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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. III.—No. 25.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

CALUMNY REFUTED.

A Defence of the Popes of the Renaissance.

HALLAM, RANKE, AND MACAULAY CALLED TO WITNESS.

In the Catholic World Mr John J O'Shea takes up for examination a statement made by an anonymous novelist in Harper's Magazine.

The writer in Harper's takes the bold step of blackening the characters of the Pontiffs of a whole era in one grand sweep of his pitch brush. It is of the century in which Joan D'Arc lived and died that this language is used:

"The highest personages in Christendom, the Roman Pontiffs, vice-regents of God, representatives of heaven upon earth, sole authorized agents and purveyors of salvation, only infallible models of human perfection, were able to astonish even that infamous era and make it stand aghast at the spectacle of their atrocious lives, black with unimaginable treacheries, butcheries and cruelties."

This language is conveniently indefinite, inasmuch as it gives no exact limit to enable the investigator to fix it as applying to certain individuals. Its recklessness, no less than the terms in which it is conveyed, defeats its own object. It may well be doubted that any one reader of the magazine is either so ignorant of the truth or so blinded by prejudice as to believe that the Roman Catholic Church ever taught the doctrine of the personal impeccability of the Sovereign Pontiff. Every educated person knows that over and over again it has been solemnly affirmed that human weakness is the common inheritance of the ecclesiastic and the layman, and no Pope ever reigned that did not confess his human frailties as a penitent just the same as the humblest layman in the Church.

It is unquestionably true that the period spoken of was a critical one for the Church. The gates of hell had been long sending forth its legionaries to undermine the Rock of Peter or take it by escalade. Corruption and worldliness in many places had resulted from the contact of the Church with the State. There had been a revival of pagan literature and pagan art and this had infected not only the lay mind but penetrated even the Papal court and the ranks of the higher ecclesiastics. Pagan philosophy was found to be a bad yoke-fellow with Christian purity, and the result of the adoption of the elegant epicureanism of the ancients by the higher classes was a loosening of the morals in the religious life as well as the secular. A powerful contributory agent to such a deplorable position was the long struggle over the central authority. A different Pope claimed to be the lawful successor of St. Peter the words of men became uncertain and the foundations of faith began to wobble. With the doubt and distraction that clouded the moral world all through the long period of the Western Schism and the contentions for the papacy, it is matter for wonder that the prestige of the original faith of

Christianity remained to transmit the light to the succeeding ages. There was a mysterious veil over the workings of Heaven in the Church.

Hallam, the English Protestant historian, whose references to the Papacy are characterized by no spirit of philosophy or charity, but by the narrowest rancor of a Scottish covenant, does not dare to allege any such extraordinary crime against any of the legitimate or pseudo-Popes as the writer in Harper's imputes. Only two of the Popes of that century are singled out by him for strong animadversion. These are John XXII. and Alexander VI. The crime which distinguished the former, in Hallam's eyes, was avarice, Alexander was tainted with licentious prodigality, and this species of immorality in Hallam's eyes is not quite so reprehensible as the other. He sums up his view of the fifteenth century Popes by this loose and indiscriminate indictment against the whole body:

"Men generally advanced in years and born of noble Italian families, made the Papacy subservient to the elevation of their kindred or to the interest of a local faction. For such ends they mingled in the dark conspiracies of that bad age, distinguished only by the more scandalous turpitude of their vices from the petty tyrants and intriguers with whom they were engaged. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, when all favorable prejudices were worn away, those who occupied the most conspicuous station in Europe disgraced their name by the most notorious profligacy that could be paralleled in the darkest age that had preceded."

Here in this latter sentence we have words so nearly identical with some of the phrases in Harper's as to suggest that the writer had Hallam before him as he penned his charge. But it will be noticed that he goes on to indicate darkly what Hallam did not dare to insinuate with all his will to do it.

Let us now turn from the paltry spite of these pettifogging writers to the testimony of more generous but incomparably more able enemies. Ranke was capable of appreciating the difficulties of exalted men dealing in their day with the most serious political complications of a period of national transition and dynastic intrigue, incessant and universal. Hear what he says about one of the Popes included in the frightful accusations of Hallam and the Harper's writer.

"There has doubtless been justice in the complaints raised against the exactions of Rome during the fifteenth century, but it is also true that of the proceeds a small part only passed into the hands of the Pope. Pius I. enjoyed the obedience of all Europe, yet he once suffered so extreme a dearth of money that he was forced to bring himself and his family to one meal a day. The 200,000 ducats required for the Turkish war that he was meditating had to be borrowed; and those petty expedients, adopted by many Popes, of demanding from a prince, a bishop, or grand master who might have some cause before the court, the gift of a gold cup filled with ducats, or a present of rich furs, only show the depressed and wretched condition of their resources."

Pope Sixtus IV. is set down as the first of the Pontiffs who enlarged the boundaries of the Papal States by taking possession of the territory of several petty nobles; but, observes Ranke:

"There is a certain internal connection between the fact that at this period the temporal princes were regularly seeking possession of the Papal privileges, and the circumstances that enterprise partly socia-

lized began to occupy the most earnest attention of the Pope. He felt himself, above all, an Italian prince."

Ranke ingeniously suppresses the fact that the petty nobles in Rome and its neighborhood in those days were incorrigible lawbreakers. It required a man of courage to deal with such desperadoes at times. The first act of Sixtus V. after he was elected, was to provide for the safety of his people by hanging four of the noble robbers.

Three or four of the Popes of this epoch stand out prominently as worthy of their lofty station. The names of Martin V., Nicholas V., and Leo X. are famous in the annals of the Papacy. Martin V. was confronted with the herculean task of healing the ravages which the great schism caused through out the Church universal. His private character was above reproach. Hallam is obliged to mention the name of the Pontiff once or twice in the course of his history, he makes no charge against him, neither does he eulogize his character. Is it that the historian is capable of appreciating virtue, or unwilling to mete out justice?

But Prof. Ranke had better opportunities of learning the truth about various Popes than any of the other historians. He spent a long time in Rome, in Venice, and other parts of Italy hunting through the rich stores of MSS. dealing with the various epochs which the great Italian houses connected with past Popes carefully preserve. He was frequently allowed to examine the Barberini collection, also that of the Corsini palace, and the Venetian archives. He seems somewhat surprised at the perfect liberty accorded a Protestant in this regard, judging from his prefatory observations. Many of the documents he went through were never intended for public use, he informs us, and consequently they spoke more freely about great personages and events than otherwise would have been the case. It is to be remarked that with all this mass of gossip and rumor and fact at his disposal unreservedly, Ranke does not make any specific charge of the nature hinted at in this terrible indictment in Harper's against any of the Popes. He advances nothing stronger than the vague and shapeless accusations mentioned above. What ever scandal mongering went on about these matters, they were made the subject of serious investigation. We have only to look at what is going on in our own day to find an explanation of such stories. Men occupying high station, have from time immemorial been subjected to slanderous attack for the basest motives—self or the gratification of private spleen.

Of Nicholas V. the august proposer of the classical revival of the fifteenth century, the late Lord Macaulay used these remarkable words in 1850 at Glasgow University:

"At this conjunction—a conjunction of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the restorers of learning, Pope Nicholas V. He had sprung from the common people, but his abilities and erudition early attracted the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had

visited Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was to his Tuscany what the back settlements of America now are to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes in Florence—those men who first enabled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arranged the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne, but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the center of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy. By him was founded the Vatican library, then and long after the most precious and most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine Empire. His agents were to be found everywhere, in the bazaars of the farthest East, in the monasteries of the farthest West, purchasing or copying worn-out parchments on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers. But no department of literature owed so much to him as history. By him were introduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled historical compositions—the works of Herodotus and of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon, and with the manly good sense of Polybius."

We have now shown what historians whose reputation is world wide have said and left unsaid of several of the Pontiffs who have been held up to execration by the unknown writer in Harper's Magazine. We might add that were it not for the efforts of some of them, the work of the Moslem might have been completed and Europe given over to the swords and the harem of the desolators of Greece and Armenia. Judging men of such a kind by the microscopic eyes of jealousy is not the mark of intellectual capacity. John J. O'Shea in the Catholic World.

Some Hope.

"Young man," said the sage, "I hear you are about to be married."

"You are right," said the young man.

"Well, young man, the day will come when your wife will make the discovery that you do not know everything on earth. It will be a great shock to her feelings and your supremacy. Still, there is this hope for you. You, while cheerfully admitting that you really do not know it all, may be able to persuade her that the reason for that state of things is that there is so much in the world that is not worth knowing."

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ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

The Franciscan Wonder-Worker
Whose Fame is kept by the
World.

A SPLENDID FIGURE IN CHURCH
HISTORY.

St. Anthony of Padua was born in the city of Lisbon, Aug. 15, 1195, the Feast of the Assumption. Don Martin, his father, was of the Bouillon family, whose most famous member was Godfrey, King of Jerusalem. Donna Teresa, the mother of St. Anthony, was a descendant, it is said, of King Froila, who reigned in Asturia in the eighth century. From the beginning the boy Ferdinand was the possessor of spiritual tendencies, which constantly enlarged with his development, and were fostered by his environment. At tender age Ferdinand was placed in the community of the canons in Lisbon's Cathedral, where the training he received was at once thorough and elaborate. When he was 15 years of age he entered among the regular canons of St. Austin, near Lisbon, but the aspirations of his nature were not satisfied until, two years later, he shut himself in the Convent of the Holy Cross at Coimbra, where the austerities of his asceticism, with the assiduity of his study, conspired to amaze his less zealous brothers.

At the sight of certain relics of Franciscan martyrs Ferdinand conceived an eager desire to connect himself with that order, which he fulfilled finally by donning the Franciscan's robe in the convent of that order, near Coimbra. It was then that he took as his name that of the first St. Anthony, the patron saint of monks. Immediately after his joining the Franciscans the romance of his life begins. Inflamed with zeal, he sought for opportunities to imperil his life for the sake of the Gospel. He penetrated into Africa, that he might preach to the Moors, and only returned after the fevers had robbed him of all strength and brought him to the grave's brink. Gaunt and worn, while yet suffering from the lingering contagions of the South, he left his cell that he might see and hear the great founder of his order, who was to hold a general chapter at Assisi. To Italy he hurried. He saw him whom for so long he had revered and loved. That he might rest near the leader's person he sought to gain some place in Italy.

Here the depths of his humility are shown. St. Anthony was then of profound learning. All that the severest study could give to a brilliant mind he had gained.

But when he besought some position among the Italian brothers, he restrained all revelation of his worth, and asked for no more than menial work in some convent kitchen. So humble was he that those to whom he appealed feared to take the shy, hesitating and sickly youth under their charge, even although St. Francis, touched by his devotion, desired him to remain in Italy. At last, however, he was sent to the hermitage of Mount Paul, a solitary convent near Bologna.

Here the young monk remained, absorbed only in the spiritual duties of his solitude, unsuspected as to his marvelous powers, unknown, un-honored.

ST. ANTHONY'S TRIUMPH.

But when he was twenty six years of age there was an assembly of Dominican and Franciscan friars at Forli. The young religious was present. His superior commanded him to speak in the presence of his brothers. He begged to be excused, but was told to say whatsoever the Holy Ghost should put into his mouth. It was then that

those who listened to him were astounded. At the first his voice was low, his words stammering, his position that of embarrassment. Speedily the change came. His voice rose and filled, his words poured forth in the tremendous flow of eloquence, his form straightened, his hands moved in the symbolizing of his speech, his eyes gleamed fires, the spirit of his genius, so long barred within his own heart burst its bonds, and shone before the company in all its splendor.

Those who heard him thought him inspired, but the vigor of his argument, the profundity of his logic and the bearings of his illustrations displayed the trained and masterful mind of the scholar as well as the fervid impulse of the devotee. We need trace his career no further. The history of his visions and his miracles would exceed our space. It was thenceforth one constant mighty and virtuous success. All the world heard of him, for he became the most famous of Franciscan preachers. His missionary journeys were almost continuous and always a series of victories for the faith he taught. He died in Padua, June 13, 1231, and on May 30, 1232, he was canonized under Pope Gregory IX. An ancient writing on the saint describes him as of dark complexion, medium height, tolerably stout, but of sickly aspect. His face was full and rounded, and possessed of a certain charm. His forehead was broad, his eyes were piercing, and his other features regular. The magnetism of his manner was extraordinary. To the contemplation of his memory and to meditation on his virtues the Catholic world now turns in loving fondness for him, the influence of whose holy life has, undiminished, reached out to men for even centuries.

Anthony taught divinity for some years at Bologna, Toulouse, Montpellier and Padua, and was afterward appointed guardian at Limoges. He was thoroughly versed in the Holy Scriptures, and had an excellent aptitude for applying it to the purpose on all occasions. He had a polite address, an easy carriage and a very pleasing countenance. He was full of a sovereign contempt of the world and himself, and burning with a desire to die for Jesus Christ and see His pure love reign in all temptation which could warp his integrity or make him weaken or disguise the maxims of the Gospel which he announced with equal dignity and zeal, to the great ones and small.

Pope Gregory IX., hearing him preach at Rome in the year 1227 in his surprise, figuratively called him "The Ark of the Covenant," or "Rich Spiritual Treasure." But the sanctity and severity of his life added immensely to the weight of his words, and such was the gravity of his countenance and the edifying modesty of his deportment that his actions were as much a part of his preaching as were his words.

He once invited a brother out to preach with him, but to the latter's surprise he returned to his convent without having said anything. And when his companion asked him why he had not preached, his reply was: "We have done it by our modest looks and by the gravity of our behavior."

Crowds everywhere pressed to hear him, as they must assuredly do to hear the preaching on his seventh centenary. He preached in France, Spain and Italy; he was no less admirable in the confessional than in the pulpit. In Lombardy for the protection of the oppressed people, he put his life in the hands of one of the most furious of tyrants. He feared no danger in the cause of God, and of his neighbor. He once bearded the lion tyrant Ezzelino in his den, pointed out his manifold crimes, murders and devastations, and told him that those he had slain were witnesses before God

against him. The guards who stood around wanted to see him hand Anthony over to them to be executed, but instead, to their intense surprise, the tyrant came down from his throne pale and trembling, and putting his girdle round his neck for a halter, cast himself at the feet of the humble servant of God and begged him to intercede with God for the pardon of his sins. The saint lifted him up, and then gave him suitable advice to do penance.

THE MYSTERY OF ROSEBERY

Some Curious Details About the Premier's Health and Character.

An unnamed "person who has been of late a good deal thrown with Lord Rosebery"—whatever that may mean—has given Mr. Labouchere of London Truth the following description of the Premier:

"Rosebery has always played the mystery man. In part this has been owing to a certain shyness which makes him prefer toadies to equals, in part to a nervous gloom which is the basis of his character. He has been through life a spoiled child. I always thought him clever, but rather a conversationist than a polemical statesman. He is one of those persons with whom everything must go right for him to be well physically or mentally. I thought that he made a mistake in accepting the Radical Premiership; for he is rather one of the Devonshire kind of Liberal, than what you Radicals would now-days call a Radical.

"When he was at the Foreign Office he did little more than occupy himself with details, and blindly carry out what he thought would have been the policy of Lord Salisbury; sitting on the fence, so far as he could, on all domestic questions. As Premier, his nullity soon became apparent. His colleagues were not long to perceive it, and even those of them who had aided in making him Premier became convinced of their mistake. Thus he found himself isolated and thrown entirely on his own resources. His speeches disappointed the public. They were more those of a clever schoolboy than of a statesman. He was sharp enough to see that he had not come up to expectations, and this weighed on his spirits.

"Then came the attack of influenza, which utterly prostrated him. He seems to me now to be unable to grapple with any subject, or with the situation; at moments seemingly pretty well in health, but never really well. He is anxious, I think, to be out of his troubles, and would welcome anything that would bring his Premiership to a close; for he is without sufficient energy to control events, much less to direct them. I am very sorry for him, for I have always liked him, and were I in his place I should send in my resignation, for in this he would be fully justified by the state of his health. One of the deterrent causes is, I suspect, the Court, for in the highest spheres it is thought that his leadership of the Radicals is by no means a disadvantage; the other deterrent cause is that he is too feeble to adopt any course involving decision."

In an interesting article contributed by him to the Catholic World of this month, Dr. J. T. Scharf asserts that the first priests who are known to have said mass on what is now American soil were the Dominicans, Father Montesinos and Cervantes, who accompanied Ayllon, in 1526, to the James. Of the northern section of the country the doctor says that the first priests to enter New England were Father Bizard and his companions, who "tried to establish an Indian mission off the coast of Maine, on Mount Desert Island. English Protestants attacked the mission in a very aggressive manner; they killed a lay brother named Du Thet, and carried off all the priests as prisoners."

Items from Everywhere.

A wonderful story of industry and perseverance is compressed into the simple announcement that Miss Liza Allan Starr, the well known Chicago Catholic writer, began to give art lessons at her residence in 1877, and has continued them ever since. It must be remembered, too, that Miss Starr is the author of several valuable works, that she is by no means an infrequent contributor to the press, and that she is frequently heard on the lecture platform.

The death of Monsignor Soudanouch, the former vicar-apostolic of the northern Minnesota district, takes away from the ranks of the American Benedictines one of the most prominent and zealous members. Dr. Soudanouch was consecrated May 30, 1877, under the title of the bishop of Hama, for the vicariate that was erected in the upper part of Minnesota earlier in that year. When the see of St. Cloud was erected, his failing health had caused him to resign, and since then he has lived at the different houses of his order spending most of the latter years in New York.

The recent death of Padre Agostino da Montefeltro, which was announced from Rome last week, takes away from the church in Italy one of its most famous and eloquent preachers. More than one writer from the Eternal City has devoted columns to the description of the marvellous eloquence of this deceased preacher, who was considered one of the most remarkable pulpit orators that has appeared for many years in Italy. Some of his sermons, if the writer be not mistaken, have been translated into English and published in book form.

How changed is the condition of Catholic church in the Empire State at the present time, where there are now seven dioceses, from what it was in 1820, when all the state, with part of New Jersey, was comprised in the New York episcopate, may be judged from what Dr. Lynch of Utica, in the interesting papers which he is contributing to the Rosary, says of the official visit to which Bishop Dubois, then the New York ordinary, paid to Rome that year. According to these papers, Bishop Dubois was then able to report to the Holy Father that in his vast diocese there were but 100,000 Catholics, with only 18 priests to minister to them. In the same district now there are, in round numbers, 1,800 priests and 1,900,000 Catholics.

Charles Dickens used to tell the following story about a Methodist preacher: "This preacher had been called to officiate at the funeral of a relative of a Conservative editor, and as the preacher himself aimed to be a Liberal leader in the district he and the editor had often crossed swords. This time the chance came to deliver a home thrust without a chance for either party to reply. At the coffin of the deceased, beside which the edito and mourners knelt together, the preacher made this appeal: 'Lord, overrule this affliction to the welfare of all assembled, including the reptile now sprawling in Thy presence, who has frequently abused Thy servant in the columns of his hasty publication.'"

The religious orders of the Catholic church that is to say the leading male societies, are not as numerous perhaps, as some people imagine. According to the latest statistics, there are about 3000 Jesuits in the entire Catholic world; and next in strength to them come the Franciscans, who report 1700 members. The Benedictines number 700; there are 650 members of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer, the sons of St. Dominic are 500, the Congregation of the Holy Ghost has 321 adherents, and the Marists 240. When one takes into consideration the wide field in which these religious priests operate, their number seems very small in comparison with the good work which they accomplish.

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

He Would Have Been a Western Pope.

CARDINAL CONSALVI'S FIRMINESS.

Pope Pius VI. had just died of ill-treatment at Valence (Aug. 28, 1799), having been dragged by the Directory for a long year through the towns of Italy and France. In the year 1800, thirty-five Cardinals met on the Island of St. George, in Venice, and gave him a successor in the person of Barnaba Chiaramonti who took the name of Pius VII. Pius VII. announced his accession to the Bishops of the Church just as Napoleon was scaling the Alps. The First Consul toll like an avalanche into the plains of Lombardy; and while the world was still thrilling with the story of Marengo, he had a Te Deum sung in the great Cathedral of Milan. Was it there, in the midst of this magnificent ceremony, as the vaults of the great temple throw back the echoed voices of the thousands who had come at his bidding to pour forth the hymn of thanksgiving, was it there that he conceived the idea—entered on the day-dream—the idea of ruling not the mere bodies but the consciences of men? "They keep the souls for themselves," said he, later, of the priests, "and they throw me the carcass."

He had arranged to treat with the Papal Commissioner at Turin. But now, student of effect, he must have a Papal Envoy extraordinary coming to Paris, standing in the crowd and seeking audience of the First Consul at the Tuilleries. So he broke up the arrangement and went away to his Capital. Cardinal Spina was then sent to Paris to settle the basis of a Concordat between Rome and the Republic for the re-establishment of religion. Spina found Napoleon surrounded by such men as Talleyrand, ex-Bishop and all the leaders of Gallicanism—which, briefly, means religious insubordination. Spina could do nothing and had to return to Rome. Then Napoleon sent his own envoy to Rome with orders to treat with the Pope as if he were the commander of two hundred thousand men; and to finish the matter in five days. His demands were inadmissible and Cardinal Consalvi was at once dispatched to Paris,—Consalvi, Minister of Pius VI., Prime Minister of Pius VII., the "Roman Siren," the master of hearts. What a conquest, what a morsel for the First Consul! Tired after his journey of fifteen days the Envoy was called upon to present himself. It was a "jour de parade," one of those magnificent levies which Napoleon held every fortnight. The Cardinal was led up through the glittering assemblage. Bonaparte addressed him: "I know why you have come. . . . I give you five days. . . . If matters are not arranged you must return to Rome. . . . I have provided." Consalvi drew the five days out to twenty-seven. The Concordat, drawn up by him and the Consul's Commissioners, was sent to Napoleon, and sent back to be signed by Consalvi and the Commissioners. Consalvi claimed the right of signing first, for the Pontiff; and as the parchment was unrolled, lo! his rapid eye discovered that Napoleon had caused to be copied out the rejected plan and had besides charged it with inadmissible points. Consalvi refused to sign this Consular forgery. Bonaparte was mated. But it had been announced that the Concordat was to be proclaimed, next day, at a dinner of more than three hundred covers. Napoleon, without a blush, ordered proceedings to be renewed. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Consalvi sat down and worked for

twenty four consecutive hours; and at four o'clock the next afternoon still refused to sign, because Bonaparte now openly insisted on a point that could not be granted. The dinner was to be at five. Consalvi entered. When Napoleon saw him he burst out: "So you wish to break with me, Monsieur le Cardinal. Well, be it so. . . . I have no need of the Pope. If Henry VIII. without the twentieth part of my power was able successfully to change the religion of his country, how much more have not I the same power and will. In changing the religion of France, I shall change it in all Europe, in all places where my power is felt. . . . When will you go?"

"After dinner, General."

Napoleon, seeing that the Cardinal was proof against intimidation, called for a new discussion. Consalvi then went into session for twelve hours. The objectionable point was this: "Worship shall be public; but conformable to the regulations of the police." Napoleon might mean anything by this. Consalvi modified it thus: "In so far as public order and tranquility are concerned." Joseph Bonaparte carried the modification to his brother. Napoleon tore the paper into a hundred pieces but yielded finally even in his rage. Consalvi was stepping into his carriage to depart. Napoleon must strike a last blow. He sent word that he wanted the contents of the Bull that accompanied the Concordat. Consalvi at once sat down for eight hours and produced the memorandum that baffled the Consul; and, immediately after set out for Rome. Napoleon published the Concordat. By it religion was restored in France.—W. Poland, S.J., in the Reading Circle Review.

The Italian Elections.

The result of the general political elections is that there are 291 Ministerialists in the Chamber, 87 of the constitutional opposition—that is, of the followers of Di Rudini, Brin, Zanardelli and Giolitti; 37 of the radical opposition—that is, of the followers of Cavallotti; 9 Socialists and 25 doubtful. It is true that protests have been sent in about almost every election, but it is very unlikely that any considerable change will take place. Numerically, therefore, Francesco Crispi is master of the day. It is not often that a European Prime Minister appeals to the country and receive so large a return of members for his support in Parliament. Moreover, Signor Crispi had appealed to the Italian electors on personal grounds. This adds to the significance of his victory. The Ministerial programme was summed up and identified with the personality of Signor Crispi. In accepting that programme the electors have made themselves the bondsmen of a personal obedience. Di Rudini, Zanardelli and Giolitti return with diminished numbers and their parties afford a ridiculous contrast to the swollen ranks of Crispi followers. The party of Cavallotti has not grown, if it has not decreased; the Socialists have returned but few members and—the Catholics are unrepresented. If Italy wanted a competent ruler, palmam qui meruit tulit. By the result of the elections Crispi is marked out as victorious among the victorious in Parliamentary warfare. In the face of such a victory it seems ridiculous to write a Mene, Tekel, Phares. Perhaps also there is no real cause for fear, but there is not so much exultation on the Ministerial side as one would have looked for. There are a hundred or more new Deputies, most of them on the side of the Government. Their temperament has yet to be tried. Moreover not all the old Ministerials are tried henchmen, who will be faithful under every circumstance, and there promises to be a variety of trying circumstances

in the sessions of the new Parliament. Biancheri, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, is determined to resign, and his resignation looks like an avoidance of a trying post. It will be hard to find a fitting successor. Meantime the radical opposition are coming back morally reinforced and with a craving for new scandalous revelations, so that the new Parliament will very much in the position of the old one. Finally and most of all, the work of financial restoration and administration reform which forms the burden of the Premier's work may be a Sisyphean task, even though there be no opposition in the Chambers.

Above Prejudice.

A good man, the head of a Roman Catholic college, was walking home in the falling light when he beheld in the middle of the road a dark object in the snow. Drawing near, he found a little cobbler from the neighboring hamlet lying unconsciously drunk. The Jesuit could not leave him to perish, so with difficulty he raised him from the ground, and with much trouble he managed to steer the helpless fellow-mortal to his house, half a mile off.

Though unconscious at starting, the tipsy cobbler had partly regained his senses when he reached his own door, and he uttered some words of thanks. The good-natured priest said:

"Maybe ye wad not be soo ceevil if you kened who I am."

But the answer was ready. Not without dignity the half-articulate cobbler replied:

"Oa ay, I ken ye fine. Ye're a Catholic priest. But I'm a man aboon a' prejudice."—St. Andrews and Elsewhere.

FIVE THOUSAND CONVERSIONS.

Figures From the Church of the Oratorian Fathers in London.

There is nothing that impresses people more than a definite statement of fact, and from that point of view the most impressive sentence in Cardinal Vaughan's eloquent sermon at the Oratory last Sunday was that in which he stated that according to the registers of the Church the number of converts received by the Oratorian Fathers in London the last forty years amounts to between five and six thousand. It is a splendid result, though, as his Eminence was careful to add, numbers are a very inadequate test of spiritual work. The figures are interesting as throwing some light on a much discussed point, the numerical growth of the Church in England, regarding which the most exaggerated and contradictory reports have been spread at times both by friends and enemies. As is usually the case, the truth lies midway between the two extremes. Five thousand conversions in forty years is not "corporate reunion," nor does it indicate a wild anxiety on the part of the English nation to acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Peter. But it does indicate a quiet, steady flow towards the Catholic faith, and as a sign of the Church in England it is full of hope for the future. We have heard the average number of conversions for other large and energetic London parishes places at one hundred per annum. The Oratorian average is a little above that and extends over a very long period, but the Oratorians, it must be remembered, have had exceptional circumstances in their favor, in the number and zeal of their members, in the beauty of their church and finally in the fact that so many of the fathers are converts themselves or the sons of converts, and therefore specially well fitted to influence their separated brethren. If in the face of such figures it can still be maintained with any show of reason—as our enemies do maintain—that our numerical growth is practically nil, then, indeed, the "leak-

AYER'S Hair VIGOR



Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:

"A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of

one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

ago" in our midst must be more extensive than the most misanthropic amongst us has dreamt of. But for our own part we have no terrors on this point.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Difficulty of Saving Money.

"Talking about saving money," said a veteran millionaire, "it is 100 times harder now to keep cash in your pockets than it was when I was a young fellow and didn't spend a cent. Take the young men, for instance. I tell you it's hard for them to save in these times. Every young man wants a bicycle, and it's mighty hard to stand on the street and see your friends spinning by on wheels and not invest yourself. Again, it's a great privation for a young fellow not to be well dressed. The distinction between good clothes and poor is so sharp nowadays that it is galling to be conspicuous by cheap attire. Again, there is the theatre, the excursion boat, the races and a score of other inducements to spend money which hardly existed in my day, and I'm glad they didn't, for if they had I honestly think I would have been a poor man now."

It is again stated that at the next consistory the Pope will create a cardinal one of the English ecclesiastics residing in Rome, and the chances are that, if he does this, Monsignor Edmund Stonor will be the person honored. Monsignor Stonor is now in his 64th year, and he comes from one of the oldest English Catholic families, the Stonors of Oxfordshire, who trace their descent from Sir Thomas de Camoys. The barony of Camoys fell into abeyance during the reign of King Henry VIII., but was revived in 1899 by Queen Victoria, in favor of the father of Monsignor Stonor. The Monsignor has two sisters in religion, and his creation as a cardinal would undoubtedly give great joy to the English Catholic nobility.

Byron used a great deal of hair-dressing, but was very particular to have only the best to be found in the market. If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtainable then, doubtless he would have tested its merits, as so many distinguished and fashionable people are doing now-a-days.

Patience ornaments the woman and proves the man. It is loved in a boy, it is praised in a youth. In every age it is beautiful.

The mind of youth cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

Original and Improved Methods of Pioneering.

"RAMBLER" RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES.

Here I am on deck again, safe and sound both in wind and limb. Where have I been? Oh that is your question, is it? Well, the physician whose duty it is to look after my bodily infirmities, and to keep me in good fighting trim generally, reached the conclusion after deep study, that I needed a total change in hygienic methods. The dull routine of newspaper canvases and correspondent, did not afford me sufficient exercise, and if my life had to be prolonged I must procure some employment where the mind and the body could enjoy uninterrupted play. I showed him that my occupation was full to overflowing with every variety of excitement. I had to deal with the man who had reduced to the finest kind of a science the art of dodging the collector for a Catholic newspaper. I have had to call upon him often as many as seven times a day with not unfrequently the same number of visits at night. Up through several flights of creaking stairs, down into treacherous cellars, all around backyards, and over lonely laues, through winter's snows and summer's heat, have I chased the "delinquent subscriber," and I thought that the exercise thus afforded would enable any man be he press agent, politician or virtuous alderman to make three effective attacks every day on the delicacies of the season. But the doctor was inexorable, and despite my remonstrances, said that in order to secure more oxygen for the lungs, better and more diversified exercise for the body, and a freer and fuller communication with nature's choicest productions, I must at once hire myself out to the first struggling farmer whom I should meet.

I confess that if ever I had any objections to the life of a farmer they were not insuperable. I had already some experience in agriculture, and always had a great taste for that noble calling. More than half a century ago I owned, free from incumbrance, except a few heavy mortgages, and managed not altogether free from interference an experimental farm in a township west of where I am now writing, and where I will venture to say my name, because of my unselfish and enlightened efforts in the interests of agriculture is treasured as a household word. Well these were happy times, and I love to think over them frequently. Society in that township was in a highly primitive state, at the time to which I refer. We all lived in log huts over which hovered the most perfect spirit of democracy. There were no class distinctions; and as to religious differences these had scarcely made their appearance until the advent of the preacher. The principle of mutual co operation was so strong and so important an element in the struggles of those pioneers with rude nature that they found it unprofitable to quarrel about matters which concerned the soul only. If a neighbor needed help to "raise" a barn on his place, or if the wolf figuratively speaking or otherwise was at the door of another, no questions were asked regarding religion, willing hearts and hands being ready either to raise the barn or to chase the wolf. But the preachers came and the people were taught that impassable mountains divided them, and that it was necessary to their (the preachers I suppose) very existence, that those barriers should remain, not only unbridged but that new and

more formidable ones should be constructed.

Well, it was in this locality that a little before the middle of the present century I made my celebrated experiments in agriculture. I raised poultry, I raised vegetables, I raised calves, I raised thistles. As a poultry raiser I can say without undue cackling that I was an immense success; indeed there is many a house wife in that settlement to day who has good reasons for remembering myself and my methods. The style hitherto adopted in that settlement being too slow, even for so fair and easy a time, I conceived and carried into execution a more expeditious one for raising poultry. Usually when all nature was wrapt in slumber and when the "rooster" surrounded with his progeny was enjoying his well earned repose, I repaired to my neighbour's hen-roost and raised my poultry. I have always taught the poultry raiser who adopted my methods, that everything must be done silently and quickly, more especially if there is a savage dog on the premises.

In the raising of garden stuff, more especially cabbage, I was highly successful. The best season for harvesting this exultant I found to be the eve preceding the first day of November. With a judicious use of the time and the opportunities within reach, I often retired from the field bearing as a trophy sufficient cabbage to keep us all in sauerkraut during the following winter.

Now a word in regard to the result of my experiments for the production of thistles. I confess that I could never understand the unreasonable prejudice which exists in most minds against the thistle. With me it flourished so luxuriantly that I was supplied the whole township with thistle seed gratuitously. What was I going to do with thistles? Well, let the reader remember that my farm was an experimental one, and that I had in mind to try if the Canadian thistle could not be converted into whiskey. I believed that it could, and I believe now that if my scientific researches were not suddenly and rudely interrupted "Thistle Whiskey" would, amongst bibulists, be as popular today as are any of those brands which go sailing under such seductive names as "Old Rye," "Old Crow," "Tangle Leg," &c., &c.

But to return to the farmer, whom I found after a brief search, and expressed his willingness to engage me subject to certain conditions made and provided to wit: I was to be up at daybreak, drive home the cows, milk them, skim the night's milk and mix it well with that of the morning, the whole to be driven by me to the cheese factory. On my return I was to engage in general farm work until night, when milking time came again, after which I could rest myself whilst doing a few trifling "chores," which could not possibly keep me until after midnight. Then I could pop into bed and have a good sleep. On Sunday I was to drive his wife to church. He himself believed in nothing; but his wife prayed long and sang loudly, and as she was a member of the Association for the Conversion of the African Heathen, whilst neglecting the Canadian product, he was obliged, for the sake of peace, to tolerate her nonsense. For my salary he could not say anything at present. I looked thin and pretty well broken up he said, and as my work would be only like play, he did not think I would be worth much more to him than my board. However I could come along and he would give me a month's trial. Determined to add to my store of agricultural experience I accepted the farmer's offer, and at once sought his house. Here I met his wife, who after a few preliminaries began to relate her religious "experience." She wore spectacles, was cross-eyed, hook-nosed and lantern-jawed—just such a com-

pound of feminine humanity, as I would not for worlds be seen driving to church, a fact which I delicately communicated to the farmer. I was shown to bed, and now the rain which began to fall in torrents pattered, not upon the roof of the house, but on the miserable "shake-down" which was intended for my "sleeping beauty." Next morning I was up as early as the lark, and politely informing the farmer that I had concluded to withdraw at once and forever from agricultural pursuits, I set out for the village of Hastings which was many miles off.

Hastings is beautifully situated on both banks of the river Trent, the southern part being in the East Riding of Northumberland, and that on the northern side, resting in the County of Peterborough, although for parliamentary purposes, the whole village belongs to the first named electoral division. My acquaintance with Hastings dates from the month of May, 1864. It was a delightful Sunday that I sought the Catholic Church, "Little Pat" Brennan acting as my guide. "Little Pat," who was the soul of good nature, kept hotel not far from the northern end of the bridge which spanned the river Trent. He was known far and near as "Little Pat," so as to distinguish him from a worthy namesake who was honoured with the sobriquet of "Big Pat," although the nicest critics were often puzzled in determining which of the two had the best right to the adjective "big." "Little Pat" passed into the mysterious world beyond the grave about a quarter of a century ago leaving a widow—daughter to the late Timothy Coughlin, Esq.—and a family to mourn the loss of and of the most affectionate of husbands, and most indulgent of fathers, whilst "Big Pat's" well-known figure on any clear day can be seen moving around Hastings, the very picture of good health and the embodiment of contentment.

Well, in the company of "Little Pat" Brennan I set out on that lovely Sunday morning for the Catholic Church, but instead of leading me in the direction of a hill, where one would naturally expect to find a temple reared by Catholic piety, my lamented friend headed the procession towards a treacherous looking swamp, which appeared in undisputed ownership of a section of the lower part of the village. Here on the edge of this swamp stood a massive stone building, which reminded one of those feudal castles of bygone days. The building, which is still standing, and which, judging from its present perfect state of preservation, appears more than a match for the storms of ages, was built by Mr. John S. Driscoll, then a most highly respected resident of Hastings, but now a well-known and most successful pioneer of the Parry Sound district. I have never been able to find out, nor can I find any one who has found out, what Mr. Driscoll intended the building for. At any rate he generously gave its use to the Catholic congregation of Hastings to supply the temporary want of a church; and I am certain that my statement will for ever remain unchallenged, when I say that if Solomon's Temple stood on the site of that unsightly stone building, the generous heart of John Driscoll would be gladdened by having the opportunity of giving it for purposes of Catholic worship. We entered the church, where there had already assembled a large, orderly and pious congregation, composed of those many of whom had rescued from primeval solitude much of that which forms the now flourishing townships of Asphodel and Percy. Father Quirk, then comparatively a young man, but now venerable, not less from the number of his years than from the measure of his good works, was the officiating clergyman. It looks as if it was but yesterday although thirty-one years and one



The Door of Life.

The door of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress. It is a perfectly natural function, and should be performed in a natural way without undue suffering. Nature never intended that women should be tortured when doing their duty which makes them what a womanly. The perversion of nature's laws has brought this suffering about, and a return to right living will stop it.

Nine out of ten women are troubled more or less by weakness and diseases peculiar to their sex. It is so because they do not take proper care of themselves—because they neglect the little and little precautions. A woman of perfectly hearty health goes through her time of trial with comparative ease. The thing to do then, is to make the expectant mothers healthy—to strengthen them generally and locally. The medicine and tonic to do it with is Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is a powerful invigorant and restorative. It soothes and strengthens the nerves and acts directly on the feminine organism in a way which fits it for the proper and regular performance of all its functions at all times.

Taken during gestation it robs childbirth of its dangers to both mother and child, by preparing the system for delivery thereby shortening labor, lessening pain and abbreviating the period of confinement.

A Book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" and telling how to cure them with home treatment, 10 cents. Sent to part cover postage. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

month have passed since the events which I have been imperfectly endeavouring to describe transpired, yet my recollection of the scene is that the gorgeous ceremonial and grand liturgy of the Catholic Church never appeared more impressive than in that sombre-looking stone building on that pleasant Sunday in May, 1864.

That was indeed a respectable and patriotic gathering of Irishmen to whom individuality and collectively I was introduced after Mass by my friend "Little Pat" Brennan, Murphy, McCarthy and McDonnell, Healy and Heffernan, Lynch and Landrigan, Coughlin and Crowley, O'Connor, O'Grady, O'Shea, O'Doherty and O'Dwyer, Foley and Fitzpatrick were amongst the unmistakably Celtic surnames of those to whom I was presented on that interesting occasion. These were the names of men who resided in Asphodel, but Percy sent its contingent of Irishmen to swell the Catholic congregation of Hastings, and they included such well-known names as O'Reilly, O'Leary, O'Gorman, O'Shaughnessy and O'Sullivan, Barry and Brickley, Keegan, Keating and Kearney, Downs and Downey, Collins, Conlan and Cleary, McGill, McFaden, and Maguire, Tobin, Gibbons, etc.

Many of the fine men who honorably bore those names have passed through the narrow straits which join earth to eternity. Looking backward the first picture which present itself in the sacred halls of memory is that of my lamented friend "Big Jim" O'Reilly. James O'Reilly was a native of the County of Down, Ireland, but for more than half a century was an honored resident of Percy, and a central figure in every movement tending to promote the material, the educational and the moral interests of the whole community. He was invested with the Commission of the Peace many years ago, but, as far as I can learn, never acted. Mr. O'Reilly was best known by the sobriquet of "Big Jim," which truly was no misnomer. "Big" he certainly was, intellectually as well as physically, "big" in the love which he bore to

(Continued on Page 12.)

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.

Other Items of Interest in Cities and Towns.

His Grace the Archbishop intends to leave for Europe in a short time.

Rev. P. O'Donohoe, C.S.B., was in town a few days last week. Father O'Donohoe is on his way to Ireland where he will spend a short vacation.

A special train will leave the Union Station on Sunday next at 9 a.m. for Oshawa for the convenience of all who wish to attend the opening of St. Gregory's Church. His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough will sing High Mass, Dean Harris will preach the morning sermon and Vicar-General McCann will preach in the evening. There should be a large turnout of Father Jeffcott's friends on this occasion. The returning train will leave Oshawa at 9.30 p.m.

C. O. F.

St. Joseph Court No 370 C. O. F. meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Dingman's Hall. The regular meeting on Thursday last was a specially interesting one and in spite of the hot weather the attendance was very large. Chief Ranger Bro. Mitchell occupied the chair and seated on his right was the Provincial Chief Ranger Bro. W. T. J. Leo of Sacred Heart Court. A pleasing feature was the installation of the New Financial Secretary Bro. Pape. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the moonlight excursion on the following Monday night June 17th on the Toronto Railway Co's special cars and a committee was also appointed to make the necessary enquiries respecting the annual excursion which will take place at an early date. Eight candidates were balloted for and their application approved by the Court. This will leave about 25 to be initiated if they pass the medical examination. The new ritual was used for the first time. It is greatly appreciated by the Court and will help to make the initiations still more impressive. Every member should be present at the next meeting on the 27th inst, as quite a few candidates are expected.

THOMAS FINUCAN, Rec. Sec.

St. Joseph Court No. 370, Toronto.

St. Joseph Court No. 370, C.O.F., held a grand Moonlight Excursion on Monday evening the 17th inst. Six palace cars of the Toronto Street Railway Co., beautifully lit up by different colored electric lights made a grand sight to gaze upon.

Fully three hundred people enjoyed the trip; the route taken was King to Victoria Park, back, up King to High Park, thence to Queen; to Yonge, to King, to Sherbourne and around the Belt Line. Refreshments were provided for ladies and gentlemen; everyone was satisfied with the evening's outing. At its conclusion three hearty cheers were given for the President and members of the Toronto Street Railway Co. for their efforts in making a success of the undertaking. St. Joseph Court is the banner Court of the order in the Province in keeping alive the interests of the order.

C. M. B. A.

The city branches have made arrangements for the second annual picnic, which will take place on July 15th to Wilson Park, N.Y., by steamer Garden City. The picnic last year was a success, and it is thought that if anything the indications this year are more favorable.

Knights of St. John.

The regular meeting of Columbus Commandery, No. 218, was held last Thursday evening. The meeting was fairly well attended, one new member was proposed and William M. Moylan elected Secretary. That office being rendered vacant by the resignation of Sir Knight John J. Dalton who has left the city for his old home in Allendale. In Sir Knight Dalton Columbus has lost an active, efficient and energetic officer whose untiring zeal has endeared him to all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, and it is the earnest wish of his fellow members that his absence from the city will only be temporary. It was decided to pay a fraternal visit to Leo Commandery. Next meeting will be held Thursday June 27, when some of the Provincial Commandery Officers are expected to be present and will address the meeting.

The greatest happiness which we can feel in this life is that of comforting others.—Mme de Genlis.

Trust him little who prizes all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all.

St. Catharines.

An entertainment was given on Tuesday of last week in honor of Dean Harris. Following is the programme, the numbers of which were acceptably rendered: Chorus, Jubilee Greeting, Moyerbeer (harp accompaniment and violin obligato); instrumental duo, "Galop Brillant"; piano, Misses Maguire, Scott, Shoochan, Duval, McMaugh and M. Shoochan; harp, Miss Hastings; guitar, Miss Doyle; violin, Miss Usher; mandolin, Misses Lemon and Coyle; recitation (Longfellow), Miss Scott; festival operetta, the Minnie, instrumental, "Fantasia de Concert," (Goria), 1st piano, Miss Duval; 2nd piano, Miss McMaugh; Song of the Mystic, in pantomime (Ryan), elocution class; vocal quartette (Rossini), Misses Dougherty, Doyle, Early and Mellvain; instrumental duo, "Seguidilla," pianos, Misses S. McCarthy, McMaugh, H. Doyle, Murphy and O'Brien; violin, Misses Dougherty, Colton and Usher; banjo, Miss Henegan; mandolins, Misses Scott, Coyle and Lemon; guitars, Misses Duval and Doyle; harp, Miss Hastings; triangles, Miss M. Shoochan; address; chorus, from "The Bohemian Girl."

Hamilton.

The feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated in all the churches last Sunday. In St. Mary's about eighty children received their first communion at 8.30 Mass. It was a very imposing sight to see so many innocent young children receive for the first time the body and blood of our Lord. After High Mass there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the Host was exposed for adoration until Benediction in the evening. Bishop Dowling was present at Vespers and spoke shortly on Corpus Christi, and expressed his joy at knowing that so many children had received communion. In St. Patrick's about fifty-six received their first communion and about twenty five in St. Joseph's.

Mr. Patrick Hennessey, the expert locksmith, was ushered amongst the vast majority last Sunday. He had been suffering for some time from kidney disease in the City Hospital and his death was expected. Mr. Hennessey was a native of Wexford, Ireland, and was greatly respected by everyone. He was acknowledged to be the best locksmith in Canada, and it was with him about twenty years ago originated the idea of the time lock for safes and vaults. His funeral was on Tuesday morning from St. Joseph's Church to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Simcoe.

On Wednesday morning June 12th one of the most fashionable weddings of the season took place at St. Mary's Church Simcoe, Ont., when Mary Louisa, eldest daughter of Daniel O'Mahony was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Robert B. Brock by Rev. P. P. McMennamin Parish Priest. The bride was most exquisitely dressed in cream crepe cloth and the bride's maid, Miss Anastasia O'Mahony, sister of the bride, was neatly dressed in cashmere of the same color. The groom was assisted by Mr. John Barnes of Townsend. The Rev. Daniel Foster, cousin of the bride, of Park Hill was present on the sanctuary and assisted at the marriage ceremony. Doctor McGinnis of Mount Carmel and wife, a sister of the bride, rendered most effective assistance in the choir by their musical selections. The large congregation present from home and abroad, testified to the popularity and worthiness of the bridal party and all joined in wishing them many years in the sunshine of prosperity and God's choicest blessings.

St. Michael's Garden Party.

The Ladies of St. Michael's Altar Society will give a garden party in the Cathedral ground on Tuesday June 25th, afternoon and evening. Refreshments will be served on the grounds. Music will be furnished by one of the leading city brass bands.

Moods.

The sunlight crossed my path to-day;
A brown thrush on a hawthorn spray
Swung back and forth across the blue;
The hop-vines leapt an inch or two;
Along their poles toward the sun;
The sparrows chirped that nests were done.
The calyx broke—a rose was born;
I heard the snap of growing corn;
The world had ta'en the spring to wife,
And all the air was tense with life;
And yet, through some grey mood's despoite,
I feel no love of life to-night.
Yet I recall a time of pain,
A shadowless grey day of rain,
And soundless, save the sobbing storm,
With cold no heart's fire or may warm,
A cold that lies against the heart;

Yet in my veins I felt the start
Of strength to grapple death in strife,
Instinct with keener love of life.
—Charles Washington Coleman, in Harper's Bazar.

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PROVES EVERY CLAIM ON A "TEA POT" TEST
SOLD IN LEAD PACKETS ONLY. BLACK OR MIXED. BY ALL GROCERS

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Tailor

need of stylish clothing is more apparent at this season of the year than at any other, for the bright sunshine shows up the defects of a worn or frayed suit. But it is not necessary to spend a lot of money to be well dressed now a-days. No need to go to an exorbitant

who will make you pay through the nose for high class work when you can get first class tailor made, ready to wear garments at prices really much less than half what the custom work would be. Visit this department of our New Store, and you will find the only thing that

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difference between an expensive and a cheap tailor and our stylish, ready made suits is in the price. We are now selling gentlemen's Tweed suits at \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00, regular prices \$8, \$10 and \$12. Boys' Durable Two and Three piece suits at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Children's Sailor Suits at 50c, and we carry a stock of Summer Washable Waists and Neckwear that will delight the heart of almost any

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OAK Opp. St. James' Cathedral,

115 to 121 HALL King St. East

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

Shocking Intolerance.

A shocking case of intolerance is reported from Glasgow, Scotland. The Evening Herald of that city gives the facts as follows.

Lizzie Kelly has been in the employment of Mr. Hutchings for about four years. Last night her sister heard that she was sick and reported her illness to Father Dunne, of Rathmines. He told her to see Father Purcell, one of the Sandymount parochial clergymen. She did so this morning and Father Purcell immediately followed her to the residence of Mr. Hutchings. On the road he met that person, who was riding towards town on a tricycle. Seeing Father Purcell, Mr. Hutchings immediately returned and took up a position on his doorstep. He refused to admit the clergyman, and persisted in his refusal when the latter explained that he had come to administer the last sacraments to the sick girl. All appeals and remonstrances were useless. The utmost concession that the bigot would make was, to use his own words, as quoted by Father Purcell:

"You may come in if you promise that you will only read the Bible to her."

A cab was then procured and in it the girl was removed by the sister. Father Purcell found that she was speechless and apparently paralyzed. The cab was driven to a quiet spot some little distance away and there the last sacraments were administered.

For blind, heartless fanaticism the conduct of this bigot could not easily be matched. Fortunately, not many of his kind afflict the community.

Literary Note.

A new book on Canada, by Dr. Bourinot, will shortly be issued. It is entitled "How Canada is Governed," and gives in plain, simple language, an account of the executive, legislative, judicial and municipal institutions of the country, together with a sketch of their origin and development. The book will be illustrated with numerous engravings and autographs, and being the work of so eminent an authority as Dr. Bourinot, will be indispensable to those who wish to be well informed about the affairs of the Dominion.

No one sins against the being he truly loves, and the surest way to keep one's love alive, and deep and true, is to realize what the beloved one is to us.

A personal dignity which cannot take care of itself cannot be protected by incessant guarding. The quality of a great creative nature is unconsciousness, and this is also the characteristic of a great character.

THE ROMAN BISHOP.

Proofs of St. Peter's Primacy.

THE EARLY WRITERS CONSULTED.

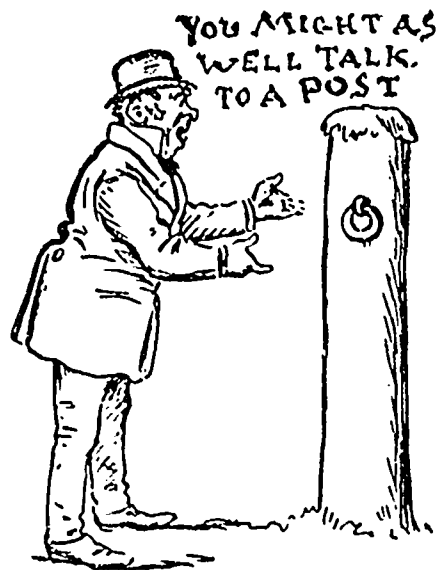
To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—Some time ago I made an effort to show from a few proofs, historical and Scriptural, that St. Peter was in Rome, and in connection with this important question, as it is by some flatly denied that St. Peter was ever Bishop of Rome, it may not be out of place to give a few extracts from ancient writers, bearing on this subject. There is nothing more easy than to deny every authenticated fact established in history from the time that St. Peter fixed his See in Rome down to the present day. Some would seem not to stop short of tearing down the pillars of the Church, provided St. Peter got crushed in the downfall. Not a few of our separated brethren seem to have a special grudge against St. Peter. They do not relish the name, for they invariably allude to him as Peter minus the Saint.

It is true there were heresies in the early ages of the Church and it is continued with more or less vehemence for centuries, but none of those heretics or schismatics had the audacity to deny that St. Peter was Christ's vicar on earth whose See was in Rome; none of them had the boldness to deny that Pope after Pope was divinely appointed as successor to St. Peter; none of them dare deny that Christ left to his apostles and through them to their successors the power of changing the substance of bread and wine into his own most precious Body and Blood to be perpetuated till the end of time; none of them dreamt of denying that Christ left to the pastors of His Church the power of forgiving sins. No, that wholesale denial was left to the genius of Henry the Eighth, Luther, Cranmer, and a host of others who cut themselves off altogether from the Church, rebelled against her laws, and disowned her as their Mother. Their heretical ancestors went pretty far when they refused to believe the Church in some particular matters of faith—they went further and contrived a new doctrine, and started a new religion and Church of their own, independent of that which Christ Himself established in the rock of Peter, and thus we see the glorious result today—not only the one which sprang from the creation of Henry the Eighth & Co., but scores of off-shoots, branching off into the hundreds, and each claiming in point of doctrine and teaching that his is the one true Church of Christ!

However, no matter how much the faithful descendants of King Henry & Co. might wish to see St. Peter deprived of his supremacy, it will never do without such a contention is sustained by solid argument. Assertions have been made and strenuous efforts have been made time and again in the attempt to show that St. Peter's See was not in Rome, but so far those who have engaged in this arduous task have lamentably failed to bring forward any evidence sustained by reliable historical authorities to prove their cause. Mere assertions can never fill the place of facts, proofs must have solid foundation on facts, and without proofs the mind refuses to be convinced. What do the facts of history say in regard to St. Peter's Supremacy in Rome? The historical evidence derived from extant writings and councils of the early Christian church is clear and strong, and may be considered as overwhelming as compared with that which Protestants are able to adduce from reliable authorities of the same period.

During the first five centuries, and indeed for centuries afterwards, not one single writer can be cited as having expressed a doubt in regard to St. Peter's Episcopacy in Rome, while eminent authorities positively affirm the fact, and it is clearly proven that heretics and schismatics, as well as Catholics, regarded the succession of the Bishops of Rome from St. Peter as an indisputable historical certainty. As far back as A.D. 314, the Council of Arles assembled, at which several British Bishops were present and in its Synodical Epistle to Pope Sylvester, calls Rome "the place in which the apostles (Peter and Paul) continually sit in judgment, and their blood without ceasing witnesses to the glory of God." (Epist. Syn. ad. Syl. Hand. tom. I.) The Council of Sardica, held in 342, commonly regarded as a continuation of that of Nice, A.D. 325, whose Acts have been lost (St. Athanasius says that its decrees were subscribed or agreed to by more than three hundred Bishops) "honors the memory of the Apostle Peter" by its decrees respecting appeals from all the provinces "to the Head—i.e., to the See of the Apostle Peter." (Can. iii. et Epist. Synod. ad Julium Hand. tom. I.) That St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy was repeatedly asserted, and regarded as a public and noteworthy fact by the Greek and Latin Fathers who flourished during the latter half of the fourth century, no intelligent Protestant will deny. Manifest evidence of this can be adduced from the writings of the Fathers, SS. Julius, Damasus, Epiphanius, Ambrose, Siricus, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom, Optatus etc. I shall merely cite the words of the last named Father, who, writing about the year 375, against the Donatist Parmenian, says: "You cannot be ignorant (negare non potes scire te) that the Episcopal chair was first established by Peter—Head of all the apostles. . . . Peter therefore first filled that pre-eminent chair, which is the first of the Marks of the Church," and again "If Macrobius be asked in what chair he sits in Rome, can he answer, 'In the chair of Peter?'" (De Schism. Donat. lib. ii. c. 2. 3. 4.) The learned Greek historian of the Church, Eusebius, writing for the most part about the year 315, in his chronicle, preserved not only in the Latin version of St. Jerome, but also in Syriac versions of the fifth century, states that "Peter the Apostle, the first Pontiff of the Christians, when he first founded the Church at Antioch, proceeds to Rome, where, preaching the Gospel, he continued for twenty-five years Bishop of that city." (Chron. ad. ann. 44) This is a valuable bit of information coming from such a renowned historian as Eusebius, for those who would try to transfer St. Peter's See anywhere outside of Rome. And again, the same authority says in his chronicle and Ecclesiastical History, (lib. iii. c. 4.) that "Linus was the first after Peter that obtained the Episcopate of the Church of the Romans." Pope Alexander is elsewhere mentioned by him as the fifth in succession from Peter and Paul and Pope Victor as "the thirteenth Bishop of Rome from Peter." (Hist. Eccl. lib. V. c. 28.) Going back to an earlier date we find St. Oyprian, A.D. 250, calling Rome "Cathedrum Petrie et Ecclesiam principalem, unde unitas sacerdotialis exorta est—the chair of Peter and the ruling church, whence the unity of the priesthood has its source." (Epist. I. v. ad. cornel. ed. Baluz.) In another epistle of his, he remarks that "Cornelius was chosen Bishop (of Rome) when the place of Peter, and the grade of the Sacerdotal chair was vacant." (Epist. I. ii. ad. Antonium.) At even a more remote date in the Church's history, we have St. Irenaeus declaring against heretics, and to refute them, he says he could recount the succession of Bishops in all the churches of the world, and show



as to some people. Obstinately folks don't succeed, but consumers of

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that none of them had taught the doctrines of the said heretics; but as this would be a laborious undertaking he will confine himself to the succession of bishops in "the greatest, most ancient and illustrious Church—the one founder and constituted at Rome, by the two most glorious apostles, Peter and Paul." For inasmuch as "it is necessary that every church, that is, the faithful everywhere dispersed, should agree (when in communion) with the church of Rome on account of her superior Headship; and because through communion with this church (of Rome) that tradition which is from the apostles has always been preserved by the faithful everywhere dispersed; therefore, by pointing out the tradition which that church derives from the apostles, and that faith—announced to all men—which has come down to us through the succession of her bishops, confound all those who in any way, whether through caprice or vainglory, or blindness or perverse opinion, gather (assemble) otherwise than as behooveth them." He then continues: "The blessed apostles therefore having founded and built up that church, committed (or transmitted) the office of the Episcopate to Linus To him succeeded Anacletus, etc. He gives the whole succession down to Eleutherius and concludes "by this same order, and by this same succession (of Bishops) both that tradition which is in the Church from the apostles and the preaching of truth have come down to us, and this is a most full demonstration that it is one and the same life giving faith which is preserved in the Church." (Adv. Haer. lib. iii. c. 8.) In this celebrated passage of this work Irenaeus who is speaking of Bishops whom the apostles left as their successors in the churches delivering to them their own post of government, appeals to the succession of the Roman Bishops as a conclusive argument against all the heretics of his time. How could he build up such an irrefragable argument on such lines, if it were in the power of the heretics to cast any doubt on St. Peter's Roman Episcopacy, or to call in question the succession of Rome's Bishops from St. Peter's time? The whole argument of St. Irenaeus would have fallen flat to the ground. We notice that the later Fathers, Optatus, Augustine, Ophanius, appeal in the same way to the succession of the Roman Bishops, from St. Peter as their Head, as affording an invincible argument against the heretics and schismatics of their day. If those arguments could not be met by the early heretics by any logical process of reasoning I think the same had good effect against the heretics of our day. At all events they have stood the test of ages without being refuted by facts. They still hold the field, and until the records of history unfold to the light of day and places in our opponents, hands something more than they have yet made use of in support

of their thesis, we may lawfully conclude that St. Peter was in Rome and fixed his See there. JOSEPHUS.

Somnambulism.

Somnambulism has in all ages furnished many curious illustrations, and among them may be noted one that occurred in a West Utica residence a few days ago. The husband and wife were aroused by the breakfast bell ringing in the middle of the night. They arose and discovered that it was 2 o'clock, but on hastily dressing and going down to the dining room they found breakfast ready and waiting for them. They were greatly alarmed at the condition of things, for they at first imagined that the hired girl had suddenly gone insane. After a few minutes, however, they discovered that she was asleep. She had got up, started the fire, prepared the morning meal and had it ready for serving, but was sound asleep all the time. The only unusual thing was her failure to put on her shoes. They were in a quandary as to what course to pursue, for the girl could not be awakened, and seemed to take it as an affront that they should insist that she was asleep. The gentleman was about to summon a physician, when the wife dashed a glass of cold water in the girl's face and she awoke. She was badly frightened over the occurrence, but as this was the first time in her life she had ever exhibited somnambulist tendencies, and as she has done no housework in her sleep since, the household has ceased to be disturbed.

Guilty of Heresy.

Rev. James Hunt, a Protestant clergyman of Belfast, Ire., was recently tried for heresy. The following sentences constitute his offence: "Now, sir, bring any Zulu to Belfast during the present week. Let him spend three days in the Catholic churches; let him see there the penitents crowding to the confessionals to make their preparations for Christmas communion; let him note the earnestness of the rest who are kneeling in all parts of the church. Then let him spend the rest of the week in walking around the Protestant churches, marking well their bulk, for inside the barred and locked gates he would not be able to enter, and then ask him whether the devil, knowing that his time is short, could devise a greater cruelty than to endeavor to seduce the congregation of the former into the latter."

Let us seek so to live that our bygone years may to use Cowper's beautiful expression, leave "no stain upon the wing of time."

If you would have soft, silky, and abundant hair, take good care of it. Use for a dressing Ayer's Hair Vigor only, that being the most reliable and scientific article, and without which no toilet is complete. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy.

Presentations to Father Harris.

Owing to the unfortunate death of Ald. Maguire, the Protestant admirer of Rev. Dean Harris thought it best not to call on the Dean in a body; instead, Dr. King, W. B. Towers, J. B. Tait, J. B. McIntyre and J. A. Grobb were appointed a delegation to visit the Deanery and congratulate the priest on the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. Arriving at the parsonage the committee were received by Dean Harris, and Mr. W. B. Towers read a beautifully engrossed address. Accompanying the address were two very valuable leather upholstered easy chairs. The address was as follows:

To Very Rev. Dean Harris

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR—A few of your friends in the Niagara district, who are not allied to you in your clerical capacity, cannot permit the anniversary of your twenty-five years priesthood to pass without pressing our respect for you as a priest, our regard for you as a friend, and our appreciation of you as a man. Since your advent amongst us you have endeared yourself to all, irrespective of creed, and we believe we echo the sentiment of the whole community when we place on record the hold you have upon our hearts, the claims you have upon our friendship, respect and esteem. We can truthfully say that we believe that throughout the whole of this district you are universally beloved and esteemed. We hope and trust that you may be spared many years of usefulness amongst us and that your future life may be full of happiness, and that God's blessing may always rest upon you.

Signed on behalf of the committee,
F. KING, Chairman,
W. B. TOWERS, Secretary.

At the conclusion of the Mass the following address was read by Dean Egan, of Barrie, on behalf of the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto:

To the Very Rev. Dean Harris, P.P., St. Catharines.

VERY REV. AND DEAR CONFERRER—With sentiments of deep and sincere affection, we, the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto, have gathered around you to-day to offer you our congratulations on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood.

Twenty-five years, with a stainless reputation, spent in the faithful and zealous discharge of the duties of your high and holy calling, reflect credit, not only on yourself, but on us also, who, as members of the same family, are sharers in the honors of a distinguished and virtuous career on the part of a brother priest. While the principal and public demonstration of joy takes place here, in a manner worthy of the occasion, the clergy and laity of the whole diocese will rejoice with you and your faithful flock on the completion of a quarter of a century of noble and successful labor.

As a priest you have done your work faithfully and well, and the record of your apostolic toil in the extensive parishes of Adjala and Newmarket will be written by angels, not by men.

During the last twenty-five years of your priesthood you have walked peacefully in the presence of God, endeavoring to the extent of your abilities to elevate in the spiritual, and even temporal order, those confided to your care.

Your going amongst the people was like sunshine from heaven, spreading light and love and cheerfulness around you, welcomed in every circle, beloved by all who have known you, even by those who have differed from you in religious belief.

Even to those who see only the outward man you have been the typical gentleman, but to your brother priests, who have known you so intimately, you have been even more—the typical priest. The world's gentleman may acquire these qualities as a veneer, and be at the same time devoid of moral worth; but with you these external attributes are only the unconscious manifestation, the flower and the fruit of a blameless and unselfish life.

As a preacher of the word of God, and as a lecturer, you have been eminently successful, and it is no small tribute to your oratorical gifts, that after so many years in St. Catharines you still command the eager attention not only of your own enlightened congregation but that also of many outside of the Catholic fold, who are attracted by your charming manner and delighted by your varied knowledge and splendid eloquence.

We take this opportunity of congratulating you on the distinguished place you have attained in Canadian literature. Your recent works on the "Early Huron Martyrs," and your "History of the Church in the Niagara District," give evidences of resources extensive and diversified, of a taste, elegant and cultivated, and penetrating, and the faculty of collecting and arranging the materials which has well qualified you for the task, and made the fruit of your labor to rank among the gems of Canadian literature.

In conclusion, we beg you to accept this present as an humble token of our esteem, and wish you yet many years of useful labor in the service of God and His Holy Church.

The address was accompanied by a well-filled purse.

The following address was read by Mr. R. D. Dunn on behalf of Dean Harris' parishioners. The address was engraved on solid silver, representing an open book, which stood on a solid silver easel:

The Very Rev. W. R. Harris, R.D., Dean of St. Catharines:

REV. FATHER—With deep devotion and affection we, your parishioners, desire to tender you our congratulations on this the 25th anniversary of your ordination to the sacred ministry. Ten years of this eventful period you have labored amongst us with signal success. Ever solicitous for the spiritual wants of your flock, you have not forgotten their material interests. This is evidenced by the erection of five schools, a handsome parochial residence and the enlargement and beautifying of our church. These are enduring monuments to your zeal in promoting the well-being of your people. Notwithstanding your onerous duties, you have devoted your spare moments to literary pursuits. With great research and labor you have published an important work, touching the introduction of Catholicism in Western Canada, and more recently an instructive and interesting "History of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula." We note with pleasure since your arrival amongst us that you have by your kindness, urbanity and good judgment, more closely cemented the harmony and kindly feeling that has existed for years between us and our separated brethren.

We ask you to accept this address as an assurance of the friendship and appreciation of your faithful labors in our midst. We pray for you a long and brilliant career, and ask for ourselves and families a place in your memory and prayers.

In behalf of the congregation,

R. D. DUNN,
J. H. McKEOWN,
P. LARKIN,
F. J. TIMMONS.

St. Catharines, June 11, 1895.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

RELATES HOW HER DAUGHTER'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Anæmia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave—Physicians Held Out No Hope of Recovery—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life Saver.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anæmia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at 140 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whilom invalid, vacillating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seven



She lay on a couch like one dying.

teen years. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I

have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day the liveliest of the lively. It began like this: the poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming, "Oh, ma; I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it." This went on for a long time, weeks in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press some what similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit, for we had stopped doctor's medicine, and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the rosy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine.

Just as the reporter was leaving Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there was not any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it. For it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, and maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised by all worthy men, hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions, for it is a bewitching and infectious vice.—Sis Walter Raleigh.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst cases of consumption are relieved, while in incipient cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Home is man's ark when trouble springs,
When gathering tempests shade his morrow;
And woman's love the bird that brings
His peace branch o'er the flood of sorrow.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

Where there is failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some stop omitted which nature never pardons.

THE HOUSE—nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

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Adams' Root Beer Extract . . . one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast half a cake
Sugar two pounds
Lukewarm water two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two and five gallons.



The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

June 21—Sacred Heart of Jesus.
22—Our Lady of Grace.
23—St. Etheldreda, Q.
24—St. John Baptist.
25—St. William, Ab.
26—St. John and Paul, M.M.
27—St. Ladislaus.

Glaring Inconsistencies.

Last week we drew attention to the argument of some of our religious weeklies, viz.: that infallibility is the parent of intolerance. We showed how natural it is for a teacher of mathematics to grow indignant at a denial of a self-evident axiom. The infallible teacher of Gospel truth, commissioned by God to teach all nations, to feed the lambs and the sheep, to confirm the brethren, must be equally intolerant of evident errors, and if not in a position to remove them must be satisfied with grieving over their existence and offering a prayer for the enlightenment of those who still adhere to them. But the church people who proclaim their own fallibility, who admit the possibility of their church being in error and teaching error, what possible excuse have such a people and such a church for being intolerant? And yet we experience the sad fact every day we live that such people are the only intolerant classes now found in Christendom. In all the Catholic cities from Quebec to Dublin, from San Francisco to Paris, fitness alone and honesty are the qualifications demanded for promotion to civic honors and emoluments. But what do we meet with in Toronto and Belfast? Rank intolerance that closes the office door to all who do not pray at the orthodox altar. We find those two cities swept occasionally by waves of bigotry that necessitate a call for extra constabulary or military authority to protect her Majesty's subjects from intolerant majorities.

Inconsistency characterizes Protestant action in regard to matters of public education. Where a majority is Catholic, Protestants call for separate schools. The moment the latter gain the ascendancy, as in Manitoba, they abolish all denominational distinctions and privileges. They place all their Protestant Separate Schools in Quebec in the hands of a Protestant minister superintendent, the Rev. Mr. Rexford. And yet the one great objection they have to Separate Schools in Manitoba is lest those schools should fall into the hands of the priests. The Catholics of Quebec are very little concerned about the superintendent of Protestant schools being a Protestant minister. But the moment a priest's or a bishop's

name is mentioned in connection with Catholic Separate Schools Protestants are foolishly alarmed and raise the cry of "pandering to Rome."

A general opinion among Protestants now is that no religion should be taught in schools, that there should be but one common school for all, for Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant. And that, like the Women's Council, they should open and close with silent prayer. But Anglicans beg leave to differ. True it is the Orange Sentinel and other sheets of the irreconcilable and rabid order protest against schools being called Godless that have no religion taught in them. "At several of the synod meetings, held recently," says the Presbyterian Review, "communications were read from the Anglican Church in the Diocese of Niagara respecting co-operation in the matter of religious instruction in the Public Schools." It declares that "the feeling on the subject is very widespread in the various branches of the Church of England." The Presbyterian, of Sydney, in New South Wales, mentions a fact which ought to be a light and a guide to Messrs. Greenway and Sifton. It says: "There is a clause (the 17th) of the Education Act in that Province which offers considerable facilities to the duly authorized agents of the churches for religious teaching—a boon," it continues, "which the legislatures of other colonies have not seen fit to grant." Last year the Church of England received for that purpose £670. The Presbyterian, of Sydney, urges on the church of which it is the organ the advisability of applying for its share, stating: "This is a department of usefulness in which our church has as yet done absolutely nothing apart from the self-imposed task of the ministers, some of whom are already overburdened with other engagements." An extract from a report of Bishop Smith is given, in which occur the words of solemn truth: "National welfare was concerned with keeping up the religious factor in educating the rising generation, and nothing could be substituted as a motive power or moral guide for the Bible in teaching."

This position is supported by the Dean of Sydney, who directs attention to the fact that the Public Instruction Act distinctly recognized the importance of religion in connection with education and that religion was an essential factor in the formation of character.

The Presbyterian hopes that all the Protestant churches in the land will be aroused to a more realizing sense of their duty. It says: "The young are the hope of the church. For any church to neglect them is to court its own extinction."

Yet this is what Mr. Dalton McCarthy, the Orange Sentinel, all the Orange lodges, and all the synods and ministerial associations that so far have spoken want to impose on the Catholic Church in Manitoba. They are determined that the Catholic Church in Manitoba by handing over the children to their tender care will seek its own extinction.

Protestant Separate Schools.

We have it now on record that in New South Wales the Anglicans have established Separate Schools, and have already applied for and received large sums from the Government in aid of religious instruction in such schools. The Presbyterians who lagged behind for some years, and took no advantage of the 17th clause in the education act, are now urged on by their official organ to apply for similar aid in money, so that equal facilities may be obtained for the establishment of Presbyterian Separate Schools in Australia.

The Presbyterian Review of this city has copied approvingly the appeal made by its Sydney contemporary, in favor of religious instruction or denominational education. It winds up an interesting editorial on the subject with the remark that, "should the movement be taken up heartily by the various churches, the Australian schools will have the benefit of religious instruction in accord with interdenominational arrangements."

The Anglican Church in Ontario, like its sister establishment in New South Wales, is now leading off with important resolutions on the same lines of absolute necessity of religious instruction being the "one thing necessary" in education. It is quite probable that, as in Australia, the Presbyterian Church first, and then other church organizations, may soon be calling for denominational schools. Both Anglican and Presbyterian must now regret that they did not fall into line with the Catholics thirty years ago, and insist upon religious education for their children. The Seculars have it all their own way now. Men of worldly ways and instincts, men void of the religious spirit, men who are convinced of the pre-eminence of mathematics, and make all perfection consist in high culture and the power of analysis; these teachers ignore Religion in education, and openly boast of their scepticism in every thing but what they are pleased to call morality.

The average modern school teacher or director of schools is not afraid to say that while strict morality is inculcated, the very name religion is excluded from his curriculum. He will teach obedience, charity, respect for others, strict honesty and decorum, but he will never mention the name of Him who gave to the world the golden rule, who preached the sermon on the Mount, and laid down His life for the world's redemption. The school teacher who inculcates humility and self denial without religion, must fancy that his words and lessons will have more weight on the minds of pupils than the lessons taught in the life and example of the great Master. In this however he woefully errs. The result is seen in the utter impossibility of their educating a race and generation of moral infidels. Morality and infidelity can not long keep company. All the churches are becoming daily convinced (experientia docet of the fact that,) as the Presbyterian Review declares it, "National welfare is concerned with keeping up the religious factor in educating the rising generation."

The Anglican Synod held last week in this city discussed the following resolution as proposed by Rev. Dr.

Langtry seconded by Rev. J. M. Ballard:

"Whereas there is no provision made in the Public School system of this country for systematic religious instruction being given during school hours; therefore be it

"Resolved that this Synod do now petition the Legislature of Ontario so to amend the school law as to make provision for such instruction being given for one half hour daily during school hours, by the ministers of the various Christian communities to the children of their own community

"Provided, always, that no child shall be required to attend such religious instruction in any case where parents or guardians object; such exempt children, during the time allotted for religious teaching shall be instructed in morals;

"Provided, further, that the privileges now enjoyed by Roman Catholics be so far extended to all other Christian communities that in towns and cities any religious community may establish schools for the education of its own children, and having satisfied the Government that suitable accommodation has been provided, and that in the work done they are up to standing required by Public School inspectors, they shall receive from the school funds of the municipality for each child attending such school a sum equal to the cost per capita of those children attending the Public Schools in a corresponding grade."

The Clergy in France.

The persistent cry of Protestantism is that any union between Church and State is bound to have an illeffect upon the State. That the position of the Church may not under all circumstances be one of advantage under such connection is demonstrated by an incident that recently occurred in France.

An oppressive tax upon religious communities was recently levied by the French Chamber. The priests who were brought under its operation naturally grumbled, and a number of the secular clergy also became very outspoken in denunciation of the injustice. Some priests of the diocese of Cambrai were particularly severe in their utterances. Thereupon the Minister of Public Worship, who is probably an atheist, wrote, forgetting even politeness, to "Mr. Archbishop," asking what he proposed to do about it.

The Archbishop wrote back informing the minister that the priests were within their rights as citizens in condemning the legislation and that consequently any censure from him was uncalled for.

To show how he regards the assumption by the ministers of the right to regulate the utterances of the priests, and to make it clear that he himself does not propose to be silenced, His Lordship adds:

"With regard to my priests and myself, I hope to speak to them privately and face to face during the approaching clergy retreats. They will then know my personal views respecting the deplorable measure now aimed at our communities—that is, at one of the most zealous and most useful organs of the Christian life of our dear country at the present period."

This utterance has been received with delight and its author compared to St. Thomas a Becket. It is bad enough to have Catholic France ruled by atheists, without the very Church coming under their control.

The Irish Party.

At the recent meeting of the Irish National League of Great Britain, held at Leeds, Mr. Justin McCarthy denounced in vigorous terms the attack on Mr. William O'Brien which had deprived that gentleman of his seat in Parliament. They might justly be held in ignominy, Mr. McCarthy said, if the occasion were allowed to pass without their having expressed their indignation. It is evident from the general burden of the press comment on the subject that Mr. Healy is accused of being occupied in a plan to procure his own elevation to the leadership of the party by effecting the removal of all the other leading spirits of the party from Parliamentary life. While such a scheme looks too ridiculous to be charged against the fertile brain of Mr. Healy, it is perhaps not too much to concede that the recent dissensions, in which Mr. Healy has been almost alone in counsel against the other leaders, may have had an important bearing upon Mr. O'Brien's position.

That there is no great danger to the people is, however, well attested by Mr. O'Brien himself. It is said that at his farewell meeting in Cork there were as many as fifteen thousand people present. He informed his admirers that he did not intend to abandon his part in public affairs. Nothing could prevent his laboring for the cause so long as he could do so effectively. He might now be accepted as a disinterested judge of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and he desired to say now, with as much earnestness as if he were speaking from his dying bed, that he believed Ireland never had a truer, more gallant, or more disinterested servant than the Irish party, taking them all in all. The happiness of Ireland and the freedom of Ireland was the one supreme aim of their existence.

This tribute may certainly be welcomed, the more so when the circumstances of the delivery are considered.

At the Leeds meetings some general statements were made concerning the present attitude of the Irish party towards the Liberals of Great Britain. Mr. Blake, in proposing a toast to "Our Liberal Allies," remarked that this was a toast that no Irishman could have proposed ten years ago. The adoption of Home Rule by the Liberal party had produced a blessed change not alone for the Irishmen of Great Britain but for the whole Irish people.

Mr. Dillon said that the Irish people had to ask themselves whether their Liberal allies had honestly and conscientiously, according to their judgment, striven to carry out the compact entered into? He had no hesitation in saying that they had; and if their efforts had been thwarted by the House of Lords and the Tory party that was no reason why the Irish party should play the game of the Tories by trying to throw out the Government. To do so would be a dishonorable proceeding on their part. The Liberals had honestly done their part, and the Irish party were bound to do theirs as loyally. While the Liberal party was true to the alliance

the Irish party was in honor bound to stand by and support it.

Mr. McCarthy gave as his reason for his feeling of hopefulness the increasing desire everywhere shown for justice to the Irish people. Come what might, let this Government fall and that Government succeed, one thing there was which would continue—that was the affection, sympathy, and understanding between the people of Great Britain, and in that understanding was their grand assurance of success to the National cause.

Taken with the recent optimistic speech of Sir William Harcourt we may perhaps look upon these statements as an offset to the gloomy despatches of Tory cable correspondents.

Cromwell.

Presumably when Mr. Justin McCarthy protested against the grant proposed by the British Parliament for a statue to Oliver Cromwell, he spoke in the name of his parliamentary associates and as representing the sentiment of the Irish people. Mr. McCarthy is not by any means, if we can judge from his writings and speeches, a man who would deny to Cromwell his measure of greatness. The principal works of his pen are characterized by eminent fairness to all persons.

Had the *House of Commons* been entirely English in its composition, the grant would have perhaps been allowed to go unquestioned. As it is, the subject only defines once more the utter unreason of the claim that England and Ireland are a unit in sympathy and interest.

From the English standpoint, the fame of Cromwell must be considered as great enough to endure without a monument. He is the very type of the Englishman. He was the outcome of the distress of the people. Tyranny might have been continued indefinitely had royalty been opposed by only such a leader as Hampden, sterling indeed for the right, but judicious, just and a courtier. The assertion of the people's claims demanded a man of coarser fibre. Cromwell was that man. His sword became as the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. He had no mercy on his enemies. And in course of time the Irish became his enemies.

"The curse of Cromwell" is his legacy to Ireland. This embodies the tradition that has come down through the centuries. Farms pillaged, homes ravished, towns burned, populations exterminated or expatriated, women and children put to the sword around the market cross; the Irish need not be at any pains to do the author honor. Mr. Morley was only just in withdrawing the proposition for a grant when, as he said, he found the sentiment of the whole Irish people was still, after the lapse of time, fervent in execration of the English butcher, and that Cromwell's Irish policy was one of the greatest political blunders of all times.

Archbishop Kenrick's Retirement.

The commanding ability of Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis in the years of his active life, and in general, the qualities he had displayed over so long a period, had endeared him with the people to such an extent that when it became necessary to remove him on account of physical and mental infirmity the very mention of such a contingency gave rise to ill feeling on the part of many of his friends, who naturally desired that he should live to his end in possession of the honors he had so amply merited.

As the decision from Rome proves, however, this kindly disposition could not be acceded to without the gravest danger to the affairs of the diocese, which have been for some time practically unattended to. Archbishop Kain, who had endeavored in every way to minister to the comfort of the aged prelate, found himself constantly repulsed. Archbishop Kenrick had taken a positive dislike to his co-adjutor and, while unable to transact business himself, resolutely refused to officially attest the acts of Archbishop Kain. This naturally resulted in a condition which, no matter how eager any one might be to continue him in the possession of his see and its honors, necessitated the removal of the old Archbishop from the control of the practical administration.

The mandate from Rome put an end to the trouble. The light of a great mind has gone out while yet the body lives. It is but one other of the countless illustrations of Thackeray's proverb, "A dead sorrow is better than a living one."

Manitoba.

There are indications that the agitation in Manitoba will have far-reaching consequences outside that Province. Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists are more or less wholeheartedly adopting the Catholic view that religion should be taught in the schools. Notwithstanding this the Manitoba Ministers are adhering to their policy of villification of the Catholics as an excuse for resisting the judgment of the Privy Council.

Catholics, who naturally desire to see their fellows in Manitoba granted the full exercise of their rights, may well look upon the movement for religion in the schools now going forward in the great Protestant bodies as of vastly more vital import than the petty carpings of the Sifters. The legislators, too, both of the Province and of the Dominion, may with profit measure the growing tendency of the denominations to get away from the system which relegates God to a place of seventh rate importance in the universe. The Manitoba Catholics are right, and the Protestants, by making a like case their own, admit it.

When a writer protests against being considered a very young man, or yet a very old man, and when the same writer's writings preclude the idea of a mature man, what is left but to consider the person no man at all? The wise "Owl" of Ottawa has a paradox of this kind within its sanctum. A domestic fowl in hatching time is neither more mysterious nor more fussy, than this anonymous regenerator of the Catholic press, who, among other things, when Father Northgraves is editorially shocked at the display of levity, coolly invites the reverend editor to join in the attack on his editorial brethren.

The Penance of Galahad.

By LOUISIE MOORE GUINNEY.

Thine own fair device is not about thee.
A Red Worm crawls on thy crest
And whither wilt thou go, upon thy saddle-bow
So strange and so fearful a guest?

'Thine own fair device I'll broder thee,
On baldric and saddle-cloth fine,
And have thy braided shield by the cunning
graver healed.
Thou' holy one, last of our line!"

"Let be, I have dreamed. Oh my sister,
Dreams pass with the dark and the wind;
But beside me there awake a memory that
spoke
Aloud all the morn: "Thou hast sinned!"

"The thing caged within me that I know not
Had burst from the temporal air,
By night I saw my soul, away from her control,
A horror at home in the lair.

"Account it no less than my demission!
I am I, whatsoever is wrought;
Lord where events begin, to rain misadventure in,
And lord on the frontiers of thought

"And weep not for me awhile to carry
A symbol, though foul and extreme;
I wear a witness ro, that the world and
thou may know
I fell from myself in a dream.

"If white knights, clouded on the wayside,
Say low: "There afar and infirm,
Our Galahad doth pass, the altar rose, alas!
Is the first of us all for the worm!"

"If Arthur at Camelot believe me
The possible lie that I am,
Pray only that I keep, made humble in a
sleep,
Still whole in the sight of the Lamb!"
—Catholic World.

A Summer Song.

"Move slowly, sweet June! Sweet June
move slow,
And let the apple blossoms blow
A little longer; let the sky
Bend backward, as the hours pass by.
My darling, look," she said, "and write
A song with this refrain to-night."
'Oh, stay, sweet June, thy flowery feet—
Thou art so sweet; thou art so sweet."

"Move slow, sweet June, move slow,"
I sang, and watched the lilies blow,
And saw the dandelions shine
Upon a hand held close in mine.
"Oh, stay until the robins sing
Once more," our hearts keep whispering.
"Stay, stay, sweet June, thy flowery feet—
Thou art so sweet; thou art so sweet."

"Sweet June, dear June, no longer stay;
Alone I sing to-day, to-day;
Oh, linger not? stop not to tell
The tale I used to love so well,
But hasten, June, for I would go
Where flowers immortal bud and blow.
Dear June, sweet June, no longer stay—
Thou art so sad, so sad, to-day."

"And yet, dear June, dear June, and yet
Thou still art sweet. Do I forget
How many hearts are glad as mine
In other Junes? O, blot that line,
That verse, my hand! Let lovers sing
To-day, let children's voices ring
With joy; for them delay thy feet,
Sweet June—thou art so sweet, so sweet."
JULIA H. MAY.

Lost Love.

Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain;
For still the spirit woos her,
A soul without a stain,
And memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain.

He loses her who gains her,
Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
The griefs that leave her grey;
The flesh that yet enchains her,
Whose grace hath passed away.

Oh, happier he who gains not
The love some seems to gain;
The joy that custom stains not
Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
The love that ne'er can wane.

He dreams she grows no older
The lands of dream among,
Though all the world wax colder,
Though all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
Still fair and kind and young.

—Andrew Lang: "Ban and Arriere-Ban."

Truth for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.
—J. R. LOWELL.

JEAN-AH POQUELIN.

— BY —

GEORGE W. CABLE.

The house was of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless, its massive build a strong reminder of days still earlier, when every man had been his own peace officer and the insurrection of the blacks a daily contingency. Its dark, weather-beaten roof and sides were hoisted up above the jungle plain in a distracted way, like a gigantic ammunition-wagon stuck in the mud and abandoned by some retreating army. Around it was a dense growth of low water willows, with half a hundred sorts of thorny or fetid bushes, savage strangers alike to the "language of flowers" and to the botanist's Greek. They were hung with countless strands of discoloured and prickly smilax, and the impassable mud below bristled with cheveu de frise of the dwarf palmetto. Two lone forest-trees, dead cypresses, stood in the centre of the marsh, dotted with roosting vultures. The shallow strips of water were hid by myriads of aquatic plants, under whose coarse and spiritless flowers, could one have seen it, was a harbour of reptiles, great and small, to make one shudder to the end of his days.

The house was on a slightly raised spot, the loves of a draining canal. The waters of this canal did not run; they crawled, and were full of big, ravaging fish and alligators, that held it against all comers.

Such was the home of old Jean Marie Poquelin, once an opulent indigo planter, standing high in the esteem of his small, proud circle of exclusively male acquaintances in the old city; now a hermit, alike shunned by and shunning all who had ever known him. "The last of his line," said the gossips. His father lies under the floor of the St. Louis Cathedral, with the wife of his youth on one side, and the wife of his old age on the other. Old Jean visits the spot daily. His half brother—alas! there was a mystery; no one knew what had become of the gentle, young half-brother, more than thirty years his junior, whom once he seemed so fondly to love, but who, seven years ago, had disappeared suddenly, once for all, and left no clew of his fate.

They had seemed to live so happily in each other's love. No father, mother wife to either, no kindred upon earth. The elder a bold, frank, impetuous, chivalric adventurer; the younger a gentle, studious, book-loving recluse: they lived upon the ancestral estate like mated birds, one always on the wing, the other always in the nest.

There was no trait in Jean Marie Poquelin, said the old gossips, for which he was so well known among his few friends as his apparent fondness for his "little brother." "Jacques said this," and "Jacques said that," he "would leave this or that, or anything to Jacques," for "Jacques was a scholar," and "Jacques was good," or "wise," as the nature of the case required; and "he should ask Jacques as soon as he got home," since Jacques was never elsewhere to be seen.

It was between the roving character of the one brother, and the studious character of the other that the estate fell into decay. Jean Marie, generous gentleman, gambled the slaves away one by one, until none was left, man or woman, but one old African mute.

The Indigo-fields and vats of Louisiana had been generally abandoned as unremunerative. Certain enterprising men had substituted the culture of sugar; but while the recluse was too apathetic to take so active a course, the other saw larger, and, at that time, equally respectable profits, first in smuggling, and later in the African slave-trade. What harm could be seen in it? The whole people said it was

vitaly necessary, and to minister to a vital public necessity—good enough, certainly, and so he laid up many a doubloon, that made him none the worse in the public regard.

One day old Jean Marie was about to start upon a voyage that was to be longer, much longer, than any that he had yet made. Jacques had begged him hard for many days not to go, but he laughed him off, and finally said, kissing him—

"Adieu, 'tit frere."

"No," said Jacques, "I shall go with you."

They left the old hulk of a house in the sole care of the African mute, and went away to the Guinea coast together.

Two years after, old Poquelin came home without his vessel. He must have arrived at his house by night. No one saw him come. No one saw "his little brother;" rumour whispered that he, too, had returned, but he had never been seen again.

A dark suspicion fell upon the old slavetrader. No matter that the few kept the many reminded of the tenderness that had ever marked his bearing to the missing man. The many shook their heads. "You know he has a quick and fearful temper;" and "why does he cover his loss with mystery?" "Grief would out with the truth."

"But," said the charitable few, "look in his face; see that expression of true humanity." The many did look in his face, and, as he looked in theirs, he read the silent question: "Where is thy brother Abel?" The few were silenced, his former friends died off, and the name of Jean Marie Poquelin became a symbol of witchery, devilish crime, and hideous nursery fictions.

The man and his house were alike shunned. The snipe and duck hunters forsook the marsh, and the woodcutters abandoned the canal. Sometimes the hardier boys who ventured out there snake-shooting heard a slow thumping of oar-locks on the canal. They would look at each other for a moment half in consternation, half in glee, then rush from their sport in wanton haste to assail with their gibes the unoffending, withered old man who, in rusty attire, sat in the stern of a skiff, rowed homeward by his white-headed African mute.

"O Jean-ah Poquelin! O Jean-ah! Jean-ah Poquelin!"

It was not necessary to utter more than that. No hint of wickedness, deformity, or any physical or moral demerit; merely the name and the tone of mockery: "Oh, Jean-ah Poquelin!" and while they tumbled one over another in their needless haste to fly, he would rise carefully from his seat, while the aged mute, with downcast face, went on rowing, and rolling up his brown fist and extending it toward the urchins, would pour forth such an unholy broadside of French imprecation and invective as would all but craze them with delight.

Among both blacks and whites the house was the object of a thousand superstitions.

Every mid-night, they affirmed, the feu follet came out of the marsh and ran in and out of the rooms flashing from window to window. The story of some lads, whose word in ordinary statements was worthless, was generally credited, that the night they camped in the woods, rather than pass the place after dark, they saw, about sunset, every window blood red, and on each of the four chimneys an owl sitting, which turned his head three times round, and moaned and laughed with a human voice. There was a bottomless well, everybody professed to know, beneath the sill of the big front door under the rotten veranda, whoever set his foot upon that threshold disappeared forever in the depth below.

What wonder the marsh grew as wild as Africa! Take all the Faubourg St. Marie, and half the ancient city, you would not find one graceless dare-devil reckless enough to pass within a hundred yards of the house after nightfall.

The alien races pouring into old New Orleans began to find the few streets named for the Bourbon princes too straight for them. The wheel of fortune, beginning to whirl, threw them off beyond the ancient corporation lines, and sowed civilization and even trade upon the lands of the Graviers and Girods. Fields became roads, roads streets. Everywhere the leveller was peering through his glass, rodsmen were whacking their way through willow brakes and rosy hedges, and the sweating Irishmen tossed the blue clay up with their long-handled shovels.

"Ha! that is all very well," quoth the Jean-Baptistes, feeling the reproach of an enterprise that asked neither co-operation nor advice of them, "but wait till they come vonder to Jean Poquelin's marsh: ha! ha! ha!" The supposed predicament so delighted them, that they put on a mock terror and wheeled about in an assumed stampede, then caught their clasped hands between their knees in excess of mirth, and laughed till the tears ran; for whether the street-makers mired in the marsh, or contrived to cut through old "Jean-ah's" property, either event would be joyful. Meantime a line of tiny rods, with bits of white paper in their split tops, gradually extended its way straight through the haunted ground, and crossed the canal diagonally.

"We shall fill that ditch," said the men in mud boots who brushed close along the chained and padlocked gate of the haunted mansion. Ah, Jean-ah Poquelin, those were not Creole boys, to be stampeded with a little hard swearing.

He went to the Governor. That official scanned the odd figure with no slight interest. Jean Poquelin was of short, broad frame, with a bronzed leonine face. His brow was ample and deeply furrowed. His eye, large and black, was bold and open like that of a war-horse, and his jaws shut together with the firmness of iron. He was dressed in a suit of Attakapas cottonade, and his shirt unbuttoned and thrown back from his throat and bosom, sailor-wise, showed a herculean breast, hard and grizzled. There was no fierceness or defiance in his look, no harsh ungentleness, no symptom of his unlawful life or violent temper; but rather a peaceful and peaceable fearlessness. Across the whole face, not marked in one or another feature, but as it were laid softly upon the countenance like an almost imperceptible veil, was the imprint of some great grief. A careless eye might easily overlook it, but, once seen, there it hung—faint, but unmistakable.

The Governor bowed.

"Parlez vous Français?"

"I would rather talk English, if you can do so," said the Governor.

"My name, Jean Poquelin."

"How can I serve you, Mr. Poquelin?"

"My 'ouso is yond'; dans le marais labas."

The Governor bowed.

"Dat marais billong to me."

"Yes, sir."

"To me; Jean Poquelin; I hown 'im meself."

"Well, sir?"

"He don't billong to you; I get him from me father."

"That is perfectly true, Mr. Poquelin, as far as I am aware."

"You want to make strit pass yond?"

"I do not know, sir; it is quite probable; but the city will indemnify you for any loss you may suffer—you will get paid, you understand."

"Strit can't pass dare."

"You will have to see the municipal authorities about that, Mr. Poquelin."

A bitter smile came upon the old man's face:

"Pardon, Monsieur, you is not le Gouverneur?"

"Yes."

"Mais, yes. You har le Gouverneur—yes. Veh-woll. I come to you. I tell you, strit can't pass at me 'ouso."

"But you will have to see—"

"I come to you. You is le Gouverneur. I know not the new laws. I ham a Fr-r-ronch-a-man! Fr-r-ronch-a-man have something aller au contraire—he comes at he Gouverneur. I come at you. If me not been bought from me king like bossals in the hold time, ze king gof—France would-a-show Monsieur le Gouverneur to take care his men to make strit in right places. Mais, I know; we billong to Monsieur le President. I want you do someain for me, eh?"

"What is it?" asked the Patient Governor.

"I want you tell Monsieur le President, strit—can't—pass—at—me—see."

"Have a chair, Mr. Poquelin:" but the old man did not stir. The Governor took a quill and wrote a line to a city official, introducing Mr. Poquelin, and asking for him every possible courtesy. He handed it to him, instructing him where to present it.

"Mr. Poquelin," he said, with a conciliatory smile, "tell me, is it your house that our Creole citizens tell such odd stories about?"

The old man glared sternly upon the speaker, and with immovable features said:

"You don't see me trade some Guinea nigger!"

"Oh, no."

"You don't see me make some smuggling?"

"No sir; not at all."

"But, I see Jean Marie Poquelin. I mine me hown biznis. Dat all right! Adieu."

He put his hat on and withdrew. By and by he stood, letter in hand, before the person to whom it was addressed. This person employed an interpreter.

"He says," said the interpreter to the officer, "he come to make you the fair warning how you wuz not make the street pas' at his 'ouso."

The officer remarked that "such impudence was refreshing;" but the experienced interpreter translated freely.

"He says: 'Why you don't want!'" said the interpreter.

The old slavetrader answered at some length.

"He says," said the interpreter, again turning to the officer, "the marais is a too unhealth' for peopl' to live."

"But we expect to drain his old marsh; it's not going to be a marsh."

"Il dit—" The interpreter explained in French.

The old man answered tersely.

"He says the canal is a private," said the interpreter.

"Oh! that old ditch; that is to be filled up. Tell the old man we're going to fix him up nicely."

Translation being duly made, the man in power was amused to see a thunder-cloud gathering on the old man's face.

"Tell him," he added, "by the time we finish, there'll not be a ghost left in his shanty."

The interpreter began to translate, but—

"Jo comprends, Jo comprends," said the old man, with an impatient gesture and burst forth, pouring curses upon the United States, the President, the Territory of Orleans, Congress, the Governor and all his subordinates, striding out of the apartment as he cursed, while the object of his maledictions roared with merriment and rammed the floor with his foot.

"Why, it will make his old place worth ten dollars to one," said the official to the interpreter.

"I should guess not," said the other, whittling his cuir;—"seems to me as if some of the old Orleons would lierer live in a crayfish hole than to have a neighbor."

"You know what make old Jean Poquelin make like that? I will tell you. You know—"

The interpreter was rolling a cigarette and paused to light his tinder; then, as the smoke poured in a thick double stream from his nostrils, he said in a solemn whisper—

"He is a witoh."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other.

"You don't believe it? What you want to bet?" cried the interpreter jorking himself half up and thrusting out one arm while he bared it of its coat-sleeve with the hand of the other. "What you want to bet?"

"How do you know?" asked the official.

"Dass what I goin' to tell you. You know, one evening I was shooting some grosbec. I killed three; but I had trouble to find them, it was becoming dark. When I have them I start to come home; then I got to pass at Jean Poquelin's house."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other throwing his leg over the arm of his chair.

"Wait," said the interpreter. "I come along slow, not making some noises; still, still—"

"And scared," said the smiling one.

"Mais, wait. I get all pas' the 'ouso. 'Ah!' I say; 'all right!' Then I see two thing' before! Hah! I get as cold and humide, and shake like a leaf. You think it was nothing? There I see, so plain as can be (though it was making nearly dark), I see Jean—Marie—Po-quelin walkin' right in front, and right there beside of him was something like a man—but not a man—white like paint!—I dropp' on the grass from scared—they pass; so sure as I live 'twas the ghos' of Jacques Poquelin, his brother!"

"Pooh!" said the listener.

"I'll put my han' in the fire," said the interpreter.

"But did you never think," asked the other, "that that might be Jack Poquelin, as you call him, alive and well, and for some cause hid away by his brother?"

"But there har' no cause!" said the other, and the entrance of third parties changed the subject.

Somemonths passed and the street was opened. A canal was first dug through the marsh, the small one which passed so close to Jean Poquelin's house was filled, and the street, or rather a sunny road, just touched a corner of the old mansion's door-yard. The morass ran dry. Its venomous denizens slipped away through the bulrushes; the cattle roaming freely upon its hardened surface trampled the superabundant undergrowth. The bellowing frogs croaked to westward. Lilies and the flower-de-luce sprang up in the place of reeds; smilax and poison-oak gave away to the purple-plumed iron-wood and pink spiderwort; the bind-weeds ran everywhere blooming as they ran, and on one of the dead cypresses a giant creeper hung its green burden of foliage and lifted its scarlet trumpets. Sparrows and red-birds flitted through the bushes, and dewberries grew ripe beneath. Over all these came a sweet, dry smell of salubrity which the place had not known since the sediments of the Mississippi first lifted it from the sea.

But its owner did not build. Over the willow brakes, and down the vista of the open street, bright new houses, some singly, some by ranks, were prying in upon the old man's privacy. They even settled down toward his southern side. First a woodcutter's hut or two, then a market gardener's shanty, then a painted cottage, and all at once the faubourg had flanked and half surrounded him and his dried-up marsh.

Ah! then the common people grow to hate him. "The old tyrant!" "You don't mean an old tyrant!" "Well, then, why don't he build when the public need demands it? What does he live in that unneighbourly way for?"

"The old pirate!" "The old kidnapper!" How easily even the most ultra-Louisianians put on the important virtues of the North when they could be brought to bear against the hermit. "There he goes, with the boys after him! Ah! ha! Jean-ah Poquelin! Ah! Jean-ah! Aha! Jean-ah Marie! Jean-ah Poquelin! The old villain!" How merrily the swarming Americans echo the spirit of persecution! "The old fraud," they say, "—pretends to live in a haunted house, does he? We'll tar and feather him some day. Guess we can fix him."

He cannot be rowed home along the old canal now; he walks. He has broken sadly of late, and the street urchins are over at his heels. It is like the days when they cried, "Go up, thou bald-head!" and the old man now and then turns and delivers ineffectual curses.

To the Crooles—to the incoming lower class of superstitious Germans, Irish, Sicilians, and others—he became an omen and embodiment of public and private ill-fortune. Upon him all the vagaries of their superstitions gathered and grew. If a house caught fire, it was imputed to his machinations. Did a woman go off in a fit, he had bewitched her. Did a child stray off for an hour, the mother shivered with the apprehension that Jean Poquelin had offered him to strange gods. The house was the subject of every bad boy's invention who loved to contrive ghostly lies. "As long as that house stands, we shall have bad luck. Do you not see our peas and beans dying, our cabbages and lettuce going to seed and our garden turning to dust, while every day you can see it raining in the woods? The rain will never pass old Poquelin's house. He keeps a fetich. He has conjured the whole Faubourg St. Marie. And why, the old wretch! Simply because our playful and innocent children call after him as he passes."

A "Building and Improvement Company," which had not yet got its charter, "but was going to," and which had not, indeed, any tangible capital yet, but "was going to have some," joined the "Jean-ah Poquelin's war. The haunted property would be such a capital site for a market-house. They sent a deputation to the old mansion to ask its occupant to sell. The deputation never got beyond the chained gate and a very barren interview with the African mute. The President of the Board was then empowered (for he had studied French in Pennsylvania and was considered qualified; to call and persuade M. Poquelin to subscribe to the company's stock; but—

"Fact is, gentlemen," he said at the next meeting, "it would take us at least twelve months to make Mr. Pokaleen understand the rather original features of our system, and he wouldn't subscribe when we'd done; besides, the only way to see him is to stop him on the street."

There was a great laugh from the Board; they couldn't help it. "Better meet a bear robbed of her whelps," said one.

"You're mistaken as to that," said the President. "I did meet him and stopped him, and found him quite polite. But I could get no satisfaction from him; the fellow wouldn't talk in French, and when I spoke in English he hoisted his old shoulders up, and gave the same answer to everything I said."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

(Continued from Page 4)

God and to God's Church, "big" in his devotion to the best interests of old Ireland, "big" in the possession of every quality which ennobles man. A son who inherits not a little of his sterling qualities resides on the old homestead.

Another figure, the features of which are indelibly stamped on the face of memory, is that of Mr. Samuel Gibson of the Cobourg Road. Mr. Gibson was a native of the County of Tipperary, Ireland, but for nearly forty years an esteemed resident of the Township of Perry. Unobtrusive and undemonstrative, with something of a cold exterior, he was a man who did not favorably impress you at first sight, but a very little acquaintance with him soon brought to light the rich qualities of his nature. To me, in the course of my periodical calls upon him, during the latter years of his life, he appeared as amongst the grandest types of manhood, and I have always felt that beneath that somewhat coarse covering there beat as pure and as honest a heart as ever palpitated in human bosom. The excellent woman who took his name, and who for nearly half a century shared his trials and his struggles, still survives him, and lives on the old homestead with her youngest son, Samuel. Another son—John—is a prominent farmer in this section, whilst a third—James—is one of the leading business men of the rising town of Campbellford.

Patrick Downs, Patrick Cleary, Jas. Kearney, Patrick Conlan, Denis McFadden, Cornelius Tobin and James Bickley, all good men and true, who, in an eminent degree possessed the best characteristics of our race, have also paid the debt of nature, and now belong to the past.

With a short reference to these and a few additional names, this list, which I regret to say, could be further extended, must close. Simultaneous with the building of the Locks at "Crooks Rapids"—the name by which Hastings was first known—there appeared on the banks of the River Trent, a young, little Irishman, fresh from the rebel fields of Cork. This was Timothy Coughlin. Mr. Coughlin was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and, I may say, and indeed do say it, in no disparaging sense, that he had very little silver in his purse when commencing life's battles in the Canadian forest. He started however, with a capital, which, imported from Ireland intrinsically, was more valuable than silver or gold. He was a man of excellent habits, and of frugal tastes; and withal, possessed of an honest heart, a willing pair of arms and a robust determination to succeed. With such qualities the reader will be prepared for the announcement that before long the shrewd and industrious little Irishman of the "Crooks Rapids" locks, became possessed of a fortune which, by judicious investments, accumulated as years went by. Mr. Coughlin's life was a useful one. He was a liberal supporter of the Church in his pioneer struggles; he held, for many years, the Commission of the Peace, was intimately identified with the municipal government of the township and village, where he resided, and I myself have personal knowledge of the fact, that many years ago, strong pressure was brought to bear with a view of inducing him to offer for the representation of the East Riding of Peterborough in the Provincial Legislature. No wonder then, that as Timothy Coughlin's eyes closed in death a few years ago, general regret should have been felt throughout the counties of Northumberland and Peterborough where he was best known.

A feature of the social life of Hastings, is the number of retired farmers who have taken up their residences there. Mr. Timothy Collins, long an esteemed resident of the "Cobourg Road" is one of those whose pleasant countenance one encounters on its streets. Mr. Collins, after years of patient and persevering industry, retires from the scenes of his labors, leaving his two sons in sole possession of the broad and fertile acres, which a life of thrift has accumulated. Although verging on his eightieth year, Mr. Collins is still hale and hearty. Mr. Patrick Barry also, having looked after his bay whilst the sun was shining, has sought the charms of village life, leaving his son in indisputable ownership of a magnificent farm.

Hastings does not appear to increase with age. Thirty one years ago it was a very pleasant looking little village, to-day it is a very pleasant looking little village; thus showing that in one respect, at least, it has managed to hold its own. Why this should be so, must serve as a riddle to the uninitiated. It is in the heart of a country rich in agricultural resources; it has unlimited water power, and why it should content itself with resting, and sunning itself on the southern slope of a hill, whilst surrounding hamlets are swelling into villages, and villages enlarging into towns, is something that appears inexplicable. The avaricious and grasping policy of a few men who have secured a monopoly not only in the land but in the water has, it is asserted with some show of reason, contributed not a little to this decadence. Those human cormorants refused to sell or rent the water, except at fabulous prices, and as they would never think of giving it away for nothing, manufacturers, for their investments, sought for fields imbued with a stronger spirit of enterprise. We must not marvel then, at finding Campbellford, Norwood and other surrounding villages, knocking Hastings out of time in the race for wealth, population, and general prosperity.

Despite those adverse influences, there is one industry which grows and flourishes in Hastings. I allude to the tannery owned by Mr. John Quigley. It is only a few years since this gentleman adopted the pretty little village on the banks of the River Trent, as his future home, and as the base of his manufacturing operations, but in that short time he has, by his intelligence and his enterprise, by his kindness and generosity as an extensive employer, as well as by his public spirited conduct as a citizen, created a lucrative business, whilst making for himself an honored name. Nor can I refrain from saying that every praise worthy effort of Mr. Quigley's is ably seconded by his estimable wife who, like himself springs from a fine old Catholic family well known in the County of Ontario.

A word or two respecting the Catholic Church at the point, and my lucubrations, for the present, must come to a finish. Those who will deem it worth while to wade through this tedious effusion will be glad to learn that the old faith has more than kept pace with the times, both in a material and spiritual sense. John Driscoll's stone castle still looks down frowningly on the swamp, but on the crest of a neighbouring hill, in full view of the raging waters of the noble stream, and within sight of the whole village stands the Catholic Church, a stately memorial of the zeal, the piety, and generosity of the priest and people of Hastings.

P. S.—Since the above was written the mournful intelligence reaches me that the Angel of death has crossed the threshold of Father Quirk's home at Hastings, and that the good priest himself has been claimed as a victim. Beneath many a roof-tree in the parishes of Campbellford, Warkworth, Burnley, Hastings, Norwood, and

(Continued on Page 13.)



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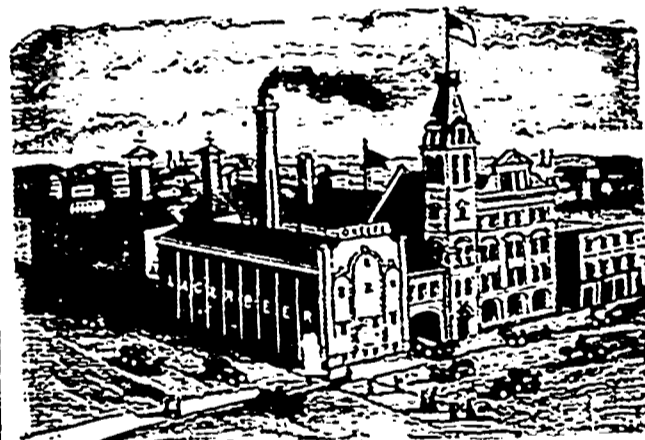
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wherever else the lamented priest was known the announcement of his death will draw copious tears. The history of Father Quirk for the last five and thirty years, is indelible with a history of Catholicity itself in those parishes. He built most of the churches, he established schools, he baptised the majority of the Roman Catholic inhabitants now living, he united them subsequently in wedlock, and when summoned to the other world, he followed their remains to the grave.

In the month of March last, I had the pleasure of calling upon Father Quirk, and although, as was painfully evident, his life hung upon a slender tenure, his greeting had all the warmth and fervor of olden times.

The despatch announcing his death which is very meagre of details, states that he had reached the eighty-fifth year of his age. This certainly must be an error, as the good priest, judging from frequent conversations which I had with him on the subject many years ago, could not be more than seventy-five years at the time of death.

I regret that in the absence of data I cannot write more, but I trust the task of writing his biography will be confided to abler hands than mine, so that full justice will be done to a most unselfish nature, and to a most exemplary life. Peace be with him.

Size of the Universe.

While it is interesting to know the distance of some of the stars in miles, when stated in that way the numbers are so large that they frequently convey very indistinct conceptions to the mind. For this reason it is customary to estimate star distances in "light years." A light year is the distance that light, moving at the rate of 186,300 miles second, travels in one year. This amount is round numbers to 5,880,000,000,000 miles. The distance of Alpha Centauri is 4.35 light years; that of Sirius, the dog star, is almost twice as great, or 8.6 light years. In other words, light requires 8.6 years to come to us from Sirius. And these are among the very nearest of the stars. Some, whose parallaxes have been rather estimated than measured, appear to be situated at a distance which light could not traverse in less than one or two centuries. The great star Arcturus, for instance has, according to Dr. Elkin, a parallax of only 18 1000ths of a second. Its distance must, in that case, be about 181 light years, or more than a thousand million million miles. And if its distance is so great then, since light varies inversely as the square of the distance from its source, it can be shown that Arcturus must actually give forth 5000 or 6000 times as much light as the sun yields.

Yet Arcturus is evidently much nearer than the vast majority of the stars are. Not one in a million is known to have a parallax large enough even to be intelligently guessed at. There may be stars whose light requires thousands instead of hundreds of years to cross the space separating them from us.

We thus see that only a few points on the nearer shores of the starry universe lie within reach of our measurements; here and there a jutting headland, while behind stretches the vast expanse over which the hundreds of millions of stars known to exist are scattered.—G. P. Service in the *Chauquan*.

Twenty Long Years.

I suffered from Dyspepsia and all the inconveniences arising therefrom for nearly twenty years. After having tried the prescriptions of two eminent doctors without perceptible effect, one of my friends advised me to make constant use of St. Leon Water by taking nearly a pint every morning an hour before breakfast.

For nearly ten years I have faithfully followed the prescription, and my health is as good as could be desired.

J. B. Z. BOLDUC,
Proctor of the Archbishop's Palace, Que.

Personals.

A competition among Italian artists has been set on foot for the execution of a reproduction in marble of the alto-relievo of the Lion of St. Mark, with the Doge Gritti. This alto-relievo formerly ornamented the terrace above the piazzetta of the Ducal Palace in Venice. The winner of the competition will be given two years in which to complete the work, the price for it having to be decided by a Commission appointed by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction.

The Rev. Richard Kielty, after twenty two years unceasing missionary labour in Australia, has been granted by his Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Dunn, twelve months holiday. After going through the States and visiting his brother, Rev. Denis Kielty, Vicar-General of Salt Lake City, Father Kielty will proceed to Ireland to see once more the scenes of his youth, and visit the various holy places of "the island of saints." The rev. gentleman will then visit Rome and the Holy Land and return via Suez to Australia.

Lord Acton's new position as a member of the Senate of Cambridge University, says the "Chronicle," is likely to give rise to a question almost as curious as the occasion is novel. He is patron of the living of Acton Round, Shropshire, in the diocese of Hereford, now vacant. Being a Catholic he cannot exercise the right of private patronage, which lapses to the University. But as an M.A. he can vote in the Senate for the candidate of his choice. Or perhaps some Protestant Don will question his right to the privilege. In any case, it is a pretty absurdity.

Cardinal Ruffo Scilla, who died on the 29th ult., belonged to a noble family in Palermo. His talent and piety won him distinction and Pius IX in 1877 preconized him Archbishop of Chieti. Leo XIII. resolved to employ his services in diplomacy, and sent him as Extraordinary Ambassador to London for the Queen's Jubilee. It was the first time for three centuries that a Papal representative was seen in an official capacity at the English Court. Mgr. Ruffo Scilla was afterwards appointed Nuncio at Munich, but his people gathered round his residence and refused to let him go. In 1891 he was created Cardinal. He was only fifty five, having been born in 1840.

Don Alexandro Soler, a Spanish millionaire, has bequeathed the greater part of his property to the Queen Regent, with reversion to her children. A romantic story is told in connection with the life of the deceased. It is said that he was left when an infant at the door of San Fernando, a wealthy grandee, that the Duke's wife reared him and grew fond of him, that he was left all the ducal property, and that he never discovered who his parents were until a duchess, one of the leaders of Madrid society, informed him that she was his mother. Who his father was she refused to reveal. The alleged mother of Don Alexandro Soler had been dead some years, when a Spanish lady, belonging to one of the noblest houses of the Castilian aristocracy, a widowed and bereaved mother on whose brow a crown had pressed, paid a short visit to her native country to see her aged mother, and "La Correspondencia de Espana" states that on the occasion Don Alexandro Soler was apprised of the secret of his origin, and of the reasons that the deceased Duchess, his mother in fact, had for not telling him of his connection with the bluest blood of Spain, on the paternal as well as the maternal side. He has left to the Queen Regent several million pesetas in freehold property in Madrid and in foreign and Spanish securities. Don Alexandro had never been to Court, and had never spoken to or been presented to Queen Christina.

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SAMPLES FREE!

Or we will return your 50 cents if you get us an agent who will order a dozen beaters. Better still, get up a Club of 12 neighbors and friends and send us \$5.00 for a dozen beaters, which sell for 12.00, making a clear profit of \$7.00 for a few hours or an evening's work. One lady sold 11 in one hour. Another agent 16 in two hours and a half. Another secured a club of 12 in one evening. One man sells \$12.00 worth every day. Full particulars send for stamp.

BUTLER MFG. CO., 617, CHICAGO.

Old Nick's Church.

An elderly individual wearing a hat well down on his ears, an old-fashioned coat, and pants that exposed an inch of white sock, stood in front of Osgoode Hall recently and gazed upon the home of legal lore. After a while he turned round to a corporation laborer who was working in that gradually nonchalant manner which characterizes the civic employe and asked, "What church is that?"

The man with a vote and an aldermanic pull gazed at Rudolphus of Garafraza, then at Osgoode Hall, and replied: "Begorra, that's Old Nick's own house. That's where the devil's limbs congregate."

Realized Its Truth.

"Well," muttered the collector, as he sank wearily into a chair and turned to his employer, "there is one old saying that I can vouch for."

"What is it?"

"The one that says, 'you never find a man out till you trust him.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, June 19, 1895.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 95	\$0 97
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 96	0 96
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 83	0 83
Oats, per bush.....	0 33	0 41
Peas, common.....	0 00	0 65
Barley, per bush.....	0 50	0 50
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Geese, per pound.....	0 07	0 09
Ducks, per pair.....	0 60	1 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 60
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 14	0 15
Eggs.....	0 10	0 11
Onions, per bag.....	0 60	0 75
Turnips, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 40	0 45
Beans, per peck.....	0 70	0 75
Beets, per bag.....	0 50	0 60
Carrots, per bag.....	0 40	0 50
Parsnips, per bag.....	0 40	0 50
Apples, per bbl.....	1 75	3 00
Hay, timothy.....	16 00	18 00
Hay, clover.....	13 00	14 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 00
Beef, hinds, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Beef, fore per lb.....	0 04	0 05½
Lamb, carcass per lb.....	0 07	00 10
Spring lamb, carcass, lb.....	0 09	0 12
Veal, per lb.....	0 05	0 07
Mutton, carcass, per lb.....	0 05	0 06½
Dressed hogs, per lb.....	0 05½	0 06

IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

LEINSTER.

Dublin.

On the morning of May 21st, an extraordinary discovery was made in Stephen's Green, Dublin, where the dead body of a woman named Sarah Fox, a widow, who resided at 31 Lower Stephen street, was found in the pond. It appeared that at 7 a. m., shortly after the park was opened to the public, Constable Duffy entered, and as he was crossing the bridge saw an object in the water close to the artificial waterfall. It was found to be the body of a woman, and was shortly afterwards identified as that of the Widow Fox. The body was removed to the Morgue. At the inquest, it appeared from the evidence that the woman was subject to fits of epilepsy. She had got up soon after six o'clock, and went out, as she said, to get "a mouthful of fresh air." The body was found an hour later in the pond. A verdict of found drowned was returned.

Wicklow.

On May 20th, the Bray Township Improvement Bill, which had already passed through the House of Commons, came before the Examiners of the House of Lords for proof of compliance with the further standing orders. The object of the bill is to authorize the Bray Township Commissioners to construct a sewer for the more effectual drainage of the township, and to supply electricity for public and private purposes. There was no opposition at this stage, and the necessary formal proofs having been given, the bill was ordered to be reported for the second reading. Since then, however, the Dublin, Wicklow, and in the Private Bill Office of the House of Lords a petition praying to be heard by council against the bill, when the committee stage is reached.

Kildare.

The election of medical officer for the Newbridge Dispensary district came off on May 20th. Dr. Joseph Fleming was elected, defeating Dr. Rowan. Dr. Fleming gets 9 votes and Dr. Rowan 2.

Kildare evidently appreciates the value of Mr. Morley's Land Bill. The farmers and laborers of the county, irrespective of section or party, spontaneously organized a great meeting in support of the measure; and they demand that the best Land Bill ever introduced into the House of Commons shall be allowed to pass both Houses of the Legislature, and to become law without mutilation or curtailment.

Queen's County.

On May 20th, the dedicating the new Church of the Most Holy Rosary, at Abbey-leix, was performed by the Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, Most Rev. Dr. Comerford.

Mr. Patrick Brennan, of Ballyharmon, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for Queen's County. Mr. Brennan has been all his life associated with the National cause, and for many years took an active part in the Land League and National organizations. He was heavily fined at the Maryborough Assizes, when Father McFadden and others were arraigned on the trumped-up charge of the murder of Inspector Martin, for expressing his opinion on the exclusion of Catholics from the jury panels, under the manipulation of the then Attorney General, Peter (Packer) O'Brien. Mr. Brennan is a governor of the Maryborough Lunatic Asylum, and a member of the Carlow, Inghin, and Bonnekerry Branch of the Irish National Federation.

Kilkenny.

There is considerable division of opinion about getting in a good supply of pipe water in Kilkenny. The contest is all over the source from which the supply is to be drawn, and the comparative cost. Meanwhile, the city is depending on the old pumps and wells; and, in case of a big fire, the consequences would be disastrous.

Wexford.

On the morning of May 18th, the long expected campaign of seizure on the Templemore estate was commenced before the sun peeped over the horizon, a number of cattle belonging to John Cummins, Ballyhack, and David Gleeson, Ballygow, were seized; and so quietly was the business performed that neither the tenants nor their neighbors were cognizant of what was going on. Mr. Bowen, the estate agent, acted as chief bailiff, with four others of the craft. There were no police called on to aid or protect the gang—a noteworthy fact in itself, but the wily agent knew there was no necessity for the presence of the R.I.C., as the tenantry were unconscious of a visitation of bailiffs at such an hour. Mr. Bowen conducted the bailiffs to the lands of Kilhite, held by Mr. John Cummins. Here they seized 26 cattle (yearlings and two-year-olds) and drove them into Arthertown Pound. Without the slightest delay, across the country then hied the bailiffs, until the extreme end of the estate, Ballygow, was reached, where they seized twelve milch cows, the property

of Mr. David Gleeson, which were placed in the Saltmills Pound. In both cases it was the agent who broke the locks. The cattle so seized were advertised to be sold, by sheriff's auction, on the following Friday; and they were guarded night and day by police. The sale took place on the date announced, and the first lot of cattle put up were bought in by a bailiff, named Nolan, from New Ross, as Mr. Cummins declared he would not attempt to buy his own cattle, if such a course were taken at the outset of the seizures, it would be calculated to lead to the breaking up of the estate organization. In the case of Mr. David Gleeson, his cattle were purchased by his brother in law. The sales were attended by a great gathering of the people of the district, and there was a strong force of police present. On the same day Mr. Larkin's cattle were disposed of for £3. As Bowen left the auction yard he was hooted and hissed.

King's County.

Particulars of an extraordinary case of suicide were received on May 20th, from Ballyneagher, near Banagher. It appears that the victim was Miss Bridget Madden, a young lady of some 25 years of age, who had about two years ago returned from California, to reside with her parents at Ballyneagher. On the 18th she left her home, but was not missed until late in the evening. A gun belonging to the family was afterwards missed, and a diligent but fruitless search was made. Two boys, on the 20th, were fishing in a deep bog hole, when their attention was attracted by something glistening at the bottom. This proved to be Mrs. Madden's gun, and on the hole being dragged the young woman's body was found at the bottom with the face completely shattered.

Westmeath.

While driving from Mayne to his home, a few days ago, a very serious accident befel Rev. Father Cuskelly, C.C., Castlepollard. He was driving down a steep incline, at Coolure, when the horse took fright and ran away. The animal dashed against a wall, and Father Cuskelly was precipitated heavily to the road. When picked up he was found to be unconscious. His arm was broken, and blood flowed profusely from a deep wound in the head. A telegram received in Mullingar, on May 21st, from Castlepollard says—"Father Cuskelly is improving slightly; partly conscious; and takes liquid nourishment."

Longford.

A mistake involving the loss of 16 head of cattle occurred at Edgeworthstown, on May 17th. Mr. Peter Symth, a farmer, residing at Jackham House, Edgeworthstown, sent to a tradesman of that town for some salts, but by mistake nitrate of potash was sent. Mr. Symth, ignorant of the error, gave the cattle the nitrate, and the next morning, when he went to examine his beasts he found 16 of them lying dead in the field. The value of the cattle is estimated at £250, and it is stated the tradesman who made the fatal mistake has offered to compensate Mr. Symth for the loss he has sustained.

MUNSTER.

Cork.

On the morning of May 21st, Mr. Bryan McSweeney, J.P., of Keale, Millstreet, had a narrow escape with his life. While on his way to attend Ballyvourney Petty Sessions, he was met on the mountain by three men, armed with guns and having their faces blackened, who shouted to him to go back, evidently intending to prevent him from attending the Petty Sessions. He drove on, when the party fired at him, happily without effect. Mr. McSweeney drew his revolver and faced them, firing three shots, on which the assailants immediately ran away through the mountain. Mr. McSweeney, on his arrival at Ballyvourney, reported the matter to Mr. Bonis, District Inspector, who subsequently accompanied Mr. McSweeney to the scene of the outrage, which is within three and a-half miles of Ballyvourney village. No motive can be assigned for the attack beyond the fact that some cases arising out of the late election of a Guardian for a division in Ballyvourney was to be heard at the Petty Sessions. The deepest indignation is felt at the attempt on Mr. McSweeney's life.

Kerry.

On the afternoon of May 17th, a young man named Flahive, died very suddenly, at his residence at Tyduff, some three miles to the west of Ballyheigue. Deceased had been ailing some some time previous, but not so much as to prevent him from doing some light work. His brother had left for America a few days before, and as they were very much attached to each other it is believed that his untimely end was a result of the separation, or, at least, that the sad event served to hasten the death. Dr. Clancy, coroner, Listowel, held an inquest, and a verdict of death from failure of the heart's action was returned.

Limerick.

The Limerick bacon merchants are arranging for the opening of a large concern, near the Limerick Junction Creamery, where experiments will be tried with the view of demomstrating for the benefit of farmers how "separated milk"—that is milk from which

the cream and butter-forming components have been extracted may be used to advantage for pig feeding.

Clare.

In the Queen's Bench Court, Dublin, on May 23d, before Justice Johnston, Justice Holmes, and Justice Gibson, Mr. J. Fitzgerald Murphy (instructed by Mr. V. R. Hilliard, Kilrush), applied, on behalf of the defendant, in the case of Brown v O'Brien, for an order changing the venue from the City of Dublin to the city of Limerick, or of county Clare. The action is brought for damages for the breach of promise of marriage, and for the maintenance of the plaintiff's child, of which she alleged the defendant was the father of the child. Both parties reside in Kilrush. The plaintiff consented to the venue being changed to the city of Limerick, and the Court made an order accordingly, costs to be costs in the case.

Tipperary.

On May 17th, an old man named Hanrahan, aged 70, residing near Mullinahone, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. The wounds though serious, were not fatal. Messrs. N. K. Shee, J.P., and Poo, J.P., subsequently committed Hanrahan to the asylum, as a dangerous lunatic.

Waterford.

At Dungarvan, Mr. John McGrath, pawnbroker, St. Mary street, was arrested and remanded, recently, charged with having set fire to the premises of Mr. P. McKenna, a resident of the town.

ULSTER.

Antrim.

On the afternoon of May 18th, a serious burning occurred in the townland of Lisnisk, about five miles from Ballymoney, whereby the Lisnisk Flax Scutching and Saw Mills, the property of Mr. James Neuin, were destroyed.

Armagh.

About one o'clock on the morning of May 21st, a serious fire broke out in the hardware and grocery stores of Mr. Laurence Murphy William street, Lurgan. The Fire Brigade turned out quickly; but owing to some misapprehension, proceeded to Queen street, only to find that there was no fire in that part of the town, when they were informed where the fire was. Having arrived on the scene, they laid the hose, but, owing to the delay caused, were unable to get the flames under control, and the stores were completely burned down.

Fermanagh.

At the last meeting of the Enniskillen Board of Guardians, Mr. Crumley J.P. proposed a resolution to raise the scale of dietary of the pauper inmates. The motion was lost by a majority of twelve the Tories voting to a man against it. It is said the inmates in Enniskillen Workhouse are very badly treated, as to their food.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Messrs. John Cradon, Patrick Dullin, Laurence Kilmartin, Hugh Maguire, and James Tierney to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Fermanagh.

Monaghan.

The Dublin Gazette announces officially that "the Right Honorable, the Earl of Darnley, Lieutenant of the county Monaghan, has appointed Whitney Upton Moutray Esq., of Port Singleton, Emyvale, to be a deputy lieutenant for said county." That announcement ought, at least, to be a drop of comfort for the Tory-Unionists, who have been gnashing their teeth, of late, over the appointment by the Lord Chancellor, of a few Nationalists, to be mere J.P's.

Tyrone.

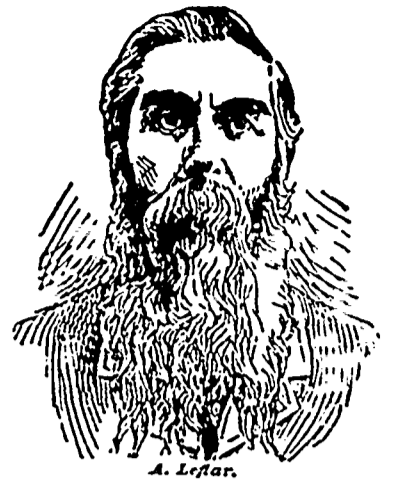
On Sunday May 19th, after last Mass in St. Eugene's Church, Omagh, a meeting was held in the Christian Brothers' Schools there to take steps to organize a suitable reception to the Rev. J. McGlade, on his return from the United States, where he has been for the past five years collecting money for the erection of the new Catholic Church of Omagh. In this welcome it is intended to include a number of delegates who will accompany the Rev. gentleman and who are members of the Archbishop Hughes' Memorial Committee. Mr. Michael Devlin J.P., presided at the meeting, at which it was announced that Father McGlade would sail from New York on the 22nd of May, and that he would be accompanied by Dr. McCreevy and Mr. Kelly. A committee was appointed to take charge of the arrangements for the "welcome home" of Father McGlade, which was to include a reception at the railway station; a banquet in the Grand Jury Rooms, and a conversation, at which an address to Father McGlade was to be presented; and subsequently the showing of some of the famous scenery of the neighborhood to the American guests.

Donegal.

Mr. Patrick McGinley, Breenagh, Letterkenny, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace, for the county of Donegal.

Derry.

A public meeting of farmers and others was held in the Town Hall, Coleraine, on May 20th, to consider Mr. Russell's proposed amendments to the pending Land Bill



A. Leflar.

DISEASED LUNGS

CURED BY TAKING

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicine he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."

—A. LEFLAR, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

and advise members of Parliament and farmers' delegates of the views thereon of the farmers of Coleraine district. Resolutions in favor of the original Bill were unanimously adopted; and T. W. Russell was roundly denounced as an enemy to the cause of real land reform.

CONNAUGHT.

Galway.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Francis Nolan, Q.C., on May 17th, will be received with feelings of profound regret. Mr. Nolan was a member of the Connaught Circuit, on which he enjoyed a good practice. He was generally regarded as a capable and sound lawyer, and was much respected by his professional colleagues. Outside of the law courts he was but little known, for he was a man of unobtrusive character, and seldom mixed in society. He was a brother of Colonel Nolan, M.P., was called to the Bar in 1863, "took silk" in 1882, and was elected a Bencher of the King's Inns in 1892.

Wexford.

The Sack Drainage Board have decided to appoint an Inspector for the whole length of the river, at a salary of £75 per year. Owing to the works having been discontinued along the river, the salary of the secretary was reduced from £125 to £50 per year.

Lislim.

A few days ago, a railway train passing on the Midland line from Carrick-on-Shannon to Boyle, ran into a flock of sheep belonging to Mr. Mark McDermott, which happened to be trespassing on the railway, and nine of them were killed and eight maimed so badly that all were subsequently sold to a man from Elphin for £4 19s.

Sligo.

Lang, the Drumcolumb emergencyman, still holds possession of the evicted farm at Riverstown. By all accounts he won't keep it long, as the people of the district are indignant that one of Jones Taaffe McDonagh's breed should vegetate in their midst. The Nationalists of Sooy hunted that scoundrel felonious landlordism to a pauper's grave in a foreign country. Like is the fate that awaits all traitors to their country's cause. The men of Riverstown are no dastards.

Mayo.

The Lord Lieutenant has intimated to Rev. Mother Bernard his intention to open the great exhibition of Irish Industries, at Foxford, in September next. The presence of Lord Houghton, who has always taken a kindly interest in the meritorious work of the good Nuns, will add much eclat to the exhibition and make its success doubly assured.

All the crimes of the earth do not destroy so many of the human race nor alienate so much society as drunkenness. Lord Bacon

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

St. John's Industrial School and St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.
 Sir.—As these are two new works of charity lately instituted by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and seeing that we have already so many noble works of mercy and charity in our midst I fear that some of our people who have not given the matter much consideration might consider them unnecessary, whereas on close enquiry they prove to be an absolute necessity under the now existing laws of the land.

Recently the Dominion and Provincial Governments have enacted most humane laws in favor of minors, which call for the establishment of industrial schools and children's aid societies throughout the province, to which all neglected and dependent, as well as all children found guilty of minor offences, will be sent during their minority.

To take advantage of these merciful laws the Victoria Industrial School at Mimico and the Children's Aid Society of Toronto have been in active operation for some years past and all the above numerous class of children have been confided to their care, where much bodily service has been rendered to them; but, as these institutions are entirely governed by Protestants their faith has in most cases been entirely destroyed, as it is all but impossible for our young poorly educated children to remain in such places for years and still remain true to their Church and their God.

The fact, therefore, now stares us full in the face; we must either maintain the above-named Catholic institutions, so ably provided by the untiring zeal of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, or fold our arms and see our unfortunate little ones absorbed by those other institutions in future as they have in the past.

The law fully provides that all Catholic children shall be placed in Catholic institutions where such exist, such as we now have.

The co-operation of all good people is requested in this good work.

The St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society has opened an office in St. Vincent's Hall, No. 25 Shuter street, where any information affecting the welfare of neglected and dependent children is solicited and any assistance possible will be given.

The utmost secrecy as to names and addresses will be preserved where such is likely to be desirable.

His Grace has placed the services of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, and the St. Nicholas Institute, Lombard street, at the disposal of the Society so far as may be found necessary for a temporary shelter.

All communications, subscriptions or donations will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged by their agent at the above address.

Office hours, 9 to 1.
 Yours truly, A CATHOLIC.

A High Endorsement.

Rev. Alfred Barcham, Chaplain, Ont. :—
 "While Rector of St. Mary's Church, Montreal, I received, in answer to a request several months ago, a package of K. D. C. I desired it for the benefit of my wife who had been troubled with dyspepsia for a number of years. I am glad to say that she is completely cured by its use, although she shared the one package among friends. You may be sure that we constantly recommend the remedy, which has been so effective in her case, while other remedies have failed to permanently cure."

The foregoing should convince the most skeptical of the wonder working power of K. D. C.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

General Grant's Frankness.

General Grant was seated next to Henry Watterson at a dinner, when Mr. Watterson, turning to the General, said:

"I have a bone to pick with you."

"Well, what is it?" asked Grant.

"You remember in 1879, when it was said I was coming to Washington at the head of a regiment and you said you would hang me if I came?"

"Oh, no," said Grant, "I never said that."

"I am glad to hear it," said Watterson. "I like you better than ever."

"But," added Grant, dryly, "I would if you had come."

Effect of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wines sold on their label. Every swell hotel and club is now handling them, and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

The societies affiliated with the O.T.A.U. of America are looking forward with big anticipations to the national gathering of that body, which is to be held in August at New York. These national conventions are always interesting and spirited meetings, and the one of this year promises to be particularly so, because the national union is then to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of its existence. Archbishop Corrigan has assured the delegates that they will be cordially welcome in his archiepiscopal city. Monsignor Satolli has promised to attend at least one session of the convention, and the national officers have invited everybody who takes any interest in the temperance movement to attend the convention, even though he or she be not a member of any temperance society. The outlook, therefore, is that the New York convention will surpass all previous ones in numbers and in enthusiasm.

Memory, imagination, old sentiments, and associations are more readily reached through the sense of the smell than by almost any other channel.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of June, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	7.30	7.45	7.25	9.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	3.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.30	10.10	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00	12.35pm	8.50
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	6.30	4.00	10.45	8.30
		9.30		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.30	12.00n	8.35	5.45
		4.00	12.35pm	10.50
		9.30		
U.S. West'n States	6.30	12 noon	8.35	5.45
		4.00	8.30	
		9.30		

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of June: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch Postoffice.

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE.

4 TRIPS DAILY (except Sundays).
 Commencing Monday, June 3rd
 Sts. Chicora and Cibola,
 will leave Yonge Street Wharf, east side, at
 7 a. m., 11 a. m., 2 p. m., 4.45 p. m., for
Niagara, Lewiston & Queenston,
 connecting with New York Central and
 Hudson River Railway, Niagara Falls
 Park and River Railway, and Michigan
 Central Railway for Niagara Falls, Buffalo,
 etc.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

HEAR

OUR
 TRANSPOSING
 PIANOS

And you will be so favorably impressed with this invention that

- Transposes any music
- into any key by a simple
- lever movement in a second

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS TORONTO,
 117 KING ST. WEST.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES.

THE undersigned will receive tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of forty years, issued by the Province of Ontario under authority of an act of the Provincial Parliament (47 Vic., cap. 31.)

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer guaranteeing half-yearly payments at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto of sums of \$100 or larger sums, on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year for forty years from 30th day of June next, the half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1895, and for which tenders are asked, is \$5,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$500 annually.

Tenders will be required, to state the capital sum which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Tenders will be received up to the 12th day of July next. Notifications of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 15th July and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

The highest of any tender not necessarily accepted unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT,
 Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's office, Toronto, May 8th, 1895.

Note—Illustrations of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 4 per cent. per annum (or in strictness 2 per cent. half-yearly) a present payment of \$4,957.25 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 5 per cent. of the principal sum.

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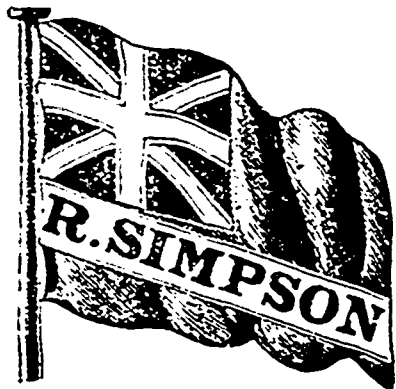
Be assured that we gain more merit in the sight of the Divine Majesty in one single day by the tribulations that come from Him and from our neighbours than during ten years by the sufferings that we voluntarily take upon ourselves.—St. Theresa.

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