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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IV.—No. 34

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE IRISH CONVENTION

### Departure of the Ontario Delegates for Dublin.

Montreal Representative also left—Johannesburg, South Africa, sends a Delegation—Speech by Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P.—Letter of Hon. John Costigan to Hon. Edward Blake.

Yesterday the following Ontario delegates to the great Irish Race Convention in Dublin on September 1st sailed for the Irish Capital on the White Star S.S. Britannic from New York: Ottawa, Hon. John Costigan, P.O., M.P., and Mr. John Heney, Toronto, Rev. F. Ryan, personal representative of the Archbishop of Toronto, Mr. Hugh Ryan, and Mr. J. Foy, Q.C. Hamilton, Rev. F. O'Reilly, St. Catharines, Rev. D. Harris and Mr. John McKown, Q.C. St. Thomas, Rev. Dr. Flannery. The following gentlemen elected by a representative meeting of the members of the Irish societies and the supporters of Home Rule in the commercial metropolis of Canada have already sailed from Montreal by the Dominion line: Hon. Charles E. Doherty, Judge of the Inferior Court of the Province of Quebec; Mr. H. T. Kavanagh, Q.C. Rev. Father O'Donnell, parish priest of St. Mary's Church, and Mr. Edward Halley, President of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society.

MR. COSTIGAN AND MR. BLAKE.

The following letter was written by Hon. John Costigan to Hon. Edward Blake a few weeks ago:

Office of Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 6th July, 1876.

My dear Mr. Blake—I only received yours of the 6th June on my return here Wednesday last.

I will be very glad to do anything in my power to secure the best possible delegation from different parts of Canada to attend the Irish Race Convention in Dublin on the 1st September.

A preliminary meeting will be held tonight to discuss the propriety of getting the different parts of Canada to attend the matter, each in its own locality. I have just learned that in Toronto steps have already been taken, and a good delegation has been selected in, and I presume for, that city.

I thank you very sincerely for expressing your own wish that I should attend if possible. As I have never yet crossed the Atlantic, I would certainly consider this a most agreeable occasion to visit the old land, and so far as I can see at present the probabilities are that I will be able to gratify my own strong desire to do so.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN COSTIGAN.

Hon. Edward Blake, 110 Albany Gardens, Westminster.

MESSAGE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. Davitt, M.P., has received the following cable from Mr. Callan, Chairman of the National Federation, Dunesid, N.Z.:

"Nationalists in Dunesid appoint you their delegate. Strongly urge unity."

O'CALLAN.

SUCCESS OF THE CONVENTION.

The Freeman's Journal says: When Archbishop Walsh of Toronto suggested the idea of a Convention of the Irish Race in Dublin, with the object of restoring unity to the National movement and insuring success to the National cause, he could hardly, in his most sanguine moments, have anticipated the all-embracing character of the assemblage that was to result from his suggestion. The preparations for the Convention which we chronicle daily are an amazing testimony to the intense and wide-spread interest in an island of our exercises through the length and breadth of the civilized globe. What quarter of the world is not full of her sorrows? For her poverty and her misery Ireland has this splendid consolation in the absorbing and devoted love of her children, however widely separated from the motherland. In history there has been nothing seen like this. Distance and time are forgotten when an Irishman has the hope of service to Ireland. No matter how rich and powerful the land of their adoption, the land of their race still retains first place in their hearts.

THE BAND AND THE CONVENTION.

A general meeting of the Johannesburg (South Africa) Branch of the Irish Amnesty Association was held. Mr. E. M. O'Connell, president of the association, occupied the chair, and amongst those present were—Dr. Brennan, Dr. Stanley, Messrs. F. Connolly, O'Donoghue, J. J. Martin, J. Geraghty, F. Lamb, P. M'Donoghue, E. C. O'Shea, A. H. Hestings, D. J. M'Grath, T. A. Maclellan, F. Hogan, Timothy McBarry, J. Murphy, O. Neaghton, M. Hedges, according to the instructions, they appointed men to get the petition signed. The signatures already numbered close on 4,000,

and he thought they ought to feel obliged to these men for the energy they had thrown into their work. They way they had been received on all hands showed the public appreciation of liberty and sympathy with their movement. He might mention that of their body who attended at the Baptist Church at Troyville were allowed to stand outside the church, but were asked by the Rev. Mr. Kelly to come inside the edifice, and told that they were quite as welcome with their petition as those who brought the Reform prisoners (applause).

Mr. Martin read the instructions to Mr. Hastings, the elected delegate to the Convention of the Irish Race in Dublin, which he proposed should be confirmed. They were as follows: "The delegate shall not ally himself with any section of the Irish Parliamentary Party, but shall by all honorable means, and to the best of his ability, endeavor to unite all sections of the party in one solid body, and under one common leader.

The delegate shall inform Messrs. John Dillon, John Redmond, and Mr. T. Healy that the Irish people on the Rand, in common with their countrymen all over the world, regret and deplore the unfortunate differences existing between them, and that we solemnly appeal to them to sink those differences and act in unity for the cause of Irish Nationality in the British House of Commons. (a) The from our point of view we believe the existing causes of disunion are but trifling when compared with the Irish National cause, and it behoves the leaders, in justice to their fellow countrymen at home and abroad, to unite, and thus increase the prestige of the Irish Parliamentary Party. (b) That the fact of their being so disunited is retarding the progress of the Irish National movement, and is a source of the gravest anxiety and dissatisfaction to their countrymen all over the world, and to sympathizers with the aspirations of the Irish people. (c) That no sympathy or assistance may be expected from the large and increasing Irish population of the Transvaal, unless there be unity and amity amongst all sections of the Irish Party, and that in the event of such a happy consummation, the Irishmen of the Transvaal will loyally assist the united party by their most practical sympathy and support. (d) That we send our hearty good wishes to our countrymen at home, and beg to no longer support any faction, but to give their whole, undivided support to a united representative party for the good of our common country.

The above instructions were unanimously adopted by a committee appointed by a mass meeting of Irishmen, held for the purpose in the Theatre Royal, Commissioner street, Johannesburg, South African Republic, on Friday, 28th June, 1896, and are submitted to our delegate, with the united good wishes of the Irish people on the Rand, and with the earnest hope of the success of his mission.

Signed by the committee: E. McCann, president; Dr. Brennan, vice-president; T. Connolly, treasurer; J. W. Allen, hon. secretary; Chevalier O'Donoghue, P. McDonoghue, G. Geraghty, E. Creany, T. J. Martin, F. Lamb, J. Mallon, J. Coogrove.

MR. DAVITT ON THE CONVENTION.

Speaking at the regular meeting of the Irish National Federation, on August 6th, in Dublin, Mr. Davitt, M.P., said:

Gentlemen, the one topic that invites from me most comment here today is that of the coming National Convention. For my part, I place fifty times more hope for Ireland in the work of the coming Irish Race Convention in Dublin than I do in fifty sessions of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster (applause). You know, of course, that some of our critics have assailed the organizers of this Convention, and have declared that it is the intention of those who so do to pack that assembly in the interest of certain men or a certain party. Well, I think, in face of what has been said again and again, and of what has been laid down in the constitution of that Convention, that these charges are absolutely without foundation (hear, hear). Let me put before you, and through this meeting before the country, what is the real, broad, comprehensive and democratic constitution upon which we ask this Convention to assemble. First of all, providing it, I think, a fair way for the representation of the National Federation, we go outside the bounds of our own organization and we lay down this wide representative invitation, "one delegate from each parish or township in which there is a branch of the Federation, the delegate to be elected at a parish meeting to be called by local Nationalists. Clergymen of all

denominations will be entitled to enter the Convention and to take part in its deliberations and in its voting." That, I think, is not setting up any narrow barrier against the broad and national character of the Convention. Then again, "Nationalist members of local public bodies, without distinction, are invited to come as delegates. Then there are all the members of the central body of the National Federation; but this calls for no special observation. Then we invite "three delegates from each Gaelic Athletic Club, Young Ireland Society, National Literary Society, Labor Organization, and Irish National Foresters having not less than 50 members, and if there are more than 300 members in the branch one additional delegate for each 100 members in excess of 800." Well, I think, gentlemen, that in view of this constitution we can say fearlessly and truthfully here to day that these charges are not justified, that we do not show ourselves at all afraid of the broadest possible national representation that can be called to gether at this coming Convention (hear, hear). Now you know that very widespread interest has been excited outside the shores of Ireland and Great Britain in this coming gathering of representative men of the Irish race. Already delegates have been appointed in South Africa and in Canada, and in many parts of the United States, and I learn by the last mail from the Antipodes that our good friends in Melbourne have issued a call to the Nationalists of the Australian colonies to send delegates, if possible, to take part in the deliberations here in Dublin on the coming 1st of September.

I think, therefore, we are likely to have a comparative large representation from the scattered branches of our race outside these three countries, but I am satisfied, considering everything, the great distance that most of them will have to travel, we cannot reasonably expect more than 80 or 100 delegates from those countries to which I have referred. Ireland will supply, I believe, nine tenths of the whole Convention, and the voice that will go forth from the Convention will, in reality, be the voice of Nationalist Ireland. Now, what will be the work which this unique gathering of representative Celtic Irishmen will have to perform? Well, I venture to say not to take up old, dead, useless controversies (hear, hear). That would be a profitless labor indeed for such a gathering to undertake; but its work I hope will be to reinvigorate the National movement—to infuse a new and healthy life of patriotic energy into it—an energy which will make and labor not for this man or that man as leader, or for this, that, or the other section as being the most worthy exponent of Nationalist principles, but an energy which will have one aim, one object, one end in view, that is—How best to work and win for Ireland the right to govern herself in her own way on her own soil (applause). This in my view and in yours will be the supreme purpose of this convention, and it is in this spirit, and this cause, that representatives of our race are coming from the four corners of the earth to lend us their counsel and their aid (applause). In this view Mr. Dillon cordially joins, for in his recent meeting in the New York Sun he says: "For my own part, if at the Convention, or subsequently, as a result of the proceedings, any man could be agreed upon in whose chairmanship all Irish Nationalist members of Parliament would unite, I should, as I have always stated, be most happy to support him in the office." (Applause.) And I would say this, that John Dillon would be unworthy of his name and his record if he was not prepared at this Convention to stand by the declaration which is contained in these words (hear, hear). Now, I have always been of a most sanguine disposition in this Irish Nationalist movement of ours, and I go so far as to assert here to-day my confident belief that this Convention can save the fortunes of the Home Rule cause, if it will. Those fortunes are by no means as desperate as some people here in Ireland seem to believe (hear, hear). It is so, and let us not forget it, it is we ourselves and not our opponents who constitute the major danger to the success of the Home Rule movement (hear, hear). Discussions without real root, wrangling without any rational excuse, personalities indulged in in sight of a seething England and a scorching Ireland—these, and these only, are the real dangers to the success of Home Rule (hear, hear). And if the coming Convention can stop all this and put an end to all these suicidal tendencies our cause will be stronger and more militant in Parliament and outside of Parliament than it ever has been since this movement of ours began some 30 years ago (applause).

## CIRCULAR LETTER

Of His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and Metropolitan.

To the Rev. Clergy: "The faithful Laity of the City and Diocese of Kingston. You may remember that on the day of my installation into the episcopate, on April 1st, the congregation of St. Mary's presented me with an address of welcome, of hope, and of promise in which the following passage holds a prominent place, viz.:—'Much as your predecessors have done, yet much remains to be done, as the untimely state of your Cathedral and the silence that reigns in the hall of our chief Educational Institution, among many other things, bear witness. From the administration of a Bishop so long delayed we confidently anticipate many rich graces and abundant blessings. We realize our obligations; and, while tendering the joyful homage your sacred dignity demands, gladly assure you of our warmest sympathy and cordial co-operation in all your designs.'"

The hopes herein expressed have, thank God, been fulfilled in respect of the Cathedral, which has been enlarged and improved, within and without, in no insignificant a degree, so that the weight of your eyes and the comfort of our religious feelings, whilst it is the grand adornment of the city, and the admiration of strangers visiting Kingston from all parts of the American continent. The moment you enter it, you find yourselves impressed with the force of the Divine majesty abiding here, and your thoughts are instantly uplifted to the kingdom of His glory beyond the skies and the unspeakable beauty of the blessed spirits that surround His throne, signifying that you are in the presence of God, and making intercession for us. Well may we ejaculate with the venerable Patriarch Jacob, after he had been favoured with a celestial vision in Bethel, "Truly the Lord is in this place; it is no other than the house of God and the porch of heaven."

Throughout the entire diocese of Kingston we have recently erected and consecrated to the service of our holy religion a large number of solid and beautiful churches, and the services of our faithful people in co-operation with the zealous efforts of our priests. We have now many churches of noble proportions and architectural elegance that astonish beholders from the most distant points of view, and mysterious means the Catholics, being generally the poorer section of citizens, have succeeded in building up the temples of surpassing stateliness and beauty to the Living God. We have presbyteries, oratories, and chapels, by the principal church in each parish, for the comfortable residence of the pastor and his fitting reception of his brother clergymen, whenever they come to aid him in supplying the people with special ministrations, and to be the scenes united to certain seasons and festivals of the year. We have convents and separate schools multiplied and equipped for the all-important work of Catholic education of our children. We have hospices and refuges for the aged and infirm, and for the poor and the orphan, and for the aged and infirm poor, and our helpless orphans, within the past ten years.

Nevertheless one paramount and absolutely essential work remained to be accomplished, and on the early dawn of my Episcopal life has long been set: Regiopolis College had to be revived. Thanks to our good God, the opening day of its new life is at hand.

Many are the reasons that have been urged me to the task of providing a superior liberal education for the youth of this city and diocese. Foremost amongst these is the obligation laid upon us by religion and patriotism to do our share towards supplying the diocese of Kingston with a native Canadian clergy, and to restore to the Catholic Church to rear up for the ministry of the altar and the spiritual government of the laity a clergy race of the soil, begotten of the people among whom they are destined to serve all the days of their mortal life, and to be the neighbors from early childhood, and instinct with the habits and feelings and traditions of those around them. For the vocation to the priestly state is a gift of God that requires a very special kind of education, and the youth for its proper nutrition and development, and this cannot be effected without long and careful training and suitable direction under teachers of religious character, chosen for this high office because of their well defined practical qualities and their aptitude to mould the minds and manners of youth into the sacerdotal form. This, as you know, does not enter into the plan of elementarily studies proper to the Separate Schools; and consequently, our boys being deprived of such training, have no aims or aspirations in the direction of the priesthood, and forthwith they turn their attention to secular pursuits for the sole purpose of obtaining a living. Hence we have so few candidates for the priesthood in the Province of Ontario, the germs of supernatural vocation that may have been sown in God's favored soil not having been fostered and nourished in the days of their boyhood.

Had we to depend upon Canada alone for the requisite supply of priests to do the work of our mission, we could not have extended the Kingdom of Christ in Eastern Ontario beyond the limits at which it stood twenty or thirty years ago. We could not have multiplied the number of parishes and given the food of religious life to many thousands of our people resident in places so distant from the nearest priest and church to enable them to receive the requisite help of grace through the ministrations of the Clergy on Sundays and week days, in sickness and in health. It was most painful to me in my first Pastoral visitation of the Diocese to witness the spiritual destitution of a large section of the clergy who had no opportunity of assisting at the holy sacrifice of the Mass often than once in a month or three months, and in some places not often than once in a year. There was constant sugar of Catholics dying without the attendance of a priest by reason of long journeys that had to be made backwards and forwards and the inevitable delays and uncertainties caused by bad roads and bad weather. The Word of God, the true bread of life, was hardly ever delivered to these people, and their children were left uneducated in religion and abandoned to all the perils incident to an untutored and undisciplined existence in the wilds of the back country. In the face of these sad and sorry conditions, and the great mercy and the cheerful sacrifices of the people, we have succeeded in establishing sixteen new parishes in the outlying districts, with one or more Churches and a resident priest in each. The people have had the comfort and grace of holy Mass every Sunday in the year; the Word of God is regularly preached to them for the enlightenment of their minds and the strengthening of their hearts in virtue; their sick are diligently attended to, and the little ones are brought under the careful instruction of their pastor on all Sundays after Mass. All this would have been impossible, did we depend upon Ontario for the supply of the requisite staff of the clergy. It was only by making applications to my brother Bishops in Ireland and to the heads of Colleges both in Ireland and in Rome that I have been enabled to secure a sufficient number of priests for the work of the missions and the multiplication of parishes, and yet, even to-day, I am grieving of Irish Bishops to send me good priests.

Let me say it emphatically, we should not be always dependent on Ireland for the fulfillment of our mission in the Diocese of Kingston. Our Irish laity owe a debt of everlasting gratitude to the Island of Saints for having bestowed on them the inestimable blessing of a pious and learned and indefatigable body of priests to do God's work amongst them, and spread the Kingdom of Christ to the farthest bounds of the earth. Of the entire staff of priests in this Diocese to-day, one half were born and reared in the Green Isle, whilst the other half, with one exception, children of Irish parents, were educated by the Rev. C. H. Matson, V.F., in Regiopolis College for the bestowal of high liberal education on our youth, with as little burden as possible upon their parents, it is expected most confidently that, through the influence of our sagacious and acknowledged ability and exalted character, refined intellectual tastes shall be cultivated successfully in our growing boys concurrently with the spiritual moulding of their hearts, and that a large number of them will be incited by their own inward promptings to aspire to something more lofty in the sphere of life than manual labor. With the assistance of the Holy Spirit of grace operating in their souls, they will turn their thoughts and hopes to the service of God, and to the highest, the noblest, the holiest of all vocations, the most fruitful of glory to God, of benediction to society and of merit to themselves individually. We trust in Him who is sovereign Ruler of the Church and the world in all ages. The work we have undertaken is His work. May His blessing be upon it and prosper it for many generations after we who are delving the foundations now, shall have passed from this earthly scene.

But our aims and hopes are nowise limited to the preparation of candidates for the Priesthood. We look forward to the multiplication of Catholics in all the liberal professions. A superior education in the several departments of knowledge embraced in the Arts curriculum of the University has been started in Regiopolis College; and according to the plans I have sketched, and by God's help will carry out, a young fellow born of humble stock and devoid of worldly means, may, if he has brains and industry and good conduct, go through the Arts course and receive his degree and pass on to the study of Medicine or Law or Engineering without having required his parents to pay anything for him. I will establish a Scholarship Fund for the best distribution of money prizes to the most successful and deserving of the pupils; and these prizes will more than suffice for payment of the tuition fees and the purchase of books. Moreover, I have arranged that no student shall be demanded of any of our pupils this first year. For the ensuing years there must, of course, be tuition fees; but they shall be as moderate as possible, barely as much as will suffice for payment of the expenses of the student. This Scholarship Fund I expect to contribute \$5,000 from my private purse; and I think we may safely calculate on its being increased from year to year by donations and bequests from the good and the charitable, lay and clerical, friends of education.

You are aware that I have purchased the Merchants' Bank in this city for \$17,000 to which about \$1,500 must be added for its equipment for educational purposes. It is a solid and elegant and commodious edifice, and, being in the centre of the city, the best from all quarters can gather to it without in-

convenience in every season of the year. It is not my intention just now to make it a boarding College, as old Regiopolis was. I should like very much to do so, but must wait a couple of years to see whether our financial resources will enable us to maintain such an institution whose establishment expenses would necessarily be very heavy. Meanwhile provision must be made for the observance of proper discipline of order by our pupils outside the College. Accordingly I will arrange with a sufficient number of respectable Catholic matrons to supply board and lodging to pupils whose parents reside at a distance from Kingston. Rules of daily life, drawn up by myself and the other Trustees of the College, will be printed and set up conspicuously in each boarding house, defining the order of daily duties for the boys and bringing their lives into accord as nearly as possible with the regularity of the matron will be charged with the observance of these rules, and the priests of the College will have supervision and control over all for the preservation of good order indoors and out. In due time, perhaps in a year, or in any former year, have been successful in the examination for entrance into the Collegiate Institute in Kingston, or elsewhere, shall be admitted to Regiopolis College for continuation of their studies with a view to examination. In case of others, it will be obviously necessary to examine what degree of proficiency they have attained in their studies, in order to determine what class they are fitted for. There is no limit of age for entrance into the junior classes.

On Tuesday, 8th of September, we intend to solemnize the new birth of Regiopolis College under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady, the Queen of heaven and earth, whose Nativity the Church commemorates on that day. All the clergy of the diocese will be with us. We shall celebrate solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, and thence proceed to Regiopolis College, to bless it in the name of God's Church and insure Divine protection and prosperity upon it for all time to come.

Your devoted servant in Christ,  
JAMES VINCENT CLARKE,  
Archbishop of Kingston  
and Metropolitan.

The Palace, Kingston,  
6th August, 1896.

THOMAS KELLY, V.G., Sec.

At a meeting of the Clergy held in the Palace on Saturday, the 9th inst., the Archbishop presiding, the following subscriptions were made for the benefit of Regiopolis College:

- |                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| Most Rev. Archbishop           | 500.00   |
| Rev. Mr. Farrelly, V.G.        | 1,000.00 |
| Very Rev. C. H. Gaultier, V.G. | 1,000.00 |
| Very Rev. Thomas Kelly, V.G.   | 1,000.00 |
| Very Rev. J. Masterson, V.F.   | 1,000.00 |
| Very Rev. C. B. Murray, V.F.   | 1,000.00 |
| Rev. M. J. Stanton             | 1,000.00 |
| Rev. T. Davis                  | 1,000.00 |
| Rev. Thomas Carey              | 500.00   |
| Rev. J. H. McDonough           | 500.00   |
| Rev. C. J. Duffus              | 500.00   |
| Rev. G. A. Ciotari             | 500.00   |
| Rev. J. S. Quinn               | 300.00   |
| Rev. P. A. Trohey              | 300.00   |
| Rev. J. P. Hogan               | 300.00   |
| Rev. M. J. McDonald            | 300.00   |
| Rev. J. P. Killeen             | 300.00   |
| Rev. J. P. Fleming             | 200.00   |
| Rev. P. J. Harrigan            | 200.00   |
| Rev. M. J. Spratt              | 200.00   |
| Rev. W. E. Walsh               | 200.00   |
| Rev. D. A. Tully               | 200.00   |
| Rev. T. McCarty                | 200.00   |
| Rev. J. D. O'Grady             | 200.00   |
| Rev. T. P. Connor              | 200.00   |
| Rev. J. O'Connell              | 200.00   |
| Rev. Thomas Carey              | 200.00   |
| Rev. Thomas Murrigh            | 200.00   |
| Rev. J. P. Kehoe               | 200.00   |
| Rev. C. J. Killeen             | 200.00   |

On the motion of the Archbishop it was resolved not to ask or accept subscriptions from ten of the clergymen of the Diocese who are known not to possess money.

C. M. E. A.

The biennial convention of the above Association takes place at Ottawa this week. We observe our esteemed friend, Mr. S. E. Brown, holds the responsible post of Grand Secretary, having occupied that office continuously from the inception and organization of the C.M.E.A. till the present. We are not surprised at this evidence of the society's confidence in Mr. Brown's ability and integrity, as his marked success in normal degree due to the good work done officially by that gentleman.

The Archbishop of Toronto, as many of our readers are aware, is the Grand Spiritual Adviser of the C.M.E.A. His Grace pays a handsome compliment to Mr. Brown in the following extract from a recent letter: "My dear Mr. Brown—I am glad to learn that the Grand Council of the C.M.E.A. has decided to publish an official organ for the Association, and that you have been appointed its editor and manager. This I believe to be a step in the right direction. The project is a noble one, and will be very useful and interesting to the members of the C.M.E.A. It will contain full and accurate information respecting the activities of the various branches, the progress and prospects of the whole organization, and will foster and maintain a truly interest in its work and welfare. It will be based on confidence in Mr. Brown's ability and integrity, as his marked success in normal degree due to the good work done officially by that gentleman. The fact that the new journal is to be entrusted to you as editor and manager is an assurance that you are conducted with prudence, energy and ability. We trust Mr. Brown will long enjoy the high opinion of His Grace and the good will of which his co-workers of the C.M.E.A. have given him such signal proof."

THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

Consecration of Right Rev. Dr. MacSherry... Bishop of Antiochia... Marriage in London...

Mr. J. F. Small, coroner for South Armagh, held an inquest touching the death of James M'Kea...

A memorial, which was representative and influentially signed, has been forwarded from Ennis to the Postmaster-General...

On Aug 2nd the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. MacSherry as Bishop of Justinianopolis took place in the Church of St. Patrick, Dundalk.

On Aug 3rd, a mass meeting convened by the Coleraine Temperance Committee was held on Ramore Hill, Portrush...

The death is announced of the Rev. P. M'Cartan, P. P., Saul, Co. Down, who died on August 17th.

On August 3rd the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway, opened the Great Western Carnival and Fancy Fete of Glean Na N-Deor...

It is admitted on all sides that the very exceptional weather which has been experienced in Ireland this summer...

On August 3rd, Tallamore was honored with a visit from the Royal Society of Antiquaries...

At the weekly meeting of the Tullamore Board of Guardians, Mr. John Keogh, military sub-officer, reported that the old graveyard at Rahon...

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ordered that the doctor should be called upon to report regarding the present condition of the graveyard.

A special meeting of the Limerick Town Council was held for the purpose of presenting the address recently voted by the corporation to the officers and men of the 1st Batt. Royal Irish Regiment...

A drowning fatality of a very melancholy nature occurred at Annalt Lake, near Ballinacree, County Longford, when two women were drowned.

On Aug 2nd the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. MacSherry as Bishop of Justinianopolis took place in the Church of St. Patrick, Dundalk.

On Sunday about 230 delegates and members, who were to attend the eighth annual Convention of the Irish National Foresters Society...

On August 3rd the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway, opened the Great Western Carnival and Fancy Fete of Glean Na N-Deor...

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The marriage of Miss May Montague, daughter of Lord Robert Montague, and Mr. Clarence Riddell was solemnized on August 5th at the Brighton Oratory.

chaplain at Felton (the bridegroom's Northumberland seat). Among the invited guests were the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Dowager Lady Bellow, the Earl and Countess of Tankerville...

Scotland.

The annual conference of the Young Men's Catholic Societies of Great Britain was commenced at Dumfries. The Provost of the town (Mr. Glover) gave a reception in Brook Street Hall...

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THE AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE.

The New Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

Mr. P. L. Connellan writes from Rome to The Dublin Freeman's Journal under date August 8th: The reception of 68 American pilgrims yesterday morning by His Holiness, Leo XIII., in the Pauline Chapel at the Vatican...

The Holy Father, who appeared yesterday morning more active and vigorous than I have seen him for some time—much more so than he was at the recent Consistory—celebrated Mass for the pilgrims in the Pauline Chapel...

On August 2nd a Catholic church, just completed, was solemnly dedicated at Carraroe, about two miles from Sligo...

St. Callixtus and other shrines to day, and so on during the week. On Saturday they leave for Florence on their homeward journey.

The appointment of the Father General of the Augustinian Order to the very important office of Apostolic Delegate to the United States was a surprise to all Rome.

Father Martinielli passed several years in the house of the Irish Augustinians in Rome under the patronage of the Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O.S.A. He, as well as his brother, Cardinal Tommaso Maria Martinielli, who also belonged to the Augustinian Order...

Since the election of Cardinal Satolli to the Sacred College the question of his successor as Papal Envoy to America has excited intense interest in both Rome and the United States.

John Daly and Others Liberated. LONDON, Aug. 18.—The dynamiters, Flanagan and White and one other political prisoner, will be released from prison at the same time that John Daly is set at liberty.

Pope Leo XIII gives to the choice of his agents the most profound and prolonged consideration. With the discerning eye of an ecclesiastical statesman of the most eminent standard...

A Celebrated Statue.

Long ago there was on the banks of the River Dee, near Aberdeen, a Catholic chapel containing a statue of the Blessed Virgin. During the persecutions this statue was by some miraculous means preserved from the violence of the so-called Reformers...

Some people may be surprised to hear that there is still in episcopal harness a prelate appointed by Pope Gregory XVI, who was reigning in Rome in the days of our grandfathers.

These facts are mentioned to show the vast importance attached to the appointment. It is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to have the choice of the Pope fall upon an ecclesiastic who, in his career, has been brought into close and intimate relations with Ireland and the Irish Church.

are in charge of many missions, and study theology under him. Moreover, he visited Dublin in 1801 to preside over the Chapter of the Irish Province, which was held in that year in the Church of St. Augustines and John. On that occasion the new Archbishop made a visitation of the Irish Province, so that he is well acquainted with Ireland and her affairs.

These public honours are the crown to a life full of labour for his Order and of distinction therein. Mgr. Martinielli was born in the parish of St. Anna, near Lucca, on the 20th August, 1818. He was received into the Order of St. Augustines on the 6th of December, 1838, and professed on the 6th of January, 1855.

John Daly and Others Liberated. LONDON, Aug. 18.—The dynamiters, Flanagan and White and one other political prisoner, will be released from prison at the same time that John Daly is set at liberty.

In the House of Commons to-day Sir Matthew White Ridley, Home Secretary, stated in reply to an inquiry by Mr. J. Lawrence Carey, Parliamt. member for the Collyer, Farncliffe division of Dublin, that as the result of a medical examination of the prisoners the Home Office had ordered the release of the dynamiters Daly, Gallagher, Whitehead and Devaney, now undergoing life sentences in English prisons.

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THE OUTPOST.

[A STORY FOR BOYS.]

For the time, the enemy had retreated, and we occupied the captured position.

The sergeant had gone away, his appearance over the crest of the hill, leaving the conscript Claude Latapie as outpost upon a small eminence, where he was sheltered by the broken walls of a shot-shattered cottage.

Night was drawing on. In the fast-darkening twilight the surrounding objects threw strange, eerie shadows, and the young soldier's heart sank within him at finding himself all alone in the midst of this dreary winter's scene. His superstitious peasant's mind imagined in these forms the weird spectres concerning which so many wonderful tales beguiled the long evenings in the country-side.

The sky was dark; the clouds gathered more and more thickly. Scarcely a star was to be seen, and the wind howled with shrill mournfulness in the bare branches. The sentinel's mind grew heavy and dull as his body grew chill and torpid in the deadly frost. Soon his thoughts wandered no longer back to the dear old hearth of home; he even lost consciousness of the weighty responsibility that was his.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a groan proceeding, apparently from a spot close by. Startled by the sound, Claude shook off his oppression, grasped his weapon more firmly, and, with ear alert, peered anxiously through the gloom. He thought of himself and his comrades, sleeping under his protection; he remembered that their safety depended upon him, and reproached himself for his weakness.

The cry was repeated. Clearly it came from the interior of the ruined cottage. Claude entered by the open door, struck a match, and beheld, lying in a corner, amid the debris of the fallen roof, a human form. He lit a candle, which he found upon the floor, and cautiously approached the injured man.

By the flickering light of his taper he saw that it was one of the enemy, who had been struck down by a beam which lay across his chest. Claude, obeying his first impulse, brandished his bayonet menacingly, but the poor fellow, wild imploring look shamed him. This was a foe indeed, but a wounded one!

The sentinel lowered his gun, and its butt end clasped upon the frozen ground.

"He will die anyhow, if he is left there!" muttered Claude to himself. A cooked voice entreated: "Drink!" "Drink?" The soldier's hand felt for his flask, still half warm with the coffee he had filled it with before leaving for his post—a double ration of coffee, fortified by a strong infusion of brandy. What? Should this precious liquid serve to warm an enemy's carcass at the expense of a Frenchman's?

He uncorked the flask, and put it to his own lips, with an insulting parade of intense enjoyment. But the first mouthful choked him. After all, this German was a man!

Claude propped his gun against the wall, and, bending over the wounded man, removed the beam which was crushing him. Then he knelt at the German's side, and held the flask to his lips. The other stretched out his hand to take it into his own grasp. "None of that!" said Claude. "Hands off! or none of this you get. To think that I shall be obliged to suck the place sorely by the lips of this beer drinker!"

The injured man understood these words, for he was familiar with French, having lived in France before the war broke out. Upon hearing Claude's expression of disgust, he turned aside his head for a moment, but his terrible thirst speedily mastered every other feeling. He opened his mouth, into which the sentinel slowly and gently poured the lukewarm coffee. Then Claude rose to his feet, and went out to resume his watch.

II.

At the end of half an hour, either to look after the suffering stranger or to shelter himself for a moment from the icy blast, Claude re-entered the cottage.

Still tortured by fever, the German soldier held out his hands for the flask. Again Claude had pity on him. Forgetting entirely his first repugnance, and anxious to return to his duty, he unfastened the strap to which the flask was attached, and gave it into the man's hands.

This done, he left the cottage. And lo! before him stood four armed men, while another fell upon him and disarmed him before he could give the alarm.

A large number of soldiers were advancing, with footsteps muffled by the snow. The company halted. Its commander, a Bavarian captain, ordered the prisoner to be taken into the ruined house.

There the captain questioned Claude in French. He could get nothing out of him.

"I shall find the way to loose your tongue," threatened the captain: "we shall see what these bayonets can do! Where are your pistols, your main body, your equipment?" "Glad the soldier kept silent. "Hallo, you others!" commanded

the captain, "spike this obstinate man for me!"

A feeble voice cried: "Stop!" Looking round in surprise, the officer saw the wounded German, and recognized him as a soldier of his own company, who had been left for dead. From his lips he learned how completely the prisoner had been to him.

"Very well, then," said the captain: "I will spare him for the present; but should he make the least sign, he shall be instantly slain. He must go with us. Muller and Her mann, guard him between you. At the first word, force his voice into his throat. Let us be off. No fear but that we shall soon discover for our selves both outpost and camp!"

Claude was in the depths of despair. He had given up his post; he had failed to give the alarm, and the consequence was that his comrades would be surprised and massacred. How now could they be warned and saved?

He marched quietly with the others, rejoicing at first because the reconnoitring party went in the wrong direction. But the captain observed his look of satisfaction, and changed the route.

This time he took the right road, leading directly to the camp; all was lost.

Suddenly, Claude tripped and fell. As his guards stooped to raise him, his fingers twined themselves around Muller's gun.

Muller tried to wrest it from his grasp. Claude resisted. He had already managed to cook it, in spite of the pain caused by the ligature, and he was trying now to get at the trigger. Before he could do so, Hermann made a thrust at him with his bayonet. Not until he was mortally wounded did his nerveless fingers relax their hold. In the struggle the gun went off at last. Loudly the report rang out upon the stillness of the night, and Claude, gathering into one last effort all his expiring strength, shouted: "To arms!"

Then he fell, staining the snow with his blood. But the report and his cry had been heard.

The soldiers of two stations rushed to the spot, one party attacking the Germans in front, and the other harassing them in the rear. The main body hastened to their aid, and soon the enemy, hemmed in on every side, was forced to surrender.

III.

Standing beside the ambulance where Claude lay in his death agony, the commander of the corps, who had heard the story of his devotion, wished to bestow upon him that vietium of the brave, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But the dying youth, with an almost horrified gesture, objected: "No! no! if you only knew—"

"I know you to be a gallant fellow," said the General.

"Ah! must I, then confess my dishonour before I die? I deserve the court-martial rather than the cross!"

With sobs of penitence and shame he confessed the momentary relaxation of his watch.

"To think that through my fault all might have been lost! But the anguish of that poor wretch of a Prussian wrung my heart—"

"His comrades have recompensed you finely!"

"That is nothing," replied Claude simply. "I had been warned, and knew what to expect. I preferred to know their bayonets in my body to knowing that they would cut down my sleeping friends who trusted to me. I am happy indeed, my General, to die for France, when I deserve execution!"

"Give me your hand, my brave boy! I have nobly redeemed your life's dedication. I am proud to command men such as you!" The General bent over Claude, and laid the cross upon his breast. The face of the dying youth brightened wonderfully. Laying his feverish hand upon the cross he murmured: "My mother will be pleased with this. You will send it to her, will you not, my General?"

The general promised. The young soldier smiled and died.

HAD LA GRIPPE.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months, when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

There is nothing new about the big Great Wheel, as some people seem to imagine. Most of her Majesty's prisoners have got them, and have had them for years. But to prevent the possibility of her guests being struck on her wheels, her Majesty has thoughtfully had the wheels provided with steps. It is a great thing to have a paternal Government.

SWORN STATEMENT OF A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

Louise White, nine years old, who suffered with Eczema since her birth, has been entirely cured and her general system built up by RYKMAN'S "Kosmo-ray Cure." The above facts are given in a sworn statement made by her mother, Mrs. George White, 189 Stinson St. Hamilton, Ont., dated July 8, 1896, before J. P. Monk, Notary Public.



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The Daily Chronicle, in the course of a long notice, writes of Mr. Bodkin's historical romance, "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," as follows: It was Byron who said that the romantic and singular history of Lord Edward Fitzgerald would, had it not been too near his own time, have made the finest subject in the world for an historical novel.

It was Byron who said that the romantic and singular history of Lord Edward Fitzgerald would, had it not been too near his own time, have made the finest subject in the world for an historical novel. Mr. Bodkin, troubled by no such conditions as those which qualified the poet's opinion, has ventured the experiment, and with not a little success. It is undoubtedly an interesting book, often full of pleasant color, never tedious. And it is the more welcome at a moment when the bookshelves are groaning under a weight of illiterate trash, and every second man who writes must put on the sloak of the horsekilling washbuckler or the amorous gentleman of the road. Mr. Bodkin will have none of these. He follows the life of his hero with laudable fidelity. Though dates have been disregarded here and there, the picture remains a portrait of one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable men who have labored for Ireland and won victories for her. It is impossible, we think, to read this book and hereafter misunderstand what it is that a century has not, hushed the cry which Lord Edward sent ringing across St. George's Channel. The pathos of such a life as Peggy Heffernan's; the unquenched love of country burning in the heart of a Maurice Blake or a Christy Culkin; the unswerving, unselfish faith of a Father O'Carroll are not qualities of a day or a year or a century. Together they make an Irish question, and while they endure and are unswayed that question remains.

This book shows us very clearly all that Lord Edward Fitzgerald would have done for Ireland had not treachery defeated him at the last moment. But it is in no sense a political novel, and many of the hero's actual adventures surpass the wonders of fiction. As most people know, Lord Edward served through the American War of Independence, and, returning to the States subsequently, he was adopted into the tribe of which "Great Bear" was the chief. Possibly he would thereafter have lapsed into savagery had it not been that the call came to him to return to Ireland and to serve her. This call he obeyed, and, refusing a subsequent offer from Pitt of a command in Spain, he threw in his lot with the United Irishmen, and devoted all his powers to the cause of country. Mr. Bodkin tells much of this excellent story with undoubted effect. Lord Edward's affair of the heart, his dual work of Lord Dulwich, his subsequent life in Dublin, are capital pictures, full of verve and movement. The narrative has a holding interest.

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TORONTO FUGAL GUIDE.—During the month of August 1896, mails close and are due as follows: G. T. R. East, 8:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m.; G. T. R. West, 9:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m.; G. T. R. N. & W., 9:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m.; G. T. R. S. & W., 9:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m.; G. T. R. C. V., 9:00 a.m., 8:00 p.m.

U. S. N. Y. 4:30 (11:00) 10:10 U. S. News & States 6:30 1:00 9:00 8:30

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The Catholic Register Co. 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Letters intended for the Editor should be so addressed, and must arrive not later than Monday of each week to insure publication.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug 20-S. Bernard, Fr. of the Church. 21-S. Lane Francis de Chantal. 22-Octave of the Assumption. 23-Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary. 24-S. Bartholomew, Ap. 25-S. Louis King of France. 26-Zephyrius, P. and M.

The Register and the Irish Race Convention.

The forthcoming National Convention in Dublin, at which representatives of the Irish race in all parts of the world will be present, is looked forward to as one of the most remarkable and important events of the century.

In order to give our readers a just and reliable account of the proceedings at Dublin, and the real sentiment of the Irish people towards the aim of the convention and the men who have summoned it, THE REGISTER will be furnished weekly with a letter from its special representative who accompanies the Canadian delegates.

The pleasant spectacle was witnessed in Scotland last week of an Elder of the Kirk welcoming to Dumfries, once a stronghold of Catholic Scotland, representatives of the Young Men's Catholic Societies of Great Britain.

Lord Russell of Killowen, who will take in Toronto and other Canadian cities as part of his present American trip, is not only one of the foremost Irishmen of to-day, but, perhaps, the foremost Catholic layman in the British Empire.

"Bystander" (Mr. Goldwin Smith) in last week's Sun expressed satisfaction with the Irish Land Bill and hoped the last of Irish agrarian agitation had been roused.

The land can no longer sustain the three orders of landlord, tenant farmer and laborer. One at least of the three must go, and the one-potter must be that one.

Daily reports from the island of Crete bring sickening details of murders and outrages by Turks upon Christians.

The British Parliament prorogued on Friday after the acceptance of some of the landlords' mutilations of the Irish Land Bill in the House of Lords.

The Presbyterian Review professes to have unlimited faith in the devotion of the workman to the Sabbathian Sunday. It severely dresses down the gentleman who formed a deputation to the Mayor in favor of Sunday cars.

A spark of madness left you shall resent the crime. These men use your name in this matter in order to further their own ends; they have the effrontery to use your name and Poverty's sacred work, in a baseless effort to enthrone themselves at the expense of the poor.

The Review should have remembered that the merciless capitalists are not the people who will use the cars on Sunday. If the cars are used, it is the working men and their wives and children who will use them.

How hard it is for a decent Protestant in Derry to rise above the most un-Christian sectarianism has just been proved: says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, in a peculiarly ugly fashion.

The history of the University of Aberdeen, by M. J. M. Bullock, published by Hodder and Houghton (London) is an interesting chapter in the story of Scotland and the effects of the so-called Reformation.

It was really the great Bishop Elphinstone who had instigated the giving of the Bursar and by his most capable hands the University was equipped from the very beginning with the four Faculties of Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine.

There is some little revival of political interest over the election in North Grey. The contest is between the Liberals and the McCarthys; and there can be little doubt concerning the issue in such an unequal fight.

The Landlords and the Tories.

The British Parliament prorogued on Friday after the acceptance of some of the landlords' mutilations of the Irish Land Bill in the House of Lords.

If those shots strike it (the Land Bill) it is irretrievably lost. Everything which is of the least value in the Bill is aimed at by some amendment suggesting it should be taken up or left out.

question of improvement. The great object is, of course, to make perfectly sure that in the future as well as the present shall be rooted on his own improvements. There is little or nothing in the Bill as it stands, according to our interpretation, to interfere with this arrangement.

There has been some pretence on the part of Mr. Balfour and the Tories in the House of Commons of offence at the action of the Lords in remodelling the Bill to serve their own selfish ends.

The Lords had materially altered the bill to the detriment of the tenants, but he hoped the Lords would accept the measure in the shape the Commons would return it to them, otherwise it would be a calamity to Ireland.

The whole thing seems to have been a matter of arrangement. While professing displeasure that the Lords should regard with contempt the deliberations of the representatives of the people, Mr. Balfour seems to have been careful not to interfere with the most material alterations in the Bill made in the House of Lords.

The Conservative Party.

There is some little revival of political interest over the election in North Grey. The contest is between the Liberals and the McCarthys; and there can be little doubt concerning the issue in such an unequal fight.

The Money Struggle in the United States.

William J. Bryant, the Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States, has been heard by a New York audience. After his Chicago speech at the nomination it was said his eloquence just suited the west.

Huxley on the Catholic Church.

Huxley's respect for the Catholic Church as the only real fighting army in the field against Unbelief is recalled in the Nineteenth Century in an article contributed by Wilfred Ward.

serious interest in the success of McKinley. The prohibitive tariff doctrine for which the author of the McKinley Bill was abused a few years ago, have either been forgotten now or have been transformed into virtues in comparison with the detestation in which Bryan, the repudiator, is held.

Mr. Ward now reveals the fact that the Catholic college so highly praised by Mr. Huxley thirty years ago was Maynooth. The visit to which he refers, and his conversation with the Maynooth professors, made a deep impression upon him, which he confessed in the following sentences:

Mr. Huxley's tribute to Maynooth, agnostic though he professed himself to be, was well merited. That great institution, like the one true Church, of whose soldiers it has been so successful a training school, has not only survived all the storms that assailed it, but with years and honors increases its zeal and renews its youth constantly.

The Croak from Cathay.

Professing a lengthy reply to a recent article in this paper The Canada Presbyterian is kind enough to say: "We have a very high respect for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER."

These are the alleged facts. Bolloving in the truth of these statements, as reported to the Missionary Board of the Presbyterian Church, our contemporary says it is unfortunate that THE REGISTER should have discussed the matter in the absence of the foregoing information.

From the reception of Bryant in New York, from the depressed condition of the United States, and from the apparent hopelessness of restoring the currency to safety under the present system, opinions may be formed favorable to the chance of election of the Democratic candidate. He is winning ground.

Mr. Redmond and the Convention.

A week ago Mr. John Dillon signed the following declaration and sent it abroad through the press: "For my own part, if at this convention or subsequently as a result of its proceedings, any man could be elected under whose chairmanship all Irish National members of Parliament would unite, I would, as I have always stated, be most willing to support him in office."

Mr. Redmond's position is deserving of one favorable remark. He has done himself credit in declining to take part in the convention than if he had accepted the invitation of the Irish Party. His presence in the convention would inevitably have disturbed the assemblage had he entered it holding the opinions which he has expressed.

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I heartily respect an organization which meets its enemies in this way, and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them but for us. The army of Liberal thought is at present in very loose order; and many a modern Free thinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense.

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familio, with their choice of Protestantism and woe, or faith and starvation. We are not proselytizers as the Presbyterians are proselytizers in Quebec, or as kindred misers in England and in Ireland are proselytizers snatching up whosoever they get the chance Catholic children who by some misfortune are thrown in their path and hiding them away from their guardians and rightful protectors.

While we take this ground we are desirous of investigating as far as possible the complaint which our Presbyterian friends in Canada have received from their missionaries in far Cathay. Honan is the province in which the late outrages against foreigners took place. We do not forget that at that time the Protestant missionaries with their wives and children fled the country under consular protection.

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New Birth of Regopolis College.

We publish in full to-day the pastoral letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, calling attention to the solemnization, on September 8th, of the new birth of Regopolis College. The venerable Dr. Cleary is one of those true scholars to whose words it is always delightful to attend, when he discourses upon education. He has the faculty of presenting to our view in their clear colors both the advantages and the pleasures of knowledge; and we seem to feel our appetites sharpened for its pursuit.

It has long been known that the Archbishop of Kingston has set his heart upon the revival of old Regopolis. His priests have proved by their generous subscriptions to the call for the benefit of the restored college that they share his noble purpose. Under such an Archbishop liberal education must certainly flourish in the new home being prepared for it in Kingston. It is to be hoped that all who share with the Archbishop a true view of the future influence of Catholic education in this practical enthusiasm which His Grace brings to the assistance of the new Regopolis.

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CERTITUDE OF HISTORY.

(BY THOMAS SWIFT.)

In every age since her Divine foundation, the Catholic Church has had to contend with outside forces threatening her existence, unity, doctrines or influence with men. Here a dogma was assailed; there, a point of discipline, attacked or ridiculed. In the 16th century private judgment was the cry; in the 18th, scepticism was fashionable; and the 19th century did not more surely succeed the 18th, than did infidelity, scepticism, Secularism, born of private judgment, gave to the world the abortive child, agnosticism; and agnosticism finally developed and matured into infidelity. Martin Luther and his followers threw aside the one authority established by Jesus Christ and recognized by the body of the Christian Church from apostolic times. Each individual reformer became a law unto himself. Differences of opinion on the essential points of Christian doctrine ensued, followed as a matter of course by doubt, uncertainty, intellectual pride and indifference.

In a letter to the Christians of Antwerp, Luther himself inveighs against the general confusion and religious anarchy which were the natural consequences of the doctrine of private judgment. He says: "One rejects baptism; another the Eucharist; another constructs a new world between the present and that which will arise after the last judgment; some deny the divinity of Christ. One says this, the other that; there are as many sects as there are heads. Everybody imagines himself inspired by the Holy Ghost and wants to be a prophet."

Then came the origination and diffusion of sects amongst those outside of the fold of the Catholic Church, and amidst the multifarious, fantastic and contradictory forms of belief and worship, agnosticism quite rationally and logically reared its head, and, in despair, cried out its darksome dithyramb, "I know not."

But to the holder of the rebel spirit this weak, negative ultimatum was childishly insufficient, and, to save their own self respect and rationality, they went further in their blind plunging, and gave forth to the world of doubt and religious emptiness the embodiment of a new doctrine, "I believe—I believe there is no God."

Every age displays its peculiar characteristics and tendencies in thought. The tendency of thought of the present era may readily be discerned in the current literature of the day. From an examination of periodical and book literature, from the teachings of the great bodies of learning, such as universities, the prevailing tendency of the present day may be denominated scientific. The age we live in is the most scientific in the world's known history.

Now, in the narrow vulgar aspect of things, fire and water are not more hostile to one another than are the spirit of dogma and the prevalent spirit of science.

"I believe," says the dogmatist, "because I have an infallible authority."

"I am convinced," says the scientist, "when I have indisputable and sufficient proof."

It is, therefore, next to useless to wrangle about dogmas themselves. The battle ground of Christianity is not in the narrow alley-ways of this or that doctrine, but in the broad fields of metaphysics in which are found and tested those first principles by which all men, whether believers or infidels, must stand or fall. It is worse than useless to tell a free-thinker or an atheist that the New Testament is the word of God, or that Jesus Christ Himself is God. He must have proof. He knows not what faith is, or confounds it with conviction or the certitude that comes of direct proof. He is harder to deal with than Didymus, who yielded to the evidence of his senses. He must have proof that his senses are not deceived.

And who are these agnostics and infidels? Few are found amongst the illiterate. Many of them are amongst the boldest and deepest thinkers and investigators, wielding an immense influence over the intellectual world of the day. In their attitude to the world at large, they are the special searchers after truth, and in this lies their power. Their disciples are many. They rule in literature; they sweep into the pulpit, and, under the sacred garb of religion, disseminate their doctrines and "thought," which have for their object the subversion of true religious faith. The preachers themselves who have drunk at the same fountain, whose opinions are tinged with the same poison, expound this science of men in the pleasing belief that they are preaching the word of God. And so, the heaven works and spreads its disturbing influence over the minds of men.

It is not, here, the design of the writer to decry or disparage the true study of science or the conscientious efforts of seekers after truth; for science in itself and the existence of God—the true God and not a God—and of revealed religion—the true religion and not a religion—are in no way antagonistic; nor can they ever be so. The one confirms the other, and each the other; but it is only too true that

many so called scientists seem to pursue their work with demoniacal phrenzy, for the express purpose of uprooting or shattering the belief in both the existence of God and the truths of Revelation. So that any new discovery in the world of science which seems to clash with a fundamental doctrine of Christianity is at once paraded in gorgeously striking attire, to catch the wary or unwary mind that is ripe enough or foolish enough to give it harborage.

It has been said by good authorities that, amongst uncivilized peoples, there has not been discovered no nation that had not some fixed belief or immature idea of the existence of a Supreme Being. And yet, is it not the fact that, in nations who lead the van in material progress and civilization, there are many who hail with triumphant acclaim and ready acceptance any formula, confession, principle, discovery or hypothesis upon which can be based a reasonable deduction of the non-existence of a God?

And what is it that the scientific investigator is aiming at? "The truth," he answers. Why the truth? "I want to be sure," he replies. Certitude,—that is what he wants. So do we all—all want certitude. Uncertainty is hard to bear; it is the arch enemy of peace. Is there a God? Is there a Divine revelation? Is there a true religion? Is there an infallible authority? These are the great questions, religiously speaking, to which so many desire an answer—an answer which will bring about that pleasant state of mind that excludes doubt, namely, certitude.

Religiously speaking, too, according to their attitude towards certitude, may be classified.

There is the man who does not believe in a God, but who is constantly in search of certitudinal material things only, for whom the spirit is but a name.

There is the man who step removed from the first who doubts and knows not what to believe. He is the Hamlet in religion, who knows he exists and has "the dread of something after death—that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." To him life must be a burden, and death, a constant terror.

There is the man who finds a lone rock on which one pale ray of light falls, in the dark and stormy sea of scepticism, and clings to it for dear life, fearing that every next wave may wash him from his slimy and precarious resting-place. Such is the Deist, in the bald interpretation of the term. He acknowledges a God, and Supreme Being, but one utterly silent in His terrible immensity. From his rock in the mid-ocean of doubt and uncertainty he looks in vain and cries aloud, but sees nothing to bridge the fearful chasm that yawns between him and safety, and the tiny ray of light is lost in the mark of the sunless heaven above him.

Then, there is the man who believes in a God and in a revealed religion; but when to find the latter he knows not, yet for him there is hope if he seek aright. But he is surrounded by many teachers and critics of his judgment, and, in the confusion of tongues, his ears are waxed and his judgment puzzled, so that, out of sheer weariness and soul-distress, he enters the temple that is nearest at hand—any temple—to rest and think. And then comes the crucial time with him, and he generally does one or other of several foolish things. He slides back into scepticism or infidelity or despair of finding what he seeks, and this, because he has not sought aright. He has depended on his own powers only. In his distraction he has forgotten God,—the all powerful, all-pitying God—who is only waiting to be asked to lead him into the promised land of peace and rest. And perhaps, like Saul, he is at last smitten with blindness, that, when he once again beholds the light, he may see the truth made plain by prayer.

For thus the apostolic story runs: "And Saul arose from the ground; and his eyes being open, he saw nothing; but they, leading him by the hands, brought him into Damascus. And he was there three days without sight, and he neither ate nor drank."

Now, there was a certain disciple at Damascus, by name Ananias; and the Lord said to him in a vision: "Ananias." And he said: "Behold I am here, Lord."

"And the Lord said to him: 'Arise, and go into the street that is called Strait; and seek in the house of Judas one named Saul of Tarsus; for, behold, he prayeth.'"

He God did so much for Saul, an enemy of the faith, how much more may He be expected to do for him who, humbly acknowledging his own blindness, prays for light and grace in his truth seeking.

Lastly, there is the man who, born in the purple of the true faith, cleaves to it in the years of his judgment and thanks God every day of his life for the Divine gift vouchsafed him.

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known. She is one, holy, Catholic, and apostolic. Each one of those marks have her enemies endeavored to deface or obliterate, and not the least the last, namely, her apostolicity, or the character that links her directly with her Divine Founder.

If the church of the apostles, if the gospel taught by the apostles were false, then Christ lived, died and overcame death in vain. The Catholic Church's apostolicity is, therefore, the strong cable that binds and holds the nineteenth century with the first; the Pope and hierarchy of to-day with Peter and the apostles of Christ's day. Her oneness, her holiness, her catholicity are to-day so palpable as to be practically undeniable; the proofs of her apostolicity depend upon the certitude of her history, which her enemies, knowing this, have boldly impugned.

It becomes, then, an interesting study to examine whether history, which, narrowly speaking, is the relation of facts transmitted from generation to generation in the form of writings, is a reliable medium of certitude. Not only is it an interesting but an all-important question, as, on it, humanly speaking, hang the existence and structure of Christianity. For, the scriptures are the charter of Christianity, and the religion of the patriarchs, the religion of the Jews, and the religion of the Christians are all links in the same chain, are all traceable to the same source. They were written under Divine inspiration and constitute a clear and faithful record of deeds and events, natural and supernatural, upon the truth of which the Christian faith is founded.

If the writings be not said, be looked upon as political fables, mere coinings of superstitious imaginations, the very foundation of Christianity is sapped and undermined, and the whole glorious fabric crumbles into dust.

Before entering upon the question of the certitude of history, it is necessary to touch briefly upon the nature of certitude itself. Certitude may be defined as the state of mind, in which the mind clings to that form persuasion of the truth or falsity of a proposition, which excludes all doubt. Certitude may be considered under three aspects.

First, it is certain that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. This truth flows from the essence of things and cannot be otherwise, and is variously called metaphysical, absolute, or mathematical certitude.

Secondly, it is certain that a stone thrown into the free air will come to the ground again. This depends upon the constancy of the laws of nature and is known as physical certitude.

Lastly, I am certain that General Grant lived his remarkable life and is dead. I never saw the great American living nor did I see him die. Millions are in the same position as myself, and still are certain of the facts, which themselves have become incorporated in the history of the United States. This is known by the name of moral certitude and depends upon the implicit belief in human testimony of a trustworthy character, and on the moral code by which men are governed. It is on a certitude such as this that men accept the truths of history.

It is evident, then, that the truth of history depends primarily on the reliability of human testimony, and that the reliability of human testimony depends on two things, namely, the competency of men to form a correct judgment and their veracity or love of truthfulness.

Now, the moral order proceeds no more as has been said than does the physical. To deny that a man in the full possession of his senses and faculties is incompetent to form a correct judgment would be to assert the non-existence of these senses and faculties. Men trust their fellow men, nations trust nations; and this principle dominates the world. Without this trust business would come to a standstill, the commerce of the world would stagnate, international law would be a farce, and society would go to pieces. Truth is the rule; falsehood the exception. Nay, is not falsehood an evidence of the truth? Weigh the motives of the liar and the truth is by them confirmed. Seldom does a man man tell a lie for its own sake. He may be induced to do so by strong motives. But where such motives do not exist, and where there are numerous known witnesses to the fact ready to expose falsehood, his testimony is securely entitled to credit. And, if the testimony of one man is worthy of credence, how much more so is the

testimony of many differing in age and character?

Thus, to obtain moral certitude, it is enough to know that the witnesses to a fact are competent to form a correct judgment and that there is no circumstance or motive to induce them to deceive. But when the witnesses, as in the case of the apostles and disciples, are ready to suffer and die rather than deny the Divine manifestations of the wondrous times in which they lived, it is difficult to conceive how the human mind can fall in its adherence to the evangelic history, founded upon their testimony and handed down to our own times by the Catholic Church. For, even her boldest enemies will not deny her uncompromising conservatism and her clinging to first principles, though they do not scruple to attack her doctrines. And these doctrines the Catholic church has preserved sound and entire, nor is there a single dogma pronounced and promulgated that has ever been revoked. How do we know this? From her history.

How far that history may be accepted as a criterion of certitude, I shall endeavor to show in a future paper.

Obituary.

Died at 480 Beaudry street, Montreal, on the 16th July last, Mr. James Leddy, Jr., son of Mr. James Leddy of Roscoe, Tulla, County Clare, Ireland, at the early age of 34 years. Mr. Leddy left his native home while yet young, migrating Montreal his residence, and there soon became well known and much respected. Embarking in cab-driving and cab-ownership, before many years, through patient toil, sobriety and industry, he had accumulated a competence sufficient to place his sorrowing widow and three children above the reach of want. Mr. Leddy was a member of the C.M.B.A., and, as a practical Catholic, conformed to the obligations which membership in that Society imposes. May his soul rest in peace.

You are respectfully requested to pray for the soul of Edward Oullahan, Stockton, California, third son of Robert Oullahan, Esq., Mount street, Dublin, Ireland, who died the 15th inst., fortified with all the rights of Holy Church, in the 63th year of his age. R. I. P. The deceased gentleman was a brother of Sister Purification, Loretto Convent, Toronto.

A Silver Wedding.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 18.—Senator and Mrs. Barrie yesterday celebrated their silver wedding at the residence of St. Boniface. A large number of their friends were present.

Sir John Millais Dead.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Sir John Millais, the distinguished painter, President of the Royal Academy, died at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon. On May 10 last he underwent the operation of tracheotomy for the relief of cancer of the throat and never fully rallied from its effects, which immediately caused his death.

The Land Bill Compromise.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The House of Lords to-day discussed the Irish Land Bill as it was re-amended yesterday by the House of Commons. It was agreed not to oppose the Lower House and to accept all the amendments, except one, which, however, was later also agreed to by a vote of 174 to 68; despite the opposition of the landlords. The fact that the House of Lords has accepted the Bill was formally intimated to the House of Commons, which briefly discussed and finally disposed of the measure. The bill will now become law.

John Macdonald & Co.

This well-known firm announce in another column of the REGISTER that their warehouses are now replete with the latest and best productions in dry goods, of home as well as of foreign manufacture. Exceptional advantages are offered the retail merchant by this extensive house, which has all the facilities that energy and capital can command; and we can say confidently that purchasers are nowhere treated more liberally than by Messrs. John Macdonald & Co., who are now, as they have ever been since the establishment of the firm, in line with that generous spirit which is satisfied to "live and let live."

The Jesuits in Montreal.

A great step in advance has been made by the Reverend Jesuit Fathers in Montreal by the opening in that city of a new preparatory college for English boys. It has been a well long time contemplated at first only thirty boarders, with a large number of day scholars. Father Gregory, Superior of the college, from the first rector, has been long in the possession of a

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CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "89," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

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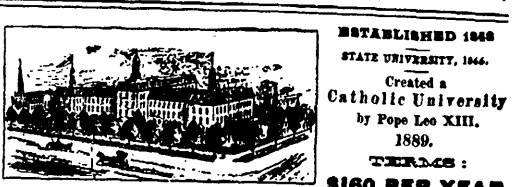
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BIRTH.

McDONOUGH—On Friday 14th August, at 16 Augusta avenue, the wife of Dr. A. J. McDonough, of a son.

Professional.

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25c. OAKVILLE 25c. AND RETURN STR. GREYHOUND CHANGE OF TIME TABLE. Commencing on Wednesday, 1st of July, will leave OAKVILLE, 7:15 a.m., 12 noon and 4:15 p.m. Leave TORONTO, 10 a.m., 2:15 p.m., and 8 p.m. Yonge Street Wharf, east side.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

The stalks of the rhubarb plant are the parts used. They contain a very agreeable and healthful acid, and as they come in early in the Spring, when fruits are scarce they are largely used for making sauce, pies, &c., for the table. The stalks are pulled off from the roots, from which they part easily, and the leaves are cut off near the junction with the stalks, which are tied in bundles of six or eight stalks or three, even, when they are large.

Much confidence is not to be placed in the fixing of rations for cows unless some special kind of feeding is to be followed. If the ordinary hay or corn fodder and cornmeal or peameal, with bran or oats, are to be used, it would be sufficient to base the daily ration on twenty pounds of the best clover hay, with ten pounds of mixed meal or the grains mentioned, grown together in equal proportions. If any addition is made to this, it may be of buckwheat, added to such an extent as is found, on carefully weighing the milk at each milking, to make a profitable increase. When the increase of food costs more than the increased milk, the time to stop the food is reached. Every feeder of cows should test this for himself.

A cow that will continue to give milk for three years is one to be cherished. If treated rightly, such a continuous milk is a valuable animal. If she is about to come in again and is not yet dry, the milk should be drawn only once a day, and not all taken then. This probably will reduce the quantity, so that if she does not stop milking wholly, there will be no risk in doing this purposely. It is not advisable to keep on milking any cow until the fresh calf comes; it is apt to cause trouble with the calf is dropped. But by good care it may be quite possible to avoid risk by keeping the feed down, without any grain, and hay only. After the calf comes and the risk is passed, the feeding may be increased up to the usual quantity.

If one wants to succeed in some kinds of business he must make a sensation of some kind. Here is one that has worked successfully for an apple grower who hit upon a novel plan for branding his apples. He selected a fine tree bearing apples of his principal variety. Then he prepared slips of sized paper, and on these stenciled his name. A couple of weeks before picking time, he bound a slip of paper around each apple on the sunny side of the tree, having the part containing the name on the side toward the sun. When the apples were picked, the slips were removed, and the name of the grower was plainly shown on each apple. One of these apples was wrapped in tissue paper, and placed in the top of each barrel. On the head was stenciled the advice, "Look for the name." The novelty of the thing has attracted great attention to his apples.

There is nothing new in this but in the application of it. It is the sunlight which colors the fruit, and to shade any part of it in the way mentioned will print any device on it. It will be a good thing to do with everything to be sold. Let the consumer know who the producer of what he consumes is. It evokes a sort of companionship and acquaintance that is useful in business, and creates confidence between the two, which is not likely to be abused by any attempt to cheat or take undue advantage.

There is no farm animal that is fed for salable product but may be made to greatly enrich the soil by its feeding. Sowing cows, with the addition of the silo for winter feeding, the pasturing of sheep in the summer, and the feeding of them in pens in the winter, are both well-known methods of improving land. But the pig is equally as useful in this way as either of the two mentioned. The trouble with the pig and his degradations are due to the failure to give him a chance. Even the child left to himself brings his mother to shame, and this pig left to himself will infallibly bring his owner to shame and loss. In the feeding of a pig nothing is taken from the soil but what is returned to it, three or four fold. Hogging down green crops, or roots, or grains, cheaply grown, is a way to make the cheapest pork and to enrich the land at the same time.

This may be begun with Fall-sown rye, which will last until after mid-summer, when oats and peas, early sown, will follow. Then comes the second growth of the clover, then a later crop of oats and peas, of which the grain is ripe, and this will completely fatten them in the best way making the very finest meat and wholly free from any taint. Such meat fed this way with the waste milk should sell with the greatest ease in the form of home-cured bacon, hams, and fresh sausages at fully one half more than the ordinary highest prices obtainable otherwise. It is one of the ways for the producer to get close to the consumer, and save all the leaks that happen between the two when this close connection is not made.

Mr. Nataniel Mortenson, a well-known citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich., and other Superior People, who for a long time suffered from the most excruciating pains of rheumatism, was cured, eight years ago, by taking Ayer's Serravallo's, having never felt a twinge of it since.

FIRESIDE FUN.

This world is full of queer people, as anyone can see by looking in the mirror.

The home-made shirt is hardly a work of art, but it is often "hung on the line."

Humanity may now be divided into those who ride bicycles and those who dodge them.

The client complained that his lawyer said "You can talk freely with me," and then sent him a bill.

"I think Nell's new photos must be exactly like her." "Why?" "She hasn't shown them to a living soul."

There is a man in Brixton who has such a hatred of anything like monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

What is the proper height for a real lady to raise her skirts when walking in muddy weather? Just a little over two feet.

"All well at your house?" "Yes, times are so hard that not a soul in the family has been sick for a year."

Jimmie: "Tommy Grogan is takin' of gittin' him a bycicle." Mickey: "Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tyres."

Mrs. Johnson: "Your husband has great ability." Mrs. Simson (who has discovered her husband): "Yes; irritability."

"George, dear, you go in and ask papa's consent, and—George—if anything should happen I'll go to see you every day till you're well again."

Hoax: "Does Sillicus know anything about music?" Joak: "No; he doesn't; know the difference between a string orchestra and a rubber band."

Little Girl: "Let's play we are married in a keepin' house." Little Boy: "Let's don't. My teacher say it is wrong to fight."

"Your wife seems anxious to be up to date, Tubby." "Up to date? She's way ahead. She's got a lot of trouble borrowed for year after next."

"Have I made myself plain?" asked the leopay year girl. "Miss Bloomington," answered the coming man, shyly, "there are some things impossible even to you."

Little Peter (for the fortieth time): "Aunt, what do they call it when a king is crowned?" Mrs. Malaprop: "Don't be so importunious, Peter. He is said to be coronised."

Proprietor (to Editor): "Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like." "What?" "Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"

Bobby: "Say, mamma, was the baby sent down from Heaven?" Mamma: "Why, yes." Bobby: "Um! They like to have it quiet up there, doesn't they?"

Bink: "Yes, I thought of marrying Miss Noy at one time, but the affair was broken off owing to an impediment in her speech." Jinks: "How as that?" Bink: "She found it impossible to say 'Yes.'"

First Bicyclist: "Did you hear that fellow on the crossing kick when I ran him down?" Second Bicyclist: "Yes. Silly of him, wasn't it? I remember I used to do the same thing myself before I got a wheel."

Mr. Newera: "I thought your wife was a New Woman?" Mr. Muchbleet: "Well, she was. But she has sort of given it up." Mr. Newera: "What made her give it up?" Mr. Muchbleet: "The new baby."

Museum Proprietor: "What's wrong with our old new midget? He doesn't seem to draw." Manager: "Of course not. See what a mess you've made of the advertisements. You've put his height as three feet. Make it thirty-six inches and the people will come with a rush."

Magistrate (to prisoner): "What are you? Prisoner: "A dock labourer, yer washup." Constable: "Why, he's scarcely ever out of prison, your worship." Prisoner: "Well, I'm always been sentenced for hard labour in this 'ere dock, so if I ain't a dock labourer, wot am I? Yah!"

Miss Jellus (to Miss Mature, who is handsome, but not so young as she used to be): "I believe you paint your cheeks." Miss Mature: "No, I don't; nature paints them." Miss Jellus: "Then I must say I wonder at nature choosing such a worn out piece of canvas to work on!"

Mr. Bawker (distractedly): "My wife is out of her mind! She doesn't know what she's saying!" Mr. Henpecker: "My dear friend, I sympathise with you. At the same time, I cannot help remarking that I only wish my wife did not know what she was saying at times, for she says the most awful things."

Employee: "Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary. I have got married lately." Manager of Works: "Very sorry, my friend, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to our men when off duty."

THE BENT PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vanderwoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Farmee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." FOR DELICATE AND DELICATED CONSTITUTIONS these Pills not like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

There is a higher law than the constitution.—Seward.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boiste.

God has commanded time to own the unhappy.—Joubert.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

Never fear to bring the sublimest comfort to the smallest trouble.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

The horse that is ever bounding makes a short journey long. The man that is ever vaulting performs little.

It is a sure evidence of the health and innocence of the beholder if the senses are alive to the beauties of nature.

DOMESTIC READING.

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True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

The fruition of what is unlawful must be followed by remorse. The cock sticks in the throat after the apple is eaten, and the staid appetite loathes the interdicted pleasure for which innocence was bartered.—Jane Porter.

He who, when he has once knocked, is angry because he is not forthwith heard, is not an humble petitioner, but an imperious extor. However long He may cause the wait, do thou patiently carry the Lord's leisure.—St. Peter Chrysostom.

Beauty, truth and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the breast of man. And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them for ever, for His mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.—Emerson.

Taste is that faculty by which we discover and enjoy the beautiful; the picturesque and the sublime in literature, art and nature; which recognises a noble thought as a virtuous mind welcomes a pure sentiment, by an involuntary glow of satisfaction.—Willmott.

Life and death are wrongly named, for what is this life but the mother of corruption? And therefore a constant dying is the true way to the life of the blessed. There is but one true life—that which leads to life eternal; but one real death—the loss of the soul.—St. Gregory Nazianzen.

If we wish rural walks to do our children any good, we must give them a love for rural sights, an object in every walk; we must teach them, and we can teach them—to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedgerow, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore.—Kingley.

The angel of little sacrifices has received from Heaven the mission of these angels of whom the prophet speaks who removed the stones from the road lest they should bruise the feet of travellers. And that of the angels who, according to the simple legend of the first Christians, scattered rose-leaves beneath the feet of Jesus and Mary in their flight into Egypt.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every movement of my eyes dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out of me. I meet within the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.—Thomas Hardy.

Culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule to which he fashions himself, but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful and graceful and becoming, and to get the raw persons to like that. Its ideal of human perfection is an inward spiritual activity, having for its character, increased sweetness, increased light, increased sympathy.—Matthew Arnold.

I have little belief of true vocations being destroyed by contact with the world. I don't mean the contact with sin and evil, but that contact with the world which consists of such intercourse as is natural and necessary. Many boys seem to have a vocation in whom it has appeared. They go to school, and then the appearance fades away, and then people say, "They have lost their vocation," when, in truth, they never had one.—Cardinal Manning.

They take very unprofitable pains to endeavor to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise this world and all that is in it, even whilst they themselves live here. God hath not taken all that pains in forming, and framing, and furnishing, and adorning the world, that they who were made by Him to live in it should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately as to prefer it before Him who made it.—Clarendon.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pains, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is a speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

Chats With the Children.

Where the engine thrills and the white steam fills

My eyes are you carry by, With brow austere, the engineer

Sits resting quietly His face is dark, but a glowing spark

Lights up his eye, so keen, It has taught to know he has done his task,

And has done it well I ween. Or, perhaps, before, "I'll rush an' start,

He must clean his teeth, air pipes beneath,

And take his life in his hand, But his head is clear—he knows no fear,

And, clasping the throttle bar, He cleaves the dark as the soaring lark

Mounts up to the clouds afar. But deep in his thought he forgetteth

Of his over-riding care The smile on his lip is the gay wave tip

That the solemn ocean bears He would rather far, at the throttle bar,

Quiver with death a alarm, Than that any soul under his control

Should come to the slightest harm. And so through the night and the sweet daylight

Our grimy heroes stand, With a million men in their keeping, when

They dash across the land, They have sped through flame, where no

succor came, Save that their brave hands brought, And they fell at their post counting life

well lost, For the rescue they had wrought.

They may think us cold, those hearts of gold—

But lips may hide A soul of flame, which faint would claim

Bays for the lusty, the engine glass, And whenever I pass the engine glass,

Through his praying pane I peer, And breathe a prayer for the brave man

there— God bless the engineer!

—KATE UPSHUR CLARK.

FROM TREE TO NEWSPAPER IN 116 MINUTES.

A trial was recently made in Australia to decide in how short a space of time living trees could be converted into newspapers. At Epsom, at 7.55 in the morning, three trees were sawn down; at 9.34 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, from when the first printed and folded copy was issued at ten o'clock. So that in 145 minutes the trees had become newspapers. The age of miracles is not passed.

A CANADIAN CARIBOU HUNT

G. Grant La Farge in the August Atlantic describes a Canadian Caribou Hunt.

As we reached the open and turned northward along the western shore, Pierre Joseph, and I, who were somewhat ahead of the other, saw what brought us to a halt,—fresh tracks. They led across our path, straight for the nearest island. The caribou were not long gone, and we instinctively lowered our voices to a whisper as we discussed the probability of their being behind the island. But no; as I looked ahead again I saw another line across the snow. We advanced; these tracks led back from the island to the shore, and were so fresh that at the bottom of each deep hoof-print the water which overlaid the ice under the heavy snow was not frozen,—a significant fact with the temperature still well below the zero point. There was no whispering now; we raised our eyes to the shore, which was in shade and fringed with a dense growth of cedars. Too bad—they had gone up into the woods; it was past mid-day and too late to follow them far; if we had only got here a little sooner!

But hold on! What's that? In the gloom of the dark cedars I saw a dim grey shape, motionless; then another. And now I realized that I had done a foolish thing, one that some years of experience should have taught me to avoid; I had led the cover on my rifle. Slowly and cautiously I drew it off, not daring to make a sudden movement, but breathless with the fear that the game might start, for one jump into the bush and the only chance was gone. My heart was beating so that I wondered if the caribou would not hear it, when just as I got the rifle free they started,—not two of them, but three, and not into the woods, but straight across and over the lake, about a hundred yards away. They were running, and with a swiftness that demanded quick shooting, and that was surprising in snow which, though less deep here than in the timber, still was such that a man would be practically helpless in its deep that as they ploughed ahead the movement of their legs could hardly be seen, but was more than suggested by the flying lumps and clouds of snow that rose about them. Their thick set bodies loomed large and dark against the dazzling surface beyond them, and contrasted sharply with their long hoary manes. I lighted on the leader and fired, and saw him stagger perceptibly. I heard another shot. George had come up and was beside me, opening fire on the second. I kept on at the first one, shooting as long as he moved, until at the third shot he pitched forward and lay in

the snow. Then as I turned my head I saw George's boat sinking, and we both fired almost together at the third, now a good long shot, but after another volley, down he went, too. Luck, pure and simple, after all. But then we had expended considerable skill during the past week with little to show for it, and this we considered our fairly earned reward. Then we made the tour of our quarry,—three bulls. No coup de grace was needed; they were stone dead. They lay upon their sides, with heads outstretched, and the tumbled snow covering up their heavy, powerful legs and big round black hoofs which carry them abroad when all other deer are fast bound by impassable barriers of snow. Their sleek sides glistened in the sunshine and we saw the color of their bodies a hue the exactest balance between brown and gray; an absolute black, which, with their white heads and long haired grey throats, makes them seem of the very essence of the northern forest and the winter time.

ICELAND.

The subject of the general intention for August in The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart is Iceland. We read that: In 1551, Christian III, King of Denmark, after having vainly attempted to plant Protestantism in the island by the softer arts of persuasion, tried the sterner methods of sending men of war. The Bishop John Arason, put himself at the head of a small army and swore to meet death rather than abandon to the heretics the cause of God's Church. He was successful in several engagements but was finally handed over to the enemy by a traitor, and was beheaded on the seventh of November, 1560. He died here, and with him died the Catholic hierarchy in Iceland. The Lutheran form of religion was then proclaimed the only religion of the State.

But the people of that northern island, as if loath to yield up the old faith, retained much of the ancient Catholic ceremonial and Catholic spirit. The Lutheran morning service is still known after three hundred and fifty years as the Mass, and at various places may be seen crucifixes, trip tyche and pictures of saints, to recall bygone Catholic days. Devotion to the suffering Saviour is still retained in vigour amongst them. A Protestant minister, Hallgrum Pekterson, a Soul of remarkable genius, composed a magnificent poem of fifty books on the Passion of Our Lord. It is one of the most beautiful works ever written on the subject. Every Icelanders possesses a copy, and knows it almost by heart. During the season of Lent it is sung in every family, one book every day. Still more striking, perhaps, is the fact that the cold worship of Lutheranism could not extinguish among these poor people the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. One of the most celebrated Protestant Bishops of the island, Bysseff Sveinsson, a poet of merit, composed in honor of Mary a noble book of poems. The book was never printed, but it still exists in Iceland and at Copenhagen.

It was towards this unfortunate people, hidden in the Arctic seas, and separated from the true Church for three hundred years, that Leon XIII turned his eyes last year. From 1551 to 1854 no attempts had been made to convert this distant and lonely island. In 1854, two French priests undertook the difficult task. Only one family was converted, and this is still the only Catholic family on the island. In 1895, the Sovereign Pontiff gave orders to the Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, Mgr. Van Euoh, to establish a Catholic mission in Iceland, and last autumn two secular priests were sent thither to begin the work.

Private letters received since mention the cordial reception they met with at Reykjavik. They opened a small chapel for public worship, and at the first Mass the crowd was so great that many had to return home, being unable to find room. In the evening at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which was followed by a sermon, the church was filled long before the appointed hour, and the crowd outside was four times as large as that within. A family presented itself at once for instruction, and the urgency of building a church became evident. For this purpose it would be necessary to collect alms. There have been found, among the population of seventy five thousand, some three hundred lepers who are sorely in need of being cared for. Father Sveinsson, an Icelandic Jesuit, has undertaken the work of collecting from generous Catholics throughout the world the wherewithal to build a leper house. It is consoling to learn that heroic souls are not wanting to nurse those poor afflicted people; for besides the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who are preparing to open a school as well as to take care of the lepers, six secular ladies have already offered themselves for the charitable work.

The Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart are earnestly requested to pray for the success of this mission, which our Holy Father has undertaken to promote. There is every reason to believe that the generous, hospitable, religious nature of the Icelandic race will readily accept again the true faith which was wrested from it over three hundred years ago.

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the

prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Holy Mother, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostolic of Prayer, in particular for the return to Catholicism of Iceland, which has been so long a time separated from the true Church.

Home Rule and the Irish Party.

LONDON July 30.—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in an article in the Contemporary Review for August on "Home Rule and the Irish Party," reviews the prospects of Home Rule, and concludes as follows: "Finally, a word as to the position of the Irish Party. The position is not far from good, but only those who are on the inside of the Party can see how much it has changed for the better in the last six months. Disunion is not yet dead, but it is lying—no so much of its own return to success as usually, owing to the pressure of circumstances. The fear of disunion is, I believe, running towards its end, and a spirit is rising up which will compel even the most factious to return to the old party discipline. In about a month from the date when this article appears a great Convention of the Irish Party will assemble in the Irish capital. Boycotted by some, neglected and ignored by others for a time, this Convention has opened by attracting serious, and in some quarters, enthusiastic attention, and all the signs point to its being one of the most influential gatherings that ever met in Dublin to discuss the future of Ireland. It is my forecast that this assembly will not allow itself to be diverted by the discussion of personal claims, incidents, and attacks. Its duty and its inclination will be to lay down a broad and intelligible platform of National unity and party discipline, and to leave to the future the settlement of how far this man or that lives up to this platform. From the deliberations of this body, then, I expect to see a new movement and a new spirit arise. When the Irish Nationalists are united, the question of what Home Rule for Ireland is to take in Ministerial programmes will settle itself."

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "I have been attacked for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

The Brand of the Orangeman.

WALTHAM, MASS., Aug. 18.—Frank A. Preble and Edward Aroh, two carpenters, took the royal purple degree in a new lodge of the Order of Orangemen two weeks ago, and because of the severity of the initiation they swore out warrants for assault and battery and cruelty against John G. Graham, Daniel Tracy and G. O. Nickerson, officers of the lodge. Before Judge Luce in the District Court to-day the respondents were given a private hearing, and the testimony developed the facts that the two men were branded on the breast and legs with red-hot iron. With both men the same results followed, their wounds became running sores, and their sufferings were great. They protested against the branding, but were forced to submit to it. The iron was heated over a gas jet by one of the lodge officers, and its imprint left a red burn the size of a silver half dollar. The court reserved its decision, but in event of conviction civil suits are to be instituted. All sides seem content, and the testimony was taken behind closed doors. Preble, however, said to-night: "I am an American citizen, and I don't propose to be branded like a jackass or a broncho without remonstrating. My protests proving of no avail, I have besought the aid of the law."

"Papa, what is a 'walk in life'?" "It's that profession, my boy, in which everybody has to run like mad, or get left."

Depravity distorts the moral vision, and causes it to be deceived on the subject of moral principles; so that it is clearly impossible for a person who is not good to be prudent in the best sense.

What a man does with his wealth depends upon his idea of happiness. Those who saw prizes in life are apt to spend tastelessly, if not viciously, not knowing that it requires as much talent to spend as to make.

The care of his own health and morals is the greatest trust which is committed to a young man; and often and often the loss of ability, the degeneracy of character, the want of self-control, is due to his neglect of them.

Grain that has been heated will not do for feed, nor will it make good bread. If grain is at all damp when thrashed, it should be thoroughly dried by spreading it on a floor in a dry, airy place and allowing it over twice a day until it is quite dry. Anyhow, even dry grain will heat, because, unless it has been kept in a stack or in a mow long enough to get through a fermentation or fall ripening, which it will do when gathered in large bulk, this fermentation will occur in the granary and will be liable to injure the grain, destroying its value for seed or bread. Heated grain is sweeter than other grain, and may be used to advantage for feeding to animals. It is always best to crush or coarsely grind wheat or rye before feeding it, as it is better digested.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

By EUGENE FIELD

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful.
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;

"HOME AT LAST."

It is a holy spot to be buried in—
That old Dominican Abbey which
Shirts the river Nora, where it rushes
Through the city of Kilkenny.

a blessing at the Dominican Father's feet.

CHAPTER II

On Mary Maher's arrival in New York she found no difficulty in securing a situation. Her father was employed in laying iron tracks for the cars, which overran the city, and therefore was a protection for his daughter. In the eyes of the world it was prudent to have a parent for a guardian, but there the boon ceased.

The monotonous duties of indent servant soon disgusted her, and after a lapse of three months she found her in one of those giant warehouses that line the thoroughfares in New York. She wrote home and sent money, and said her morning and evening prayers regularly. Thus, so far, Father Patrick rested satisfied with his restless protegee, and penned a letter of encouragement for her in her own sphere.

An ominous silence followed. The priest trembled for her perseverance, but did not despair. At last came a letter enclosing six pounds, and saying she was leaving New York, and going south. Further particulars she did not impart, but added if letters were directed to a certain Madame Lehon in the city they would reach her. This shrewd of information reassured Father Patrick at an opportune moment, when he found himself obliged to make an appeal in favour of Mary Maher's mother. To the husband he had applied in vain, and now he told the pitiful tale to the daughter with the like result.

From Tom Maher he expected little, but he trusted in Mary to prove true in the hour of need. In both he had been disappointed. Death is a swift courier. Nothing blunts the point of his shaft, once his victim is marked for destruction. Mrs. Maher died after some months, of rapid consumption, and Father Patrick's heart bled when he heard the grating door of the workhouse close behind the motherless children. There was no help for it. Again he wrote, and blank silence ensued as before.

Three years passed away without any clue of the wanderer. At length one morning brought a newspaper containing a minute account of a stage piece lately put on the boards by Madame Lehon, owner and conductor of the world-wide burlesque company known as "The Mermaids."

The principal role was played by the celebrated Irish actress, Admirelle Mehore, and under this thin disguise Father Patrick recognized his former pupil. Advanced as he was in years, and inured to the phantasies of the world, he was unprepared for this relation. Duty had ever been his watchword, and in the present crisis he was not going to lower his standard. His decision was speedily taken.

He despatched another letter to Mary Maher, representing the forlorn condition of her sisters. An anxious interval followed. Day by day he saw the pinched faces of the children grow sharper and paler, and an idea seized him. He got photographs taken of them in the pauper garb, and despatched them to America. In reply a money-order for £80, coupled with a promise that this sum should be annually paid, and requesting that for the future all further demands should cease.

That depends how the agreement is kept," said Father Patrick, folding up the welcome remittance, and hurrying off to the workhouse to arrange for the removal of the children. PARTING DAY was flickering round the grey buttresses of the "Black Abbey," Kilkenny, when a lady dressed in all the vagaries of fashion wended her way through the graveyard surrounding the ancient pile.

Eagerly she scanned the headstones one by one, and then seating herself on the lid of a granite coffin, sighed. "William Marshall, the younger," Earl of Pembroke, founded this home for the Dominican Order in the year 1225. Here he lies, a stone's throw removed from his brother Richard, founder of the Franciscan Abbey. Both sleep under the monastic institution they had raised to God's honor, and their neighbors edification. On the coffin lid of some mailed follower of the doughty Earl, Mary Maher rested. She had not attained the object of her search—a grave, and the gathering shades of evening warned her that the darkness of night was about to fall. She was returning by the same route she came by, when in the waning light she perceived the gleam of a white habit. It was Father Dominic who approached—the newly elected Prior of the "Black Abbey."

acquainted him with her mission. It was to find the last resting place of her mother, one Honora Maher, who died in the city some years previously. "I am a stranger," continued Father Dominic, "but in the Abbey is an aged father who knows every grave, though he is blind. I shall ask him, if you kindly will."

They were not kept long in suspense. Advancing towards them with the help of a stick came Father Patrick. Father Dominic told him of the lady's request, and disappeared to finish his Office. Left alone with her companion Mary Maher (for it was she) repeated her inquiry about the grave. Her voice trembled when she put the question, because she had recognized Father Patrick.

To those favored souls hemmed in by the cloister from the turmoil of the world, the lapse of ten years makes but slight havoc in their outward appearance, and the old Dominican Father proved no exception to this rule. He was yet hale and strong, though his hair was bleached with the snows of seventy winters.

Father Patrick was unaware that his companion was Mary Maher. Even if eyesight had remained to him, it would have been difficult to reconcile in the powerful and pained dame who accompanied him, the fresh Irish face he had looked on a decade of years before. Coming to a cluster of green mounds, he pointed with his stick. "Under the middle sod rests Honora Maher," he said, turning his sightless eye-balls on his companion. "Perhaps you are a relation of hers. Something in your tone of voice recalls her."

"Yes," was all Mary could command in reply. The hesitating manner was not lost on the old priest. "Your accent tells me that you come from America," he continued. "If you have lived in New York, perhaps you have met a girl from this city—Mary Maher, who left Ireland ten years ago. This is her mother's grave."

He ceased speaking. Mary walked away, and he could hear the rattle of her parasol against the railings as she passed along. "Are you a Catholic, child?" he asked, "if so you will like to see our church." Concluding that the dangerous topic had died out, she answered in the affirmative, and they passed under the ancient Gothic portals.

Advancing towards the altar, he knelt down, whilst she remained standing, gazing at the carved windows and chiselled pillars, once so familiar to her. Suddenly an object arrested her attention. Far up the wall, between the lace like windows of the Black Abbey, reposes the wonderful Group of the Trinity, carved by a master-hand six centuries ago, and before this quaint representation a lamp burnt in a niche. Lower down hung a crucifix, and Mary Maher recognized in the delicately-cut features on the cross, the same with which Father Patrick had signed her ten years before.

The last evening in the graveyard flashed before her mind, and the sentiment she had then uttered. "It is a holy place to be buried in, this old Dominican Abbey." In her present state of feeling she did not wish to be buried anywhere; and death had nothing but terror for one whose life was spent in a whirl of wild excitement. However, she approached nearer the beacon, and gazed up at the niche. Underneath the crucifix she read the words: "A Prayer for the Wanderer's Return."

Unpleasant memories were thronging her mind, and tears gathering in her eyes, and she felt relieved that no one witnessed them. The aged priest still remained absorbed in prayer, his face turned towards the flickering lamp, though he could not see its light. A few moments more and he rose. They walked on in silence—the actress and the Dominican friar. Standing before the monastery door, the latter extended his hand to bid good evening.

Mary Maher's object in visiting the graveyard had been to erect a monument to her mother's memory, and now that she was on the eve of departing for America she lacked courage to reveal herself. She feared Father Patrick would recognize her, and sift the secrets of the past. Striving to nerve herself, she said in a forced voice: "I am starting for Queenstown to-morrow, Father, and before I leave I am anxious to ascertain the cost of a monument over Honora Maher's grave."

"Are you a relative of hers?" asked the priest. "I am her daughter," answered Mary in a voice so low that he drew near to catch the faint accents. He heard them, and he raised the latch of the door without a reply. Instinctively she followed him. Through a winding corridor they passed into the reception room of the Abbey. A lay brother entered, laid a lamp on the table and disappeared. Then the floodgates of Mary Maher's soul were opened, and she poured

forth the tale of her checkered career into the ear of the priest. It had been ten years since she left Ireland, and seven years since she had joined Madame Lehon's troupe. Whilst there she formed an attachment to an actor of the same company, and the marriage day was named. Her father in the meantime had become importunate in his demands for money, and his intemperate habits reflected disgrace on his daughter. Lying in ambush one dark night, he surprised her lover, and in the heat of passion, the young man slew him. The actor fled for his life, was captured, and met his death on the gallows.

Such had been Mary Maher's history. The fate of her fiancée had made a deep impression on her excited temperament, and she was ordered a change of scene to Europe. Thus it was that at the end of six months' tour we meet her, having wandered through the continent and taken Ireland in at the finish. She had amassed a modest fortune, and when Father Patrick asked her to increase her donation towards her orphan sisters, she opened her purse and drew from it a cheque for £100.

"I shall give you more," Father Patrick said, "when I return next Fall, because I always thought this Abbey graveyard was a hallowed spot to be buried in, and I don't think I shall last much longer. When I return to America I am to undergo an operation for cancer."

"It matters little where our bones lie," continued the priest, "provided our souls are prepared to meet God, and the life of an actress is one exposed to many dangers. Remain at home, my child. It is now five years since I first lit that lamp in the Abbey church before the crucifix, craving a prayer for the wanderer's return. I have prayed daily for that hour, and thank God I have lived to see it. If you must leave, then make a general confession of your whole life. With the fall disease of cancer threatening you, it is madness to hazard your salvation."

Mary's sobe were the only response to this appeal. To the priest's ears it sounded as sweetest music. The wail of one who had wandered through sinful byways, and scorched by the worst steps homeward. She explained to Father Patrick that she had entered into the year's engagement in the United States and was bound to return. If the operation proved successful she was to appear that day three months on the stage in New York.

He ceased to urge her to postpone her voyage. It was clear to him that if life remained to Mary Maher she was bent on returning to Ireland, but pending this he insisted on her making a general confession of her sins. The lamp burnt low, and the wick licked up the last drop of oil, and still the stream of sin and sorrow continued to pour into the sympathizing ear of the priest.

Then the penitent stood erect, and looked into the osm, cold moonlight, and saw the silver beams playing on her mother's grave. The placid scene was a fit picture of her own soul at that minute. The galling yoke had been lifted off, and she felt as cheery as the skylark rising in the morning clouds. She kissed the hem of Father Patrick's habit in gratitude, and sallied out into the night air.

The old man's heart was overjoyed. His prayer had been heard. The Blessed Mother had answered his daily Rosary. The wanderer had returned. "Good night and God bless you," were his parting words, and Mary Maher had hurried up the narrow street and bent her steps towards the principal hotel in the "Faith City."

SIX MONTHS after her meeting with Father Patrick the wanderer returned home to die. The best medical advice which New York could offer was procured, but all in vain. The cancer was momentarily arrested, but not exterminated, and the doctors agreed the patient's case was hopeless. Feeling her strength declining, she was seized with a burning desire to see her old friend once again.

Her wish was granted. She made a second pilgrimage to Ireland, took lodgings close to the Black Abbey, and whilst energy remained paid a visit to Father Patrick each day, and underwent a preparation for death. At times the devil sought to undermine her courage by exhaling dreary memories of the past. Then she would open her mind to her saintly director, and the temptation vanished. Her disease belonged to the painless branch of cancer.

Painless, we term it, when compared with the more virulent kind, but the word is only used in a comparative sense. Restless nights, days burdened with lassitude, are its accompanying symptoms, and seizures of pain at intervals. When Mary Maher became too weak to visit the Abbey, Father Patrick attended her daily. Her beads, neglected during her wanderings, were a constant companion. He soothed her last moments with his paternal presence, and when the momentous hour of death hovered about its victim, the sting had been

extracted from the dread visitor. At her desire her sisters were present at the closing scene. She appointed Father Patrick their guardian, and left an ample sum of money for their maintenance. A few nights before her decease she asked for the crucifix that hung in the church. "You may take it down, Father," she said; "its mission has been achieved. The wanderer has returned, and is home at last. Lay me down beside my mother in the old Dominican Abbey, for it is a holy spot to be buried in." And her request was granted.

A GOOD SAMARITAN. HAVING FOUND HEALTH HE POINTS THE WAY TO OTHERS.

His Advice Was Acted Upon by Mr. Miles Pruitt, of Wellington, Who, as a Result, Now Resides in Restored Health and Strength.

From the Times Times. Mr. Miles Pruitt, of Wellington, was a recent caller at the Times office. He is an old subscriber to the paper, and has for years been one of the most respected business men of Wellington. He is also possessed of a considerable inventive genius, and is the holder of several patents for his own inventions. The Times was aware of Mr. Pruitt's serious and long continued illness, and was delighted to see that he had been restored to health. In answer to enquiries as to how this had been brought about, Mr. Pruitt promptly and emphatically replied: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it." Being further interrogated as to whether he was willing that the facts should be made public, he cheerfully consented to give a statement of his case, which in substance is as follows. He was first attacked in the fall of 1892, after assisting in digging a cellar. The first symptom was lameness in the right hip,



which continued for nearly two years. It then gradually extended to the other leg and to both feet. The sensations were a numbness and prickling, which continued to grow more and more, until he practically lost control of his feet. He could walk but a short distance before his limbs would give out, and he would be obliged to rest. He felt that if he could walk forty rods without resting he was accomplishing a great deal. He had the best of medical attendance and tried many medicines without any beneficial results. He remained in this condition for about two years, when he unexpectedly got relief. One day he was in Picton, and was returning to Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby of Picton was also a passenger on the train. Mr. Soby, it will be remembered, was one of the many who had found benefit from Pink Pills, and had given a testimonial that was published extensively. Having been benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has ever since been a staunch friend of the medicine, and noticing Mr. Pruitt's condition made enquiry as to what he was. Having been informed, Mr. Soby applied an ounce of the medicine, and said, "Friend, you look a sick man." Mr. Pruitt described his case, and Mr. Soby replied, "Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I know from experience what virtue there is in them, and I am satisfied they will cure you."

Mr. Pruitt had tried so many things and failed to get relief that he was somewhat skeptical, but the advice was so disinterested, and given so earnestly, that he concluded to give Pink Pills a trial. The rest is shortly summed up. He bought the Pink Pills, used them according to the directions, which accompany each box, and was cured. His cure he believes to be permanent, for it is now fully a year since he discontinued the use of the pills. Mr. Pruitt says he believes he would have become utterly hopeless had it not been for this wonderful health restoring medicine.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure. Many other cases of those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an inferior article. Many other cases of those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an inferior article. Many other cases of those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an inferior article.

The test examination for candidate students will be held at Holy Cross College, Clonville, Dublin, on Monday, the 14th of September next. Further particulars are to be ascertained by letter from the Rector. This examination is prescribed by the constitution of the Bishops of Ireland, confirmed by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. So students presenting themselves for admission without a certificate of having satisfied the examiners at Clonville cannot be received.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and safely in all cases of coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

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PLUMBERS' 3/4 AND 1/2 AND WIPEING SOLDER HARRIS HAS FOR SALE 25 to 31 WILLIAM STREET. Telephone 92.



LATEST MARKETS.

TORONTO, Aug. 18, 1896.

Wheat—There is a fair amount of activity in the local market and prices keep steady but meet with a pretty good inquiry...

Flour—Continues easy, although a fair demand exists. Still stocks are not light and millers want to sell.

Milk—Quiet and featureless. Bran is quoted at \$7.50 to \$8.00 for freight west, and shorts at \$9.00 to \$9.50.

Pork—Now are selling at 43c north and west. Old white are offered at 13c and mixed at 15c.

Barley—Nominally unchanged at 30c for No. 1, 32c for No. 2 and 35c for local outside.

Corn.—Nominally. Rye.—Nominally.

THE APPLE TRADE.

Messrs Woodall & Co. of Liverpool, in their annual report of apple crop in the United Kingdom for 1896, say that the results are much less favorable for our growers than last year, especially as the districts which produce most fruit give the worst returns.

The past season was, they say, comparatively unimportant, the total imports into Great Britain being 788,000 barrels, against 1,458,000 barrels in the previous season. The quality and condition (especially of Canada) were generally good, and a much larger quantity could have been disposed of without affecting prices.

The prospects for the coming season are, Messrs. Woodall think, very good, "for not only is our own crop short, but the unfruitful season in the United States and Canadian apples arrive there will be little, if anything, to compete with them."

The latest reports from the continent point to a similar state of things prevailing there. The total imports into Great Britain during the past season, from United States, Canada and Nova Scotia, were as under:—

Liverpool, 438,355 barrels, valued at \$49,646; Montreal, 1,789,000 bbls. Against same period, 1894-5, 1,438,000 bbls; 1895-6, 1,750,000 bbls; 1892-3, 1,204,000 bbls.

Butter—Large stocks still remain in the local market, notwithstanding the efforts of dealers to clear up. Good butter is in demand and brings the highest prices easily, but any off condition or color has to be sacrificed.

Butter, 10c to 12c; medium tubs, 7c to 8c; low grade dairy tubs, 6c to 6c; choice large rolls, 10c to 12c; dairy pound prints, 13c to 15c; creamery pound prints, 15c to 16c; creamery tubs, 17c to 18c.

Eggs—Good boiling eggs sell at 8c to 8 1/2c, but comparatively few sales are reported. The market is easy and quiet.

Potatoes—Choice are selling on the street at 30c to 35c per bushel and at 35c a bag.

Haid Hay—Large quantities of inferior hay are offered, but more is wanted. Choice stuff sells at \$11 to \$11 50.

The local street market was dull. Oats—Easier, a load of new selling at 21c, and a load of old at 24c.

Peas—Selling at 12c to 15c. Hay and Straw—About 12 loads of hay are offered at \$13 to \$14. Two loads of straw sold at \$11 and \$12.

Dressed Hogs—None offered.

Wheat white, 90 85 80 00 do red, 80 75 70 00 do goose, 60 55 50 00

Peas, per bush, 0 51 0 51 Rye, 0 45 0 45 Oats, per bush, 0 21 0 24

Hay, 14 00 16 00 do new, 13 00 14 00 Straw, banded, 10 00 11 00

Eggs, new laid, 0 54 0 54 Butter, lb, 0 14 0 14

Butter, lb, 0 11 0 11 do tubs, dairy, 0 11 0 11 Chickens, per pair, 0 25 0 25

Ducks, 0 50 0 50 Turkeys, per lb., 0 08 0 12 Potatoes, 0 30 0 35

Dressed hogs, 5 00 0 00 Beef, hindquarters, 4 50 7 50 do, fore, 2 00 4 50

Veal, 3 00 6 00 Lamb yearling, 2 00 0 00 do, spring, per lb., 0 06 0 09

MONTREAL, Aug. 17.—Grain—The market is dull and unchanged. Wheat No. 1 hard, nominal; wheat, No. 2 hard, nominal; peas, per 60 lbs, about, 55c to 56c; oats, No. 2 white, in store, 45c; rye, No. 2, nominal; barley, feed, 33c to 34c; hay, 44c to 46c; buckwheat, per bush 35c to 36c.

Flour—The equivalent of 5,000 barrels of Manitoba flour were sold to day for Australia. Straight rollers, \$9.50 to \$10.75; do bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; strong bakers', Man itobe, best brands, \$3.50; spring patents, Manitoba, \$3.75 to \$3.90; winter patents, Ontario, \$3.50 to \$3.70.

Buffalo Market. East Buffalo, Aug. 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 185 cars through, 140 cars sold; market steady for good stock, fair to medium, 10c to 10 1/2c; choice heavy steers \$4.25 to \$4.40; good shipping, \$4.10 to \$4.25; fat native heifers, \$3.50 to \$4.10; active cows, \$3 to \$3.75; fat bulls, choice heavy, \$2.50



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC Has no more fits. 10 My daughter, 19 years of age, had for 20 years had fits of some kind she would drop without any warning and would not be able to get up for 2 or 3 hours...

Paipitation of the Heart. Kenosha, Wis., March 4, '94. I feel it my duty to inform you of the benefit I have derived from Father Koenic's Nerve-Tonic for 2 years. I was suffering from palpitation of the heart and the trouble was that the slightest exertion would leave me in a panic. After using 2 bottles of this tonic, I am completely restored to health and cannot omit to recommend this medicine to all.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a complete list of the symptoms of the same. This pamphlet is prepared by the Rev. Father Koenic, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878 and is now in the hands of all the people in the world.

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IN TORONTO BY LYMAN BROS.

To \$3; stockers active; common to choice, \$2.60 to \$3.25; feeders, \$3.25 to \$3.45; veals, \$4 to \$5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 22 cars through, 30 cars sale; market active and higher; Yorkers, good weights, \$3.05 to \$3.25; Yorkers, fair to good, \$2.75 to \$3.05; roughs, \$3; stage, \$2.25 to \$2.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6 cars through, 30 cars sale; market active and strong; prime lambs, \$5.05 to \$5.90; fair to good, \$4 to \$5.00; culls and common, \$3.75 to \$4.35; mixed sheep, good to choice, \$3.60 to \$3.75; export ewes higher, \$3.75 to \$4.35; mixed sheep, \$3.10 to \$3.25; market firm; all sold. Sheep and lambs, all sold early; market closed firm.

RECEIVING THE VEIL.

Impressive Catholic Ceremony at St. Joseph's Convent on Saturday.

At St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban's street, on Saturday morning five young ladies were newly received and seven newly professed. Those newly received were: Miss Kenny, Miss A. McGurn, Miss K. McGurn, Miss McGuane and Miss Egan. They will be known hereafter as Sisters M. Peter, Sister M. Basile, Sister M. St. Leo, Sister John Avila, Sister M. Wilfrid. Those newly professed were: Sister M. Corona of Thorold, Sister M. Austin, Toronto; Sister M. Joseph, North Bay; Sister Idelette, Bolton; Sister M. Immaculate, Osoola; Sister Urban, Osoola; and Sister Alacogue, Ottawa.

The ceremony of conferring the veil was performed by Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, in the absence of St. Joseph's Walsh, assisted by Rev. Father Smyth of Merrittville. The mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Smyth of Merrittville. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Murray, C.S.B., Collins, C.S.B., O'Shea, Buffalo; Montes of St. Joseph's Convent; Devine of Osoola, and James Walsh of Toronto.

Took Final Vows.

Seven ladies took final vows at St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, M. Mt Hope, London on Sunday afternoon, high mass being celebrated by Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Rev. Fathers McCormick and Valentine. Those who made their profession and final vows were Miss Hussey of Thamesville (Sister M. Euphemia), Miss Podolicki of Thamesville (Sister M. Justina), Miss Ouellette of Malton (Sister M. Cyril), Miss Devine of Clinton (Sister M. Eugenia), Miss Miln of Glenworth (Sister M. Helen), and Miss Nigbo of South (Sister M. Marcelle).

St. Basil's School.

St. Basil's Separate School sent up eleven pupils to write for the entrance examinations, seven girls and four boys, and all passed. One of the girls received the highest number of marks of any of the pupils that wrote. Rev. Father Brennan, the parish priest, and the teacher have reason to be proud of the good work done during the year. St. Basil's has kept up its reputation as the banner Separate School of this city.

New Fall Stalls.

The drop in the mercury suggests a change from light to heavier clothing. Anticipating the public want in this respect, Mr. Jamieson has already on hand serviceable suits in Scotch and English tweeds, which he is now offering at Red Letter Sale prices. Corner of Yonge and Queen streets.

His Final Vows.

DETROIT, Aug. 16.—During the 6 o'clock mass at St. Peter and Paul's Church yesterday morning, in the presence of a large congregation, Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, son of the late Gen. W. T. Sherman, made his final vows and was forever joined to the Jesuit Order, which he entered in Maryland in 1878.

Hon. Mr. Balfour.

With deep sorrow we announce the dangerous illness of Hon. W. D. Balfour, Provincial Secretary. At this writing the Hon. gentleman lies at the point of death, and there is little hope of his recovery.

Death of the Bishop of Cleonfort.

DUBLIN, Aug. 16.—The Right Rev. Patrick Duggan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cleonfort, died to-day. He was consecrated Bishop in 1873.

The Dominion Parliament opened at Ottawa yesterday. It is thought that the session will not be a lengthy one but most likely it will consume thirty days at least.

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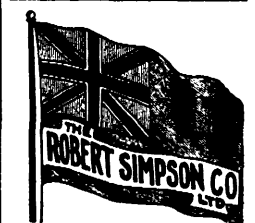
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Never Go Without Your Supper. Your supper is a very important consideration but just as important is the number of St. Leon Water. One of these on retiring will keep the organs in a healthy condition, and if you are unable to cure, if not enjoying good health give St. Leon Mineral Water a trial.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (LIMITED), 101 1/2 KING STREET WEST.



Men's and Boys' Hats. There has been great cutting in prices in men's and boys' hats for this month. Our resolve is to clear everything, especially summer goods. Think of the following prices:

- Men's Stiff Hats in black, brown and blue, special, \$0 75
Boys' Fedoras in black, brown, mouse and tan, nice shapes, lined or unlined, were \$1, for... 0 50
Men's Soft Hats, Fedora shape, raw edge, in black, tan and gray, special... 0 80
Men's Soft Hats, American Fur Felt, latest styles, our special... 1 00
Ladies' Hats for Bicycling, Fedora shape, in black, brown, red and gray colors, special... 0 40
Men's Pearl and Gray Fedoras, latest styles, were \$2.50, for... 1 50
Men's Fur Felt Stiff Hats, English or American styles, very latest, reg. \$3 hats, for... 2 00
Men's Fur Felt Soft Hats, latest styles, Christy make, black, brown and tan, special... 2 00
Ladies' Wool Tam o' Shanter, in new colors, were 50c, for... 0 25

F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Carvers of Monuments, Tombs, Memorials, Tablets, Altars, Baptismal Fonts, Crosses, Headstones and Sarcophagi. All kinds of Cemetery Work Made and Executed Tiling, Etc. For 21 Years on the corner of Church and Lombard streets, New York.

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Carpet Department: Two special lines of American Quilts (without fringe).
Staple Department: 31-inch Fancy Flannelette, 30 different patterns, quantity limited.
Linen Department: 18 inch Linen Crash Towellings.
Dress Goods Department: 41-42 inch Tweed Effect All Wool Dress Goods, only a limited quantity.
Other Specialties Expected to Arrive Daily. Unlike regular lines these specialties are always in quantities and therefore cannot be repeated.

The sales are so rapid that customers seeing our advertisements should either at once visit our warehouses or forward their letter orders. Prices and particulars of these on application.

Canada's Great Industrial Fair, Toronto, commencing Monday, August 31st, is to be more attractive this year than ever, and the Fall Millinery Openings taking place about the same time, which are still a greater attraction to the Fair Sex, will undoubtedly induce more merchants and buyers to visit our city than usual.

To all we extend a cordial invitation to visit our warehouses and assure you of courteous and prompt attention.

John Macdonald & Co., Wellington and Front Sts. East, Toronto.

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