

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## The Catholic Record

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The book, "Christus Victor," by Henry N. Dodge, to which we called attention in our review of the 9th instant, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 25 West 23rd street, New York City, U. S. Price, \$1.25—in white, black, or red leather.

### THREE GOOD THINGS.

We once heard a man say that the three best things in the world were: the flowers, the laughter of children, and the lives of the poor. But he was a visionary—and a poor man which is a greater crime! Still there was truth in his words. Flowers, sunwashed, are pure: the laughter of children is the echo of angel voices: the life of the poor is a tragedy worked out on broad, heroic lines.

### A NEW CREED MAKER.

A certain reverend gentleman of Manchester, England, named Dean McLure, has entered the creed-making competition. His formula of belief is at once simple and comprehensive, and will meet, doubtless, with considerable favor. Here it is: "I am a downright good High, Low, Broad, Evangelical, Catholic Churchman." This will commend itself to the exponents of the different shades of Anglicanism and will go far to allay discontent and disorder. When the irrepressible Kinsit makes his appearance the Dean can disport himself as a Low Churchman, and when the adherents of Ritualism, which has been described as a club with a spring-opening attachment, honor him with a visit, he may make merry with the toggery and phraseology of the High Churchmen. It is delightfully simple!

### BOERS AT TAMMANY.

Some English editors waxed exceedingly wrathful over the reception accorded to the Boer delegates by Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker and the gentlemen who guide the destinies of that celebrated organization were held up to the scorn of a righteous public in a way that would do credit to the scariest republican sheet.

We wonder why! Accepting the opinion that an Englishman's conscience is in his stomach, we can ascribe the lapse from his imperturbable stolidity to a fit of indigestion. They do not surely imagine they have the monopoly of the entertainment of interesting strangers, and again the Boers could not rely upon being dined and wined in London. Why be unduly jealous of Tammany? They who have fettered Garibaldi and Mazzini and taken them to their liberty-living arms should not characterize the giving of unofficial refreshments to three Boers as an infamous crime.

### THE PARISH CRITIC.

In every parish there is one spokesman at least of a species that croaks and grumbles and criticizes all persons and all things. It may be young or old, and it is always in evidence. It is pliously inclined and exercises a watchfulness over the pastor and his assistants. It expects an "epic poem" every Sunday and grumbles at a plain exposition of the Gospel. It is always on the move, buzzing here and there, giving information and detaching it. It may be very good, but it is an awful nuisance. Sometimes it is worse when it circulates reports that besmirch one's reputation.

What a blessed world it would be if all these pestering little-minded gossipers were banished for life to some distant land! We must, however, bear with them and hold to belief that they have immortal souls. But they are dirty little flies on life's wheels, and a fortune awaits the individual who invents a "Tanglefoot" for their benefit.

### METHODISM DECLINING.

The Methodist Bishops assure us that Methodism confronts a serious situation: "Our statistics for the last year shows a decrease in the number of our members."

But what else can one expect from a sect that is based on fervor and not on doctrine. Methodism has been losing ground for several years. The gener-

ation that confronts the divine of today is far different from that ministered to by Wesley and the first Methodists. When the Wesleyans commenced their work in this country they had to do with a simple, ignorant people who knew nothing of Higher Criticism and who were carried away by sensational appeals and manifestations of miraculous conversions. They increased in numbers and became a powerful and influential sect that believed, despite sneer and taunt, they were guided and protected by a special providence. There were undoubtedly many hypocrites who could give forth extempore prayers and give every sign that they belonged "to a goodly people with the seal and sign of salvation upon their souls," but in the main we believe they were honest in their peculiar views. Time, however, has diminished the influence of the Amen corner and of the sensational preacher: in a word, the theatrical properties of Methodism have ceased to be a drawing card. The fashionable congregation has no liking for the antics and outcries of former days, and would in all probability, if the pastor insisted too strongly on hell and repentance, give him a chance to seek new fields of labor.

Methodism may linger for some time on the religious stage but its exit as a sect cannot be prevented by proclamations. Born of overwrought sensibility, nursed by sensational preachers and fed on fervor, it can hardly be expected to have strength enough to withstand the attacks of skepticism and infidelity.

It has been said, and not without reason, that Methodism has been no inconsequential factor in the spread of indifference. It turned men's minds from historic religion to a creed of moods and sensations and from thence logically into infidelity. "Fervor," says Bp. Spalding, "is not at our command, and when possessed it is not easily retained: and when people persuade themselves that religion is not possible without this experience of God's miraculous workings in the soul they easily fall a prey to delusion or dependency or indifference or unbelief."

### A WORD OF ADVICE.

Mr. Edwin Markham, of Hoe fame, has gone into the creed-making business. With "the immovable granite under his feet and the unwavering constellations over his head," he lets fall some precious words of Markhamian philosophy. He does not remember, he says, that Jesus exacted of His twelve apostles any statement of opinion. No, Edwin. Statements of opinion were reserved for you and other nineteenth century creed fashioners. The apostles were simply charged to bear a message of truth to the world—to guard and defend it against sentimentalism and frothy humanitarianism and to preach it with such authority that Christ told them that "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me." In days past men were quite content to accept in lowliest adoration the doctrines of the Master. And some of them were men of princely minds.

The Apostles, moreover, were commissioned to preach and to exact obedience, not only to the doctrine of brotherly love but to every iota of Christian doctrine.

When your fatiguing search for picturesque adjectives, Edwin, will permit you a few moments of leisure you may qualify yourself to remember some things that you omitted in your latest contribution to theological literature.

But you should restrain your fiery zeal or otherwise sensible wielders of the Hoe will have doubts as to your ability to play the self-imposed role of teacher of humanity. If you want notoriety, invent some means that will denote you have not parted with common sense. Jump off Brooklyn Bridge. Go into politics as Populist candidate for President. Do anything but formulate creeds.

If you want brotherly love as understood by Christ—and it is a far different thing from that preached by philanthropists—read the history of the Catholic Church. Watch her religious, who minister to the sick and outcast and wretched with an exquisite love and tenderness, for their spiritualized eyes see in everyone

confided to their care the person of Christ: her missionaries going their ceaseless rounds of mercy and heroism, the hundred things which are familiar to those who render allegiance to the creeds of Christ.

We fancy, however, that the talk of brotherly love by creedless individuals is the outcome of a very shallow sentiment. Like the German railroad train referred to by Mark Twain, it starts from nowhere and arrives at nowhere. It will last in all probability so long as the liver is in good order. Its genuineness is on a par with Mr. Carnegie's deliverances on the blessings of poverty. It affords oftentimes a little diversion to charitably disposed women. When the weather is unsuitable for golfing or when a tender pity for humanity's woes fills their bosoms they go "slumming"—that is, they make an onslaught on the poor, ask them all manner of impertinent questions, and return to well-appointed homes with the conviction that they are entitled to a good conduct certificate. But they don't leave any reminder of their visits save the echoes of loud voices and perchance the vulgar odor of perfume. At best they imagine that the giving of bread and butter—the most elementary mode of brotherly love—covers the whole ground.

### TWO NOTEWORTHIES.

Ambassador Choate is winning golden opinions in England. His urbanity is of a high order and he is a very miracle of tactfulness. He reminds Englishmen that a death of loud professions of American friendship must not alarm them, and that mutual interests and aims bind them into a union stronger than death.

All this may be very diplomatic if not manly and dignified. He felt it his duty, we know, to allay any anxiety occasioned by the reception of the Boer envoys and to convince us that "the hands across the sea" is still an element in international politics.

Cecil Rhodes has, notwithstanding his opinion of the British flag as a commercial asset, fallen into disfavor. The men of state look at him askance and even that stalwart Imperialist Mr. Chamberlain has weakened in his attachment for his old friend. Now this is decidedly unfair to Mr. Rhodes. He prevented the Jameson investigation from giving a political coup de grace to Joseph and his friends. He might have been at that time the author of a very large sensation, but he wrapped himself in taciturnity and fled at the first opportunity to his mines.

He is, we are told, a great man—broad minded, energetic, a path-finder of civilization. He may have these many and diverse qualifications—and he has also a very comfortable bank account. How he acquired it matters not. Why he should then be under a cloud passes our comprehension. It is asserted for one reason that he is responsible for the present war, and that, consequently, his usefulness as advance agent of British interests will be a thing of the past when the flag waves over the republics. Meanwhile Cecil smiles and adds to his bank account.

His part in the Transvaal business could easily be made manifest if that long expected dossier were brought down, but he knows that precious document will remain for many moons in the strong-box of the Government.

### CATHOLIC CHICAGO.

As Chicago passes the 2,000,000 mark in population, the city comes to the front with the noteworthy showing in religious statistics. The total church membership foots up \$71,152, while the number of edifices or places of worship has increased to 789.

The magnitude of this showing may perhaps be better appreciated if the figures are compared with those recently published in New York showing the number of churches and church members in that city. New York, according to these statistics, has only 541 churches, with a combined membership of 729,172. The figures in detail show several differences between the two cities. While New York is far ahead of Chicago in Episcopal churches, having 121 to Chicago's 49, the difference is more than balanced in Catholic churches.

In Chicago there are 116 Catholic churches with a membership of 600,000, as against 108 Catholic churches in New York, with 543,168 members.

### AS TO THE SOUL.

The Denver Catholic, on its page of miscellaneous matter, prints a short article on "The Soul," which, as it has an un-Catholic sound, must have escaped the vigilant eye of Mr. F. J. Kramer, the editor.

Says the article: "The soul is a certain spiritual substance, similar in nature to an angel, but infused into a material, organized body to which it communicates life."

Things can be said to be similar in nature only when they are of the same genus and species. Souls and angels, whether good or bad, are of the same genus, in that they are created intelligences; but St. Thomas (in question 75, art. 7, part 1) tells us that they are not of the same species. "Cum angelus forma sit separata, non existens in materia fieri non potest ut sit unius speciei cum anima."

It is, therefore, an error to say that "the soul is similar in nature to an angel." We cannot say that an eagle and a dove are similar in nature simply because they are of the same genus—bird. As they are not of the same species we must say they are dissimilar in nature. In the same way and for the same reason we must say that an angel and a soul are dissimilar in nature because they are not of the same species. It is of the nature of a soul to be united to a material body and to animate it; it is of the nature of an angel to exist separate from and independent of matter and not to animate it. An angel united to a body would not constitute a human being; nor is a soul disunited from its body an angel. The union of an angel with a material body would be an accidental, not a substantial, union. It would be an unnatural union because an angel by its nature is not destined for it. But such a union between a soul and a material body would be natural because it is called into being to be so united.

An angel in a body and actuating it would be like an engineer in a locomotive—an agent distinct from the machine he actuates, and having his own complete existence independent of it. He is not a part of the engine, nor is the engine a part of him. His presence does not constitute the machine an engine, nor does the engine's presence to him constitute him an engineer.

It is not thus with the soul and its body. They together in substantial union constitute one substantial whole—man. Each without the other subsists incompletely. The soul without its body is not a person, a man; nor is the body without the soul a person, a man. "Hominem," says St. Augustine, "nec animam solam, nec solum corpus, sed animam simul et corpus esse arbitrat." Man is not a rational soul or a material, animal body. He is the actual, substantial union of both. It is this union that constitutes him a human person. There is a good deal of philosophy in common modes of expression. We do not say, "Raphael's hand painted that Madonna, Apelles' hand made that statue, Homer's hand wrote the 'Iliad' and Pope's hand translated it;" but "Raphael made that Madonna, Apelles made that statue, Homer wrote the 'Iliad' and Pope translated it." In all these expressions the act is attributed, and rightly, to the indivisible, incommunicable person, and not to a part of him. It was not Raphael's hand or body that painted the Madonna, nor was it his soul; it was Raphael himself, all of him, as one single agent.

If an angel, assuming a body, painted a picture, we would have to say the angel painted it, using as an instrument the assumed body. In this case there would be two things distinct from each other, the agent and the instrument, for their union is accidental, not substantial, or of that kind which makes two things one thing. But the relation of a soul to its body is not that of an agent to its instrument. It is a union which makes two entities, a soul and a body, one, a third complete entity—man; a person that act as a whole or not act at all.

As we have repeatedly used the words "substantial union" it may be well to give a clear idea of their meaning in philosophy. And we cannot do better than to give it in the words of the late Mgr. De Concilio, in his "Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, Chapter on Anthropology." After having stated that man "is an individuality resulting from two substances, a body and a soul, and that the union between them is intrinsic and substantial, he asks: "What do you mean by substantial union?"

And answers: "To explain this we must recall some points of ontology. 1 Substance is that last complement of a substance by which it obtains the mastery over itself and its own acts becomes responsible for its acts and is incommunicable to all others. This is called a complete substance or suppositum. 2 Every substance existing in nature is a suppositum. 3 The substance of a created substance is necessary only in this sense: that no substance can possibly exist without a substance. But it is not necessary in the sense that every substance should have a substance of its own nature and species, because it may happen to subsist of the substance of another. 4 This happens when a

substance is intended to form such an intimate union with another substance of a superior nature, as both to form a complete subject and individual. Because in this case, as nature intends to form of two substances one complete individual, it is evident that both substances cannot be each one an entity, perfectly complete, having the mastery and attribution of its own acts, and exclusive and incommunicable; because in that case there would be two perfect individuals, which is against the supposition, as we are speaking of a case where nature intends to form one individual of two substances.

5 We understand also in this case which of the two substances would have to yield its own subsistence. It must be the substance of the inferior nature—that is, the inferior nature must have no last complement of its own, but must be completed by the last complement of the superior nature; so that the superior nature's subsistence that which completes both and forms the individual. This is called substantial union, which may be defined: The union of two substances both made to subsist by a single subsistence, that of one of the substances united. The substantial union of the body and the soul in man means that so long as the body is actually united to the soul, it has no subsistence of its own, but subsists on the substance of the soul; that the soul gives its own complement to the body, and has the ownership of both; and of the acts of both is responsible for them, and is exclusive and incommunicable to all others."

In view of this kind of union, and of the fact that man is to exist in the future as man, the necessity of the resurrection of the body becomes apparent.

The Denver Catholic article calls the soul a simple, immaterial essence. It would have been better to have called it a simple, immaterial entity or substance. The essence of a thing is that which constitutes a thing what it is; and it is always the essence of the thing, whether the thing exists actually or only potentially. Essence, therefore, does not imply actual existence. If you say the soul is an essence, we ask: The essence of what? If you say the essence of man, we demur, for neither the soul nor the body is the essence of man, but is the substantial union of both. The soul is a substance, not an essence. The essence of a thing is found in the correct answer to the question: What is it? And the answer is called a definition. Ontological or logical essence must not be confounded with chemical essence. Because spirits are used to extract essences—such as that of peppermint, for instance—it does not follow that all spirits, those of men included, are essences.

Here is another extract from the article with which we cannot agree: "It (the soul) has two principal actions, one internal, and the other external, in both of which it represents the divine essence, of which it is an emanation."

To make the soul an emanation of the divine essence is to deny the creative act by which the soul comes into being; which is Pantheism pure and simple. The soul comes from God's act, not from His essence.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### THE CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH LORD.

Part Played in it by a Famous Wit Named McClusky and a Barefooted Boy.

The chief figure in the Queen's visit to Ireland after Her Majesty herself, was unquestionably, the Earl of Denbigh. To him is attributed the special favor shown by the Queen to the Catholic charitable institutions, and the consequent success of the visit. The impression certainly prevailed in Ireland that His Lordship was of an old English Catholic family. That impression is corrected by a letter in the Freeman's Journal setting out what purports to be the details of his father's conversion while visiting Ireland.

In 1848-49 the late Lord Denbigh, then Lord Fielding, having gone over to Ireland after completing his university education, was travelling in the West. He was then a staunch if not a bigoted Protestant, and full of all the English prejudices regarding the "Papist priest-ridden" people of Ireland. There was then in Ireland at that time a man named McClusky, who, in reputation, was second only to Dan O'Connell. His official position was a guard on the coaches that plied on the western roads. But his wit and humor and genial intelligence made him famous from one end of the country to another. A seat beside McClusky on the coach was regarded as an intellectual privilege that Viscount Fielding was fortunate enough to secure. They talked of religion and of politics, and the guard's knowledge, readiness and intelligence amazed the nobleman. Still, he was not quite satisfied. He dilated on the cramping effect of the Catholic religion on the minds of the young. McClusky proposed a simple test. They picked at random a barefooted boy of twelve or thirteen years from a crowd that swarmed out of the school with their books under their arms. The Viscount was more amazed

by the intelligence of the boy than he had been by the intelligence of the guard. He was specially impressed with the child's devotion to his religion and practical knowledge of its teaching. At parting he offered him a sovereign, which the bare legged boy refused suspecting that His Lordship was one of the proselytizers who then infested the country, and which McClusky accepted for the boy's use.

In parting with the guard at the end of their journey in Mullingar, His Lordship told him that he had learned more from the little boy than he had done from all his reading. A year later McClusky received from Lord Fielding a handsome silver mounted meerschaum pipe in remembrance of the day and drive, to which he said he owed, under God, his conversion to the Catholic religion.

### AN ANGLICAN MONK.

One of the Few Protestant Brothers in America Received into the Church—Others to Follow Him.

Brother Augustine, of the Order of the Brothers of Nazareth, a little band of religious workers in New York, unique in being the only monks of the Protestant faith in America, has made his submission to the Catholic Church, and has been received by the Rev. Father Hughes, of the Paulist Fathers. Brother Anthony, also a member of the Order of the Brothers of Nazareth, is now said to be under instruction and will soon be received into the Church. Two other members, it is rumored, are leaning toward Rome.

During the celebration, last February, of the fiftieth anniversary of St. Brigid's Church, at East Eighth Street and Avenue B, Dr. Patrick F. Sweaney, the rector, saw in the congregation a man clad like a Franciscan monk. He wore a simple brown habit with Capuchin hood and wide sleeves, girded at the waist by a twisted and knotted leather belt, from which hung a crucifix. Wishing to extend the full hospitality of the occasion to the visiting monastic of his creed, as he supposed him to be, Dr. McSweeney invited the stranger into the sanctuary.

The object of the venerable rector's solicitude appeared deeply affected by the attention paid to him. He declined the invitation, however, saying that he wished to be excused from changing his seat. Dr. McSweeney did not again see the man, but not until recently did he learn that the stranger was Brother Augustine, a member of the lay Order of the Brothers of Nazareth, affiliated with the High Church party in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The former Anglican Brother is now making his home with the Franciscan Brothers, at their house, in Butler street, Brooklyn. He will probably become a permanent member of the community.

There were only six Brothers of the Order of Nazareth in their religious community at Verbank, N. Y., before the defection of Brothers Augustine and Anthony. When the Order of the Holy Cross developed into an American order of mission priests, the lay Brothers were formed into the first distinctive lay order of monks in the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, under the name of Brothers of Nazareth. Brother Gilbert is the present superior. The order conducts a home for convalescents for men and boys, a home for consumptives and an industrial training school for boys at Verbank, N. Y. A fresh air home is also conducted at Farmingdale, L. I.

### WHEN IS A PRIEST TOO OLD?

Some time ago one of the secular magazines had an article on the Protestant ministerial profession, in which the writer, among other things, showed what little regard the average congregation had for a minister who was no longer youthful. The Rosary Magazine in a comment says:

"This speaks very bad for Protestantism. It is one of those evident marks of decay which for decades past have been appearing on its face, presaging approaching utter dissolution. What a contrast does not the lot of a Catholic priest oppose to this sad picture! As his years increase, respect and love for him grow apace, until old age finds him at the zenith of his power over the hearts and esteem of the faithful. Catholics love their priests not for the young face, the erect figure, the spirited delivery and the vivacious thought of a boy; but simply because he is Christ's legal representative, Christ's ambassador. His are the words of wisdom and truth, which grow sweeter and more valuable as they are tempered by years and experience. His services and his position in the Church are appreciated accordingly. With him the 'material dead line' is the grave."

### ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN CONVERTED.

The Westminster Gazette hears that Rev. Edward Henry Bryan, late vicar of Hensall, Yorkshire, who resigned his living rather than discontinue the use of income at the Archbishop of York's desire, has been received into the Catholic Church.



trout, and though unpretentious in its square construction was found comfortable by the occasional anglers who visited there in the fishing season.

It was as a public house that it thrived most. Its bar was the resort of several local notoriety of an evening when all district gossip and perhaps much politics from various points of view were keenly commented on and hotly discussed.

The bar of the hotel was at the side of the house farthest from the village, and a large window towards the back lighted it from without.

She stood in terror of being discovered. She would be suspected of doing something that was calculated to thwart the efforts of the tenantry, and if she were found out!

Henry turned towards the window to close it. Now was her time.

"Who's there?" he asked quickly. Della came forward.

"I want to speak to ye, Mister Henry," she said. "There's some danger on to-night. I dunno what it is—but the colonel is out—is in there, an' he has to get back to the castle; let him take care," and in a few minutes she was up in the fields behind her mother's cottage calling loudly on a belated and errant calf supposed to be wandering from its home.

"Well, Henry," cried Colonel O'Gara, "a stiff brandy and soda. I've been at thirsty work all the evening, instructing these stupid policemen how to behave themselves to-morrow.

"You seem—ah—to forget—ah," interjected District-Inspector Harrison, twisting the end of a small moustache.

"You seem to forget, Colonel O'Gara, that thirteen families are to be evicted, and that we must endeavor—ah—to perform our duty with a due recognition of the necessity of preserving the peace—keeping back an excited multitude of people who are likely to assemble."

"Confound you, sir, and confound them," angrily interrupted the colonel. "Preservation of peace, indeed! Preservation of scoundrels! I'll have the commissioner down. He'll teach you to preserve the peace. Peace with whom?—with robbers, anarchists, revolutionists! Men who regard all contracts as naught! Men who shoot at you from behind a ditch—the cowards!

"What's the good of your constabulary? What are they fit for? Why—"

"But, colonel," meekly interrupted the district inspector, "we are inquiring into these outrages. We are on the track—"

"Track! and a long one it is, too. You'll never get to the end of it, and I and other law-abiding citizens, respectable members of the community, are to be shot in our own houses while you're on the track. Track, indeed!"

"But, colonel—" again interrupted Mr. Harrison.

"I want no buts, sir. Let the buts of your rifles fall on the ruffians; club them out of existence! What are you for? Why don't you protect the rights of property and the lives of property owners? Three times has my house been fired into, and no trace of the murderers discovered. What are you doing? A man who upholds the constitution is to have his life put in jeopardy, and his property confiscated at our expense—at our expense, mind you!"

"We have made all arrangements to help you to-morrow. We have a force of twenty men at hand," said the inspector, endeavoring to placate the irascible colonel, whose anger was rising under the pressure of the stiff brandies and sodas he had swallowed to alleviate the thirst engendered by his instructing the policemen in their work of the morrow.

"Twenty men! In the devil's name, what do you mean? Twenty men! Twenty flies you should say. Why, you stult, there will be twenty thousand murderers about. The whole barony will be there. Are you mad? Why—here, Henry, give me some ink and paper. I'll write to the commissioner. Get it sent at once. Saddle your fastest horse. Rushen is only seventeen miles from here. It's not 10 o'clock yet. The man will catch the commissioner before he goes to bed. He does not go to bed early. Anyhow he must know the state of affairs here. We cannot entrust our lives to the tenderness of this strapping. He must be got up. He must do his duty. He must, or by—I'll bring the castle down on him. Here give me the paper. Now you go and get the horse and the man—a trusty man mind you!"

Colonel O'Gara's flushed face threw out the strong whiteness of his hair and mustache. He stood up by the bar while writing to the commissioner, depicting in strong terms the serious danger that threatened them, all because he merely exercised his rights as a landowner to put out from their holdings those who would not pay him his rent. A large force of police was necessary to strike terror into the ruffians who dared to deny him his rights, and also to dismay the crowd of robber-sympathizers who would assemble to cheer the knaves who would despoil him of his birthright, his citizen rights and his class right. The force should be on the ground early—on Dublin Castle would quake.

The colonel looked not more than fifty years of age as his strong figure rose to its full length by the bar, his indignant thoughts straining his body to its full height of six feet two. While he wrote the inspector went out, and Henry returned. "Now, Henry, where's the messenger?" shouted the colonel. "Is he ready? Give me another drink."

"I'm sorry, Colonel," replied Henry, quailing before the blistering gaze of his master. "I cannot find e'er a man to go. There's not a man to be had. I've—"

"What? No one to go! What do you mean, sir? No one? Then you must go yourself, at once."

"But, sir," pleaded Henry, "—"

"But you must, and right off, too, or you'll get out of this forever. At once, I say. Go," and he handed Henry the letter.

"Well, sir, I must leave this place open till I cum back. I've no one to look after it. Can't I stay to close up?"

"No, by—Off you go at once. The place'll mind itself. Or I'll stay to mind it. Leave all the lights up. Now go!"

And the clatter of a galloping horse soon told that Henry's material interest in the place was not to be measured by the injury that might accrue to his leaving his hotel open all night with a much-hated man alone in it, the only other occupant an old woman, who had long since betaken herself to bed.

Colonel O'Gara helped himself to another drink and sat down on a creaky chair. After a while his head dropped on his folded arms, and he nodded. Two hours passed, and he started up with a troubled slumber. The great light in the place dazzled him. The intense silence around him. He called aloud:

"Henry! Henry, I say!"

No answer came. The stillness seemed to grow deeper. He called again. Still no answer.

He rose unsteadily on his legs and walked into the hall. The front door was wide open. He called again. No answer. He went to the door. The night was pitch dark. The light from the hotel only made the night blacker beyond.

Not a sound except a sibilant wind through the trees beside the police barrack over the way. Unsteadily still he descended the steps of the hotel and paused on the roadway. He called out again to anyone who might be within hearing. Only the sibilant sough replied. Unsteadily he crossed the road and beat a rat-a-tat on the barrack door. No one stirred. He beat and beat again with no result.

With imprecations on the vile laziness, treachery and incompetency of the policemen, all of whom, excited by the hints of danger set up by Della Doolan, and which had been duly conveyed to them, were out on special patrol in localities where they expected to find disturbers of the peace, Colonel O'Gara turned back towards the hotel. Pausing in the middle of the road, he observed a light in one of the cabins at the next end of the village. Unsteadily he proceeded towards it. How far it seemed to be away, and his unreliable steps did not seem to shorten the distance. Suddenly he found himself at a door, and knocked loudly with his stick.

"Is that you, Colonel? And, thin, what brought you this way this dark night?" exclaimed the surprised Roger Geary, as he opened his cabin door.

"Who are you?" sternly demanded O'Gara.

"Geary, Colonel! Roddy Geary."

"Oh, I know! That's you, is it? Well, I want to get home, and I'm—depressed, you know. Come with me. Come on, my man."

Geary had been sitting by his fire thinking—thinking deeply, and all expectant. The loud knock at his door startled him. He was astonished on recognizing his visitor. He was simply dazed at his request. He, however, said nothing. He blew out his rushlight, and taking the colonel by the arm, proceeded down the village street some sixty yards, when perceiving a light in one of the cabin windows he knocked at the door of the house.

"Here, Thady," said he to Thady Byrne, when he opened the door, "the colonel wants to get home, an' I'm goin' to the fair now, I cannot go further wid him."

Some forty yards lower down another light burned dimly in a cabin, and Thady Byrne, bringing the colonel much against his will up to the door, knocked.

"Tomas, agra," he said to a young giant, who stretched from the threshold to the lintel, as he opened the door, "I'm goin' to drive some sheep to the fair now, an' the colonel here wants some wan to lave him home, as he's lonesome."

"This a late hour to be goin' out," urged Thomas, eying the colonel up and down, who, perplexed by the shifting of his companions, said no doubt confused by his potatoes, said nothing.

"But, howsomever," added Thomas, after a pause, "I don't mind lavin' him a bit of the way."

"I'll warrant you now, colonel," said Thomas, as they approached another cabin with a light showing in its window, "that Patsy Herrick'll be goin' down to see his sick cow, and he'll be wid ye, so we best inquire."

And Patsy Herrick, much surprised, was brought to his door.

"Now, colonel, jewel, we're at Murty Lenehan's. He's sittin' up expectin' his son Mick back from Callan, an' I'm thinkin' a bit of a walk your way will relieve his legs, an' said Patsy Herrick, when they had gone a hundred yards.

"Why, I'm not a shuttlecock, and you protested four-five—five battledores. What do you mean?"

"Only we are pressed, colonel, an' wan thinks the other better company for you, and you see we have to work night an' day, watch night and day. It's comin' near mornin' now, an' most av us men can't get to bed yet, an' here's Murty."

"Well, now, sir," said Murty Lenehan, as they got outside the village, "av you don't mind I'll ax Mike Heenan to walk a bit of the way wid ye. He's a bit of a scholar, and stays up ov nights readin' an' maybe a bit of fresh air won't do him any harm before he turns in."

"I was thinking, Mike," said Murty, when that worthy appeared, "that you wouldn't mind walkin' a bit av the way wid the colonel here, who's a bit lonesome on his way home."

"Well, an' I dislike goin' out much at this time ov night. But sthady, I wanted to give Tim Dinneen a message to Luke Doyle at the fair, an' I might as well go up now."

There was no light in Dinneen's cabin, but Mike Hearn's keen sight discerned the figure of a man leaning over the wall beside the byre in front.

"Tim, are ye there?" called Mike.

"Is that yersel', Mike," was the response.

"Ay! that's mesel', Tim. An' here's Colonel O'Gara here askin' for company on the way to the cashtle, the night's so dark an' his sight's so bad he'd like some wan to lead him the way; I'm expectin' Pether Lee on his way to the fair to bring a bundle to Bawnavann an' must go back to me house."

"Now, colonel, you're at home," said Tim Dinneen, as the door of Glencashel Castle was opened in response to his ring. "Good night."

"But you must have a drink before you go, and tell me why did so many see me home and why didn't one come all the way?"

The keen air of the night had restored Colonel O'Gara's senses considerably. He was much perplexed.

"A regular shuttlecock, and so many battledores," he ejaculated.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—seven guides. What does it mean, Dinneen? And what keeps you all up so late? Two o'clock it is now!"

"Well, colonel, you see we have to work, some of us night an' day, to make ends meet. You see 'tis hard times."

"Oh, I've heard that often, but come in and have a drink. I'm obliged to you for your kindness."

"No, thank you, colonel, I must be goin'." "I was expectin' Mart in Moran on his way to the fair. He was to do a little business for me."

"What does it all mean?" Colonel O'Gara asked himself, as he sat in his study sipping the hot coffee that had

been brought to him. And he pondered long.

The streaks of dawn broke faintly the eastern sky ere he rose from his chair. He thought for long. His thought deeply. His curious experience on a certain night set his mind turning in a direction it had never taken before. He rose with a sigh, and went out into the stable yard.

"Here, Doran," he cried to one of the stable boys, who was thus early at his work in the hunters' stall, "saddle a horse and come round by the front door in five minutes."

"Ride into Glencashel, and drop this note into the letter box of the police inspector, and then ride to the Cusheen and give this letter to Commissioner Godkin. You need not return until to-morrow evening. Give the horse a rest."

There was no evictions on the Rath-cashel estate that day.—The Irish People.

A NOTABLE CAREER.

Wonderful Life of Archbishop Macdonald, Metropolitan of Scotland.

A distinguished career characterized in an eminent degree by all those endearing virtues which tend to make an Archbishop the beloved of all his flock has just closed by the sad death of the Most Rev. Angus Macdonald, D. D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh and Metropolitan of Scotland. On Sunday afternoon, April 29, at half past four o'clock, his Grace peacefully breathed his last after enduring with quiet and uncomplaining fortitude a most painful and trying illness of about three weeks' duration.

Archbishop Macdonald is interesting to learn, came of an old and distinguished Catholic Highland family, the Macdonalds of Glenaladale, who have been ever true to the Grand Old Faith of the land and whose fortunes were so closely associated with the cause of the ill-fated Stuarts. It was on the estate of Glenfinnan that Prince Charlie landed when he set out upon his ill-starred enterprise, and it was an ancestor of Archbishop Macdonald—Bishop Macdonald, the then occupant of the See of Argyll and the Isles—though doubtful of the opportunities of the struggle, consecrated the young Prince's standard, and thus implicated himself in the destinies of the cause.

When the English troops penetrated into the Western Highlands, Bishop Macdonald with his brother, the laird of Morar, Lord Lovat, and others, retired to the island in Loch Morar, and drew up all their boats, flattering themselves that the stay of the soldiers would be but of brief duration, and that they themselves would be safe in their island retreat until the departure of the invaders. Perceiving, however, that the soldiers were also provided with a boat, the fugitives prudently dispersed. Lord Lovat surrendered, and Bishop Macdonald fled to Paris.

Afterwards returning to Scotland, the Bishop was betrayed, and condemned to banishment for life; but the sentence was never carried into effect. A monument stands to this day to mark the spot whereupon the Prince unfurled his standard and the elder brother of the late Archbishop, Colonel Macdonald, C. B., formerly commandant of the Militia battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, is the present laird of Glenfinnan.

SPOKE GAELIC AS HIS MOTHER TONGUE. It was accordingly a supreme satisfaction to Scottish Catholics to learn, about eight years ago, that a distinguished member of so old a Scottish family had been raised by the Vatican to the Metropolitan See vacated by the death of Archbishop Smith.

The youngest of three sons of the late Mr. Angus Macdonald of Glenaladale, the deceased Archbishop, was born at Borrodale, Invernesshire, on September 8, 1841. He received his ecclesiastical training in St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, where he proved a distinguished student in the philosophical and theological classes, and where he received the various orders up to the priesthood. After his ordination in July, 1872, his first mission was St. Patrick's, Glasgow, where, by the assiduous and zealous discharge of his duties, he won the esteem of his superiors and of the dense population amongst whom he ministered. Speaking Gaelic as his mother tongue, and having already become an acknowledged authority on the literature of that language, it was only natural that when, in the course of a few years, the ministerial charge at Arisaig fell vacant by the death of Father Mackintosh—himself a rather remarkable man in his way—Father Angus Macdonald should have been selected for the post. The energy with which he threw himself into the work among his Highland brethren in the new sphere marked out for him as still gratefully remembered in the locality. But early preferment awaited him.

His appointment to the See of ARGYLL AND THE ISLES. The old Scottish hierarchy was re-established or restored in May, 1878, and among all the appointments to which the new order of things gave rise, it was acknowledged that there was none more appropriate than the elevation of Father Macdonald, of Arisaig, to the See of Argyll and the Isles, which his ancestor had held more than a century and a quarter previously. Under his fostering oversight the Catholic body made substantial progress, and chapels and schools grew up in localities where the like had not been seen for centuries. His unobtrusive manner and his unselfish devotion to his work earned the admiration even of those who did not own his spiritual sway; and it has been said that he often overtaxed his physical powers by the long and arduous journeys by land and sea which he was accustomed to

undertake in all weathers from Oban, his headquarters, in order to visit even the most outlying parts of his scattered diocese. Self-sacrifice seemed to be the guiding principle of all his actions. His intimate friends used to say of him that he never accepted any gift or present for his own use; he always knew some one who was "just in need of that sort of thing."

MADE ARCHBISHOP OF EDINBURGH EIGHT YEARS AGO.

When the Archbishopric of St. Andrews and Edinburgh fell vacant by the death of Archbishop Smith, the Holy See went very deliberately about the appointment of his successor, and it was generally supposed at the time that the delay in filling the vacancy was due to the adjustment of certain financial questions, as between diocese and diocese, which were then understood to be pending before the ecclesiastical authorities. When at length it transpired that the Vatican had decided to bestow the vacant pallium upon the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, it was felt that the decision was beyond cavil. In St. Mary's Cathedral, Broughton street, Edinburgh, on the 25th of August, 1892, he took formal possession of his new See, and was invested with the pallium; the badge of archiepiscopal dignity. How he discharged the duties of his high office from that day until laid aside by the illness which now terminated fatally is the knowledge of the entire Catholic body in Scotland.

AN ADMINISTRATOR OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. Though he adorned his office, he was no mere ornamental ecclesiastic. He was essentially a man of business. His gifts lay not so much in pulpit eloquence as in the zealous and impartial administration of the important interests committed to his care. The sermons he preached were practical and businesslike, with a minimum rhetoric and a maximum of plain Commandments. His sense and his evenness of temper could not fail to be remarked by all who were brought into direct relations with him, and they secured a successful issue to many an administrative difficulty that at first sight seemed well-nigh insuperable. No ecclesiastic could have been more accessible to his flock than he was. All knew him, as it were, personally, and the very humblest member of the community over whom he ruled had as much attention and courtesy from him as had those of the highest social standing.

A CHOICE SCHOLAR. As a Gaelic scholar he had, as has already been remarked, a considerable reputation, and he was one of the distinguished company which entertained the late Professor Blackie to dinner in celebration of the foundation of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. Of written English, too, he had a fine command, his pastoral letters being models of style. His death is not only a loss to the Catholic Church in Scotland, but is in the nature of a personal loss to every member of his flock who ever came into contact with him. Beyond the pale of the Church Archbishop Macdonald had also many friends, who admired and loved the man for his gentle manners and saintly life, and for the unselfish devotion to his work which his friends knew was the spirit that animated all his actions.

THIS SKETCH OF THE LATE METROPOLITAN would be far from complete if it did not enlarge a little on the wonderful missionary work of his life in the Western Hebrides while Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Having his principal residence in Oban, Loyal House, which he purchased from Oban Jesuit Fathers, who retired from Oban on Bishop Macdonald's accession to the Western See, His Lordship spent a great deal of his time on the water, and was often to be met with on steam-

ers plying among the Western Islands, which were largely inhabited by his scattered flock. In these islands the late Prelate, as Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, was instrumental in making the local school boards adaptable to the Catholic faith, having Catholic teachers appointed to the board schools. During his episcopacy in the Isles splendid churches and excellent chapels were built at Benbecula, Castlebay, Eriskay, Beoraid in Morar, as well as in Inverie, Kynodart. The late Prelate was a magnificent organizer, and was universally beloved by all his priests and people in the Western Isles, where the sad news of his lamented death has occasioned sorrow the most profound and widespread. The Highland heart to day mourns as no other heart can the demise of Archbishop Macdonald.

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALLON, Arch. of Lelissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, June 16, 1900.

A MINISTER'S VIEW.

Our readers will remember that the Methodist Conference which was held recently at Chicago refused to repeal the prohibition which stands in the Book of Discipline forbidding card-playing, theatre-going, and other so considered indecorous or sinful amusements.

The Rev. C. W. Blodgett, pastor of one of the Methodist churches of Detroit, commenting on this action of the Conference says:

"The failure to remove the paragraph on amusements will work no special injury, for even the ministers and laity, who most loudly demand its retention do not seek to enforce it. Methodism is seeking in its changes to be in touch with the demands of the hour."

This is equivalent to saying that the rule laid down in the Book of Discipline is merely a blind to make it appear outwardly that the faithful are an extraordinarily sanctified community, while in reality they are and are allowed to be quite as worldly as the poor outside publicans and sinners.

His view of the matter strikingly illustrates the words of our Saviour in St. Matt. xxiii. 27, 28:

"Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because you are like to whitened sepulchres, which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones, and of all filthiness. So you also outwardly appear to men just; but within you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, Manitoba, has issued a pastoral letter to the Catholics of his diocese, which was read in St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday, June 3rd, to the effect that the Catholics of Winnipeg had done well in approaching the Public School Board for the purpose of coming to an amicable settlement in regard to the troublesome School question of that Province, so far as it applies to that city.

His Grace also states that the report which had been circulated, to the effect that the School question has been settled, is an erroneous one.

This he declared in his official capacity and in the same capacity he stated that the Catholic minority in Manitoba are not satisfied with the so-called concessions which have been granted by the Government of the Province. He exhorted Catholics throughout the Diocese to continue their efforts to obtain redress of their grievances, and to pray for this end fervently and patiently.

PALMS BLESSED.

In spite of the determined opposition of the Low Church party in general, and the violent interruptions of the Church services by the Kensingtons in London, in order to suppress Ritualistic manifestations in the Anglican Churches in England, the number of Churches in which such services take place is growing greater every week.

The blessing of palms on Palm Sunday was a thing unheard of in the Church of England until a few years ago, and even yet Ritualism has not adopted the practice very extensively; but this year the blessing took place in twenty churches in the city of London.

It was most elaborate in St. Agnes' Church, East London, and the majority of the congregation were men, thus proving that Ritualism is really an incentive to devotion, inasmuch as it is well known that women are usually more inclined to be truly devout than men. If the use of a certain amount of Ritual in Church service thus naturally begets piety, it is difficult to

understand on what ground so violent a crusade should be carried on against all use of a Ritual.

MORE HERETICS.

Another Presbyterian divine of Greater New York, namely Dr. Gregg, of Brooklyn, has joined Drs. Parkhurst and Hollis in denouncing the Presbyterian teaching on Predestination and Reprobation as terrible doctrines which destroy God's justice and mercy.

Curiously enough the upholders of these doctrines assert that the great Catholic Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, held this doctrine, which was not the case. St. Augustine refuted the heresy of Pelagianism, which denied grace, and in doing this maintained the power of the grace of God, but he maintained also the operation of human free will.

It is indeed difficult to reconcile man's free will with the existence of efficacious grace, but the Catholic Church maintains with St. Augustine that both are realities. The reconciliation of the two is a mystery, but is nevertheless a revealed truth, and is asserted by St. Paul, who tells us to "work out your salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do."

Many Presbyterian divines have asserted that the Calvinistic doctrine of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith is no longer believed by Presbyterians generally.

INFLATED IGNORANCE.

The (Presbyterian) Interior of Chicago illustrates very graphically the littleness of the human intellect when it attempts to grasp the greatness of God's creation, and sets itself up as a judge of God's work. We deem it necessary, however, to make a few verbal changes in its illustration which is substantially as follows:

"If the average citizen wishes to feel his littleness, all he needs to do is to go into the hold of a modern man-of-war, an ironclad battleship, and look about him. Here are 10,000 bolts and bars, and levers and cut-offs whose use and purpose are as inscrutable to him as the ultimate relations of the Trinity. But it is a delight to his heart to realize that what he does not know, the captain of the ship does. He sees the officer in command walk the deck, and by the touch of a pearl-headed button govern the huge craft from bank to propeller, and it is sweet to realize the practical aspects of the truth, and that He who made the world still governs and controls it."

Colonel Bob Ingersoll's disciples pretend to know of many things in creation which could have been bettered if their wisdom had been consulted, but they are like the ignorant visitor to the battleship who would pretend to know more than the captain about the management of the bolts and bars and levers of every one of which the captain knows the exact use.

VILATTE AGAIN ON THE BOARDS.

The notorious Vilatte, who posed in America at one time as the pastor of a Belgian congregation in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and next as the Archbishop of the Old Catholic and Polish Schismatics, and who was said to have been consecrated Bishop by a Nestorian Bishop in Ceylon, and also by a Gregorian Bishop in Syria, and who brought upon himself the denunciation of the Anglican Church by ordaining or pretending to ordain the much talked of Father Ignatius of Llanthony in Wales to the priesthood, has turned up in Paris, where he has been assuming to exercise episcopal functions.

His freaks have made it necessary for Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, to issue the following warning to the priests of his diocese:

"It has come to my knowledge that Mr. Vilatte, who calls himself an American Bishop, has performed, to my annoyance, two sacerdotal ordinations in Paris, and has given to them the license with which ecclesiastics are provided. I have been informed by the Holy Office that Mr. Vilatte has not received any authority nor any jurisdiction from the Sovereign Pontiff. In consequence, if any of the ecclesiastics are presented to you, you will not permit them to celebrate the Mass in your church."

Previously to this, the last heard of this Vilatte was that he was in Rome endeavoring to have himself acknowledged as a Bishop by the Holy Father, and asking to be received into the Catholic Church. His request, as a matter of course, was not acceded to; but his pertinacity is something remarkable.

METHODISM vs. HERESY.

Among the resolutions passed by the Methodist General Conference at the recent meeting at Chicago was one abolishing the time limit on pastors, the result of this action, it is asserted, will be that ministers who teach heresy and who have a large party in their congregations to sustain them will be practically irremovable. On this ground the Rev. Dr. Buckley, the able editor of the New York Christian Advo-

cate, who is reckoned as a stalwart maintainer of orthodoxy, opposed the new rule. He declared that Robert Collyer, Hiram W. Thomas and others who had been quietly shelved from their pastorates and driven out of the Church under the time limit rule, could not have been got rid of if that rule had not existed.

While we sympathize with the efforts of many of the Methodist clergy to retain the distinctive doctrines of Christianity, and to keep their sect from lapsing into the Latitudinarianism which at the present moment is threatening to absorb Protestantism of every shade and degree, truth obliges us to say that it is not a dignified way to get rid of heresy by a side wind and under false pretences. The gates of hell are not to prevail against the Church of God, according to the promise of our Lord, but as the true Church is the pillar and ground of truth, it should preserve itself from erroneous teaching by its inherent vigor and not by getting rid of heretical preachers under false pretences. True doctrine should be maintained through the vigilance of watchful chief pastors, as it was maintained by the Apostles, as recorded in Acts xv. There we find the Apostles maintaining the truth by virtue of the authority received from their Divine Master. Methodism, like other Protestant sects, has pulled down the bulwark of authority, but this shows precisely how far it is from being the true Church on which Christ conferred a real authority to teach all things which He had revealed, and with which He promised to remain till the end of time.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

The application of the Catholics of Winnipeg to the Public School Board of that city to admit the Catholic schools to participate in the advantages of being part of the Public school system, having been refused by the Public school trustees, the matter of the so-called settlement of the school trouble made by the Dominion and Manitoba Governments is again up for discussion in the Manitoba papers.

The Northwest Review of May 16th, which vigorously maintains Catholic rights, independently of the effect on political parties, points out that the demand of the Catholics was a reasonable and a very moderate one, failing far short of what they are entitled to under the Constitution, especially in view of the fact that the Privy Council judged that the Constitution had been violated by the school legislation of Manitoba.

According to the judgment of the Privy Council, the Catholics have the right to Catholic education on an equal footing with the Protestants; but for ten years this right has been denied them in practice. In theory the right exists, but in practice the Catholics can only appeal to the merciful consideration of the local legislature or the Public school boards, and when they do so appeal, their petition is rudely rejected.

THE ONLY GUARDIAN OF GOD'S TRUTH.

The New York Sun in a recent remarkable editorial comments upon the fact that in all the Protestant Churches, and especially in the Presbyterian, the denial of the truth of the Bible in whole or in part by ministers preaching from their pulpits has become a common occurrence, and these Churches have no means of restraining such teaching, and therefore practically approve of it, inasmuch as toleration is a practical approval.

It is true, indeed, that Dr. Briggs would probably have been put out of the Church if he had not gone out himself, and possibly the same treatment might have been accorded to Dr. McGiffert, because these men pushed their theories so prominently forward that the Church could not quietly ignore them, as it is doing in the case of hundreds of ministers who maintain the same or similar views. But it cannot be denied that there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands of ministers now who have practically given up all belief in the Bible, and the Church dares not deal with them to condemn, as it would thereby at once precipitate a schism which would rend it to shreds.

The Catholic Church, on the other hand, authoritatively insists, as in the case of the late Dr. St. George Mivart, that her members shall accept all her dogmas, among which is the entire and absolute truth and infallibility of the Bible.

Commenting on these facts the Sun remarks that in the Pope's Encyclical on Scripture, issued in 1893, it is laid down that "all the books which the Church receive as sacred and canonical are written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost," and that "inspiration is not only incompatible with error, but also excludes and rejects it as absolutely and necessarily as it is impossible that God Himself, the Supreme Truth, can utter that which is not true."

The position taken by the Supreme Pontiff and by the Catholic Church is thus unequivocal, and the Sun remarks:

"So also is that of Protestantism, so far as concerns its formal and authoritative standards of faith; but while Roman Catholicism commands the layman Dr. Mivart to render obedience to its dogma under pain of excommunication and eternal damnation, Protestantism retains in its ministry and as teachers of theology many men whose teachings openly contradict its standards."

Hence that journal unhesitatingly draws from the facts the following logical conclusion:

"Does not this leave the Roman Catholic Church the sole champion of Biblical infallibility? Of course a law amounts to nothing, becomes a mere dead letter unless it is enforced. And is it not a very remarkable situation? Protestantism, the great distinguishing feature of which is reliance on the authority of the Bible above and without any other, surrenders the keeping of that authority to the Church against which it protested, and from which it separated in the sixteenth century as a fountain of religious error?"

These conclusions arrived at by a Protestant journalist prepare us for

the further conclusions reached by the same writer in a subsequent issue. He says:

"All denominations of Protestantism in this country, more especially, are looking more kindly on Rome than formerly. Undoubtedly the Pope's uncompromising championship of the infallibility of the Bible, as to which the Protestant Churches have been thrown into much confusion by the current scientific criticism of the Scriptures as merely human productions, has tended to increase the respect of conservative Protestantism for Roman Catholicism; but the gulf between it and them is too broad to be filled up at this time, even if ever in the future. It is, however, the only possible union, for, obviously, Rome will never yield its position by a jot."

It is perfectly correct to say that Rome will never yield or depart from its position by a jot. To do this would be to come down from the unassailable position she has occupied, that she teaches, and has constantly taught the absolute truth. Christ committed to the Catholic Church the truth which He declared to be taught to all nations to the end of time, and promised that, with His assistance and aid, she would also fulfil her mission. This implied that she should not and could not change her teaching into falsehood, which would be the case if she changed her teaching. Error changes, but truth is immutable as the eternal God whose word it is, and therefore the "Church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of truth" cannot abandon one jot of the teaching which she holds to have been delivered to her custody by her Divine Founder.

The Sun supposes that it will be a long time before the Protestant Churches will accept this view of the case, should they ever do so. We do not expect the conversion of the Protestant Churches, or even of any considerable one of them as a whole. It is by the conversion of individuals who become convinced that the Catholic Church teaches and has always taught God's truth that Catholicism will be propagated in the future, as it has been in the past, and as the Sun believes that Protestantism, or at least individual Protestants, regard the Church more favorably nowadays, we may reasonably hope that this is a great step taken toward the final return of Protestants to the one fold, not in their corporate capacity as protesters, but as individuals who have at last recognized their true mother, the Church of Christ.

THE EX-AUTOCRAT OF GUAM.

Captain Leary, the ex-military Governor of the Island of Guam, who has very properly been superseded by President McKinley, was even more offensively autocratic and tyrannical in his administration than was generally known.

Notwithstanding his very Celtic and very Catholic name, indicating that of his ancestors, if not himself, were Catholics, he exhibited most rabidly anti Catholic bigotry and ignorance of the usages of the Catholic Church in his government of the thoroughly Catholic population of the island, and insulted his subjects in their religious sentiments in the most gross manner possible. He showed, in fact, that he was in spirit at least, a thorough Apatist, and he was not removed from his office a day too soon for the credit of the President.

It is already known to our readers that one of his first administrative acts was to banish all the priests of the island except one, thus depriving the people of the spiritual care which all Catholics require and desire, the pretence being that they interfered with his administration. This pretence was a shallow one, as the priests did not interfere in any way further than to remonstrate against his ordinances prohibiting the proper discharge of their sacerdotal duties, and interfering with their management of the parishes, which is purely a spiritual function.

Mr. Milton E. Smith has thrown some further light on the proceedings of this autocrat of a Republican government, in an article which appeared recently in the Midland Review. The facts were learned by Mr. Smith from several Protestant gentlemen who recently returned from the Ladrone, to which group of islands Guam pertains.

It appears that another of Leary's arbitrary acts was to seize upon all the religious emblems in the schools of the island and to bring them to his headquarters, under pretence of separating Church and State. He consulted his secretary in regard to how these things should be disposed of, and when the secretary advised him to give them to the Churches, his answer was:

"No; there is no union of Church and State here. I am the State, and it would be a bad example for me to give these things to the Church. We will keep them a short time and then destroy them."

On another occasion, hearing a church bell ringing whereby his slumbers were disturbed, he asked a

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THE LESSON OF JANSENI

By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S. J.

Who will venture to say that the story of Jansenism contains instructions for succeeding times, it finally failed. Of course, it has disappeared, or nearly disappeared; but what is more, while it was in the gates of hell will never pre-

the end against the Lord. The Lord permits the devil to work a deal of evil. The barque of Peter never flounders; but in a gale poor hands may be swept from decks. God permits evil, St. says, in order to draw good out of it. Until we get even we must be satisfied with planation. For we cannot, Calvinists and Jansenists, our benevolent Creator, of an unreasonable tyrant. Not we, for the sake of truckling which are the fashion of the time; but He is a careless imbecile indifferent to the observance of His law, naturally veiled. If heaven permits, blizzard of liberalism to sweep the surface of the globe in the twentieth century of the era, why, of course, the Church will not be blown down, but man's hands may be cracked and knees fall. It is astonishing how influenced by our surroundings how obscure very simple people become in our minds at times; strongest minded men are these impressions. It will then, to prepare for war in peace. For men of good will, ever, there is not so much of these impressions. Those of us who are old enough had some personal experience member how the fog of doubt stantly removed from the of their intelligence when the light broke out which dispels all our misapprehensions; healthy earth; how unimpaired whole landscape loomed up distinct relief, and they would they could not have seen evidence to the naked eye. "That ray of light is the voice of Peter will always speak; and know. This is our peace, and consolation. To the humble mind this is happiness itself; all may err, and we should left to our own blind selves. has given us a beacon to look which can be heard distinctly ear. To men of good will, peace. "Oh Roman Church city!" exclaimed the great Fenelon. "Oh, dear common all Christians. There is in Jansenism neither Greek nor Scythian barbarian, nor Jew nor Gentile are one people in your all are citizens of Rome every Catholic is a Behold that stem planted by of Jesus Christ. Any branch from it fades, withers and Mother! whoever is a child thine also. After so many art still fruitful. Oh, spirit-ghost children to thy every end of the world. Oh, where Peter will forever his brethren. May he hand forget itself if he forgets thee! May my dry up in my mouth, and move, if thou are not the of my life the great subject and my song! If thou per there may be among you doubtful matter in judgment the words of the judges with do vary, arise and go up which the Lord thy God st and thou shalt come to the Levitical race, and that shall be at that time; shall seek of thee, and show thee the truth of the And thou shalt do what shall say, that shall place which the Lord shall what they shall teach thee to his law, and thou shalt sentence; neither shalt thou the right hand nor to the But he that will be proud to obey the commandment of who ministereth at the time thy God, and the decree of that man shall die, and thou away the evil from Israel xviii, 5, 12.)

When Luther first mad Germany people did it of monks. When Jans created a commotion in the Netherlands folk that a dispute of theologians. for the Council of the V Catholic will now dare listen to the voice of aut eralism fills the air. It a vague, nebulous spectre, solve itself into as defia Jansenism or Lutherani then Peter will strike; that the eyes of all good men will and, so far at least as men are concerned, the thre aster will be dead before it harm. So long as hum corrupt, proud and sens expect schisms and heresy and repentance are t things.

To conclude this article Bishop of Clermont, the preacher, has been right atmosphere of Jansenism was obliged to live; but man. His testimony, the exceptional. "One harm done to religion," Jansenism, is to have d

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, notwithstanding the fact that he has recently attacked the objectionable doctrines of Presbyterianism as monstrous, and destructive of the holiness of God, and has even gone so far as to deny the inspiration of the Bible, and its miraculous narratives, is, however, strongly impressed with the necessity of teaching at least Christian morality in the schools.

Christian dogma he does not appear to regard as of much importance, but he believes that it is necessary to teach children in the schools that they must not steal or lie. He does not explain, however, how a rational being can be convinced that any special morality is required if God has not revealed His will to man in the Bible, and made manifest by miracles the truth of His revelation. We cannot, indeed, imagine any means whereby God has proved the truth of revelation except through miracles, and if miracles be denied then the moral code revealed by God cannot have upon us the force of law as it must lose its virtue as God's law the moment we deny that it was miraculously revealed by God.

Nevertheless it is an evidence of the power of truth that Dr. Hillis takes his stand upon the truly Christian and Catholic platform that religion of some kind at least should be taught in the schools. It is a proof that on this so long debated subject the Catholic teaching is coming to the front.

Dr. Hillis said last week in a discourse delivered before the Brooklyn Sunday School Union:

"There is a menace to the republic in the fact that so many children are growing up in ignorance of moral laws. Even common schools have ceased to train a child in the right. In my school days I was taught the danger of stealing; now, for fear of offending some sect, some ism, agnostic, atheist or something, the bible is excluded from the schools and the pupils are never taught morals, the evils of deceit or the meaning of dishonesty. All this in a Republic founded on intelligence. Publishers, to meet the objections, have made school books absolutely colorless in regard to anything moral. Unless a reform comes speedily, the secular and religious training of the young will be one of the burning questions of no remote date."

WORLDLINESS.

Why have so many of our Catholic people become so thoroughly worldly? They have been baptized Catholics, have had the good example of pious parents, and even the advantage of attending Catholic schools. Do you seek an answer? Ask that young man over-ager for worldly fame, riches and high position. Ask that dreamy, thoughtless novel reader, who can find no time to pray, or perform religious duties. Ask that father whose simple piety and tender devotion of former years are buried under the success which the work of years have brought him. Ask that mother, wholly absorbed in new costumes for herself and daughters, or in forming ambitious projects for her sons, permitting her children to attend godless schools, and feeling no grief that some of her children have married outside the Church, and that others have grown up most ignorant of their religion. And if they all speak the truth they will answer that the spirit of the age has led them away from the practice of their religion and led them to think little of the high principles it inculcates. The chilling atmosphere of worldliness and mundane ambition have with-drawn the beautiful flowers of faith and pious conduct which the bracing atmosphere of staunch Catholicity would have caused to bloom into fruits of virtue for eternal life.

Some of the best wine is harsh and unpalatable till it goes a long sea voyage. After it has been tossed on the high seas and gone round the Cape, it becomes mellow and soft. There are strong natures which were once intolerable—so self-confident, so masterful, so inhuman—But Death visited their house, and they came forth from his school other men; and now the strength is touched with sympathy and humility.—Maclaren.





OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Words of one syllable seem rather infantile for a high school commencement, yet there is nothing weak in this monosyllabic speech delivered on commencement day many years ago in an Indiana town. The speaker was a Congressman, a believer in terse language.

and furthermore we are not going to have any of my hand and dumped the nuts and apples out of the window. 'Here's your basket,' he said, handing it to me. For a moment I was too surprised to speak. Then I yelled at them in a way that made everybody jump around. I did not say anything. I just yelled at him on general principles.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic young men, your true self is what God wishes you to be in our age and country, so as to benefit the world in which you live. He has placed you in the arena of action at the close of the nineteenth century and you must do here your appointed work.—(Rev. M. P. Dowling, to the young men of the Society of the Holy Child, Milwaukee.)

LABATT'S ALE & PORTER

Used Medicinally: Have the recommendation of nearly all physicians. Reports of 4 chemists furnished on application. Used Dietetically: Stimulate the appetite, improve digestion, promote sleep. NECESSARY with cheese—VALUABLE with soup and meat—ENJOYABLE with oysters. As Beverages: Pure and wholesome. Ask for "LABATT'S" when ordering.

LABATT'S ALE & PORTER

Advertisement for Labatt's Ale & Porter featuring an image of a boiler and text describing its medicinal and dietary uses. Includes the name James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited.

CARLING

Advertisement for Carling beer, highlighting its quality and health benefits. Text includes 'When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome.'

CARLING

Advertisement for Carling Pictures, featuring 'Ireland in Pictures' and 'Ireland in Pictures' series. Text describes the scenic views and historical interest of the images.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Advertisement for Memorial Windows, High-Class Church & Cathedral Windows. Text mentions 'We make a Specialty of' and lists the company name: HOBBS MFG. CO., LTD.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

Advertisement for Ontario Mutual Life Insurance, stating a capital of \$20,000,000. Text includes 'This Company holds the 1st prize on the 25th Anniversary' and lists the Board of Directors.

Sobbett's "Reformation."

Advertisement for Sobbett's 'Reformation' book, a new edition of the Protestant Reformation. Text includes 'Just issued, a new edition of the Protestant Reformation, by Wm. Cobbett.'

THE SENSE OF SIN

Moralists deplore the dying out of the sense of sin—the quick conscience that instantly detected right from wrong and the perception of the heinousness of the offense of deliberately violating a commandment of God.

LIFE ON A FARM

As Told by One Who Has Undergone Its Hardships. HARD WORK AND EXPOSURE TO ALL KINDS OF WEATHER PLAYS HAVOC WITH THE STRONGEST CONSTITUTIONS—HOW HEALTH MAY BE OBTAINED.

THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

One of the most magnificent of all public ceremonies in Catholic countries is the procession on the feast of Corpus Christi. The faithful strain every nerve to show the Blessed Sacrament the greatest possible honor by every kind of external symbol of veneration and love.

Hair 55 Inches Long

Advertisement for Cuticura hair treatment. Text includes 'Grown by Cuticura' and 'MISS B., of L., sends us through our British Depot, Messrs. J. C. Newman & Sons, London, E. C., a strand of soft glossy hair cut from her own head and measuring fifty-five inches in length which previous to the use of CUTICURA was dry, thin, and lifeless, and came out in handfuls, to such an extent that she feared the world would soon lose it.'

CONSUMPTION

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion for consumption. Text includes 'never stops because the weather is warm. Then why stop taking SCOTT'S EMULSION simply because it's summer? Keep taking it. It will heal your lungs, and make them strong for another winter.'

CLARKE & SMITH, Undertakers and Embalmers, 113 Dundas Street, Open Day and Night. Telephone 536

