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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. V.—No. 26.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MAN-MADE CHURCHES.

(Written for The Register.)

Man is the prince of animals. He is fleet almost as the deer and measures strength with the buffalo; and in choice specimens of him, as John L. Sullivan or Mitchell, he can compete in courage and endurance with the bull-dog or the tiger. And when you consider his reason and the triumphs of his skill, you find aspects about him and his history which go far towards palliating the ancient habit of apotheosis.

For he can cross the loftiest mountain and ride safely over the water; he can rob the earth of its minerals and the sky of its lightning; and with the powers of the two, docile to his touch, there is hardly any saying what he may not do. His movement is like the giants from mountain-top to mountain-top, in discovery and daring enterprise.

But, of course, he has his limits. He can't get beyond this earth, he can't reach heaven by his own mere resources. This restriction is very gallingly to his spirit, and has set him, before now, on magnificent projects, intended to help him out of the difficulty; and the plain of Sennar, in the far east, still shows some remains of the tower, whose top he hoped to lift to the skies. But its name, Babel, or Confusion, expresses both the failure of the great project, and the reaction of it upon those who made the attempt. Poor man! they had courage and energy, hope and purpose, but found not either the fit material or the medium. There was not staff enough on earth to build so high, and the region to be built through could not allow of human life; and so the tower, grand in design and colossal in proportions, breaks off in painful frustration, a few hundred feet from the ground.

Man cannot build to the skies. But though beaten and confused, and thrown back upon himself, in hopeless impotence, he has not unfortunately given up the notion that, perhaps, he may yet be more successful. It is a terrible history, that which records the events after Babel. Irritated rather than chastened by the portentous failure, the angry sons of man, acting upon the principle that if Mahomet will not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet, turned their backs upon the real heaven, which they could not scale, and manufactured a new one more in accordance with their taste. Hence the Olympuses and Wallalls, and Happy Hunting Grounds, substituted for the house of God, are not above but upon the earth; and man, by the very fact of inventing them, declared his preference for a hereafter of his own devising, over that provided by his Creator.

Is it not freezing to the soul to think that human nature, with all its magnificent gifts for this life, should ever have been capable of such madness and absurdity? And yet the great gentile apostasy, whose history has indeed many splendid, glowing pages, but on the whole is only "mourning, lamentation and woe," has this for its very reason of being, that it would rather have its own earthly, sensual, gloomy hereafter, with the right to make its own way thereto, than accept the bliss of God's promise, upon His conditions? Lucifer said: "Non serviam." "I will not obey." It was the audacious uprising of a jolly spirit, punished by immediate hell. Human pride, as bold in design, but more humble in its instruments, was able to go no farther than this. "Let us make a city and a tower, the top whereof may reach to heaven," (Gen. xi. 4) and the Lord confounded their speech and scattered them abroad over the face of the earth. Ah, oh! the misery and the gloom, the degradation, the suffering and despair that followed this dispersion; until the crushed heart of man turned at last to heaven, and no longer presuming to build his own way thither, begged of it to open and rain down the Saviour.

confidence with which these deluded spirits entered upon the great project—only to find themselves strikers from the beginning with the curse of confusion; and then to compare that with what we see and hear of around us every day, the old chronicle grows with a new life, and seems to cry out: "Oh, the folly of man! Can he never learn that human hands cannot build to the skies?" But the voice is either unheard, or its instructions fail to have any effect, for hardly a day passes but we hear of some one saying, as of old: "Come let us make a city, and a tower to reach to heaven." And forthwith you have a new church. Every crazy loon who is too lazy to make an honest living—every man too proud to submit to any thing but himself—every sore head in every congregation, every crank and fanatic, the world over, needs only to be a little more clever than a few of his neighbors, or have a stronger will, and he may in any day erect a new church, and claim to have found out a new road upwards. Is it worth noticing here that the Scripture says the builders of Babel had bricks instead of stones, and slime instead of mortar? Slime is a soft mud, and it is very sticky when it touches. Is this the prophetic announcement of the low ways and means by which the sects, the man constructed towers to heaven, hold themselves together? It looks like it; for just as the workers of Babel, in their confusion, first lost sight of the true heaven, which is the beatific vision of God, and then sank from low to lower, in what they called their religious practices, so the creator the sect the more there is retaining of the Christian religion, and the more it is a great fall from resting upon Christ, through His spouse the Church, to putting the soul into the hands of Caesar and trusting to legal establishment for support, is the more it is a fall from grace. But still over this is more dignified, less unworthy of man, less sly, than running after some mountebank who has just found a text for his particular craze. And indeed where this was done, as in England, our country, it is not without its merits. It is a course it left what they called their church, purely human, it, nevertheless, did preserve them from much of the slime we find in maner sects. In them we seem to be coming rapidly to the condition of the Babelites, who, not only every nation and people, but every town and hamlet, had its own mode of getting to heaven, by having, each, its own divinity; for now, in the absence of the law, which like mortar kept them together, the Babelites, by the slime of some foolish or wicked opinion, the sects have so completely lost the very notion of the unity and catholicity necessary even to the idea of a Church set up by one supreme God, who is the one truth in Himself, that they are doing nothing strange or shocking in the report that Mr. Robbins or Professor Ringgold is, like the ancient man, making a new city, and with the bricks of a few Christian traditions, and the slime of his own pride or the baseness, trying to erect in it a new tower to reach the heavens. He has started a new religion or sect.

How deplorable is all this need not be pointed out; but it is not new. It is the outcome of the same spirit that prompted the Babelites—many of them, doubtless, quite in the right way to enter upon their unholy work, calling down God's chastisement, so summarily.

Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

The Palace, Kingston.
June 24th, 1897.
To the Very Rev. Clergy and the Laity.
I hereby approve and warmly recommend to the clergy and people of my diocese and those of the neighboring dioceses, the Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Good St. Anne de Beaupre, which will start from the several stations of the C. P. Ry. and O. T. Ry., on Tuesday, July 20th, 1897, under the direction of Rev. Father Stanton, of Smith's Falls, assisted by Revs. Fathers Davis, McCall, Twomey, Westport; Twomey, Morrisburg; O'Rourke, Carleton Place; Connelly, Beloville; O'Connor, Stanleyville; and McDonough, Prescott, with whom a cordial number of other clergymen will be associated in the direction of the pious exercises of the Pilgrimage and the care of the Pilgrims. In this public attesting our veneration for St. Anne and our confidence in her intercessory power at the Throne of Mercy, we honor her most Noble Daughter, the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Queen of angels and of men, who is all powerful with her Divine Son for impetration of favors, and the best of mothers, and all good things conducive to our eternal welfare. Let all who take part in this Pilgrimage enter upon it in a pure religious spirit, and offer it to the Mother of Her who brought forth the Saviour of the world, with the firmness of hope, that it shall be accepted by Heaven and rewarded with copious benediction.

† JAMES VINCENT KINGSTON,
Archbishop of Kingston.

Death of an Aged Nun.

MONTREAL, June 29.—The Mother Superior of the Grey Nuns, is dead. She had been an invalid for several months, and had been gradually growing weaker. She deceased was 78 years old, and she had entered the convent at the age of 18 years. When the founders of the Association took up the work of caring for the infirm and foundlings, there were only two patients in the hospital. The Mother Superior was called by the Superiority of the Order to begin to extend and care for some six hundred destitute persons. But under her administration the field of the Order was wonderfully developed.

ARCHDEACON CASBY.

CELEBRATION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF A WORTHY PRIEST.

Disfranchised Gathering of Clergy From All Parts of the Province—Presentation of Addresses From the Clergy and Laity.

PETERBORO, June 29.—To-day Ven. Archdeacon Casby, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, and a member of the Episcopal Council of the diocese, celebrated the silver anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The occasion was signified by a brilliant ecclesiastical function at the cathedral. Mass was sung at 10 o'clock by the Archdeacon, and in the sanctuary priests representing the three dioceses were present, namely—Bishop O'Connor, Monsignor Farrelly (Belleville); Vicar-General Gauthier (Brockville); Very Rev. Dean Harris (St. Catharines); Very Rev. Dean Egan (Barrie); Revs. Father Conway (Newmarket); Stanton (Smith's Falls); Father Davis (Madoc); McCloskey,

and other parts of the church property. But while thus engaged in building and beautifying the house of God, and in the still higher and holier work of gaining souls for heaven, you were not unmindful of the words of the prophet: "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth." You have not failed to acquire that knowledge and to improve your mind by solid study. Your scholarly attainments, your varied talents in oratory and literature, your familiar acquaintance with theological questions have been justly recognized and utilized for the higher and more important sphere in which you have been placed by our illustrious and beloved Bishop when he called you to take charge of his Cathedral church, elevated you to the dignity of an Archdeacon and made you a member of the Episcopal Council. In this new position you have been brought into more intimate relations with your confreres of the diocese, and we have learned to appreciate and esteem your many noble qualities.

We have always found you an obliging brother, generous and thoughtful, sacrificing your own comfort for the benefit of others, and ever ready with voice and pen to further the advance-

ment of the whole community. Under your wise and energetic supervision the vast improvements to our cathedral are now completed. The interior decorations of this magnificent edifice and the adornment of the body of the church reflect favorably on your credit as rector, and as a congregation we are proud to acknowledge the many obligations we are under to you in this regard. Our earnest desire is that Divine Providence may long spare you to aid, guide and minister to this congregation under the direction and sanction of our beloved Bishop.

It is the glorious privilege of the priest, by virtue of his exalted office, to extend to humanity the greatest boon ever conferred on man, the holy sacrifice of the altar. This is your greatest consolation amidst the trials and hardships and anxieties which devolve upon you.

We ask you to continue, as heretofore, to pray for the spiritual needs of this congregation, and be assured that we also will apply the Almighty to have you always in His keeping.

On behalf of the congregation we ask your acceptance of this portrait of yourself, given in a very affectionate spirit and in testimony of the honor and esteem your parishioners have for you.

May God pour down upon you His choicest blessings. May His grace be always with you, and may you long be spared in health and vigor to fulfill the duties of your priestly office.

We pray that your life may so be directed that the happy brightness of your silver jubilee shall, as the day of life draws to its close, peacefully merge into the sunset glow of your golden jubilee.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. Peter's Cathedral, the 26th day of June, 1897.

This address was accompanied by the presentation of a portrait in oils. Presentations were also made on behalf of St. Joseph's Hospital, the congregation of Notre Dame, and the sodalities, choir and schools connected with the Cathedral.

DR. HARRIS'S SERMON.

In the course of his eloquent sermon Very Rev. Dr. Harris spoke on the dignity and responsibility of the priesthood. He said it must be very gratifying to Father Casby to see so many of his fellow clergy and so large a representation of his flock gathered around him to unite in celebrating the occasion of his silver jubilee, to unite in recognizing the great work under God which he had been permitted to do. It must be very gratifying to see the people among whom he had labored and to whom his good qualities as his pastor were best known, gather to offer him thanks, giving that his life had been so graciously spared for the past twenty-five years. At his ordination the oil of consecration, applied by the hands of the consecrating bishop, had specially separated and set him apart from the world, and he had carried that sacred oil blameless, one could easily understand the gathering together of the people to do him honor and to rejoice with him. Referring to the characteristics of the priest as in a sense the saviour of his people, the preserver of their public and domestic morals. The priest might be fittingly called the "salt of the earth." All things were subject to corruption but to the salt of the priest, his own honor and piety, so long would he be the preserver of his people to advise, admonish and rebuke. The priest was different from his flock, he was surrounded with the odor of sanctity, if in the pursuit of his sacerdotal duties he seemed sometimes severe it must be remembered that priests have an angelic conception of their duties, they offer sacrifices for the people as well as for themselves. The office of a priest is not a mere profession, and as great and worthy of respect as was the body of man, the temple of the Holy Ghost, according to the apostle, the undying, imperishable soul was of infinitely greater value and importance. It was with the seal of man that the priest had to deal and if the priest failed in his duty the soul returned back to the corruption from which Christ has died to rescue humanity. The preacher referred to the setting apart of Aaron to the Levitical priesthood with great elaboration of form and ceremony. The Jewish priest was chosen from the best of the people—perfect in heart, body, soul and mind. All the ceremony observed the use of the oil and the vestments worn was to show the people that these good men were especially consecrated to God's service. The responsibility of a priest was overwhelming—to preserve the knowledge of God, to lead a holy life, to teach the people, but always to offer the holy sacrifice of the mass. Adverting to the respect and reverence due to the priest of God thus set apart, the preacher cited the fate of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, who felt God's judgment by being swallowed up by the earth, but presuming to speak slightly of the priesthood whose sanctity this terrible punishment vindicated, and this taught a lesson or the reverence due their priests by the people. In speaking of the coming of the Great High Priest, the preacher pointed out the one great result of His coming was to uplift the low-trodden and oppress'd woman and exalt the sex, as He had done in selecting the Blessed Virgin to become His mother. God sent His son to uplift woman, an evidence of which was her being raised to an equality with man, as shown in the command, "whom God has joined together let no man put asunder." Here the speaker eloquently condemned the evil of modern divorce. This exaltation of the priestly society and placing woman on a pedestal of equality with man. The function of

the Christian religion to preserve society constituted the corner stone. The priest of God was the keystone of the social arch. Christ chose his priests and promised to be with them to the end. The priest had a position of great dignity. He was chosen consecrated and set apart to offer the sacrifice of the Mass and to be merciful to the weak and the poor. He pointed out how Father Casby had fulfilled the duties. Judas was referred to as the first bad priest and his fate was the saddest story in God's revelation. The people were enjoined to rightly estimate the responsibility of the priest and not to add one straw to the great burden of his office. His hands should be upheld and if he forgot his terrible responsibility as he approached the altar he became a Judas. The people should bear patiently with the frailties of their pastor—help him, stand by him, and above all things take care that they speak not slightly of his great office.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

At the close of the Mass the Bishop said that the Holy Ghost tells us to honor and respect him who hath spoken the word of God, and the Apostle tells us that he who has labored faithfully is worthy of double honor, especially a priest, whose life is raised far above that of his people. He is an ambassador—another Jesus Christ in the offering of the Mass. A priest to be worthy to appear at the altar must be pure and holy, a priest must make sacrifices and live a life of self-denial, must obey the higher powers. His life is not his own, but of one of self-denial and withdrawal from the world. He must endure all hardship and be a model of piety to his flock. A priest's life being such when he has faithfully followed that life proved worthy of his calling for twenty-five years, he is worthy of double honor, and for that reason we thank Almighty God for our (Rev. Father Casby) who has proved faithful and whose work has been blessed with so much grace, bestowed upon the several flocks among which he has labored, and during his stay in Peterborough he had seen what faithful work he had done, and we therefore come to congratulate him upon his Silver Jubilee, and pray that he may live long and be spared to reap the great harvest and fidelity of the past twenty-five years. It was a duty to give thanks and congratulations, and to express our gratitude and personal feelings of love and respect for the deep and faithful interest Ven. Archdeacon Casby has shown in the salvation of souls. A touching tribute was paid to the purity of his holy life and the good example Archdeacon Casby had set and the Bishop concluded by expressing the hope that he might be spared many years to bear fruit to the glory of God and His church, and that his earthly labors were ended he might be called to enjoy a glorious crown surrounded by the many souls his faithful-ness as a priest has been the means of saving.

While delivering this address the Bishop was deeply touched and his voice faltered with emotion, and when Ven. Archdeacon Casby took his place in front of the altar he turned his face from the people to remove the traces of emotion.

AT THE CONVENT-NIGHT THE ARCHDEACON WAS GIVEN A COMPLIMENTARY RECEPTION.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Very Reverend Dominick Jeremiah Casby, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Archdeacon of the diocese of Peterborough, and member of the Diocesan Council of His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, is a native Canadian, born at Smith's Falls on March 5th, 1849. He was a son of the late Mr. Richard Casby, who died about six years ago. His mother is still living in Ottawa. He is of Irish parentage, his father having come to Canada from Cork at the age of twelve years, his mother having been born in Clare County.

Ven. Archdeacon Casby was first educated in the Smith Falls Public and Grammar School (the then name for High School). Archdeacon Casby's further studies were continued at Regiopolis College, Kingston, where he remained three years. At the end of that time he entered upon his theological studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. On the 26th day May, 1874, he was ordained at Smith Falls by the late Bishop Horan.

Ven. Archdeacon Casby's ordination was performed in the church at Smith's Falls—the same in which he was baptized and made his first Communion. St. Francis de Sales, Rev. Michael Clune, parish priest. The first duty to which he was assigned as priest, was that of locum tenens for Rev. Father Stanton, at a residence, and during that time, whose duties he took for three months.

He was then sent as curate to Rev. Father Lynch, now of Port Hope, then the parish priest of Peterborough. He came to Peterborough in 1879, arriving on Nov. 1st—the festival of All Saints, on which day he sang his first Mass in Peterborough. He remained in Peterborough on that occasion till the first of June, 1879, when a period of illness required the temporary relinquishment of active work. Recovering shortly, however, Ven. Archdeacon Casby was appointed Chaplain of the Kingston Penitentiary, a position which he occupied till Feb. 1st, 1875.

He was appointed by the late Bishop Guanoquo, his parish including the village of Guanoquo, Lansdowne and How's Island, in the Lake of the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence. Here he gave substantial evidence of the activity and administrative ability which



VERY REV. ARCHDEACON CASBY, PETERBOROUGH DIOCESE.

(Campbellford); Murrugh, (Marmora); Jettcott, (Oshawa); McGuire, (Brockville); Brown, V.G., (Douro); Duffy, (Orillia); Twomey, (Westport); McColl, (Ennismore); Sweeney, (Victoria Road); O'Connell, (London); and other parishes. An eloquent sermon was preached by Very Rev. Dean Harris and Bishop O'Connor made a congratulatory address.

Addresses from the diocesan clergy and the laity were read. The former address was in the following terms:

We, your brother priests and fellow-laborers in the vineyard of the Master, gather round you to-day to tender you our best wishes and warmest congratulations on this the 25th anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood. While greetings come to you from all sides, from those among whom you lived and labored for years, still we feel sure that none are offered and none will be received with greater joy and satisfaction than those which are proffered you by your associates in the sacred ministry. They also understand fully the duties of a priest, and they also can appreciate fully his numerous labors and sacrifices in the service of our Divine Lord. There is much joy for a priest on the occasion of his silver jubilee. The festivities which accompany it, the memories which it recalls, and the encouragement for the future which it brings are so many distinct sources of comfort and consolation. The priest who celebrates his silver jubilee has already crossed the meridian of life, his best years are gone, the good seed is largely sown, and the harvest, with its rich rewards is fast approaching. Few of those who surround you to-day have passed a quarter of a century in the priesthood, and he who has stood the test so long a period is well deserving of any honor that may be given him. You, dear Archdeacon, have stood the test honorably and well, thereby proving yourself worthy of the praises and congratulations which are so cordially bestowed upon you.

In the parish of Guanoquo, where the first years of your ministry were passed, your name is still revered by the Catholic people to whose spiritual wants you so zealously attended. You were sent by your Bishop to found the present flourishing parish of Campbellford, and there we see the evidences of your skill and management in the beautiful presbytery, the well-furnished church and the neat appointments in the interior

of religion whenever called upon. We offer you, therefore, our greetings to-day with sincere and heartfelt pleasure, and in asking you to accept these gifts as a token of the union which binds us together in the service of Christ, we pray that the same kind Providence which has enabled you to work so long and so successfully for the promotion of His glory and the salvation of souls may prolong your days of usefulness and grant that you may live to celebrate your golden jubilee.

The address of the clergy was accompanied by the presentation of a silver chalice.

The following was the address from the laity:

To the Very Reverend Archdeacon Dominick Jeremiah Casby, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee:

DEAR FATHER CASBY—In the name and on behalf of your parishioners of St. Peter's we offer you our warmest felicitations and heartfelt congratulations on this your Silver Jubilee year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the holy priesthood. It is indeed a source of pardonable pride and extreme pleasure to this congregation to have, as their pastor, one so eminently fitted to fill an office of such importance. The life of a priest of the Catholic Church is one of arduous self-sacrifice, filled with many labors and sorrows and regrets for the weaknesses of frail humanity. During the years you have ministered to the spiritual necessities of this large parish most nobly has your part been done; never have you faltered at the call of duty; a ways ready by night or by day to carry to those in distress the blessed consolations offered to her children by Holy Mother Church. Nor have your good works been confined to spiritual charities only. Your boundless generosity to the poor, more especially in your tender application of the example of the Divine Master whose minister you are, in your loving solicitude for little children, the lambs of your flock, is widely known and appreciated in many a home, high as well as humble, where your pastoral visits have carried hope and comfort.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

Truly a place to live in and in which to die. The domain of God seems to have opened it out for a special purpose of those blessings and graces which seem to abound so marvellously in such favored spots as this.

The view from the balcony of the convent is superb. The wide stretch of river to the further shore beyond, far as the eye can reach, is a vast expanse of landscape. To the left, several miles away, rise the Ste. Anne Mountains, a part of the Laurentian range, while on the right the town spreads out on the level of the hill, and below it glitters the gulf and towers of the Basilia.

Words fail me in describing the beauty and grandeur of the interior of the church. The present Church of Ste. Anne de Beauport was opened for public worship in 1870 and created a Basilia by the Pope in 1887. Externally it is a magnificent building with towers 165 feet high. The original church built in 1678 threatened to fall into ruin was taken down and rebuilt on the site of the materials on the original site, which is on the side of the hill opposite the Basilia.

Entering the Basilia the first thing that attracts attention is the beautiful sacristy, the statue of the Virgin, the face of the statue is one of exquisite sweetness and compassion, as though the saint were looking down in pity upon the sick and afflicted people kneeling at her feet and imploring her aid.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is the very acme of perfection as regards comfort. I have travelled on many roads and I unhesitatingly give the palm to Canada's premier railroad in the matter of elegance of fittings combined with solid comfort, courteous employees and minute time-keeping. The first class cars are equal to Pullmans, and anyone obliged to travel all night in one of them need fear neither discomfort nor inconvenience. I don't wish to be understood as running other lines down; I simply state facts connected with the Canadian Pacific, as they have struck me during a long journey comparatively long that is to one accustomed to the short distances in the old country.

We are quite full at first, soon after leaving Toronto; it is the day after the memorable Jubilee Day, and visitors are returning to their homes. It is still early in the evening, and we sit about or talk or read, there being plenty of light for the latter occupation; we feel as though we should not want any sleep. But an hour or two passes, several ladies with escorts have had supper served, and many who are travelling alone have exchanged refreshments from the ever welcome lunch basket. Some of us have retired to our sleepers, but the majority are making themselves comfortable in the car, a matter of no great difficulty if one is provided with a rug or something wherewith to make a pillow, the spacious, high-backed and well-upholstered seats making quite a comfortable couch.

The night wears on; we rise unsteadily at intervals and make frantic attempts to walk in a dignified manner down the corridor, grabbing at the backs of seats, and occasionally, in the case of elderly ladies, nearly sitting down suddenly in somebody's lap. Gradually Morpheus takes possession of the car and the occupants sink into slumber in various uncomfortable and ungraceful attitudes. Towards three o'clock the first faint streak of dawn becomes visible, and as it gets lighter and the landscape comes into view we find ourselves among the neat homesteads and well tilled farm lands of French Canada.

Everywhere the effect of the recent unseasonable weather is to be seen in the backwardness of the crops. What struck me particularly was the exceeding bareness of the pasture; it seemed scarcely possible in some cases for the animals to obtain even enough to eat, much less enough to fatten them. I should think this country would furnish splendid arable land. It is undoubtedly the best in the world for growing grain.

The labor of clearing must be enormous, the thick woods and dense undergrowth offering every obstacle that a skilled woodsman can overcome; while the nearer we approach the hilly district, the more stony does the ground become, and the work of clearing and tilling it is proportionately greater. Perhaps the next invention of science will be a great stylo run by electricity, with which trees can be mowed down like grain.

Arriving at Montreal one has either to wait some time for a train or else cross the city to Dalhousie Square and take the Quebec express. A Windsor street car with transfer to Notre Dame takes one to Dalhousie Square for 5 cents; the car fares are not cheap, though the vehicles are fairly good. By far the best way for travellers who are not going with a pilgrimage is to take the night express from Toronto to Montreal and from thence the morning train to Quebec, arriving in the latter place early in the afternoon.

From Quebec the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway runs trains daily to St. Anne's. On leaving the C. P. R. station at Quebec, turn to the left and go straight down towards the river; just across the C. P. R. track on that side is the station of the Q. M. & C. railway; fare to Ste. Anne's 40c; time of journey one hour.

St. ANNE DE BEAUPORT, Que., June 25. This is indeed a lovely place. Every thing seems to be in the atmosphere of holiness and peace, from the great Basilia towering majestically at the foot of the hills, to the little cottages and picturesque convent clinging to the grassy slopes and shaded by tall towers of greenery that crown their lofty sum-

After Mr. Hill resigned the city clerkship Mr. Flanagan succeeded. This was in 1815. The incorporation of Kingston as a city occurred in 1810, and Mr. Flanagan, previously on the 11th of April, 1815, made clerk was confirmed in that position in accordance with the provisions of Baldwin's new municipal act.

He served under all mayors which Kingston ever had, save one, the late Mr. Cassidy. In 1871 his portrait, painted by that excellent artist, Mr. Sawyer, at the call and expense of the citizens generally, was presented to him.

He gratefully accepted it, to be sure, and handed it over to the chairman of city property committee, and by the latter it was hung over the entrance in the city hall.

In 1895 his worth and his services were appreciated at their true value by his fellow citizens, and attested by their presentation to him of a purse containing \$500.

The city clerk was married in 1816 to Mary Sarah, second daughter of Dr. Boyd, of the royal navy. Of his eleven children nine are living. His eldest son, a most promising young man, died in New York at the age of nineteen, and although that event happened years ago, Mr. Flanagan never ceased to lament it. Mr. Flanagan was a devout Catholic, as a public man he was of fine address. No man had such knowledge of municipal matters, and withal he was attentive and courteous, and the best address of a public official. As a citizen he was a model. R.I.P.

The Papal Ablegate.

At the jubilee banquet in Montreal, Mr. Morry del Val, who was an honored guest, made the following after dinner speech: "Mr. Mayor, Your Honor and Gentlemen, I had no idea when I entered this hall that I should be called upon to address these distinguished guests. You will understand my embarrassment in having to succeed such eloquent speakers as have preceded me, and especially such eloquent speakers as His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor. You will allow me, in the briefest terms, to acknowledge my appreciation of the favor extended to me, for I consider it a great favor to be allowed to unite with the citizens of Montreal in celebrating Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. I can fully endorse what His Honor has said as to the special regard that exists between Her Majesty and His Holiness. It was my privilege to attend the first Jubilee as the Papal representative to London. I carried away with me the recollection of what I had to tell Her Majesty from His Holiness and the reply that I was charged to convey from Her Majesty. They corresponded perfectly. When we left Her Majesty's presence we carried with us the impression that Her Majesty was in excellent health and that she would live to celebrate her diamond jubilee. At any rate we sincerely hoped so and so it has come. I hope the Envoy now in London may carry away the same impression and that Her Majesty may be long preserved to the love of her subjects. Of one thing I am certain and that is that the Envoy will carry away that hope and wish.

"With regard to my presence here, I can say that my presence in Canada has no reason but that mentioned by His Honor. I have not come here to interfere with any of the liberties that exist in this country or to enter into matters that do not lie in my province. If I did so I should be playing false to the one whom I represent. I think that anyone who comes to speak of peace must be welcome. It was the first word that I uttered in Canada and I hope it will be the last. I think that if by my presence here, directly or indirectly, I have been able to conciliate any section of the community or the community at large, I think every right-minded man in Canada will turn with some special regard and gratitude towards the illustrious Pontiff, whose great mind and heart have won for him the regard of all nations both in the old and new world.

"I will conclude by expressing my gratitude for the kindness I have received here from men of both parties and different interests; one and all I have been able to admire. My sympathies are divided among all equally. I carry away with me the pleasant remembrance and best of all those which I have acquired in Montreal. One thing I can assure you, whatever my friendships may be worth, I offer you that. Every Canadian, French or English, will ever find in me a true and devoted friend."

Blood-purifiers, though gradual, are radical in their effect. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is intended as a medicine only and not a stimulant, excitant, or beverage. Immediate results may be no longer followed by it; but after a reasonable time, permanent benefit is certain to be realized.

He who hates his neighbor hates himself. A sunbeam in the heart is bound to light the face. Out of the love of self like an autumn lotus, with thy hand. No man treats Christ well who treats his neighbor wrong. Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.—Goethe.

FATHER KNEIPP.

Made Famous by a Treatise He Devoted for Himself.

Father Kneipp, of Wuerzburg, whose death was announced last week, was a most interesting personage. When he was a schoolboy his life was despaired of because of an apparently defective constitution, and he was warned that he would not see thirty years. He lived long past that mark—three score and ten. He was born at Stofenried on May 17, 1821. He worked as a weaver after leaving school until the age of 27, when he began to study medicine and theology, having long desired to become a priest. He was richly and he undertook to cure himself. It is said that in a delirious fever one day in winter he rushed from his room and thrust his feet through the thin ice of a pond and, instead of becoming wet, found himself much better for the shock, and so began systematic experiments along the line this experience suggested. He made himself well, was admitted to orders and went to the village of Wuerzburg, in Bavaria, where for thirty years he lived as his practices had shown him the way to live with hope of health, and during this time he earned the love and praises of his neighbors, villagers and the mountain folk, whom he cured of diseases or bodily distress by the cold water treatment he had invented for himself. He then wrote a book, "My Water Cure," and his fame, which had been local, spread over the world. Once he was hailed before the Landgericht on a charge of practicing medicine without a license. He asked whether it was not every one's duty to seek to relieve persons whom the physicians gave up. The Judge inquired sarcastically whether the father would undertake to relieve him of the rheumatism. The priest said he would. The Judge was cured and Father Kneipp was never again molested.

Barfoot walking became the best known feature of the peculiar system introduced by Father Kneipp, but the priest, as a matter of fact, did not countenance the fantastic extremes to which some of his patients carried his prescriptions. His belief was that most ill was the result of the luxury of modern living, and his aim was to eliminate acrid humors of the blood and tone up the organism. Faulty circulation, he thought, was at the bottom of the trouble and by improving the circulation he calculated to effect a cure. To bring out whatever was to come he made use of local bathing and applications, together with steam baths, sometimes medicating these, but with herbs only. To stimulate and restore the circulation he ordered the barfoot walking and cold douches. He made it a point to see his patients himself, giving all his time to this work, except such as was occupied by his devotions and pastoral work, and he did all for nothing. Contributions from relieved patients he used for parish work.

For a long time there were no accommodations for the throngs of visitors at the village. Some had to use tents. A Rittschild was obliged to domicile himself in the parlor car that brought him to the place. Father Kneipp was by no means contented himself with ordering water for his patients, but directed them as to their daily habits, prescribed a simple regimen, laid down rules as to what they should eat and drink, and what they should not be permitted to do. It was not to be wondered at that with the admixture of hygiene, faith and common sense, which made up his system of treatment, great numbers of distressed people were restored by him to a normal condition.

It is related that when two Russians with the beads of the patriarchs and hair like bushman's came to him, he posted off a messenger the first thing for the village barber, and when the priest from the North came wearing five pairs of drawers, the father ordered two pairs of them off at once, and within a week had divested his patient of two more of them.

In recognition of his work the Pope bestowed upon Father Kneipp an honorary office, that of Camerling, carry with it the title of Monsignor. In 1894 the Monsignor was called to Rome to treat an obstinate ailment of the Pontiff, an outgrowth of some stomach disorder, and it was announced after some time that by his treatment the Pope's health had been restored.

Father Kneipp's followers carried his treatment and principles to foreign countries, and Kneipp societies were established in various cities in France some journals were set afoot to disseminate his ideals and the records of successes, one of the papers attaining to a circulation of 25,000. Last year a society was instituted in New York, the disciples of the priest obtaining permission to use part of the Central Park lawn.

A Child Violinist.

The London correspondent of The Dublin Freeman writes: "Miss Maud MacCarthy, the child violinist, though born in Australia, is of Irish origin. She is without doubt the most extraordinary child who is now before the public, and what is more, her gifts do not seem to lie merely in the direction of exceptional brilliancy. Her technique is at present not so astonishing as the higher qualities of her playing. For a girl in a short

DRINKING POISON.

Many a man who would be started at the thought of spring down a village, lowly as it is, and systematically poisoned day after day by accumulations of bile in the blood.

When the liver fails to do its regular work of filtering the blood, the bile is poured into the system, and the system is polluted. The digestive juices are suppressed and the kidneys and skin are clogged with impurities and the lungs and bronchial tubes overloaded with morbid secretions which eat away the delicate tissues, and bring about bronchitis and consumption.

All the diseases caused by this subtle process of bilious poisoning are cured by the marvelous all-wise action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which directly increases the liver's natural excretive and purifying powers: gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to manufacture an abundance of red, rich, healthy blood.

It drives out all impurities, and vitalizes the circulation with the life-giving elements which restore perfect nutrition and solid muscle on every part of the system. It makes the blood rich, pure, rich blood. It brings back appetite and nerve force and good healthy flesh. No matter how far gone people seem to be, if there is anything left over on the "Golden Medical Discovery" will build you up again.

In August 1895, was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pain in my stomach and under my bowels, became very nervous and said to myself there is no use taking medicine, nothing can cure this. One day a friend told me what a cure he had performed on a child who had a bad disorder of the blood or something to that effect. I was skeptical at first and said it would not do me any good. At last one morning I woke up and found a beating pulsation in my neck, front and back. In three or four days I was so situated on my neck that I could not turn either way. Then I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine together with Dr. Pierce's Pellets, did wonders for me.

After the first three bottles it was no new thing for folks to say: "Hello, Ed, I didn't know you," or "Say, Davis, what's become of those pimples you used to have?" I took about ten bottles of the "Golden Medical Discovery."

It would save doctor bills for any family that have a copy of Dr. Pierce's splendid thousand-page free book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," explaining the laws of life and health in clear and interesting language, with many valuable suggestions and receipts for curing common ailments by simple home-treatment. It has over three hundred illustrations and colored plates. A strong paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Ass'n, Buffalo, N. Y. A handsome cloth-bound beautifully stamped copy will be sent for 50 stamps.

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brook to play a Brahms sonata is now rare in any case, but when one hears her play it with complete appreciation of its meaning, admirable, pleasing, and expressive—in fact giving an excellent reading—in the strictest sense, criticism must be dumb, senior Arbous, who is training Miss MacCarthy at the Royal College of Music, deserves great honor for his skilful supervision of her studies. His Lisson, I understand, claims no more than that. He says Miss MacCarthy requires no teaching in the ordinary sense of the term, and her playing is not that of merely a well-taught prodigy, but bears the stamp of individuality. When her tone has grown stronger—it is already remarkably sweet and sympathetic—she will be a dangerous rival to the best of the older players. One can only hope that she will not be overtrained or hurried on.

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The Catholic Register.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- July 1—St. Nicholas. 2—Assumption of P. V. 3—S. Thomas, Gardener, M. 4—4th of July. 5—S. Cyril and Methodius. 6—S. Pallasius. 7—Fis of St. Thomas of Cant.

While Mr. Dalhousie's new Irish policy concedes three-quarters of a million sterling annually to Ireland's financial claim, and promises the introduction of a broad system of local government...

The Osservatore Romano, the organ of the Vatican, devotes a highly eulogistic leading article to the reign and character of Queen Victoria.

For years the picnic in aid of St. John's Church, Arthur, has been one of the foremost events of the summer season in that district.

The recent jubilation has crowded all mention of unhappy Greece out of the newspapers. A meagre and belated scrap of news on Monday told how Thessaly is being devastated by the Turks.

In the course of a cynical article on "The Upper Chamber," The Globe makes this statement: "The measure a Senate will never under ordinary circumstances endorse is that favoring its own abolition."

In spite of incessant boasts of loyalty Ulster has, during the past sixty years, lived in a state of pre-Victorian error.

public attention being directed to their coventresses. In a letter elsewhere, we believe the matter was declined with thanks by representatives of the Catholic...

The Second Chamber.

Canada may with some justice claim to be one of the most democratic countries in the world.

Ottawa Journal: "There is but one weak point, one vulnerable spot, in the great British structure. It is Ireland's sorrows."

Very many Catholics in Toronto, and especially the people of St. Patrick's parish, have learned with the deepest regret of the death, at St. John, N.B., of Rev. Father S. J. Krein, C.S.S.R.

Catholic Australia.

In connection with the episcopal silver jubilee of Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, which was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral in that city, on May 22nd, some facts are mentioned that supply a subject for much timely and profitable reflection.

far wider still. Everywhere this vast power was being broadened by Catholic energy and Catholic faith, and owed a deep debt to the Irish race, in that a spiritual life was being imparted to it."

The Twelfth of July Parade.

The Toronto World suggests that Orangemen should celebrate the 12th of July by staying at home and attending to their everyday occupations.

As to the present custom of celebrating St. Patrick's Day, little need be said. Certainly nothing is required by way of defence.

"Conscience."

It was a brilliant idea of some member of the Lord's Day Alliance that Mr. Hardy should authorize the use of the public money for securing the report of the Privy Council a decision relative to the scope of the Lord's Day Act.

After Senator Power's speech, the motion to hold the investigation passed the Senate; but by later reports Sir Oliver Mowat is endeavoring to avoid this by private arrangement with Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

Partisanship in the Public Service.

A remarkable debate took place in the House of Commons last week upon the report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the affairs of Kingston Penitentiary and the action of the government thereon.

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conform their actions to the dictates of Dr. Cavon's "conscience," to what would it lead? There are other things than Sunday ears to which the good doctor's conscience is opposed.

A Striking Contrast.

The attention of the world has been directed to Ireland by the refusal for just cause of the people and their representatives to participate in the recent Diamond Jubilee festivities.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

The closing exercises of Loretto Academy, Guelph, took place on Thursday, the 21th inst, at ten a. m. As in former years, they were strictly private, the only guests present being Rev. Fathers Kenny, Kavanagh and O'Loane, S. J. A short programme, but one of a very high order of merit, of instrumental and vocal music, recitations and desarto exercises, was rendered by the pupils in a thoroughly artistic and able manner: thus proving that the accomplishments and fine arts, as well as the exact sciences, continue to retain a first place in the education of the pupils of Loretto, thereby preparing the students to hold their own in the different walks of life to which Almighty God may assign them.

Gold medal for Christian doctrine, presented by His Lordship Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, awarded to Miss O'Leary, accessit Miss Annie Yearley. Honorable mention, Misses Parsons, Doyle, Malone, O'Callaghan, Keheler and Doran. Prize for Christian doctrine in 4th class, obtained by K. McAtor.

Gold cross presented by a friend of the Institute, awarded by vote of teachers and companions to Miss L. Doyle, for Charity in Conversation. Gold pen presented by Rev. R. T. Burke, for lady-like deportment, obtained by Miss N. Kloesfer.

Crown for amiability, awarded by vote of companions, to Miss Rose Sleeman. Prize in St. Cecilia's choir equally merited by Misses Yearley and Keheler, obtained by Miss Yearley. Gold medal presented by Right Reverend Mgr. McEvoy, for highest marks in commercial course. This medal is reserved until the result of Department Examinations is made known.

Crown and prize for prompt return after vacation, obtained by Miss Doyle. Crown and prize for regular attendance in day school, equally merited by Misses Rose Doran, T. Campbell, Sleeman, Markes and Annie Bergin, obtained by Miss T. Campbell. Gold medal presented to Misses Blancha McQuillan and Kathleen Flood.

Prize in theory of music, obtained by Miss Keheler. Gold pen, presented by a friend of the Institute, for excellence in penmanship, obtained by Miss O. Doran. Gold medal for painting, presented by Rev. Father Healey, obtained by Miss Passmore.

Prize for china painting, awarded to Miss Emma Reinhardt. Prize for oil painting-landscape, awarded to Miss Anderson. 1st prize for pastel drawing, awarded to Miss B. McQuillan.

Diplomas of superiority in graduating class English, excellence in drawing and honorable mention in French, awarded to Miss A. Yearley. Diplomas for superior and typical writing, awarded by the British American College, Toronto, to Misses Tottie Campbell and Rose Sleeman. Testimonials of merit for type-writing, awarded to Misses Agnes Bergin and Marcella Long.

Miss Annie Yearley, 2nd prize in 5th class music. Miss Agnes O'Leary, 2nd prize in 4th class instrumental music. Margaret Malone, crown and prize in 2nd class senior Div. arithmetic, 2nd in 4th class French, and 2nd in 4th class instrumental music, 1st prize in perspective, geometrical and free-hand drawing.

Edith Keheler, crown and prize in 4th class French, 1st in 4th class instrumental music, 2nd in 2nd class senior Div. arithmetic. May O'Callaghan, 2nd prize in 2nd class senior Div. arithmetic, 2nd prize in 3rd class music. Miss Kathleen Parsons, crown and prize in 4th class French, 1st prize for choral class.

Miss Ethel Day, 2nd prize for essay in 5th class English, 2nd prize in 4th class instrumental music. Miss Rose Sleeman, 1st prize for shorthand and type-writing. Miss Agnes Bergin, 2nd prize for shorthand. Miss Kathleen Flood, 1st prize for mandolin, improvements in water colors. Edith Holliday, 2nd prize in free-hand drawing, improvement in oil

painting, 1st prize in 1st class French, improvement in instrumental music. O. Whalen, prize for general satisfaction in English studies, Epistolary composition, penmanship and drawing. L. Markes, prize for general satisfaction in French and instrumental music. Marcella Long, 2nd prize in 2nd class music.

Celestine Doran, 1st prize in free-hand drawing. Edith Coghlan, prize for improvement in music and oil painting.

FOURTH CLASS. Miss Anna Bergin, silver medal for 1st prize in English, 2nd in arithmetic and French. Miss Corrie Heffernan, 1st prize for composition and drawing, 2nd for writing. Miss Nellie Kloesfer, 1st prize in German, 1st in 3rd class music, 1st in 1st class oil painting.

Miss Lena Desrosiers, 1st prize in 3rd class French, 2nd in arithmetic and English. Berdo Doran, 2nd prize in English, composition, French and drawing. Katie McAtor, 1st in 3rd class instrumental music, 1st in 4th arithmetic, 2nd in French.

Sadie Bloom, 1st prize in German, writing and drawing, 2nd in Div. 3rd class music. May Conway, prize for improvement in English, French and Arithmetic. Miss Nellie Buras, prize for improvement in Epistolary composition, instrumental and vocal music, and penmanship.

JUNIOR DIVISION HONOR PRIZES. Silver medal for Christian doctrine, obtained by Miss Mary McQuillan. Crown for good conduct, obtained by Misses Rose McElderry, Blancha Doran, Eva Murphy, Maggie Pigott.

Crown for lady-like deportment, awarded to Misses Mazie Yearley and Rose McElderry. Crown for amiability, awarded to Miss Annie Yearley. Prize awarded to Miss Corrie O'Donnell, for having been present every day of the scholastic year. Prize for penmanship, equally merited by Misses Annie Doran, Mary McQuillan, Laura Hamilton, and Maggie Pigott, obtained by Maggie Pigott.

THIRD CLASS. Miss Mazie Yearley, 1st prize in English, 1st in Epistolary composition, 1st in music. Miss Aggie O'Donnell, 1st prize in English, 2nd in arithmetic, 2nd in Div. 3rd class instrumental music, and 2nd in singing, 2nd in 3rd class drawing.

Mary McQuillan, 2nd in English and arithmetic, 2nd in 3rd class drawing, 1st in preparatory class music. Myrtle Wilson, 1st in English, 1st in 2nd class arithmetic, 1st in preparatory class music, 2nd in singing, improvement in drawing. Elfrida Dugan, 2nd in English, 2nd in 2nd class arithmetic, 2nd in singing.

Olive Shultz, improvement in English, arithmetic, penmanship and music, 1st in singing. Katie McQuillan, 1st in 3rd class drawing, 1st in arithmetic, 2nd in English, 1st in music. Annie Lynch, 1st in 2nd class arithmetic, 2nd in singing and satisfaction in English.

SENIOR SECOND CLASS. Annie Doran, 1st prize in English and arithmetic, 2nd in singing. Blancha Doran, 1st in English and arithmetic, 1st in 2nd class drawing. Rose McElderry, 2nd in English, 1st in arithmetic, 1st in composition. Eva Murphy, prize for general satisfaction in English, arithmetic and music.

Clara West, 2nd in English and arithmetic, 2nd in singing and drawing. Lulu Hower, 2nd in English and arithmetic. Eleanor Ryan, 2nd in English and arithmetic, improvement in music and drawing. Ursula Chamberlain, prize in English and arithmetic, 2nd in singing. Eileen Crossman, prize for reading and arithmetic.

JUNIOR SECOND CLASS. Mario Sohmuik, 1st in English, 2nd in arithmetic and composition, 1st in 1st class instrumental music, singing, drawing and penmanship. May Day, 1st in English and composition, 1st in singing and penmanship, 2nd in drawing. Minnie Yearley, satisfaction in English and penmanship, 2nd in preparatory class music, improvement in arithmetic.

Maggie Pigott, 2nd in English, 1st in composition, arithmetic and singing. Gertrude O'Donnell, 1st in arithmetic, 2nd in English, 2nd in singing. Frankie McQuillan, 1st in arithmetic, 1st in singing, improvement in English.

Annie McKenzie, 1st in preparatory class music, satisfaction in English. Nellie McKenzie, 1st in preparatory class music, satisfaction in English. Frances Chamberlain, prize for penmanship, regular attendance, 2nd in English and singing. Laura Hamilton, 1st for improvement in music and penmanship, 2nd in English, arithmetic and singing. Genevieve McAtor, 1st in arithmetic, 2nd in English and writing.

PREPARATORY CLASS. Helen H. Hornan, prize for being a good little girl. Agnes McAtor, for being a good little girl.

Florence Sleeman, prize for being a good little girl. Ida McQuillan, prize for being a good little girl. Emma Reinhardt, prize for being a good little girl. Hazel Norris, prize for being a good little girl. Master Hox Holland, prize for being a good little boy. Master Charles Doran, prize for being a good little boy. Master Tommie Murphy, prize for being a good little boy. Master Willie Howo, prize for being a good little boy.

Canon Bruchesi, Archbishop-Designate of Montreal. MONTREAL, June 26.—Canon Bruchesi, the Archbishop designate of Montreal, returned this morning from Quebec. He granted an interview to a representative of the Montreal Star, and, in answer to a question, when his consecration would take place, replied: "Probably on August 5—the Feast of Notre Dame des Neiges, 'Our Lady of the Snows.'" While he was in Quebec cablegrams were received from Rome announcing his selection by the Holy Father.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that the cablegram from Rome was received on the 25th, the feast of the Sacred Heart, and that when it was delivered in Quebec His Grace was in the act of saying mass at the altar of the Sacred Heart in the Ursuline convent. This altar is the second oldest in the world dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and the first so erected and dedicated on this continent.

His Grace's names are Louis Joseph Paul Napoleon. He has selected the third as his ecclesiastical name and will consequently be known as Paul, Archbishop of Montreal. At 10:30 the Archbishop-designate left the Palace to pay a formal and official visit to Mgr. Merry del Val, the Papal delegate.

Among His Grace's college conferees were Archbishop Langvin of St. Boniface; Mr. F. D. Monk, M. P., Canon Duhaime and Rev. Mr. Cheffers of St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Mr. Piche (now of Paris); Rev. Mr. Tiernan, parish priest of Providence, R. I., and Rev. Mr. Kiernan, parish priest of Pembroke, Ont.

Anniversary of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton. HAMILTON, June 28.—St. Joseph's Church celebrated its third anniversary yesterday. At the High Mass Rev. Father Himeley, the rector, preached, and in the evening Rev. Father P. L. Mahoney, the newly ordained priest, preached his first sermon.

His subject was the Duty of Man Towards His Fellow, and he pointed out that man should love his Maker and his fellow man. He based his sermon on the words: Faith, Hope and Charity; the greatest of these is charity. Father Himeley chanted the vespers.

The music was Est's Musical Vespers, Magnificat (Mozart), O Salutaris (Machin), Tantum Ergo (Lambillotti). Miss Hanley was the soloist, singing Ave Maria.

At the High Mass an augmented choir sang Lambillotti's Paschal Mass, with full orchestral accompaniment. The soprano solo was well taken by Mrs. Eite, Miss Williams and Miss B. Markie; alto, Miss Alice Hanley; baritone, Messrs. Gollins, Dwyer and Marazette; tenor, V. B. Wipple.

Knights of St. John Conventon. Sergeant M. K. McQuinn (Royal Grenadier), Secretary of St. Paul's Commandery of the Knights of St. John, Toronto, has just returned from official attendance at the 19th annual International Convention of the order, held on June 24 to 26 at Erie, Pa. The Toronto delegate gives a glowing account of the convention. The proceedings began with solemn High Mass at the Cathedral. Subsequently the Mayor, Hon. R. J. Saltsman, welcomed the Knights at the principal hall of the city. There was a grand street parade, in which 2,000 uniformed Knights took part; also a prize drill and a banquet. The ladies had a programme of co-operation in all the ceremonies of the convention. A special song of welcome had been composed for the occasion by Father Ignatius Wilkens, O.S.F. This was rendered at the Music hall meeting on the opening day by a choir of 60 voices assisted by an orchestra. A very handsome souvenir album of the convention has been published containing portraits of all the officers of the Society and pictures of the Convention city. Sergeant McQuinn has also brought with him a file of the Erie paper containing long reports of the Convention. The Delegate's badge was one of the handsomest decorations of the kind ever printed. It is a pretty souvenir in itself. The Convention adjourned on Saturday.

The Ontario delegation submitted a report showing the progress made by the Knights of St. John in Canada, and requesting an organizer to stir the Catholics of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The convention could not see its way clear to grant the request.

Detroit captured the convention for 1908. New York, Baltimore, and Indianapolis made strenuous efforts to secure the twentieth annual convention of the Sir Knights, but submitted to the unblemished order of the numerous delegation from Detroit. Supreme officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Rev. John S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit; Supreme President, Henry J. Worst, of Wapakoneta, O.; First Supreme Vice-President, George M. Guiguer, of Bellevue, Ky.; Second Supreme Vice-President, William P. Moran, of Denver, Col.; Supreme Secretary, M. J. Kane, of Buffalo; Supreme Treasurer, Lewis N. Werner, of Sandusky, O.; Supreme Trustees, Joseph F. Oddy, of Detroit, Ill.; John B. Todobier, of Peoria.

New Altar in Peterborough Cathedral. PETERBOROUGH, June 28.—The new altar in St. Peter's cathedral was solemnly consecrated yesterday by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by the clergy of the cathedral. The altar is a beautiful structure harmonizing with the remainder of the cathedral since the improvements have been made. Over the altar there is the Papal arms beneath which stands the beautiful oil painting, "St. Peter in chains," brought from Rome by the late Bishop Jamot. Along the sides of this picture are the wheat and grapes, emblematic of the Eucharist. The door of the tabernacle is of gilt copper, also brought from Rome by Bishop Jamot. The painting of the altar was superintended by Fred Meloghe, of Montreal.

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Ladies' Black Lisle Thread Hose, extra fine finish, with white soles, special 1 for... 1 10

Ladies' Black Lisle Thread Hose, extra fine finish, with white soles, special 1 for... 35

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, Hematone, dye, with Balbriggan feet, special 25c. and... 35

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Special cars may be obtained for school or church parties. School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

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DEAR SIR,

The following may be of use to you: A customer of mine, who keeps a butcher shop in this town, bought a 10 cent package of your Fly Pads from me and in ten days killed over a dozen cats and dogs.

Yours truly,

F. O. SUPERIOR

Fly Pads are always ready, and every Fly Pad is printed at once. Take no imitation. Druggists should have the genuine.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Chats With the Children.

It was not absolutely necessary that God should become man for the redemption of sin. God could have pardoned man, exacting only the satisfaction of sorrow and the duty of sacrifice.

The Son of God became man to redeem us from the slavery of sin, and from the pains of hell, and to merit for us everlasting life.

Man would have been lost had not God's mercy interposed to save him. Man had offended an infinite majesty and being finite himself could not repair his sin before Adam was condemned by God.

This promise was not fulfilled until after four thousand years, but in order that the people might not forget it, it was frequently repeated.

When Jacob was dying he assembled around his bed his twelve sons, and announced to them that it was to happen to their descendants.

All these astonishing prophecies were fulfilled by Christ in His own person, and He thus proved Himself to be the promised Messiah who "came unto His own and they received Him not."

There is an article by Frank M. Chapman in The July St. Nicholas on "The Little Drummer of the Woods," giving much curious information concerning the woodpecker.

It is a bird of the family of the woodpecker. It is not fat, like the crow, but round and fleshy, and has a sharp, horny point which, by looking at it very closely, we see has a series of bands on both sides.

FARM AND GARDEN

If care is taken in moving plants from the pots to the beds, they can be moved without disturbing the roots in the least.

The wings do not impress us as many would suppose; they are neither very long nor very short, but the arrangement of the toes is so peculiar that they were at once commented upon by a blind girl.

When we go fishing in the brook, Joey and Cicely and I, a crooked pin 's our only hook, That catches 'em! Sometimes we tie the string tight to a willow limb

Washing your rose bushes in a strong suds made from whale oil soap will be found very effective for your small green insect.

The favorite domestic way of packing eggs, and one that keeps them well for limited periods, is with salt.

A garden box in your window need not be expensive—although you may, if you choose, lavish many dollars upon one of tiles and tin—if you care more for the contents than the outside your box need be nothing more than a packing box, braced with strong wood.

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels; "I'm growing old, and down my back I'm very sure there's a dreadful crack."

"I used to trundle about the floor; But that was when I was young and now; It's something that now I could not do; No, I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door."

"Creak!" said the sheep; "what's gone amiss? Some one is taking me out, I know. They're pulling my string and away I go. Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep; "I never can go like this!"

For comfortable and inexpensive riding—The Waverley Bicycle \$75. These are better than our wheels of last year. The marked difference in price is because we do not have to buy any new machinery.

DOMESTIC READING.

No man can fail until he tries to get along without God's help. Our self-love can be resigned to the sacred floor of every thing but itself.

Self-love leads men of narrow minds to measure all mankind by their own capacity. Self-love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.

Self-love is not, in its own nature, either a good or an evil, a virtuous or a vicious principle. It is falling in love with our own mistaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing self-love as the observation that we disprove at one time what we approve at another.

Self-love is an instrument useful, but dangerous; it often wounds the hand which makes use of it, and seldom does good without doing harm.

In all disputes, so much as there is of passion so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for that reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started.

There are generous passions in the soul of man, which frequently lie dormant until some exciting cause serves to awake their susceptibilities, and to give impulse to their native direction.

Unloving words are meant to make us gentle, and delays teach patience, and care teaches faith, and press of business makes us look out for minutes to give for God, and disappointment is a special messenger to summon our thoughts to Heaven.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA. What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer. It is a itching and burning of the skin—most baffling endurance.

FIRESIDE FUN.

The popular pianist finds little difficulty in realizing on his notes of hand. It is rather too much to expect a man on his uppers to be a whole oiled fellow.

Ho is a wiser guided youth who does everything his sweetheart asks him to do. "I thought you like a seed cake, Jack?" "Yes, mother, but this is such a seedy cake!"

"The excursion boat leaves this pier, does it not?" "Yes, lady. Never been known to take it yet."

"After the foundation of the house has been laid, what comes next?" "The first mortgage."

"That's a point in your favor," said the lawyer to his new typewriter, as she completed a very nice job of pencil sharpening.

He (an old hand): "They have dropped their anchor." She (a bright one): "So did that dorky." "I was hanging over the side all day long."

"Did I hear you say that you have found in your mother-in-law your ideal?" "Yes, indeed; all the comments ever made on mothers-in-law apply to her!"

A fond mother in Valparaiso, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend's in the country, so that they might escape it.

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Pistols and Pestles. The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver.

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The Strawberry Thief.

FROM THE TREASURES OF THE LITTLE SISTER.

The mid-day sun was shining brightly as two children ran merrily down to a steep grassy slope leading from a little village to the neighboring forest. Their loose, sooty clothing of head, neck and feet bare. But his did not trouble them, for the sun's rays kissed their little round limbs, and the children liked to feel their warm kisses.

They were brother and sister; each carried a small jar to fill with straw berries, which their mother would sell in the town on the morrow. They were very poor, almost the poorest people in the village. Their mother, a widow, had to work hard to procure bread for herself and children.

When strawberries or nuts were in season, or even the early violets, the children went into the forest to seek them, and by the fruit or flowers they gathered helped to earn many a groshon. The happy children ran joyously along as though they were the rulers of the beautiful world that stretched so seductively before them.

The forest borders were still scarce, and would fetch a high price in the town; this is why they started so early in the afternoon, whilst other people still rested in their cool rooms. Deep in the forest was many a spot, well known to the children, where large masses of strawberry plants flourished and bloomed, covering the ground with a luxurious carpet.

White star-like blossoms in profusion looked richly out from the apple foliage; the little green and bright-red berries were there in crowds, but the ripe, dark-red fruit was difficult to find.

Very slowly the work proceeded, and as the gathered treasures in their small jars grew higher and higher, the sun sank lower and lower. Busy with their task, the children forgot laughter and chattering; they tasted none of the lovely berries, scarcely looked at the violets and anemones; the sun's rays peeping through the branches, the cool-chafers and butterflies were alike unheeded.

Lorchen, Fried, at length, throwing back his sunburnt, hoarse face; "Look, Lorchen, my jar is full!" Lorchen looked up, her face flushed with toil; her poor little jar was scarcely half full. Oh, how she envied her brother his full jar! Fried was a good boy—he loved his little sister dearly. He made her sit down on the soft grass, placed his jar beside her, and did not cease his work until Lorchen's jar was likewise filled. Their day's work was now ended. But it was so beautiful in the forest. The birds sang so joyfully among the leaves, everything exhaled the fragrance of the dowy evening that crept slowly between the trembling branches.

At a little distance a small stretch of meadow shimmered through the trees. The bright sunshine still rested on the fresh green grass, and thousands of daisies, bluebells, pinks, and forget-me-nots unfolded there their varied beauties. It was a delightful play place for the children. They hastened thither, placed their jars carefully behind a large tree trunk, and soon forgot their hard afternoon's work in a merry game. Gray grew the shadows, closer the dusk of evening veiled the lonely forest. Then the brother and sister thought of returning—the rest had strengthened their weary limbs, and their game in the flowery meadow had made them cheerful and merry.

all the storm a our grandmother used to tell of wicked spirits in the forests, hobgoblins who tease children, will-o'-the-wisps, and mountain demons who store their treasures beneath the earth.

Lorchen shuddered and looked fearfully around—she was a timid, weakly child. Wrapping her little arms in her apron, she wept bitterly.

"Come home with me, Fried," she pleaded. "I am afraid to go through the gloomy forest alone!"

Fried took her hand and went with her until they saw the lights of the village. Then he stopped and said: "Now run along alone; see, there is the light burning in our mother's window. I shall turn back, I cannot go home empty handed."

He turned quickly into the forest. Lorchen waited a moment, and cried, "Fried, Fried!" Then, receiving no answer, she fled swiftly up the grassy slope she had descended so merrily a few hours previously.

The mother grew sad as she listened—she had scarcely any bread left, and knew not whence to procure more; but Fried remaining in the forest was worse than all, for she, like all the villagers, firmly believed in hobgoblins. So, she lay down to rest beside her little daughter.

Fried ran over farther and farther into the forest, through whose thick foliage the stars looked down timidly. He said his evening prayer, and no longer feared the rustling of the leaves, the cracking of the branches, or the whisper of the night wind in the trees.

Soon the moon arose, and it was light enough for Fried to seek his jars. In vain his search—the hours passed and he found nothing. At length he saw a small mountain overgrown with shrubs. Then the moon crept behind a thick cloud, and all was dark. Tired out, Fried sank down behind a tree and almost fell asleep. Suddenly he saw a bright light moving about close to the mountains. He sprang up and hastened towards it.

Coming closer, he heard a peculiar noise, as of groans uttered by a man engaged in heavy toil. He crept softly forward, and beheld, to his astonishment, a little dwarf, who was trying to push some heavy object into a hole, that apparently led up the mountain. The little man wore a silver coat and a red cap with points, to which the wonderful light, a large, sparkling precious stone, was fastened.

Fried soon stood close behind the dwarf, who in his eagerness had not observed the boy's approach, and saw with indignation that the object the little man was striving so hard to push into the hole was his jar of strawberries. In great wrath Fried seized a branch that lay near, and gave the little man a mighty blow. The young dwarf uttered a cry very like the squeak of a small mouse and tried to creep into the hole.

But Fried held him fast by his silver coat, and angrily demanded where he had put his other jar of strawberries. The dwarf replied that he had no other jar, and strove to free himself from the grasp of the little giant.

Fried again seized his branch, which so terrified the dwarf that he cried: "The other jar is inside, I will fetch it you."

"I should wait a long time," said Fried, "if I once let you escape; no, I will go with you and fetch my own jar."

The dwarf stepped forward, the light in his cap shining brighter than the brightest candle. Fried followed, his jar in one hand and the branch in the other. Thus they journeyed far into the mountains. The dwarf crept along like a lizard, but Fried, whose head almost touched the roof, could scarcely get along.

At length strains of lovely music resounded through the vaulted passages; a little farther on their journey was stopped by a grey stone wall. Taking a silver hammer from his doublet, the little dwarf gave three sounding knocks on the wall; it sprang asunder, and as it opened such a flood of light streamed forth that Fried was obliged to close his eyes. Half-blinded, with hand shading his face, he followed the dwarf, the stone door closed behind them, and Fried was in the secret dwellings of the gnomes.

A murmur of soft voices, mingled with the sweet strains of the music, sounded in his ears. When at length he was able to remove his hand from his eyes, he saw a wondrous sight. A beautiful, lofty hall, hewn out of the rock, lay before him; on the walls sparkled thousands of precious stones such as his guide had worn in his cap. They served instead of candles, and shed forth a radiance that almost blinded human eyes.

the dwarf, Fried's guide, stood relating his adventure.

When the dwarf ceased speaking, the King rose, approached the boy, who still stood by the door, surrounded by the gnomes, and said: "You, human child, what has brought you to my secret dwelling?"

"My Lord Dwarf," replied Fried, politely, "I desire my strawberries which yonder dwarf has stolen. I pray you order them to be restored to me, and then suffer me to return to my mother."

"The King thought for a few moments, then he said: 'Listen, to-day we hold a great feast, for which your strawberries are necessary. I will, therefore, buy them. I will also allow you to remain with us a short time, then my servants shall lead you back to the entrance of the mountain.'"

"Have you money to buy my strawberries?" asked the boy.

"Foolish child, know you not that the gold, silver, and copper come out of the earth? Come with me and see my treasure-chambers."

So saying, the King led him from the hall through long rooms, in which mountains of gold, silver and copper were piled; in other rooms lay like masses of precious stones. Presently they came to a grotto, in the centre of which stood a large vase. From out this vase poured three sparkling streams, each of a different color—they flowed out of the grotto and discharged themselves into the veins of the rocks.

Beside these streams knelt dwarfs, filling buckets with the flowing gold, silver and copper, which other dwarfs carried away and stored in the King's treasure-chambers. But the greatest quantity flowed into the crevices of the mountain, from whence men dig it out, with much toil.

Fried would have liked to fill his pockets with the precious metals, but did not dare ask the gnome-King's permission. They soon returned to the hall where the feast was prepared. On a long white marble table stood rows of golden dishes filled with various dainties, prepared from Fried's strawberries. In the background sat the musicians, bees and grasshoppers, that the dwarfs had caught in the forest. The dwarfs ate off little gold plates, and Fried ate with them. But the pieces were so tiny, they melted on his tongue before he could taste them.

After the feast came dancing. The gnome-men were old and shriveled, with faces like roots or trees; all wore silver coats and red caps. The gnome-maidens were tall and stately, and wore on their heads wreaths of flowers that sparkled as though wet with dew. Fried danced with them, but because his clothes were so poor, his partner took a wreath of flowers from the wall and placed it on his head. Very pretty it looked on his bright, brown hair—but he could not see this, for the dwarfs have no looking-glasses. The bees buzzed and hummed like flies and trombones, the grasshoppers chirped like fiddles.

The dancing ended, Fried approached the King, who was resting on his green throne, and said: "My Lord King, be so good as to pay for my berries, and have me guided out of the mountain, for it is time I returned to my mother."

The King nodded his carbuncle crown, and wrapping his golden mantle around him, departed to fetch the money. How Fried rejoiced at the thought of taking that money home! Being very tired, he mounted the throne, seated himself on the soft mushroom cushion from which the gnome-King had just risen, and, ere that monarch returned, Fried was sleeping sound as a dormouse.

Day was dawning in the forest when he awoke. His limbs were stiff, and his bare feet icy cold. He rubbed his eyes and stretched himself. He still sat beneath the tree from whence, the previous evening, he had seen the light moving. "Where am I?" he muttered; then he remembered falling asleep on the gnome-King's mushroom cushion. He also remembered the money he had been promised, and felt in his pockets—they were empty. Yes, he remembered it all. This was the morning his mother should have gone to town, and he had neither berries nor money. Tears flowed from his eyes, and he reviled the dwarfs who had carried him sleeping from the mountain, and cheated him out of his money. Rising sorrowfully, he went to the mountain, but though he searched long and carefully, no opening could he find.

There was nothing for it but to return home, and this he did with a heavy heart. No one was stirring when he reached the village. Gently he knocked on the shutter of the room where his mother slept. "Wake up, mother," he cried. "It is I, your Fried."

Quickly the door of the little house opened.

"Thank Heaven you have returned," said his mother, embracing him. "But has nothing happened to you all night alone in the forest?"

"Nothing, mother," he replied; "I only had a foolish dream about the gnomes who dwell in the mountain."

shutters. The child obeyed, but on re-entering the room, she cried aloud and placed her hands on her brother's head.

Something heavy and sparkling fell to the ground. They poked it up. It was the wreath of many-colored flowers Fried's partner had given him at the dance. But the flowers were not like those that grow in the fields and meadows—they were cold, and sparkling, like those that adorned the walls of the mountain hall, and which the gnome-maidens wore in their hair.

It was now clear that Fried had really spent the night with the dwarfs. They all thought the flowers were only colored glass; but as they sparkled so brilliantly, and filled the cottage with indescribable splendor, the mother determined to ask advice about them. She therefore broke a tiny branch from the wreath and took it to the town to a goldsmith, who told her, to her great astonishment, that the branch was composed of the most costly gems, rubies, diamonds and sapphires. In exchange for it, he gave her a sack of gold so heavy she could scarcely carry it home.

What was at a end ever for, for the wreath was a hundred times more valuable than the tiny branch. Great excitement prevailed in the village when the widow's good fortune ran into the forest to search for the wonderful hole. But their searching was vain—none ever found the entrance to the mountain. From henceforth the widow and her children lived very happily; they remained pious and industrious in spite of their wealth, did good to the poor, and were contented to the end of their lives.

The Pope and the French Nation.

The Observatore Romano, the Vatican organ, publishes a note confirming and defining the views of the Pope in regard to France. It states that the Pope had no intention of recommending a preference or practical form of Government.

The faithful are therefore free to choose from a theoretical point of view one or the other form of Government. Neither had his Holiness any intention of wounding the personal feelings of anybody or of showing disrespect for the traditions of the past, but it has been proved to French Catholics, the note continues, that the supreme criterion of the common good, the preservation of society and public tranquility, imposes in practice the acceptance of a new Government established in the place of a previous Government.

Hence it follows that French Catholics should neither directly nor indirectly oppose the constituted Government. They should, on the contrary, range themselves on legal and constitutional grounds in order to secure a compact union of their strength in order to deprive their adversaries of a motive for singling them out as enemies of existing institutions, and also that the laicist cause of religion should not appear identified with a political party. Further, Catholics should place on one side political dissensions and employ all honorable and legal means to gradually improve legislation, for if power is to be always regarded as worthy of respect and sacred the laws which wound rights of conscience should be amended. To this end an appeal is made to honest and impartial men of all shades to assure respect for the sovereign rights of God. This is the duty and interest of all, especially of Roman Catholics, since the good of religion, to which is united the good of the principal aim of their life. It will be very blameworthy on their part to help in this work with the weakness and indifference, even though they did not actually resist it. They fail in respect due to the Supreme Head of religion who, in spite of their protests of attachment to the Holy See, look with an unfavorable eye on the advice of the Pope, and especially those who combat it, distort it, or point to it as being in contradiction with the advice of his predecessors. Among those who fail in this matter are outside Pontifical guidance, under the futile and irrelevant pretext that it trespasses on the domain of politics, and that it does not represent the ideas of the Pope; they who, taking their stand on private letters and criticisms, even of eminent personages, wish to circumscribe and weaken the precise instructions of the Holy See; and finally they who instead of devoting themselves to the work of religious pacification and bringing men's minds into concord aim rather at creating difficulties and sowing mistrust and discouragement. The Pope is moved by no human interest, but only by the welfare of men's souls and by his great and constant affection for the French nation in the hope that with the allaying of passions his word will be heeded by all, and he doubts not that the blessing of God will descend abundantly on those expending them selves generously for the common good.

Appended is a copy of analysis just taken.

Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it of first-class purity, being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities.

Yours truly,

(Signed) THOMAS KEYS, Consulting Chemist.

K. O'KEEFE, Pres. and Mgr. W. HAYKE, Vice-Pres. and Asst. Mgr. JOHN G. GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

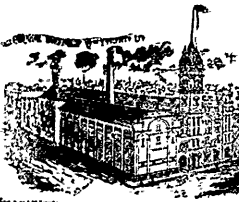
THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO OF TORONTO, (LTD.)

GEO. J. FOY, —IMPORTER OF— Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO.

MARSALA ALTAR WINE, SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.

NOT DRUGGED WITH AMMONIA OR CHEAPENED WITH ALUM. PURE BAKING GOLD PURE POWDER. ITS EXCELLENCE LIES IN ITS HEALTHFULNESS—ITS POWER IN ITS PURITY—AT ALL GROCERS—IN TINS ONLY.

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PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter, erected by the New York Filter Co., having a capacity of two thousand gallons per hour, and rendering the water absolutely pure before being used in their Ales, Porter and Lager.

Appended is a copy of analysis just taken. Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895.

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Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mentions, Paris, 1875. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 264.

BELLE EWART ICE CO. THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE DEALERS IN LAKE SIMCOE ICE.

Pure ice, liberal weights, obliging men and double supply on Saturdays. Low for the yellow waxed, as they are the only ones that carry Lake Simcoe for exclusively. Telephone or post card for full particulars. TELEPHONES 1247-4935. Office 18 Melinda St.

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Amongst the lines of work we have been and are doing may be included Books, Pamphlets, Commercial Printing, Letter-heads, Bill-heads, Monthly Statements, Circulars, Catalogues, Posters, Programmes, Tickets, Memorial Cards (large or small, and in plain black or brown), Appeal Cases, Factums, Law Blanks, Indentures, Mortgages, &c., &c.

Religious and Society Printing a Specialty. Neat Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED Telephone 489, or address THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

ARCHDEACON CASEY.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.
were perhaps elements in his character that commended him for appointment to the position he now occupies. He built a new church at Lakeside...

Meanwhile in July 1882 the new diocese of Peterborough had been erected and in the diocese of Kingston, the parish of Campbellford was included in the new diocese...

In the beginning of the year 1893 His Lordship Bishop O'Connor offered Father Casey the parish of Peterborough, and, though as a priest, he felt it hard to entertain the idea of leaving the flock with whose spiritual interests he had been so long and so lovingly associated...

There died on June the 14th, at 444 Church street, Toronto, Margaret McArdle beloved wife of James L. Halley late resident of Elora...

St. Michael's School.
The following pupils of St. Michael's School received testimonials of merit for June, 1897:
Fourth Form—Excellent—E. Byrnes, F. Disette, D. Grainy, J. Ferris, J. Doyle, Francis O'Neill, Good—W. O'Connor, F. C. O'Connell, J. Egan, E. Kennedy, H. Lyman, T. Cowan...

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, presided at the closing exercises held Tuesday morning in the De La Salle Institute. The leading feature of the programme was the following essays commemorative of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee:

- Life and Reign of Queen Victoria—Joseph O'Leary.
Progress of Religion in the Victorian Era—Lawrence Doe.
Development of Education in England—Charles S. Malone.
The Honor list is as follows:
Form I.
Christian Doctrine—J. J. O'Grady, 2. J. O'Donnell, 3. J. Henry, 4. J. O'Donnell, 5. C. Zeaguan, 6. Book-keeping—1. E. Flanagan, 2. C. Zeaguan, 3. J. O'Grady, 4. Algebra—1. J. O'Grady, 2. C. Zeaguan, 3. E. Flanagan, 4. M. F. Quinn, 5. Geometry—1. M. Huntley, 2. M. O'Neill, 3. J. O'Donnell, 4. Mensuration—1. M. Matthews, 2. J. O'Donnell, 3. C. Zeaguan, 4. History—1. W. Duffy, 2. J. O'Grady, 3. F. Heffernan, 4. Orthography—1. T. Malloy, 2. F. Heffernan, 3. E. Flanagan, 4. Grammar—1. M. Huntley, 2. J. Pridmore, 3. F. Heffernan and T. Malloy, 4. Composition—1. J. Henry, 2. J. O'Grady, 3. W. Duffy, 4. Penmanship—1. J. O'Grady, 2. T. Malloy, 3. M. O'Neill, 4. Drawing—1. M. Huntley, 2. J. O'Donnell, 3. F. Heffernan, 4. General Proficiency—J. O'Donnell, 2. F. Heffernan, 3. Sunday Attendance—J. Henry and J. O'Grady.
General Proficiency—J. O'Grady.
Best Record—John Henry.

- Form II.
Christian Doctrine—1. E. Foy, 2. J. Walsh, 3. B. Boland, 4. Arithmetic—1. J. Flanagan, 2. W. Townsend, 3. Algebra—1. W. Townsend, 2. Jas. Boland, 3. H. Boland, 4. Mensuration—1. C. Townsend, 2. F. Alyward, 3. W. Townsend, 4. Geometry—1. Jno. Boland, 2. H. Boland, 3. C. Townsend, 4. Grammar—1. Jno. Boland, 2. C. Townsend, 3. A. McGrady, 4. Book-keeping—1. Jno. Boland, 2. W. Townsend, 3. E. Foy, 4. History—1. E. Foy, 2. Jno. Boland, 3. F. Alyward, 4. Geography—1. H. Boland, 2. J. Walsh, 3. C. Cummings, 4. Composition—1. C. Townsend, 2. J. Walsh, 3. Literature—1. H. Boland, 2. F. Alyward, 3. J. Walsh, 4. Reading—1. F. Fulton, 2. W. Madigan, 3. A. McGrady, 4. Orthography—1. F. Fulton, 2. C. Townsend, 3. E. Foy, 4. Drawing—1. C. Townsend, 2. Jas. Boland, 3. Penmanship—1. C. Townsend, 2. D. Drohan, 3. F. Alyward, 4. Latin—1. C. Townsend, 2. F. Fulton, 3. French—1. John Boland, 2. H. Boland, 3. J. Walsh, 4. Phonography—1. A. McGrady, 2. J. Walsh, 3. General Proficiency—Henry Boland, Sunday Attendance—John Boland, Equally merited by—J. Cowan, C. Townsend, H. Boland, W. Townsend, F. Fulton, 4. Best Record—C. Townsend, J. Boland.

- Form III.
Christian Doctrine—J. O'Leary, W. Breen, H. Doe, 4. Arithmetic—J. O'Connor, W. Breen, F. Donovan, 4. Algebra—J. O'Connor, H. Sylvas, F. Thornton, 4. Geometry—J. O'Connor, J. Whalen, W. Breen, 4. History—L. Doe, J. O'Leary, M. Mahoney, 4. Geography—M. Mahoney, J. O'Connor, C. Gillooley, 4. Orthography—J. O'Connor, J. McCloskey, C. Malone, 4. Book-keeping—J. O'Connor, C. Gillooley, F. Donovan, 4. Typewriting—(general)—H. Sylvas, J. McCloskey, J. O'Connor, 4. Typewriting—(special)—J. O'Connor, F. Donovan, J. McCloskey, L. Doe, 4. Penmanship—W. Breen, J. Whalen, C. Gillooley, 4. Phonography—J. O'Connor, H. Sylvas, F. Donovan, 4. Drawing—J. Whalen, M. Mahoney, W. Breen, 4. Reading—T. Simons, O. Malone, L. Doe, 4. Literature—J. O'Connor, F. Donovan, J. O'Leary, 4. Grammar—J. Whalen, M. Mahoney, W. Breen, 4. Composition—J. O'Connor, M. Mahoney, L. Doe, 4. Sunday Attendance—L. Doe, J. O'Leary, C. Gillooley, F. Thornton and T. Simons, equal merit.
Best Record—J. O'Connor, C. Gillooley, T. Simons.
The O'Keefe Gold Medal for General Proficiency in Commercial Studies was awarded to John O'Connor.

The Arthur Pic-Nic.
The far-famed annual pic-nic in connection with St. John's Church, Arthur, will be held this year on Thursday, the 8th of July. Among the many prominent speakers whom Rev. Father Doherly, the indefatigable and well-known pastor of the Arthur parish, has invited, and who have consented to deliver addresses on the pic-nic grounds on that day, are Hon. A. H. Hardie, the able Premier of the Province, Hon. G. W. Ross, the eloquent Minister of Education, Mr. J. P. Whitney, the talented and popular leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly, Mr. J. W. St. John, M.P. for West York, Mr. W. A. Willoughby, M.P. for Northumberland, Mr. James Clancy, M.P. for Bolton, Mr. James McMullon, M.P. for North Wellington, and about a score of others of scarcely less repute as platform speakers. Several bands, including the celebrated Dundas Silver Band, have been engaged, and with these and many other highly attractive and entertaining

features in the programme, it is safe to predict that the coming Arthur pic-nic will eclipse in magnificence any of the many similar occasions that have of late years been held under the auspices of the popular pastor of St. John's Church, Arthur.
If arrangements could be made, and there is still sufficient time to do so with the C.P.R. authorities to run at choice stages an excursion train to Arthur on that day, what a splendid opportunity would be afforded our city-bound citizens of all classes and creeds to take an agreeable outing into the country and spend a pleasant day in attendance at this great pic-nic. If some of the latter societies would only take the matter up they could make it a grand success. We could assure them that abundant accommodation and a joyous welcome will await them all.

Death of Mrs. Julia Murphy.

After an illness which had continued, with occasional intermissions of relief and improvement, for several years, Julia, widow of the late John Murphy, closed her eyes in death on Sunday, the 27th inst. The sad event occurred at the residence of her son, Mr. B. J. Doyle, Ann street, and by her has been reserved a link which bound the past of Toronto, when it was still young, to the present of a great city arriving at maturity, and inhabited by the offspring of settlers who made their home here some fifty or sixty years ago.
Julia Murphy was born at the city of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1812, and while but a child came with her parents to Canada. Proceeding westward from Quebec the family halted at that point, which, even at that early day, gave promise of a fruitful field for industry and enterprise, as it happened in the case of John Murphy. He was blessed with a virtuous and energetic wife, who aided him in the insuperable struggles of pioneer life, and helped him in rearing his children, of whom the subject of this brief notice was the only daughter. For many years her husband and mother were much respected by their fellow-citizens, and when they passed away the inheritance of their good name remained in the family.

It is a mournful retrospect which carries us back to the snug hotel at the corner of Wellington and York streets, with its warm-hearted host and hostess and its genuine Irish hospitality, where John Murphy and his excellent wife had always an extra chair at their plentiful board. The hotel has disappeared, and its original occupants have also vanished. The sons of the old couple are no longer with us. William—the oldest—sat in the City Council for several terms as representative of St. Lawrence Ward; Daniel did business as cooper at the corner of Melinda and Jordan streets; Michael also an extensive cooper, operated near that corner of Church and Esplanade streets, and at the corner still stands the hotel he built. He was very popular, especially among those of the community who hailed from the Green Isle; and, though long at rest in the grave, his memory is fondly cherished by such of his old friends as yet remain in the flesh. John, the fourth son, continued the hotel business established by his father; and the fifth son, Stephen, went to California.
They are all gone, and the last member of the family—Julia—has followed them. She married John Murphy, a young and prosperous citizen. The marriage was a happy one—the only cloud being that which darkened her household at the death of her husband many years ago. But she was consoled by loving sons and daughters—of whom six survive—three sons and three daughters. Two of the daughters are Mrs. John Doyle and Mrs. B. J. Doyle; the third is a nun in the Convent of the Holy Child, in the city of St. Michael—live in Texas, where they are publishers and proprietors of newspapers of wide circulation and influence. John was honored by his fellow-citizens, who elected him Mayor of San Angelo; and Michael has received the appointment of Justice of the Peace. The prosperity of her children naturally soothed Mrs. Murphy in the last stages of her illness; while her tender care of those who watched by her bed-side consoled and comforted her as, still further strengthened and fortified by the spirit of the Church, she quitted for ever the cares of earth.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, the pall-bearers being Messrs. Thomas Bonner, Marcus Keilly, T. F. Callaghan, M. Deane, Patrick Manning and Patrick Boyle. At the grave the Rev. Father Doherly officiated, and the presence of her children naturally soothed Mrs. Murphy in the last stages of her illness; while her tender care of those who watched by her bed-side consoled and comforted her as, still further strengthened and fortified by the spirit of the Church, she quitted for ever the cares of earth.
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C. O. F.
St. Joseph's Court held their regular meeting on Thursday, June 10th, the same being largely attended. Rev. J. J. McEntee, Court Chaplain, and members from several courts were present. The meeting opened promptly on time. Brother C. J. McCauley, Financial Secretary, being absent, Brother Jos. Cadaret, P.C.R., was appointed, pro tem. Brother R. J. Howarth, Recording Secretary, also absent, Brother M. F. Morgan was appointed in his manner. A communication was read from H. S. Thiel instructing the court to elect their delegate to the State and Provincial Convention, with credentials enclosed for the court to manifest therein their appreciation of the same. A communication from Brother R. J. Howarth tendering his resignation as Rec. Sec., regretting that pressing duties in business prevented him from attending meeting regularly.
Brother M. F. Morgan was appointed his successor in office for the balance of year by the Chief Ranger. Brother Morgan, who has already served in this capacity and who displayed his fitness in the past, will have the confidence and assistance of the members in his two.
Six applications were received and two at previous meeting. Excursion Committee reported having their excursion to Peterborough on July 17, tickets good for 19. Committee on Jubilee parade reported to have 23rd place in procession.
Under the good of the order Rev. J. J. McEntee, Court Chaplain, paid a high

tribute to the court for the able and valuable assistance rendered to the church; they were always so prompt in their answers from invitation to entertainments. Their talent produced was in a great measure the attracting figure which made each a financial success. And also the magnificent support given to attend in a body at St. Joseph's church, on the 17th inst., when the song organ will be blessed, followed by musical Vespers and sermon by Vicar-General McCann.
The event having taken place, the people of Leshville will long remember it. The church was crowded to excess when the report became circulated that Mrs. Lennox, the accomplished organist, and such rare vocalists as Mons. F. X. Mercier, Mrs. Shea, Miss Carroll, Bro. Odo and Messrs. Tomney Ward, Forbes, Anglin and Tumpson, St. Joseph's church would be sure to be filled.
Conductor Leo and Secretary Heart joined in the church laws and entered in a body. From the number of members wearing badges it would appear to be a Fortester a congregation.
This is bearing testimony to Father McEntee's announcement, of which he has created an opportunity, which is our court.
J. J. CASSIDY.
June 19, 1897.

Mgr. Merry del Val's Return to Toronto.

Montreal, June 28—This afternoon the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Merry del Val, will go out to Lachine by train in order to run the rapids on the R. & O. mail boat from Toronto, Sir William Hingston, Lion J. R. Rolland and Abbe Tampieri, private secretary to His Excellency, will accompany the delegate.
To-morrow Mgr. Merry del Val will leave Montreal on his way to Rome. He will go first to Ottawa, where he will stay a few days, and will then continue to Toronto, Niagara Falls and New York. He will sail by the French liner La Touraine, and will proceed direct to Rome from Harve.

St. Patrick's Boys' School.

St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul street, was crowded on Tuesday afternoon when the closing exercises of St. Patrick's Boys' school were held. The parents of the pupils assembled in full force and the entertainment considered as an indication of the school standard, must certainly have been gratifying to them in every way. Father Rector Wynn presided, and there were present Fathers Grogan, Hayden, and Dodsworth, Brother Inspector Odo Baldwin and the staff of St. Patrick's, Rev. and Mrs. Mary's schools, Trustees Ryan, Hay and Carey. The stage was artistically furnished, and the scenery very pretty. The music was conducted by Mr. W. Donville and Miss N. Costello presided at the piano. The programme consisted of a choir, "Holy God," by a choir of little boys who showed excellent training and gave the best possible attention to the director. Master P. Flanagan spoke the "Welcome" prologue and Master J. Costello was present for a choral solo of rare sweetness, sang "Beautiful Star." Masters G. O'Donohue, P. Dillon, W. Tobin and J. S. O'Hearn engaged in a humorous dialogue and acquitted themselves creditably. The boys' choir sang "The Harp." Master J. Costello presided at the piano and piano duet, then came the fancy drill in which the boys showed to advantage their physique and discipline, under their captain Frederick Hanna. A little drama with a moral entitled "The Harvest Storm" was presented with striking effect. In the construction and production of the piece talent was evinced and the audience was equally pleased and interested. Further musical numbers in which Masters G. O'Donohue, Russell, Purdie and P. Bradley were engaged were followed by an address by Father Rector and the entertainment closed with a farewell song. A word of cordial praise must be given to the boys, not more for their bright talents than for their proper demeanor and correct acquaintance with the English language, recitation, dialogue and song. The players in "The Harvest Storm" deserve individual mention. Their names were: Russell Purdie, Peter Coll, Sylvester O'Toole, Wm. Kenny, T. McGrath, Percy Bradley, James Langley, James Costello, Harry Cahloy, Charles O'Leary. These lads are a credit to their teachers. The school for the past year has been under the direction of Brother Theobald, whose intelligent training was plainly shown in this public performance of the boys.

The Saddler Testimonial.

Already acknowledged.....\$16 00
Rev. F. O'Reilly, Hamilton, Ont. 2 00

DIED

At No. 77 Ann Street, on Sunday, June 27th, 1897, Julia Murphy, widow of the late John Murphy, aged 69 years. May her soul rest in peace.

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including grain, flour, and other commodities. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO



White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter.
Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on.
ROBT DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier.

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties.

John Labatt's Ale & Porter

They are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. Try them. For sale by all Wine and Liquor Merchants.
TORONTO—James Good & Co., Cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts.
MONTREAL—P. L. N. Heaudry, 127 De Lorimer Ave.
QUEBEC—N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul Street.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT.

CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.
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