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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—NO. 30.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

If the Toronto public are not thoroughly vested upon the due observance of Sunday it is not through lack of instruction. The continued agitation of the Sunday Street Cars has developed the religious, the moral, the economical and the physical views of the seventh day of rest, not to speak of the legal points as to the coming vote. On the 20th instant the City Council held a special meeting to reconsider the date of voting. A large number of citizens, representing both sides, were present, some of whom addressed the members upon the subject. The ball was opened by the reading of a pledge from the Street Railway Company binding itself not only not to require its employees to work seven days, but not permitting them to do so. Thereupon Ald. Carlyle put the following motion: "That the resolution adopted by this Council of the 6th instant, authorizing the taking of a vote on the question of running Sunday street cars, be rescinded in so far as relates to the date of taking said vote, and that the City Clerk be instructed to submit the question to a vote of the citizens at the next municipal election on the conditions set forth in the said resolution, and that the deposit made by the company to the City Treasurer to defray the expense of taking such a vote be refunded forthwith."

When the vote was announced it stood eleven for the postponement and eleven against it. As a motion for reconsideration requires a two-thirds majority, it was declared lost. And thus the City Council took what the Rev. James Coburn calls the tremendous responsibility of allowing the vote at this time. In fact the gentleman says he is going to vote himself, although under protest; but threatens to do all he can against the aldermen next January. How very political ministers are when it suits them! Whether it is a Jesuits' Estates Bill or Street Car Vote they are all into it. If a Catholic priest interfered as much in these matters there would be a howl through the length and breadth of the country.

Circumstances have lately developed no friendly feeling between England and France. The principal cause of friction is the Kingdom of Siam, which Henry Norman in the *Contemporary Review* points out as the richest market now open to colonization and imperial extension. "It is bigger than France; it will certainly be one of the gold and gem-producing places of the earth; cattle and rice can be raised in it in infinite quantities; half the teak of the world grows there; it is the real and the only key to the gates which enclose southern

China." The French, whose relations with these Eastern countries date from last century, and indeed from the time of St. Francis Xavier, have not been satisfied with their narrow strip of Annam, which is the eastern neighbor of Siam. The French claim the left bank of Mekong River as their boundary, and do so even at two western turns of the River which would cut off two large slices of Siam. It furthermore cuts the line of communication with China, and brings the tri-color to the British northern frontier.

It looked last week as if France would bombard Bangkok, the capital of the kingdom; but this has been averted by the concessions Siam has made. An ultimatum was presented to Siam as follows: First, a recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia, on the left or eastern bank of the Mekong River; second, the evacuation of the forts held there by the Siamese within a month; third, full satisfaction for various aggressions against French ships and French sailors on the Meinnam River; fourth, the punishment of the culprits and provision for the pecuniary indemnity of the victims; fifth, an indemnity of 2,000,000 francs for various damages sustained by French subjects; and sixth, the immediate deposit of 3,000,000 francs to guarantee the payment of the fourth and fifth claims, or the assignment of the taxes in certain districts in lieu of the deposit of 3,000,000 francs.

Great Britain informed Siam that she could not recognize any obligation to assist her. In the territorial arrangements, however, England will take a hand. She cannot have another Afghanistan on the East if she wishes to keep the supremacy of India.

The court martial upon the ill fated *Victoria* elicited the fact that a manoeuvre was attempted in six cables length which required eight, and that Vice-Admiral Tryon took upon himself all responsibility for the collision, saying to one of the officers immediately afterwards, "It was entirely my fault."

Despatches dated from London, July 20, announced the following clearance of the Home Rule Bill.

The last eleven clauses of the home rule bill were brought through the committee stage this evening. On Thursday evening of last week the work of the House in committee had been pushed forward to clause 27. This clause, concerning judges and other persons having salaries charged on the consolidated fund, was carried on Monday. Clause 28, concerning persons in the civil service, and clause 19, concerning pensions, were passed last evening.

Ten o'clock this evening was the time fixed in the Government schedule for closing the debate on the other eleven clauses. At that hour the committee was discussing Mr. Gladstone's amendment, which provided that the acts relating to the Royal Constabulary be repealed at the end of six years, and none but civil police be created

under an Irish act. This amendment concerned clause 30, which deals with the Irish Royal Constabulary and Dublin Metropolitan Police. The debate was cut short as the clock struck, and under the closure the amendment was carried by a vote of 537 to 49.

Clauses 30-36 were then passed in rapid succession by majorities varying between 24 and 34. The subjects of these clauses are: Police, Irish Exchequer, law applicable to both Houses of the Irish Legislature, supplemental provisions as to the powers of the Irish Legislature, limitation of borrowing by the local authorities temporary restriction on powers of the Irish Legislature and Executive with regard to land, and transitory provisions.

Clause 37, concerning the continuance or existing laws, courts, officers, etc., was carried without division.

Clause 38, concerning the appointed day for the purpose of the bill, was carried by a vote of 259 to 261.

Clause 39, concerning the significance or terms used in the bill, was lost.

Clause 40, concerning title of the act, was carried without division.

The Committee then rose. There was a total lack of excitement throughout the evening. The next work in committee will be the consideration of the postponed financial clauses, 11, 15 and 16; of the new Government clauses on finance and postoffice; of the schedule, and of the preamble. The debate on these subjects, according to the Government programme will be closed one week from to-night.

On Friday last the House went into Committee to discuss the financial clauses, when the following debate took place:

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal Unionist leader, objected to the provision that a certain surplus of money should be given to Ireland. That country, he declared, ought not to receive any surplus. Ireland was called upon to pay too little and Great Britain too much. The estimates being based upon a year's returns could not be regarded as equitable.

The Right Hon. Henry Fowler, president of the Local Government Board, said that, in fixing the future charges to be paid by Ireland, it was essential to regard the subject from the point of the common interests of the two countries. Since Ireland would not cease to be an integral part of the United Kingdom, Ireland's contribution would amount to one thirty-seventh part of the Imperial expenditures. Suppose the home rule bill should be defeated, Great Britain would still have to grant subsidies to railways and other public works which would cost quite as much as the proposed surplus that was to go to Ireland.

Mr. John Redmond, Parnellite member for Waterford city, said he regretted that the scheme was not more liberal and more just. It was humiliating to Ireland to be deprived of all control of the collection of taxes for six years. Ireland's contribution in that period ought not to be more than one quarter of her income. She did not want in the future, as in the past, to be robbed because of her connection with Great Britain. Experience would show that the scheme was unjust. A royal commission had been promised and it ought to be appointed forthwith. It would doubtless show that the proposals needed great modifications.

Full accounts are at hand of the celebration in Rome of the great feast of Sts. Peter and Paul. And if we may judge by the *consensus populi*, there comes a glorious testimony to the chief of the Apostles from the centre of Christianity. During the long hot day streams of people poured into the great Basilica to testify their faith, and pour forth their prayers at the beautiful Confessional which enshrines the tomb standing beneath the grandest dome on earth. The bronze statue, which dates from the fifth century, was arrayed in cope and tiara; while before it stood a carved

candelabra ten feet high. We copy elsewhere Professor Marucchi, the archaeologist, on the two Apostles and their associations at Rome, as given by the Roman correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*.

Just as day was sinking into night, when the doors of St. Peter's had been closed, the Holy Father, attended by his noble Guard and various prelates, descended to pray at the tomb. The great darkness of the vast church was broken by the wax lights here and there; and the silence was interrupted by the walk of the prelates and the march of the Guards. With the usual ceremony his Holiness blessed the Palliums, after which the Rosary was recited. He then remained in meditation until half past ten o'clock, when he returned to his apartments in the Vatican.

The Pope received in audience the Colleges of the various Oriental Rites, numbering altogether 800 persons. The Greek Bishop of Sidone, Mgr. Haggiar, read an address congratulating the Holy Father on behalf of the Maronite Order, and expressing fidelity and devotion to the Holy See. The Pope answered with words of encouragement to them, and expressed his high pleasure at seeing them. To show the interest he takes in the Maronites his Holiness intends erecting a new college for them in Rome, and until that is built he has had a suitable place prepared for them in the College of the Propaganda.

Concerning the Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y., a correspondent of the *Courier of Ogdensburg*, writes thus of the scene and the opening day.

It is surrounded by scenery which vies in grandeur and magnificence with nature's proudest handiwork in the old world; it is lapped by the waters of Champlain and traversed by the winding Saranac river; across the lake a bold ridge of the green mountains of old Vermont cuts the horizon; but a half hour's ride on the New York side of the lake, brings one to the most beautiful spot in the Adirondacks, the lake abounds in fish, and the brooks outside the city will repay the angler's visit. The social side of the Summer School finds every inducement for development. There are wide roads rolling over hills and through valleys for those who wish to ride; the opera house is fitted for those who wish a hop or reception, and then the lake.

And such a lake! Whose Catholic heart is not stirred by historical proud memories as he gazes upon it. It was discovered by that intrepid Frenchman, Samuel De Champlain, he who sailed under the lilies of France and also for the greater glory of his church, and on his barque were those noble Jesuit missionaries, as zealous as their Master, and as warlike for Christ as their founder, Loyola had once been for Castile, they who planted the cross and preached the gospel of Christ upon the shores of this lake; and it is not far from here on the other side of the lake where lie the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, which meekly but so eloquently tell the story of the days when Ethan Allan won an undying name.

On Sunday morning and evening elaborate services were held at the beautiful church of St. Johns, of which Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, the Vicar-General of this diocese is pastor. In the morning at 10:30 solemn high mass was celebrated with Bishop Gabriels as celebrant. The sermon of the day was preached by Very Rev. Dr. Byrne of Boston, his theme being "Conscience." It was a scholarly discourse.

A CONVERSION.

The *Buffalo Sunday Morning News* of the 16th instant announces the conversion to Catholicity of the Rev. Henry A. Adams, formerly rector of St. Paul's Church of that city. Mr. Adams took charge of St. Paul's Church in 1889, and soon manifested ritualistic tendencies, which led to considerable friction between him and his flock. When requested to resign, he refused to do so, or to abate his pretensions as a priest, and advised his critics to bring him to trial before his bishop. He tried to make St. Paul's a church of the poor, which irritated the wealthier members. With two other clergymen he started a mission amongst the people of Canal street. Suddenly, in 1892, he threw up his rectorate, with its salary of \$8,000, and took a poverty stricken church in New York. In a short time he retired from this, to be private chaplain on Long Island, where he would be freer for study and reflection. The following letter to the *News* dated from Green River, Long Island, where Mr. Adams' home now is, tells his reasons for his step:

My Beloved Friends:

When a saddened and broken life is called upon, in the moment of its utmost loneliness and pain, to take a step which is at once the practical denial of everything for which that life has principally stood, and the apparent contradiction of its own chief aim, one may believe the bitterest of all has come. I have renounced my priesthood, and am about to enter the communion of the Catholic Church. To some of you some warning might have seemed your due, to more some fuller, private explanation; but warning is not possible amid doubts like mine, I have not the heart to dwell at length with any one of you amid the memories sure to be aroused by such a personal discussion of our changed relations.

My clearness of conviction now has, under God, been brought about by the concurrent action of two long chains of reasoning.

Disclaiming all attempt at giving to my friends any connected or exhaustive statement of my conversion, I wish to give as briefly as I may the barest outline of the history of my long struggle. I have become a Catholic at last because there is no other logical deduction from all the facts of which my reading and my observation and my life have made me aware. And, secondly, because there was no peace for me, nor explanation of that unspeakably great problem of myself and you, outside God's Church.

External evidence; internal heart-ache—these moved me steadily for years and years, effectually at last.

As to the evidence, I frankly own that I have neither sufficient learning nor strength of mind to base so vast a step upon deductions made from my own investigations at first hand. I have, indeed, accepted other men's conclusions.

I found this necessary during all my life, and so must every member of the Episcopal communion, that church, as such, having no living, definite voice. I chose my seminary (when 15 years of age), preferring what they taught me in New York to what they guessed at in Cambridge, or dodged in Middletown.

Arriving at the Seminary (aged 18) I had to choose to follow one or two professors in preference to the rest. One at that time was publishing a work announcing that there was no "Sacrament of Absolution" other than Holy Communion (?) and at the same time one or two others were actually hearing confessions. All of them being learned, godly and accredited, no two of them teaching exactly alike, what could a neophyte do but choose to follow one and despise the other? What clergyman who reads

this does not remember—sometimes, let us all hope, with shame and questionings—the jokes and gibes occasioned by these grotesquely different "interpretations?" The solemn chanting (in derision) of the more violent among the XXXIX Articles—those "forty stripes save one," only recently taken back into high church favor! These pleasantries about "popery" and "pro!" Those clandestine "functions," sectarian cliques, incessant partisan feeling, supercilious conceits of the seminarian *contra mundum*? And after ordination I chose my diocese, I chose my work, I chose my reading, I chose my "school." As a rule my people had "chosen" other ideas than mine—the more loyal of them having elected to themselves a set of views which would, in section, have shown the *strata* of the teachings of their successive rectors with a deposit, more or less distinct, of me on top! From my remotest boyhood I never have been able to efface the shame which the consideration of this babel of uncertainty always provokes. That for 10 years I could have been officially connected with a farce so sad can be explained now only by the thought that priests who from the first elect what they shall learn, what teach, become the victims of their own contempt for the authority of anyone to teach. Therefore, I own with frankness, but not shame, that, if I chose to take the word, the logic and the life of Newman for example in preference to that of any other doctor of my church, I did but that which every priest must do—select his teachers. Not having read the whole of what the Fathers wrote, I turn to two great doctors of the church who have. One tells me that they taught the Catholic faith; the other that they were a set of Anglicans. I have to choose between these two. And, as men, as types of the priestly life, as reasoners, as accomplishers, I have never had to even hesitate in choosing those who, through the telescopes of their great learning, showed me the Catholic faith.

Not only in her failure to teach, and by the inconsistencies of her whole theory, did the Episcopal Church grow more and more a cause of shameful sorrow to me; but much more keenly so when I beheld, after ten years of bitterest experimental knowledge of her ways, the miserable fiasco of her parochial and institutional existence. Without a parallel in history, the parish system of the P. E. Church stands at this time the most stupendous and ridiculous monstrosity in Christendom. With a rector "called" by a vestry made up of the rich men of the place—a rector intimidated, harassed, made by his very tenure impotent, the hired mouthpiece of this vestry of rich men sometimes immoral, often ignorant, usually officious, always in the way! Here a "priest"—if he have the courage to proclaim himself one, here the "minister," is to teach these rich masters of his what they already know and like. He is to conduct service as they direct. He is to tolerate and indorse any abomination which may have been (and usually is) established in the parish. He is to belie himself, his message. God's very work for peace sake! And they are the "successful" rectors (poor dumb slaves) who have been able to keep everybody happy and questions and ideas of a disturbing nature in the dark. Priests who write Catholic essays for the *clerus*, and preach absolutely nothing weak by weak; who hear the confessions of young girls on Saturdays, and manage to "keep solid" with the ignoramuses of influence none the less, who get a pair of tapers on their altars by carefully explaining that "they don't mean anything," who fabricate those fairy-tale "Year Books," and land, by virtue of their "safety" and "executive ability," on the Bench of Bishops.

Again in her relations to the poor, in her spirit of equivocating coquetry

towards the sects, in her judicial system, in her no-policy, in her utter lack of discipline, coherence, *esprit du corps*; in her vacillation, failure, pretensions—she crushes out of earnest men their faith in her as the divinely planned and ruled. She breaks the hearts of her most loyal sons. She either casts them forth, or ruins them as men and priests by forcing them into untrue, unfrank, unprincipled and helpless acquiescence in the less than right.

With bleeding heart, therefore, I turned to study the foundations of the Roman claims, and read for the first time the splendid arguments of that half score of giants who have worked out the question with a learning far beyond that of my teachers, and with a sanctity and a disinterestedness beyond words, beautiful to me, so fresh from the time-serving, money-worshipping and truth-avoiding atmosphere of my communion. From peak to peak I was led on by these great Anglican converts to Catholicism, and, dizzy with doubt, worn out by 10 years unreserved out-giving of my heart and nerves and head, I have at last sat down upon the summit from whence Truth seems once more God's gift to us.

My quest is over—although the nameless dread of finding myself alone comes over me. It will be hard to be without you. It will be terrible to be condemned by you.

Thus did the study of external evidence end. As for my heart, the change has called for very little movement in it. As God is witness, I have never believed or loved aught but this Catholic truth. Instinctively I would have gone into a Roman Church in Baltimore when, a mere child, I felt my first religious impulse and God dawned like a cloudless morning upon my lonely and impressionable soul. I was deterred by finding accidentally in some of the more ritualistic churches what then and for some 18 years seemed to be Catholicity to me. With unspeakable joy I gave myself to this illusion, and some of you may know the boundless hope I cherished for its complete extension, its final triumph. Without real study and as a brace to my unpopular position, I, as is common with all Anglo-Catholics, made much of those few points wherein we differed from the Roman Church. Dogmas which I could not define (except as grossly stated by our common error), proved through these years handy enough as sops to my conscience troubled with doubts at times, as well as answers to the repeated "paper partition" taunts of vestrymen and others.

At last, without an effort, with the sense of deep, unfathomable peace, my soul rushed out to meet my intellect returning from its search convinced, and all my nature knew that light was come. After the years of anguish and of doubt and struggle I passed into God's "strong city," even into His tabernacle, there to be hid forever from the strife of tongue.

On—

• • • Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam:
While that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Your friend and servant,

HENRY A. ADAMS.

July 18, 1893.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn delivered an address before a large audience at Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.

Three new magistrates have been appointed to the Roscrea bench. They are Mr. James Maher, Abbey Cottage, Roscrea; Mr. Louis Maher, Scullerra; and Mr. J. Corcoran, Boneymount. It is generally acknowledged that a better selection could hardly be made, either as representatives of popular and Catholic feeling, or as persons generally qualified for the position. It is understood that Mr. J. Maher, who is a builder and contractor, is to be appointed for Limerick city as well as for Tipperary. The three names were among those sent forward by the late Mr. McCarthy, M.P. for Mid-Tipperary, and a native of Roscrea.

The Poet Priest.

Mrs. M. E. Hery-Rullin, in a recent communication to the *Mobile News*, gives the following interesting reminiscences of the late Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet priest:

As a little girl, I often left the school room to copy his poems and editorials for the press. I assisted him in gathering together his poems for publication, and had carte blanche to make all necessary additions and corrections. Of this privilege I availed myself sparingly. During those many years, when he honored me with his friendship, and I may say, without egotism, with that special friendship that minds of the same intellectual direction always hold—"a dreamerlike myself," the good old poet often said—Father Ryan frequently and unreservedly spoke of his past life, his family and many personal matters. I remember his telling me that he was 38 years old, and added: "This ought to be a holy year for me; for that was Christ's age upon earth."

Now as to the poet's name. He himself gave it and signed it "Abram Jefferson Ryan." He never used the form "Abraham" in his letters or any other way. The J. in his name stood for "Jefferson."

The strongest sentiment of family love in the poet seemed to be centered in his younger brother, killed in battle at the age of 16. Father Ryan loved to talk of him, spoke enthusiastically of his great talents, and said: "If David had lived, no one would ever have heard of me; he was so much more gifted." One of this brother's poems is in Father Ryan's volumes. He insisted on publishing it with his own. It is in no way equal to any of Father Ryan's and gives no indication of great talent. Still to the poet-priest, all that touched "David" was sacred and viewed through the vision of tenderest affection and grief. I wanted to ask him to leave out his brother's poem, but did not like to risk wounding his pride in the young soldier. This brother's death marks an era in the poet's own life, a strong influence on his career. As he said himself, "the war meant a little to me, studying theology in college, until David was killed, and then I was another man." This may cast a new light of grief and love on Father Ryan's strong war poems.

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping,
In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows of the past are creeping,
Death, the reaper, still is reaping,
Years have swept and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still and weeping
For my beautiful and brave.

Of his mother he often spoke tenderly and reverently, saying that his separation from her was a daily sacrifice. She was living at the time of the publication of his poems, 1881, in St. Louis. I think Father Ryan one day remarked that he was puzzled about dedicating his book, and when I said, "Dedicate it to your mother," he seemed greatly pleased that I should appreciate his devotion to her, and as the volume itself shows, he followed the dictates of his own heart and my suggestion. Another member of the family, of whom Father Ryan often spoke, was his young sister, an accomplished musician, who died suddenly while the poet was completing his theological studies at the Barrens, in Missouri.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

On the night of June 21st, as the mail steamer "Limerick" was leaving Milford, Wales, one of the hands, a Waterford man named Delaney, fell overboard and was drowned. Delaney, who was comparatively a young man, was a native of Dunmore, and leaves a wife and family.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

During The Reign of Terror in France, for a priest to be seen on the street, clad in his clerical dress, was to court certain death. The populace seemed to have gone mad. The Republic had just been declared, and the devil, always on the lookout to encourage sin, had found ready hands and willing minds in the half-crazed country.

But, despite the terrors of the time, the clergy were able to perform their holy duties by stealth, or some of the braver ones celebrate Mass openly, awing the people by their display of supreme courage, and setting an example which in the end brought good results, though many were put to death for their loyalty to duty.

One of the noblest families of poor France, which through all trouble remained loyal to their Monarch and were true to the teachings of the Church, was that of the Count de Herat.

He resided in a small town not far from Paris, and before the Vandals had a chance to hide and carry off the vestments and holy vessels used in the little village church he had them taken to his house which was, in truth, a regular fortified castle, having been the home of his ancestors for generations.

Though of noble blood and highly honored at court, the Count de Herat never forgot his religious duties, and his great delight was to beautify the house of God. The church in the village was a perfect gem in its way. Costly windows, magnificent paintings and precious vessels studded with priceless gems were his contributions, for, as he said, "Nothing was too good to adorn the home of the Most High."

His family consisted of the Countess de Herat, and one son, Henri, and an infant daughter, Marie.

Of his servants, only a few remained. The others, hearing that the throne had been overthrown and that France was a republic, where Kings and Counts were but equals of the common people, had deserted and gone to Paris.

One evening at dusk the Count who was walking around the yard, seeing that the gates in the high wall that surrounded the castle were secured, when the gate keeper was away, was about to close the principal gate when he discerned a slim figure, enveloped in a black gown, coming wearily up the path.

He paused, and as the figure reached him he uttered an exclamation of surprise and rushed forward.

"Father, father," he cried grasping both the priest's hands in his own, "what has happened?"

Then noticing the extreme paleness and weakness of the priest, he hurried him into the castle, and after the clergyman had partaken of a substantial repast and was snugly ensconced in a big arm-chair, which was surrounded by the Count's family, the priest said:

"Alas! poor France, my country, that I should live to see such scenes."

"What has happened?" cried the Countess in an agitated voice. "Are all the royal family safe?"

"Listen," said Father Francis; "the members of our Sovereign's family are imprisoned behind the bars—herded with murderers and cut-throats, unless they escaped beyond the confines of France."

"This morning, despite the troublesome times and uproar, and the fact that many of the royal household had nearly lost their reason by fear, I was told to celebrate Mass as usual in the chapel—you know the little chapel—and we had orders to leave the doors wide open, so that even the most humble of the people could come to Mass. It was just after the Elevation when a mob, headed by a villainous ruffian, entered the chapel, and with

terrible cries and oaths ordered all to leave.

"During the *malee* several shots were fired in the direction of the altar, and I was horrified to see that one of the bullets, which was fired point-blank at me by a burly ruffian, whom I recognized as a murderer I had visited at the jail only a few weeks ago, missed, and pierced the forehead of the Saviour on the cross at the back of me.

"Something told me that it would be useless for me to remain, so I hurried up to the tabernacle, and taking therefrom the body of our Lord, and, with a prayer for preservation, left by a rear door.

"As I got on the street in the rear of the palace a cab drove up to the rear of the curb. Without any request of mine the driver jumped down, and opened the door, and, motioning me to get in, drove off rapidly to the confines of Paris. He then told me to alight, as I would now be safe, and then drove back as rapidly as he had come. I came here, and now will deposit my treasure in your little oratory."

With reverent air and bowed heads and carrying lighted tapers a little procession escorted Father Francis into a magnificent little chapel in one end of the castle, where he deposited the Holy Host in a safe place, and after a short prayer, all retired for the night.

The next morning he celebrated Mass, and also for several days after. A week had passed, and the attendance of the faithful at the little chapel had steadily increased. Fugitives from Paris were daily arriving. The castle was already overcrowded, but the hospitality of the Count and his family to those who sought shelter was as warm as when peace reigned. Men and women high in court circles eagerly accepted what shelter the Count could give.

One Sunday morning, assisted by two other priests, Father Francis announced that he would celebrate solemn High Mass. Little Henri, who had acted as altar boy for the priest, and who had a holy reverence for all things connected with the Divine Sacrifice, assisted in getting the vessels and vestments ready.

The Mass progressed without interruption till Father Francis, near the end, turned and began to speak a few encouraging words, when a servant entered hastily and spoke to the Count, who left the chapel. In a few minutes he returned, pale and anxious. In the meantime, Father Francis, on seeing him depart, rightly guessed the cause, and hastily finished the Mass.

The Count then announced that the castle was surrounded by the rabble of Paris.

Already the fierce cries of hate could be heard by those within the chapel.

"Bang, bang!" they heard and they knew the Communists were trying to batter down the castle gates.

"Crash!" they knew a gate gave way, and in another instant they heard shouts right under the windows, for the chapel was in the top story of the castle.

But the castle doors and windows were protected by solid oak and iron, and the mob would have no easy matter to get in.

"Courage!" cried Father Francis. "Let us trust in God."

All this time Henri was in a small room back of the altar trying to extinguish the red-hot coals in the censor by blowing on them, but they only glowed the brighter.

"Friends," said the Count, "if the worst comes to the worst, we can all escape by a subterranean passage. The trap door is behind this very altar, and the passage leads down to the banks of the Seine. We are in no real danger yet. Let us wait a while and pray. I will now go in the rear room and open the trap-door and have every thing in readiness so we can depart at once, if necessary."

The Count hastened into the rear room, where Henri was making fruitless efforts to extinguish the fire in the censor. He took it out of the boy's hands and, opening a narrow window at the extreme back of the room, dumped out the red-hot coals.

Cries of rage and agony followed, succeeded by a heavy fall. The Count glanced out of the window and saw a group of men and fearful looking women surrounding a body lying on the cold stones. They whispered a while and hurried off with blanched faces.

As he turned away from the window he heard cries of alarm from the direction of the gate, followed by ringing rifle shots, and the remnant of the mob that he could see were running as if for life.

The Count hastened into the chapel shouting:

"We are saved. The troops are here," and prayers of joy and thanksgiving were heard on all sides.

A body of the troops of the regular army were riding from the frontier towards Paris to help put down the Commune, and their appearance on the scene completely turned the tide of affairs.

After matters quieted down, the Count told Father Francis and the captain of the troops about the incident he had witnessed in the rear of the chapel, and they hastened around.

Lying on the flag-stones was a man. A livid mark right on the centre of his forehead showed where the live coals had struck him. He was not dead, and after a while came to.

"Retribution," he cried, "has overtaken me. I shot the Saviour in the forehead in the Paris church and He has burned me in the same place and burned out my eyes also."

Those around the bed on which he had been placed looked and shuddered, for they now saw that the incense, which had melted into a watery paste, had really fallen into his eyes and burned them out.

"O God, mercy!" he cried. "Listen; it was I who planned the attack on this castle. It was I who attempted to ascend by means of a ladder to the chapel window and I swore that even if fire descended from heaven on my head I would enter and tear the tabernacle doors open and destroy its contents, and when the fire really did come down, my comrades thinking, as I did, that it was a punishment from Heaven, were terror-stricken," and the poor wretch writhed in agony. "Mercy, mercy!" he cried. "Will some one put me out of my agony?"

"My child," said Father Francis, as he bathed the suffering man's burns in ointment, "make your peace with God. You will soon be dead. Remember the worst sinner can repent."

"There is no hope for me," almost screamed the man, as he shook with pain.

"Carl," said the priest, and the man started as his name was pronounced, "you remember when I visited you in jail in Paris, where you were under sentence of death, you promised to make a good and hearty act of contrition for your sins. Now, grasp the opportunity a good and merciful God has given you to make restitution. He is eagerly listening for you to say you are sorry. Hasten, before it is too late. He could have crushed you; He is kind. Remember He has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'" And tears began to come from the sightless eyes of the wretch.

When he breathed his last he had repented, and his last words were "Jesus, mercy."

The Commune raged for a while, but France came to her senses to find a new Government in power, and in the inhabitants of the Count's castle were outcasts and exiles from their beloved France.

Henri saw his poor mother die of grief, and his father soon followed.

He and his sister were placed by kind friends under the protection of religious, and were taught to lead holy lives.

To-day Marie is a Sister of Mercy. Henri's chosen vocation of the priesthood has placed him in a small country parish, but he would not have it otherwise, because it is the identical village and the identical church he attended when a boy.—Peter Callaghan in the *Michigan Catholic*.

Music.

Music is a language whose notes are most touching in sorrow and most mighty in anger. The sublimest thoughts that ever told the history of a past long dead, or, peering into the future, shaped the doctrines of the unborn, found form in the sweet rise and fall of music's tenderest cadences. They were sung in court and camp and hall; they sank into the souls of peoples, stirring the brave, praising the fair, soothing the sad. Now they were a solemn hymn of praise to God; again they were a joyous melody for society; and then they were a mournful dirge over the departed dead. This is true of the songs of Greece, or when the Troubadours kindled chivalry by the banks of the Rhone, or the more northern minstrels roused to war the unpeaceful heart of the Vikings. What music was in Ireland and amongst the Irish, Thomas Davis wrote in one of his essays in the *Nation*. Listen to his bold, noble words:

"No enemy speaks slightly of Irish Music, and no friend need fear to boast of it. It is without a rival. Its antique war-tunes, such as those of O'Byrne, O'Donnell, Alstrom, and Brian Bora, stream and crash upon the ear like the warriors of a hundred glens meeting; and you are borne with them to battle, and they and you charge and struggle amid cries and battle-axes and stinging arrows. Did ever a wail make man's marrow quiver and fill his nostrils with the breath of the grave, like the ululu of the north or the wiraathrae of Munster? Stately are their slow, and recklessly splendid their quick marches, their 'Boyne Water,' and 'Sios agus sios liom,' their 'Michael Hoy,' and 'Gallant Tipperary.' The Irish jigs and planxties are not only the best dancing tunes, but the finest quick marches in the world. Some of them would cure a paralytic and make the marble-legged prince in the *Arabian Nights* charge like a Fagan Bealacá boy. The hunter joins in every leap and yelp of the 'Fox Chase'; the historian hears the moan of the penal days in 'Drimindhu,' and sees the embarkation of the Wild Geese in 'Limerick Lamentation,' and ask the lover if his breath do not come and go with 'Savournean Deelish' and 'Lough Sheelin.'"

The Very Rev. Canon Foley, P.P., Crookstown, died on June 30th, at his residence, Kilmurray. He was highly esteemed by the people of his parish, and his loss is deeply deplored. Canon Foley was a patriarch in the true sense of the word. From his ordination to his double years have rolled by, which carried with them interests of supreme importance to religion and country; and in all these Canon Foley took a prominent, an honorable and a most useful part. His first missionary life brought him into the full sweep of the famine misery in the west of the diocese, and in that trying era there was not a braver or a truer priest. Neither sickness nor plague had terror for him. Physically a robust man, mentally endowed with the genius of his faith, he knew no danger. In Schull and Goleen the hand of death was often stayed by his heroic charity, and the worst plague of proselytism was met and overcome by his apostolic fidelity. For the natural necessities of his people he begged with an importunity of zeal that nothing could resist. For their supernatural wants, the schools which he erected, the churches which he built, his wonderful perseverance in their instruction are his best and most enduring monuments. This characteristic of his priestly youth remained his characteristic to the close of his honored career. May he rest in peace.

Canada will receive 30 first prizes for her chess exhibit at the World's Fair.

BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

The following summary of a lecture by the learned English Benedictine priest, Father Gasquet, the historian of the English monasteries, is copied from the *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

"One by one, the clouds of ignorance and misrepresentation which encompass so many points of Church history in the mind of the average Protestant Englishman are being dispelled by the searching light cast upon them by the able lectures of the Historical Research Society. One more such misconception was disposed of in masterly fashion at the last lecture of the present series at Archbishop's House on Monday night by the Rev. Dom. Aiden Gasquet, O.S.B., the distinguished champion of the monastic orders in the time of Henry VIII., a searcher after truth, who has done more to 're-make' the history of England than almost any man of our day. If there is one idea to which the British mind has hitherto clung with greater conviction than any other, and to which even the Catholic body, as represented by Lilly, had given its assent, it is that the centuries immediately preceding the so-called Reformation were essentially "dark ages," in which learning and knowledge were at their lowest ebb, and when the people were ignorant of the very elements of their Faith. That such a belief is utterly gratuitous, unfounded and false was the Burden of Father Gasquet's lecture, his statements receiving confirmation from so imposing an array of facts and authorities as to set his hearers wondering how so palpable a misrepresentation could have endured so long. So completely, indeed, did the learned Benedictine turn the tables on his opponents as to elicit from Father Croke Robinson the humorous query, "If those were the dark ages what must we be living in now?" a question which seemed to meet with a corresponding echo in the minds of the audience.

Father Gasquet prefaced his lecture with what he himself described as the bold statement that the history of the pre-Reformation period in England had yet to be written. As, until lately, the secular historian had merely given us biographies of the rulers of the land with accounts of the wars in which they took part, without troubling himself about the people at large, so, in a similar spirit, the Church annalist only described to us the great ecclesiastical events of their time. But nowadays we wish to hear more of the people themselves, and especially more of the religious side of our national life. What did the people believe? How were the services carried on? What popular devotions were preached? How did the priests instruct their flocks? What did the Church do for education, and for the material prosperity of the realm? But who can answer those queries? They still lie buried under the dust of hitherto unexplored archives.

Whilst disclaiming anything more than a slight knowledge of the social condition of the Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, the lecturer proceeded to enunciate the point for discussion. The first duty of the Church after the administering of the Sacraments is the instructing of the people in the doctrines of the Catholic faith. Was the English Church mindful of this duty or not? At the outset we must admit that hitherto Protestants have believed in the profound ignorance of the English people, and in this verdict many Catholics have concurred. In 1891, in the *Dublin Review*, Mr. Lilly wrote of the "lamentable condition" of the people in the fifteenth century, "knowing nothing beyond the 'Ave Maria' and the 'Pater Noster.'" He, however, offered no evidence in support of his contention. "So far from conjoining Mr. Lilly," continued the lecturer,

"my studies have led me to a directly opposite conclusion. I believe that in pre-Reformation days the people were thoroughly well-instructed by the priests."

Religious teaching naturally divides itself into two classes, it can be given either by sermons or by instructions. Sermons undoubtedly were not so frequent as to-day, when all teaching of adults is conveyed by them. Plain instructions in medieval times resembled much more our catechetical teaching. Of these we find most abundant evidence in the 14th and 16th centuries, to which we must confine ourselves. Already in the 12th century Archbishop Peccham had issued elaborate orders known as the "Constitutions of Peccham," for the instruction of the people in all the elementary truths of Christianity four times a year in every parish church. In the 14th century Thoresby of York had an exposition drawn up, and sent to all the priests of his diocese, of the Creed and the Articles of our Faith, with strict injunctions to teach them to the people. From the Acts of the Synod in 1384 we learn that frequent preaching was urged on the priests, who were also to see that the children were taught their prayers. At the same time manuals for priests were everywhere multiplied. One of the earliest books printed by Caxton contained four lengthy discourses covering the whole field of Catholic teaching, which, being delivered according to the rule of four times a year, would occupy sixteen Sundays. In the lecturer's opinion these elementary instructions were given quite as much as a matter of course as our catechism-teaching is given to-day, and hence it is that there is so little direct evidence of them. Yet sufficient material has been discovered to satisfy most people. A few of the old parish registers and visitation papers have luckily escaped the almost universal destruction of papers and archives that took place at the Reformation period, and these show us the facts. Here we have the sworn depositions of the parishioners regarding their priest, and most of their testimonies are eminently satisfactory. These papers show us, too, that the parish priests were regularly reported on to the Bishop, and they also manifest very considerable intelligence and knowledge on the part of these jurors, which, in spite of our Board schools, it is doubtful whether we could see surpassed in a similar class to-day.

The learned lecturer, whose delivery, by the way, is singularly clear and pleasant, then passed on to a rapid survey of the principal manuals issued for the use of priests on their clerical duties, which were very numerous at this period, and copies of which are to be found in the British Museum Library.

One of the most popular of these was the "Pars Oculi Sacerdotis," published at the end of the 14th century, another, evidently much in demand having been reprinted several times was the "Pupilli Oculi." Most important of all, however, was the "Speculum Christiana," one of the earliest books ever put into type, and containing some beautiful prayers on the Blessed Sacrament and on the Blessed Virgin Mary, which the lecturer would very much like to see reprinted. Passing on to the subject of preaching proper, Father Gasquet explained, that as the work of instruction belonged mainly to the secular clergy, so that of preaching belonged chiefly to the religious orders. The Dominicans and Franciscans were essentially popular preachers, the plain, unadorned speaking was their forte. They always spoke in the vernacular, interspersing their sermons with anecdotes and fables, which helped to secure their success. It must be remembered that many of the sermons which were written and have come down to us in Latin, were

nevertheless delivered in English. Many courses of sermons were drawn up for the use of priests; one of the best known of these is the "Liber Festivalis," first printed by Caxton, and reprinted many times before the close of the century. Many aids to preaching were also issued containing a mass of information, and presupposing a very profound knowledge of Scripture both by priest and people. The value of indexes also was realized at this time for tabulating knowledge. Concordances were multiplied, and a great catalogue was drawn up by a monk of Edmundsbury of all the monastic libraries, with which, through a system of numbers, it could be ascertained at a glance in what monasteries every work of importance was to be found. The most celebrated pulpit in all England was at St. Paul's Cross, where Londoners had the opportunity of hearing the greatest preachers of the day. Two hundred and fifty of these sermons have come down to us; they are often very topical, and full of manly vigor. For one single period we have a list of no less than 200 sermon writers as the most of these are Carmelites, by far the least numerous in England of the great monastic orders, we can fairly conclude that this list is but a small proportion of the whole.

Marie Antoinette's Courage.

The *Revue de France* publishes several curious extracts from the memoirs of Klindworth, well-known in the political world from his long connection with Talleyrand, Wellington, Metternich and Guizot. The most interesting passage relates an incident in which Marie Antoinette plays a part, namely, the mission entrusted by Robespierre to M. Grandidier in 1793, the object of which was to separate Austria from anti-French coalition. This brings out the fact that the hapless Queen might have got back to her native country, and so escaped her tragic end, but for her own devotion and heroism. An agreement in the sense desired was all but concluded by M. Grandidier with the Austrian Government on the condition, assented to by Robespierre, that Marie Antoinette and her daughter should be restored to their family. The Queen's consent to the plan could not be obtained. On M. Grandidier submitting the matter to her at an interview in the prison she said:

"Please thank the Emperor and Empress for their kind consideration for me, but tell them that I desire to die in France like my husband, and I am impatiently looking forward to the moment when I shall be united to him forever."

"She is right," remarked Robespierre, on her words being repeated to him. "What has that woman to do among the living?"

Thus Austria remained one of the adversaries of the French Government, and Marie Antoinette went to the scaffold.

A Child's Confidence.

A sense of honor in little things should be sedulously cultivated in the home. Children should early be taught the baseness of betraying one another's little confidences, and exposing one another's weaknesses. Mothers are themselves not always guiltless in this respect. Who has not witnessed the miserable confusion and utter wretchedness of some little child at the mother's reporting to some other member of the family, perhaps even to a neighbor and by way of joke, some saying or doing of its own? The solemnity of a child's confidence, however trivial in its nature, should never be forgotten.

A lady, whose hair came out with every combing, was induced to give Ayer's Hair Vigor a faithful trial. She did so, and not only was the loss of hair checked, but a new and vigorous growth soon succeeded that which had gone.

How to Wash Dishes.

Do you know how to wash dishes? Not merely so that you get them off the kitchen table into the china closet, but so that the despised and dreaded task becomes almost a pleasure. This is the way to accomplish that result:

As soon as the cooking is done fill all the cooking utensils with water and leave them to soak. When the meal is ended scrape all the plates clean—not with a knife, for that scratches and nicks—but with a soft piece of loaf over bread. Put the plates in one pile, the saucers in another, the cups, emptied of their drainings, together and the glass and silver together.

Have a bowl of water cool enough to allow your hand to remain in it a few minutes without scalding, but hot, and wash the glasses with soap in that. Dry them as fast as they are washed. If you let them stand upon a tray the air dries them, and does it in strokes where the water is trickling down. Have a soft, clean, lintless cloth for this purpose.

Then wash the silver; the water should be very hot for this. If there are any crevices, clean them with a brush kept for the purpose. Dry on a clean towel and polish with silver powder.

Next wash your cups and saucers—one at a time. Use a mop with a handle, and don't, in this day and generation, be without one of those wire kitchen conveniences known as a soap-shaker. Wipe each cup and saucer before putting it out of your hand, or it will dry partially and streakily and be rough to the touch. After the cups and saucers wash the plates in the same way. Then clean the tins and then the pots and pans.

To clean knives, rub with a soft flannel dipped in powdered bath brick or in wood ashes. Never let the ivory handles be dipped in hot water.

Tins may be kept in a state of dazzling brightness by being rubbed with sifted wood ashes or with whitening.

Copper utensils should be scoured with brick dust and flannel.

The dish cloths and mops should be washed, scalded and dried after each using. The towels should never be thrown aside in a damp lump, but should be hung to dry, and then dropped into the kitchen hamper against washing day.

The dishpan should be thoroughly washed with soap and water, scoured and rinsed with scalding water, dried and hung on its own hook. Then the sink should be scoured and rinsed with scalding water, in which common soda has been dissolved.

Father Mackey's Retirement.

His Grace the Archbishop has been pleased to relieve from active duty, Rev. Father Mackey, of Tyendinago, who for the very long period of forty-five years, has been a good and faithful priest of the Diocese of Kingston. This act on the part of his Grace exhibits the tender kindness and solicitude with which he cares for those entrusted with the sacred duty of ministering to the spiritual welfare of his people. Father Mackey is one of the oldest priests in the Diocese, being now 81 years of age. He has well earned the rest he has just been granted. It is needless to state that at the time he began his priestly labors 45 years ago, the duties he had to perform were of the most arduous and trying nature. Long journeys had to be made in all seasons, and when the modes of conveyance were scarcely so convenient as they are at the present time. Father Mackey was entirely unsparring of himself in those trying duties. In his long pastorate of nearly half a century we are safe in saying that he has little with which he can reproach himself. There is indeed something truly noble in such a life—a life of duty—a life of self-abnegation. Though he sought no honors or temporal glory, he has earned a greater and more lasting reward in the approval of Him in whose vineyard he labored. We congratulate the good old man in reaching his present period of life—though he is far on in the scar and yellow time—yet, his heart is young and his mental vigor unimpaired. May this good old priest have many more years to enjoy the ease and quietness that come in the evening of life in the united prayer not only from the clergy but from a multitude of people.—*Canadian Freeman*.

Marucchi on SS. Peter and Paul.

It was first made evident that there were numerous and convincing proofs of the coming of St. Peter to Rome. That, in presence of denials still put forward—though it must be said only by the most ignorant and prejudiced of the opponents of Catholicity—had to be reasserted and demonstrated again. The proofs of it go back from century to century, even to the very period of the preaching of the Apostles: St. Cyprian, Tertullian, the priest Caius, Origen, St. Irenaeus, St. Ignatius of Antioch and St. Clement of Rome. Besides the numerous proofs, direct or indirect, which may be brought to prove this notorious and universally recognized fact, there is one powerful argument to which the adversaries have not responded, the absolute silence on this matter—that is to say, the death of St. Peter at Rome—of the other Christian churches which have never raised their voice against the claims of the Roman Church of having been founded by St. Peter and of possessing his tomb. In a former work Marucchi said that from the first century down to the seventeenth Rome alone constantly asserted that she possessed the tomb of Saint Peter, and no one contradicted this assertion, and the first to deny or put in doubt such fact are the Protestant reformers of the sixteenth century, blinded by hatred against the Roman Church and only desirous of obscuring her glories.

But apart all this, which it is not necessary to insist on here, not only tradition and the testimony of history declare this fact, but the memorials and monuments of Rome throw a great light on the fact.

The principal and the most authentic monuments or memorials of the presence of the two Apostles in Rome are their tombs; that of St. Peter at the Vatican, and that of St. Paul on the Ostian Way. These are mentioned by the priest Caius in the third century, and by the historian Eusebius and St. Jerome in the fourth century. Prudentius, the poet of the martyrs, at the end of the same century refers to them, saying that the Tiber was in a way consecrated to the sacred relics reposing upon both its banks. Finally the two grand basilicas raised by the Emperor Constantine to St. Peter and St. Paul, and with the continued history of these, ever since confirm in a solemn and indisputable manner, the authenticity of these glorious relics.

The places of the martyrdoms of the two Apostles were next considered. St. Paul's, undoubted and almost undisputed, at the "Aque Salviae," or Three Fountains on the Ostian Way; and that of St. Peter in the Gardens of the Emperor Nero on the Vatican Hill. The Acts of his martyrdom assert this of St. Peter, and it is mentioned in the *Liber Pontificalis*, or ancient lives of the Popes, as well as confirmed by the constant tradition of the centuries. This account is quite in keeping with the description given by the pagan historian Tacitus, of how the first Christians were immolated by Nero in his gardens. It was on the foundations of the Circus that stood here, and in which the bloodthirsty Emperor played the charioteer, that Constantine—the first Christian Emperor—erected the Basilica of St. Peter? The memory of the actual spot where the Apostles were martyred was preserved in the name of the oratory built upon it, the *Oratorium Crucifixionis B. Petri*—Oratory of the Crucifixion of the Blessed Peter—which, as Giulio Ercolano relates, was much visited by the pilgrims of the Middle Ages. The opinion that St. Peter was crucified on the Janiculum, near the Church of St. Peter in *Montorio*, where Bramante's beautiful temple now stands, is, says Marucchi, only a legend which grew up in the fifteenth century, and which acquired

force and vogue, by the construction of the church and temple by the Kings of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella.

At the Catacombs of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, in the part lined with marble, and anciently known as the Platonica, the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul were concealed for a short time when the persecution of the Emperor Valerian raged, and it was feared that the tombs of the Apostles in their basilicas might be ransacked. When this dread was over, each body was brought back to its original resting-place.

A very interesting memory of St. Peter is attached to the Ostian Cemetery, or catacomb about two miles from Rome on the Nomentan Way. Here, according to the Acts of Pope Liberius—a document which though apocryphal is accurate in description of locality—is the place where St. Peter baptized a great number of Christians. This event is attributed to the first visit made by St. Peter to Rome, about the year 42, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. Toward the end of the sixth century, the place was held in great veneration as possessing a chair where St. Peter first sat in Rome "*ubi prius Romae sedit*." In 1876 an inscription was discovered in a large chamber in this catacomb, in which it was believed mention is made of the name of St. Peter, but as the words were much obliterated, the discoverer Cavaliere Armellini doubts their reference to the Apostle. The rock-cut chair in this chamber must not be associated with that of the Apostle, as it was made many years after his death.

In the Catacomb of Priscilla on the Via Salaria repose the remains of Pudens, Pudenciana, Praxedes, Aquila and Prisca, all associated with the presence of the Apostles in Rome. It was in the house of Pudens that St. Peter taught in Rome. The catacomb in which he rests is, as the illustrious De Rossi describes it, "the centre to which converge the memories attaching to the titular churches of Pudens and of Prisca."

St. Peter's Chair, above the altar in the apse of the Vatican Basilica, is in wood, and is a memorial that has ever been held in great veneration. The most ancient documents known relating to this chair, says Marucchi, belong to the fourth century. The precious relic was then venerated in the Baptistery of the Vatican Basilica, where an inscription written by Pope Damascus (866-884) notifies its authenticity. Before this epoch we know nothing of it, and what is said regarding its relation with the residence of the Apostle in the house of Pudens is a simple conjecture advanced in the seventeenth century by a learned man named Febeo. Of the authenticity of the chair, testified by Pope Damascus, prior to the year 884, there is little reason to doubt. There is no document earlier than his date, and while it is evident that it has no relation with the house of Pudens, it may reasonably be what it was then described to be.

The Mamertine prison is associated with the imprisonment of the two Apostles, and the account of St. Peter's being imprisoned here is given in the Acts of the Martyrs, SS. Processus and Martinianus, written, or more probably rewritten, in the fifth century. In the eighth century this place was held in high veneration, and the Einsiedler Itinerary—or pilgrim's guide-book—describes it as one of the monuments to be visited in the Forum.

A cable from Rome says that Fr. Nicholas Mauroa, Superior General of the Redemptorist Order, died in the Eternal City on Wednesday, July 12.

The Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company have deposited in the Private Bill Office of the House of Commons a petition praying to be heard by counsel against the Dublin Southern District Tramway Bill when the committee stage is reached.

The Summer School.

The programme of the Catholic Summer School which opened in Plattsburgh, N. Y. on last Sunday has been completed by the issuing of the list of preachers on the three Sundays embraced in the session.

Right Rev. H. Gabriels, D. D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, celebrated Pontifical High Mass at Plattsburgh Sunday, July 10th. The list of preachers is as follows:

Sunday, July 10. Morning—Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., Vicar General of Boston, Mass. Subject: "Conscience." Evening—Rev. James Loughlin, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa. Subject: "The Bread of Life."

Sunday, July 23. Morning—Rev. James H. Mitchell, Brooklyn, N. Y. Subject: "Three Types of Christian Virtue." Evening—Rev. Denis F. McMahon, D. D., New York City. Subject: Effects of Catholic Teaching on Character."

Sunday, July 30. Morning—Rev. John Talbot Smith, O. S. P., New York City. Subject: "Lay Co-operation in Church Work." Evening—Rev. Edward J. Lefevre, O. V. I., Niagara University, N. Y. Subject: "Some Phases of Evil."

Sunday, August 6. Morning—Rev. John Talbot Smith, New York City. Subject: "The Spiritual Life." Evening—Very Rev. John O'Rourke, Port Henry, N. Y. Subject: Supernatural Faith."

Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, Vicar General, has arranged the religious services for those attending the Summer School to be held morning and evening from July 16 to August 6, in the splendid new church of St. John the Baptist at Plattsburgh. Congregational singing will be introduced at the evening services by one of the Paulist Fathers.

The following lectures are to be delivered during the first week, July 17th to 21st:

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., of Notre Dame University, Ind., five lectures on "Science in relation to religion."

Rev. J. A. Doonan, S. J., of Boston College, Mass., four lectures on Mental Philosophy.

Other lectures assigned are: Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt, D. D., of the Paulist Fathers, New York, subject: "Authenticity of the Gospels." Thos. H. Cummings, of Boston, Mass., subject: "Columbus and the discovery of America." Helena T. Gossman, of Amherst, Mass., subject: "Indebtedness of America to Isabella the Catholic." Agnes L. Sadler, of New York, subject: "Women of the American Revolution." Daniel Downie, of Montreal, Canada, subject: "New France and Old France."

Second week, July 24th to 28th. Brother Azarias, of De La Salle Institute, New York, five lectures on "Educational Epochs."

Richard Malcolm Johnston, of Baltimore, Md., five lectures on "Studies Among Famous Authors."

One lecture from each of the following:—Rev. A. P. Doyle, O. S. P., editor of the *Catholic World*, New York; subject: "Catholic Educational Institutions;" Rev. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt., subject: "Lake Champlain and its Discoverer;" Rev. W. Livingston, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.; subject: "Life and Lyric Poetry of Longfellow;" George Parsons Lathrop, New London, Conn., subject: "Genius and Society."

Third week July 31 to August 4. Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, five lectures on "Ethical Problems."

Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of New York, three lectures on "Science and Miracles at Lourdes."

Rev. T. J. Conaty, D. D., editor of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine*, of Worcester, Mass., two lectures—on "Celtic Literature and Irish writers in English Literature."

Also lectures from Brother Potamian (Dr. O'Reilly), of the English College of the Christian Brothers, London, Eng., on "Electricity and Magnetic Phenomena." Rev. L. F. Kearney, O. P., of Somerset, Ohio; subject: "What we owe to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas."

Besides the fourteen lectures every week of the session it is arranged to hold a series of receptions on Friday afternoons as follows, Sunday School Teachers July 21st, Rev. Thomas Modilian, Director of St. Paul's Sunday School, New York, presiding; Catholic Editors and Writers, July 28th, George E. Hardy, Chairman of the Press Committee of Catholic Summer School for season of 1893, presiding, Catholic Reading Circles August 4th, Rev. Morgan M. Swoody, President of Catholic Educational Union, presiding Author's Night, July 27th on the occasion of the lecture by George Parsons Lathrop, LL. D., on "Genius and Society."

Important Truths for Wives.

In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for one the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon truth more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, what ever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on one incurred; the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those little niceties which mark a well-regulated house. An unfurnished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled tablecloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are several nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well dressed mutton chop or a tidy breakfast-table. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation, however intellectual; but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanting beauty of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that, without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your taste, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of the higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

The policy of President Cleveland in regard to the special session of Congress is announced by the *World* of New York as follows: "First—Silver Reform, by the absolute and unqualified repeal of the Sherman law. Second—Tariff reform, to be prosecuted in accordance with the pledges of the party as soon as, but not before, the finances of the country are again upon a stable basis."

It is expected that there will be a long and exciting and bitter contest in both branches of Congress; and the extra session will run into the regular before an agreement can be reached.

THE DEED OF A SAINT.

In the thirteenth century Tunis, like many other African cities, was a stronghold of Mohammedan pirates, who made frequent captures of Christians, and reduced them to the most oppressive servitude. The captives were continually kept in irons, forced to labor in chain-gangs, and treated with every species of cruelty until it pleased their masters to kill them outright.

Twice a year, however, a ray of hope cheered the Christian slaves. They beheld a vessel, carrying the red-cross flag, bearing down into port. It was the craft of the Trinitarians, or Fathers of Mercy, who came to negotiate for the redemption of the captives. As the vessel hove in sight, hope sprang up in the most dejected hearts, and each poor prisoner said to himself: "Ah, here come the ransoming fathers! Now I shall be liberated; my chain will be broken, and I shall see once more my home and family."

Very often, however, this glint of sunshine served only to intensify the subsequent darkness of their lot; for the resources of the Fathers were limited, and the exactions of the Moslem dey so exorbitant that only a comparative number of the slaves could be redeemed on each of their semi-annual visits. To the unfortunate majority, whom they had necessarily to leave in their cruel bondage, the Trinitarians could give nothing but hopeful words and compassionate tears.

One day a Father of Mercy, Raymond Nonnatus, then thirty-three years of age, led out of the Tunisian galleys such of the Christians as all of the gold which he and his brethren had been able to beg in Europe had enabled him to redeem. Suddenly an old man threw himself at his feet, and, grasping the Father's robe, piteously exclaimed:

"O Father, have mercy on me! See my condition! My hair has grown white in misfortune. For twenty years I have been in irons. Forty times have I seen your ransoming vessel come hither, but nobody has ever thought of me. Pity, Father—pity!"

At these words, eloquent as only genuine sorrow can render language, the Trinitarian felt his very soul thrill with indescribable emotion. He wept as he replied: "My brother, I have nothing left. But take courage. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Mercy, for yourself and me, and await in peace my return."

As he finished speaking, he continued on his way with the captives whom he had liberated. The old man followed them with his eyes for a few moments, then sank back in the most absolute dejection. Raymond, however, had not deceived him with a lying hope; for as soon as the ransomed captives had been placed on board the vessel, he betook himself to the dey and asked for the liberation of the old man.

"What does this mean?" said the Mussulman. "Have you not taken the number agreed on between us?"

"That is true: but I come to beg that you will add to that number an old slave who has been in the galleys for twenty years, and whose strength is worn out."

"Have you any more money?"

"No; I have given you all I had."

"Then begone, and beware of my anger."

Thus rebuffed, the religious raised his eyes to heaven, asked God for the fortitude to make a great sacrifice, and then rejoined, still in the tone of an entreaty:

"I have no money, but I am young and strong. Accept me in exchange for the feeble old man in whose behalf I plead."

"The dey at first appeared astounded; he reflected a moment, then coldly replied:

"True, you are young and strong. I agree."

An hour later the generous Father of Mercy (surely none ever better deserved the name) led to the red-cross vessel the old Christian, weeping tears of joy at seeing himself at long last free. One tender embrace to the two Fathers who had accompanied him to Tunis, and Raymond, returning to the galleys, held out his hands to receive the chains of the hardest slavery. It was the path by which God called him to the eminent degree of sanctity which he attained before his death, and which merited for him the place he now occupies on our altars.—*Ave Maria.*

The Servant Girl.

First of all, it is a good thing to know what you do want. If a young woman applies whose hair is untidy, who has a dragged feather in her hat, whose dress shows stains and lack of buttons, reject her; she will be careless and slovenly.

If a young woman comes arrayed in cheap finery, holding one dirty kid glove the mate of which she wears, her ungloved hand adorned with rings, a flimsy bit of lace serving the place of a decent hat, reject her; that young woman is lazy and impudent.

If she smiles in a superior way and assures you that she can do everything, dismiss her at once; she will do nothing well.

If she tells you she has "lived in the best of places," and has "seven years' reference" from Mrs. Easy, but that the lady lives in the country now, she don't know exactly where, she has been dismissed for dishonesty. Reject her.

If she wants a latch key, asks for "any evening you are not going out," says she has "always been used to company, of course," send her away. She will have noisy company six nights in the week, will stay out all night at a 'ball,' and her moral character will probably disturb your tender conscience.

If she is elderly and calls you "dear," speaks patronizingly and assures you "you won't be bothered with anything" when she comes, dismiss her. She will not accept a suggestion from you; while if you venture to hint that the meat was underdone, she will give immediate notice.

If she makes a parade of being "willing to learn," have nothing to do with her. You will find she needs to learn everything. I have known such to be unable to bake potatoes.

Beware of the girl who asks questions. A question or two concerning her work or wages is, of course, perfectly proper. But when she asks three questions to one of yours, when she seeks to know your family and private affairs, get rid of her at once. That young woman does not know her place.

If a young woman should apply who is dressed modestly and neatly, who speaks quietly and respectfully, who waits until you invite her to be seated, who gives some accessible address when you ask for reference, who claims to be able to do her work well, but admits that she may not know everything, who leaves her "day out" and other privileges to your convenience, who answers all questions but asks few or none, take her, though she asks high wages. She will give you the peace of mind you have longed for.

Such girls are to be had, though rarely. I have met two in three years.—*Table Talk.*

The value of a good name was well exemplified the other day, when a man asked one of our druggists for a bottle of Sarsaparilla. "Whose?" inquired the clerk. "Whose? why, Ayer's, of course. Ye don't suppose I'm going to run any risks with Hannah, do ye?"

The fund for the erection of a suitable residence for Mr. Sattoli at Washington, D. C., now amounts to \$9,923.17.

The Sedan Chair.

When his Holiness the Pope is carried in his chair on poles supported on the shoulders of twelve servitors from Sala Regia to the Sistine Chapel, and occasionally into the loggia above the portico of St. Peter's, he practically uses a sedan without a roof, and it was in these chairs on poles that the Roman magnificoes sneered at by Juvenal were borne through the crowded streets of Rome. These uncovered sedans must not be confounded with the ancient litters, which very much resemble in shape the palanquin which may be seen every day in the streets of Calcutta, and which were a kind of bed, wherein the inmate reclined either on his elbow or at full length.

Wealthy Romans when they traveled through the provinces of the empire, sat in a covered sedan chair during the day, and lay in a covered litter throughout the night. It is a curious fact, as regards the Oriental palanquin, that in 1754 the Court of Directors of the First India Company ordered that their covenanted servants should "lay aside the expense of either horse, chair or palanquin during their writership," on the ground that indulging these embryo nabobs with chairs on poles, borne by coolies, contributed not a little to the "neglect of business, and afforded them opportunities for rambling." Little more than half a century afterwards we find the frugal and self-denying Sir Arthur Wellesley writing to Major Shaw to give orders for a palanquin to be made for him. Precise in this, as in most other matters, the hero of Assaye directed that his palanquin should be "very light," that the panels should be made of canvas instead of wood, and the poles fixed as for a dhoolie. "Your Bengali palanquins," adds the future victor of Waterloo, "are so heavy that they cannot be used out of Calcutta."

To a traveler of moderate means the principal expense of the palanquin was in the number of relays of bearers required to carry it. This mattered little to the Romans, since the bearers were nearly always slaves, and the price of labor in Hindostan is moderate enough to warrant the employment of a large number of bearers, but in France, in the seventeenth century, there was a Duchess of Nemours who half ruined herself by her craze for traveling backward and forward in her sedan to her principality of Neufchatel, which was situated at a distance of 130 leagues from Paris. Relays of bearers, amounting in the aggregate to fifty men always accompanied the Duchess on these journeys, one of which took ten days to accomplish, and the cost of paying, lodging and feeding these retainers was necessarily prodigious. French experts stoutly maintain that the sedan chair was invented by "La Reine Margot," the first wife of Henry IV., but it can only be proved that the sprightly Queen in question availed herself so constantly of the facilities offered by an uncovered sedan that it is almost to be wondered at that the vehicle did not come to be called a "margot" instead of a "chaise a porteurs."

In any case it is certain that the first covered and closed sedans were introduced into France at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIII. by the Marquis de Montbrun, and that shortly afterwards a concession for building them was granted to three Parisian financiers.—*London Telegraph.*

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Mrs. R. O. Mantick—"Ah, that noble, noble sword! I suppose some member of your family has drawn it time and time again." Mrs. Mat R. Fact "No; only once. My husband won it at a raffle."

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The Philosopher's Scales.

By Jane Taylor.

A monk, when his rights sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depths of his cell, with his stone-covered
floor,
Resigning, to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it is only by patience and care,
At last he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is sure, unless energy fails,
And at length he produced the "Philosopher's
Scales."

"What are they?" you ask. You shall presently see:
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
weigh.

Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay.
The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of a penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garments went down.

A long row of alms-houses, snugly endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale, while the other was pressed
By those miles the poor widow dropped into the
chest;

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a
bounce.

By further experiments, (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one
plow;

A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-ponny stall.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than the widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense.
A first-water diamond, with brilliant begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas "the pearl of great
price."

Last of all, the great world was bowled in at the
gate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with a strong rebuff,
That made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And called up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with a soul in't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

The Present and the Future.

Strange contrasts are presented by individual characters in the way they treat present and future time. There are some happy, careless or indifferent individuals who take no thought of the morrow; they are contented if their present wants are gratified and leave the futur. to take care of itself. Others develop such an abnormal interest in the future that they cannot enjoy the present. It is scarcely necessary to say that both types are defective. The happy-go-lucky man is very likely to become a dependent upon other people's bounty, for he makes no provision to care for himself during the season of adversity. The man who is always looking ahead is easily frightened at shadows and develops into a miser or misanthrope. The true type is the thrifty man, who both enjoys the present and has a care for the future. Whatever his income may be, large or small, he manages to save a fair proportion, and uses the remainder to give himself and his family whatever present enjoyments it may yield.

The many have little more income than will supply their wants; but even the poor, if thrifty, can generally save something with which to care for themselves in the time of sickness or disaster. The wants of man multiply with his opportunities for their gratification. All who have risen in life from relative poverty to relative affluence

recognize this fact. The man who has become rich will spend more pocket-money for luxuries than sufficed to support him in his earlier days, and will suffer as much if deprived of those accustomed luxuries as he would have done when poorer if deprived of a meal. There is no hard and fast line by which one may divide luxuries from necessities. That which would be a luxury to a poor man unaccustomed to it is necessary to the happiness, at least, of the man who has been brought up to luxury. Thrift has the good effect of limiting one's wants, of preventing a growth of appetite converting luxuries into necessities. The man who lives only in the present will as his income enlarges, spend more, and thus develop tastes which increase for him the necessary cost of living. When reverses come he finds it difficult to get back to simpler habits or to reduce his expenses. The thrifty man, who, while enjoying the present, has had an eye to the future, not only has a reserve fund upon which to draw in time of adversity, but his wants are fewer. He has not radically changed his style of living to correspond with his increase of income, but has used that larger income mainly to increase his surplus. It is foolish to neglect the present for the sake of the future; it is almost criminal to neglect the future for the sake of the present. The latter, however, is a besetting fault of a great many people, who in the end have to be cared for by their more thrifty neighbors. Hospitals, homes and countless philanthropic institutions are supported by the thrifty, who have looked out for the future and at the same time have sought to do good in the present. But they are peopled very largely by those who have cared only for the present, relying upon the sympathies of their fellow-men to help them in adversity. The young man starting out in life either mase up his mind not to allow either the present or the future to absorb his attention, but rather to use the present for rational enjoyment and for preparations for a future not to be ignored. He will thus be kept from extravagances and vices into which the votaries of pleasure, who think not of the morrow, are led, and also escape that feeling of unrest and apprehension to which those are subjected who dwell too much upon the future and fail to take advantage of the opportunities for enjoyment offered by the present.

The Best Friend.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowflakes on her brow and ploughed deep furrows in her cheeks; but isn't she sweetly beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with all the radiance of holy love which never can fade. Ah! yet she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach lower down for your boy than any other one upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight in which she cannot see you; can never enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

Four houses, a mile or so outside the village of Drumn, were burned to the ground on Saturday night, June 24th. Next morning a man named Smith was arrested in Cootehill on charge of connection with the burning.

An Irish Priest's Wit.

It may be seasonable to relate a little anecdote here, known only to the writer, and which has not hitherto appeared in print, says *The Tribune*. Henry Ward Beecher figured in it and so did Rev. J. P. O'Boyle, of the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, in Court street. The two men are dead now. It was at a public dinner in New York, given to Henry George, who had just returned from his trip to Europe. His book "Progress and Poverty" had created a stir in England, and its author came back a hero in the eyes of many of his countrymen, while in the eyes of them all it was acknowledged that "the prophet of San Francisco," as the Duke of Argyll sneeringly called him, had fairly won for himself a name.

Those who sat down to dinner did not necessarily agree with Mr. George's plan for the solution of the perplexing problem of land tenure, but as one of their fellow-citizens they were proud of his literary achievements. Mr. Beecher and Father O'Boyle happened to be seated next to one another. The priest though young, had something of a history himself. He had left Belfast only six months before. He was an ardent Irish patriot, and talked a good deal, but always to the point. Chief Secretary Forster, who imprisoned Parnell and more than a thousand other Irishmen without accusation or trial, but on suspicion merely, thought Father O'Boyle talked too much to the point, and so he, too, was threatened with arrest. The imprisonment of a priest in Ireland up to that time was an unusual proceeding, and the passions of the people were already sufficiently aroused, so on the advice of his bishop, Dr. Dorrian, he came to America.

Beecher found the young Irish ecclesiastic an agreeable companion. He pumped him dry about Ireland. Home Rule, Fenianism, the Roman Catholic Church and other subjects. "The Irish," said Mr. Beecher, "are a many-sided people, and in some phases of their character a curious people, but I admire them withal." Father O'Boyle was puzzled to know whether this was a straight out compliment or not. The dinner was now almost over, and the time came to serve the coffee and cigars.

"Of course you smoke, Mr. Beecher," said the priest.

"No," replied the great preacher. "I have listened with much interest to all that you told me about that wonderful religious organization to which you belong, and which, like the race to which you belong contains much of what is good. Allow me, therefore, to mark my esteem for yourself by offering you these as my contribution to your Church." His massive face broadened into a smile as he spoke, depositing at the same time his neatly bound bunch of cigars on the priest's plate.

"How often in the week do you preach in Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher?"

"Twice, as a rule."
"Then I accept with thanks your gift. It is peculiarly appropriate."
"Why peculiarly?"

"Well, Mr. Beecher, I could not expect to receive a contribution of more intrinsic value than the members of your congregation. You have been doling out smoke to them twice each week; how could I expect that you would dole out anything more valuable to me, a perfect stranger." This tickled Beecher, and there sprang up thereafter between these two men, so widely separated from each other, a warm personal friendship.

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THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

July 27—St. Veronica Julian, Virgin.
28—St. Victor, Pope and Martyr.
Innocent I., Pope and Confessor.
Nazarius and Celso, Martyrs.
29—St. Felix II., Pope and Martyr.
30—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Martha, Virgin.
31—St. Ignatius Loyola, Confessor.
Aug. 1—St. Peter in Chains.
2—St. Stephen I., Pope and Martyr.

Official.

Circular from his Grace the Archbishop to the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS.

We beg to notify you by these presents that the Retreat for the Clergy of the Archdiocese will begin this year in St. Michael's College on the evening of the 28th of August, to be continued until the following Saturday. You are required to assist thereat.

Please bring with you soutane, surplice and devotional books.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

† JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace,

Toronto, July 25, 1893.

Sacerdotalism.

The present number of the *Contemporary Review* contains a remarkable article from the pen of Archdeacon Farrar entitled "Undoing the work of the Reformation." It is aimed, with as much precision as an inexact controversialist could command, at the Ritualists, who are re-introducing "those deadly errors—yes, even the blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits"—from which the writer and his forefathers in the Anglican Church were delivered by the so-called reformation. The three principal points of doctrine and practice introduced by the High Church which are especially objectionable are Sacerdotalism, Transubstantiation and Auricular Confession. It is remarkable that a question so decidedly controversial, both in itself and in the method in which it is treated, should appear in one of the *Reviews*, which generally discourage subjects of a dogmatic character. The article is remarkable also for its arrogant tone, and the impudent manner with which it speaks of its adversaries, either Catholic or Ritualistic. A writer using terms like "Romish," "Papists," "Jesuitical special pleading," besmears the pages he should adorn, is insolent where he thinks to be argumentative, and is boorishly rude where he ought to be polite. The editors of the magazine, the subscribers and readers thereof, can justly claim this much from one who knows the laws of literary etiquette better than he practises them, or if he does not know them, ought never to be allowed to appear again amongst respectable contributors.

The Archdeacon thinks the time has come when it is the plain duty of

every member of the English Church to reassert, at all costs, the principles—the scriptural, the primitive, the historic principles—the assertion of which is the sole reason why their Church, as a Reformed Church, has any title to exist. If there be no valid, eternal differences between the doctrines of the Church of England and those of the Church of Rome, and if there was no necessity for the reformation to repudiate and condemn the ceremonies which were the outward expression of their doctrines, then every English Churchman is the member of a schism, and only makes himself ridiculous and inconsistent if he loftily condemns as schismatics his Nonconformist brethren." He deems the "Romish priests and their spokesmen infinitely more consistent than the Anglican Ritualists." The whole teaching of the Church of England leaves no shadow of a doubt that a sacrificial priesthood, a vicarious ministry, is without foundation in their system. The claim of priestcraft "robs Christians of the most inestimable privileges of freedom which Christ purchased for them with His blood;" "it thrusts a class and a caste between the soul and its free, unimpeded access to God;" and introduces a tyranny worse than the red terror of revolutionary France. That is pretty strong language, and if it had much historical or other ground to rest upon, would be an arraignment whose sentence would condemn the priesthood to perdition. But the whole thing is a calumny, unwarranted, unchristian, and unchristian. It is unwarranted because nineteen centuries of evidence stand forth to prove the Christian priests as no members of a caste or tribe; and so far from being despots and tyrants, they have ever been the champions of liberty. If a priest had not thrown himself in with the people against the King at Runymede what Magna Charta would England have obtained? If a priest had not taken sides with a poor, weak wife against a wicked husband and king, the so-called reformation would not have taken root in England, and the Ritualists would not now be "undoing its work." It is an unchristian attack, because, without one jot of proof, it charges the greatest civiliziers of the world with crimes which men of honor loathe and detest. It is unchristian, for it strikes with all its impotent rage at the men who have been through all the centuries the eye, the head, the heart of Christ's mystical Body. Take the priesthood out of Christianity, and, like Protestantism, it would have crumbled to dust within three hundred years.

But when Archdeacon Farrar enters upon theology and undertakes to prove that there is no real priesthood in the religion established by Christ, we feel that he is neither a theological nor a scriptural student worthy of his reputation. To tell us in this nineteenth century that the voice of Scripture is absolutely decisive on the subject of sacerdotalism; that "it cuts away the very taproot of the whole system"; that "the Lord Christ was not a priest by birth, and never in His life on earth performed a single priestly function," is too much. We cannot wait for our High Church friends to reply.

The fight is theirs, because it must be borne in mind that the article is directed against the Ritualists; for the writer says: "Now all this may be nothing to Romanists, who set up their own infallibility; but Ritualists, who still nominally belong to the Church of England, and therefore presumably do not throw overboard her most essential opinions, can only writh in vain round this transfixing spear-point of the doctrine of the Apostles. It is a self-refuting absurdity on their part to pretend that they can claim, and parade, and revel in the *one title* which neither Christ nor His Apostles, nor His Evangelists, even remotely sanction." Waiting, therefore, till we hear from some Ritualist upon this point, we devote to the following sentence a little attention: "The author of sacerdotalism," says Mr. Farrar, "is not the Divine Founder of Christianity, or any of His Apostles, but that one of the Fathers (Cyprian) whose writings are the most jejune and Judaic, and whose scriptural exegesis is the most hopelessly without insight, consistency or value."

Is it not remarkable that a Protestant would take Scripture—the bare written word—as his rule of faith when we see such groping, such folly, such stubborn self-opinion? Not to mention others, there is the text from the psalms: "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." to which St. Paul refers in his Epistle to the Hebrews. Nor can one read this beautiful epistle without finding reference upon reference to the priesthood, the altar, the Victim of the new dispensation. It was written to prove to the Jews that their law had passed away by establishing the superiority of the great high priest eternal, whose Blood was so much the more worthy of moving God's wrath. In one of St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians we have the most direct testimony of the priestly function and the commemorative character of the Eucharistic mysteries. The silence of the Gospels upon the priesthood of our Blessed Lord proves nothing whatever. He did not belong to the sacerdotal tribe, but that only proved that the Levitical priesthood was to pass away. If not a priest by birth, He was a priest by the mission of His eternal Father, by the divine unction He received, and by the mediatorial office He performed. He was *the* priest, the only priest of all law and every dispensation. There was no necessity for Him to exercise priestly functions, because His dispensation was intended to come into force only after His ascension into Heaven. Then was the Paraclete to come, who would teach His apostles all truth; then were they to go forth and teach all nations whatsoever He had commanded; but until then they were to abide together in prayer awaiting the promise. But Christ did not as priest upon one occasion—the eve of his death. By doing so He fulfilled His mission as "priest according to the order of Melchisedech." By bidding His apostles to do the same in His memory, He imparted to them the same mediatorial power through which and in which, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, His Father's name

would be great among the Gentiles. That was the font from which spring all Christian piety and worship. Time may have thrown around it external pomp of ceremony, and clothed it with a robe of honor, but these only give expression to the burning thought within and bespeak its dignity and glory. Who would have dared, in the third, the fourth, or any other century, to assume a sacerdotal character, and stand at a Christian altar, unless he shared in the eternal priesthood of Christ? A man might as well talk about a child being born at the age of three years as talk about the Christian priesthood starting with St. Cyprian in the third century. When it started every Catholic child knows. "Priest," though not found frequently in the New Testament, is still between the lines—it is the voice of Christ throughout the centuries; it built the altars of Europe before Anglicanism was thought of, and offered its incense of sacrifice before the catacombs were dug. The East and the West bear testimony to its establishment by Christ, and the liturgies of the Gothic, the Arabic, and the various other rites proclaim its titles. The work that the priesthood has done for religion, morality, civilization, is too much for even the most ungrateful to forget. It is only an arrogant bigot and self-opinionated critic who would presume to deny its origin or dispute its merits.

To conclude, if the article proves any point whatever, it proves the absurd want of unity and lack of authority in the English Church.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The annual report for the Toronto Conferences of this excellent Society are to hand. St. Helen's has been aggregated, and a Conference re-organized at St. Joseph's since the last report was issued. Numerically the Society appears weaker—which is to be regretted. But this arises from the fact that the names of many who did not show an active interest in their work were taken off the list. It is most desirable that young men especially will show more public spirit in this respect. The poor we have always with us; and it is a grave obligation for us to give them alms, and that sympathy and encouragement which they need still more. The most earnest school of charity in the world is a well conducted Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, whose purpose is not only the temporal welfare of the poor by prudent benevolence, but also their spiritual aid by prayer and advice.

The Hospital Board, which is a committee of the Society, still maintains its work towards the suffering. The Toronto General Hospital is visited every week, and the Catholic patients are supplied with prayer books and other reading. At the opening of St. Michael's Hospital the Board provided a bed for one of the wards. Various other works of charity fall upon the Hospital Board, and are performed with zeal and constancy. Amongst these the night school of the St. Nicholas Home for boys deserves special mention. It was carried on regularly during the winter months, when the elementary subjects of a

religious and secular education were taught the poor boys.

The report closes with a very well-written memoir of the late President, Chevalier Macdonell, whose opening page is illustrated by an excellent photogravure likeness of the Father of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Toronto. The old gentleman deserved this tribute, and it has been paid in the coin of affection, respect and historical interest. His mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders. Mr. J. J. Murphy, who for some time had been acting President before the Chevalier's death, is President, and fills the chair with dignity and the true spirit of Christian charity.

The returns for 1892 show the following results. Members, 280; poor relieved, 1,178 persons; total receipts, \$2,876.60, total expenditure, \$3,080.21.

Orangemen Feel Slighted.

The *Globe's* Montreal correspondent of Friday last, tells of the chagrin and disappointment experienced in Orange circles when a letter was handed to Mr. Ellis, County Secretary of the Order, in which it was stated positively that no Orange Service could be held in St. Stephen's English Church on the 12th of July. What made the refusal more galling and disappointing was the recollection of a promise made by the incumbent of said church, Archdeacon Evans, that St. Stephens would be at the disposal of the Orange Grand Master during the holy octave, and that sermons would be delivered commemorative of the Battle of the Boyne, both on the Sunday previous to, and the Sunday following the glorious anniversary—the great triumph of Protestantism over "Popish Kings, brass money, and wooden shoes." Archdeacon Evans was more than anxious to welcome the Scarlet Brethren to the church in which he officiates, it was on his invitation arrangements were made for a demonstration on a large scale, and a rousing sermon suitable to the blood-curdling inspirations of the occasion, was ready at hand and type-written, when, alas for the unreliability of human expectations! The Church Wardens are heard from; and the chairman, Mr. George Carson, writes to the Grand High Secretary of the County Orange Board: "We can't let you in"—or "Too late, you cannot enter now"—or words to that effect, which have set all Orangedom in Quebec, in a state of bewilderment for the last ten days.

The correspondent adds: "As a consequence, thousands of Orangemen in the Province of Quebec feel acutely this determined slight, for when one member suffers, all others sympathise. Several members of the congregation have decided to attach themselves to other churches, and it remains to be seen whether the exact reasons for the refusal of the church on either the 9th or 16th July to Orangemen will be made as public as has been the refusal itself, seeing that no difficulty has ever been experienced by the Sons of England—a similar loyal (?) organization—for holding their anniversary sermons in the same building."

If the particular reasons be not published, one general reason why the

church should not be granted for the purpose named was volunteered by Mr. George Carson, who said: "Presumably the sacred edifice would have to be re-consecrated after having been invaded by such doubtful individuals as Orangemen, or probably the building would not be safe from violence if the worshippers were reminded of the tragic events of 1688-1690."

Well did Mr. Geo. Carson and his fellow Church Wardens know that a 12th of July celebration would be no celebration if it did not land us back amid the bloody strife and horrors of two hundred years ago. Those gentlemen are well aware that the annual recital of a sanguinary contest and the rehearsal of acts and events that breathe hatred and incite to revenge can proceed from no Christian feeling of that charity which Christ brought down from Heaven and established as the golden rule among men. "to do unto others as we should be done by."

It has been aptly remarked that, with few exceptions, the Orange Order this year obtained the privilege of no church or hall excepting such as had already been polluted and desecrated by the filthy harangues of a Leyden, a Chiniquy or a Mrs. Sheppard.

The Third Commandment.

The following extract from "The Catechism of Perseverance," by Mgr. Gaume, quoting St. Justin, gives us a good idea what the Sunday was in the primitive Church:

"On the day of the sun, that is, Sunday all those who dwell in the town and country meet in one place. The first thing to be done is to read the writings of the Apostles or the Prophets, as long as time permits. The reading over, he who presides delivers a discourse to the assembly, in order to instruct them, and to exhort them to practise the sublime maxims of virtue and religion which they have just heard. We then all rise to make our prayer in common. We pray for ourselves, and for those who are baptised at the time, and for all mankind, of whatsoever nation, that all may come to a knowledge of the truth, may lead a holy life, full of good works, may keep the commandments of the Lord, and may at length attain to eternal glory. The prayers ended, we salute one another with the kiss of peace.

"Then some bread and a cup of wine and water are presented to him who presides. Having taken them, he renders glory to the Father in the name of the Son and the Holy Ghost, and makes him a long thanksgiving for those same gifts, which it has pleased Him to grant to us. The prayers and thanksgiving concluded, all the people present say in a loud voice, Amen—a Hebrew word, meaning *So be it!* Then those whom we call Deacons distribute to each of the persons present some bread, and wine and water, consecrated with thanksgiving, and carry thereof to the absent.

"We call this food the *Eucharist*, and no one is permitted to partake of it if he does not believe the truth of our doctrine, if he has not received the remission of his sins and a new life, and if he does not live according to the precepts of Jesus Christ. For we do not take it as common bread or ordinary drink, but as the flesh and blood of Our Saviour. He has taught us that, by the efficacy of the Eucharistic prayer, which contains the very words of the Saviour, this bread and wine becomes the flesh and blood of the same Jesus who was made flesh for our salvation. In effect, the Apostles teach us in the memoirs which they have left us and which are called *Gospels* that Jesus Christ commanded them to act thus, when, having taken bread and returned thanks, He said, *Do this in commemoration of me: this is my body*; and having taken the cup in like manner and returned thanks, said *This is my blood*.

"We then recall these things in memory of our brethren. Those who have means relieve the poor, and we are always of one heart with one another. In all things, through His Son Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, the alms which each one gives with the greatest freedom are placed in the hands of him who presides, and who is charged to assist widows, orphans, strangers, the sick, in a word, all who are in sorrow from any cause whatsoever.

"We are accustomed to assemble on the day of the sun, because it is the day on which God began the creation of the world.

It is also the day on which Jesus Christ Our Saviour rose from the dead, and appeared to His Apostles and taught them what we have just set before you."

"Is it," asks Mgr. Gaume, "a history of the Sunday of the second century that we have just heard, or rather a history of the Sunday as we still see it, in the nineteenth century? Is it a picture of a catacomb or of a Catholic temple that has just passed before our eyes? It is both. Admire, ye children of the holy Roman Catholic Church, the vigor with which your mother lays the seal of immortality on all that she touches. What your ancestors did, do you not still do? Are not all the memories of the primitive Sunday preserved among us?"

New Book.

"The Columbian Jubilee, or Four Centuries of Catholicity in America," is a grand book of absorbing interest and most useful information that every Catholic parent of ordinary means should provide for his own instruction and that of his children. It is a very handy and portable work in two volumes, neatly bound and beautifully illustrated, with clear, large sized type that make it a welcome guest to every household and a splendid addition to every library. The "Columbian Jubilee" (chosen title of the book) would be no indication either to its contents or value were it not supplemented by the alternate "Four Centuries of Catholicity in America."

A more detailed, more varied, or more interesting history of missionary efforts and triumphs of Divine Faith in new fields was never written.

This splendid work is a strong evidence of the utter impossibility of separating the history of America from the history of the foundation and spread of Catholicity on this Western Hemisphere. Columbus sought a new world to evangelize and a Virgin soil on which to plant the Emblem of Man's Salvation. The missionaries who followed in his wake penetrated the wildernesses and brought to the untutored savage the story of Calvary and the practical lessons of virtue it inculcates.

The history of Canada's first explorers is also graphically recounted—Jacques Cartier's discovery and naming of the St. Lawrence, his erection of a cross thirty feet high on the heights of Stadacona. The noble sacrifices of the Missionaries who accompanied him, the subsequent toils and triumphs and martyrdom of the Jesuit Fathers, and the permanent footing given to Christianity in the dense forests of Canada and along the margin of our great lakes and rivers.

The "Columbian Jubilee," although published in Chicago by the well-known and enterprising firm of J. S. Hyland & Co., is not, on that account, a work of interest to the Catholics of the United States alone; its scope is wide and all-embracing so far as this great continent of America is concerned, and no fact worthy of record is left untold from the landing of Columbus or Jacques Cartier to the Cardinalate of Archbishop Taschereau and the last Plenary Council and Catholic Congress at Baltimore. Indeed we may say that a very large portion of the work is devoted to most graphic relations of Canada's Church founders and early martyrs, not leaving out the saintly dames who left their palatial homes in France to share poverty, cold and privations with the first pioneers and the savage tribes, whom they redeemed from Pagan vice and ignorance.

The interesting and melancholy story is told of Acadia and its innocent pious population cruelly persecuted, decimated and finally banished from

their happy homes by the ferocious tyranny of New England Puritanism and British sixteenth century intolerance.

Finally, we may truly add that no book has appeared of late years so full of historic instruction and interest to the Catholic reader as the "Columbian Jubilee." It is prefaced most elegantly by Professor Maurice Egan, and endorsed and recommended by Cardinal Gibbons, and by several Bishops and Archbishops of the United States and Canada.

Messrs. T. J. Kelly & Co. of St. Thomas are the authorized agents for the Dominion of Canada.

Death of Mrs. Bolster.

We notice with profound sorrow the death of Mrs. Catharine Bolster, relict of the late L. G. Bolster, Esq., Superintendent of the Toronto Water Works under the late regime. The sad event occurred at the residence of her son, Mr. L. G. Bolster, Bloor Street West, on the 20th instant, and was quite unexpected, although Mrs. Bolster was not for some time in robust health. Taken ill while seeking a few weeks' rest in the country, she returned home, where all was done that could be done to check her malady—but in vain. The sufferer was conscious to the last, however, and passed to the better world fortified by the rites of the Church.

Five sons and five daughters are left to mourn the loss of a mother singularly devoted and affectionate to her children, whom she reared in the Faith after her own pious example. Grown up in virtue and in grace, Mrs. Bolster had the happiness of a family surrounding, the members of which occupy a high place in the esteem of all who know them. The sons are Mr. L. G. Bolster, lately Assistant Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto; Mr. George Bolster of New York; Gerald, William and Albert—the latter residing at Salt Lake, Utah. Three of the daughters are married: Mrs. Souly of Oran Sound, Mrs. Dr. Murphy of Mimico, and Mrs. Dowdall, wife of Mr. R. J. Dowdall, Barrister, Almonte. The other two are Sarah and Louise.

We tender our sympathy to the bereaved. We know how keenly they feel their loss; and while they grieve at the death of a fond parent, many will regret that a kind friend and a good neighbor is gone for ever. May she rest in peace.

Catholic Picnic at East Toronto.

In aid of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, East Toronto, a very successful picnic and garden party was held in Morton's Grove on Saturday afternoon and evening. The weather was very fine and the attendance, not only of parishioners, but of friends from Leslieville, large. Rev. Father Bergin was the very soul of the party, and among those who delighted to aid him were: Messrs. Garry, Curran, Lynch, Harrison, Foy, Cockburn, Lawley, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss McLroy, Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Garry, Miss Mary McLroy, Mr. Casey and many others. A good program of games with prizes was gone through, in addition to which there were children's races, club swinging and dancing. Mr. George Lubar's string band supplied the music. Refreshments were served on the ground, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Mr. W. J. Cockburn was the official starter in the races and Mr. R. N. Harrison the referee. The object of the picnic was two-fold—a few hours of pleasant intercourse and an addition to the fund which is being raised for the reduction of the debt on the new church, which was opened last October. Both priest and people testified that everything is harmonious and prosperous in connection with St. John's. The services are well-attended, and the liabilities are being gradually liquidated.—*World*.

Obituary.

On Wednesday, the 17th instant, Mr. Neil Harkin of New Lowell passed through Barrie with the remains of his son James, who died at Fargo, North Dakota, on the 10th instant. He was notified of the death of his son by Mr. McAuliffe, of whom Mr. Harkin speaks in the most complimentary terms for the hospitality and kindness received while there.

The deceased arrived at Fargo but a few days before spinal disease afflicted him. He did not survive very long, but sufficient to make his peace with God through his confessor, Rev. D. V. Collins, who proved a kind friend and counsellor in the hour of need, which is always predominant in the *soggarth arrom*. The remains were taken to the Church at Stayner, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. J. Goarin, assisted by the parish priest, Rev. M. J. Moyna. They were then removed to the cemetery and consigned to their last resting place. Mr. Harkin has the sympathy of all who know him in his irreparable loss. May the soul of the departed rest in peace.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Rev. Father Langvin, O. M. I., who has been Director of the Seminary at the Ottawa University, has gone to Winnipeg. He has been appointed Superior of his order in the Archdiocese of St. Boniface.

Rev. Daniel Quinn, of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Greece. Father Quinn has been at the American Archdiocesan school in Athens, Greece, for the past two years.

Most Rev. Joseph Ignatius Ordóñez, Archbishop of Quito, Ecuador, died in that city on June 12. He was born in Curaca in 1829, his family being one of the wealthiest in the Republic. He was made bishop in 1866, and an archbishop in 1879, and made Archbishop of Quito in 1882.

A cable from Rome, dated July 4th, says: "President Saenz Pena, of Argentina, has informed the Vatican that he will send a special representative to settle with the Pope all subjects at issue between the government and Rome concerning the Church in the republic. The Pope has given 500,000 francs to be used in spreading the propaganda of the faith in foreign countries."—*Catholic Review*.

Four Sisters of Charity from the hospice of Breda have left for Curacao in the Dutch Antilles, to take care of the lepers. It is proper to recall on this occasion that the Redemptorists attend with the zeal of another Damien to the numerous lepers in the South America colony of Guiana. In the Indian colonies of the Netherlands the Jesuits are the Evangelizers, and in the Antilles the Dominicans.

Three Catholic young ladies of Sydney, Australia, took the highest honors at the University examinations there. Misses Iza Frances J. Cogblan and Grace Fairley Robinson were given the degree of medicine, and were the first lady students of the University to receive that honor. Miss Margaret Cecilia Diamond was made a bachelor of arts.

Mr. Gladstone has recommended Miss Margaret Stokes for the grant of a Civil List pension of £100 a year, to enable her to continue the valuable researches on which she has been engaged. The list of books produced by Miss Stokes is an extensive and interesting one. Her two latest are, "Early Christian Architecture in Ireland," and "Six Months in the Apennines—a Pilgrimage in search of Vestiges of Irish Saints in Italy." Miss Stokes has devoted her life to the study of Irish antiquarian lore.

Negotiations are proceeding between England and the Holy See for the arrangement of the Uganda question. Mgr. Anton, Archbishop of Trebizond, who is actually at Rome, is the intermediary in the affair. In this instance the Papacy acts as arbitrator with France, whose missionaries demand satisfaction for the way they have been treated by British agents. Deliberations will be carried out on the following points: the reparation to be accorded to the missionaries, the revocation of the decree forbidding them to settle in Uganda, and the nature of the assurances to be given for their protection.—*London Universe*.

Dona Maria Pilar Colon, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, was received as a member of the Society of the Children of Mary at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Seventeenth street, New York, the day before her departure for Spain. She desired to unite with this social and religious body in America to commemorate her visits here. Rev. William O'B. Pardow, rector of St. Francis Xavier's Church, celebrated the Mass, the devotional visitor received Holy Communion. After the Mass the members of the Sacred Heart entertained the Duchess of Veragua and her daughter at break-

fast. The only persons invited besides the guests of honor were Father Pardow and Miss Leary, president of the Society of the Children of Mary.

The Eucharistic Congress.

Bishop de Goosbriand of Burlington, Vt., has kindly furnished the *Catholic News* of New York with his impressions of the late Eucharistic Congress, recently held in Jerusalem, at which he was present. In answer to a request for his views the Bishop writes:

"I feel little disposed or able to write regarding the Eucharistic Congress. I consider the article in your issue of the 28th of June, concerning the Congress, as complete and satisfactory as it can be written until the full reports are sent by the able secretary of that Congress Mr. de Peterin. Since however, you desire to know my impressions, I am convinced that the Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem was the result of a heavenly inspiration, recommended as it was by the holy Father.

"For one who was not there, it is impossible to form an idea of the sincere affection which existed between those of the West and those of the East, and I verily believe that the schismatics of the different rites were deeply impressed with the expressions of that mutual charity. All those of the East in Jerusalem were sensible to the fact that the Latins did not simply invite them to return to communion with the Pope, but did actually come to them. That mutual affection and the desire for a reunion under one shepherd were fostered by practices of devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament. There were nocturnal and diurnal adorations of the Holy Eucharist every day of the Congress. The ladies spent their hours of adoration in the convents, during the night, and the men were on their knees in adoration in such sanctuaries as the Grotto of Gethsemane, and the Shrine of Scourging—I could mention the carrying of heavy crosses along the Via Dolorosa; but to me the morning of the day of Pentecost was particularly one, never to be forgotten. The place which Catholics call the Cenacle is outside the walls of Jerusalem on Mt. Zion. Here the Holy Eucharist was instituted and the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles. But the place is now owned and occupied by Mohammedans as a Mosque, and Christians cannot visit it except by paying.

"The Assumptionist Fathers, the originators and directors of the pilgrimages of penance, have most fortunately purchased a large lot alongside of the Cenacle, and here on last Pentecost there was erected a very large tent and under this one high Mass and probably hundreds of other Masses were celebrated on that Blessed morning. We think that the tent covered the very spot where stood the thousands who came to hear St. Peter on the first Christian Pentecost day

"In conclusion, as no one who attended the Eucharistic Congress can forget what they saw in Jerusalem, neither will Jesus Christ forget the prayers and penances offered to Him for the reunion of the Christians of the East with their brethren of all other parts of the world under the guidance of the one Shepherd.

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A very sudden death occurred at Callan workhouse on June 20th. The gate-keeper, a man named Edward Carrigan, took ill while undressing in the casual lodgers' dormitory, and shortly afterwards expired. The chaplain, Rev. Father Corrigan, and the medical officer of the workhouse, Dr. Walsh, were promptly sent for and were in attendance without delay, but when they arrived life was extinct.



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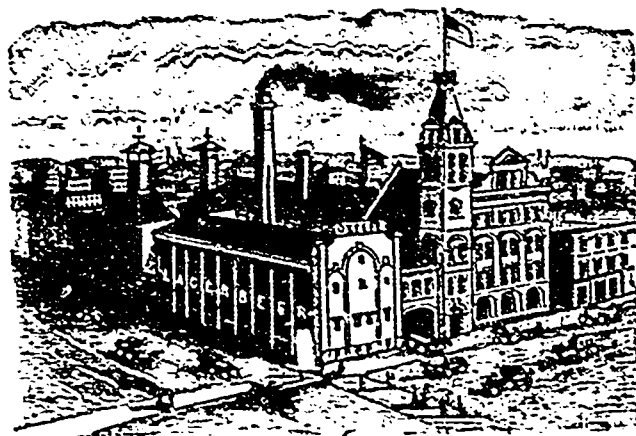
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11-7

Psalms by the Sea.

A. D. in the Irish Monthly.

A mass of foliage flitting by,
All budded fresh and new,
A waving branch against the sky
So softly, warmly blue—
A bird upon the lowest spray,
A fern leaf at the root,
A scarlet poppy in the hay,
A primrose at my foot,
These made me joyful sing all through the morn:
"Bless, O my soul, the day when thou wert born!"

The sea-pink swinging from a rock,
A tuft of purple heath—
Above, the curlews' wheeling flock—
The plash of waves, beneath;
The golden cloud that zones the sky,
A foam-flake 'mid the shells,
The boat that paddles idly by,
The ring of shepherd bells;
These chanted music all the sultry noon:
"In heaven, O soul, 'tis one eternal June!"

A wild top trailing o'er a hedge,
Tangled with blossomed weeds;
A lily by the water's edge,
Nestled among the reeds;
A sea-gull perched on the wet sand;
With shadow faint and far—
A red flash on the western strand,
And in the east a star.

From these my soul hath learned its evening psalm:
"Creator, thanks! I was not, and I am."

Selected Receipts.

ONION STEW.—Out two pounds of beef in inch pieces, cover with water, and stew two hours. Season with pepper, salt, herbs, chopped onions and parsley. Stew half an hour longer. Add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoonful of well browned flour and half a glass of port-wine.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—Mix two cupfuls of cold boiled hominy with one tablespoonful of hot milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar; mix well, that there may be no lumps of hominy left, and stand away to cool. Make into round croquettes, roll in egg and bread-crumbs and fry it in smoking hot fat.

BOILED BEEF.—Lard, cover with water, simmer two and one-half hours. Strain, cool and skim one quart of pot liquor, adding two each of carrots, turnips, small onions, parboiled beets, two cupfuls of cut string beans. Boil three quarters of an hour, add two parboiled potatoes and serve in piles about meat, seasoning to taste, adding a little butter. Make a strained sauce of vegetable pot liquor thickened with braised flour.

COCONUT LOAF.—One pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one tablespoonful of rose water, one teaspoonful of orange-flower water, one-half pound of flour, six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one pound of grated coconut. Cream the sugar and butter, add the yolks and one-third of the flour, sifted in; work in the flour smooth; gradually stir in the eggs, add the rest of the flour in two portions. Beat well together, and bake in a buttered cake-pan in a moderate oven.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Four pounds of beef cut into small pieces, half a peck of green peas, one gallon of water, half a cupful of rice flour, a small quantity of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil the empty pods of peas in the water one hour, then strain and put the beef into this pea water, and boil steady one hour and a half. After boiling one hour add the shelled peas, and twenty minutes later add the rice with salt, pepper and parsley. After adding these ingredients stir frequently to prevent scorching. Strain into a hot tureen, and serve immediately.

STRAWBERRY SALAD.—Put the strawberries in a glass dish with alternate layers of pulled pineapple. The fresh is better, but the canned pineapple may be used. It should be pulled instead of sliced, because the slices retain too much of the tough fibre. There are no two flavors that combine more perfectly than those of strawberry and pineapple. When the pyramid of fruit is completed the strawberries, of course, on top, pour over the whole either wine or the strained juice of

three lemons and two oranges, sweetened to taste. Keep it on ice until ready to place it on the table.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—One pint of milk, six tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, salt to taste. Sift the flour into the basin with the salt, beat the eggs and put them in the centre of the sifted flour. Then add the milk gradually, stirring at the time. When all the milk is added, stir for another ten minutes to allow the air to get in; this makes the batter much lighter. The batter should be made one hour before being used. Have ready a hot tin, well greased, and into it pour the batter. Bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Have ready a hot dish, and on it arrange the pudding after cutting it into squares. Serve hot with gravy.

The Thread and Needle Tree.

Imagine the luxury of such a tree, and the delights of going out to your needle-and-thread orchard and picking a needle threaded and all ready for business. Odd as it may seem to us, there is on the Mexican plains just such a forest growth. The tree partakes of the nature of a gigantic asparagus, and has large, thick, fleshy leaves, reminding one of the cactus, the one popularly known as the "prickly pear." The "needles" of the needle-and-thread tree are set along the edges of these thick leaves.

In order to get one equipped for sewing, it is only necessary to push the thorn, or "needle," gently backward into its fleshy sheath, this to loosen it from the tough outside covering of the leaf, and then pull it from the socket. A hundred fine fibres adhere to the thornlike spider webs. By twisting the "needle" during the drawing operations, this fibre can be drawn out to an almost indefinite length. The action of the atmosphere toughens these minute threads amazingly, to such a degree as to make a thread twisted from it, not larger than common No. 49, capable of sustaining a weight of five pounds, about three times the tensile strength of common "six cord" thread. The scientific name of this forest wonder is *Tenryana mucadna*.

Advice to Ladies.

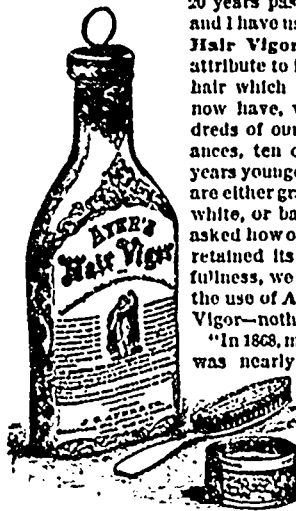
Have your feet well protected; then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothes on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connection of the dress will supply the rest, and the lady is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for exercise.

Decorations at Dinners.

Such strides have been made in confectionery of late that at any special dinner the cakes and bonbons, which help to garnish the table in their little silver dishes, are made of any tint desired and generally either match, or are in accord with, the floral decorations. The arrangement of the latter is still kept low, and the flowers should not be overcrowded in their silver receptacles. Except in the centerpiece, all flowers look better in groups or twos and threes, and quality rather than quantity is a rule particularly applicable to the floral decorations of a table.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'" "In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.



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

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



SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A serious strike, which will affect about seven thousand men, is threatened in the Belfast shipbuilding and iron trade.

In the list of successful students at the recent Royal University examinations at the degrees of L. L. B., we notice the name of Mr. John F. McAllister, a son of Mr. James McAllister, T. C., Ballymena.

Carr.

On the evening of July 1st, at Milton-Malbay, a fatal accident to Mr. Colvin, Superintendent of the Protestant Orphanage, Tralee, occurred at Spanish Point.

Cork.

The Rev. Father Anderson, O.S.A., arrived in Cork, by the Etruria, from America, on July 1st.

Mr. John O'Sullivan, of Carrigroe, and Mr. James Fitzpatrick, P.L.G., Tallinasky, have been appointed magistrates, the former for the Petty Sessions, of Clonakilty and Rosscarberry, and the latter for Rosscarberry.

On July 1st, the nominations of the candidates for the Councillorship of the South Centre Ward, Cork, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. P. F. Dunn were received.

On Ascension Thursday a striking ceremony took place at the Sacred Heart Convent, Oakfield, Verulam, Natal, South Africa, when four Irish young ladies received the holy habit of St. Dominic.

Derry.

A drowning fatality under extraordinarily melancholy circumstances took place in Derry, on Sunday evening, July 2d. A number of boys were bathing at a place known as the Scotch Quay.

Donegal.

In the Court of Appeal, on July 4th, the case of Sir William Stewart, landlord; Davidson, tenant; was heard. This was an appeal against the order of Land Commission dismissing the tenant's application to have a fair rent fixed on his holding near the town of Ramelton.

Down.

A deplorable accident took place on the evening of June 30th, on Killinchy road, about two miles from Killyleigh. A man named Anderson, a rougher in Comber Spinning Mill, was seated on a cart, accompanied by a man named Allen, and driving from Comber to Killyleigh.

longed to Comber, and who was married and leaves a wife and one child, was well known. Deceased was 27 years of age.

Dublin.

Mrs. Maria Brett, teacher of Killaville National School, has, on the recommendation of the Head and District Inspectors, been awarded a Carllala and Blake Premium for 1892.

The following candidates have been certified by the Civil Service Commissioners as qualified for their appointments:—Dublin Metropolitan Police Courts—James Edward Dixon to be second class clerk.

Galway.

The Very Rev. Michael O'Connell, President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, has been promoted to the parish of Carnocan, and the Very Rev. John Fallon has been transferred from the curacy of Ballinrobe, and undertaken the office of President of St. Jarlath's.

The Rev. Father Head, P.P. of New Inn, Loughrea, one of the oldest and most revered priests in the diocese of Cloufert, died on July 5th, at the advanced age of 81 years.

Kerry.

Police Inspector Melville, a native of Sneem, has been appointed to succeed Inspector Littlechild, of Scotland Yard, London.

Mr. W. M. Nolan, who has just been appointed sub manager of the National Bank, Tralee, with which he has been connected for sixteen years, is son to the late Mr. Martin Nolan of Castleisland, and nephew of the present P.P. of Lixnaw.

A curious scene occurred recently, at the meeting of the Listowel Town Commissioners. The Commissioners had, at a previous meeting, passed a resolution to exclude the Press from all future meetings, and they asked a reporter who was present to leave.

Kilkenny.

The Kilkenny Municipal Council have unanimously adopted a resolution in favor of Amnesty for the political prisoners. The motion was proposed by Mr. Purcell and seconded by Alderman Mulhall.

Mr. James Buggy has been appointed to an important and lucrative position in the Liverpool police force, as Divisional Inspector. Mr. Buggy is a native of Kilkenny, and was formerly connected with the National Schools, at St. Canice's, which he resigned on appointment in the Liverpool police force some thirty years since.

Lisrim.

In the Record Court at the Assizes at Carrich-on-Shannou, on July 6th (before Justice Harrison and a common jury), the case of Gill v. Gillooly came up. This was an action for breach of promise of marriage, brought by a farmer's daughter against a neighbouring farmer, who, it was alleged, had induced her to leave her father's house and go and live with him under a promise of marriage which he subsequently repudiated.

Limerick.

At the recent examinations at the King's Inns, Mr. Patrick Kelly, of Limerick obtained first place, and first Victoria Prize at his "final" for admission to the Bar. During his course, Mr. Kelly succeeded in gaining the O'Hagan, Fitzgibbon, and Plunket Gold Medals.

We regret to record the death, on July 6th, in London, of Mr. James O'Mara, third son of Mr. James O'Mara, J.P., Limerick. He deceased had attained the age of thirty-four, and his many sterling qualities were well known to his friends and acquaintances.

An inquest was held on July 1st at the City Courthouse, Limerick, by Coroner DeCourcy, touching the death of a sailor named Francis Kennedy, belonging to the steamer "Berwick," who was drowned in the dock some time about 1 o'clock that morning, while boarding his ship. The deceased who had drunk taken, was proceeding up the

ladder to the vessel, and fell into the water and was drowned. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Longford.

The Summer Assizes for Longford were commenced on July 5th. Justice Holmes sat in the Criminal Court, and Justice Murphy in the Record Court. Addressing the grand jury, Justice Holmes said there were but three bills of indictment to go before them; and as far as crime was concerned, the county was in a satisfactory state, there having been a decrease in crime.

Louth.

A man named John Phillips, a well-known car driver of Dundalk, died suddenly on June 29th, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Mary Hanlon, Bachelor's walk. He called there about noon and asked for a drink of buttermilk, saying he was not well. When he had drunk some he moved over to the foot of the stairs and sat down, dying in a few minutes.

Mayo.

On July 4th, Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan, of New York, accompanied by his wife and Councillor Cantor, arrived by the 10 a. m. train in Claremorris from Westport for the purpose of visiting Mr. Andrew Grogan of that town to whom Mrs. Sheehan is a first cousin. The distinguished party were also accompanied by Mrs. Hardiman, Castlebar, who is also a first cousin to Mrs. Sheehan.

Meath.

On July 4th, Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, made his annual visitation at Donore, near Drogheda, and, replying to an address from the inhabitants, dwelt at some length on the land question, which he hopes would be settled by the present English Parliament. He concluded with an appeal for unity in the National ranks.

Monaghan.

On July 7th, Justice Johnson sat in the Crown Court of the county courthouse, in Monaghan, and commenced the business of the Summer Assizes. Addressing the Grand Jury, he said he was happy to inform them that there were only two cases to go before them for their consideration, and they were not important.

Queen's County.

On July 6th, Justice O'Brien entered the Crown Court at Mayborough, and opened the Assizes for the Queen's County. In addressing the grand jury, he said the criminal cases to go before them were very few, and in their character very trifling also, and certainly not very important, and furnished no material for special notice or observation.

Rescommon.

A drowning fatality of a sad nature occurred at Boyle, on the evening of July 1st. Two privates of the 5th Battalion, Connaught Rangers, named James Lenchan and Joseph Kilroy, both of Athlone, went to bathe at a place called John's Hole, on the Boyle river. One of the men could not swim, and got out of his depth. The other endeavored to save him, but he could not get a firm hold of the drowning man, who, on going under the water for the third time, caught hold of his comrade's leg, and both were drowned.

Sligo.

Amongst the ordinations to the Catholic priesthood which took place recently in Maynooth College, was that of the Rev. Francis Kilgallen, a member of an old and highly respected Sligo family, son of the late Mr. Charles Kilgallen, architect and builder, Abbeyville, and brother of Messrs. P. & C. Kilgallen, Architects. Father Kilgallen is at present at his mother's residence, taking a holiday, preparatory to going on the mission. He was educated at Carlow College, where he pursued a very distinguished course, and was very popular with his fellow students and the professors.

Tipperary.

In Nenagh, on July 3rd, Chief Justice Peter ("Packer") O'Brien opened the Assizes, and in addressing the grand jury said he regretted to say that there had been an increase in the more serious class of crime in the North Riding of the county. Last year the number of specially reported cases were ten, and this year there were fifteen. The condition of the Riding generally was satisfactory. As the result of special enquiries he had ascertained that so far as boycotting and intimidation were concerned everything was satisfactory.

On June 30th, the agent, Mr. H. G. Studdart, on the Twiss property at Ballymalone, between Nenagh and Billina, proceeded from the latter place in company with a number of sheriff's bailiffs and a protection party of 50 police, under County-Inspector Scott, of Nenagh, and evicted John Kent and his family, consisting of eleven individ-

uals, from their holding at Ballymalone. In the case of Patrick Hallinan and Mrs. McCormack, who were also under threat of eviction, the agent agreed to accept in instalments half the amount in decrees.

Tyrene.

Rev. John Rock, C. C., of Cookstown, has just been appointed by his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, to the parish of Clonoco, vacant by the lamented death of Rev. Father Breslin, P. P. The Rev. Henry MacNecce, Administrator, Armagh, has been appointed to the important parish of Magherafelt, vacant by the death of Very Rev. Canon Donnelly. Father MacNecce has also been appointed a Canon, and will take charge of the parish forthwith.

Waterford.

William Robert third Baron Deedes, died on July 2d, at the North Eastern Hotel, York, England, where he had lived in retirement the last seven years. He was 72 years of age.

At the last meeting of the Dungarvan Board of Guardians, Mr. J. V. O'Brien presiding, a resolution was forwarded from the Limerick Amnesty Association, in favor of urging on the Government the necessity of the immediate release of the political prisoners. The resolution was adopted, and a proposal to send it to Mr. John E. Redmond was rejected, only one member being in favor of it.

Wexford.

Dr. Vincent F. Lenane, of the Colonial Medical Service, has been appointed to act as District Commissioner at Axim. Dr. Lenane is son of Mr. James Lenane, surveyor of Inland Revenue for the Wexford district.

Among those upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred in Trinity College on the 29th of June appear the names of Mr. T. Stafford Gaffney, Northumberland road, Dublin, son of the late William Gaffney, Esq., Wexford; Master of Arts, Rev. John Harvey Bradish, son of James Bradish, Esq., Strandgold, Wexford; Doctor of Medicine, Mr. George Faris and Mr. George Gibbon; Doctor of Laws, Mr. Wm. F. Brown, solicitor, New Ross.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., attended the Educational Congress held in the World's Fair, in Chicago.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, have decided to give a two-year's course of training to the Catholic women who desire to become professional nurses.

The Catholics of Wheeling, W. Va., are making preparations for a farewell reception to Bishop Kain, previous to his departure for St. Louis. Several of the Catholic societies will participate.

Brother Clementian, the visitor of the Christian Brothers in the United States, is about to begin his official round of visits to the three hundred schools conducted by his order throughout the country.

The Prussian government has intrusted the chair of sociology in the University of Munster to a Catholic priest, Father Hitzo. The new professor is a recognized authority on all questions of social science.

The late Rev. Nicholas Mauran, C.S.S.R., was born in the village of St. Silvestro, near Friburg, in Switzerland, Jan. 7, 1818. He was admitted into the congregation founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori on Oct. 18, 1837, and received holy orders March 27, 1841. In 1855 a general chapter of the congregation was convened in Rome, at which he was elected May 2 as superior general of the congregation, and by order of Pope Pius IX. fixed his residence at Rome. Under his government congregation made wonderful progress, many new communities were formed and the members increased in numbers.



From the Author of the "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church."

Cannelton, Ind., September 16, 1911. Some of my people, my teachers as well as myself, are using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the very best results. I recommend it most heartily. REV. J. W. BOWEN.

The Doctors Could Not Relieve Her.

TOLENTINE, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1899. I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a lady 25 years old; over two or three weeks she had a serious attack of falling sickness, accompanied with headache and was driven to madness, she was sent once to an insane asylum. The doctors could not relieve her. I began with one bottle of your medicine, she had taken three-quarters of it and she wrote to me a few days ago: "The medicine helps me much, I think another bottle will cure me." REV. ARMAND HAMELIN.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and is now under his direct supervision.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 12 Bottles for \$20.

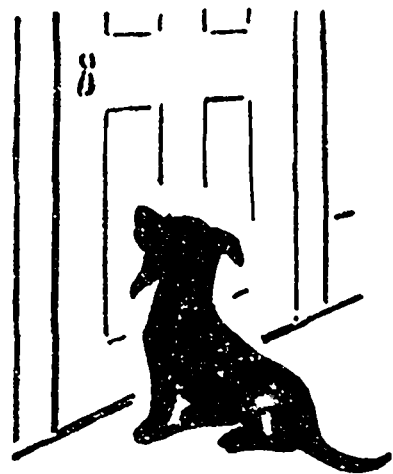
Bishop McMahon.

Right Rev. Lawrence Stephen McMahon was born in Nova Scotia December 24, 1836, and removed to the United States with his parents while yet an infant. His earlier studies were in the cities of Boston and Worcester. Here the groundwork of his future education was skillfully laid. After that he studied in Montreal, Canada, and in Baltimore, finally going abroad to finish his theological course in the famous institutions of learning at Aix and Rome. He remained abroad for about two years and was ordained to the priesthood in the Eternal City in 1861. He returned to the United States soon after this and at once proceeded to Massachusetts, where he placed himself under the jurisdiction of Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, at that time Bishop of Boston. His first assignment was at the Cathedral in that city, where he served as assistant for two years. In the early part of 1863 he became chaplain of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment, and in that capacity went through some of the stirring scenes of the late civil war. His adventures as chaplain form one of the most interesting chapters of his life, but he modestly declines to dwell on the incidents of that period. After the war he was made pastor at Bridgeport, Conn., and subsequently at New Bedford, Mass. It was here that the future Bishop erected a most enduring monument of his priestly zeal in the beautiful church of St. Lawrence. It took the place of what had formerly been an ordinary chapel. He erected at the same time a most excellent hospital, which was placed in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. Bishop Hendricks, of the Diocese of Providence, had watched the work of the zealous young priest with much interest, and in the early part of the year 1872 he appointed him Vicar General of the See, a position he filled with credit to himself and to his Bishop for the space of seven years.

In the early part 1879 Father McMahon, then in his forty-fifth year, was honored by the Holy Father with a brief appointing him Bishop of Hartford, vice Bishop Galberry, deceased. The honor coming as it did—unsought—was accepted with becoming humility and a deep sense of the responsibility with which it was weighted. His consecration took place with imposing ceremonies in the Cathedral on August 10, 1879. In the fourteen years that have elapsed since that time Bishop McMahon has met the expectations of both priests and people. He has been aggressive without departing entirely from safe conservatism. Bishop McMahon on assuming the office found that he had succeeded a line of eminent prelates, all of whom were distinguished for their piety and good works and most of whom were called from off this sphere before their labors were fully accomplished. In the less than half a century since the Diocese of Hartford was established it has had five bishops, four of whom (the predecessors of Bishop McMahon) have virtually died in the harness. The changes in this case seem very frequent when it is remembered that Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, has presided over that see for more than a half century. Right Rev. William Tyler, D. D., the first Bishop of Hartford, was consecrated March 17, 1844, and died June 18, 1849, wearing the purple but little more than five years. He was succeeded by Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., who was consecrated November 10, 1850, and who perished at sea in January, 1856. Bishop O'Reilly, gave promise of a splendid administration, was on his way to visit his aged parents in the old country when his life was brought to an untimely end. He went down unknelted and uncoffined, but the prayers of the faithful go up for him to this day. Well may we exclaim with William Cullen Bryant:

Old ocean's gray and melancholy wastes
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

Bishop O'Reilly was succeeded by Right Rev. F. P. McFarland, who was consecrated March 14, 1858, and who presided over the destinies of the diocese for sixteen years. He passed away beloved by all on October 12, 1874. Right Rev. Thomas Galberry, D.D., the fourth Bishop of Hartford, was a member of the Order of St. Augustine, possessing all of the untiring industry of the members of that organization. He was consecrated March 19, 1876, and died October 10, 1878, his reign lasting but a little more than two short years. He was succeeded by the present Bishop, Dr. McMahon.



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INFORMATION WANTED.
DAVID NAGEA TOBIA, an Assyrian, aged 16, left Toronto June 22nd, selling fancy goods from door to door. Any person knowing his whereabouts please write Nagea Tobia, 23 Agnes street, Toronto. The boy's father is very anxious to obtain news of his son. 30-11

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To canvass for the
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Write for particulars,
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The English Peterborough.
The centre of devotion to St. Peter in England during the Catholic times was the quaint old town of Peterborough, and it enjoyed many favors and immunities in consequence. When the great abbey church was completed, in the seventh century, the King made the town a free city, subject to Rome alone, and the abbot became the Pope's permanent legate. Pope Agatho decreed that "if any man have made a vow to go to Rome which he may not be able to perform, either from sickness, from his lord's need of him, from poverty or from any other cause that be, he be in England or any other island, and he repair to the monastery of Peterborough, he shall receive the same from the abbot and the monks, that he would have if he went to Rome."
For years, sad to say, there has been no Catholic church at Peterborough, and the old town has forgotten whence it has its name. But since the re-dedication of England to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, efforts have been made to revive this ancient devotion. Let us hope that, even if the Holy See should not see fit to restore the old-time privileges of Peterborough, the praise of St. Peter may be heard again within the walls of the old abbey, and his name be wafted like a message of peace over every valley in the land.—*Arc Maria.*

Condolence.
At a special meeting of St. Mary's Sanctuary Society, Toronto, held in the school room, Sunday evening, July 23, 1893, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:
Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His all-wise judgment, to call to Himself our beloved comrade and Secretary, John Finnigan; and
Whereas, in his death, our Society loses a kind friend and devoted member, and his family a loving, devoted son and brother, therefore be it
Resolved that St. Mary's Altar Boys tender their heartfelt sympathy to the parents and family of our dear departed comrade in this the hour of their affliction.
Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the family of the deceased; also that copies thereof be entered in the minutes of this Society, and sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.
Resolved that the members of this Society attend the Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of John Finnigan on the 2nd of August at 8 o'clock, and that as many as possible receive Holy Communion at that Mass.
P. LOWE, President.
J. D. DEZ, Vice-Pres.

By his last will, the late James Sadlier leaves several thousands of dollars to public and private charities.
Mgr. Satolli, the Papal Delegate, will visit Cincinnati next month and assist in the dedication of the Italian Church in that city.

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The Old Man'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the evening. A sharp November wind was sweeping through the streets, and the first snow-flakes were falling on the roofs, the pavements, and the dark, new-made grave of the Pole's young wife.

The table was laid in the Hellwig's sitting-room. The service was of heavy silver, and the handsome pattern of the white damask table-cloth shone like satin. The lamp was standing on a little round sofa-table, behind which sat Frau Hellwig knitting a long woollen stocking. She was a tall, broad-shouldered woman, a little over forty. Perhaps, when illumined by the light of youth, her face might have been considered beautiful; the profile had the classic outlines required by the laws of regular beauty, but it could never have been charming. Spite of the large, well-formed eyes and brilliant complexion, it must always have lacked the attraction with which a noble soul irradiates the features. The countenance could never have become so stony if it had been animated by any warmth of feeling. How could the gray eyes have glittered with a light so icy-cold, if her youth had known the blissful exchange of emotions, the countless excitements and experiences life arouses in every susceptible nature. Bands of dark brown hair were brushed plainly over a forehead which still retained its fairness, the rest of the head was concealed under a snowy-white muslin cap. This cap, and a black dress made in the simplest fashion, with tight sleeves and narrow white cuffs at the wrists, lent a somewhat puritanical aspect to her whole figure.

From time to time a side door opened, and an old cook's wrinkled face peered inquiringly through the crack.

"Not yet, Frederica!" Frau Hellwig always said, in the same monotonous voice, without glancing up; but her needles flew faster, and a peculiarly irritated expression hovered around her thin lips. The old cook was perfectly aware of "madame's" impatience—she liked to aggravate the feeling—and at last exclaimed, in a very piteous tone:

"Oh, dear! where can the master be? The roast will be ruined, and when shall I get through my work to-day?"

This remark brought a stern rebuke. Frau Hellwig never allowed her servants to express their opinions unasked, but Frederica returned to the kitchen very well satisfied, spite of the reproof, for she had seen the effect of her speech in the deep furrow that had appeared between her mistress' eyebrows.

At last the door was opened, as the full, deep peal of the bell echoed through the house.

"Oh, what a pretty ting-a-ling!" cried a child's clear voice outside.

Frau Hellwig put the stocking she was knitting into a little basket by her side, and rose. Surprise and perplexity had effaced the expression of impatience, as she looked intently across the lamp, toward the door. Somebody outside was rubbing his feet on the mat—that was her husband. Directly as he entered the room, and approached his wife with somewhat faltering steps, carrying in his arms a little girl about four years old.

"I've brought something home to you, dear Brigitta," he said, appealingly; but stopped instantly as he met his wife's glance.

"Well?" she asked without moving.

"I bring you a poor child."

"Whose is it?" she interrupted, coldly.

"The daughter of the unfortunate Pole, who lost his young wife in so terrible a way. Dear Brigitta, pray receive the little one kindly,"

"Only for this one night of course!"

"No. I solemnly promised the father that the child should be brought up in my house."

He uttered the words in a quick, firm tone—sooner or later they must be spoken.

A bright flush suddenly crimsoned his wife's fair face, and a contemptuous expression hovered around her lips. Taking a step forward from her former place, she tapped her forehead with her forefinger with a gesture of indescribable malice, saying:

"I'm afraid, Hellwig, that you're not quite right in your mind." Her voice still retained its cold composure, doubly offensive at this moment. "To expect such a thing from me, me! To bring a player's brat under the roof I strive to make a temple of the Lord—indicates something more than—folly."

Hellwig started back, an angry light sparkled in his pleasant eyes.

"You have made a grave error, Hellwig," she continued. "I shall not receive into my house this child of sin—the child of a lost woman, so visibly overtaken by the righteous judgment of God."

"Indeed—is that your opinion, Brigitta! Then I will ask you of what sin your brother was guilty that he was killed by a chance shot while hunting? He was seeking his own amusement, this poor woman died in the performance of a painful duty."

The flush faded from Frau Hellwig's cheeks, and she suddenly became deathly pale. She remained silent a moment, her eyes rested with an astonished, watchful gaze upon her husband, who was displaying such unwonted energy in her presence.

Meantime the little girl, whom Hellwig had placed on the floor, had pulled off her pink hood, revealing a pretty little head covered with brown curls. The little cloak, too, was dropped. Hard indeed must have been Frau Hellwig's heart not to have held out her arms and clasped the child in a loving embrace. Was she totally blind to the indescribable charm of the tiny figure tripping about the room on the prettiest of little feet, and gazing in childish amazement at her new surroundings? The round, rosy shoulders were in most becoming contrast to the light-blue woollen frock, bordered with dainty embroidery—perhaps the last work of her mother's hands, now rigid in death.

But the elegance of the dress, the careless fall of the curls on brow and neck, and the grace of the little one's movements merely irritated the lady.

"I won't have this will-o'-the-wisp two hours about me," she said, suddenly, without a word in reply to her husband's startling rebuke. "The forward little creature, with her tangled hair and bare shoulders, does not suit our quiet, decorous household—it would be throwing our doors wide open to frivolity and dissipation. Surely, Hellwig, you will not sling this apple of discord into our midst, but see that the child is taken back to where she belongs."

She opened the door leading into the kitchen and called the cook.

"Frederica, put on this child's clothes," she said, pointing to the little cloak and hood still lying on the floor.

"Go back to your kitchen at once!" cried Hellwig, in loud, angry tones, waving his hand toward the door.

The bewildered servant vanished.

"You force me to ex'remities by your own harshness and cruelty, Brigitta!" exclaimed the irritated husband. "So attribute it to yourself and your own prejudices, if I now say to you what otherwise would never have crossed my lips. Who owns the house, which you falsely say you have tried to make a temple of the Lord?"

"Brigitta, you too came to this house a poor orphan—in the course of years you have forgotten it—and alas! the

more zealously you have toiled at this so-called temple, the more you have striven to have the words of God, Christian love, and humility on your lips, the more arrogant and hard-hearted have you become. This house is mine, I pay for the food we eat, and I must positively declare that the child shall stay where she is. If your heart is too narrow and loveless to have a mother's affection for the poor little thing, I at least require my wife, in accordance with my will, to extend the necessary protection to the child. If you do not wish to lose your dignity in the eyes of our servants give the needful orders for the little girl's reception—or I shall do so myself."

Not another word escaped Frau Hellwig's blanched lips. Any other woman, in such a moment of complete helplessness, would have turned to the last weapon of the weaker sex, tears; but their sweet relief seemed unknown to those cold eyes. Her utter silence, her icy composure, seemed to envelop her whole person like a coat of mail and exerted a benumbing influence on all who surrounded her.

Taking up a basket of keys, she silently left the room. Sighing heavily, Hellwig took the child by the hand and walked up and down the room with her. He had fought a terrible battle to secure the deserted little creature a home in his house, and had mortally offended his wife. Never, never—he well knew—would she forgive the bitter truths he had just uttered. She was implacable.

CHAPTER IV.

Meantime Frederica placed on the table a little tin plate, a child's knife, fork, and spoon, and a clean napkin. The bell rang outside, and directly after Heinrich opened the door, admitting a little boy about seven years old.

"Good evening, papa!" cried the child, shaking the snowflakes from his fur cap.

"Good evening, my boy," he replied, "Well, did you have a good time at your little friends'?"

"Yes, but that stupid Heinrich came for me far too early."

"Your mamma wished him to go, my child. Come here Nathanael, see this little girl, her name is Fay—"

"Nonsense! How can her name be 'Fay'? It's no name at all."

Hellwig's eyes rested tenderly upon the little creature, on whom parental love had sought to shed a light of poetry in its very name.

"Her mother called her so, Nathanael," he answered gently, "her real name is Felicitas. Isn't she a poor, pretty little thing? Her mother was buried to-day; she will live with us now, and you will love her like a little sister, won't you?"

"No, papa; I don't want a little sister."

The boy was the very image of his mother. He had handsome features and a remarkably clear, rosy complexion, but he had a disagreeable habit of resting his chin on his breast and looking from under his eyebrows with his large eyes, which gave him a peculiarly sly, crafty expression. His head sank at this moment even lower than usual, he raised his right elbow in an attitude of defiance and looked spitefully from beneath it at the little girl.

Fay stood shyly pulling at her little dress; the big boy evidently awed her, but she gradually approached, and, without being frightened by his hostile attitude, seized with beaming eyes the toy sword that hung at his belt. He pushed her angrily away, and ran to his mother, who had just entered.

"I don't want any little sister!" he repeated, whimpering. "Mamma, send that rude little girl away! I want to stay alone with you and papa!"

Frau Hellwig silently shrugged her shoulders and went to her place at the table.

"Say grace, Nathanael," she said in her monotonous voice, and clasped her hands. The boy instantly interlocked his little fingers, bowed his head humbly, and repeated a long grace. Under the circumstances this prayer was an abominable profanation of a most beautiful Christian custom.

The master of the house touched no food. The flush of excitement crimsoned his pale forehead, and while mechanically toying with his fork, his perturbed gaze wandered restlessly over the sullen faces of his wife and son. But the little girl had an excellent appetite. She carefully put into her pockets some bonbons Hellwig laid beside her plate.

"Those are for mamma," she said; "she's very fond of bonbons. Papa brings her great boxes of them."

"You haven't a mamma!" cried Nathanael, crossly.

"Oh, you don't know anything about it," replied the little one, greatly excited. "I have a much prettier mamma than you."

Hellwig cast a timid, startled glance at his wife, and unconsciously raised his hand as if to close the rosy little mouth that had so little knowledge of the way to protect its own interests.

"Have you supplied her with a bed, Brigitta?" he asked, hastily, but in a gentle, pleading tone.

"Yes."

"Where is she to sleep?"

"In Frederica's chamber."

"Wouldn't there be room, at least, for the first few nights—in ours?"

"If you want to have Nathanael's bed taken out of it!"

He turned angrily away, and called the servant.

"Frederica, you will have charge of this child at night—be kind to her. She is an orphan, and has been accustomed to the care of a loving mother."

"I won't harm the little girl, Herr Hellwig," replied the old woman, who had evidently been listening, "but I come of respectable parentage who have never had anything to do with players. It would be something, at least, if we knew that her father and mother had been married."

She glanced at Frau Hellwig, doubtless expecting an approving look for her answer, but her mistress was just untying Nathanael's bib, and appeared as though she had neither seen nor heard anything of the whole affair.

"This is too much!" cried Hellwig, indignantly. "Must I learn to-day that there is neither sympathy nor pity in my whole household? Do you think yourself at liberty to be cruel, Frederica, because you are 'come of respectable parentage'? Well, for your satisfaction you may rest assured that this child's parents were honestly married; but I tell you now that you shall be most severely dealt with if I see that you are unkind to her in any way."

He seemed weary of the strife, rose, and carried the little girl to the cook's room. She willingly allowed herself to be put to bed, and soon fell asleep, after praying in her sweet voice for papa and mamma, for the kind uncle who would take her back to mamma to-morrow, and for "the tall lady with the cross face."

Late at night Frederica went to bed. She was angry because she had been kept up so long, and moved noisily about the room. Little Felicitas started from her sleep, sat upright, and pushing her curls back from her face cast a frightened glance around the dingy walls and scanty furniture of the small, faintly lighted chamber.

"Mamma, mamma," she called, loudly.

"Hush, child, your mother isn't here; go to sleep again!" said the cook crossly, as she went on undressing.

The little girl looked at her in alarm; then she began to cry softly. She was evidently frightened by the strange room.

"There, now, the good-for-nothing creature is going to bawl; that's the finishing atroke! Hush, you player's brat"—she raised her hand threateningly. The frightened child hid her head under the bed clothes.

"Oh, mamma, dear mamma!" she whispered, "where are you? Take me into your bed—I'm so afraid—I'll be very good, and go to sleep at once. I've saved something for you, mamma; I didn't eat them all—Fay has something for you, dear mamma. Or just let me hold your hand and I'll stay in my little bed and—"

"Will you be quiet!" called Frederica, furiously, running to the child's bed. She did not move again, only from time to time the sound of a suppressed sob came from under the bed-clothes.

The old cook was sleeping the sleep of the just long before the poor child, with its little heart full of terrified longings, ceased to cry softly for its dead mother.

CHAPTER V.

Hellwig was a merchant. Heir of a considerable fortune, he had increased his property by various commercial enterprises, but failing health compelled him to retire from the business world to the quiet life of his native town. There the name of Hellwig was a prominent one. From time immemorial the family had been highly esteemed, and for generations some office of honor in the place had always been filled by a representative of the respected name. The most beautiful garden outside of the gates, and the handsomest house on the market-place, had been owned by the family as long as anybody could remember. The house stood at the corner of the market-place and a steep street, its stately front projecting in a sweeping curve. Year in and year out snow-white curtains hung behind the window-panes of the two upper stories. Only thrice in a twelvemonth, always a few days before the great festivals, they disappeared, while the rooms were swept and dusted. Then the huge brazen dragons' head on the roof, through which the water poured from the gutters down upon the pavement below, and the birds flying by, peered in at the garnered treasures of the old merchant's house, and saw the old-fashioned magnificence of the apartments—the tall cabinets of costly inlaid, with glittering locks and handles, the rich silk damask covering of the down cushions of sofas and chairs, the long venetian mirrors built into the walls and reaching from floor to ceiling, and, in the guest chambers, the beds, whose linen exhaled a strong odor of lavender.

These apartments were not occupied. It had never been the custom of the Hellwig family to rent any portion of their spacious house.

A stately, solemn silence had always pervaded the upper stories of the mansion, only interrupted by a brilliant wedding or baptism, and from time to time, in the lapse of the year, by the echoing footsteps of the mistress of the house, who kept her stores of silver, linen, and china here.

Frau Hellwig had come to the house when a child of twelve. The Hellwigs were her relatives, and received her when her parents, dying within a short time of each other, left their children penniless. The young girl had a hard life with her old aunt, a stern, proud woman, and Hellwig, the only son, at first pitied the orphan, a pity which later became converted into love. His mother resolutely opposed his choice, and there were many unpleasant conflicts, but the young man finally had his way and married Brigitta. He had mistaken the girl's sullen silence for maidenly decorum, her coldness of heart for strength of mind, her obstinacy for firmness of character—and marriage shut him out from the paradise he had expected. In a short time the kindly natured man felt

crushed beneath the iron hand of a despotic disposition, and, where he had hoped for grateful devotion, suddenly encountered the grossest selfishness.

His wife blessed him with two sons—little Nathanael, and his brother John, eight years older. The latter, when a lad of eleven, had been sent to one of Hellwig's relations, a professor and principal of a large school for boys, near the Rhine.

Such were Hellwig's family relations at the time he took the juggler's child into his house. He had been deeply moved by the terrible event he had witnessed, and could not forget the pleading, unutterably sorrowful expression of the hapless woman as, standing in her house, she humbly received his thaler. His kind heart ached at the thought that perhaps his home had had been the last one where she had been made to feel the sting of the contempt bestowed on her lowly position in life. So when the Pole told him his dying wife's last request, he hastily offered to take the child himself. Not until he entered the dark street with the unhappy father's last agonizing farewell yet echoing in his ears, and the little one, passing her arms closer around his neck, asked for her mother, did he think of the opposition that probably awaited him at home; but he relied upon the loveliness of the little girl, and, above all, the fact that no daughter had been given to his own marriage. Spite of all his bitter experiences, he yet had no thorough conception of his wife's character, or he would have turned back at once and restored the child to her father's arms.

If the relation between Hellwig and his wife had hitherto been anything but warm, since the orphan's entrance into their household granite walls seemed to have risen between the pair. True, everything in the house pursued its former course. Several times each day the mistress made her customary round of inspection through the whole establishment; her step was not light, and to a sensitive or timid ear there was something most annoying to the nerves in the firm, heavy tread. Her right hand constantly glided over furniture, window-sills and balusters. The lady had an uncontrollable desire, almost a mania, for passing her large, white hand, with its flat finger-tips and broad nails, over everything, and then carefully examined the palm to see if any speck of dust or stray filament of cobweb were sticking to it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPERSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

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The fifth annual convention of the German Catholic societies of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., will be held in that city on July 30.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and I rev. out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

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A False Story.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—A copy of the *Canadian Churchman* of July 18, was brought to my notice. Among several articles which either show a sad want of knowledge in the writers, or look for amazing credulity in the readers, is "The Story of the Church of England," an historical sketch, which for inconsistency and garbled facts, might easily expect a prize, if sent to the World's Fair. In it is the following statement:—"In A.D. 1066, William invaded England, and having gained a signal victory . . . was crowned King of England. The Pope at once urged the Conqueror to pay homage to the Church of Rome. His reply to the Pope's ambassador is historical: 'Homage to thee I have not chosen, nor do I choose to do. I never made a promise to that effect; neither do I find that it was ever performed by my predecessors to thine;' an answer that shows up to the time of the Norman invasion, the Pope had no jurisdiction over the Church or Crown of England. An important fact," &c. It is a little strange to read a few lines after that this same William the Conqueror favoured foreign prelates who "greatly assisted the efforts of Rome to bring the Church under its control." If, as the *Churchman* very illogically assumes from the words of the king—that he considered the Church of England independent of the Holy See—why did he, so jealous of his Crown, receive these foreign prelates or assist them to bring the Church in England under subjection to the Church of Rome? Consistency has little share in Anglicanism.

There is nothing more insidious and dangerous than a lie which is not all a lie. Such is the statement quoted from the *Churchman*. To state the whole truth is its best answer. In the first place it was not at once, but A.D. 1079—thirteen years after the Conquest—that William made use of these words. They were not said to the ambassador, but written in a letter to Gregory VII. They had no relation to the jurisdiction of the Pope over the Church in England, but referred to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, which William had promised to his predecessor, Alexander II., before invading England. William, anxious to have the good will of the Pope in his claim to the Crown of England, wrote to the Holy Father, and according to the Chroniclers of the time stated that "if God would favor him to conquer his right to the Crown, he would hold the Kingdom of England from God and the Holy Father as His Vicar, and from none else! It was when, among other things, the King was reminded of this promise by the Papal Legate, that he wrote to the Pope, denying his promise and refusing to swear fealty. In the same letter from which the *Churchman* has taken its historical words, mention is made of a custom which the Church of England, by law established, does not follow, yet which dates from early Saxon days, and the right of which William acknowledged in this very letter, the custom of sending Peter's pence to Rome.

There is another historical fact which shows the insincerity and duplicity of the Conqueror. He wished to secure undisputed possession of the Throne of England. When he wrote to the Pope, promising fealty, he was also making the same promise to Philip I. of France. His words bear a great resemblance to the words written to the Pope: "You are my sovereign. If it pleases you to aid me, and God grants me the favor of obtaining my rights over England, I promise to do honor to you as if I held it from you." William, a warrior from his youth, ambitious of power, was more liberal in making promises, than in fulfilling them.

The sanctity of a promise and even of an oath was not always respected by the Kings of England. When William was asked by the King of France to do homage for the Kingdom of England, he refused. His refusal is peculiar in the reason it gives: England was already under the suzerainty of the Pope, and he could not acknowledge a second. This is the homage that William said he never promised, and his predecessors never performed. This is the truth of the important fact which, according to the *Churchman*, proves the Pope had no jurisdiction over the Church of England. William the Conqueror never thought of denying the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. In his coronation oath, and during the whole course of his reign, he acknowledged it.

Another reference to the *Churchman*, and I have done, speaking of this same reign, the writer says: "The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then as now Primate of all England, and having no ecclesiastical superior." The Archbishop of Canterbury at that time was the illustrious Lanfranc, renowned for his piety and learning throughout Europe. He became Archbishop A.D. 1070; and, following the custom of the Archbishops since the days of Augustine and Gregory the Great, he went to Rome within the first year of his consecration to receive from the hands of the successor of St. Peter the pallium, the symbol of Metropolitan jurisdiction. In his journey to Rome he was accompanied by a magnificent escort, specially sent by William. It was during this visit the Pope gave his sanction to the Archbishop's Primacy over the Episcopacy of England. Consequently, two years afterwards, when a council was held at London, the Primacy of the see of Canterbury, which had been previously disputed by the Archbishop of York, was solemnly proclaimed.

Anglicans are so anxious to claim continuity for their Church with the Catholic Church in England before the Reformation, that illogical conclusions from half-stated facts become for them arguments strong as faith. It indeed requires Anglican spectacles to see the resemblance between the Church of England to-day and the Church of England of the days of Norman Kings, and only Anglicans can see it. D. J. C.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, July 26, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 64	\$9 65
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 63	0 64
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 59	0 60
Barley, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Oats, per bush.....	0 44	0 45
Pesa, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	8 00	8 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 18	0 20
Eggs, new laid, per dozen.....	0 14	0 15
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 70	0 85
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	13 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS
 Toronto, July 25.—Among the sales today for export were: One load, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at \$4.20 per cwt.; one load averaging 1,200 lbs, sold at \$4.30 per cwt.; a lot of six, averaging 1,250 lbs sold at \$4.6 each; four loads, averaging 1,310 lbs, sold at \$4.70 per cwt.; a lot of 29, averaging 1,250 lbs, sold at \$4.60 per cwt.; a lot of 21, averaging 1,267 lbs, sold at \$4.70 per cwt.; and a load averaging 1,254 lbs, sold at 4.75 per cwt.

Prices ranged from 3½ to 3¾c per pound for the best butchers' cattle, around 3c for second rate stuff, and from 2½ to 2¾c for very common and inferior.

The demand for sheep was light, and business was dull; a dozen sheep averaging 160 lbs, sold at \$4.50 each. Lambs of good quality were in fair request; but light grades were not wanted. Prices ranged from 3 to \$3.75 each.

We had about one hundred calves here. The best were wanted, but common rough calves were slow of sale. Prices are unchanged.

There was a somewhat better enquiry for milk cows at from \$30 to \$45 each. Practically no change can be reported in hogs. The best price is \$6.50 to \$6.25 per cwt.

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	CLOSE	DUK.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 8.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 3.30	10.45 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.....	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.....	a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.	noon 9.00 2.00
		2.00 7.80
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
		10.00
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00 10.30 11.00
U.S. West'n States		10.00
	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails on Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31.

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

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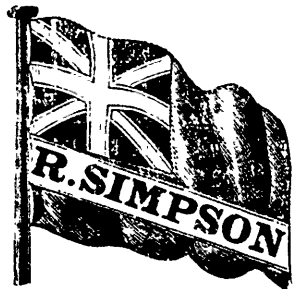
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