act according to the teachings of their faith are the most tolerant and long-suffering people in this world.

Where Should Settlers Go?

John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, was undoubtedly a great man, but there are many who think he made a grave mistake when he urged the settlement of Catholic immigrants in the large cities near the Atlantic coast. D'Arcy McGee advised that they should be assisted to colonize the unsettled lands of the North-Western States; but other policy prevailed, and to-day what are the consequences? A pre-eminently agricultural people like the Irish were turned aside from their usual labor and settled in crowded streets of large cities. Coming from a land where wealth could be acquired only by the arts of the traitor, and where learning was a crime, most of them had neither the capacity nor the training for business or professions, and were forced to perform the hardest work at the lowest pay.

True, the natural genius and adaptability of the Celt could not be restrained under conditions so favorable as the United States afforded, and now the sons of poor immigrants occupy the highest places in the professions, while Irishmen take first rank as skilled workmen in all branches of manufacture. But still it is evident that they do not, as a whole, fill the position for which their abilities qualify them. With some the rural virtues and rustic manhood of the old land have degenerated under the corrupting influences of city life, and careers which had in them brilliant promises for Church and State have been blighted by the street corner and the saloon. Then, too, they do not own the land; and the owners of the land are, in the outcome, the true people of a country.

A similar mistake has been made by many of our Canadian compatriots in Ontario and Quebec who have been forced by hard times or excess of population to leave their old homes. In both cases they have followed the

craving of the ago for the attractions of city life, and have settled in large manufacturing cities across the border, to pass through the same deteriorating influences as the immigrants of fifty years ago. This selection of locality is no doubt largely due to the poverty of our emigrants, and the readiness with which money can be earned in a manufacturing city. But few will have any doubts that it is deplorable to see our hardy, industrious people go to another country—deplorable both on account of the loss to Canada and the consequences to themselves.

The present is the time to apply the remedy. The hard times in the United States and the strict Alien laws keep our people at home, and Canadians should aid them in finding suitable homes in this great country. Our French compatriots, who are after all the truest patriots from a purely Canadian standpoint, have applied themselves to solve the difficulty. The superfluous population of the sister Province has been aided and directed by enlightened priest and statesmen to settle the unoccupied lands in the northern part of both Provinces. The efforts of Cure Labelle and others cannot be too much applauded by Canadians of every race and creed.

The *Empire* had last week an article on rapid increase of French settlers in Algoma and Nipissing, where little or no capital is required, and where the rewards of labor are more certain and more constant than in any other part of America. We have published in our columns a very able series of articles from the pen of the energetic and far-seeing Father Fleming on the same question. His letters should be studied by all our readers, as they are a good statement of the case by one who is on the ground.

Canada is a large country, a fine country, a fruitful country. It deserves well of its sons, as it gives bountiful returns to those who work its soil. A time will come—and that soon—when the Northern and Western sections of this country will be great and prosperous, and we would wish our people to share in that greatness and prosperity. "Back to the land" will be the cry of the twentieth century; and it will then be well for those who have read the times, and own the land.

Pope Leo XIII.

The appeal recently made by the Vicar of Jesus Christ for unity of Faith among all Christians ought to be regarded by each individual Catholic as a precious heritage of the first magnitude and importance. It is a document to which no review can do adequate justice. It must be read and pondered over.

With eagle glance Leo takes in the whole situation of the Christian world, and the unhappy condition of those outside the fold; and, with a heart full of his Master's love, he has compassion on the multitude; he applies the only remedy available—an appeal for their return to the bosom of the Church:

"Let us all meet into the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God." Suffer that we should invite you to the unity which has ever existed in the Catholic

Church, and can never fail; suffer that we should lovingly hold out our hand to you. The Church, as the common mother of all, has long been calling you back to her; the Catholics of the world await you with brotherly love, that you may render holy worship to God together with us, united in perfect charity by the profession of one Gospel, one Faith and one Hope.

Unhappily amid the turmoil of worldly affairs great events like the appearance of this magnificent encyclical pass unnoticed by many Catholics. They read only the daily papers, which pay little attention to Papal documents, and are therefore unwittingly led out of sympathetic touch with the divine workings of the Church. We appeal to every Catholic to become the possessor of this last testament of our illustrious Pontiff, and further, we would suggest to and recommend all Catholics to assist in circulating among their separated brethren copies of the same. By co-operating in its dissemination they will be effectively carrying out the intention of his Holiness.

The Late A. D. Macdonell.

Angus Duncan Macdonell—as was briefly stated in these columns last week—departed this life in the fulness of years at the family residence, Dundas street, on the 8th instant. Mr. Macdonell came of pure Highland stock. His father—a relative of the late Right Rev. and Hon. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Regiopolis, which Diocese at that time included all of what was then known as Western Canada—was born at Fort Augustus, Inverness shire, in 1762. Imbued with the martial spirit of his race, he took service (as did many of his kin) in the army of England, and fought on the Royalist side in the war which ended in the Declaration of American Independence.

When King George lost his footing in the Thirteen Colonies many of his soldiers crossed into Canada rather than remain under a Republican form of Government. Amongst them was Alexander Macdonell, father of our deceased friend. He figures prominently in the early history of Upper Canada, having been elected to Parliament, in which he sat a member for Glengarry. In 1804 he was chosen Speaker of the House; and occupied successively the offices of Sheriff of the Home District, Paymaster General and Assistant Secretary to the Indian Department—his honors culminating in his elevation to the Legislative Council.

Of this typical clansman Angus Duncan Macdonell was the third son. He was born in Kingston March 10, 1815, and at the proper age was sent for his education to those eminent teachers, the Sulpicians of Montreal. Here he made excellent use of his fine talents, and acquired that graceful French training which marked his bearing throughout the whole course of his life. Arrived at man's estate, Mr. Macdonell, with that active and enterprising spirit which characterized his family, engaged in business. Beginning in the general store of the late George Munro, he worked upwards to the less laborious, though more lucrative, duties of land agent.

About this time the troubles of 1837 began, and Mr. Macdonell accepted a Lieutenantancy in Colonel

Gourlay's Regiment of Volunteers, then stationed at Hamilton. When the troubles ceased and the Regiment was disbanded Lieutenant Macdonell was appointed Deputy Sheriff to his brother Allan, who was then Sheriff of the Gore District. From this position he retired in 1844; but two years later he is found engaging in new speculations which promised rich rewards.

In 1846 the mining interests along the shores of Lake Superior attracted considerable attention; and among the first to embark in that enterprise was Allan Macdonell, who, with the assistance of some American capitalists, organized an exploring party with the object of selecting locations for mining purposes. On the locations thus selected were established the works of the Quebec and Upper Canada Mining Companies, in which Angus Macdonell held several shares. Shortly after this a new enterprise sprang up—the North-West Transportation, Navigation and Railway Company, of which he was Secretary; and it is remarkable that one of the principal projectors of that Company—Mr. Allan Macdonell—foreshadowed at that comparatively early date (1853) the lines and courses and stations adopted and perfected and constructed three decades later by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This venture having failed—through the treachery, it is said, of the Minister of the day, who killed the bill guaranteeing the Charter—Angus Macdonell again turned his attention to financial matters, his agency therein continuing till he entered the Inland Revenue Department of this district, in which he remained till he was superannuated a few years ago.

In 1856 Mr. Macdonell married Pauline Rosalie, daughter of the late J. P. De la Haye, first French Master of Upper Canada College. She survives, as do also four sons and four daughters. His brother, Alexander, is the esteemed Clerk of the Queen's Bench, Osgoode Hall.

In the death of Mr. Macdonell Toronto loses one of its oldest landmarks, and the Church a faithful and devoted son. When the Catholics of this city could all be contained within the walls of old St. Paul's, foremost amongst them were the Macdonells; and although half a century has passed since then, it is still remembered that none were more uncompromising than they in defence of the Faith and those who professed it.

Good-natured and generous, Angus Macdonell's heart was like his hand—always open to the needy and distressed. He never made his neighbor the subject of detraction; the faults of others he covered with the mantle of charity. May his soul rest in peace.

We learn without surprise that our own erratic Goldwin Smith is chairman of the Loyal and Patriotic Union of Ontario. What a brain he must have to reconcile the two theories by which he is best known—the Annexation of Canada to the United States, and the preservation of the Union of Ireland and Great Britain. The "Puffer" is a brilliant writer—he knows the English language well, but he lacks one ingredient in his mental make-up—and that is common sense.

Address and Presentation.

On Wednesday evening, the 10th instant, Mrs. Kavanagh, Honorary President of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, received its members at her residence 93 Gloucester street. The occasion of the gathering was the recent marriage of Mrs. Kavanagh—formerly Miss O'Reilly—and the Society took the earliest possible opportunity to wait on their Honorary President, and to present her with the following address exquisitely illuminated, and a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. Kavanagh replied to the address in a few feeling and appropriate words, promising to retain her interest in the Association, for which all indications seem to presage a brilliant coming season.

A pleasing feature of the event was the presence of Mrs. Constantine, perhaps better recognized under her old name, Dr. Alice McLaughlin, who, as an old member and one of the founders of the Association, was a most welcome guest.

A few hours were most pleasantly spent, during which time Mrs. Kavanagh proved herself a most charming hostess, when all dispersed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh every happiness.

TORONTO, August 10th, 1894.

To Mrs. M. A. Kavanagh, Honorary President of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association.

DEAR MRS. KAVANAGH—The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, which follows the career of its members not only collectively but individually, embraces the opportunity afforded them by your entrance into a new sphere of life to give expression to the very high esteem and warm affection entertained towards you by all who have had the pleasure of meeting you through the Association.

From the time of the formation of our Society until the present you have held the highest offices in the gift of the Association; and whether in the capacity of President or Honorary President, the executive ability and amiability of disposition that you have always manifested have won the admiration of all. In your connection with the Association you have always displayed the utmost zeal, sparing yourself in nothing that could tend to its advancement, whilst you have won all hearts by your tact, suavity of manner, breadth and generosity of mind, and your possession of all the gentle qualities that are a woman's chief attraction and adornment.

We earnestly hope that in taking up your new duties and interests your old ones will not be lost sight of, but on the contrary we anticipate many achievements for our Association, strengthened by your advice and co-operation.

As an evidence of our appreciation of your many estimable qualities, we ask your acceptance of this address and accompanying statue of the "Sacred Heart," to whose loving care we entrust you, knowing that we can do nothing better than confide you to that source of love, the Heart of Him who doeth all things well for those that love Him.

Signed on behalf of the members and ex-members of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association.

ANNIE LANE, Pres.
MOLLIE O'DONOGHUE, Sec.
M. A. MORAN, Fin. Sec.
ELEANOR M. KELLY,
ALICE CONSTANTINE, M.D.
MARGARET LILLIS HART,
MARY O'ROURKE.

Picnic at St. Joseph's.

St. Joseph's church held a very successful picnic at ex Ald. Small's beautiful grove, opposite the Woodbine driving park, on Tuesday. Many people visited the grounds during the day, and there were plenty of amusements provided for all. The grounds were open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m., and two excellent bands furnished music all day. For those who desired to participate in them a very fine programme of games was provided, and the fortunate ones carried off valuable prizes. Others spent the day roaming through the large grounds or paddling on the beautiful sheet of water which makes the place so attractive. In the evening a quadrille band was in attendance and dancing was indulged in. Refreshment booths were on the grounds, so that the enjoyment of those who attended was uninterrupted. The day came to a close with a grand promenade concert and comic song competition, for which prizes were given. The proceeds of the picnic went to aid the funds of St. Joseph's church.

Corner-Stone at Oshawa.

A new epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in the town of Oshawa begins with the laying of the corner stone of the new Church on 20th in t. Rev. Father Jeffcott, the popular and energetic pastor of Oshawa, has been maturing his plans for a long time, and the fine new church will be a monument to his zeal and prudence. The Archbishop will be present at the ceremony, and Father Hand, who was closely connected with the project as former pastor of the Church, will preach the sermon.

The Miser's Tax.

By EDWARD P. JACKSON.

To all who came to his wretched hut
Old miser Simon's door was shut.
The tax collector, on his round,
Came there one summer's day, and found
It fast. He straight began to pound.
"Come, wake up there!" he cried, "halloo!"
And still he kept up his tattoo,
Until a voice, irate, profane,
Grew loud through a broken window pane:
"What's wanted out there? Who are you
That's raising all this hullabaloo?
I've naught to give, I've naught to sell;
Is not my house my citadel?
I've nothing for you—go away!
Leave me in peace. Begone, I say!"

Then lightly laughed the publican,
And on the door once more began
To beat his deafening rataplan,
Shouting aloud between the whacks,
"Open the door and pay your tax,
Eleven dollars, twenty cents,
Or take the lawful consequence!"

"Eleven dollars? Hobbery!"
Cried Simon: "Cutthroat" who am I
To pay a tax like that? "I would buy
My house and all my house contents!
I would drain the last drop from my veins!
The twenty cents, upon my word,
Alone, is all I can afford,
And even that were robbery.
The country pays no tax to me.
The school, the library, the mall,
The public park of what avail
Are these to me? This harbor, court,
Are not for poor men of my sort."

The publican, with sudden whim,
Thought in his heart, "I'll humor him."
"From all your claims, both small and great,
Upon the county, town and State,"
Quoth he, "write out a full release.
I'll come no more. Your tax shall cease,
And henceforth you may live in peace."

With eager hand and trembling speed
Old Simon wrote the quit-claim deed.
Next day with joyful heart he went
To town to gather in his rent,
And, home returning with his load,
Met face to face upon the road
The tax collector with a crowd.
"What do you here?" they cried aloud.
"What right have you on this highway
For which you have refused to pay?"

"Where shall I go?" "What's that to us?"
See you to that. It's obvious
You can't stay here."

With nimble feet
He leaped into a field of wheat.
"Ha!" called the owner, "do you dare
To spoil my wheat? Get out of there.
Arrest him, constable! Yet stay,
That sack of his will amply pay
The damages."

He leaped the wall
And seized it. Then did Simon bawl
"Stop thief! my all
Is in that sack. Stop, thief, I say!
Shall I be robbed in open day?
Arrest him, constable, not me!"

"Ay, so I would, but then, you see,
I serve the county and the town,
Not you."

Then broke poor Simon down,
And the tax collector said,
With faltering tongue and hanging head,
"Give back my paper that you hold,
Give back my sack of hard-won gold,
And take my tax." My tale is told.

Five Minute Sermon.

BACKBITING.

The tongue wrongly used is capable of effecting a great deal of evil. St. James calls an evil tongue a "world of iniquity." Calumny, slander and backbiting are but a few of the many sins of which it is the cause. Whence, indeed, come so many disputes, quarrels, and as a consequence so much animosity between those who were formerly, or who ought to be, on terms of intimacy? Ask your own experience if charity was ever wounded while you guarded against idle conversation, vain disputes and unkind remarks. You may be certain that if the tongue be carefully watched other sins against charity will be fewer.

Such faults are not to be found only among habitual or hardened sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly perfect, who find it hard to collect sufficient matter for confession, do not always shun uncharitable conversations. Let them remember what St. James says: "He who offends not with his tongue is a perfect man." No piety is solid and

genuine unless it be founded upon charity, which is the queen of virtues. We deceive ourselves in supposing that we are perfect, or even really pious, if we continue to gossip about our neighbor.

Sins of the tongue are often most grievous, and are often likewise irreparable in their consequences. Let us dwell upon a few such sins as offend God by reason of the injury which they do to our brother who is made according to His image. To speak badly of a person against whom we entertain an unkind feeling may seem to some people trifling or at most only venial. This is a great mistake if what we say does notable harm to him. It is no less grievous to injure our neighbor in his good name than in his property. To restore his goods is not very difficult if we possess them or have the means of procuring others of the same value. But when there is a question of repairing the injury which we have done by speaking falsely about him, then the task assumes a much greater difficulty. It is about as possible to stay the progress of a forest fire as to prevent this fire of an evil tongue from spreading in all directions. Nevertheless we are bound to make every effort in our power to repair the injury. We need not hope that God will pardon us unless we are so disposed.

But some one will say, "I do not belong to the class which you have now described. I never say anything that is untrue of my neighbor, but simply mention to others those faults of which he is guilty." If you do so in a grave matter, without necessity, and to those who are not concerned about the welfare of the person in question, you are guilty of the sin of slander. By whom have you been authorized to make known his failings? Are you perfect in virtue? Would it please you if some one were to make your faults public? Do not then treat others in this way, since you are unwilling to suffer it yourself.

If you have been thoughtless in the past, let the future find you more guarded. Cultivate a kind, charitable disposition towards all, even those who offend you. Weigh your words with care, think of your own sins, avoid idle conversations and gossip.

Alphonso XIII.

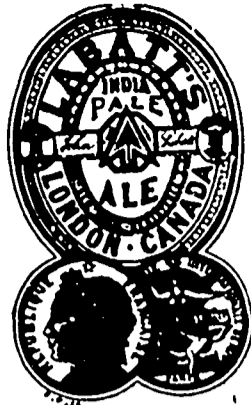
The Spanish dynasty depends on the life of an infant. His grandmother, ex-Queen Isabella, still lives, but his father is dead. In addition to being king and in spite of his age, Alphonso XIII. is generalissimo of the army and grand master of numerous Spanish military orders. He is the godson of Pope Leo XIII. and bears the rather lengthy name of Alphonso-Leon-Ferdinand-Maria-Jacques-Isidore Pascual-Antone.

The King's daily life is very simple and regular. He rises every morning at 9 o'clock, and has only a slice of bread and a cup of goat's milk for breakfast. His mother takes him then for a stroll about the grounds, after which comes the sunbath in a room set apart for this purpose. His dinner hour is at noon and he eats broiled chicken or mutton with bread and milk, and a little fruit for desert. The afternoon is spent in sleeping, driving and reading. He sups at six, but is allowed nothing but milk and toast.

We trust that Alphonso will grow up to be a good boy. And when he is King-in-fact we hope he will not be proud, or rakish, or reckless, as too many crowned heads are. If he is good he may continue king. But otherwise he may experience the truth of the lines:

"Scupper and crown
Will tumble down,
And in the dust he equal made
With the poor dull scythe and spade."

The Elcho Shield Competition, this year, has resulted in a victory for Scotland, whose team made 1,627; Ireland, 1,622; England, 1,619.

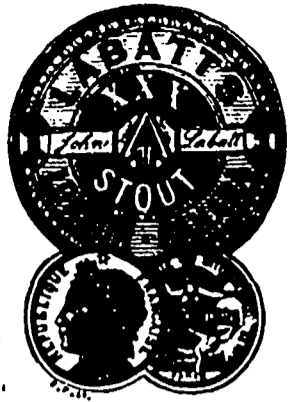


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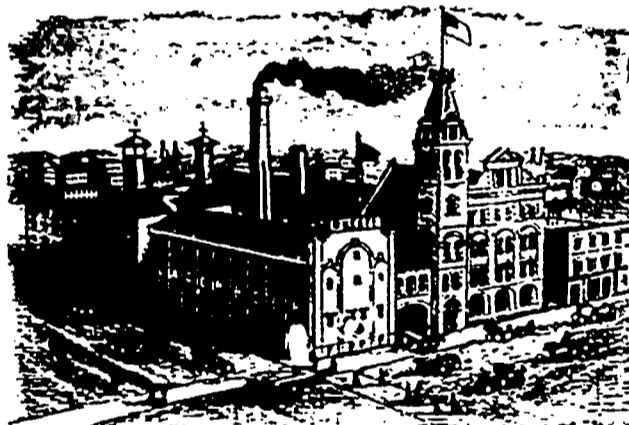
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Adams' Root Beer Extract... one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast..... half a cake
Sugar..... two pounds
Lukewarm water two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two and five gallons.

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The City.

A horse attached to a waggon belonging to John Donovan, a Clinton street grocer, took fright at the electric sprinkler on Dundas street, and started to run away. Donovan, who was off the waggon at the time, attempted to climb on from behind, but after being dragged some distance fell off, wrenching his knee badly and dislocating two fingers. Dr. Henderson McFaul dressed the injuries and sent him home.

A newsboy named Nicholas Clarke, aged 14 years, living at 90 William street, boarded a trolley car opposite 99 King street west to sell his papers. The conductor warned him off the step, and the boy jumped, landing on his head. He was picked up unconscious and taken to the Hospital for Sick Children in the police ambulance, where it was found he was suffering from concussion of the brain. The doctors hope, however, that his injuries will not prove serious.

Mr. R. V. S. Palmer, the young Englishman who has been lying in the General Hospital for the past two weeks with a broken spine, (the result of diving at Niagara), and of whom the doctors had absolutely no hope, is astonishing everybody by his wonderful vitality, and now the physicians report that he is gaining strength, and may even partially recover. This would be so remarkable, if not unprecedented, that too great a hope cannot yet be indulged in, but the indications so far are all extremely favorable, and interest in his case is daily increasing.

A young man with a bundle of tools called at the Protestant Orphans' Home on Dovercourt road and said he had been sent to repair the telephone. He was accordingly admitted. After some time he left saying he would return again. Shortly afterwards the matron, Miss Jane Wheelwright, went to her room and found that her bureau had been broken into and a purse containing \$30 and several valuable articles stolen. The thief had climbed through the fanlight over Miss Wheelwright's door. Of course he was not connected with the Telephone Company.

An Interesting Social Event

On Tuesday evening, the 24th ult., at St. Mary's Church, Mount Forest, Miss Nellie O'Connell, niece of Very Rev. Dean O'Connell of Mount Forest, was married to Wm. Brick, Principal of Kingston Separate Schools. At 10 o'clock the edifice was filled with an expectant throng, when the bride entered leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. John O'Connell. As they passed up the aisle Mendelssohn's Wedding March was admirably rendered by the organist, Miss Duffy. The groom was supported by Mr. F. D. Henderson of Kingston. The Very Rev. Dean O'Connell performed the marriage ceremony. He was assisted by Rev. J. H. Coty, St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, cousin of the bride. In the Sanctuary were the following clergy: Rev. P. S. Owens, Ayton; Rev. J. Corcoran, Teeswater; Rev. P. Cassin, Dundalk; Rev. R. Maloney, Durham; Rev. M. V. Kelly, Owen Sound. After high Mass, celebrated by Rev. Dean O'Connell, during which the choir rendered music of a high order, the bridal party repaired to the parochial residence. After the usual congratulations a wedding breakfast was served.

The bride was attired in cream tulle silk with veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Marie O'Connell of Buffalo, N.Y., sister of the bride. She wore a very pretty gown of white dotted Swiss muslin, with hat to match. Amidst showers of rice the happy couple left for Owen Sound on the afternoon train. A trip on the upper lakes follows, after which they will go to their future home in Kingston.

The natural flower decorations of the altar and sanctuary of the church were much admired. The wedding presents were numerous and valuable.—Mt. Forest Representative.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyndinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."



Charles H. Hutchings.

Sick Headache

CURED PERMANENTLY BY TAKING

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"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. I tried a good many remedies in vain until for this complaint, but it was not until

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that I received permanent benefit. A single box of these pills freed me from headaches, and I am now a well man."

—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

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Lachine Canal.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the deepening of Canal Prism" will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, the fourth day of September, 1904, for the deepening of the Canal Prism between Lock No. 2 and Lock No. 1.

Plans and specifications of the work to be done can be seen on August 1 after the seventh day of August, 1904, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Superintendent Engineer's office in Montreal, where forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signature of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, J. H. HALDERSON, Secretary,

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 4th August, 1904.

HOUSEHOLD AND FARM.

Useful Receipts.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—The ordinary batter for rice griddle cakes, put into muffin gem-pans and baked in a quick oven, makes a more featherly mullin than any of the usual receipts. Oatmeal porridge, also, stirred into flannel cake batter, in lieu of flour, makes a delicate griddle cake. In both of these the chief ingredient having been cooked before, makes rapid baking effective.

NUT CAKE.—Take four tablespoonfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of chopped nuts, a pinch of salt and black pepper. Grate and heat a long biscuit-pan, mix all ingredients well and spread thinly on the heated pan lengthwise, then cut crosswise in strips. Turn the pan over, and when cool the cakes should be quite crisp.

POTATO BALLS WITH CREAM.—Paro a large number of round potatoes, and cut balls from them with a vegetable scoop. Cover the balls with boiling water, and cook them 12 minutes; then pour off the water, and add to the balls a pint of boiling milk. Into this stir two tablespoonfuls of butter mixed with one of flour, and also a seasoning of salt and pepper. Boil up once and serve. Cover with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

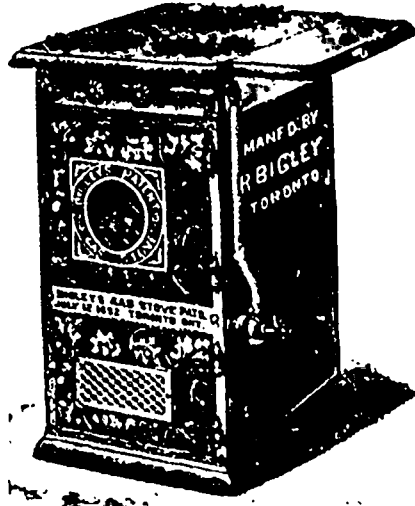
MILK GRAVY FOR BAKED BACON.—Add a pint of milk to the fat in the pan, pepper and a little salt. Moisten a tablespoonful of flour with a little milk, and when the milk in the pan is boiling stir in the thickening, but—and there is the secret—do not stir round and round, for that makes the gravy pasty, but with the edge of a silver spoon stir crosswise. After putting the gravy in the bowl or boat add a lump of butter the size of a hickory-nut.

BAKED CRABS.—After cleaning the crabs and seasoning them with salt and pepper, dip them in melted butter and sprinkle thickly with dry bread-crumbs. Put them in a dripping pan and set them in an intensely hot oven for five minutes. Serve immediately with mustard cream sauce. This is made of a cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one level teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Put the milk on the stove in a double boiler. Beat the butter, flour and mustard to a cream, and gradually pour upon this cream the boiling milk. Add the salt and pepper and put the sauce on the stove in the double boiler to cook gently for three minutes.

PRESERVING.—Before preparing fruit for canning, the glass-jars, new and old, should be thoroughly washed and partly filled with warm water, sealed and turned upside down on the table, to determine that they do not leak. Fruit often spoils because care is not taken in selecting perfect jars and rubbers. To prevent cracking, the jars should be thoroughly heated before putting in the boiling fruit; this can be accomplished by having all the jars to be filled standing in a pan of hot water for a few seconds. Pour out the water and stand the jar on a plate to fill. The fruit should always be boiling hot when canned; if it should cool before pouring in the cans it must be placed on the stove and reheated before sealing. In canning all kinds of fruit overflow the jars before sealing.

Cultivate After Rain.

The surface soil should be stirred as soon as practicable after a considerable rainfall, as soon as the tools will work well. The cultivation should, as a rule, be shallow, leaving a thin stratum of the surface soil finely pulverized and completely cut off from the soil below. Where this is not done the extremely rapid evaporation which takes place from undisturbed wet soil on hot clear days may even in a few hours not only dissipate that which



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has just fallen, but also a part of that which the rain has caused to be drawn toward the surface from lower levels, and thus leave the soil actually drier than before the rain, even though it may look more moist at the surface.

When a succession of showers follow each other at just the right intervals and are of the right intervals to strengthen the capillary flow into the upper stratum from below each time, without any percolation taking place, it is evident that such soils left to themselves under these conditions may lose not only the water which falls directly upon them, but a considerable portion of that stored below down to at least five feet. On the other hand, if each shower is promptly followed by cultivation, there will be at first a movement of water upward, and finally the same rains which under other conditions would leave the lower strata drier than before it fell, may contribute a considerable amount by percolation to the deeper layers.

Stacking Straw.

Careful trials have proven that for Winter feeding one ton of good wheat or oat straw, one ton of good clover hay, and three or four hundred pounds of good wheat bran are equal to the same weight of timothy hay. With sufficient food of this kind given under comfortable shelter growing cattle or sheep can easily be kept in a thrifty condition during the cold weather. But much of the feeding value of straw depends on the way it is stacked. To make palatable food that the stock will relish, it is very essential that the straw be stacked so that it will keep in good condition.

A common mistake in stacking is to make the rick or stack too large at the start, and then if there is not a sufficient amount of the material to properly finish out, more or less of the straw is damaged, if not entirely ruined for feeding. The straw stacker now in general use by threshers greatly lessens the work of stacking, and if a little care is taken not to make the stack too large at the start, a rick can be built that will keep in good condition and often help very materially in feeding during the Winter. Keep the middle full, tramp evenly so that the stack will settle evenly, finish off as nearly in the center as possible so that the water will be carried away, and the straw will keep in good condition.

Pounds of Milk to a Pound of Butter.

Other things being equal, we would prefer for butter making the cow that made the most pounds of butter from one hundred pounds of milk, because it costs both time and money to make and handle the extra amount of water in the milk. The Jerseys have the best record of any as the rich milk givers, a Tennessee Jersey being reported as having made one pound of butter from five pounds of milk. This is exceptional, but it shows how rich concentrated milk may be. Twenty pounds of milk to one pound of butter may be regarded as very good milk, and twenty five to one is above the

average, taking the country through. Since the Holstein breeders have been turning their attention to breeding for quality of milk as well as quantity, this breed has made some fine records. So many dairymen make the mistake of judging a cow more by the quantity of milk she gives than by its quality. Now that chemical tests are becoming such a common method of ascertaining the value of milk at certain factories, more attention will be given to breeding cows for the quantity of butter fat they should put into their milk; and this is as it should be, for the amount of butter fat in milk determines its value.

Double Cropping Poor Land.

The reason there is not more double cropping of land is because the soil generally is not rich enough to warrant it. It pays in the garden, which on most farms contain more fertility per square foot than can be found anywhere else. It will pay with field crops if care is taken not to crop exhaustively, and to sow alternately some leguminous plant that will increase fertility instead of lessening it. Clover is generally sown with some grain crop. This, in one sense, might be termed double cropping, as the grain and clover grow together until the grain is harvested. But this is certainly not exhaustive to the soil. As a rule it is best to have some crop growing on the soil all the time. When its surface is bare it is exposed to greater losses than when it is covered.

Poultry Notes.

Cleanliness is now the necessity on which profit on the flock will hinge later on.

Neglects now will be expensive. Now is the time when the flock must be made comfortable.

Shade and plenty of pure, fresh water are essential; without them the poultry will suffer greatly.

It would be well for those who now are getting plenty of eggs to try putting some away in salt. Put a layer of salt an inch or so deep in a box and place the eggs in, large end down. When the bottom is covered scatter the salt over the eggs until an inch covers them; then follow with another layer of eggs until the box is full; keep in the cellar on a swinging shelf or table—not on collar bottom. It is claimed eggs can be kept in this manner for five or six months and retain all their good qualities. It is worth a trial.

Let the poultry have a chance to run over the stubbles of the grain fields on the farm. They will for some time get all the food they will require, and it will only be necessary to give the old fowls a light feed in the morning. The chicks will of course require more attention and food. It will be good judgment during the hot period of mid-summer not to over feed the old birds.

Ground bone is essential to successful poultry-raising. It contains the elements of lime and animal matter so essential to liberal laying. When the

chickens run in the fields and pastures they get insects and other food that the penned-up poultry cannot get. This is why bone-grinders have become so popular among poultry breeders to grind up green bones for the hens. Bone-meal is also good for young chicks, and, like salt for stock, should be regularly supplied to the poultry, old and young.

Studying the habits of fowl and noting their manner of feeding and their selection of diet will teach one many things in practical poultry-raising.

Thoroughbred poultry possess all the practical utility points—the mongrels only have them in due proportion to what degree of pure-bred blood there is in the cross from which they sprang. The marked good qualities of the common fowls can be traced directly to pure-bred ancestors, remote as it may be in many instances. As a breed there is no such thing as common fowls—they are simply grades of the pure breeds.

The pure-bred fowls will not thrive on scrub treatment any more than will a Jersey cow if given no more chance than is often afforded common native stock.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 15, 1894.

Table with market prices for various goods like Wheat, Oats, Peas, Barley, etc.

AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to day:

Table with prices for CATTLE and CALVES, including Good shippers, Butchers' choice, etc.

THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

The morning after this interview, Lady Cecily, unfolding at the breakfast-table an official looking document, exclaimed:

"Well, God bless the war in Sicily! It has done wonderful things for me. It has just taken off the head of a most worthless husband. Yes, ye noblemen and gentlemen, here assembled—'Preux chevaliers!' behold a charming widow, breaking bread with you, sipping coffee, actually brought into the contact of common life with you, who can now be gained with her three thousand a year! Wonderful position of things! I propose a tournament in the park. We will all go together to select the spot and have workmen directly to enclose the grounds for the lists. What if the marquis himself should prove the victor? I beseech ye, gallant knights, permit my noble cousin to obtain the prize!"

On leaving the park to flutter about with innumerable orders Lady Cecily was surprised by a request from Dr. Rollings to speak to her immediately in his private study; a request with which she complied, concluding that the object of the interview was an arrangement for requiem Masses. After a few words of condolence, however, Dr. Rollings led Lady Cecily to the chapel; the door of which he locked and thus addressed her:

"Madam, having from God and the noble owner of this house, charge of the souls herein contained, I forbid you, with all the authority I possess, to farther endanger or scandalize those souls by your conduct. The news you have just received will form to your associated visitors an admirable plea for some days, at least, of more seclusion. Before these days are over the marquis will have returned—my responsibility will have ceased. I now distinctly forbid a tournament in the park. I have already stopped the preparations. I also forbid all theatricals, and, during these early days of your bereavement, all dancing and music; of course, excepting the sacred music of this chapel. Let us now pray, Lady Cecily, that this short suspension from folly and sin may be blest to you. You are a Catholic. You know in Whose Presence I thus speak."

Dr. Rollings here approached the altar and knelt, but Lady Cecily only screamed with laughter, exclaiming:

"You delicious old man! you are worth all the theatricals, dancing and music to be found round the globe. Where did you drop from? Ha! you said you were the chaplain. Well, you shall figure as such at the tournament. You shall shrieve the vanquished knights, while I crown the victor!"

A little pause and the following thoughts:

"What a fine study of the back of an old man's head. I wonder whether he could be coaxed to kneel in a *tableau vivant*. If I had but a pencil I could sketch it off. Truly a fine old man for the chaplain at my tournament!"

Aloud:

"You dear good creature, that is quite enough of the praying scene. What are you praying for at this time of day? Is it for me or the rascal gone to kingdom come? Pray out loud, cannot you?"

A pause and the following thoughts:

"I cannot lose any more time here looking at that picturesque old man. I must tell the people to get on as fast as possible. How fortunate I chose the piece of ground directly after breakfast; a beautifully smooth, long, flat piece. I will write to that fool, Algernon Dorel, to come and compete for my hand, as nearest of kin to the treasure I have lost, and to bring with him half-a-dozen good riders and tilters as handsome as himself."

Aloud:

"Come, you good old soul, I saw you lock the door and pocket the key; but there is a time for all things and with all due respect for your good intentions." Thoughts. "Perhaps he is deaf. I will go nearer. Oh! what an expression on that old saint's face. I cannot disturb him just yet."

During the next pause Lady Cecily observed that the altar stood about four feet from the wall, and that a small door in that wall, temptingly ajar, would enable her to make her quiet escape. She, therefore, with some feeling of awe, passed behind the altar, and, gliding through the doorway, entered, as she expected, the sacristy. A glance around discovered two additional doors; one of these was locked, but the other opened into a modest suite of rooms that must belong, she concluded, to the chaplain. The last of these was a small reception parlor, the one in which the Rev. Dr. Rollings had requested an interview. Lady Cecily identified it by a remarkably fine bust in marble of his Holiness Pius IX. She had then, she remembered, but to repossess a short corridor into the hall; but the door was locked. Retracing, with some impatience, the four rooms to the sacristy, Lady Cecily, again involuntarily slackening her pace, re-entered the chapel from behind the altar, resolved to obtain the key from the aged priest by screams or even a personal struggle. But the hitherto immovable priest was gone. He had passed through the great door of their first entrance and had locked it, leaving Lady Cecily a prisoner.

Although the afternoon was not advanced beyond four o'clock, yet the chapel was dark from the effect of an approaching thunder-storm. Lady Cecily felt nervous, but rallied her courage.

"A heavy fall of rain," thought she, "will be good for the turf. How does that fanatic intend to detain me here! He expects, I suppose, that I shall while away the time by repeating all the prayers I can remember; but I will not stay here in this gloom. I will go back to the rooms, and ring the bell—a good peal, too."

At that instant the previous low rumble of the storm was succeeded by one of those near and crackling bursts overhead that follow immediately the vivid flash. An unusual sound was in the midst of the tumult—the fall of the thunder-bolt!

On the floor of the chapel that guilty woman had fallen, exclaiming: "Judgment." There she lay, writhing in the throes and pangs of an awaking conscience, while the storm, to her thrilling nerves, continued at its height. Ah! yes; lie there, guilty woman! Far more guilty in the sight of God than the former hapless lady of the mansion! Lie there, while conscience recapitulates your many triumphs of caprice and infidelity towards God and man; your schemes, so artfully laid, to keep well with the world; your resistance to the grace that so often would have mercifully recalled you, and has now caused that thunder-bolt to fall within nine feet of your cunning head and selfish heart!

The storm had really been, of course, subsiding since the fall of the thunder-bolt; but the clouds, still thick and black, had advanced the night, and the chapel was illumined solely by the lamp of the sanctuary. Lady Cecily dared not approach the altar. On rising, she sought a corner prie-dieu, and there sat, faint and bewildered, scarcely recognizing her own identity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A LITTLE LIGHT IN THE HORIZON.

From the stupor in which Lady Cecily had fallen she was roused by a gentle voice, saying, close to her ear: "It is now your usual dinner hour, my lady; you had best lean on me out of the chapel, to have some refreshment."

"Refreshment—dinner-hour! Oh, yes, certainly. Mrs. Parker."

With some difficulty Lady Cecily arose, and, assisted by her new companion, approached the door behind the altar: Mrs. Parker devoutly knelt in passing. Lady Cecily, weak and leaning heavily, was suddenly deprived of her prop; so that she not only knelt, but fell prostrate on the step of the altar, where she was again left alone; for Mrs. Parker, believing the attitude intentional, stepped on to prepare the immediate service of the repast.

Once more alone, and now fully conscious of how close she was to the tabernacle, this prostrate sinner had already received graces to feel that, being thus close, there was no other posture she could dare assume. More softened feelings began to respond to renewed grace. She wept long—sincerely; at first bitterly, with remorse; then sweetly, with repentance. She wept, and felt forgiven!—Forgiven, yes; but as a well-instructed though erring Catholic, she well knew and trembled at the expiatory life before her—the life of practical repentance. Some long-disused words of prayer passed her lips. Again she wept—again she prayed; and now a courage was infused—a courage for God, that made her kiss the ground and rise to her knees, where she beheld Mrs. Parker patiently awaiting her good pleasure, to be assisted to her solitary repast in the reverend chaplain's private study.

"Why am I here?" demanded Lady Cecily.

"My lady," responded Mrs. Parker, "this is the only suite of rooms—this one next the chapel—that is distinct from the rest of the house; and on your great bereavement—being suddenly left a widow—away from your own home, and in the midst of all this gay company, the Rev. Dr. Rollings has given up his rooms to your ladyship, that you may have the proper respect paid to your situation, without casting a gloom on the visitors."

Lady Cecily's keen intelligence was alive to the marked distinction between the severity with which Dr. Rollings treated her personally, and the respect he showed outwardly to her own position, and as the first cousin to the Marquis of Seaham, whose guests they were. She restrained the utterance of this sentiment, and merely observed:

"But the house is so full that I cannot hope the good doctor is himself well lodged. I am sure he has not entered amid all the luxuries and profanations of my rooms."

"The reverend doctor, my lady, is in the room that once belonged to the late marchioness, and is never opened to visitors."

"Really!" cried Lady Cecily, with something in the tone that did not please Mrs. Parker; "then he is not afraid of contamination in that room?"

"Certainly not, my lady: the late marchioness was a most virtuous and exemplary wife and mother, so long as she remained at Marsden;—a model to all! When she fled with that fatal tempter, no one would believe in it. Indeed, she again fled, in the right way, and was in the out-ward quarters of a convent before any of the household knew of her fall. The Rev. Dr. Rollings was afterwards in correspondence with the chaplain of the convent in Italy, where the holy penitent, through the merciful grace of her Redeemer, expiated her fault; and I know his reverence's opinion to be that her purgatory was fulfilled on earth. Why, Lady Cecily, our good God requires no more of any of His children than that they shall repent when they have done amiss. He is a tender Father, and says of Himself, that He is more tender than even a mother. But you are eating nothing my lady. I must stop talking, and tempt you to a little of this delicate cutlet: the sauce is my own invention; and is so much liked that whenever I

send it to the table the dish comes down empty, or nearly so."

"It is really excellent, Mrs. Parker. I feel getting better. Pray, does Dr. Rollings intend to pay me a visit?"

"As you please, my lady."

"Well, I think to-morrow. I am very tired: I will trouble you to send my maid directly."

"Miss Stokes, my lady, is gone to Chester, and is not to return till the day after to-morrow. Dr. Rollings told her, that no one know your ladyship's tastes so well as herself, for the purchase of proper widow's mourning; so he wrote by Miss Stokes herself a letter of introduction to a family in Chester, where she will be hospitably received, and the best shops pointed out to her; also, a cheque on the bank."

"What a farce is this widow's mourning!" thought Lady Cecily; "but I will not scandalize this good old soul, by saying so. Pray, Mrs. Parker, where am I to sleep?"

"There is a spare room in this suite, my lady, that is generally kept locked. It is used a few times in the year, when Dr. Rollings has a brother-priest to visit him. I have had more pillows brought, and a proper toilet-table, and all your own little comforts placed in the room. Now, a little jelly—orange jelly, and a little blancmange; some curacoa, too, for a winding-up—George the Fourth's curacoa; that is right; then I will show you your room."

"Are you to officiate as lady's maid, my good Mrs. Parker?"

"My niece has happened to come on a visit to me, my lady. She is a dress maker, but was once a lady's maid. She has only to be rung for. She'll be charmed to have the honor. As for me, my lady, I should put you out of all patience, with my bad eyesight and want of dexterity."

"What are those voices?" suddenly exclaimed Lady Cecily.

"The servants' night prayers," replied Mrs. Parker. "If you please, my lady, I will ring for my niece, Susan Dellet, and go to my place in the chapel."

"Pray, do so. I will await your entrance just where I am. Dellet, did you say? Miss Dellet, milliner?"

"Exactly so, my lady; Upper Bond-street, London, number fifty-two, Miss Dellet, milliner."

Mrs. Parker retired to the chapel, and Lady Cecily remained occupied with some thoughts connected with the said milliner, of Bond-street, interspersed with mental comments on the devotions in the chapel; and at length joining in spirit, so that the quiet entrance of Miss Dellet was unperceived. The night prayers were all in English; and at the close the united voices sang, not in simple unison, but in good harmony, an oratory hymn, of which Lady Cecily, who had crept to the little door behind the altar, heard distinctly the fourth and fifth verses, thus:

"Oh! how I fear thee, living God,
With thy eyes, tenderest I fear;
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears."

"Yet may I love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art?
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart."

"I love God!" thought Lady Cecily, despondingly. "I who cannot even love man but for my own selfish ends—my own advantage! God has stooped to ask the love of my poor heart. Poor heart, indeed! Does it deserve the name of one? Why, I ought to feel for the soul just gone to perdition, for anything I have done to save. And this Miss Dellet! What a part I acted towards her young mistress. I just sent her to her grave. And did I care for the man I seduced from her? No; it was all vanity—love of conquest—love of excitement. I have not seen him these five years. Have I ever really repented having broken off their engagement, and all my career at Florence and Lucca? Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Lady Cecily again lay prostrate behind the altar. These thoughts had been so rapid that the domestic congregation were still singing the same hymn, the closing lines of which came distinctly thus:

What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

"I gaze on God! Oh! never. I am unworthy to lie crouching down here behind the hidden Presence in the tabernacle. Oh! what a long life of penance mine ought to be, before I could sing those lines!"

The now real penitent, concealed in her self-condemnation from herself; ignorant of the progress she was truly making in the expiatory career that career so dreaded—worn and exhausted, fell asleep at the back of the altar.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
BENEFICIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The long prostration of Lady Cecily, prolonged beyond the intentions of the prostrator, had a softening and beneficial effect on the worthy and somewhat sternly-virtuous Miss Dellet, who, to oblige her aunt, and the reverend chaplain, had entered the rooms of one who, "in pride of power and beauty's bloom," had ruthlessly destroyed the happiness and at length the life of the lovely young creature whom she had venerated as a saint, and mourned with deep affection. On the death of this young lady at Pisa Miss Dellet returned to her kindred in England, by whose powerful interest in their own line she commenced business as a milliner, under the requested patronage of the Marchioness of Perzance, first lady of the bed-chamber. Miss Dellet consequently became the fashion, and took pains to preserve her renown. She now stood watching the prostrate form of Lady Cecily, who, at length roused by the departing footsteps of the family congregation and the locking the great door of the chapel, arose and re-entered the room, where stood her temporary attendant.

"Miss Dellet, I believe?"
"Yes, Lady Cecily."
"A thunder-bolt fell this evening."
"So I understand, my lady."
"You are a second thunder-bolt to me, Miss Dellet; but if you are willing to assist a person who has caused you and your friends much sorrow I will accept your services in the spirit of humility and contrition."

Miss Dellet bowed, and the night-toilet proceeded in silence. The following day the recluse was visited by her inexorable guardian, Dr. Rollings. The interview was long, and terminated by a promise exacted to prepare for a general confession. This mental employment, assisted by written memoranda, enabled Lady Cecily to endure the solitude of the rest of the day, enlivened in the evening by the sole presence of Miss Dellet. The veneration, and even awe, with which she regarded the Rev. Dr. Rollings was chiefly owing to the conviction that his fervent prayer, in the midst of her levity, had drawn down the thunder-bolt to within a few feet of her erring life. As Lady Cecily has revealed this conviction to but few persons, who never contradict the feeling, it remains with her beneficially through life.

Mrs. Parker informed Lady Cecily the next day of the return of the marquis, and of the expected arrival of Lord Stanmore, the affianced husband of the Lady Violet.
"This will be his lordship's last visit," added Mrs. Parker, "before he comes to take our angel from us to his own beautiful home in Westmorland."
It was from the lips of the Rev. Dr. Rollings that the marquis heard of the forced seclusion of his lively cousin, and of the combined motives for a step that every hour had rendered more imperative.

"I have now a favor to request, my lord marquis," continued the reverend chaplain: "I have, by the favor of God, obtained a wonderful power over

that hitherto reckless lady. To-morrow her widow's mourning will arrive. On the following day I have proposed that she shall depart from Marsden Park; and the favor I have to request is, that I may resign the peaceful and honorable office I hold here as domestic chaplain, and may devote myself to the labor of turning the energies of this dangerous lady into a safe and useful channel!"

"Dr. Rollings, you propose to me a great sacrifice; and one that will fall too heavily on my daughter."

"In a few months, my lord marquis, the Lady Violet will have found another home and another chaplain."

"That is true; but you promised her to perform the ceremony."

"And I will fulfil that promise. I will return, my lord, for that event; and, as the time is too short, at this first departure, to pack my library and pictures, I can do so when I return for the marriage. Let me now, therefore, only return my thanks, my lord marquis, for the truly devout and noble consideration you have always shown, in my person, to the office of the priest of God."

The marquis sighed:
"I am truly grieved, Rev. Sir. This is to me a very heavy loss. I little thought," added he, trying to smile, "that my gay cousin would have bewitched even you!"

Dr. Rollings replied:
"My lord marquis, I must own to you that I consider your cousin, Lady Cecily Dorel, to have been a most wicked woman. I doubt the stability of her repentance, without a dominant power constantly over her, such as she recognizes in me. I leave all to which my heart dare attach itself, in leaving Marsden Park, especially that angelic child, Lady Violet."

Tears stood in the eyes of the marquis, and a short silence ensued. He then said:

"Are you not giving the term 'wicked woman' to my cousin Cis, as an indignant refutation of my accusation that you, even, were bewitched by her?"

"My lord, I had known the career of Lady Cecily Dorel from painfully authentic sources, before her arrival here. She has been a wicked woman, not in the estimation of the world, that she has loved, feared and flattered, but before God. She has broken hearts, ruined family peace, led others to perdition, but has preserved her own reputation. A restless craving for admiration and excitement has been the hidden propeller of all this mischief and sin. I feel called on to turn these natural and impetuous qualities into the straight path."

"But you must not make that straight path too steep, Dr. Rollings, or she will go mad. What do you propose?"

"Lady Cecily Dorel, although a Catholic from her birth, has hitherto done nothing for the Church, or for the poor. I, therefore, propose," said Dr. Rollings, "that her expiatory life shall be so actively useful as scarcely to leave her an hour's relaxation. And as she must be amused and praised and excited, I will take care that she becomes the patroness and benefactress of schools and reformatories, and widows' almshouses, and orphanages, and poor religious congregations, with annual meetings and banquets and complimentary speeches and bands of music and processions and bonfires and fireworks, to light up, propel and recreate in the straight and narrow way."

"Admirable!" cried the marquis. "You have the gift of discernment of spirits, Rev. Sir. I fear not for the good result."

On the second morning after this conversation, the elegant equipages of Lady Cecily Dorel conveyed herself, in due widow's attire, the Rev. Dr. Rollings and the attendants to a temporary residence she had selected near Tunbridge Wells. The ecclesiastic who had succeeded as chaplain at

Marsden Park had occasionally supplied for Dr. Rollings, and had, therefore, become known to and esteemed by the family. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMAN—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abcorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

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STRAZTOR, ILL., Dec. 6, '90.
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the very best I have ever found. I certainly deem it a great blessing to all persons afflicted. May the blessing of God be upon it. Yours most respectfully,
SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS, O. S. F.

DELHI, Ohio, Feb. 1899.
A young man 28 years old who is subject to a rush of blood to the head, especially at the time of the full moon, and he at such times raves and is out of his mind. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic helps him every time. He says
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FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Disorders and a simple and easy to use medicine. Four bottles are sent free of charge. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig of Fort Wayne, Ind. and can be obtained under his direction by the

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Agent for J. J. CALLOW.

Notes by the Way.

Starting from Belleville for a trip through Central Ontario, we stop (after a run of six miles) at Foxboro, or strictly speaking I might say, in the vicinity of Foxboro.

While thus engaged I was accosted by a native, who carried a mail bag, something after this fashion: "Be yeon a golin up town, mister?" On assuring him that such was my intention, if such a place were to be found, I was invited to a seat in his cart: and on the way "up town" I listened to his tale of woes—the trials and tribulations he was called upon to endure, the most serious of which appeared to be the fact that a few days previous his horse became mixed up in the shafts of his cart and broke one of them.

Again we are aboard the train; after a run of twenty five miles we alight at the thriving town of Campbellford, which is situated in the northern portion of Northumberland county, and has a population of 2,500.

But there are others of the same disposition, and we find them at Hastings, ten miles farther. This village is also situated on the Trent river, and has a population of about 900.

E. B. A.

The Toronto Branches of the Emerald Beneficial Association held their annual excursion and picnic to Oakville on Monday, Aug. 6th, by the palace steamers Macassa and Modjeska.

The first on the list of games was a base ball match between the Stars of Oakville and the Maple Leaves of Toronto for a silver cup presented by D. A. Carey, Grand President.

The O'Connell band was in attendance, and as usual added to the amusement of the day by playing selections on the steamer and the grounds to the satisfaction of all.

The Rev. Father Grogan, C. S. S. R., Chaplain of Branch No 12, and the Rev. Dr. Treacy accompanied the excursionists, as did also many prominent citizens.

On July 15th, in presence of hundreds of the townspeople of Glin, Mr. T. Mangin accomplished a daring feat by riding across the Shannon on a bicycle invented and built by himself.

You will find a box of Ayer's Pills an excellent traveling companion. For constipation, indigestion, sick headache and nausea, they are prompt, safe and efficacious.



Thomas A. Johns.

CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief.

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

Trusts Corporation

OF ONTARIO

And Safe Deposit Vaults.

Bank of Commerce Building, King St TORONTO.

Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000. Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.

Hon. J. C. Arlins, P.C., President. Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, K.O.M.G., Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.

N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional care of same.

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of August, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns for destination (G.T.R. Exat, O. and Q. Railway, G.T.R. West, N. and N.W., T.G. and B., Midland, C.V.R., G.W.R., U.S.N.Y., U.S. West'n States) and times for Close, a.m. p.m., and Day.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 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 nearest to their residence.

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY

258 QUEEN STREET WEST, Directly opposite Fire Hall.

Headquarters for Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Pharmaceutical Preparations and Family Medicines.

ALSO SICK ROOM, NURSERY & TOILET REQUISITES. Liberal discount to Religious Communities. PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate attention. E. G. LEMAITRE.

WILL EXCELL ALL OTHERS

Canada's Great INDUSTRIAL FAIR TORONTO SEPT. 3 TO 15 1894

FAST IMPROVEMENTS THIS YEAR Exhibits and Attractions Greater and Greater THAN EVER All Entries Close Aug. 11

The best holiday outing of the year. Cheap Excursions on all Railways. J. J. WITHERS, President. H. J. HILL, Manager, TORONTO.

WESTERN Assurance Company

INCORPORATED 1851.

CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000.

Fire and Marine.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont

PRESIDENT: A. M. SMITH, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT Geo. A. Cox, Esq.

DIRECTORS: Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. McMurrich, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., J. J. KENNY, W. R. Brock, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., Managing Director

SOLICITORS.

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Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS,

10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

"We ought to weigh well what we can decide but once."

How Necessary the advice is when buying a Piano.

Perfect safety rests with those who buy a piano bearing the name, "Heintzman & Co."

UPRIGHTS, BABY GRANDS, TRANSPOSING PIANOS, All the best.

Heintzman & Co., 117 KING STREET W., TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1850.

REV. D. M. MUELL, Adelaide St. Baptist Church, London, Ont., certifies, "I have used the remedy known as K. D. C., and have found it to give relief when the stomach did not properly digest the food eaten."

A free sample of the K. D. C. will be forwarded to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass. K. D. C. Pills cure Chronic Constipation.

Toronto General AND SAFE DEPOSIT Trusts Co. VAULTS, - CORNER - YONGE AND COLBORNE STS. TORONTO.

Capital, - - - - \$1,000,000 Guarantee and Reserve Funds, \$240,000

Hon. Ed. Blake, Q.C., M.P., President. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., Vice-Pres'ts.

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc., and for the faithful performance of all such duties its capital and surplus are liable.

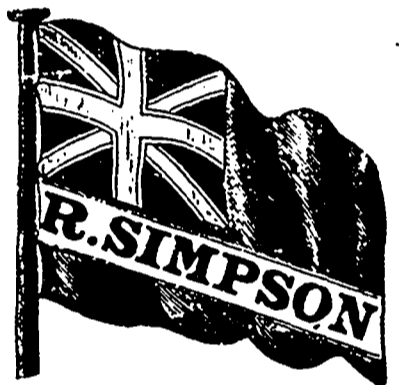
ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSCRIBED IN THE COMPANY'S BOOKS IN THE NAME OF THE ESTATES OR TRUSTS TO WHICH THEY BELONG, AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

The protection of the Company's vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

SAFES IN THEIR BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT

The services of Solicitors who bring estates or business to the Company are retained. All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

J. W. LANGMUIR, MANAGING DIRECTOR.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

Elegant Costumes.

One can easily see that it's an artist hand that's had the making of this store's costumes. The truth is, they are made by one of the most painstaking and competent costume manufacturers specially for our own trade.

Print Costumes in stripes and spots, light and dark colors; building cut \$2 00 White Duck Costumes; building cut 2 00 Striped Duck Costumes; building cut 2 50 Costumes, dark and light spots, stripes and white; building cut 3 50 Special line of White Costumes at .. 3 00 Select variety of Fine Costumes; building cut 4 85

All these extraordinary values we're offering during building operations can be secured through our mail order system.

R. SIMPSON,

Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West

S. W. corner Yonge and Entrance Yonge at Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen at W.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS N.T. LYON. TORONTO