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FLORENCE O'NEILL, The Rose of St. Germain's; OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK. BY AGNES M. STEWART. Author of "Life in the Closter," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER XXV. THE MINIATURE. Ghostly sights met the eyes of Lord Lucan after the capitulation. The remains of his heroic cousin, lying amongst the dead, filled his heart with poignant grief; and he stood some time, lost in his melancholy thoughts, beside her remains and those of the little ones who had fallen by her side, when the voice of his faithful servant Dennis aroused him.

"Come with me, Dennis, and show me where he is; I will go to him at once." Dennis led the way to the hospital, in which extra beds were being hastily improvised. All around lay the wounded and the dying, their white faces looking ghastly, as though already the life had departed.

On a low settle bed lay Sir Reginald, grievously wounded in the right arm and left shoulder. He was rambling incoherently when Sarsfield approached his couch. A surgeon, assisted by a Sister of Charity, was binding up his wounds.

He was talking of his early English home, of the happy scenes of childhood, forever gone. "Yet who for power would not mourn, That he no more must know: His fair red castle on the hill, And the pleasant lands below."

These beautiful lines, of one of our English bards, might well answer for such as Sir Reginald St. John.

But as Lord Lucan listens he discovers that the incoherent wanderings of St. John are not the mere ramblings of delusion, for words like these fell from his lips:

"Yes, it was all my fault; I took Benson to the Grange, I induced her uncle to go to London. But for my sin and folly in that matter, my Florence, my betrothed one, would never have been seen at the hateful Mary's court."

"Aye, a light breaks upon me, then," thought Lord Lucan; "you have done mischief. Major, now I can account for that which has perplexed me—the reason of your sad, dejected countenance and constant fits of abstraction. It was through you, then, my kinswoman, Florence, has got about that thrice accursed court."

The good General, however, kept down all expression of what he really felt, and bending his ear low so as to catch the words which fell in broken sentences, and taking the cold hand of St. John within his own, he lent an attentive ear to what he thought the last injunctions of a dying friend.

"Will you give my Florence this—and this?" he murmured, giving Sarsfield a small miniature of himself, set with diamonds, together with an unsealed letter.

"On my faith as a soldier and a gentleman, I promise to do as you request," replied Sarsfield, much moved. "That letter I wrote lest I should fall in battle, he resumed. 'It begs her to forgive the folly which my loyalty to William led me to commit; for, but for me, she had never been

CONSUMPTION SO PRONOUNCED By the Physicians SEVERE COUGH At Night Spitting Blood Given Over by the Doctors! LIFE SAVED BY AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle, she was cured, so that now she is quite strong and healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life, I have not the least doubt."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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at the court of Mary. It begs her to think with tenderness of my memory, when she looks upon that likeness, if I die; and if I live, it releases her from the engagement she has made to one whom the Prince of Orange has made an outlaw and a beggar. Tell me once more, my lord, will you undertake to—promise, that in some way my Florence shall—shall surely have these tokens of—of our betrothal, and—and—"

But St. John had lost all power to proceed. The cold fingers which had tightly grasped Sarsfield's hand relaxed their hold, a pallor like that of death overspread his face, and his head fell heavily on the pillow.

"Is there any hope, think you?" said Lord Lucan, addressing the surgeon.

"Very little, my lord; the gentleman has been badly wounded. I would be sorry to give an opinion at present, but it is a very bad case; it is more than probable it will prove a fatal one."

Lord Lucan carefully placed the letter and miniature in his breast pocket, resolving to carry them with him to France, as amongst the ladies at the exiled court there might probably be one who could undertake, through her friends, to transmit the packet safely to Florence. He then visited the beds of other officers, as well as of the men who had received severe wounds at the hands of the enemy, and ended the painful duties of a very melancholy day, assembling those under his command, exhorting them to peaceable and quiet living, and inquiring into the number of the men who intended to become exiles rather than submit to the usurper's yoke.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE SHADOW OF THE GRAVE.

It is a lovely evening in Autumn, that season of the year in which the bright green foliage of Summer gives place to those varied tints which constitute the chief charm of woodland scenery.

The queen and her court are at Kensington, the king's favorite palace. He being daily expected in England; and as the baronet's health had not improved sufficiently to allow of his return to Morville, the proximity of his house to the palace gave Florence the opportunity of frequently visiting him.

On one of these visits he surprised her by handing to her a small packet. It had reached the baronet's hands through a private channel, and from their renowned kinsman, Sarsfield, Lord Lucan.

Florence grew red and white by turns, as, with cold and trembling fingers, she untied the silken ribbon that fastened the packet.

The first letter she opened was from Lord Lucan. It ran as follows:

My dear Florence:—In compliance with the request of a brave officer, who has been fighting under my command, I transmit to you the enclosed. I also beg, at the same time, to acquaint you with the death of your aunt, the amiable and beloved Catharine O'Neill. She was killed by a shell falling on her house whilst the town was bombarded, at a moment in which she was actively engaged in comforting and helping those who had flocked around her.

I am glad to tell you that the writer of the enclosed letter, written by him several weeks since, is pronounced out of danger. As soon as he recovers sufficiently to travel, he will accompany me to St. Germain's.

I must not forget to add that all cousin Catharine's wealth is bequeathed to yourself.

I hope, my dear Florence, that the day is not far distant when I shall have the pleasure of assisting at your nuptials with one who was the best and bravest of my late officers. I remain, dear Florence, Your affectionate cousin, LUCAN.

Well did Florence remember that good aunt of her's, and tears fell to that memory long before she had reached the end of her letter.

Then Florence unfolded a sheet of paper containing a few hastily written lines, of the purport of which the reader is already aware. Within them was wrapped the miniature, a welcome souvenir indeed.

She sat still a long while pondering over the contents of that last letter, and angry with herself, after all, that any thought should distract her from sorrow at the sudden and violent death of her aunt.

Of course Sir Reginald had been long since forgiven; had he not perilled his life in fighting for the cause of King James? She had riches enough for both, notwithstanding his confiscated estates; but the trouble now would be to escape from her present thralldom. She had no hope of being able to do so even had she been this moment free. Could she leave that aged man, whose days were fast drawing to a close, and who was clinging to her as a father to a beloved child?

"I will leave them with you, uncle dear," she said, kneeling by his bedside, and placing the letters and miniature in his hand; "you will take care of them for me. It is hard to part from them, but I dare not have them at the palace under my care. Is it not hard to bear this restraint? What right has the queen to keep me there against my will?"

"No right, my child, but by her power. Moreover, I fancy she is as much attached to you as she can be to any one."

"The queen cares for no one but her husband, uncle. But, hark, there is the sound of carriage wheels; it tells me my time is up. Farewell, my own dear uncle, till to-morrow. I shall come and see you every day whilst I am in Kensington."

On her return she was summoned to attend the queen. After a few commonplace remarks respecting the health of her uncle, the queen said: "Do you remember Count Von Arn-

heim, a very handsome young officer, high in favor of the king? He holds a very honorable post at the Hague, and accompanied the king to England on his last visit hither."

"Yes, madam, I do remember such a person slightly."

"The king has formed intentions respecting him which we mutually hope will not be displeasing to our protegee, Florence O'Neill. The count has a fine estate near the Hague, and as he is a favorite of the king's, I need not tell you that his interests will be cared for."

Florence sat like a statue, pale and speechless, whilst the queen delivered this tirade. When the queen paused, "Madam," she said, "I beg the king and yourself to accept my grateful thanks for your kind intentions, but I cannot marry Count Von Arnheim."

"Not marry him, and why? He is handsome, amiable, and wealthy. Surely you are not encouraging any further attachment to the traitor St. John?"

"Spare me, gracious madam," said the girl, rising, and then leaning against a chair for support; "I have no intention to marry; it is impossible for me to wed the count."

"The king will be displeased that you should reject an alliance which we have thought well of. Still more, should he deem that you persist in your rejection of the count because you encourage still an attachment for the outlaw St. John. With no friends in England but your uncle, who will not tarry long, it is something worse than foolish to refuse overtures which the king and myself consider it will be for your advantage to accept."

"It is simply impossible, your Majesty, that I can ever marry Count Von Arnheim."

"I see well how it is," replied the queen; "also, that I have pressed the matter too much. The count is coming here along with the king in a few weeks; you will overcome this reluctance."

"Madam, spare me any overtures on the part of the count," said Florence; "my mind will remain unaltered; I shall never marry him."

"I see that you are obstinate," was the reply. "Time effects great changes. Before very long you may be as anxious to complete this match as you are now violently opposed. Obstancy is the prevailing characteristic of the dispositions of certain members of my own family. It is that of my own sister, and her positiveness in retaining those mischievous favorites of hers, the Marlboroughs, are a proof of it. She will have to yield, and so will you."

Florence stood as one bewildered, as uttering these words, the queen—her majestic, portly figure erect as a dart, and her countenance expressive of anger—left the room.

"Was ever anyone in this world more tormented," sighed she, as entering her own apartment, she sat down, and thought over the events of the last few hours. "With no friend or relative in London but the dear old man, who will not, I fear, linger long, and the queen coldly reminded me, and unable to get over to France, what step can I take to guard myself against this new tyranny?"

Then she sat still for a time, but her tears fell fast. She might seem to be looking out, as she sat at the open window, on the prospect in the distance, for the last rays of the sun were setting and the tops of the tall trees and the stately mansions in the distance were lighted up by its golden beams, the clouds tipped with the brightest hues of the ruby and amethyst.

"I am rich, and what does my wealth do for me," sighed the girl.

"Better be the daughter of a poor cottager on my uncle's estate, or of some humble peasant woman in la belle France, than suffer as I do. What is the use of wealth, I wonder," she rambled on, "when one cannot do as one pleases? I would do much good if I could but be left alone, and try to put to good account what God has given me; yes, I am sure, I am sure, I would. Riches I would make a passport to heaven, unless my nature changes; but, will they ever make me happy, I wonder, this wealth that people covet so? I shall have in abundance, but deprived of my liberty, I am worse off than the poorest woman in England."

She was silent for a little while, then suddenly a perplexing thought filled her; she rose and walked about the room, then sat her down and rambled on again.

"Well, if this be the case, then, indeed, I am undone," she said. "I heard the Lady Marlborough say that the queen was so angry that the Princess Anne got the pension from the Government, because she wanted the money to help the king with his continental wars. Von Arnheim is one of his foreign subjects and a favorite; is it possible, that from interested motives they are trying to force me into a marriage with this man. If so, the deaths of the only two relations from whom my wealth is derived, at this particular juncture, is favorable to any scheme they may have formed. Shall they have their way then, shall the queen force me into compliance? No, not while Reginald lives, or even if I am to have the pang of hearing of his death, she shall shut me up in the gloomy old Tower first."

The more Florence suffered her mind to dwell on this new idea, the more convinced she became that an ulterior motive was at the bottom of the marriage they were evidently about to coerce her into making, and the more terrified she became, at the near prospect there evidently was of her uncle's death. The queen, early in the first

year of her regal power, dismissed all Catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, and Florence was at no loss to guess why her invalid uncle was suffered to dwell at Kensington, or she herself in the palace, and could no longer shut her eyes to the fact that she would ere long be subjected to some cruel tyranny, unless some fortuitous chance occurred in her favor.

Warned at last by a sudden chilliness seizing her whole frame, she closed the open window near which she had been seated.

The moon had sunk beneath a cloud, and the sky now looked wild and stormy, a wind had arisen, and a few rain drops pattering against the window, betokened an approaching storm.

"Dark as is my own fate, oh, my God support me," sighed the girl, whilst her eyes filled with bitter tears; but even as she turned away, one bright star shone out in the canopy of heaven, whilst all around was black and gloomy. Call it imagination, call it enthusiasm or what you will, that bright star appeared to her as a presage that all would yet be well, an answer to the aspiration she had uttered, the 'almost wild cry which in the agony of her heart she had sent up to Heaven for help. Turning from the casement she fell upon her knees, and with uplifted hands prayed long and earnestly for guidance and assistance, and then soothed and comforted, and sustained by the providence of the God in whom she placed an unwavering trust, she slept in the midst of the dangers that beset her path, the calm, peaceful sleep of an infant cradled by the protecting arm of its mother.

On the morning when she sought the queen, she observed that her manner was cold and restrained to herself, but more than usually free and pleasant with the other ladies, and it was a relief to Florence when business on matters of State summoned the queen to her cabinet and left her free to visit her uncle.

The baronet was propped up by pillows, and she observed, with a shudder that a change had taken place since she was with him on the previous evening. She had never stood face to face with death, had never before been present when the spirit was passing away from its earthly tenement, consequently, she was not aware that the grey shadow which seemed to rest upon his countenance was the shadow that betokens speedy dissolution; had she been conscious of this she would not have distracted his mind with the narration of the tyranny of the queen on the previous evening.

She had dismissed the nurse immediately on her entrance, and seated herself by his bedside, her hand resting in his.

"Does he not feel for my wretchedness?" thought she, when she had concluded. "He seems as if he did not heed what I have said."

She was mistaken, however, but the sands of life were running quickly out, though at last he gathered strength to speak.

"My child, be firm and courageous, whatever you suffer: I charge you with my dying breath, do not marry the king's favorite, be true to yourself, as I was not when I came to London. Remember my words: the day will come, sooner or later, in which, impossible as it now appears, you will return to France. Now draw up the blinds and let the glorious sunlight fall upon my room, the next rising of which mine eyes will not behold, and then give ear to what I am about to say."

A spasm shot across her heart, as drawing aside the heavy curtains of crimson satin, she suffered the soft beams of the October sun to enter the room, and, at the same time, beheld more vividly the dusky shadow over the face of the dying man, more painfully vivid by the clear light of day, than when she had first entered the darkened room.

"Dearest uncle, my beloved and only friend," said she, "do you really believe that you are dying?"

"I know it, my child, now do not take on so: now listen to me, I am about to ask a question. Know you that Father Lawson is in London?"

Florence shook her head, her emotion was too great to allow her to speak.

"Well then, he is stopping at a house in Soho, the direction of which I can give you. The servants can be trusted, they are all from Morville, and with one exception, are good Catholics; the nurse must be got out of the way, she being a Protestant. In the dead hour of the night, my child, Father Lawson must come hither and sustain a dying man with the life-giving Sacraments he so sorely needs."

"I will write to the queen," said Florence, "and shall ask leave to be absent some days from the Palace. I will take the nurse's place at night, and send her to bed."

"Ring the bell then, and tell the servant who answers it to send the house steward to me immediately."

Florence delivered her uncle's message and a few moments later, Onslow, a white-headed man, who had grown up from early youth in the baronet's service, as dependents were wont to do in old times, made his appearance.

The poor fellow was much moved when he approached the baronet. The simple, unaffected manner of the old gentleman, who was one of the best type of the school of country squires, had attached his servants and his tenantry strongly to his person. He had been a good master, an indulgent landlord, and a faithful friend.

"My dear Sir Charles," said Onslow, but he could say no more, grief choked his utterances.

"Onslow, my good fellow, give me your hand," said the dying baronet; "you are witness for me that I have never been a hard master, nor a grasping landlord; that I have ever made it a rule to allow every man as much or more than his due; that I have lead a moral life, bringing shame and trouble to no man's household; that I have opened my purse and fed those that were hungry; that no poor person was ever suffered to pass the gates of Morville Grange unrelieved; that I have been called a good man, and held by my neighbors in respect, as one who lived in good accord and fellowship with others; and yet, Onslow, now that I come to die, I see sins where of old I saw not anything; now, I see cause for repentance in many things, which in past days seemed of no account."

"My dear, dear master, would that when I myself die, my conscience may approach me with nothing more of weightier import than that which is on yours," said Onslow.

"Sufficient for every man is his own burden, and mine seemeth very heavy now; so Onslow, I warn you by our common faith, hasten to Soho, in Bolton street, at the sign of the Blue Bear. You will find, on asking for him, and presenting this ring, one Mr. Allen; wait, if he be not within; when you see him you will recognize mine own saintly chaplain, Father Lawson, forced by the perils of these dangerous times, to abide in places scarce seemly for a priest of our holy Church to dwell in."

When you give him the ring it will be sign to him that my hour has come; tell him not to fail to be here as soon as the shades of night have fallen, for that his old friend may see the setting of the sun, but will never look on its rising."

Onslow, much moved, took the ring and hastened to execute his errand, and a short time after, the physician, calling to see his patient, the fears of Florence and the conviction of Sir Charles that he was near his end, were confirmed by him.

The only difficulty was in the disposal of the nurse in such a way as not to give rise to suspicion; it was managed by Florence herself. Her eyes, swollen by her tears, testified to her affection, and sending for the woman she said to her,

"I am going to take upon myself a portion of the task of nursing my uncle, therefore, during the early portion of the night alone, should your services be required, should you be wanted I shall have you called."

The woman, who had for several nights been deprived of her rest, was nothing loth to hear that she could have her placed supplied, and as Florence took care to arrange that the room provided for her use should be quite at the other side of the house, there was no fear of molestation or intrusion from her.

In the early part of the night, then, Florence, in compliance with the wishes of her dying uncle, took a few hours' rest. At midnight she was again seated by his side, the woman having been conducted to the room destined for her use. The door communicating with her uncle's suite of apartments she ordered to be carefully locked, lest curiosity or any other cause should lead the nurse to leave her room in the night and wander to any other part of the house.

Between the hours of twelve and one, disguised as a farmer, Father Lawson was ushered into the sick chamber. The metamorphosis was complete, as far as outward appearances went. He looked like some one of the stout, honest, and somewhat rough mannered men whose character he had assumed for the time being.

After the confession of the baronet had been heard, the servants were summoned (none but the Protestant nurse went to bed that night), and the little party, kneeling around the bed, joined in prayer whilst the last rites of the Church were administered and the Bread of Life broken to the dying man.

The ceremonies were over, but still Father Lawson lingered, wishing to see the last of the friend to whom he had for many years been chaplain, in the quiet solitude of Morville.

The end drew very near; the dull, glazed eye, the heavy death dews, the restlessness, all betokened approaching dissolution.

Present to him now are the times forever past: he rambles, and his speech is thick and incoherent; secular amusement and religious persecution are all mixed up together.

"A fine morning for the hunt, gentlemen. Sir Thomas, I shall come and see your pack. Hallo—to horse—bring out the hounds—rare sport shall we have to-day—"

There was a pause. The eyes of the dying man are closed, the breath suspended; will he speak again?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Not many business houses in these United States can boast of fifty years' standing. The business of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose incomparable Sarsaparilla is known and used everywhere, has passed its half-centennial and was never so vigorous as at present.

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Bickel's Liniment is the Best.

THE SAFETY VALVE OF SOULS.

A Strange Page From a Veritable History of Life.

BY PIERRE L'ERMITE.

The reception hall was long and narrow and but feebly illuminated by the rays which struggled through the colored glasses of a hanging lamp of oriental design.

The priest, entering from the brilliantly lighted doorway, could at first distinguish nothing, but as his dazzled eyes became accustomed to the soft gloom, and he perceived the objects by which he was surrounded, an astonishment, which speedily became suspicion, took possession of him.

Everywhere in the little ante chamber coats and wraps of unmistakable elegance were scattered in costly confusion. Overcoats severely correct in style, alternating with long cloaks richly bordered with fur, the sheen of changing silks, the soft coil of long feather boas, the high hats of men, the small bonnets of matrons, balancing uneasily on their supports: the more elaborate hats of younger women with their glittering ornaments and still draped in their gossamer veils—a veritable display of the luxuries of the fashionable world met his gaze on every side.

And over all, flickering and trembling, fell the mellow light, catching here and there the flash of a jewel, or the golden sheen of an embroiderer, and stretching the shadow of the priest in grotesque length along the carpet.

“Here are a good many visitors for a man at the point of death,” he murmured half aloud.

“At the point of death, my dear Father! Very far from it, as you see.”

“Then why—?”

But as a burst of triumphant laughter shook the portly form of the master of the house, the priest understood.

“A trap,” he cried.

“Precisely. A trap, an abduction—any piece of villainy you choose to call it!”

“But what do you mean by it?”

“Simply to take possession of you for at least an evening. My reasoning is quite clear and simple. We said to ourselves: ‘Here is a good priest who is killing himself—because you are killing yourself, Father; there is nothing but skin and bone left of you. You live like a bear,—no! it is useless to protest. Besides, why should you? You know we are friends of the Church. In short, we determined to take you prisoner of war.’”

“But I dine at home this evening.”

“You are mistaken on that point, my dear Father. Entirely mistaken, I assure you!”

“An invitation to you who will never accept one? No, my dear Father! Your conduct discourages all honest intentions: you force us to disguise our intentions to you by simulation. You yourself have compelled me to play the Comanche!”

of the night without and echoed across the water.

“What is that noise?” demanded the priest.

“That? It is the safety-valve of a steamer.”

Then, above the idle chatter and the laughter, which hushed as he proceeded, the voice of the priest rose, with a certain imperious sweetness that compelled attention.

“You have asked me, madame, what possible use there is in confession. It seems to me that Providence has replied to you. Without a safety-valve the steam would destroy the vessel. Now there are souls, and to trust my experience they are not rare, who are overcharged, who suffer, suffer fruitfully, suffer until they can no longer contain themselves. They are hopeless of earthly consolation, but they would welcome a confident who would be neither curious nor powerless to comfort. Blessed are such souls when they seek a priest and casting themselves at his feet, pour forth their sorrow in all sincerity.

“Confession, then, is the safety-valve of souls. It enables them to endure the pressure of an anguish that without relief would destroy them. It is at least useful for that, madame; and for many other things,” he added, smiling, “which I explain at the catechism class four times a week.”

The following morning, while the priest took his simple breakfast, his old housekeeper laid beside him a note whose direction and style indicated the writer as a woman of high rank.

He breakfasted without reading it, but later on, installed in his little study, he slowly tore open the envelope. At the first glance he comprehended its purport:

“Reverend Father:—You have saved my life. Yesterday evening, when God permitted the conversation to turn on confession, you did not suspect that opposite you sat a despairing soul, one of those who suffer fruitfully, suffer beyond endurance. For what cause? Perhaps you would not understand me if I told you, Father; although it is not necessary to have experienced all maladies in order to recognize them. Be that as it may, I could endure no longer, and I should have put an end to it last night, but after hearing your words I passed two hours kneeling by my bed, repeating again and again, ‘Can it be true? Is it possible that at the feet of the priest, the representative of God, I will find what he has said?’ This morning I sought a confessor and now, from the very depths of my heart, in the infinite sweetness of recovered peace, in the joy of having found in God the one eternally faithful friend, offer you, Reverend Father, my grateful thanks.”

GENEVIEVE DE B —

The priest reflected some moments, his eyes fixed absently on the flame that danced in the grate—then he recalled a tall, young woman whose beautiful face, shaded by masses of black hair, bore a peculiar pallor, and who had regarded him with a strangely intense gaze while he spoke.—Translated for the Columbian from “La Verbe.”

CLEMENCY OF PIUS IX.

Seventy years ago a strange cortège was one day seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome. It had a funeral aspect. They were the hooded Brothers of a pious confraternity walking with a measured pace and chatting in a mournful cadence. They were followed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets who surrounded a cart draped in black, saw an exchange. None of the hundreds who stopped on the Bridge of Saint Angelo to see the procession passed what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminal that stood up in the cart his hands tied before him and his shaggy head cast down in sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano, the most notorious revolutionist plotter against the State and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason in the highest degree and was sentenced to be executed.

His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which opened into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble impulse he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge who was on horseback.

He begged for God’s sake that the procession might be delayed a few moments until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in the pleading eyes, and besides the officers recognized in the young priest one who had been seen frequently in the Apostolic Palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII., and throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life in the Fortress of Saint Angelo.

The clergyman flew rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the procession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly as the officer in command had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to Saint Angelo’s. Life was dear. The criminal was grateful to thank him, and would have fallen down at the feet of the deliverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the vicinity of the hospice for little boys, called Tata Giovanni, with which he was connected. He was known among the boys as Padre Giovanni.

Years rolled by. Leo slept with his predecessors, Gregory XVI. succeeded him, and he paid the debt of nature,

and rested in Saint Peter’s. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX. had been inaugurated but a few days, when a handsome priest, dressed in a simple cassock and farinolina of the Roman clergy presented himself at the Fortress of Saint Angelo, and asked if there was a prisoner therein called Gajetano. Yes, he was answered, but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the Governor of the fortress.

The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, “What do you want?”

“I come,” said the visitor, “to bring you tidings of your mother.”

“She still lives,” exclaimed the captive. “O, God be thanked!”

“Yes, she lives, and she sent me to console you, and tell you to hope for better days.”

“All the angels are not in heaven: I see one before me,” said the penitent criminal.

He then narrated all that he had suffered during the long years of his living death. Yes, he was indeed called Gajetano. Yes, he was indeed called Gajetano. Yes, he was indeed called Gajetano.

“Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?” said the priest.

“I have done so time and again without effect,” was the reply. “This petition, he continued, ‘would have the same effect as the rest. It would never reach the hands of Gregory XVI.’”

“Gregory XVI. is dead: write to Pius IX.”

“And who will present my petition?”

“Myself; write, here is paper and pen and ink.”

The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff full of professions of repentance and loyalty.

When the priest received the paper, he said with confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your memorial. Courage, my friend, and pray for God for Pius IX.”

He left the cell, and presenting himself to the governor of the castle, said:

“I come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajetano.”

“The Pope alone can grant it,” said the governor.

Asking for writing materials, the stranger wrote:

Contest of the Arts.

(By Miss Marion Loomis, Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ont.)

In troubled state the mighty Jove once mused, Yet never thought the more he was confused, The question vexed, yet no solution came To give relief unto his wearied brain.

The Arts, had broken peace by wanton brawl: And Heaven filled with clamorous dispute Each armed with proofs of his intrinsic worth Displayed the good he'd done to man and earth.

And then the Arts addressed the mighty Jove, Each armed with proofs of his intrinsic worth Displayed the good he'd done to man and earth.

But do not think, that we should boast, For all the rest should doubtless vie with us, And do not think, that we should boast, For all the rest should doubtless vie with us.

And then the Arts addressed the mighty Jove, Each armed with proofs of his intrinsic worth Displayed the good he'd done to man and earth.

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And then the Arts addressed the mighty Jove, Each armed with proofs of his intrinsic worth Displayed the good he'd done to man and earth.

But do not think, that we should boast, For all the rest should doubtless vie with us, And do not think, that we should boast, For all the rest should doubtless vie with us.

The subtle power that my words distill Compels the earth to bow before my will; I raise a land to martyr and to arm, As winds provoke the ocean waves to storm, And then like oil poured on the troubled main, With honeyed words I calm him once again.

I tread the loom of destiny, and wield The key behind whose door fate lies concealed: Through all the ages pass and time to come, My kindred Arts! But what that rank may be With deference I leave great Jove to see. As one accustomed long to plaudits loud, He sent his thanks unto the listening crowd, Then stepped aside, as Jupiter arose, His great and high decision to disclose.

“Well pleased art thou, my noble Arts, By all the way which ye’ve upheld your parts, Ye’ve shown your worth, convinced we believe Your value high, our gracious praise.” Yet mark me well, far from assuring me Of separate claimed superiority, We’ve proven here, that ye have fate denied In former heat of strife’s ambitious pride: Ye’ve shown that none, what e’er may be your worth, Can reach supreme in heaven or on earth.

That all to each should kind indulgence lend And each to all should be a helpful friend: No one has power to fully bless mankind, But all can aid him perfect bliss to find; No one without the others e’er can claim Immortal life, or win anything sublime, Each from the other claims a life mankind, And to the rest vitally doth loan: We’re all as brothers, brothers all alike, What e’er the one, the rest must share the same.

Thus I’ve sought among the rest to be The first and foremost by fierce rivalry; But still continue as ye’ve done before To bless mankind, and heaven as of yore Shall be replenish’d with bliss without alloy, And earth the theatre of perfect joy.”

The Ubiquitous Jesuit.

At a recent vesting meeting in Hooton, Eng., a young clergyman of the Church of England, who has shown a disposition to indulge in extreme ritualistic practices in his ceremonial, was charged with being a Jesuit in disguise. His accuser said: “I do not hesitate to say that in the present Church of England there are Jesuits educated by the Church of Rome and sent out to bring us back to Roman rule.”

Some years ago, while Lord Salisbury was prime minister, the awful discovery was made that his brother was a disguised Jesuit employed for the purpose of finding out the great secrets of state. We have heard of the ubiquitous Jesuit in other branches of secret service—as coachmen, private secretaries and so on.

But it is the first time we were seriously informed that they took “orders” in the established Church of England. Of course, if they are in that business within the possessions of her most gracious majesty, they are to be found in the American Church. What an awful thought!

Just imagine a conclave of Methodists assembled to denounce the Catholic Church, while a member sits through the meeting, who is only a Jesuit in disguise. When the deliberations are at an end he proceeds to the office of each daily paper in the city, where, according to the prevailing theory, a Jesuit or two can be found on duty. To these he imparts the whole story, and thus the secret service is made effective.

What a gullible people our Protestant brethren are! They are ready to believe the most preposterous and the silliest yarns that any idiot may concoct concerning the Jesuits and their movements. It would be useless to say to them that these zealous preachers and teachers are neither spies nor informers; that they mind their own business and devote their lives to the service of their Divine Master. They pray constantly for the conversion of their separated brethren, but they do so in their sanctuaries and cloisters, and not in kitchens or back yards.

Thousands of new patrons have taken Hood’s Sarsaparilla this season and realized its benefit at blood purified and strength restored.

Out of Sore Throat—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor’s bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parson’s Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

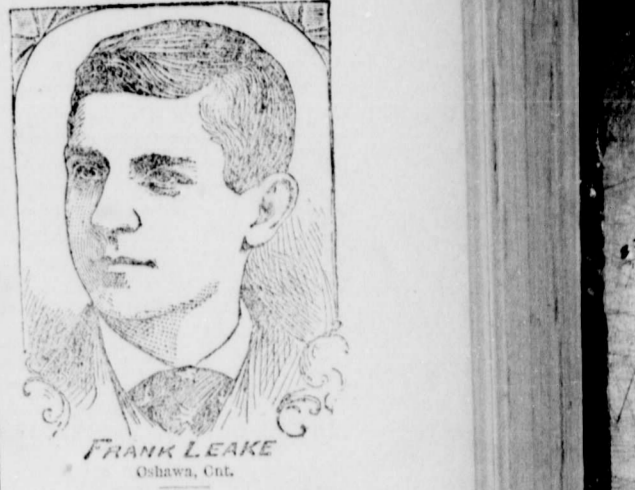
Norway Pine Syrup strengthens the lungs and cures all Phlegm, Coughs, Colics, Croup, Whooping Cough, &c.

Minard’s Liniment for Rheumatism.

Here’s a Pointer When you ask for a 5 cent plug 10 cent plug 20 cent plug

DERBY PLUG Smoking Tobacco

be sure that the retailer does not induce you to buy any other in order that he may make a larger profit.



Pains in the Joints Caused by Inflammatory Swelling. A Perfect Cure by Hood’s Sarsaparilla.

THOROLD CEMENT. Thorold Cement was used exclusively in the construction of the old and new Welland Canals.

10,000 BARRELS of our Thorold Cement were used in the construction of the great St. Clair Tunnel.

ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE, THOROLD, ONTARIO. Catholic Devotional Reading For the Month of May.

Souvenirs for Holy Communion. The Catholic Record for One Year for \$4.00.

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The Catholic Record.

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London, Saturday, June 23, 1894

Official.

The annual retreat of the secular clergy of the diocese of London will begin on the evening of July 9, in Assumption College, Sandwich.
By order of His Lordship,
M. J. THIERNAN.

St. Peter's Palace,
London, June 18, 1894.

TO THE POLLS!

Before the next issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD shall have reached our readers the electorate of Ontario will have decided the issue whether or not Sir Oliver Mowat and his Cabinet shall continue to administer the affairs of the Province. The question is a most important one, and as it behooves the electors to consider carefully the course they are to pursue in recording their votes, it is proper that we also should lay before them, to the best of our ability, the reasons which should guide them in coming to a decision.

Mr. Meredith and Sir Oliver Mowat have both proclaimed in several constituencies, from their respective points of view, the issues at stake, and we must say, on comparing the speeches of the two gentlemen, that while Mr. Mowat's declarations have within and about them the characteristics of candor, those of Mr. Meredith are the utterances of a man who has something to conceal, and something which he wishes to be accepted by different parties concerned in different senses, according to their divers views and desires.

An example of this is to be found in the most elaborate of his recent speeches, which is described by the Toronto Mail as his "most telling" one on the Separate school question, that delivered a few days ago in Napanee. The speech was lustily cheered. This was to be expected; for he had an audience fully in sympathy with him; and the character of his audience may be judged from the portions of his address which elicited the most hearty applause.

We are told by the Mail that he "scorched" the learned and venerated Archbishop of Kingston, and it was while this "scorching" process was going on that the speaker received the loudest plaudits, which seemed to give him new animation. All this was no doubt very acceptable to an audience which resembled very closely a P. P. A. lodge or convention; but the scene was scarcely such a one as would satisfy those who expected to hear of the wise measures Mr. Meredith intends to adopt for the furtherance of peace and general prosperity in the country. On all this Mr. Meredith was as solemnly silent as would be a forest owl placed in the position he occupied before a presumably intelligent audience.

In the report of his speech given in the Mail, Mr. Meredith's special organ, just twenty-one lines are devoted to Mr. Meredith's policy on which he appeals to the electorate for support, while nearly a column is devoted to the "scorching" process, that is to say, to abuse of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Kingston.

His Grace certainly did say of Mr. Meredith that he had demoralized the Conservative party, by his appeals to the prejudices of the Protestants of the Province; and though Mr. Meredith assures us that he is on the side of toleration, the country knows better. We all know that from the firing of the first gun by him in the Opera House in this city, to the present moment, the leader of the Opposition has been pandering to the worst of fanaticisms, and the whole Conservative party is thereby in fact demoralized; so that Archbishop Cleary undoubtedly told the truth, and this is why Mr. Meredith feels so sorely on the matter.

But His Grace is not asking for the suffrages of the people, as Mr. Meredith is doing, and therefore it is Mr. Meredith, and not the Archbishop, who is on trial before the tribunal of the country. It is Mr. Meredith's declaration of policy, therefore, that

we have now to consider; and in what does it consist?

He says in this same speech, "I am not going to ask the Protestants of the country to vote with us because Bishop Cleary has summoned his cohorts against us. But I do call on all who believe in the principles I have advocated to resent the treatment accorded a public man for upholding them."

As we understand this appeal, Mr. Meredith does exactly what he declares he did not intend to do. He asks all who believe with him that Catholic education is an evil which must be borne with, to unite with him in harassing Catholic schools, because Archbishop Cleary has exposed his double dealing in regard to them.

Mr. Meredith's reference to the Archbishop's "cohorts" who are summoned to the fight is intended to be an insult to the whole Catholic body. It is a condensed method of repeating all the calumnies which have been for years published in the Toronto Mail concerning the "solid" or "crystallized" Catholic vote, which is said to be sold from time to time by the Bishops of Canada to one party or the other, according to the price which is paid for it.

We do not wonder that under such circumstances Mr. Meredith had a presentiment that his words would give offence, as was evidently the case, for he adds immediately:

"If the result of this controversy be to shatter my party, I shall regret it, but I shall maintain the principle of complete separation between Church and State."

All this is mere buncombe. It is an appeal to fanaticism on false grounds. Our Separate school system, to which Mr. Meredith here alludes, does not imply any connection whatsoever between Church and State, but only the liberty of conscience of the individual. It implies that if we Catholics are willing to pay for the education of our own children, we shall not be taxed for the education of those of other people. It follows from this that the real tyrants who would impose a State Church upon their fellow-citizens, are they who, like Mr. Meredith, insist upon imposing on us a system of education without religion, and declare that if we are not content therewith we must pay a double tax, one for the education of our own, and another for that of our neighbors' children. The kind of State Church, too, which they would impose upon us is of the very worst character, a State Church that does not recognize the existence of a God. The real friends of civil and religious liberty are the Catholics, who demand that they shall be allowed the fullest liberty of educating their children in accordance with their conscientious convictions.

But is it not State Churchism to ask that the State shall pay for the teaching of religion? It matters not whether the answer to this be yes or no, for we do not ask anything of the kind. In reality it is not the State, but the taxpayer, who pays the money which sustains the school system. But this has nothing to do with the matter. All we ask is that if the State is to furnish a system of education at all, it shall not exclude us from participating in the benefit, because we unite religious with secular instruction. We do not ask the State to furnish the religious instruction, but we are just as much entitled to have the State pay for the secular instruction imparted in a religious school, as are those who educate their children without letting them know there is a God. Mr. Meredith's talk about State Churchism in connection with Separate schools is, therefore, a mere cloak for persecuting us. It is a pretext for imposing upon us a system of education against which we have conscientious objections.

But again we are told that Mr. Meredith does not purpose to take away from us the Separate school system, which is guaranteed to us under the Confederation Act. Well, we admit that he says he will not interfere with us, as far as he is restrained from doing so by a power superior to himself, but he does not conceal his intention to make it as hard as possible for us to conduct our Separate schools. He proclaims it to be his purpose to legislate with a view to make it as difficult as possible to conduct Separate schools, so that there may be as few of them established as possible, and he openly charges it against Mr. Mowat's Government as a crime, that under its legislation Catholic Separate schools increased in number. His reasoning today is just the same as it was on Dec. 16, 1889, when he said in the speech which announced the policy of his party:

"Now we cannot alter the conditions on which Separate schools came into

existence. My opinion is that while we should be and I am willing to give every facility for the improvement of these Separate schools consistent with the conditions under which they were established, yet I would be guilty of treason to my country if I opened any wider the doors that are already wide enough for the establishment of Separate schools."

He proclaimed then, as he does still, his wish to repeal those amendments which were introduced under Mr. Mowat's administration, to facilitate the working of the Separate school law, his purpose being to kill off the Separate school by throwing obstacles in the way of their operation.

These amendments do not put the Separate schools on an equal footing with the Public schools, though we admit that Mr. Mowat's purpose was to treat them as fairly as possible; but Mr. Meredith's avowed object is to rob the Separate schools of a few dollars whenever he can find an excuse to throw some petty annoyance in their way. He proposes not to abolish the schools—because he cannot—but he will kill them by the kind methods of "improvement" he is willing to apply to them.

It is no wonder that Mr. Meredith's policy is acceptable to the P. P. A. and all enemies of Catholic education. It is just the thing these associations want, and there is so perfect an understanding between the P. P. A. and Mr. Meredith's party, that his candidates all over the Province are supported by the P. P. A., who take care not to bring forward a candidate of their own where there is a Conservative in the field; and on the other hand, where there is a P. P. A. candidate in the field, the Conservatives are quite content to give him their support.

The triumph of Mr. Meredith at the pending elections will undoubtedly be the triumph of P. P. Aism. We therefore advise those Catholics, if there are any, who wish to see a P. P. A. Government in power to support Mr. Meredith's party. Should Mr. Meredith become the Premier of Ontario, the principal member of his Cabinet, and probably his Minister of Education, will be a P. P. A. man, and the P. P. A. will at once begin to thrive all over the Province; but if Mr. Meredith and his party be defeated, it will be a death-blow to P. P. Aism, just as the last general election was the death-blow to bogus Equal Rightism, which was P. P. Aism under another name.

All friends of civil and religious liberty, Catholic and Protestants alike, should, therefore, go to the polls next Tuesday and vote without hesitation for Sir Oliver Mowat's candidates. Be not deluded by side issues. Let there be no shilly-shallying with independent or Patron candidates, where there is a supporter of Mr. Mowat's Government in the field. A straight support of Mr. Mowat's Government on the present occasion is the only sure way to crush the existing rampant spirit of religious bigotry and fanaticism. Mr. Mowat's Government is attacked by the P. P. A. because it showed some desire to give fair treatment to Catholics. Four years ago, and eight years ago, it was attacked for the same reason. It had then brought upon itself the hatred of bigots, but it was for this very reason that it was sustained by the people, and we trust it will be sustained again now by all who love civil and religious liberty. We hope that liberal Protestants and Catholics alike will rally to its support.

To the polls!

UNITED STATES PARSONS ARE ONCE MORE engaged at Washington in trying to break up the Catholic Indian schools of the West.

It was because the Government found that the religious denominations succeeded better than the State in civilizing the Indians, and did the work more economically also, that the system was adopted of paying the denominations to keep up the Indian schools. But the Presbyterians and Methodists found themselves outstripped by the Catholics in the work, and they succeeded during the term of the late administration in persecuting the Catholic Indians by endeavoring to break up the Catholic schools. Their efforts were baffled, however, under the administration of President Cleveland, and now they are moving heaven and earth to get the policy of ex-President Harrison adopted once more. It is not likely, however, that they will succeed. The opposition to the existing policy arises, not from conscientious objections to religious teaching, but from hatred of Catholic education. In order to destroy the many Catholic schools, they are willing to close their own,

which are but few. They are, besides, aware that if they get secular schools established they will be really Protestant schools.

HOT MUSTARD FOR THE P. P. A. AND A. P. A.

The New York Times throws some new light upon the methods of the Apaisists of the United States, showing what, indeed, we knew already, that the no-Popery dark lantern organization propagates itself by no other means than infamous falsehoods. The Times has unearthed many documents which have been circulated by the association in that city, and is publishing extracts from them. These papers are being secretly circulated by the A. P. A., and, to use the language of the Times,

"They say plainly that they want to do all the injury they can to the communicants of the Catholic Church, but they want to do it without injuring themselves or taking any chances in that direction. It is for this reason, they freely confess, they work secretly, instead of coming out in the open to fight in the usual American manner."

Among the falsehoods propagated by these bigots are the following, taken from a pamphlet entitled "The American Protective Association Explained." This handbook says:

"Our army and navy are almost wholly Romanized."
Well: if such were really the case, it would only prove that Catholics are more ready than Protestants to sustain the Government of the country at the risk of their lives. Such a fact would be no excuse for persecuting them, and it would further follow that the pretence on which the dark-lantern association has been founded is a miserable and false one, namely, that Catholicism is anti-American.

The handbook in question further states that "the Jesuits control the heads of the Government at Washington," and "there are frequent desecrations of the American flag by priests."

Such absurdities do not need serious refutation: yet there must be a class of people who will believe such things as gospel, or the A. P. A. would not dare to publish them: and the members of the society must be the most stupid class in the country, else they would sicken when fed on such rubbish.

The lies circulated by the P. P. A. of Canada are of precisely similar character to those of the United States organization. They pretend that Catholics have much more than their share of public patronage, and that in some inexplicable way the hierarchy controls the Governments of the Dominion and the Province of Ontario.

Concerning the United States story, the Times says:

"That it is untrue that the army and navy of the United States are Romanized, and that the Jesuits control the heads of Government at Washington, makes not the slightest difference to the A. P. A. people. They rely on these statements to arouse the prejudices of the masses, who are not in a position to investigate them, and they have been successful."

The Times states that it is the intention of the A. P. A. to attack Lutherans as well as Catholics in the near future; and that its prognostications are correct seems to be borne out by the fact that already some of the A. P. A. papers have commenced their attack on these lines.

While on this subject, we ought not to neglect to compliment the Congregational Union of Canada for the manly stand it took at its meeting in Toronto on Monday, the 11th inst., in condemning the P. P. A., though that organization was not actually named.

The following resolution was passed by a vote of 44 to 8, Mr. Edmund Yeigh being the mover, and Mr. R. W. McLachlan of Montreal the seconder:

Wild's un-Christian vagaries, but by its present action in placing on record its condemnation of the uncharitable and abominable principles of P. P. Aism it has done much towards redeeming itself, for Holy Writ tells us that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

It is worthy of remark that both the Rev. Dr. Wilde, and Rev. Mr. Madill, the P. P. A. President, absented themselves from the session of the Union when the vote against P. P. Aism was passed. It may be presumed that they absented themselves to avoid the humiliation of seeing their anti-Christian violence condemned. To them, of course, Mr. Yeigh's motion was gall and wormwood.

The action of the Union was all the more creditable as the resolution above given was adopted in the face of a nondescript resolution whereby it was intended to throw dust into the eyes of the public by condemning equally those "passionate Roman Catholics and passionate Protestants" who "in these times" go "to extremes." Such a resolution as this would have been "a mockery, a delusion and a snare;" and as such it was regarded by the majority, for every one knows that there is no anti-Protestant agitation among Catholics to call for such condemnation, and it was in the full consciousness of this that Mr. Yeigh's motion was passed. This is evident from the speech of Mr. R. W. McLachlan, who seconded the motion. He said:

"Such associations as the P. P. A. are unnecessary. In Montreal, notwithstanding the preponderance of the Roman Catholic population, there is no need for such an organization. How then could there be in Ontario, where the circumstances are reversed? I think the Protestants of Toronto might learn tolerance from the Roman Catholics of Montreal."

THE PARNELLITES.

The policy of opposition to Lord Rosebery's Government announced by Mr. John Redmond as that decided on by the Parnellites in Parliament turned out to be a tremendous fizzle. The cable despatches announced the complete victory achieved by the Government in passing the budget, which was carried by a majority of forty, whereas not more than one of fourteen was expected, owing especially to the defection of the Parnellites, and certain malcontents among the Welsh members who were dissatisfied with the delays over the Welsh disestablishment bill. The Welsh malcontents returned to their allegiance, but the Parnellites adhered to their announced resolution to oppose the bill, with the result that Mr. John Redmond, his brother William, and two other members of the Parnellite party marched into the lobby with the Tories to vote against the Government. In full force, the Parnellites would have mustered only nine votes, but it is most ridiculous to suppose that the fag end of a party, the majority of whom prefer to absent themselves from a most important division, can expect to dictate the policy of the people of Ireland. The Parnellites have certainly over-reached themselves by their absurd attempt at terrorizing the Nationalists. Their fiasco was the more complete, as the Messrs. Redmond left London after their display of weakness, and there remained only three Parnellites in the House to watch over the interests of Ireland, and these three could not agree upon a course to be followed, two of them, Colonel Nolan and Mr. Field, voting for the Government, and the third, Mr. Maguire, going with the Opposition. Surely the Irish constituencies which sent these members to guard their interests in Parliament will have the good sense at the next election to unite in supporting the truly Nationalist party, and will leave the Parnellites to do their quarrelling at home, where they cannot do any injury to the National cause.

In contrast with Mr. Meredith's dealings with the P. P. A. and their platform, we have great pleasure in recording the fact that Mr. E. C. Carpenter, the Reform candidate in North Norfolk, stated publicly in a speech at La Salette on the 12th inst., that the P. P. A. had presented their platform to him for his subscription, but he had informed them in writing that he could not approve of it, and that he therefore returned it to them. He added in the most manly fashion, that he does not expect P. P. A. votes; that he does not want them; and that he repudiates all assistance from that quarter. The announcement was received with great applause. The Conservative candidate in the same constituency approved of the platform, of course.

The colonel is evidently a great friend of civil and religious liberty, and not a shamlike many in the United States and Canada who with impudence and hypocrisy combined have this phrase constantly at the end of their tongues; and what the eloquent speaker said of the United States is quite applicable to Ontario, for there are many Protestants in Ontario like him. The P. P. A. and the A. P. A. can never carry their principles through to practical operation while such is the case, for there are plenty of fair-minded Protestants like Colonel Fellows who will assist in fighting the demon of persecution.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND THE A. P. A.

The Catholic school exhibit of the Archdiocese of New York was closed with appropriate ceremonies on the evening of the 27th of May, and from the account of the closing exercises given in the New York Sun, they evinced the excellence of the New York system of Parochial schools.

The exhibit was, in every respect, a great success, and the facts elicited during the closing exercises are as instructive to Ontarians as they were to the people of New York, the circumstances of the two countries being similar in very many respects.

It was pointed out by one of the speakers that there are 60,000 children attending the Parochial schools of the Archdiocese, and that these have as much right that their education should be paid for by the State as have the children of their Protestant neighbors. Yet the city has not provided any school accommodation for them, nor has either city or State furnished one cent towards their education, though their parents pay their full share of the Public school tax.

It is the object of Mr. Meredith and his supporters to bring about a similar state of affairs in Ontario. They seem to think that it is a clever trick to double the school taxes of Catholics because our consciences tell us we should give our children a Christian education; and they even expect that some Catholics will aid them by their votes at the coming election, to put their plans into successful operation.

Mgr. Farley, the Chairman of the Catholic School Board, presided, and, speaking of the work of the schools, he said:

"In the parochial schools the children have not only been taught the love of God, but they have also been taught the love of their country. Though they have been taught the duty to die for their faith they have also been taught the duty to die for their country when necessity calls. They have been taught to reverence next to their Church that symbol of the country's greatness, the American flag—the Stars and Stripes."

This was a complete answer to the slanders of the Apaisists of the United States, who have absurdly endeavored to make it appear that Catholics are now engaged in devising a plan for the overthrow of the Government of the country.

Father Farley's remarks were received with prolonged applause, and then speaking of the Sisters who are teaching in the parochial schools, he told of their work as nurses during the war, concluding thus:

"And when the war was over, where did they go? Not to the pension office. No, they returned to teach the children of the soldiers who had died on the field; to teach them faithfulness and loyalty to the glorious flag, to tell them how their fathers had died in its defence."

Col. John R. Fellows, District Attorney of New York city, followed, remarking that the storm did not seem to have kept away any one at home that night; but he knew a Baptist minister in town who, if he were there to see the enthusiastic crowd, would bear an additional load upon him during his life on seeing how little is the force of water.

Col. Fellows stated that he is a Protestant, and that in being so he follows the faith he received from his father; nevertheless he has no wish to propagate Protestantism by persecution, as a certain association is attempting to do.

He did not name the association referred to, but every one understood that he was scoring the A. P. A. when he continued:

"What do these men want? What are they objecting to? For what was this country founded if it wasn't to guarantee to all men free religion! Is there not in the Constitution a guaranteed right to worship as one pleases? Founded by something more than a hundred men on the principle of freedom in worship and freedom in all things, there are tens of thousands, ay! hundreds of thousands, and millions of Protestants to-day who are prepared to fight for those principles even as the hundred fought, who are prepared to shed their blood that you may keep what our fathers gave to you."

The colonel is evidently a great friend of civil and religious liberty, and not a shamlike many in the United States and Canada who with impudence and hypocrisy combined have this phrase constantly at the end of their tongues; and what the eloquent speaker said of the United States is quite applicable to Ontario, for there are many Protestants in Ontario like him. The P. P. A. and the A. P. A. can never carry their principles through to practical operation while such is the case, for there are plenty of fair-minded Protestants like Colonel Fellows who will assist in fighting the demon of persecution.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARLY AND THE GLOBE.

Last week we published a portion of a letter from the Archbishop of Kingston to the editor of the Toronto Globe; this week we publish the entire document, and it will well repay perusal on the part of our readers. The brilliant and intrepid Archbishop wields a mighty pen, and it is quite evident that our Toronto contemporary has been worsted in the argument. It has violated the principle of fair play by leaving out a considerable portion of the Archbishop's letter which would have served to establish another distinct act of corruption of sentences. This seems all the more extraordinary after stating at the top of the article that it has given the letter in full. We have no doubt that the editor of the Globe in his criticism of His Grace's pronouncement, has made as good a defence as it is possible to make, but he has not by any means succeeded in pulling himself out of the ugly predicament into which he had fallen by coupling the name of the distinguished Archbishop of Kingston with that of the clerical president of the P. P. A. The former holds high rank amongst the episcopacy of the Church of God; he is admitted to be one of the most learned, eminent and estimable prelates on the continent of America, his only ambition being to work for the greater glory of God by guarding the flock over whom he has been placed as shepherd with tender solicitude and never ceasing watchfulness. But what shall we say of the man thrown into newspaper companionship with the Archbishop, by the editor of the Globe? While wearing the white tie of a minister of the gospel he is engaged in the work of urging one section of his neighbors to take an oath to deal unjustly, we should rather say barbarously, with another section of the people who hold a different religious belief, swearing them to deprive their Catholic neighbors of the means of earning a livelihood. The incident in Southampton gives ample proof of the result of his satanic work. This miserable man cannot be said to be even in good standing in his own Church, for the Congregational Union, at a recent session, condemned the work in which he is engaged. How ridiculous, then, is the Globe's claim that it was justified in coupling his name with that of His Grace of Kingston because they are both clergymen! There is no justification whatever to be found in the Globe's course and the best thing the editor can do, it seems to us, is to make an ample apology to Archbishop Cleary.

WHO IS IN FAULT?

Mr. Chas. S. Hyman spoke very truly at the meeting held last Friday evening in support of Mr. Hobbs, the Liberal candidate for this city at the forthcoming election. Referring to the attempt now being made to stir up sectarian feeling, he reminded his audience that "The majority of the Roman Catholics in Quebec give to the Protestant minority a greater amount of liberty than we are pleased to accord to the Catholics here. We should consider the subject from a broad standpoint. In this country of five million population there are forty two per cent. Roman Catholics. If we carry this bitterness and warfare into Dominion politics, Confederation cannot endure. (Hear, hear.) I hope I may always endeavor to appeal, not to men's passions, but to their common sense."

Whatever may be the result of the general election, it is a pity for our country's sake, that an appeal has been made to the worst passions of a fanatical section of the people. Such an appeal engenders a hatred and discord which will not soon disappear after the election will be over. And who is responsible for this? Certainly not the Catholic body, though Mr. Meredith and the Toronto Mail have endeavored with all their might to throw the blame upon us.

Amid all the violence of our opponents, and especially of the P. P. A. Aists of the Province, who have not hesitated to scatter broadcast the most brazen falsehoods against our religion, the Catholics have maintained a quiet and peaceful attitude which is really remarkable. Perhaps it is partly due to this fact that our opponents show so much impotent rage. They regard, perhaps, the peacefulness and quiet of the Catholic body as an evidence of our confidence that the justice of our cause will prevail.

We fully believe that with so many fair-minded Protestants who, like Mr. Hyman, have the courage to denounce the fanatics who have raised the re-

ligious cry, the know-nothing spirit will be crushed at the ballot-box on the 26th inst. Mr. Meredith has adopted the P. P. A. platform on which to conduct the present contest. This was done for the purpose of securing the solid vote, or the crystallized vote, of the fanatics, and it has succeeded, for he will have the whole force of the P. P. A. with him. He has earned their adhesion, by supporting their anti-Separate school bill in the Legislature, as well as by his declarations, both before and after his Opera House speech in this city.

We have only to say that Mr. Meredith will find it hard to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds at the same time. There has been much talk of the Catholic "solid vote." There has never been anything of the kind, as long as the Catholic religion was not assailed, but when our dearest rights are attacked, it is not to be wondered at if we should cast a solid vote in defence of them now, and we have no hesitation in expressing our hope that such a vote will be cast. We trust that the Catholics of Ontario will have the spirit to resent Mr. Meredith's having thrown himself into the arms of an association bitterly hostile to our religion.

We are aware that the society which has taken Mr. Meredith under its patronage is now endeavoring to hoodwink the people into the belief that it is not hostile to any one on account of his religion, but we all know that this is a hypocritical pretence; and as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or any other denomination would meet hostility to them by a solid vote, we trust that Catholics will do so likewise. We advise this not from any thought that Catholics should be all of the same political opinion, but because a party which has promoted and is promoting religious discord ought to be discountenanced by all who desire the prosperity of the country.

But why should so much noise be made about a solid Catholic vote even if it did exist? The Rev. Mr. Madill, the President of the P. P. A., speaking at Niagara Falls on the 1st inst., on behalf of the Conservative P. P. A. candidate, did not hesitate to say that "the P. P. A. is going to give them another solid vote worth more than the solid Catholic vote."

Why do not Mr. Meredith and the Mail protest against this solid vote with which we are threatened? It is a vote of aggression, dictated by religious hate, and therefore deserves condemnation; but it is gladly accepted by Mr. Meredith; and it is needless to say that the reason for this is that it is to be cast for Mr. Meredith and his supporters throughout the Province.

It is amusing, or it would be amusing if it were not so villainous, that Mr. Madill, true to the instincts of his association, on the same occasion produced and commented on what he called "the oath which the Roman Catholic laity are obliged to subscribe to."

It is a pity Mr. Madill did not get this oath published. It would be news to the Catholic laity to read it, for they certainly have had no knowledge of it hitherto.

THE PATRONS.

To the Editor:—I notice an article in your valuable paper of last week, as also one in this week's issue, instructing the Catholic electors of Ontario how to vote in the provincial elections. While agreeing with you in the matter of the P. P. A. and the Meredith politicians, that no Catholic elector should vote consistently with them, or countenance them in any way, I must, along with a large number of Catholics, differ from you in your article referring to the Provincial election. I have been connected with the order since its introduction in Eastern Ontario and have filled various offices in connection with it. I was a delegate to the Grand Council meeting held in Toronto in February and March last. At that convention a committee was appointed to investigate and report on the question whether an alliance existed between the P. P. A. and the P. P. A. The report of that committee was published at the time, and it fully established the fact that no alliance did, or could, exist between the P. P. A. and the P. P. A. I feel convinced that if a full investigation were made of the aims and objects of both organizations by you, that no other conclusion could be arrived at. While the P. P. A. carries on its nefarious and evil work in the dark, the members being ashamed to acknowledge their connection with the order, the Patrons of Industry, on the contrary, throw open their doors to all with a few necessary exceptions, irrespective of creed or nationality. In fact, it is strictly non-sectarian, the sole aim being to better the condition, by constitutional means, of the toiling masses of the country, with their brethren in the same way. While it may be a fact that in some isolated cases the P. P. A. element may get control of some of the Patron lodges, they cannot introduce their works publicly in the order; nor would it be allowed, as we have the statement met by the Grand officers and published in their official organ, the Canada Freeman Star, that no such proposition would be allowed. Another fact must be borne in mind, and that is that the membership of the order is composed largely of Roman Catholics. Holding offices in the order, they must have an influence in the general work and a choice in the selection of the candidates to represent them in the coming contest, and it would be a very difficult matter for them to carry out your instructions in the face of the fact that the Liberals of Glengary and Stormont, at a

convention held on June 6, have withdrawn their candidates, in favor of the Patron nominees, while in Dundas Mr. Whitney, Mr. Meredith's lieutenant, is opposed by Mr. Fox, the Patron nominee. On these conditions, I would ask you to reconsider this matter, in justice to the Patrons, as I believe if any institution will kill out the P. P. A., it is the Patrons of Industry, whose members are composed of liberal-minded Protestants, with Catholic neighbors, of the country, united as they are for the purpose of benefiting their fellow-men.

J. A. A. CAMERON, County President, Stormont, Patrons of Industry.

We can assure our friend, Mr. Cameron, that we have no desire to do any injury to the Patrons of Industry. For the promotion of their own interests they have as much right to exist as boards of trade or any other bodies; but when we find men prominent in the order, like Mr. McNaughton, taking an oath to deprive their Catholic neighbors of civil and religious liberty, and when we are also confronted with the fact that the Grand President of the Patrons, Mr. Mallory, has appeared on the public platform warmly advocating the election of Mr. McNaughton, Mr. Cameron will see that there are grounds why the society should, at least to some extent, lose the confidence of its Catholic members. Another point worthy of consideration is this: The Liberals, Mr. Mowat's followers, pledge themselves to support the policy of their leader, and Mr. Mowat's policy is to give justice to Catholics in the matter of education. The Patrons of Industry give no such pledge. They are, in fact, at liberty to vote away our rights in this respect; and, furthermore, they may, if so inclined, cast their votes with the P. P. A. element in the house. There is, therefore, it appears to us, a substantial reason why Catholics should, in every case, prefer a straight Liberal rather than one belonging to any other party.

One of the principal planks in the platform of the Patrons is that power to appoint sheriffs, registrars, etc., should be taken out of the hands of the Government and given to municipal bodies. From a careful observation of the methods of these bodies we have no hesitation in stating that any such change would result in the almost complete ostracism of Catholics so far as these offices are concerned. London, Brantford and Galt had recently each one Catholic in the employ of the corporation, all of whom were dismissed because of their faith. It is quite true that in such places as Stormont, Glengary, Russell and Prescott, where the Catholic population is large, Catholics might occasionally be given responsible positions; but in nearly every other district in this immense province, it would be the wonder of a generation were a Catholic elected to such positions as sheriffs or registrars by the municipal bodies. Living as he does in the East, Mr. Cameron is not given an opportunity to experience the injustice and ostracism to which Catholics are subjected in the West.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DURING the present political contest Mr. W. C. Coe, of the shorthand academy of this city, has proved himself to be one of the most offensive nobodies in the province. Armed with a set of the Readers used in the Catholic schools, he hops about from one Meredith meeting to another, delivering little school-boy orations, and endeavoring to aid his master, Mr. Meredith, by showing that the Catholic faith is taught in the Catholic schools. Few there are who are not highly amused at the little man's utterances, for his arguments and his stature are built on the same plan. Had Mr. Coe lived in England some years ago Charles Dickens would have had a more perfect subject for his character of "Mr. Tappertit."

MEANNESS and bigotry always run in pairs. The Free Press of this city firmly holds to the belief that Mr. Mowat has all along been an agent of the "foreign potentate" because the tax collector is required by law to take the school funds for the Separate as well as for the Common system. The collection of the monies for the Separate schools entails no cost whatever on the municipality, but as it is some advantage to the Separate school board that this system should prevail the Free Press and the party of which it is an organ want to put an end to it, on the plea that it is giving aid and comfort to the common enemy. There is absolutely no other reason for finding fault with the present law.

The most disgraceful act of the present Ontario campaign is the liberal distribution amongst Protestants of a campaign sheet bearing the title "An Eye Opener." It is composed for the most part of those abom-

inable falsehoods about the Catholic Church which has formed the stock-in-trade of Mrs. Shepherd, the Toronto Mail, Chiquery, etc. Even the Toronto Empire became ashamed of it and expressed disapproval of its circulation. Conservatives, however, must be held responsible for its distribution, as there can be no manner of doubt that it has emanated from the headquarters of the party. It would be waste of time to make reference to its contents. We should feel sorry were any of our Protestant fellow-citizens so ignorant as to be influenced by the statements it contains.

The Town Council of Galt has covered itself with glory! They have dismissed from the service of the corporation an old and trusty chief constable, Mr. Ahearn, because he is a Catholic! And thus vagrants, drunks, burglars, etc., will no longer be subject to the indignity of arrest at the hands of an emissary of the "foreign potentate!" "Not guilty, but he must go," is the verdict which the Galt Reformer says the P. P. A. members of the Council returned against Mr. Ahearn. That paper adds:

There is no wonder at the outcry raised by the indignant citizens who have watched this fillibustering—this contemptible trickery—with amazement and disgust. The day of retribution is most surely coming, and the townsmen are growing alive to the fact, not so much that Chief Ahearn has been a good and faithful servant, but that some of the town councillors have formed themselves into a clique, are accustomed to transact their business in secret conclave, and then over-ride the more honest minority who have the courage of their opinions and the welfare of the town at heart.

GALT, however, is doing something to redeem itself. At a mass meeting of the citizens, held on the 14th inst., the conduct of the majority of the town councillors was denounced in the most vigorous terms. Rev. Dr. Dickson, a Protestant clergyman, in referring to the treatment accorded Mr. Ahearn, drew the following life-like picture of the P. P. A. members of the Council:

A strong sense of duty had impelled him to present to the Council the action of a majority of the Town Council, which had been cowardly and unjust, and he assured them that if he stood alone in the town he should never fail to raise his voice against what he believed to be a scandalous misuse of justice—no, it was not justice, that was to be had here, but it was not Christian-like, and he would not bring that word into dispute—but it was the conduct of blood-hounds that must have blood.

Rev. Dr. Jackson, another Protestant minister, said:

In the name of British justice and British fair play he had come there to protest against the shameful treatment which the Chief had received.

A resolution, strongly condemning the action of the Council, was carried by an almost unanimous vote.

NORTH MIDDLESEX affords us an example of how the Conservative party and the P. P. A. are running in harness together. There was there a Conservative candidate, Mr. Fox, but he has retired in order to concentrate the Conservative vote on Mr. Alexander, the nominee of the P. P. A.

THE Toronto Mail of Saturday, true to its antecedents, misrepresents the language of the CATHOLIC RECORD. It asserts that we stated that the Bishops of Ontario "were about to permit Mr. Meredith to assume the Premiership in 1886," when Mr. Meredith "bestrode the Protestant horse," and "the order for the defeat of his candidates was passed abroad." THE RECORD made no such statement, though we did mention that Mr. Meredith's acceptance of the Mail's anti-Catholic platform turned from him "a large, if not unanimous support in the election of 1886." THE Mail's statement is simply a sample of its skillfulness in evading the truth.

CONSERVATIVE Catholics! the issue at this Provincial election is not an issue on the policies of the Conservative and Reform parties; but it is whether the principles of P. P. Aism, that snake in the grass, are to be triumphant in Ontario. If Mr. Meredith and his party adopt P. P. Aism, they deserve to suffer for it, and the best thing that can happen for the Conservative party now is that P. P. Aism be crushed out. The next thing the P. P. A. will attempt will be to defeat the Conservative Government at Ottawa, if Mr. Mowat's Government be now defeated by them. Do not lend yourselves to their purpose.

A MESSAGE was last week sent by the Mayor of Sarnia to the Mayor of Montreal by bicycle. It was signed by all the mayors and other civic officials on the line of route. The Toronto Mail hopes this circumstance will promote good will between the two Provinces. This coming from a paper that has done more than all the other publications in the Dominion to cultivate the spirit of hatred between the people of Quebec and the people of Ontario, as

well as between the Catholics and Protestants of this Province, forms a good sample of frigid editorial hypocrisy. When the Mayor of Montreal returns the compliment no doubt he will write a friendly missive and perhaps he will in it declare his astonishment that while the Protestants of Quebec, as Mr. Blake would say, are treated by the Catholics as "spoiled children," a great number of the Protestants of Ontario have taken a solemn oath not to employ, vote for, or appoint, Catholics to any public position, and have made a beginning of the work of ostracism by dismissing a policeman in Brantford, a chief of police in Galt and a police court clerk in London solely because they are Catholics.

A. P. A. PARSONS in New York State appear to be generally the worst lot which could be picked out in the whole continent. In this respect they resemble the rank and file of the organization, who are known to be, for the most part, the hoodlums of Protestantism. One A. P. A. minister reported that a Papist had struck him with a brick-bat, and it was proved that he deliberately went into a barber's shop, and, after having his head shaved, stuck on a piece of court plaster to make it appear he had been wounded. This happened at Albany, and the person has been clapped into jail as a result of his efforts to pose as a martyr. In Brooklyn, another A. P. A. minister is on trial for pocket-picking, and in Buffalo another is being looked for by the police for attempting to choke to death his wife and three year old child. The last one is the Rev. W. S. Shin. The wife had borne his brutality for a long time, but his last effort wore out her patience and she entered the complaint for which the police now want him. He cannot be found, however, as he has left the city.

BOWMANVILLE, West Durham, is one of the places which Mr. Meredith has thought proper to visit to aid in the election of a supporter. The Conservative candidate there, Mr. W. H. Reid, has expressly accepted the P. P. A. platform as presented to him, and is endorsed by the P. P. A. as their candidate; yet there are people who would have us believe that Mr. Meredith does not approve of P. P. Aism. His public support of Mr. Reid should dispel this illusion, and it leaves us free to believe that Mr. Meredith has himself accepted the P. P. A. platform in London, where he is to have the undivided P. P. A. support.

If a Catholic priest anywhere has a word to say on the political issues, the Toronto Mail and Mr. Meredith are never tired of appealing to the Protestantism of the Province to resent it by "uniting against the common enemy"; but it is all right if a Protestant minister takes part at one of Mr. Meredith's meetings, as the Rev. Dr. Sexton did at Napanee, moving the vote of thanks and approving of Mr. Meredith's policy. It would be considered a great outrage if Catholics were to abuse Mr. Sexton for his course after Mr. Meredith's or the Mail's fashion of dealing with the Catholic clergy.

MR. MEREDITH seems to have a presentiment that he is doomed to defeat. He declared in his Napanee speech that he will persevere in his course against Catholic education, even though he should thereby shatter his party. We believe his party and himself with it will be shattered on next Tuesday.

THE West Durham Conservative candidate is not the only one who has first of all bound himself to the P. P. A. platform, and has then received the endorsement of Mr. Meredith in a public speech. Mr. Meredith spoke in Toronto for the Conservative candidates of that city, the whole four of whom have accepted positively the P. P. A. platform, as the P. P. A. have declared in a circular issued to the P. P. A. electors, formally endorsing all four Conservative candidates as the P. P. A. nominees, whom P. P. Aists must support under pain of expulsion from the order. Mr. Meredith also spoke for the P. P. A. candidate in Lincoln last week. In fact, Mr. Meredith has no party in the field but a P. P. A. party, and, if he should form a Government at all, it should be a P. P. A. Government.

THE New York Independent and some other Protestant religious journals, are very fond of emphasizing certain differences among Catholics in regard to politics, or to the expediency of adopting certain methods of making known the Catholic Church to non-Catholics, and they imagine that these

differences of opinion are an offset to the essential differences existing among Protestants regarding the doctrines of Christianity. There are certainly among Catholics differences of opinion on matters which form no part of the divine Revelation; on matters of discipline, and human policy, but in doctrine, Catholics are absolutely one; whereas the disagreements among Protestants regard the most important dogmas of religion. The contrast between the two is most striking, and these Protestant journalists who endeavor to show that there is dissension among Catholics must feel that contrast keenly, for the more it is reflected upon the more clearly will it be seen.

UNLESS P. P. Aism be crushed out at this election it will receive an impetus which will stretch its life to a score of years. To the polls to put down the demon of discord and fanaticism.

SOME foolishly enthusiastic people call the Salvation Army the truest exponent of pure Gospel principles. We are aware that the Salvation Army has received words of commendation from churchmen such as Cardinal Manning, who admitted the possibilities for good existent within such an organization properly conducted and directed. The big-hearted Cardinal was loth to disbelieve that there were many earnest spirits arrayed in the bizarre trappings of the Army. We have no desire to detract from the credit due the Salvation Army for its benevolence, but assent that its work tends to uplift socially but not spiritually. It has no dogma, and sensational songs and drum-beatings can never lay the foundation of a truly spiritual life.

A CERTAIN minister who rejoices in the name of Dobbins has a curious notion of the dignity befitting his calling. Preaching some time ago on Spring, forty canary birds were released in the church. This proceeding may have helped his auditors to realize more vividly the idea of spring, but it savored somewhat of the low comedy stage. We can scarcely wonder if the pulpit is falling into disrepute. If ministers play the mountebank and buffoon they must expect to be treated as such.

DEPUYRE, the famous French surgeon, was, as all the world knows, no friend of Catholicism. Blunt and brusque in his manner, he had no hesitation in expressing sentiments that grated harshly on ears attuned to the harmony of orthodoxy. Yet, unlovable as all religion was to his eyes, he now and then permitted himself to be betrayed into the contrasting of Catholicism with the various sects. He had frequently the opportunity of witnessing death-bed scenes, and he could not help observing the tranquillity, the joy, which attended the passing of the Catholic from time to eternity. They went forward to the land beyond the grave as a bridegroom to the feast, as a child to a father, as an exile to his native land.

THE P. P. A. of Toronto declares in its circular, dated 2nd June, 1894, that the defeat of the P. P. A. party now will possibly be the "death blow of our order." Let all lovers of civil and religious liberty take the hint and attend the funeral on the 26th inst.

THE young King of Serbia is developing into the enfant terrible of Europe. He has suppressed the universal suffrage, the liberty of the press and the constitution of 1888. The Czar will ere long, place his heavy hand upon the kingly youngster.

THE A. P. A's. of the United States are realizing that the way of the slanderer and strife-fomentor is perilous. Let its obsequies be private.



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CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

London Catholic News, May 5. At St. Joseph's Church, Highgate Hill, the Festival of St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionist Order, was kept with great solemnity on Sunday last.

Rev. W. Croke Robinson, preaching after the first gospel said: It was his duty and privilege to speak to them that morning on the great saint who was so dear to Catholic England—St. Paul of the Cross. The object of his discourse would be to show how powerful was the intercessions of St. Paul of the Cross, and the part he had played in the English Catholic revival of the century.

THE ONTARIO LIFE.

Annual Meeting of the Company at Waterloo—A Very Prosperous Year.—Excellent Showing of the Annual Report—Congratulatory Address by President Bowman, M. P., Mr. B. M. Britton, Q. C., and other Gentlemen.

The 24th annual meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday, May 24, 1894. The meeting was held in the largest hall ever assembled in the city.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL REFORM.

Donahoe's Magazine for June. If "social reform" really means the equalizing of conditions for all, then the Catholic Church at every period of its history has been preaching the most advanced modern doctrines.

The Catholic Church has no reserved pews in its churches or cathedrals. The doors of its places of worship are not open upon state occasions or at regular hours.

HOOD'S GUARANTEES A CURE.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 4 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to LIVER BROOK, Ltd., 43 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and will also receive a copy of an easy way to decorate your home.

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Farms for Sale Cheap And on Easy Terms.

North half of west half Lot 20, Con. 10, Tp. Dawn, County Lambton; fifty acres; house, barn, etc.

BENNET FURNISHING COY.

Church, School and Hall FURNITURE. Write for Illustrated Catalogue and Prices.

NIAGARA FALLS

FOURTEEN MILES OF THE GRANDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD. Niagara Falls Park & River Railway.

TENDERS FOR COAL.

The undersigned will receive tenders, to be addressed to them at their office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," up to noon on

MONDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, 1894.

For the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the Institution named below, at Brockville, which can be seen with the other plans and specifications at this Department, where forms of tender can be procured on application.

YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT SOAP WHY NOT GET THE BEST THERE IS NO SOAP COMES UP TO SUNLIGHT

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

IDLENESS. And they had nothing to eat. (Gospel of the day)

The people who crowded about our Lord had nothing to eat, because out of love of the word of God they had for a time quit their work and their homes. This docility, this constancy argues well for their earnestness in the fulfilment of all their other duties.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Saint of the Poor.

In every age of the Christian era God has shown Himself wonderful in His saints. Childhood, manhood, womanhood, youth and old age; monarchs, peasants, clergy, laity, prisoners and freemen, all have contributed to that celestial host.

The Landgrave, her husband, though he loved and honored her, did not fully appreciate her sanctity, till God by miracles proved it to him. We are told in the history of her life that on a certain winter day bitterly cold, she passed through the court yard of her castle, she saw a thin-clad beggar shivering and crouching by the wall; at once she drew off her costly ermine mantle and threw it around the trembling creature.

Yet once again. One bleak, autumn day, as she was carrying a large basket laden with food for some poor family, she met her husband returning from the chase. The blood mounted to his forehead, and angrily he demanded why thus she demeaned herself.

wish. The children hurried, their little hearts overflowing with joy, to tell their kind pastor the good news. "To-night, Father, to-night after Vespers, the dear Lord Jesus will send for us," as their joyous greeting.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From time to time we have published brief paragraphs from our Continental correspondents as to the development of Catholic working-men's clubs or guilds, which do not exclude, but actually invite and receive the hearty co-operation of the employing classes.

HOOD'S CURES when all other preparations fail. It possesses curative power peculiar to itself. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Two years ago I had a bad attack of biliousness and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and can truly recommend it to anyone suffering from this complaint.

Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco Is Noted For Quality. "It always acted like magic, I had scarcely ever need to give the second dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints." Mrs. Walter Gevers, Ebbw Vale, Glam.

Derby Plug The Coldest and Most Enjoyable Smoker Ever Produced. Signs of Worms are variable appetite, itching at the nose, etc. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm expeller.

Derby Is Acknowledged To Be The Best Plug Smoking Tobacco In The Market. 5, 10, 20 and 30 cent plugs. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures and removes worms of all kinds in children or adults.

"EL PADRE" PINS THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD TEN CENT CIGAR. My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway.

THE CHURCH IN WALES. Anglican Ecclesiastical Protest Against the Disestablishment Bill.

London, May 17.—A manifesto signed by the English Archbishops and by thirty-one Bishops has been addressed to the members of the Church of England in Wales. The manifesto declares that the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, if it should become a law, would weaken the unity of the Church and alienate the ancient gifts by which the service of God and the pastoral care of the people were maintained for centuries.

Now just transport yourself back to the time of the Reformation, not so long ago. The identical argument will disqualify every Bishop and minister of the Anglican Church in Wales, the very men who are making the protest.

Now, as in the well-known case of Winchester, the terms of the contract by which the Anglican clergy hold their benefices have been openly departed from, while a mockery disgusting to many of themselves is gone through in place of these Masses for the dead.

The Church property of England is mainly entailed for Catholic purposes, and we use for our argument against the Anglican clergy the very words which they in an ignorant or ignorant fit of virtuous indignation are just now uttering against the present Government.

Parents Must have Rest. A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now: we use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

Dear Sirs.—I was suffering very much from diarrhoea, and could get nothing to cure me. A friend told me of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and a few doses completely cured me. Thos. L. Graham, Melita, Man.

CONTRACTORS.

addressed to the undersigned "senders for Works," will be returned until noon on Monday, for the following description: Cast Iron Pipes, London; Infirmary Hamilton; Sewage Disposal Works; System; Reservoir, Barn; Laundry House, Piggery; Steam and Hot Water; Asylum; Extension, Boiler; Steam Boiler, Grilling; and Hot Water Boiler.

WM. HARTY, Commissioner. Public Works, Ont., June 11th, 1894. 817-2

A Word to Careless Girls.

Many of us know the girl who, hastening to class or lecture, leaves at home an untidy room, open-lidded boxes, bureau drawers suggestive of compressed earthquake, bookcase doors swinging in imminent risk of demolition.

Many of us know the patient mother who moves along in the track of this household hurricane to remove the debris, rearrange the surroundings, close a box, smooth a glove, clear stand and table of encumbrances, and make fast the door that endangers the precious volumes it is supposed to guard as well as the physical safety of some junior member of the family.

It is astonishing how rarely you find yourself going from room to room empty handed if you observe this rule, and how many steps you save somebody who needs to have steps saved.—Margaret M. Halvey in June Donahoe's.

Ayer's Pills promote the natural motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, constipation, jaundice, and liver complaint, these pills have no equal. Every dose effective.

My symptoms were dropsy, backache, and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. George Holmes, Wood Point, Sackville, N.B.

My symptoms were dropsy, backache, and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. George Holmes, Wood Point, Sackville, N.B.



While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. READ the directions on the wrapper. LARGEST STOCK IN CANADA ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS. Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, &c.

MILITIA. SEALED TENDERS for the supply of Clothing for the Militia and Permanent Corps comprising Tunic, Trousers, Great Coats and Caps.

CHOCOLAT MENIER is now for sale everywhere in the United States and Canada, as its use as a table beverage in place of Tea, Coffee or Cocoa, has become quite universal.

SNAPS. Silk Scarfs 15c, two for 25c. Men's Shirts and Drawers 25c. Men's Balmbriggan Shirts and Drawers 37 1/2 cents each.

FARMS, LARGE & SMALL. HOTELS FOR SALE. ON THE EASTERN SHORE, MARYLAND, in the Peach and Berry Belt.

NORTHERN Business College. Open 8 hours, Ontario, is the very best place in Canada to get a thorough business education.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRADOT & CO. Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. Best Qualities Only. Prices the Lowest. McCAUSLAND & SON 75 King Street West, TORONTO.

ARCHITECTS. Offices—Rooms 28 and 29, Manning House King St. West, Toronto. Also in the Gerrie Block, Whittier.

180 KING STREET. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. The leading Undertakers and Embalmers.

D. R. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats.



C. M. B. A.

St. Patrick's Bazaar.—Branch 26 Ahead in the Trophy Contest.

That the St. Patrick's bazaar, Montreal, is a big success...

The members of the above branch were highly elated on Saturday night...

Anyone visiting the Windsor hall last evening might never have supposed...

Initiated Their Priest.—Montreal Gazette, June 15.

A special general meeting of Branch 71 of the C. M. B. A. was held at St. George street...

Resolutions of Condolence.—Dorchester, N. B., June 9, 1894.

In reply to correspondents, and for the information of others...

LADIES' CIRCLES.—Ladies circles are only formed where a branch...

is organized, and a committee of three is elected from the branch...

The committee of the Toronto branches have completed arrangements with the board company...

A. O. H.—Toronto, June 13, 1894.

Ed. Catholic Record.—Dear Sir:—It is very seldom anything is said concerning the A. O. H.

Resolved that the members of Div. No. 1, A. O. H., of York Co., following resolution was unanimously passed:

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founder, the late Mr. Foley, to such an extent that no taxes are levied on the special improvement...

OBITUARY.—P. A. TIMMONS, METCALFE.

On Friday morning, June 1st, Mr. P. A. Timmons died at Metcalfe.

As the chariot wheels of time roll along on this prosaic track, death, the ever-present and silent usher...

JAMES CLAIR, CAYUGA.

The funeral of the late James Clair, who has been night and day operator at the G. E. station...

MISS AGNES FITZGIBBONS, LONDON.

It is our painful task this week to record the death of Miss Agnes, of St. Lawrence street...

Death has within the last week claimed one of the gentlest and fairest of maidens.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Rev. Wm. O'Reilly and entered in our minute book...

struggle in this world should end, and he cheerfully yielded up his life to her Maker.

On his father's farm and fruit garden. Before Mr. Hill began taking the Pink Pills...

CONVERTS TO THE CHURCH.

Twelve Members of New York's "Four Hundred" Received into the Church by Jesuit Fathers.

New York society is agog over the conversion to the Catholic faith of a number of the adult members of the "Four Hundred."

It is considered a great privilege to be allowed to be confirmed in the convent...

The Ontario Life.

We refer our readers to the report of the Ontario Life Assurance Company...

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The Strange Experience of Wm. R. Hall, of Aldershot.—He was thought to be at Death's Door...

One of the most attractive places in the county of Warrick is the little village of Aldershot...

80, which figure was brought by a fairish good milk.

I CURED A HORSE OF THE mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I CURED A HORSE of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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MARKET REPORTS.—London, June 21.—Wheat had no advance...

Latest Live Stock Markets.—June 21.—Export Cattle.—Prices were fully 10 to 15c off...

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Children who are thin, hollow-cheeked, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by Scott's Emulsion.

20 lbs. of Nestle's Food. Your doctor will tell you it is the safest diet for baby.

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THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society. DIVIDEND No. 44.

COTTOLINE. It is better than Lard. Because it has none of its disagreeable and indigestible features.

MRS. SHEPHERD. We have printed in the letter written by Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Presbyterian minister of St. Thomas...

SITUATION WANTED. WANTED, BY A YOUNG LADY, situation as servant in a Catholic church...