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# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

Dr. Zahn Says Leo is its Most Illustrious Exponent.

The Rev. Dr. John A. Zahn contributes a highly interesting article on "Leo XIII. and the Social Question" to the August number of the *North American Review*. Dr. Zahn says that one of the greatest questions of the day, it is admitted by all, is the social question, and its most illustrious exponent is, without doubt, the august Pontiff of the Vatican. Ever since his assumption of the tiara Leo XIII. has manifested a special interest in all problems relating to the welfare of society. This is abundantly evinced by his noble encyclicals on these topics, and by his numberless letters to eminent representatives of Church and State.

In a private audience, with which I was favored not long since, continues the doctor, the social question was introduced and discussed at some length. I ventured to tell His Holiness that the editor of the *North American Review* had requested me to write an article on this subject, and that the people of America, non Catholics as well as Catholics, were always pleased to give respectful and reverent attention to his utterances, and especially to all those in any wise bearing on the condition of the laboring classes.

"Ah, yes," he said, "the Americans are a noble people. I love them greatly. I am aware of the deep interest they take in social problems and was gratified to learn that they received so kindly my encyclical on the condition of labor. You may tell the people of the United States, through the *North American Review*, that I shall always be ready to contribute to the fullest extent of my power towards their well being and happiness, and especially towards the well-being and happiness of the wage-earners of their great republic."

"The social question," continued the venerable Pontiff, his eyes beaming with light and intelligence as he discoursed on the subject to which he attaches so much importance—"the social question is the great question of the future. *La question sociale, c'est la question de l'avenir*. It is a question in which all should be interested, and each one should contribute his quota towards lessening and removing the difficulties with which it is at present beset. It is particularly desirable that ecclesiastics should be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and that they should take an active part in every discussion and in every movement that looks toward the betterment of the social question of humanity, and especially the social condition of that major portion which must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

This is but a brief synopsis of what the Holy Father actually said, and conveys no idea whatever of the earnestness and impressiveness which characterized the spoken words of the large-hearted and noble-minded occupant of the chair of Peter. He dwelt particularly on his encyclicals *Innortalis Dei* and *Reverentissimum*, and referred incidentally to other documents, bearing on the same subjects, of which he is the author. In another part of his splendid article Dr. Zahn says:

"Since issuing his famous encyclical, *Reverentissimum*, of which Europe, poisoned by the School of Manchester and by the teachings of a materialistic philosophy, had greater need than young and prosperous America. Leo XIII. has developed his apostolic doctrine more in detail. This is observed especially in his letters to the Count de Mun, the Bishop of Grenoble, the Bishop of Liege, the Cardinal of Mechlin, as well as in his letters to M. Decurtains, to Abbe Six, to Abbe Naudet, and others. All these manifestations of the great Papal mind are bound together by the same golden thread. Go to the people to assist and emancipate them. Establish syndicates and association for the laboring classes. Demands from the State legislation for their protection, and strive to secure the passage of a law, international in character, which shall protect at the same time both employer and employee from economic piracy. Restrict the hours of labor, and place women and children under proper protection. Give to the poor man a just remuneration for his work, and strive to make him an upright and honorable citizen. Above all, see that religion is the inspiring and directing soul of the home, for without it the work of reconstruction and regeneration is impossible."

That which, above all else, brings out in bold relief the solicitude of Leo XIII. for the laboring man is the injunction which he lays on, the mission which he commits to, the priests of the Church. He wishes them to go forth into the market-place, to visit the factories, to found societies for workingmen, to inaugurate conferences for them, and thus to direct the large domestic and social current which is the result of long ages of effort, labor and sacrifice. To Americans, with their native activity and independence, this is easy and natural. It, however, demanded evangelical courage to impose this on the Old World, where here centuries of *Renaissance* of Pagan law, and a century of *laissez-faire* and *laissez-passer* have atomized

society and divided the human family into two opposing camps—on one side the tyranny of the law and of the employer; on the other, renewed servitude and virtual rebellion—everywhere hatred, lack of equilibrium, egotism and overt struggle.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Pope's teaching ancient labor problem is his return to the ideas of evangelical solidarity, to the lessons of social wisdom, and to the principles which governed the guilds of the Middle Ages—all of which, with singular skill, he adapts to the needs and conditions of the century just closing. Sometimes reactionaries, and even English Liberals, reproach the Pope with going too far and with favoring methods which are regarded as revolutionary. In the eyes of such people he is a Socialist. This revolutionist, however, but re-ignites the almost extinguished torch of Christian traditions. He is simply continuing the spirit of the early ages of the Church. "The day when there shall be placed in the chair of St. Peter," wrote de Vogue in his *Spectacles Contemporains*, "a Pope animated with the sentiments of Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Manning, the Church will stand forth before the world as the most formidable power it has ever known." So be it. It is not Leo XIII. such a Pontiff? Fearlessly brushing aside three centuries of cabinet diplomacy, he declares his intention of following the traditions of those illustrious pontiffs who are honored in history as social law-givers and emancipators of the people. He synthesizes admirably the Gospel, St. John Chrysostom, St. Thomas, Gregory VII., Alexander IV., Pius IV., and many others besides. "The danger is imminent," wrote Madam Adam in her *Patric Bourgeois*, "for Leo XIII. is preparing a crusade which a younger Pope may render triumphant. The constitution of the Church and individual devotedness, which Christianity, we must admit, is capable of exalting, in a far higher degree than the philosophy of Paul Bert, are calculated to provoke one of those grand movements of moral reform which are always based on a social movement."

Madam Adam forgets that it is not a crusade, but a return to the principles of economic and organic mutuality which obtained before the *Renaissance*, and an adaptation of them to the age in which we live. This is what Leo XIII. told Castelar, the Spanish Republican, in so many words. "It is necessary," said he, "to bring back the Church to its original traditions." In this declaration are revealed at once the historic mind and the originality of Leo XIII. In it are disclosed his greatness and the unity and majestic co-ordination of all his acts and all his teachings.

Economically and socially, the *Renaissance*, the resurrection of pagan law, the cult of exaggerated individualism, the philosophy which issued in Darwinism, have again brought back and made general both the pride and the slavery of ancient Rome. Absolute and pagan theories regarding property, exaltation of liberty, which, while it is the honor of the human mind in the domain of politics, is folly in the domain of economic science, substitution of an artificial mechanism for the normal organism, rupture with industrial organizations—the atomization of society—in a word, all the miseries of our modern world have proceeded from these sources. Our age is, indeed, but a walled-in field of battle, in which egotism, individual interests and passions are engaged in homicidal combat. Formerly society was an edifice, in which each social floor had its protection, its right, its security, its well-being. It was, to employ another figure, a vast organism, in which each member, while it was subject to the law governing the whole, had its proper function and its full life.

It is this thought, eminently Christian and eminently evangelic—a thought reposing on justice and love—which is the mainspring of the social action of the Holy Father. Here, as elsewhere, Leo XIII., while always having a regard for the times in which we live, supplies us with the traditional means of subsistence and defence. A man of the past and of the future, continuing in his own beneficent way the policy of his illustrious predecessors, while at the same time paving the way for a better tomorrow—without change of principles, but by the application of new methods—the present Pontiff stands conspicuous in history as an innovator, while he is all the while but a priest ideal appropriated for our own time.

Besides the teachings of antiquity there are other guides nearer to us for pontifical initiative. A conservative pontiff, the Papacy scarcely ever moves in advance of the political and social exigencies of an epoch. It does not create, it codifies. The Fathers have determined with precision this law of organic growth. Origen, Tertullian, St. Augustine, and above all, St. Vincent of Lerins, have developed the philosophy of this phenomenon. It is thus that they speak of a *sensus theologicus*, of an *intelligentia ecclesiastica*, of a *sensus Catholicus* which are affirmed, expounded and translated in a body of

doctrines, in *codem sensu et in eodem dogmate*.

In a lower degree, the Papacy appropriates and condenses the human teachings of each epoch in so far as they bear on the immutable principles of the evangelical and traditional deposit. In every direction in which the energies of the Church are employed, we remark a formal evolution of this institution which is in relation to the evolution of the ideas and the facts of the contemporary world. With the plastic power, which is par excellence the sign of her vitality, the Church adapts herself in our days to the service of societies formed outside of herself, and often opposed to her, as she adapted herself to the feudal system, to the *Renaissance*, and to all the metamorphoses of its flock. Her work, sometimes, illudes the careless observer, because it goes on by processes which resemble the mysterious processes of growth and development in the higher organisms. Under the action of vital force all the atoms of our body are continually being changed and renewed, but our form and personality are in nowise modified thereby. It is in this sense that we must understand the renovation of the Church and the Papacy.

The Church and the Papacy are never in a hurry. In everything which does not concern eternity, in the domain of the contingent and the relative, her role is not to anticipate, but to regulate and to consecrate all the progress definitely made. Some thinkers urge, as an objection and as examples of unexplainable variation, the misfortunes of certain bold spirits, who, in the past, were blamed for having maintained political and social doctrines which were subsequently cordially received by the Vatican. These innovators had started too soon. Political truths, essentially relative, do not become complete verities and acceptable to Rome save at the moment when they appear practical, or when the circumstances of time and place clearly evince that the fruit is ripe and may be gathered. In all that concerns herself, the Church is the sole judge of this moment.

The encyclical on the condition of labor and other similar acts of Pope Leo XIII. are the official and permanent consecration of the labors and the teachings of the most devoted Catholics of this century in respect of the social question.

The first one after Ozanam, or the Viscount de Melun, to make a deep impression on Rome in this matter, was Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence. It was in 1848, when economic currents, that he promulgated one time, even, Bismarck seriously thought of making him Archbishop of Cologne, and of undertaking with him the great work of social reconstruction. The Kulturkampf, which the Iron Chancellor inaugurated in order to placate the national liberals, to break the power of Rome and to divide France, rendered this grandiose project illusory. Ketteler, however, did not abandon his plans. While the storms raged above the Germans forests he gathered about him those gallant heroes, Vogelsang, Kuestlein, Scheelen, Hiltz, George, Monfang, Schorlemer, Brandts, Bachem, and all that chosen band, who, even in our own day, with less élan and more timidity, it is true, continue to develop his ideas. At the Council of the Vatican, before the cannon of Sedan had startled Europe, the Bishop of Mayence hoped to secure official recognition of his programme, and thus bring the laboring world within the orbit of the Church. But this fondly cherished hope was not realized. "And to think," he complained to the Archbishop of Rouen—"to think that we have not been able to utter the cry of love and sympathy to the outcasts of the century!"

But the seed which he sowed germinated. On the morrow of this same war, a representative of France took up the idea which had its birth beyond the Rhine. Supported by the teachings of Lepage and Perin, the Count de Mun with the volcanic fire of his eloquence, continued the social crusade. He soon succeeded in rallying around him such soldiers as La Tour de Pin, P. Pascal, M. Lorin, Abbe Noudet, Abbe Bataille, Abbe Six, M. Sabatier, and, above all, Cardinal Langenieux and M. Leon Harnel, who led to the Pope the first workingmen's pilgrimage.

At this same epoch, the Abbe Potier, professor at Liege, in Belgium, discovered his vocation for social work. A priest and a theologian, he had a singular love for the poor, and was possessed of a judgment that was almost infallible. From the gospel he drew forth a whole body of social doctrine, and found a sanction for his apostolate in the highest founts of Christianity. His programme is an irrefutable, economic codification of the doctrines of the Holy Fathers and of the Doctors of the Middle Ages. In spite of all the attacks which have been directed against it, it remains impregnable. Around him also have gathered a zealous body of co-workers like the Kurths, the Levies, the de Harles, the Vetragns, and hosts of others.

Then, again, there is M. Decurtains, a layman. A born democrat, and a counsellor of the nation, he is as ardent

an ultramontane as he is an imperturbable socialist. A leader of the laboring classes and a man of broad culture, erudite, eloquent and energetic, he is endowed with not only an incomparable capacity for work but also an incomparable power of will.

He it was who effected in Switzerland the fusion of the labor organizations, Catholic and Protestant. He it was who induced his government to convoke an assembly of all the Estates in order to consider universal, social legislation—a project which was frustrated by William II. It is he, too, who makes periodical pilgrimages to the Vatican to engage the Holy Father to direct the social movement of our time. He has many rivals and imitators, but the noblest spirits of Helvetia are with him.

The Anglo-Saxon race furnished the Pope with reason for action. Here appear Manning, Gibbons, Ireland and Keane, the last three of whom are better known, and more highly appreciated, in Europe than in their own country. They are men of ardent action, always optimists, ever alert and never discouraged. Both by vocation and by environment they are leaders. Disentangled from the conventionalities of the Old World, they are more free than their European confreres; their faith is more pronounced and their word has the true ring of the Gospel of Christ.

As an American I am proud that the sacred spark which set Europe and the Vatican aflame was supplied by our own favored land. In 1887, when the memorial concerning the Knights of Labor was forwarded to Rome, the Christian world still hesitated. But this document was the trumpet note which settled the issue. Rome spoke; the encyclical *Reverentissimum* was promulgated, and timid Catholic Europe breathed a sigh of relief.

Leo XIII. has been the grand result of a historical movement. It is because he was obedient to the laws of history, and because he understood the social needs of his time that he deserves to be known forever as the Pope of the workmen and the great high-priest of our century.

## IS THE SOUL IMMORTAL?

Cardinal Gibbons Gives Proofs of the Life That is to Come.

The New York *Morning Advertiser* has been holding a symposium on the Immortality of the Soul, and has had contributions from a number of persons of distinction. The following is that of Cardinal Gibbons:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, Man is, but always to be blest. The soul, uneasy and confined from home, Rests and expiates in a life to come.

The knowledge of one's self, the history of others who have passed away, and faith in God compel the belief in the immortality of the soul. Within one hundred years nearly all who now walk the earth will have bid farewell to scenes of life, and their bodies will be a forgotten and insignificant portion of this earth which we tread. Though no fact is more evident than death, though nothing is more certain to the learned and unlearned alike, yet there is in all the millions who now inhabit the earth, a something that reaches beyond the grave, a something that peers through the portals of death, a something which says: "I shall not, I must not, die."

Besides the body, which will soon be consigned to the grave, there is a principle by which we move, and live, and have our being. This principle we call the soul. This soul has intellectual conceptions and operations of reason and judgment. Our minds grasp what the senses cannot reach. We think of God and of His attributes. We have thoughts of justice and of truth, we know the difference between good and evil. This consciousness is inexplicable on the basis of a solely material principle of being.

All nations, ancient and modern, whether possessing the true or a false religion, have believed in the immortality of the soul, how much soever they may have differed as to the nature of future rewards and punishments, or the mode of future existence. Such was the faith of ancient Greece and Rome, as we learn from the writings of Homer, Virgil and Ovid. Belief in the soul's immortality was held by the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans and Persians, and other nations of Asia. Grotius testifies that faith in a future life likewise existed among the Germans, Gauls, Britons and other tribes of Europe. The Indians of North and South America looked forward to the happy hunting grounds, reserved in after life for the brave.

This belief in a future life was not confined to the uncultivated masses. It was taught by the most eminent writers and philosophers among the enlightened and polished nations of antiquity. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca and Plutarch, guided by the light of reason only, proclaimed their belief in the soul's immortality. "The belief which we hold," says Plutarch, "is so old that we cannot trace its author and its origin, and it dates back to the most remote antiquity." Even idolatry implied a recognition of the soul's immortality, for how could men pay honor to departed heroes if they be-

lieved death is the end of man's existence?

Belief in the soul's immortality follows necessarily from a belief in an all-wise God. God, who created nothing without a purpose, has given us a desire to know, and a longing to be happy. Man's intellect is not confined to the narrow limits of the body. It reaches down to the unexplored depths of the sea; it wings its flight to the heavenly orbs; it enters into most subtle substances, penetrates the matter that composes them and separates their elements; it dissects its own thoughts; while the carnal body can at least but serve as an unwieldy pivot, upon which this time-defying pivot depends. Yet when analysis and calculation have exhausted their powers, the intellect of man still finds itself balked by unsolvable problems. Can it be that this intellect, so superior to the body of man, will perish forever, with its capacity for knowing still unsatisfied?

Why this unsatiable desire for happiness? Is it in vain? Yet ask any one of the millions who now live: Was there ever a time in your life when the cup of bliss was filled? Was there ever a moment when you had all you desired and feared not its loss? Not one could answer yes, for death would say, with a hollow, mocking miser who loves his wealth: Have you enough? His answer, accentuated by his thin, meagre form, will be: More, still more. Ask the ambitious man, who loves self: Are you satisfied? His answer will be: Higher, still higher. Ask the sensual man: Did you find happiness in the gratification of your appetites? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Ask the affectionate father or husband as he stands at the grave of his beloved. He will answer: We shall meet again.

God has given us a desire for perfect felicity, which He intends one day to be fully gratified; and if this felicity cannot be found, as we have seen, in the present life, it must be reserved for the time to come. Contented with any happiness that is finite in duration, we must conclude that it will be eternal, and that consequently the soul is immortal. Life that is not to be crowned with immortality is not worth living. "If a life of happiness," says Cicero, "is destined to end, it cannot be called a happy life."

It must be so. Plato, then, reason's well. Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul back on herself and starts at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us, 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter And intimates eternity to man.

God is all good and all just. Yet, if death end all, how can we reconcile our experience of the world with our idea of God's goodness and justice? If death be the end of all, where would be the reward of virtue, and the punishment of evil? Vice that ridicules and virtue that suffers, are they to have the same reward? The honest man and the thief made equal by death? The innocent maiden, seduced and betrayed, to have the same indent as the selfish villain who laughs at her downfall? St. Vincent de Paul, who renounced the pleasures of domestic life to rescue the fatherless waifs of the street, and the vicious wretch who sent those innocent orphans of unfeeling fatherhood into a cheerless world, both to be treated alike by death? If death ends all, why restrain the vicious inclinations of our appetites? If the soul be not immortal, we should say with Caesar: "Virtue, thou art but an empty word."

Society, with its laws, is only a tyrant, patriotism an insane sentiment, if the soul is annihilated by the hand of death. The soldier is ordered to a post of danger. If he leaves it he saves his life, but at the command of duty he remains and dies. Where is his reward? The honors that are paid to his memory. What benefit to him if his undaunted soul has ceased to exist? To sacrifice one's self for the public good is noble, generous and sublime; but if everything were to end with death, such a sacrifice of life would be insanity, for the soldier sacrifices, gratuitously throws away, a something which if death ends all is of incalculable benefit to him—his life. Destroy the belief in the soul's immortality and there will no longer exist a sufficient motive for heroic patriotism.

Eradicate this belief and the world becomes the theatre of anarchy and crime. Remember the result of the experiment when tried by Francis Figliar, the materialist, who hesitated not to say, "It was not petroleum but materialism that destroyed the monuments of France." Destroy this belief, and duty becomes but a "rope of sand." Religion, virtue, civilization and liberty are parts of the same chain, linked together by a belief in the immortality of the soul. Break this necessary connection and the whole chain will go.

"Is immortality," 'tis that alone, Amid life's pain, abasement, emptiness, The soul can combat, elevate and fill. Simplicity is the presiding unity of the Sacred Infancy.—Faber.

## GEMS FROM THE ENCYCLICAL OF LABOR.

All agree and there can be no question whatever that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor.

God has granted the earth to mankind in general, not in the sense that all, without distinction, can deal with it as they please, but rather that no part of it has been assigned to any one in particular, and that the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and the laws of individual peoples.

Is it just that the fruit of man's sweat and labor should be enjoyed by another? As effects follow cause, so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to him who has labored.

Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their workmen are not their slaves; and that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian. . . . And that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power.

To exercise pressure for the sake of gain upon the indigent and the destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and divine. To defraud any one of wages that are his due is a crime that cries to the avenging anger of heaven.

Neither must it be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests, temporal and earthly. Its desire is that the poor, for example, should rise above poverty and wretchedness, and should better their condition in life, and for this it strives. By the very fact that it calls men to virtue and forms them to its practice, it promotes this in no slight degree. Christian morality, when it is adequately and completely practiced, conduces of itself to temporal prosperity, for it merits the blessing of that God who is the source of all blessings; it powerfully restrains the lust of possession and the lust of pleasure.

The first duty of the rulers of the States should be to make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the Commonwealth, shall be such as to produce of themselves public well-being and private prosperity. This is the proper office of wise statesmanship and the work of the heads of the State.

Among the many and grave duties of rulers who would do their best for the people, the first and chief is to act with strict justice—with that justice which is called in the schools distributive—toward each and every class.

It may be truly said that it is only by the labor of the workingman that states grow rich.

If employers laid burdens upon the workmen which were unjust, or degraded them with conditions that were repugnant to their dignity as human beings, . . . there can be no question that in certain limits, it would be right to call in the help and authority of law.

No man may outrage with impunity that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of heaven.

If we turn now to things exterior and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money. It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies.

As a general principle it may be laid down that a workman ought to have leisure and rest in proportion to the wear and tear of his strength; for the waste of strength must be repaired by the cessation of work.

Let it be granted that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and, in particular, should fully agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity, or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice.

Gentleness and softness, says Suri, were the graces our Lord most desired that we should copy in Himself.

Literature is the flower and beauty of human intellect.—Faber.

HOUSE.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,



big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective.

Assist Nature a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing of fending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its early action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER VII.

The day broke cold, but clear and bracing, on the night of which was to take place the grand ball that had been the topic of fashionable gossip for weeks.

Margaret leaned from an upper window, that the frosty air might cool the fever in her veins—a fever which had not abated since her last interview with her cousin. Contact with the sharp atmosphere seemed only to increase her wild emotion.

Lovingly, resigning her allegiance to the One who alone could strengthen and comfort her, for an idol that must sometime be shattered—living without the expectation of peace in this world, or relief in a future one—Margaret Calvert continually suffered worse agonies than those of death.

She hovered about her aunt almost all day, assuming the servant's duties, hoping thus to obtain at least a temporary repose for her agitated mind.

During lunch, of which she hardly tasted, she said to Hubert: "You will not fail to come—to be at Mrs. Delmar's before we start?"

"No," he answered, wearily; "but Plowden and I shall go to the club first."

"A club?" he, Hubert! have you joined a club?" in a tone half remonstrance, half entreaty.

He made a warning motion, for the waiter was about the table; and, dismissing the latter on some pretext, he asked:

"Why this fear? I thought you wished me to court society?" "It is *Roquelare* which make me frightened," she answered. "With every new thing I learn about you I imagine it has something to do."

He leaned across the table and whispered: "Perhaps it has, Margaret. Struggle as I may, I cannot escape my fate. I feel assured of that now, and that every day brings it imminently near. — Would that it were here; — that the time had come for me to fling the wretched thing abroad. But I have not the courage yet — not yet."

He shuddered and leaned back in his chair, while Margaret replied in a passionate whisper: "There is no danger, there can be no danger if only you will be firm, and if you will not listen to my weak woman's fears. Oh, Hubert; you shall not, you must not die."

She rose to cross to his side, but the waiter was at the door. She resumed her seat and the repast was finished in silence.

Miss Calvert, attended by Annie Corbin, went in the carriage to the Delmar mansion.

On her arrival she found Miss Delmar delightfully excited over her own and Margaret's dress, both of which had just arrived.

She immediately began—at least so it seemed to the heart-sick girl—the task of preparing for the fashionable assembly. Could she have dressed at home, a few minutes would have sufficed for the donning of her costly garb; but owing to Madame Bernot's illness Mrs. Delmar deemed it better that Miss Calvert's toilet should be made in their house, and she had pressed the matter so much that the reluctant girl had at last consented.

Fashionable Mrs. Delmar herself superintended Margaret's toilet. She was indefatigable in assisting to drape the misty lace which was to shroud the girl's fair neck and arms, and in arranging the superb pearls that Margaret brought in Madame Bernot's old-fashioned jewel case.

And, certainly, no lovelier sight ever greeted the wildly-matron's view than Miss Calvert, when at last, her charming costume completed, she stood up to be surveyed. She was a trifle too pale perhaps, but that only enhanced her spiritual expression, and when Miss Delmar, whose toilet was also completed, came rushing into the room looking like some gorgeous flower whose flaming hues surprise more than they please us, she exclaimed with involuntary admiration: "How lovely!"

Miss Delmar did not envy Margaret Calvert, for she deemed her beauty less attractive than her own showy style, and as rich admirers flocked more numerous to her shrine than to that of her pale lovely friend, she accepted it as sufficient proof that her beauty must be superior. She never imagined that the deficiency in the number of admirers was Margaret's own fault; that many who poured insipid flattery into Miss Delmar's willing ears would have gladly transferred their attentions to Miss Calvert, would she have received them. But there was something about the gentle, retired girl which repelled most effectually men who were only such in form and face. So Miss Delmar, understanding nothing of this, could afford, as it were, to patronize Margaret—even to ply her that she could win so few suitors. She deemed the Bernots too strict Catholics for a marriage ever to take place between Margaret and Hubert.

After surveying Miss Calvert for a moment she crossed to her, kissed her and held her at arm's length, as if the

lovely face had suddenly been invested with some new charm. But Margaret turned paler still, for to her distorted imagination, the flaming jewel in Miss Delmar's hair had assumed the appearance of a great quivering blood stain, and *Roquelare* seemed dancing about it in fiery letters.

"You are not well," said the young lady in an alarmed tone, for it was unmistakable that Miss Calvert was suffering.

"Yes, only a little dizzy," the latter gasped, and she shuddered as she turned her eyes away.

Annie Corbin, who had assisted in the preparation of the toilet, was a witness of Miss Calvert's sudden faintness, and she eagerly noted it that on her return home she might relate it to her fellow servants.

Mrs. Delmar insisted on the application of *sal-volatile*, and she made hurried search for her own bottle, but Margaret protested and declared she had quite recovered.

There was a sudden bustle in the entrance hall. In a few minutes a servant announced that a hurried pinning of last bows, an excited taking of last surveys in the full length mirrors, and then the ladies descended to the parlor.

Margaret had quite recovered, and she was able to hear calmly the low-toned and graceful compliments with which she was met by Mr. Plowden, who immediately constituted himself her escort.

Hubert had glanced at her as she entered, but after that one brief look he had turned his eyes away as if he had been stung to the quick. Alas! it was so hard for his poor, guilty heart to relinquish her. Courtesy demanded that he should escort Miss Delmar, and his bitter feelings found vent in the undercurrent of irony that pervaded his talk with her.

She half suspected his sarcasm, but as she was too much in awe of him, and as she lacked the ability to meet him on his own ground, she soiced herself by constantly remembering the how eminently becoming was her costume, and how much envy she should excite among the ladies of "her set."

The Bernot carriage, which was more commodious than the Delmar equipage, carried the young ladies and their escorts; while the young scion of the house, Eugene Delmar, took the family carriage to call for a lady friend whom he had promised to attend to the fashionable assembly.

All that wealth with a lavish hand could bestow was visible in the splendid rooms of Madame Dupret, wherein already an aristocratic throng had gathered. Apartment opened into apartment with only a slight curve of fresco work to mark the division, and chandeliers with pendants whose brilliant scintillations almost dazzled the eye, shed a bright and bewildering light over all, while immense mirrors at each end magnified the brilliant scene. Though not the first party—for the Delmars had given two parties which Margaret had attended—it was the largest assembly of the kind at which she had ever been present, its brilliancy for the first hour or two almost banished from her mind the thought of *Roquelare*.

Delmar, with his lady friend, had joined them, and the three couples apparently formed one of the happiest little groups.

There were numberless introductions to Miss Calvert, and the gentlemen among themselves passed enthusiastic comments on her beauty, while the ladies with true feminine "charity" endeavored to discover some flaw in her face or dress. She felt relieved when courtesies took Mr. Plowden to another lady, for, knowing now the object of his attentions, and feeling how fruitless all his efforts would be, her womanly heart could not but feel sorrow for what, must sooner or later, be a bitter disappointment to him. Yet how to avert, or, as in sheer pity she felt tempted to do, to hasten the event, she knew not. Conscious of having treated him with no more warmth than she had done each one of Hubert's friends, she had nothing for which to reproach herself, but maidenly delicacy restrained her from showing any knowledge of his regard for her, while her (lest in some way Hubert's safety might be affected) prevented her from being more reserved in her manner to him.

Miss Delmar (perfectly at home only in scenes of excitement) was brilliant with a superficial gloss that dazzled shallow minds. In her exuberance of spirits she had somewhat ceased to feel her usual awe of Hubert Bernot's grave demeanor and conversation, and she boldly essayed with him sallies, which he grosser and less able minds than his might have accepted as wit. He deemed them worthy only of sarcastic replies, and as she grew bolder, so did his sarcasm become more pointed and telling, till even her coarse nature winced beneath his repeated strokes, and with a deep blush of mortification, she threw herself on the divan beside Margaret, and said pettishly: "Really, Mr. Bernot, you are the most unavailing-like gentleman I have ever met. I am glad to be relieved from your attentions for a while."

Hubert bowed low and smiled sarcastically for a second; then he turned away with his hand to his heart.

He could have said bitter, cutting things to every one of the fashionable company, for all night he had been contrasting their apparent pleasure with his hidden agony. He had been mentally picturing the horror with which the gay throng would shrink from him if his sin should be proclaimed, and more than once he had felt a fierce, wild impulse to shout it out.

These were the times that he had

been most sarcastic to Miss Delmar, and these were the times that he had pressed his hand hardest on his heart, and turned excitedly to mingle with the crowd that he might force his guilty secret back.

Margaret's eyes followed him. A weird, dreamy waltz struck up from a score of musical instruments and numberless little forms began to whirl in a dizzy way. He paused near a marble pillar as if to view the dancers, and his face was turned toward Margaret, who was answering Miss Delmar's remarks, but in a listless, abstracted manner which would have provoked that young lady had she not just then been claimed for the dance.

The friend whom young Delmar had brought was also claimed, and as Miss Calvert did not waltz, Plowden, at her earnest solicitation, had gone in search of another partner; so Margaret was alone and free to watch her cousin without comment. Perhaps it was owing to the fact of being surrounded by so many robust, stalwart young fellows, that he looked more than usually pale and enaciated. His skin seemed almost transparent, and even at that distance Margaret fancied she could trace the veins in his forehead.

The waltz grew more dreamy, more weird: the light feet glided, and the little forms turned in a more bewildering way; still Hubert looked, and still Margaret continued to see only his white face in all the gay concourse. Sometimes a form floated between them for an instant, and sometimes a portion of flying drapery intervened, but through form and drapery his large dark eyes seemed still to shine, and his white face to look with its bitterly sarcastic expression.

Suddenly she became conscious that he was being watched as intently by another person—a man who slightly leaned against another marble pillar just in the rear of Hubert. She rose in her eagerness to scan the features of that face, and she beheld him who had given the warning of *Roquelare*.

The room swam about her, the whirling faces magnified themselves into hundreds of grim countenances each bearing a likeness to this mysterious agent of a mysterious society; the light grew dim and the music became a dead march. Faint and dizzy she strove to make her way through the dancers to her cousin's side, but the whirling couples surrounded and entangled her.

Plowden, who had paused to give his dizzy partner breath, saw her embarrassing position, and hurriedly securing a seat for the young lady by his side, he came to Margaret's rescue.

"Take me to Hubert," she said faintly, but when they reached him the man who had been watching in his rear had gone.

"Come home, Hubert—I am ill," she said, excitedly, and relinquishing Plowden's arm, she took that of her cousin and leaned heavily against him.

Hubert did not reply. The cord of sympathy which was so strong between those two natures, made him at once divine the cause of her sudden illness. He understood that something had happened to inspire her with new terror for his safety, and his own mind was so constantly possessed by fear that he could not spur him as a woman's silly fancy. He longed to ask her for an explanation, but he was deterred by Plowden's presence.

"Come home," she cried more excitedly than before.

"Go into the conservatory awhile, Miss Calvert, and you will feel better," said Plowden.

"There!" he continued, "the waltz has stopped; I shall excuse you to Miss Delmar."

And with a puzzled expression in his face he bowed and disappeared amid the couples now looking for seats after the dance.

"Yes, come into the conservatory," whispered Hubert, and the two hurried to an apartment divided from one of the parlors by huge squares of translucent glass and through which shone faintly the color of the foliage within. Other couples seeking change from the heated dancing rooms were also there; but they were lovers, too intent on the recital of their own "sweet tales" to heed the whispered conversation and excited manner of the cousins.

All night long had Hubert imagined if his fate overtook him he would not shrink from it; if his wretched secret should become known through some mysterious means, he would rejoice because it would free him of a burden which of himself he had not the strength to cast away; yet now, at the seeming approach of the doom he courted he was more a coward than ever, and the piteous cry with which he responded to Margaret's hurried narrative, betrayed his craven heart.

"Come home," she urged, "you will be safer there."

"Safe nowhere, since *Roquelare* pursues me," he whispered, while his eyes shifted their glances in a wild, unguarded way.

"Look, Margaret, and tell me if I am watched here." But the suspicious couples who promenade in their vicinity did not even glance in their direction, and no eye peered at Margaret from any other quarter.

Hubert grew calmer and bolder. "To leave now," he said, "would only bring a closer watch on me. No! I shall stay and brave it out. There has been nothing in my conduct to excite suspicion, has there?"

"No; but—"

She stopped suddenly, for Miss Delmar, escorted by Plowden, was approaching.

"Nerve yourself and remain," Hubert had barely time to whisper, before Miss Delmar was down upon them

with a volley of anxious expressions about Margaret's sudden indisposition, and reiterated assurances that she knew Miss Calvert was not well since the symptoms of illness which she had manifested when preparing for the ball.

But Margaret declared herself quite recovered, and after a little they all returned to the dancing room.

That his demeanor might in all things conform to that of the gallants about him, Hubert solicited the hand of some fair lady for every dance which succeeded until the announcement of supper. He laughed and chatted just as he saw those about him doing, but all the time his eyes ceaselessly wandered in search of one face.

Margaret fain would have withdrawn from every dancing engagement, and on the plea of having felt slightly unwell, she might have done so with perfect propriety, but Hubert had whispered: "Dance, Margaret; you too may be watched."

So Margaret also formed one of every set, and she forced herself to be smiling, and in a measure talkative, while her eyes roamed ceaselessly up and down, and across the room in search of one face.

Intermission came at last and the long procession of gay ladies with their equally gay cavaliers filed into the elegantly decorated supper-room. Hubert, who was Miss Delmar's escort, was followed by Plowden and Margaret, after whom came Delmar and his friend. A smiling waiter met them on their entrance, and conducted them to tables which had been reserved for them. Miss Delmar and Hubert were seated directly opposite Margaret and Plowden, while Delmar and his companion formed portion of a party at another table.

They were among the first in their places and a laughing crowd surged and swayed about them in the effort to obtain desirable seats. Margaret, half reclining in her chair, was watching eagerly every face that passed her. She fain would have maintained a constant survey of the stream of people which flowed on both sides of her, but the rules of good breeding forbade.

Hubert was talking with apparent gaiety to his companion, but his dark eyes never once withdrew themselves from the panorama of countenances shifting before him.

Mirth ran high; the clangor of gay voices and loud laughter filled the room, and the busy waiters seemed to be in all directions at once. Margaret drew a long breath of relief, and for the first time turned her eyes on the tempting delicacy on her plate.

Suddenly she was thrilled by that mysterious feeling of being looked at, which most of us sometimes experience, and she raised her eyes to behold the same mysterious agent of *ROQUELARE*.

He stood directly behind Hubert, not however looking at him but looking intently at her. His right hand was fumbling at his left wrist as if he were arranging the fastening of his cuff; but suddenly from his right hand there depended for an instant, full in Margaret's sight, a pair of steel handcuffs. The whole action was done so quickly, and in such an adroit manner, that it attracted no attention save her own. It was an instant of horror to her who so well understood the mysterious transaction—an instant of voiceless horror, during which it seemed as if her heart was rent by a thousand pangs—as if she labored in an agony all the more dreadful because of its very dumbness.

But her white lips opened at last and emitted a scream which brought every one to his or her feet, startled, and well-nigh as pale as was poor Margaret herself.

Immediately on its utterance she lost all consciousness, and but for Plowden's quick support she would have fallen from her chair.

Only two in that assemblage of white faces knew the cause of that startling shriek—the mysterious agent who was now nowhere to be seen, and Hubert, who intuitively felt that it must be owing to the reappearance of the strange secret detective. He looked in a scared way about him even before he hastened to Margaret's assistance, but there was no vestige of *ROQUELARE*.

The first terrified astonishment of the company over, a score hastened to the assistance of the unconscious girl.

Madame Dupret herself bent her diamond-studded head over the white face and insisted that she should be borne immediately to her own private chamber.

"No; home at once," said Hubert, who feared that when consciousness returned some unguarded word might betray him.

"You are mad, Mr. Bernot," replied stately Madame Dupret, "and unfeeling as well. Your cousin may die on the way."

"Nay, Madame," he replied courtously, but with an air of firmness which could not be gainsayed: "she will recover on the way, and her illness will be better treated at home."

An order was despatched for a carriage, and some one having brought a soft shawl in which to wrap the unconscious girl, Plowden prepared to carry her.

"Let me have her," said Hubert, almost savagely; and when Plowden, looking at Hubert strangely, resigned to him his light burden, Bernot darted through the surrounding forms as if the life of her he carried depended on his speed.

Ah! his haste was caused by the imaginary pursuit of a score of secret agents of *ROQUELARE*. And the burden he bore—it was the first time it lay so close to his panting heart; it

would probably be the last time, for his doom was coming between them with hurried, unflinching strides. If he could but rush with it to some spot of the earth where his guilty secret would be safe! But there was no place, for, to his distorted imagination the very air gave birth to voices that had but one cry, and that cry was, "murderer!"

His passionate pressure contributed to restore consciousness to Margaret, and she opened her eyes and struggled faintly to free herself.

"Where am I? Was it a dream?" she murmured.

Hubert stooped to her and whispered: "Be silent for my sake."

And though her eyes showed the terror and anxiety under which she labored, she asked no more questions, but let him bear her away without resistance.

Miss Delmar was vehement in her desire to accompany Miss Calvert home. "She is too ill to be trusted entirely to you," she said to Hubert, but he, firmly, yet without discourtesy, refused to gratify the young lady, and Miss Calvert herself asserted that there was no need of further attention than her cousin could bestow.

She was sufficiently recovered to walk through the entrance hall between Hubert and Plowden to the carriage, and when she was comfortably seated, with her cousin beside her, the young lawyer extended his hand and said with a sadness in his voice utterly foreign to it: "Good night, or rather, good morning, Miss Calvert, and pressing her cold fingers for an instant he relinquished them to grasp Hubert's hand."

Holding it tightly, he said with the same sadness in his voice: "Ah, Hubert! we are both drinking of a bitter cup."

And closing the carriage door he turned hurriedly away.

"What did he mean?" gasped Margaret: "surely he does not know?"

"No, no," interrupted Hubert, "unless he also is an agent of *Roquelare*. I suspect everybody now, for every man's hand is against me; but why did you scream?"

She told him, with her hands tightly holding his, and her shivering form nestling close to his side.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, and then he shrank away from her, and drew his hands out of her clasp, and repulsed her when she would again have drawn near him.

Is not your suffering mine?" she asked, passionately: "have you not promised to share your agony, when it was sharpest, with me, and yet you repulse me?"

"I dare not," he said, shudderingly. "I must bear my suffering alone now. I have dragged you down too far already, and may have the destruction of two souls to account for instead of my own."

"You think by the little command I evinced of my feelings to-night that I have betrayed you?" she asked.

"Nay, Margaret, it is God's justice that is betraying me," and, requesting silence, he leaned back in the carriage, and spoke no more until they had arrived at home.

John McNamee had been ordered to return with the carriage for Hubert and Margaret three hours after midnight, and, as it yet wanted a couple of hours of that time, when it became necessary to take Miss Calvert home, Madame Dupret's own equipage had been placed at their disposal.

The servants of the Bernot household were wont to indulge in merry-makings peculiar to themselves, being favored with an indulgent master in Hubert, and a kindly young mistress in Margaret. To-night, in order that the coachman might not hold his vigil alone, while he waited to return for the cousins, his fellow-servants had arranged a sort of *impromptu* party. There was a sufficient number of themselves to make it exceedingly pleasant; and, with doors and hall windows, and entrances to flights of stairs that led above securely closed, not the faintest sound of their mirth could reach the sick room where the patient invalid alternately slumbered and prayed.

Cook had prepared delightfully steaming beverages, and had circulated goodly rounds of home-made cake, shedding over the pleasant cheer the light of her own smiling, good-natured countenance.

Neither the little maid nor McNamee were at home for the first part of the mirth-making, owing to their having accompanied Miss Calvert, but their share of the cheer was reserved and places were maintained for them, side by side, for it was understood that some day not very far distant, Annie Corbin would become Mrs. McNamee.

Margaret, thoughtful for others, even in the midst of her own hidden agony, had desired the coachman after he had set them down at the ball to return to Mrs. Delmar for Annie, whom he was to convey home in the carriage, and the moment that the little maid was in the midst of her fellow servants she broke forth into an account of Miss Calvert's sudden faintness which had occurred immediately that she was dressed.

Everybody listened eagerly, but none more eagerly, or with such an expression of concern, as Hannah Moore. She shook her head with some thought peculiar to herself, and cast her eyes down.

"Do you know what it is," said the head-waiter, a pompous man, with side whiskers, and a large, square head, "I am of the opinion that neither Miss Calvert nor Mr. Hubert are long for this world; why, they're a wasting before our very eyes."

"It's a fact," replied the under-

waiter, a slender, light-whiskered young man, with a very effeminate voice; "they eat just nothing at table, and they never hardly speak to each other, and they look so sad."

"I'll tell you what I'm thinking it is," said McNamee, in his bluff, hearty way, "that Miss Calvert never got properly over the fright it gave her to be on the trial for that man that was murdered."

"Why, surely, John!" chimed in the laundress, "you don't think Miss Calvert was any way concerned in that murder?"

"I'm not saying what I think," replied John, "for it isn't our place, as servants, to think anything about our masters and mistresses, only I revolved it in my mind when Miss Calvert said on that inquest that she had known the murdered man."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the laundress again spoke.

"There must be some dreadful mystery in it, any way, when Miss Calvert wouldn't tell what she knew about the poor murdered gentleman."

"That's a fact," responded the under-waiter, starting hard into the running contents of the glass he held, white with the other hand he affectionately fondled his whiskers.

"I wonder if the man that came here asking all them queer questions about Madame Bernot had anything to do with it?" said the chambermaid, a rosy-cheeked, pleasant-faced girl, who had been assisting cook in preparing a new supply of refreshments.

"Tut, tut," said Hannah Moore, bringing down the knife with which she had been slicing a loaf of homemade cake on the table with a slap, and becoming very red, "sure he was only a poor beggar asking a crust for God's sake. What would he have to do with the like of that?"

"When was this—when did this happen?" asked John McNamee, putting down his glass that he might give the greater attention to the expected reply; and his fellow help put their glasses down, and disposed themselves also to listen with marked attention.

The rosy-cheeked chambermaid was about to answer—to relate the circumstances, making much of every detail that might heighten its interest, but the cook interrupted with an abrupt and somewhat angrily spoken:

"It's just nothing at all, but one evening long ago, at the time of the inquest over that poor murdered creature, an old beggarman came here to the basement door. Rosie there—pointing to the somewhat chagrined chambermaid— and myself were the only ones in the kitchen; Rosie opened the door to him and let him in to have a bite and a sup in God's name. He was tattered and dirty looking enough, but seemed very thankful for the cup of tea and bit of cold victuals we gave him, and by-and-by while he rested, he asked a few questions about the family. He said he had read of the murder, and how the young lady of the house was mixed up with it some way; and Rosie there answered all the questions he asked; and she told him about Madame Bernot and her sickness, and about Miss Calvert and Mr. Hubert, and sure there was nothing to tell but what the world might know. Now that's all there's in it. The beggar went away, and we never laid eyes on him since, and even Rosie thought no more about it, whatever put it into her head to-night," and the cook resumed her work of slicing the cake with a very self-satisfied air.

Everybody had listened with attention, and now everybody turned to John McNamee, as the tacitly-acknowledged head in the company, to know his opinion of what cook had related.

"I have only one thing to say," he said, taking up his glass slowly and looking round at his companions, "and that is that we trouble ourselves no further about what doesn't concern us. Mr. Hubert Bernot and Miss Margaret Calvert have been a kind master and mistress to us; we'll think only of that and mind nothing else, and now, here's to their long life and prosperity."

He held his glass aloft, his example being immediately followed by his fellow-servants, and, in a few moments, each one with a right good will, had drained his or her tumbler to the toast proposed.

The cook's good humor shone forth again, and she eagerly seconded the suggestion for a song which the head-waiter pompously made, and, in the midst of a love ditty by the chambermaid, who had quite recovered from her little chagrin of the earlier part of the evening, a carriage stopped before the door. The singer ceased suddenly and the help looked at each other in a bewildered way.

"Something has happened," said McNamee, rising, and that instant the door-bell was violently rung.

"Let me go," interposed Hannah Moore, thrusting herself before the coachman, who was already on his way, and ere he could prevent she was hurrying up the stair which led to the front entrance. They crowded into the passage way, and one or two of the more curious ventured upon the stair, and with strained ears, listened for the slightest sound that might betray what was taking place above. They could distinguish Hubert's voice, and even Margaret's low tones came to them, but that was all; they could make no sense of what was said.

In a few moments the cook returned to them, wearing a grave, sad face.

"Miss Calvert was taken ill," she said, "and they have come home in that French Madame's carriage."

"Then I shall be carried," replied Annie Corbin, hastening to ascend to her mistress.

"No; Miss Calvert said we were to

to disturb ourselves, and on no account was she to be disturbed."

So they turned again into the cozy sitting-room, waiting while John attended to the horses, and separated only when they had, over another of cook's bumpers, wondered what could be the cause of Miss Calvert's evidently falling health.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"OLD CHARLEY."

An Elect of the Slave Days.

BY REV. L. H. GACHE, S. J.

In 1852 I was in charge of a parish in Louisiana. Among my parishioners was a pious widow, whose only son, a youth of about twenty-two, and the chief support of his widowed mother, was taken off by an almost sudden death. I called upon the good lady to offer my sympathy and what consolation I could give. As I was taking leave after my visit, she said:

"Father, I have an old slave who has always been uncommonly good and faithful. He is very old, and, moreover, he is blind and unable to do any work. He spends his time in sleeping and praying. I should be very glad if you could do something for him. He has always been a good, faithful servant, as I have said, but, besides, he is a truly wonderful man—remarkable in particular for his great piety and love of prayer. Even from early youth until he lost his sight in his old age, as soon as he finished his work in the field, instead of joining the others who were chatting and laughing while they rested after work, he was accustomed to go alone to the edge of a wood that skirted the field, and there he knelt in prayer until the bell summoned the field hands to dinner or supper. He has always been so much respected by his fellow-servants that they have never made any unpleasant remarks about his conduct. His masters, too, have always esteemed him highly, and no one remembers that he ever gave cause of complaint to anyone. Would you like to see him?"

Of course, I was not only willing, but eager, to meet this phenomenal slave, and I was immediately led to his cabin in the yard. I found the old man seated on a chair at the foot of his bed. A large crucifix was hanging about his neck. His huge head would have been repulsive but for the gleam of virtue and holiness that brightened and in some way beautified his face. I understood at a glance that I was in the presence of an extraordinary man. When we entered, Mrs. F. said to him:

"Charley, would you like to see Father N.?"

"Ah, madam," he answered, "you know that I cannot see. All that I can do is to talk. I shall be glad to talk with Father N. if he will be so kind as to talk with me."

"With pleasure," I said. "But first let me ask, how old are you?"

"Oh, Father," he answered, "I do not know exactly how old I am, but I have been in the world a long time. I was born in the island of San Domingo, and when I was about twelve or fifteen I was brought to the United States by the family I belonged to on that island. I have been with the same family ever since."

"I am told you pray much. Do you know many prayers?"

"I felt a desire to know the prayers he used, as I feared they might contain some superstition or false doctrine. Accordingly I asked him to recite them for me."

He began by blessing himself with a big sign of the cross, and then he recited the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and, I think, the Apostles' Creed. Then followed a prayer to Our Lady, which I never heard before and have not heard since, nor have I ever been able to find it in any book; but it was a most beautiful prayer, something like the Memorare, and, in my estimation, not much inferior to it. I have always regretted not having taken it down in writing.

Of course, there was nothing wrong in these prayers. I even noticed, not without some surprise, that the old man recited all his prayers without violating a single rule of French grammar or pronunciation. But Charley did not stop here. After saying the prayers he knew by heart he poured out a flood of ejaculations, aspirations and invocations to the Mother of God, and others, too.

As I was obliged to leave, I interrupted him and asked him if his prayer was much longer.

"Oh, Father," he answered, "my prayer was finished when I stopped a few minutes ago. Now I am praying by myself." By which he meant extempore.

I was astonished at his improvisation, in which everything, even the grammar, was perfectly correct. I was curious to know what might be the extent of his religious instruction. To my extreme astonishment I learned from him that he had never received any instruction at all. All that he knew was that there is one God, that the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, that we must love them and pray to them, and be good in order to avoid hell and go to heaven. This was the sum of his theology, which he had learned from his mother when he was a little boy. He knew nothing about the Blessed Trinity, nothing about the Incarnation, the Church or the sacraments. He had never spoken to a priest, nor heard a priest speak to him. I was the first priest he had met. He had heard that there were some men called priests, who had some thing special to do with God and men; but he did not know what it was. Naturally I asked him if he would not

like to be instructed and to learn what God is, what priests are, and what he ought to do in order to go to heaven when he died.

"Oh, most willingly," he answered. "I will be delighted to know all that."

I promised to return the next day, and I did not fail to keep my promise. I found my old and new pupil seated in the same place with his crucifix, from which he never parted, though he did not know exactly what it was.

But before going further I must say something about the manner in which the good old man spent his day, as I think it will not be uninteresting. He rose ordinarily about 6 or 6:30, then he prayed until breakfast time; that is, about an hour or a little more. After breakfast he rested on his bed about one or two hours. After his rest he prayed again until dinner time. After dinner he took another rest of about two hours, and then prayed until the supper, after which he went to bed and slept till morning. He was never tired of praying. Evidently he did not recite vocal prayers only. He made some kind of meditation taught him by the Holy Ghost.

Now to the object of my visit. When I entered his cabin Charley had just finished his afternoon nap. I began to explain to him the mystery of the Holy Trinity, so far, at least, as it can be explained, especially to a man like him. I very soon understood that my talk would not be so hard as I had expected. My old pupil was very far from being dull. He understood immediately all that I told him; better still, he not only understood, but remembered, so that I was never obliged to repeat the same thing. When I explained the mystery of the Incarnation, he burst into tears.

"Ah, Father," he cried, "I loved God as much as I could, but if I had known this sooner I would have loved Him a great deal more."

When I came to the explanation of the Passion of our Lord, of which he had no knowledge, his surprise and admiration were unlimited. "Oh, how good God is!" he repeated, "how good God is! I am so sorry I did not know this before."

The explanation of the Eucharist made an impression no less deep on his ready mind. That Jesus Christ, the Son of God, after having died for us on the Cross, should give Himself to us in Holy Communion to be the food of our souls, was something that ravished him into a kind of ecstasy.

"Oh, Father! Oh, Father!" he cried. "How glad, how happy I am to learn all this!"

And such, in proportion were the sentiments excited in his heart by the explanation of the other dogmas of our faith. Not only did he believe, but he understood everything as well as a man in the prime of life and of ordinary capacity and education could have understood it; and, what was more remarkable, this old man, who was probably one hundred and ten years of age, remembered everything so distinctly, that, after four or five instructions, he was as well prepared for his first Communion as any young man I ever met outside our colleges.

But what a spectacle—I shall never forget it—when I gave him Holy Communion! His cabin had been decked all around with white sheets by his pious mistress; a table had been prepared with everything requisite for the ceremony, and my first Communicant, about one hundred and ten years old, was, if I remember, well seated at my right hand. His huge head, deformed by a swelling of some kind, would have been repulsive, as I remarked, if the beauty of his soul had not been reflected in his countenance; for the divine grace that adorned his interior illuminated his face in such a manner as to give it a heavenly appearance and inspire veneration.

This was the last thing I had the pleasure of doing for my good old Charley; indeed, it was the last time I saw him. A few days later I was called away, and two or three months afterwards I heard that God had called the good old man to his reward.

It may be asked how this man, who was naturally so good and who belonged to a truly pious mistress, was so entirely neglected in the matter of religious instruction. To explain this fact, and to remove the danger of scandal to which the narrative might give rise, I must state that the old man had spent his life on a plantation which was far from any church, and which, on account of the scarcity of priests in that part of the country, was not with in easy reach of any of them. Moreover, Charley had come to live with the lady at whose house I met him, only a few months before his death.

Whatever may be said or thought of the owners of the old man, that much, at all events, we may learn from what we know of his life, that the Holy Ghost takes care of faithful souls that live true to the light of conscience and are careful to do what they know to be right and to avoid what they believe to be wrong.—Little Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

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

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"I HAVE NO TIME."

Out of ten persons who do not fulfil their religious duties, there are at least six or seven who will say to you when you speak to them about it, "I should be glad enough to do so, but I have no time, every one must gain their living. Religion is good for people with nothing else to do, who can live without working."

Nothing is more false than such reasoning as this, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Christianity; religion is made for all, even as God is the Father of all; and if there were to be any distinction to be made amongst men, it would, unquestionably, be the poor and the insignificant who would take precedence in the sight of God.

This is a very common error amongst men, especially in large towns; and we must say that it entirely results from ignorance. They have an absurd idea of religion—they believe that it solely consists of a very great number of outward observances, and the daily work which is absolutely necessary to workmen in order to gain a living, being evidently incompatible with such practices, they solve the difficulty by the habitual words, which they lay down as an axiom, but which are in truth an unconscious blasphemy, "I have no time." But tell me, my friend, how much time do you need to love God? How much time do you need to think of Him sometimes during the course of the day; to ask Him to bless you, to crown your efforts with success, and to give you the rest of heaven after the sorrows and weariness of earth? How much time does it take to keep from swearing—to honor your father and mother and lawful superiors—to abstain from drinking—to pardon your enemies—not to return evil for evil—to bear with the faults of others? How much time does it take to be chaste and pure, to turn from evil thoughts, to avoid sinful conversation, to shun such and such a bad companion who would be sure to lead you into wrong? Does it take much time to repent when we have done wicked, foolish things? Still more, does it take much time to pray morning and evening? In five minutes, in ten minutes at the most, this great duty can be perfectly fulfilled; and where is the man who cannot, if he so wills, spare some few minutes at the beginning and at the end of the day?

But, then, you will say, "Religion commands so many other things. You must hear Mass on Sundays and holidays. You must go to confession, and go to Communion; and does not all that take time? That is what I mean when I say I have no time." And what do those who are quite as busy as you are, and often much more busy, and still more in need of gaining a salary, and who yet do all that and more than that? I know some who never pass one week without receiving the sacraments. How do they find time to fulfil their duties? What they do, you can do. It is the will that is wanting, and not the time. The reason that you do not find time, just as they find time, is because you have not the deep conviction that they have of the vital necessity of religion. You consider the body before the soul, they consider the soul before the body. Not that they neglect their families and their own bodily requirements, no; only they know the value and the difference of things, and rule their lives according to the truth.

What would you say if your employer attempted to deprive you of the time to eat? You would leave him and would say: "First of all, we must live. I say to you still more emphatically: first of all, even before the life of your body, take thought for your soul, which is the noblest part of yourself; your soul, which makes of you a man, since through the body we are only animals; it is the soul which makes the man, and distinguishes him from the beast.—Sacred Heart Review.

Punishment for an Unbeliever.

There is a man out in Cherry Hill, N. J., a hamlet a few miles from New York, who must be convinced that if only from his own purely materialistic point of view, it pays to speak respectfully of God or to keep it to oneself if one has doubts as to the Creator. Cherry Hill, it will be remembered, was the center of the cyclone which struck that vicinity recently. Several people were killed and the village was wrecked. It is said that August Munn laughed at some of his neighbors because they declared the damage the work of God. For his part he declared the destruction a proof that there was no God. His neighbors were very much shocked, of course, and although he did not spare himself in his efforts to help them they showed a disposition to avoid him. His own barn had been torn to kindling wood and he set about rebuilding it. Last week a heavy thunder-storm came up and Munn's half-built barn was struck by lightning. This the neighbors interpreted as a special mark of the Almighty's disfavor and a just punishment for his unbelief. They refuse to have anything whatever to do with a man so singled out. In short a boycott has been declared against Munn and he has built up Munn has a large family dependent on him, but of course that doesn't count. The neighbors believe in the old Mosaic law of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children. The moral of this little story—but perhaps the moral is in the first sentence.

Fatigue of a Missionary Life.

Rev. Samuel B. Hedges, C. S. P., in Donahoe's for August.

No small part of a missionary's life is spent in a railway carriage. So weary does the missionary grow of constant railway travel that he gladly seeks other modes of conveyance if time, economy and convenience permit. He does not disdain the apostolic method of going on foot if the chance only presents itself.

Laboring in Norwich, Conn., and being obliged to journey to New London to get the boat for home, two of my companions made the journey between the cities on foot, while the less fortunate was obliged to take the train and convey the baggage. To this day that most charming walk of some fifteen miles or more is one of the pleasant reminiscences of a missionary expedition to New England.

A missionary generally begins operations in the fall, and what we familiarly term the "fall campaign" extends from September till Christmas.

The first thing to engage a missionary's attention on his arrival at the scene of his labor is the erection of the mission cross, and the platform from which he is to speak. This attended to, and, weather permitting, he will ramble forth for exercise and fresh air, knowing well that these will be denied him for the greater part of his stay. The hours of labor for a missionary will permit the reader to be devoted to recreation. They are judged for recreation. They are judged for recreation. They are judged for recreation.

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But the fatigue of hard labor, fade away as a mist-memory before the sun of hope that God blessed the work, was power to help many a poor soul toward the better life which is in God.

GEN. BUTLER AND THE SISTERS.

Character is more unmistakably revealed by the little acts of daily life than by the larger and more momentous enterprises that engage public men. It is because of this truth that personal reminiscences—the memoirs of those who live intimately with public men—hold such fascination for the general reader, and possess so peculiar an interest for the historian. The character of the late General Butler, for instance, has been persistently obscured by the war scribes. To the North he was the "held, brave Ben"; to the South he was "Butler the beast." But if students of history would know the real man they must seek him in such incidents as that described in the *Catholic Times*. At the bombardment of Donaldsonville, the house of the Sisters of Charity was ruined by shells from the Union army, and the Sisters applied to the Federal commander for assistance. In a letter which has just been discovered General Butler expressed his deep regret that such injury should have befallen them, and then pays this tribute to the charity and devotedness of Catholic sisterhoods:

"No one can appreciate more fully than myself the holy, self-sacrificing labors of the Sisters of Charity. To them our soldiers are daily indebted for the kindest offices. Sisters to all mankind, they know no nation, no kindred, neither war nor peace. Their all-pervading charity is like the boundless love of 'Him who died for all,' whose servants they are, and whose pure teachings their love illustrates.

"I repeat my grief that any harm should have befallen your society of Sisters, and cheerfully repair it so far as I may, in the manner you suggest, by filling the order you have sent to the city for provisions and medicines."

Your Sisters in the city will also further testify to you that my officers and soldiers have never failed to do to them all in their power to aid them in their usefulness and to lighten the burden of their labors."

These many words reveal a high and chivalrous heart in General Butler, but they are also a new and notable tribute to the holy heroism which could call them forth. The work of the Sisters in uprooting prejudice during the late war, and illustrating by their sweet charity the "pure teachings" of Christ, will form one of the brightest chapters in the history of the Church in America.

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Charles H. Hutchinson.

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with any sick headaches nor bad feelings, can eat heartily and sleep well. To Hood's Sarsaparilla belongs all the credit. Otis Merritt, Addison, Maine.

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London, Saturday, Aug. 17, 1895.

THE HOME RULE CAUSE

The Irishmen of Australia showed recently both patriotism and generosity in their subscriptions toward the Irish Parliamentary fund.

Just as the late election was about to begin Mr. Michael Davitt, who was at the time in Sydney, sent £1000 by cable to Mr. Justin McCarthy to assist the cause during the contest, the amount being furnished by patriotic Australian Irishmen.

Notwithstanding the decisive victory gained by the Tories, the subscriptions which have been sent in to aid the Irish Parliamentary party will not have been spent in vain.

The unanimity of the Irish representatives will be an object lesson which cannot but impress itself on the people of the rest of Great Britain, to the effect that the determined Irish Nationalist phalanx in Parliament must have a real grievance to be redressed, or they would not show such determination in standing aloof from the normal British parties, and refusing all office and Government patronage until Ireland secures justice.

The internal dissensions among the Irish factions, though very much to be regretted, do not at all weaken this view of the case, for, on the issue of demanding Ireland's rights, there is a perfect accord among the factions. In fact their dissension is mainly on the question how far patriotic Irishmen should go on the issue of insisting on Home Rule, the minority faction being considered to be more or less inclined toward the physical force remedy, while the regular Nationalist party is in favor of a constitutional method.

In spite of these dissensions, which have certainly been the cause of handing over several constituencies to the Tories, the two Irish parties together have secured 82 members in the House of Commons, leaving 20 constituencies in the hands of the Tories. During Mr. Parnell's leadership there was a united band of 86 Irish Nationalists, and it could not be denied that, outside of Ulster, Ireland was a unit in asserting its claims to a remedy for the bad government to which it had been subjected. But at that time even Ulster could not be claimed by Ireland's enemies, as from Ulster there were 17 Nationalists out of 33, constituting a Nationalist majority of 1.

It is an accidental circumstance, therefore, that at present there is a small Tory majority of members from Ulster; but from Ireland, as a whole, the unmistakable voice is for the right of self government, and the demand is all the more imperative and undeniable, as the Nationalist majorities were in almost every case extraordinarily large, going up into thousands, while the Unionist majorities are small, and in many cases precarious.

The perseverance with which the whole nation insists upon redress cannot but secure its object in the end, and it is now rumored that even the Tories will endeavor to pacify the country by making some concessions in the way of granting self government; but it is probable that the only concession which will be granted thus will be municipal rule. Even this will be an improvement on the state of affairs now existing, but it will not satisfy the Irish people, who have been convinced by experience that the country is not governed for the good of the people, but only for the aggrandizement of the landlords, and that there will be no change in this respect until there be a real Parliament at Dublin. In the past Ireland could never even secure a hearing in the House of Commons when legislation which would benefit the country was asked for. It made no difference whether Whigs or Tories were in office, or in a majority in the House of Commons. Irish measures were voted down by an almost unanimous House, which seemed to derive a grim pleasure from refusing to listen to Irish demands.

This state of things continued till Mr. Gladstone took up Ireland's cause, and educated the people of England

and Scotland to listen respectfully to Irish demands. Under these changed circumstances, when the factions of the Irish party disappear, the Irish Parliamentary party cannot but command respect, and the result must be, sooner or later, that Home Rule will be conceded, not in municipal matters merely, but in national affairs. To attain this it is necessary that the Irish party in the House should be kept up to its full strength, which cannot be done in the impoverished state of the country, without the aid which patriotic Irishmen, and children of Irishmen, extend so freely and gladly from all quarters of the globe.

THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR SCHOOLS.

It is very persistently stated by the enemies of Catholic education, both through letters to the press and in public speeches or addresses, that the Catholic schools, whether in Ontario, Quebec, or Manitoba, are characteristically inefficient, and this supposed fact is made a pretext for maintaining that in Manitoba no redress should be given for the unjust abolition of Separate schools, and that in Ontario the Separate school system ought also to be abolished. There are, indeed, persons ever on the watch to find some pretext for waging a war against Catholic education, wherever it exists.

We have shown before now that these representations are incorrect.

We do not deny that it may happen in some places at particular times that apathy prevails among Catholic trustees to such an extent that the schools settle into a condition of inefficiency. It is in human nature that such things occur from time to time; and the Public schools are not exempt from this condition of affairs, as we know from events which have come within our own cognizance. We have never on that account maintained the inefficiency of the Public school system, which has indeed some imperfections, but which, nevertheless, has done an immense amount of good, and which we fully believe to be equal to any school system existing, except in those features wherein it is imperfect, like everything else human. But notwithstanding that we admit that some Catholic Separate schools are not conducted as they ought to be, we maintain that the Catholic Separate schools in Ontario, as a whole, are quite as well conducted and are as efficient as the Public schools.

There are not complete statistics at hand whereby this can be proved as fully as we would wish; but what is published in the annual reports of the Minister of Education is sufficient to show that this is the case.

It is a fact that there are certain disadvantages under which Catholics labor *a priori* in a comparison of this kind. Among these we may mention the greater amount of diversity of nationality and language among the Catholic population of the Province, and also that the average of wealth is in favor of the Protestants. Both of these causes tend to affect the character of the schools unfavorably, yet in spite of all these circumstances which cannot be controlled, we have shown from time to time by detailed figures that the Catholic schools compare favorably with the Public schools of the Province, in every respect under which the statistics furnished by the Education Department give us the opportunity of instituting a comparison. The teachers are as good, the higher forms have as many pupils in them, and when they compete for entrance into the Collegiate Institutes and High schools, the Separate school pupils stand as high as, and often higher, than their fellow-competitors from the Public schools. It is also a fact attested year after year in the departmental reports that the average attendance at the Separate schools of the Province is considerably higher than at the Public schools, in comparison with the total number of pupils enrolled; and every one of these circumstances must be weighed in making the comparison as regards efficiency.

We gave last week the figures showing the success of Catholic Separate school pupils in several localities at the recent High school entrance examinations. We have heard details of comparatively few sections this year as yet, but judging from past achievements of which we are aware, we are confident that the Separate schools of the Province have not been a whit behind.

In addition to localities we have already mentioned in our columns, we have received the examination returns from Kingston, as published by the Education Depart-

ment. According to these figures there were 141 Kingston candidates for the Collegiate Institute who succeeded in passing. Of these, 87 were from the Catholic schools of the city, which is about the same proportion as of Catholic children attending school; but what is most remarkable is that of the four children who obtained over 600 marks, 3 were from the Separate schools, with a total of 1853 marks between them. The highest on the list, however, was a Protestant child, who obtained the splendid record of 665 marks. We say, therefore, that the Kingston Separate schools have proved themselves to be more efficient than the Public schools of the city, whose trustees have been in the past so intensely anti-Catholic. Perhaps if these gentlemen had devoted as much time toward improving their schools as they have spent in endeavoring to annoy Catholic parents, they might have been able to show a better record for their schools to-day.

Much of the credit for the efficiency of the Kingston schools is, of course, due to the zeal of the teachers; but much is also due, we understand, to Dr. Ryan, the able and energetic local school superintendent.

The record of the results in Berlin tell a similar story, and are even more decisively favorable to the Catholic Separate schools. We have not the complete returns of the number of marks obtained by each pupil in that town, but we learn from the Berlin Record that at the entrance examinations for the North Riding of Waterloo, a Catholic Separate school pupil headed the list with 655 marks, and that 7 out of 8 Catholic pupils passed the ordeal; 83 passed in addition to the seven Separate School pupils. Of these 26 were from the Berlin Central school. As the Catholic population of Berlin is less than one-seventh of the whole, it is evident that the ratio of success and efficiency of the Catholic to the Public schools was over 21 to 13.

With such facts as these before us, and with facts similar occurring through the province every year, the press which is hostile to Catholics ought to be very guarded about making general charges of inefficiency against the Catholic schools of Ontario. We are informed also that the charges recently brought against the Catholic schools of Manitoba are equally untruthful with those which are constantly in the mouths of anti-Catholic speakers in this province, and Mr. Greenway's cool proposal to the Dominion Government to institute an investigation into the working of the school laws before and since 1890, instead of introducing remedial legislation, is a piece of insolence the equal of which we have scarcely ever heard of as coming from a supposed statesman.

From all the information we can glean, the Catholic schools of Manitoba were quite as well conducted as those of the Protestants, when the differences of the character of the two populations are taken into account, many of the Catholics being poor half breeds, whose efforts to educate their children should have been encouraged by the Manitoba Government, instead of their schools being abolished.

From Thorold, Ont., comes the pleasing intelligence that a pupil from the Separate school, and that a mere child, little Maggie Commerford, only eleven years of age, obtained the highest number—614—of marks of all those who passed the recent High school entrance examinations there. Forty candidates—of which seven were from the Separate school—presented themselves, of which twenty-eight passed, among the number being five from the Separate school. The latter fact is very gratifying indeed, but what we particularly appreciate is, the distinction achieved by our bright little eleven year old friend Maggie, who so surprised the citizens of Thorold and vicinity that they have hardly recovered from the shock yet. Certainly this little child has demonstrated in the most effective manner that the highest standard of work is being done in our schools. All honor say we, to little Maggie, and her teachers, the good Sisters of St. Joseph.

For Those we Care For.

There are very few of us earning our living who have not some one else to care for, and that is much to the credit of the American girl, writes Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies Home Journal. Sometimes it is the folk at home; sometimes it is a younger sister who is to be helped with her education, but always a helping hand is needed. You laugh at the idea of making a will, but no matter how little you have, if it is nothing but your gold watch, you ought to attend to its disposition. And if there are people

depending upon you, old people, stop the soda water, stop the candy and have your life insured. You will not die any the sooner, and you will feel that the mother or the young sister you love so dearly will not when you cease to be here, depend upon the hard charity of strangers.

LORD SALISBURY'S GOVERNMENT AND HOME RULE.

It was not without good reason that it was asserted that even with the advantage of an inexpugnable majority, the Conservative party may find it necessary to yield more to the demands of Ireland than it has hitherto been supposed they would ever be induced to grant.

It is definitely settled that in the new House of Commons the coalition of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists will command a majority of 152. The Conservatives alone have elected 838 members, giving them a majority of 6 over all parties in the full House of 670 members. There are, besides, 73 Liberal-Unionists elected, who, though they formerly belonged to the Liberal party, abandoned it and joined their forces with the Tories for the purpose of defeating Mr. Gladstone's measure for Home Rule in 1886.

The coalition has been more enduring than such unions have usually been in England, and it has been so cemented by its having gone through the crucible of three general elections that it may now be regarded as having become a single party with the main object in view to prevent Ireland from attaining the object of her aspirations, which is a National Government and Parliament located at Dublin.

As we have already said, the Conservatives have a majority of 6 over all parties combined, even though the Liberal-Unionists were to go into opposition. This will give a certain independence to the former, even in their dealings with their allies; yet no one imagines that they could carry on the Government alone with so narrow a majority. The Conservative policy must therefore be modified to suit Liberal-Unionist views, if the coalition is to be permanent.

The Liberal-Unionists have certain definite views regarding the manner of dealing with Ireland, and it is in this matter we may suppose there will be some compromise between ultra-Tory and Liberal views. What, then, is likely to take place?

It is known that Messrs. Joseph Chamberlain and T. W. Russell, who are the leading Liberal Unionists for England and Ireland respectively, and both of whom are members of the new Government, have certain plans of giving Ireland a large share of local autonomy under the name of municipal government, and this is what is likely to be offered to Ireland in lieu of the Home Rule desired by Irishmen, and we may expect some measure granting this to be passed by the present Parliament with the assent of the Lords; while Home Rule itself is certainly put off by the recent elections to a date far away in the future.

That this view of the situation is correct may be inferred from a speech made by Mr. Walter Long, the Minister of Agriculture in the new Cabinet. Mr. Long has asserted that there will be a new Irish policy, the outlines of which he gives. He says there will be county councils, and some central machinery which will relieve Ireland of the necessity of coming to England for her lesser local legislation.

How will this proposal be received in Ireland? We have no doubt it will be accepted, not as a finality, but as a measure of half justice while more is to be expected. It will be at least an improvement on the present condition, and if the powers of the "central machinery" be extensive it may be that the new policy will be a fairly good *ad interim* measure, until real Home Rule be conceded by a future Parliament.

Mr. Long, while foreshadowing this new policy, has thought proper to accompany his statement with insulting words. He said:

"If the Irish choose to accept this because, like whipped hounds, they could get nothing else, and call it Home Rule, they are welcome."

It certainly reflects but little credit on Mr. Long and the administration he represents, that the concession they propose to grant is accompanied by an insult. It serves only to indicate that the concession is grudgingly given, and this language will not increase the respect entertained for the Government by the honest electorate. Notwithstanding the decisive victory gained by the Government at the polls, the use of such language as indicates the blustering bully shows that the unanimity of the Irish people in making their demand keeps themselves in

terror of the whip: for it is certain that the unanimous demand of the nation cannot be forever resisted. The Conservatives are strong for the moment, but they know well that a united phalanx of 82 votes will have its effect at some time or other, and will force any reasonable concession they demand. No doubt it is the consciousness of this that has brought Lord Salisbury to make the present offer, and Mr. Long's cowardly bragadoocio is simply intended to conceal the fact that the resemblance to a whipped hound is more perfect as applied to the Government than to the Irish party.

PROSELYTIZING SCHOOLS AND CATHOLIC INVENTORS.

A few weeks ago a school teacher of Massachusetts, speaking of an invention, asked his pupils who had made it, and some of them and among them a Catholic child, replied "A Protestant," whereupon he said: "Of course: a Catholic never invented anything."

The insulting remark was expressly intended to make an impression on the Catholic child who gave the answer, and the other Catholic children in the school.

It is in this way of sneering against Catholics that some of the so-called non-sectarian schools are turned into Protestantizing institutions, and in almost every case the teachers who do this are sustained by the trustees. Thus the booby of the Massachusetts school was sustained by his trustees, who gravely maintain that all this kind of teaching is justifiable, as it is historical and not religious. It was on this plea that a Boston High school teacher was sustained some time ago by the A. P. A. style of fanatics for attacking the Catholic doctrine of Indulgences, and distorting history in regard to the practice of the Catholic Church concerning Indulgences.

The constantly repeated statement, which is made habitually by many Protestants, that Indulgences are licenses to commit sin granted by the Pope for a certain sum of money, was introduced by the Boston teacher as a lesson in history, and the same method of introducing sectarianism under guise of teaching history was adopted by the ignorant fellow who recently told his pupils that Catholics never invented anything, because they are kept in ignorance, and thus have not the intelligence to invent.

We do not propose to enter into any set refutation of this statement of the school teacher, for it is as notoriously false as it is malicious and impudent; but we will cursorily call attention to a grand invention which was recently made by a Catholic priest of Sicily, Father Calendoli, of the Dominican Order. A full description of this invention was given in last month's issue of the *Rosary* magazine, with cuts representing the various parts of the machine, and a portrait of Father Calendoli working it.

The invention consists of an electrical type-setting machine, which surpasses by far anything which has hitherto been made in this line. It enables a good compositor to set up 50,000 letters in an hour. The importance of the invention may be estimated from the fact that the best machines hitherto in operation enable the most expert compositor to set up about 14,000 letters in an hour, whereas, by hand, only about 3,000 can be set.

It is surely true that New England school trustees should insist upon it that their teachers should confine their pretended historical teaching within the bounds of truth; but we do not expect this to be done. They will continue to make "the little red schoolhouse" the medium for inculcating falsehoods against the Catholic Church on the minds of the Catholic pupils, in order to Protestantize them if possible. And yet these people profess to be greatly scandalized because Catholics prefer Catholic parochial schools to their proselytizing institutions!

COMPULSORY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN BELGIUM.

A cablegram informs us that in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies the bill has passed by a fair majority to make religious education compulsory.

The bill was favored by the Catholic party in the House, but was bitterly opposed by the Infidel socialists, who must have had some support from the Liberal or weak Catholics, otherwise the majority would have been much larger, as the Catholic party constitute about two-thirds of the Chamber.

This compulsory religious education does not signify that the teaching shall be Catholic for all the children. Protestants and Jews are allowed to

have their own schools, and in these, of course, the distinctive religious tenets of each will be inculcated, but parents must select the religion which shall be taught their children; and in case the large majority in any locality be of one religion, so that there are no distinctive schools for those who are in the minority, the clergy of the minority creeds will supply the necessary religious teaching to the children of their own belief.

These are wise provisions, though their introduction into the school laws was opposed by most of the Protestants, who appear to have made common cause with the Infidels for this purpose, though their religion has been carefully provided for by the new law.

The Belgian bill is similar to that which was proposed by the Emperor William for Germany, but which was defeated by the Reichstag. It would appear that the principal motive which induced most of the Protestant party of the House to oppose the bill, was that Catholic education might be rendered more difficult. This is the same motive which influences many in Canada to oppose religious education, difficult as it is to conceive that any Christian body can seriously throw obstacles in the way of having their children religiously educated. The opposition of the Infidels, however, is easily understood. They are anxious to have the rising generation educated without a knowledge of God, and, if they had their way, the name of God would not be heard in the school room.

It will be remembered by our readers that Mr. Dalton McCarthy in his argument before the Canadian Government, against Separate schools in Manitoba, instanced the example of Belgium, where he said the schools are secular and efficient. We pointed out Mr. McCarthy's error at the time, mentioning that the Belgian schools teach religion. The new law makes no change in this respect, but it prescribes that all parents must select the religion in which their children shall be instructed.

It may be fairly inferred from this that Mr. McCarthy is very careless about stating the truth when he has an object in concealing the facts.

The liberality with which Catholic Belgium and Quebec provide for the religious education of Protestants should be a reason for the people of Manitoba and those in other Provinces of the Dominion to deal generously with the Catholics, by permitting the latter to maintain their Catholic schools without any obstacle being thrown in their way by hostile legislation.

ROYALTY AND THE REGICIDE.

It is positively stated that her Majesty the Queen was delighted at the defeat of Lord Rosebery's Government on the question of erecting a monument to honor the memory of the Regicide Oliver Cromwell. Her Majesty entertains a profound veneration for King Charles I., whose obstinacy in upholding the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and their absolute authority, was the direct cause of his deposition, resulting finally in his mockery of a trial and his condemnation to the scaffold, and his memory is cherished by the Church of England to the extent that he is still honored as a martyr in the offices of that Church. The wonder is that even a small majority could be secured in the British House of Commons on the first vote taken on the question of the erection of the statue. This majority would not have been attained were it not for the support given by Irish Orangemen to the proposition, but that support was withdrawn when the matter came before the House a second time, under the form of reducing the appropriation to so low a figure as to make the proposition of raising the statue ridiculous.

When the reduction of the appropriation was carried by a substantial majority, the Government acknowledged its defeat and withdrew the proposition. To the Irish Nationalist party the chief credit is due for the fact that the Parliament did not stultify itself and cast discredit upon monarchical Government by approving of the statue. Her majesty should feel grateful to the Irish Nationalists for having saved her from the humiliation of seeing the Parliament of Great Britain honor the memory of a Regicide whose name she detests. The consistency of the Nationalists forms a striking contrast to the vacillation of Orangemen on the question.

When Charles II. came to the English throne he had the bones of Cromwell and his chief advisers taken from their graves and exposed to public ignominy and scorn on Tyburn gibbet.

It would be a strange reversion of the monarchical tradition if Cromwell were now to be set before the people of England as one worthy of public honor.

Ireland was the chief field wherein the tyranny of Cromwell was exercised. No quarter was given by the psalm-singing soldiers to Irishmen who remained faithful to their king, and Cromwell's military successes in Ireland were followed by wholesale murdering, pillage, and confiscation of property.

Whatever was left undone by Queen Elizabeth in the way of despoiling the people of their soil was completed by the confiscations of Cromwell, and it is no matter of great surprise that the representatives of Ireland in Parliament should bitterly resent the effort of the Government to set up a statue of the tyrant side by side with those men who have made England great and respected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Last week, during a jubilee festival in honor of Mons. Vuillemin, manager of a Colliery Company at Aniche, France, an Anarchist named Decoux fired five revolver shots at the old gentleman, while the latter was leaving the church. M. Vuillemin was wounded by three of the shots, but not seriously.

The census of the United States, recently published, shows that there are one hundred and forty-three distinct religious sects, besides one hundred and fifty six independent religious organizations in the country.

The coroner's jury in the case of the two boys, Robert and Nathaniel Coombs, accused in London, Eng., of murdering their mother, have brought in a verdict against both boys, the former being found guilty of wilful murder, and the second of being accessory before the fact.

of the want of religious education in the schools and absence of moral training. We do not accuse the advocates of secularized education of desiring to produce such a condition of affairs as will demoralize the rising generation, but the result will undoubtedly be the spread of criminality when their principles are put into practical operation.

IN VIEW of the fact that the A. P. A. is anxious to make it appear that their organization was the cause of the sweeping Republican victory gained throughout the United States last November, it is interesting to note that the Vice-President, Adlai E. Stevenson, does not accord to them this credit.

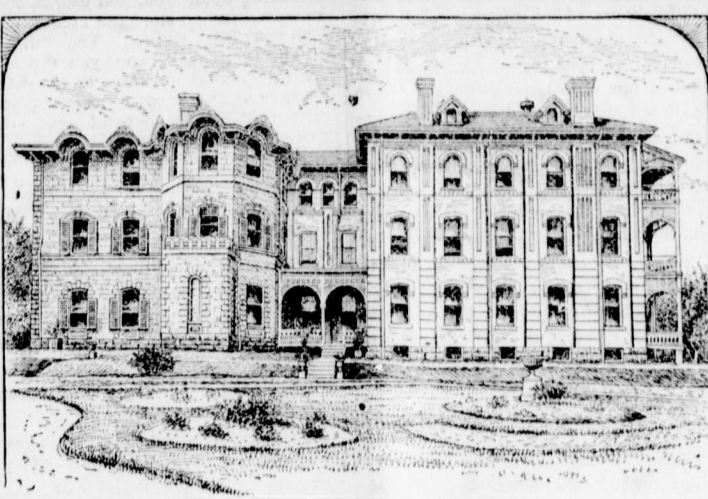
"There was no doubt that many votes had been influenced by the means of the association at the last elections, and no doubt in the future in certain localities the same result might be expected, but intolerance of any kind, either religious or otherwise, was not likely to maintain a very strong foothold in the United States."

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Father Stanton's pilgrimage, under the patronage and favored by the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on the 30th ultimo, was one of the largest, as well as one of the most privileged, that have ever visited that famous shrine.

The pilgrimage was privileged in the number and nature of its remarkable cures. There were eight notable instances. The most extraordinary was that of a young man, named Martin Doyle, of Tyendinaga, Ont. For several years he had suffered from a serious affection in the knee cap.

The arrangements made for the convenience of those attending the pilgrimage, by the reverend gentleman who organized it, Father Stanton, of Smith's Falls, were admirably conceived and faithfully carried out.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, HAMILTON.

Hamilton is justly proud of her "Mountain," and equally so of the many beautiful homes that nestle, like gems in an emerald setting, at its base and along its easy slopes.

The building and grounds were purchased for a residence by the late lamented Bishop Carbery, and were occupied later by the present Bishop, Right Rev. T. J. Dowling. His Lordship secured a more central residence on King street, and handed over the "Undermount" property to the Sisters of St. Joseph, for hospital purposes.

The visitor to the hospital passes through a very fine classic portico entrance, and enters the vestibule, on the right and left of which are the reception room and dispensary.

The new wing, erected last year to meet ever-increasing need of accommodation, is a handsome structure of brick with cut stone trimmings, the brick work being finished in free stone color to harmonize in style with the main building.

From the main hall on this floor is situated the chloroform and operating rooms, the former fitted up with all the appliances for administering anesthetics to patients preparatory to being taken to the operating table.

The second floor contains private wards and a large ward for women. This also opens on a balcony. The third floor is finished with wards in suites (parlor and bedroom), and a large, well-lighted corridor leads to a balcony from which the view of the city and surrounding country is unsurpassed.

It has been said of the spot in Rome where the poet Keats lies buried, that it is lovely enough to make one in love with death; and if St. Joseph's Hospital and its charming environment cannot render sickness enjoyable, it is at least calculated to make the invalid take a bright view of the new lease of

life that comes to him with returning health and strength. The new addition, called "Saint Ann's Wing," was erected by the liberal donations of the late Mrs. Ann Dowling, the beloved mother of Right Rev. T. J. Dowling.

ST. ANN'S WING, OPENED AND BLESSED ON THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, 1894. THIS WING IS ERECTED AS A MEMORIAL TO OUR GENEROUS BENEFACTRESS, MRS. ANN DOWLING, OUR DEAR BISHOP'S BELOVED MOTHER. DIED NOV. 11, 1892.

Over this tablet hangs a fine portrait in oil of the deceased lady; and on either side oil paintings of her two sons, the Bishop of Hamilton and Mr. John M. Dowling of Chicago. The three portraits were imported from Italy, having been executed specially for the hospital by a celebrated Roman artist.

GEMS FROM THE LETTERS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The epistles of Saint Augustine are particularly interesting and valuable because of the importance of their themes, and the instructions they contain for the practice of perfection. In them he mentions his own frequent illness and the habitual weakness of his constitution.

He says in the same, that they do well who communicate daily, provided it be done worthily, and with the humility of Zachaeus when he received Christ under his roof; but that they are also to be commended who sometimes imitate the humble centurion, and set apart only Sundays and Saturdays, or certain other days, for communicating, in order to do it with greater devotion.

In Letter 55, to the same Januarius, he speaks of Lent and other laws of the Church, observing that certain rites and customs may be sometimes practiced by particular persons, which are only tolerated by the Church, and may be, sometimes, such as are better rejected than observed.

showing her that she is not only obliged to condescend and conform to the humor of her more spouse, in duties which she essentially owes to him, but also in things indifferent—for instance, that she ought not to wear black clothes, seeing this gave him offence; and that she might be lowly spirited in rich and gay dress (provided it were modest, and not such as the Apostles condemn), if he should insist upon her wearing it.

Teachers' Convention.

Among the many enterprises undertaken at Loretto Abbey for the furtherance of educational development, the convention held during the past week is one of the most notable. The object of the convention was to analyze the various methods of imparting knowledge, consistent with the age, and the lecturers on the different subjects were persons whose names alone give assurance of success in school matters.

O'CONNELL'S ANNIVERSARY.

SUMMARY REPORT OF HON. J. J. CURRAN'S ADDRESS AT EMERALD—ENTHUSIASTIC VOTE OF THANKS AND CHEER.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, upon the conclusion of the games, those who had the good fortune to be present at the B. I. S. picnic assembled on and around the grand stand.

We feel proud of our countrymen in this common country; and it is no small source of satisfaction to us to know that you were chosen out of the length and breadth of Canada to occupy the responsible position of Solicitor General for which you are so eminently qualified.

THE SOLICITOR GENERAL'S REPLY. Hon. J. J. Curran, who was received with loud cheers, said the addresses which had just been presented to him, the warm and enthusiastic reception he had been greeted with last night at Summerside, were very gratifying, but the presence of so many beautiful ladies to honor the speech he was about to deliver—ladies whose beauty and graces would do credit to any land under the sun—devalued the cup of his gratification to overflow.

the noble purposes for which they had been banded together, but to any patriotic Canadian it was a source of pride and gratification to see that, whilst they treasured the traditions of the Old Land, they were loyal and true to their Canadian home. The addresses gave him no slight task to reply to; they referred not only to the occasion of their meeting, but to the position of the Irish race in Canada. He had the honor of addressing them in the presence of a son of Ireland, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Hon. Mr. Howland, (Cheers.)

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

THE CARELESS CHRISTIAN. "He hath done all things well. He hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." (St. Matt. vii., 31.)

To be deaf and dumb is generally esteemed a great misfortune. The poor person thus afflicted is for the most part cut off from the means of getting a living, and has to be supported by charity. He communicates with difficulty with his fellow-men, and this deprives him of a great part of the pleasure of life. We pity such a one and thank God that this calamity has not befallen us.

But to be deprived of the senses of hearing and of speech by the dispensation of the Almighty, Who doeth all things well, without any fault of our own, is a mere nothing and unworthy of consideration in comparison with that spiritual deafness and dumbness which is our own fault; for this is a deliberate and obstinate wickedness on our part, which draws down upon us the anger of God, and which involves us in the deprivation of the society of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the saints, and renders us poor and miserable for all eternity.

God is speaking to us always. He speaks to us by His Holy Church and by all her instructions, which were carefully taught us in our youth. He speaks to us by the voice of His priests, who preach His word and the Gospel of salvation. He speaks to us in all events of life: in the loss of our friends and relatives, in the deaths of our brothers, sisters, parents and children. When such things happen we cannot help but realize the utter uncertainty and nothingness of all human things; that we must die also—when we cannot tell—and that it is the highest folly to live for the moment and forget eternity. He speaks to us in sending us sickness and disappointment and poverty.

Often times God speaks in our inmost hearts, stirring us up strangely and unaccountably to attend to our salvation. O, brethren! if we look honestly into our hearts, must we not confess that this is so; that God has never ceased to admonish us, or to be solicitous for our salvation? If we have sinned, even grievously, has He not excited sorrow and made us feel miserable so as to bring us back to His love and obedience? Has He not disgusted us with the filthy pleasures of the senses, made us feel that all such things are truly the husks unfit for any but swine to eat, and made us long for the peace and joy which accompany innocence and a virtuous life? It is with this love and earnestness and patience that God speaks to us and has spoken to us, all our lives long.

And how have we responded to all this? Have we made ourselves deaf and dumb to His voice? When He has spoken loudly to us, so that we could not help hearing, have we not stopped our ears and just refused to listen? When we were indulging in sin and violating the laws of God, and we felt condemned and that we were doing wrong, and were urged to stop and repent, did we not say in our hearts, "My God, let me alone; I cannot listen now, for I will not quit my evil ways?" When remorse continued, did we not plunge into the distractions of business or of pleasure in order to stifle the voice of God in our hearts? And has this spiritual deafness not induced in us also a spiritual dumbness? so that we could not open our mouths to confess, so that year after year has gone by without our caring or daring to darken the doors of the holy tribunal of penance, thus cutting ourselves off from the society of the faithful, from all the merits of holy purposes and good works, keeping ourselves in the power of the evil one, to listen to and follow his evil suggestions, hardening our hearts more and more and dragging ourselves down to eternal perdition.

Our Lord healed the deaf and dumb man apparently with difficulty. He did not merely speak the word and heal him at once, but He took him aside, He groaned over him, He put His fingers in his ears, and touched his tongue with spittle, before He said, Ephpheta—that is, be opened—when he was healed.

This he did to show us how dangerous and obstinate is the malady of spiritual deafness and dumbness. It requires a peculiar exertion of divine power to cure it. It admonishes us all of the peril of persisting in this horrible condition, and of the necessity of getting out of it without a moment's delay.

But difficult as the cure may be in itself, it is not difficult with our Lord Jesus Christ. He is ready and willing to cure us. Let us go to Him in all sincerity and ask the grace of a cure, ask that we may be all alive and in earnest to hear the word of God and to keep it; that our tongues may be unloosed to make a good and sincere confession. Our Lord will hear us and grant our request, for He is the one Who doeth all things well, Who makes both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

In Your Blood

Is the cause of that tired, languid feeling which afflicts you at this season. The blood is impure and has become thin and poor. That is why you have no strength, no appetite, cannot sleep. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Impure blood is the cause of boils, pimples and other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures these troubles.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

OF THE LINE. The boys stood up in the reading class—a dozen or so—and each one said that those at the foot should never pass, or find it easy to get up head.

Harry was studious; so were Jake, Tim, and Robert, and Con, and Jack; for men of business they must to make. And it would do to be dull or slack.

There wasn't another boy on the line more anxious than Jimmy to keep his place; for to be at the head was very fine. But to go down foot was a sad disgrace.

But Jim delighted in games of ball. Polo, tennis or table croquet. And his mind was not on his books at all. When he took his place in the class that day.

'Twas his turn to read, and he started off with an air attentive—a vain pretense; for the boys around him began to cough and nudge and chuckle at Jim's expense.

"You've skipped a line," whispered generous Ben. Who often had helped in that way before.

"You've skipped a line!" shouted Jim; and then Of course the school room was in a roar.

And down to the foot Jim went that day: He learned a lesson that any duce might have known; for we're sure to stray if we try to be in two places at once.

Play, when you play, in an earnest way. With a merry heart and a cheerful face. But when at your books think not of your play. Or else you'll certainly lose your place.

—JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A Priceless Bird.

"I own a singing bird that cannot be got from me with money," said the dealer, as he turned to a cage behind him. "He only sings one tune, but I can tell you a remarkable story about him. My daughter trained him herself when we lived in Germany, six years ago. She trained him to sing a song of her own improvisation. Of course it is much harder for a person to train a bird than for another bird to be the teacher, and it took her nearly six months before the little fellow could sing it through without making a mistake."

Here the bird-fancier whistled a few bars of a melody, which the bird took up and finished without a break.

"Well," continued the speaker, "at about that time I concluded to come to America, and leaving my daughter behind me—I was a widower—I sailed for the city of New York. A few weeks after landing I opened a store in Harlem, and sent for my daughter. By some unaccountable mishap, I failed to meet her, and the most careful inquiries threw no light on her whereabouts. I knew she must have sailed, but I could not learn the name of the steamer, or anything about her. At last, after vainly searching for her until I had spent all the money I had, I gave up in despair.

"One day I was walking leisurely down Mulberry street, when I heard a small boy whistling this very air you have just heard the bird sing. I stopped him and inquired where he had heard it. He replied that a young woman in the same tenement house where he lived had a pretty canary that sang it. Need I say more? I made him lead me there at once, and soon discovered that the owner of the bird was my lost daughter.

"The dear girl was miserably poor, and was trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by scrubbing offices, etc. She had come on another steamer than the one I had intended her to take, and, having lost my address, had not been able to trace me any better than I had her."

Worms That Eat Steel Rail.

For the last two years the German Government has been looking into the life, history and ravages of one of the most remarkable worms known to exist. This wonderful creature, whose gluttonous appetite is only satisfied after a feed on common steel, was brought into general notice in June, 1887.

For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned, the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by accidents which always occurred at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails.

The Government became interested, and sent a commission to the spot for the purpose of maintaining a constant watch at the place where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over one hundred yards.

The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honeycombed by a thin, thread-like, gray worm. The worm is said to be less than one inch long, and of about the bigness of a common knitting needle. It is of a light gray color, and in the head it carries two little sacs or glands, filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes when the little demon is lying undisturbed. This liquid, when squirted upon iron, renders it soft and spongy and of the color of dust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insects. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report, "in the assertion that this creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured seventy-nine pounds of rails in a fortnight."

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parrelle's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

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

LOYAL OBEDIENCE.

The feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul stands in a unique position, at the close of the month of the Sacred Heart and at the incoming of the month of the Precious Blood; as though to teach us that the centre of truth and of divinely given authority is surrounded by a constant atmosphere of ardent love and most generous self-sacrifice. The lessons to be learned, this day, are very many; but let us at present confine our thoughts to these.

Love and self-sacrifice attending upon authority—how strangely the words sound in our day of independent thought and action, of proud self-will! Yet what is it all but the exercise of the highest faculties of man's being? He who was the supreme type of all human excellence, He who is our highest ideal and perfect pattern, has said: "Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart." He who was infinite, eternal, co-equal with the Father, cried at the first moment of His human existence: "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God!" He who with the Father breathed forth, and is ever breathing forth, the eternal, co-equal Spirit, was swayed by the spirit, driven by the Spirit, led by the Spirit. He who created Mary and Joseph became obedient to them, and waited on their will. Shall we aim at higher things than these, or try to become wiser than our God?

When we think of the intense intellectual pride of our day, we may possibly find some reason there for the opposition felt to acknowledge the Sovereign Pontiff as the infallible doctor of truth, and it becomes the more necessary for us to examine ourselves and find out if we are really docile in word and in will. The mind of man must practice mortification and self-denial as well as his body, and must just as seriously fast and abstain as the body must, and far more severely. Bishop Gay says on this subject—words so full of wisdom as to warrant an extended quotation: "The more humble of mind you are, the more rapid and the greater will be your progress in the science of God; and the greater is your progress therein, the more reasons will you see for humility of mind, and the greater will be your relish for it, and the greater also will be your fidelity in its practice. . . . To aim at seeing, in this world, what God forbids you to look at, is to deserve to be made blind. The history of the Church is full of the falls of the curious. Be sober, then, in these matters. The heart gains a great deal by these sacrifices to the mind, and strength is made perfect by these evident infirmities of our intelligence. . . . The more doile you are here below, the more instructed you will be hereafter on high; the more you are at first children—children in mind and heart, which is the same thing as being humble—the more you will have hereafter of that noble and strong manliness that St. Paul calls 'the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ.'"

And if this be true of our holiest studies, how true must it likewise be of our reading and study in things pertaining to the world and to morals! There is a happy frame of mind which leads some men, if they hear that a book has been placed upon the Index by the authority of the Catholic Church, to lose at once any wish to read it; and to be very content with their blissful ignorance. For we ourselves are quite aware what we would think of any man whose unnatural instincts led him to taste the contents of a bottle because it bore the word poison written on it. Is not the analogy plain, if we regard the two cases truthfully and humbly? Oh, for the spirit of loyal self-sacrifice to our Holy Mother the Church, not measuring and weighing out our obedience; obeying joyfully, chivalrously, filially, the mother of our souls, and the spouse of Him who poured out His Precious Blood to the last drop for us! What a trifle it is to renounce for His sake the reading of some book that the world talks of, and to gain instead the happy ignorance of what might for all time tarnish our souls or tempt our faith? Is it so great a sacrifice to offer to the Sacred Heart that broke for love?

That broke for love! Oh, let us give Him love for love! Let us hold nothing back from Him! When the Church speaks He speaks. Shall we see how near we can come to the precipice without falling—how closely we can resemble non-Catholics and yet not cross the line; how far we can disregard the Church's voice and not be driven outside the fold? This is not loyalty; this is not chivalry. Is it honesty—or Christian nobility—or self-sacrifice? Is it love, the love like the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ?

Ah! as the same great Bishop, already quoted, says: "Be happy and proud to submit your intelligence wholly to the Church. Keep yourselves from those views which are at all doubtful or of ill repute. Think, judge, speak with Rome. When your spirit is submissive to the Church your interior brow is encircled with a more than royal diadem. Believe in the Church; be happy and proud to submit your own intelligence wholly to the Church. Love this Church; make your heart pure, large, strong, ardent, to love her. Where are limits? Love much, and you will be of much value; love always, you will always be of use; he who serves best is he who loves most."—Sacred Heart Review.

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

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it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

FATHER AND SON CURED.

The Village of Whitechurch Develops A Sensation.—The Father Attacked With Rheumatism and the Son With St. Vitus Dance—A Story That Can be Vouched For by All the Neighbors.

From the Wingham Advance.

Mr. Joseph Nixon is the proprietor of the only hotel in the village of Whitechurch, and is known to the whole countryside as a man who thoroughly understands his business, and a jovial companion as well. It is well known in this part of Ontario that Mr. Nixon's hotel was destroyed by fire, but with that energy which is characteristic of him he quickly set to work to re-build. His story, as told a reporter of the Wingham Advance, who recently had occasion to visit his hostelry, will prove of interest. "I was helping to dig out the cellar," he said, "and in the dampness and cold I contracted rheumatism, which settled in my right hip. It got so bad that I could not sit in a chair without doubling my leg back at the side of the chair, and I couldn't ride in a buggy without letting the affected leg hang out. I suffered a great deal more from the trouble than anyone who has not been similarly affected can imagine. How



"I was helping dig out the cellar." I was cured is even more interesting. One day I saw a neighbor whom I knew had rheumatism very bad running down the road. I called him and asked what had cured his rheumatism. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," he promptly replied, and that determined me to try the same remedy. Well, the result is Pink Pills cured me, and that is something other medicines failed to do. I don't know what is in them, but I do know that Pink Pills is a wonderful medicine. And it is not only in my own case," continued Mr. Nixon, "that I have reason to be grateful for what the medicine has done. My son, Fred, about twelve years of age, was taken with an attack of cold. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and as he was recovering from this, other complications followed, which developed into St. Vitus dance, which got so bad that he could not possibly stand still. We gave him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that he is now thoroughly cured, and looks as though he had never had a day's sickness in his life; and if these facts, which are known to all the neighbors, will be of benefit to anyone else, you are at liberty to publish them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripple, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

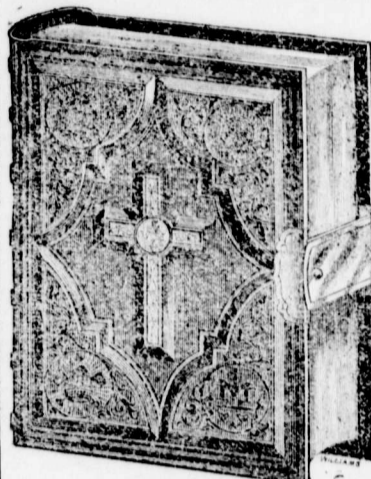
Let Children Keep Their Youth.

A writer in the Catholic School and Home Magazine urges upon us our duty to the little ones in the following language: "It takes so little to make children happy that it is a pity they are not always so. Speak a kind word to them and you brighten a whole day, bestow an unexpected gift upon them, prepare a little feast or a day's pleasure for them, and in the sacred storehouse of their memories is placed a treasure whose value the giver little dreams of. If they are well, have their wants provided for and feel that there is some one who loves them,—someone who will laugh when they are glad, and be sorry when they are sad—they ask nothing more. No dim 'to be's,' or 'mournful agonies,' cast gloomy shadows on their pathways. They lived in the sunshine of the present and are content. But—'—the children leave us, and in their places Weary men and anxious women stand.

And this is the point: "The children leave us." Life's sunniest days are shortest, and the days of childhood pass soonest away. Teach the children and help them to make the most of them. Let the children be happy, then. Let them be young. They will be old long enough. Don't try to make them wise beyond their years. The spirit of these modern times will do that all too soon. Keep sorrow and care from them as much as possible. The day will come for them, as for all others, when Joy will fold its golden pinions and hide its face from them, while the stern master, Grief, teaches them life's bitter lessons. Or, even if they are spared from great trials, they will be

obliged to own that "When youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts And it never comes again."

Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.



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obliged to own that "When youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts And it never comes again."

Preparation in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should try it. Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL SKIN IS FOUND IN CUTICURA SOAP. Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Hugg, 200 & 205, King Edward St., London, W. U. S. A.: DR. J. C. Clark, Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. E. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh, and troublesome throat. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

C. M. B. A. Reception to Brother Hon. J. J. Curran.

After the return to the city of the B. I. S. special, Branch 210 of the C. M. B. A., whose members were in regular session, was visited by Hon. Solicitor-General Curran...

"The Book and Shoe Recorder of Boston," is publishing a series of prize essays written by school clerks giving their views on "What constitutes a Good School."

At the regular meeting of Branch 134, Brechin, held July 19, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved that copies of these resolutions be sent to Brother Gaghan and to the Canadian and the Catholic Record for publication.

E. B. A. Annual Convention.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Emerald Beneficial Association of Canada was held in the hall of St. Patrick's Church, No. 12, Queen Street West, in the city of Toronto, on the 17th and 18th of August, 1895.

Rev. Father Hayden, C. S. R., having been introduced to the delegates, delivered a short address of welcome. He expressed the great pleasure it gave him to be present, referred to the kind words of St. Patrick's Branch was first organized—being their first Chaplain—and that parish, but where over a branch was formed. The Rev. Father also spoke very favorably of the formation of ladies' circles and the great amount of good they were accomplishing.

The resolutions were reported the following delegates qualified to seats: Branch No. 1, Hamilton, W. H. Jamieson and proxy for No. 1, Juvenile Branch; No. 2, Toronto, D. A. Carey and P. J. Croft; No. 3, Toronto, McDonald and P. Hurly; No. 11, J. Delory and J. L. Woods; No. 12, J. J. Nightingale, A. McGin and W. D. Murphy; No. 21, Peterborough, J. J. Lynch and J. Deane; No. 23, London, T. M. O'Hagan; No. 24, Almonte, W. Lane; No. 26, Stratford, E. J. Keady; No. 28, Ottawa, P. Hranek; No. 29, Toronto and W. J. Keenan; No. 29, Toronto, M. J. McKeown and N. Wood; No. 30, Kinkora, P. E. Brown; No. 31, Lind, C. P. Fidler. The ladies circles were represented by members from the Branches: No. 1, P. O'Connor and H. Noville; No. 2, M. J. Curley and E. McSweeney; No. 23, Faley.

President's Address. For the fourth time it is my pleasure to welcome you to the annual convention of the Emerald Beneficial Association. It is the more pleasing because it was in this the Metropolitan city of our Dominion that I first became acquainted with the grand and ennobling principles of the Emerald society.

We have gathered here from many parts of the Dominion, united in trust, by the object—the advancement of the best interest of Emeraldism. My duty on this occasion is to call your attention, in as brief a manner as possible, to the work accomplished during this year, and to put before you such matters as I may consider worthy of your attention, either now or at a future date.

At the convention of the Emerald Beneficial Association of Canada, held in the hall of St. Patrick's Church, No. 12, Queen Street West, in the city of Toronto, on the 17th and 18th of August, 1895, a large number of delegates and members of the local branches were present. At the appointed hour, the Rev. Father Hayden, C. S. R., having been introduced to the delegates, delivered a short address of welcome. He expressed the great pleasure it gave him to be present, referred to the kind words of St. Patrick's Branch was first organized—being their first Chaplain—and that parish, but where over a branch was formed. The Rev. Father also spoke very favorably of the formation of ladies' circles and the great amount of good they were accomplishing.

of Grand President is attended with grave responsibility, and if I have failed to satisfy your expectations, I shall make neither apology nor excuse. If, however, I have come within reasonable reach of these expectations, shall be more satisfied when I know that I am weighed in the same balance as those who have preceded me in the occupancy of this chair. This year has been marked by no general event of importance. I have been called upon to give but few decisions, and none of these were of great moment.

Our relations with other Catholic societies have been most cordial. Within our own province, I think I can say, we have had a right of mind and disturbed that peace and harmony which seems to have become the normal condition of this Grand Branch, with all Catholic institutions. I am pleased to be able to say that the records for this year, as set out in the report of the Grand Secretary, while not being of a startling nature, will show, at least, an increasing interest in the work of Emeraldism and a healthy condition generally existing among the local branches.

Your attention will be directed to several amendments to the constitution proposed to be made in the Emerald Branch, which are of a nature that centralizing the funds of local branches in the Grand Branch, for sick benefit purposes. Without in any way detracting from the good work of the local branches, either for or against any of the proposed changes I deem it my duty to address to you a few words of caution upon the subject. I have always thought, and still think, that the Grand Branch should proceed slowly in making amendments to the constitution, and a change necessary to work either injury to the order, or an injustice to any large number of individual Emeralds, then it is not only right, but it is your duty, to examine the constitution as to remedy the evil. Let me also remind you that no system of human laws has yet been devised which will secure perfect justice to many cases, and in such matters remain as they are.

The subject which I found the most trouble in dealing with during the year was the question of physical qualification. In all such cases I felt constrained to leave the matter with the local and Grand Branch committees. The Emeralds, however, should see whether the candidate could comply with the requirements of the constitution or not. I regret my views upon this subject were not fully understood by many members of the order. I favor a liberal interpretation of the constitution rather than a strict one. I think it a candidate passes the necessary mental and moral qualification it would be a great hardship if he were deprived of the benefits of Emeraldism because he has some slight physical defect which prevents him from absolutely and in the most perfect manner complying with the laws and ceremonies of the Grand Branch.

Since our last meeting I have watched with much interest the work accomplished by ladies' circles of our order. Personally, I have no doubt in the minds of many good Emeralds that the institution of such circles would not only be a great blessing to the Emeralds, but also a great blessing to the world. I am pleased to note that not only have they accounted for the interest of women, but they have caused renewed energy and activity among the male portion of the Emeralds, who were somewhat dormant. This being so, it is, in my opinion, the duty of every Emerald to give this branch of the association all the assistance and encouragement in his power. It is the duty of every Emerald to think it a candidate passes the necessary mental and moral qualification it would be a great hardship if he were deprived of the benefits of Emeraldism because he has some slight physical defect which prevents him from absolutely and in the most perfect manner complying with the laws and ceremonies of the Grand Branch.

As you would have then been to you. Whatsoever ye do not take back again. I have thus, my friends, endeavored as briefly as possible, to lay before you with the assistance of the Secretaries, the work of the past year, and to make such suggestions as my past experiences have led me to believe might be useful to you.

In closing my remarks, let me say that my year of office has been a most pleasant one, and by the cordial support generally accorded me from the local branches. To your Secretary, I have to express my sincere thanks for the many personal sacrifices they have made in the performance of their duties. I am sure that the fullest extent their kindness and loyalty to me personally and to the Emeralds, and the interest of Emeraldism. In conclusion let me say that my hope is that you will all be personally and actively engaged in the good work, and that wherever the Emeralds are, they will be found carrying on the good work, and in their turn will be a blessing to the Emeralds. This is my wish to you, gentlemen; and may God bless you all. I remain, yours truly, J. J. Curran, Grand President.

The Secretary's report shows a steady increase in membership, and the various funds in a good condition. The following are the names of the delegates qualified to seats: Branch No. 1, Hamilton, W. H. Jamieson and proxy for No. 1, Juvenile Branch; No. 2, Toronto, D. A. Carey and P. J. Croft; No. 3, Toronto, McDonald and P. Hurly; No. 11, J. Delory and J. L. Woods; No. 12, J. J. Nightingale, A. McGin and W. D. Murphy; No. 21, Peterborough, J. J. Lynch and J. Deane; No. 23, London, T. M. O'Hagan; No. 24, Almonte, W. Lane; No. 26, Stratford, E. J. Keady; No. 28, Ottawa, P. Hranek; No. 29, Toronto and W. J. Keenan; No. 29, Toronto, M. J. McKeown and N. Wood; No. 30, Kinkora, P. E. Brown; No. 31, Lind, C. P. Fidler. The ladies circles were represented by members from the Branches: No. 1, P. O'Connor and H. Noville; No. 2, M. J. Curley and E. McSweeney; No. 23, Faley.

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Edward Blake's Position.

The bitter and unyielding animosity displayed by Timothy Healy towards Edward Blake, so far from weakening the influence wielded by the Canadian statesman, has lifted him several notches in the esteem of his party and of the people of Ireland. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Blake's position has been immensely strengthened within the past two days—so much so, that his name is freely discussed for the chairmanship of the party. It is said that even Justin McCarthy would be willing to give place to the member for South Longford, but the leader has not given utterance to that effect as yet. Certain it is, however, that if Mr. Blake is put forward he will receive a very strong support.

Mr. Blake expects to leave for Toronto in a few days, and after a brief rest will start for New Zealand, where he has been retained to arbitrate in a case of the Government of the Colony and the Midland Railway. He will return in time for the opening session of the Parliament early next year.

A Protestant Minister's Opinion of Catholics.

When addressing his congregation recently, Rev. Doctor Alexander McKenzie, a Congregational minister, did not hesitate in letting his hearers know his opinion of Catholics. He said: "We have crawled into prosperity over the prostrate form of the Puritan and ought not to complain if an A. B. C. is sent to us through the bar when I think of the unceasing, self-sacrificing, persistent, steady work of the Roman Catholic Church. I am almost tempted to say that they deserve their success. They build brick churches; you are too mean to even build wooden chapels to worship in. If you object to Catholic churches, why don't you build Protestant churches? You criticize the number of schools the Catholics build in the South; will you build similar schools? You complain of their work. Why don't you do as likewise? Contribute your money the way they do, send out missionaries like theirs—men who abandon everything for the cause they have adopted."

A LITTLE GIRL'S ESCAPE.

HOW SHE WAS RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF TORTURE. Perhaps no disease with which a person can be afflicted is so terrible and blighting in its nature as a nervous disorder, which gradually weakens the mind, and haunts him or her day and night. This was the melancholy prospect which confronted the young daughter, Mr. J. J. Curran, of the city of Toronto, L. streets, in this city, and the gratitude of her parents when a complete and lasting cure was effected by the use of the "Tonic" of the Koenig Medicine Co. Learning of the case—for it is one which has created a great deal of interest throughout the country—a reporter sought Mr. Sellers to get the particulars of the case, and much good could be done other sufferers by the publication of the facts of the case. The reporter writes: "I have been very cheerfully stated, are set forth in the following: Three years ago, our little girl, then three years old, was taken with attacks which we have since found to be epilepsy, but which for two years, notwithstanding we consulted from twelve to fifteen different physicians, Philadelphia and Baltimore, we did not recognize. She was treated for everything from cholera to cholera. Mr. Sellers, of the Koenig Medicine Co., was consulted. The only thing that suggested the attacks during this time, was cholera, and the influence of which she had to be kept for weeks at a time, or else she would die. Mr. Sellers, of the Koenig Medicine Co., sent her to Philadelphia and Baltimore to be examined by specialists, but she was returned without their being able to locate the trouble. Finally, in December, a year ago, a physician brought us some medicine in a whiskey bottle, which he got from a friend who claimed to have been cured by the same medicine from epilepsy, but would not tell the name of the medicine, which we later ascertained was Pastor Koenig's Tonic. We tried it, and it stopped the attacks, of which our girl had from fifteen to twenty daily; she did not eat, but she was able to have liquid curries, and had only one in fourteen months. Being convinced of the unusual effect of Pastor Koenig's Tonic, we have sold a great deal of it, and our own recommendation. The physician who brought it to us prescribes it also others who know what a wonderful cure it has effected. Church News, Washington, D. C., April, 1894.

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOMAS MARSHALL, DETROIT. The many friends of Mrs. Marshall, Detroit, who were gathered together at the funeral of this city, were greatly shocked to learn of her demise, which occurred at her residence, No. 11, St. John Street, on the 6th inst. for, though Mrs. Marshall had been in failing health for some time, her death was wholly unexpected. She passed away fortified by the rites of the Church of which she was a faithful member. Her remains were interred in the cemetery, beside those of her son. They were escorted by a large number of the friends of the deceased. Mrs. Marshall was a lady of great refinement, and was endowed with rare Christian graces. She was a devoted mother, and a faithful wife. Her death is a great loss to the family, and the friends of the deceased. Her remains were interred in the cemetery, beside those of her son. They were escorted by a large number of the friends of the deceased.

ST. JOHN'S N. B.

The Right Rev. Bishop Sweeney, who was feeling unwell, returned on Wednesday last from St. John's, where he had been attending the retreat for the clergy of the Diocese of St. John. The Right Rev. Monsignor Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., spent Thursday, Aug. 8, in this city, and was the guest of the Redemptorists at St. John's. He is the author of "Apostolic Succession," a standard work on the subject. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, the distinguished Baltimore lawyer, and a descendant of the famous Cornan, is sojourning at the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrew's, N. B., with his wife. This is his third season at that favorite watering place. The Right Rev. Monsignor Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., spent Thursday, Aug. 7, in this city, and was the guest of the Redemptorists at St. John's. He is the author of "Apostolic Succession," a standard work on the subject. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, the distinguished Baltimore lawyer, and a descendant of the famous Cornan, is sojourning at the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrew's, N. B., with his wife. This is his third season at that favorite watering place.

The Irish Benevolent Society.

On Tuesday last week took place at Port Stanley the annual picnic of the Irish Benevolent Society of this city. As usual, it was the largest excursion of the season. The utmost good feeling and order was visible everywhere. It was pleasant indeed to see the happy faces of the sons of the Emerald Isle, as they gathered in the bosom of the old land. Mr. John Daily, the surrogate, President, worked exceedingly hard to make the picnic successful. In the afternoon he presented to Mr. John M. Kosny, on behalf of the society, a beautifully mounted black thorn stick, on the occasion of his retirement from the treasurer'ship, which position he has held for the past twelve years.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Aug. 15.—Wheat, 7s 10d to 7s 11d; Oats, 2s 9d to 2s 10d; Barley, 4s 10d to 5s; Beans, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Pork, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Butter, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Eggs, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Hides, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Tallow, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Lard, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Sugar, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Coffee, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Tea, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Spices, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Rice, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Cotton, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Wool, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Iron, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Steel, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Copper, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Lead, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Zinc, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Tin, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Gold, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Silver, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Platinum, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Palladium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Iridium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Rhodium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Ruthenium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Selenium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Tellurium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Bismuth, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Antimony, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Arsenic, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Mercury, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Strontian, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Barium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Calcium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Magnesium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Sodium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Potassium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Lithium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Beryllium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Boron, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Fluorine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Chlorine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Bromine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Iodine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Phosphorus, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Sulfur, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Selenium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Tellurium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Bismuth, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Antimony, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Arsenic, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Mercury, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Strontian, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Barium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Calcium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Magnesium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Sodium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Potassium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Lithium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Beryllium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Boron, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Fluorine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Chlorine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Bromine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Iodine, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Phosphorus, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Sulfur, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Selenium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Tellurium, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Bismuth, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; Antimony, 10s 6d to 10s 7d; 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