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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 31.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The cable reports inform us that war has actually broken out between China and Japan, though, as we might expect of these strange countries, no declaration of war had been made, even after the fighting had begun. The Japanese, who had already been entrenched in Seoul, made the Korean King a prisoner, just as Cortez did in Mexico 300 years ago. Two or three petty naval engagements have been fought, with the success altogether in favor of Japan.

It is generally conceded that Japan has acted throughout the difficulty in strict accordance with the treaty made between the two countries in 1876. The Japanese were quite justified in throwing troops into the Hermit Kingdom for the protection of their citizens against the rebels. Russia is suspected of influencing the Chinese to advance troops into the country, as any disturbance of affairs in the East must be for the benefit of Russian interests. The King of Corea, who was prime mover in the assassination of Kim ok-Kim, naturally favors the Chinese, who aided his plans. The Japanese get credit for not undertaking the war as a war of conquest, but simply to preserve Corea as a buffer state against the advance of Russia and China.

How the war will end is of course a matter of doubt. The Chinese have the advantage of overwhelming numbers, but their troops are poorly drilled and equipped, while the intelligent Japs have a fine modern navy, and an army of 100,000 men properly equipped and possessing the bravery and *esprit de corps* so necessary for military success. The sympathy of America naturally turns toward the Japanese as against the despised Chinese, but the Island Kingdom will have much difficulty in holding her own on land against the innumerable hordes which China can sacrifice for the attainment of victory.

The labor war of the Western States has lost its fearful interest in the musty terms of the law courts. President Debs and other officers of the A. R. U. are on trial for disobeying the injunction of the courts against carrying on the strike. The issue of the case is of great interest to all labor men in the United States, and the various organizations are supplying funds to test the legality of the injunction, if necessary, in the highest courts of the country. Mr. Debs has been promised a nomination for Congress, the labor man being evidently determined to bring the case to the court of last resort—the ballot-box.

The deadlock on the tariff bill in the U. S. Congress has developed new

and striking points of interest. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, who had managed the Wilson Bill in the Senate, took umbrage at the letter of the President to Mr. Wilson, and in a very dramatic manner called on senator after senator to state that Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle had given their consent to the duties imposed on iron and coal. He defended the duty on coal, asserting that the provisions of the original bill on this point would throw the full control of the coal trade in now England into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which he stigmatized as a foreign monopoly.

Then was seen the strange spectacle of Senator Hill, Mr. Cleveland's bitterest political opponent, rising in the Senate and defending, in a brilliant speech, the action and motives of the President. His peroration was a fine piece of satire.

"The Senator from Maryland has sought to term me the Iago of the Senate," said he. "I might respond with drafts upon Shakespearean characters. In that case I would term the senator from Maryland as the Casius of the Senate. (Great laughter.) We all recall Casius—the lean and hungry Casius."

Mr. Hill leaned over and addressed himself almost directly to Mr. Gorman. "And the senator from Arkansas I would call Marcus Brutus. It is the senator from Arkansas who has labored so earnestly for this bill. He is the honest Brutus of the Senate—(long laughter)—and Casca is the name of the senator who struck the first blow on Friday last (Mr. Vest); Trebonius, the senator from Indiana; is stout, yet earnest, and Metellus Cimber is the senator from Tennessee (Mr. Harris)."

Having thus characterized the senators amid great laughter, Mr. Hill added: "We all remember the cabal which struck down Caesar, and when on yesterday those senators sought to strike down our President they made the mistake that had been made before. Not that they loved Caesar less, but that they loved Rome more; not that they loved the President less, but that they loved the Senate compromise more." Then pausing for a moment, Mr. Hill closed with sarcastic deliberation: "But I can say with Antony, 'they are all honorable men.'"

The Anarchist Bill has passed the French Chamber by a vote of 258 to 163, and the Senate gave a much larger majority. The opposition given to it was rather by speeches than ballots, as the Socialists could get few of the members opposed to it. The new law is most thorough in dealing with the anarchists. A private letter, a word of advice urging the destruction of law, life or property is to be stringently punished. Anarchists are to be denied right of trial by jury, and are instead to be brought before the Correctional Tribunal for secret trial. The press is especially gagged. It is forbidden to print anarchist speeches and sayings, and reports of the trial of these men are to be confined to the indictment and sentence.

It was found necessary to take these trials from the hands of juries on account of the fear of anarchist outrage which would influence jurymen, as in the trial of Ravachol. As for

secretory of trial, it is said that the defence which Vaillant made for his not having done more to propagate anarchy than a hundred speeches could do. Mounier, who was recently sentenced to imprisonment for life for throwing a bomb in the Cafe Very, shouted "Vive l'Anarchie" when sentence was pronounced. The trial of Santo Caserio, the murderer of Carnot, will not be made public. This is a wise provision, though some newspapers make wild attacks on it as restricting the "liberty of the press."

Numerous election protests are being filed in Ontario against candidates elected at the last election. It was thought that on account of some irregularity in election returns the Conservative candidate would be unseated in West Algoma. Mr. Connes says that he will not run again to beat a man on a technicality, which is a feeling that does him honor. Kingston Reformers claim to have discovered that a ballot was cast for Mr. Smythe by a youth under the required age. If this can be proven, Mr. Harty's election will be almost certain. The Province can ill afford to lose the services of Mr. Harty in the Legislature, and the result of the coming protest will be awaited with anxiety.

The Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg is maintaining its high standard of last year. During the past week the principal lecturers were: Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J., on "Ethical Systems;" Rev. Father Elliot, C.S.P., on "American Institutions;" Rev. Father MacMillan, C.S.P., on "Champlain Explorers;" Rev. J. L. O'Neill, O.P., on "Catholic Literature in Catholic Homes;" Mr. W. C. Robinson, of Yale University, on "Origin and Development of Law," and our countryman, Mr. J. K. Foran, LL.D., on "Early Schools in Canada." Father Halpin's course of five lectures on Philosophy were delivered in his usual brilliant and convincing style, and they created such an impression that Bishop Watterson has requested him to deliver them again at the close of the session for the benefit of late-comers. Dr. Foran gave a very scholarly review of the famous educators of early Canada, and held up, in his own person as well as in his utterances, the literary reputation of our country.

Without any blare of trumpets or noise of controversy two distinguished sons of the Anglican Church were received into the true faith by Archbishop Fabre in Montreal on July 23d. The gentlemen are Rev. Mr. Alexander, lately Episcopal Dean of Fredericton, and Professor Stockley, of the New Brunswick University. They came to Montreal to be instructed in the Catholic faith by Father Jones, S.J. At

their reception into the Church Mr. John Meagher stood sponsor for the ex-dean, and Rev. Canon Bruchesi for Prof. Stockley. No publicity was given to the ceremony, for it was the wish of the converts, as it is the spirit of the Church, that such an event should be a religious function and not a public spectacle. The happy converts assure their friends that they have found new light and perfect peace. May the grace of God induce others to follow this example, that they may also live in this light and peace.

The "Loyal Protestant Women of Canada" are enjoying a perfectly lovely time. Their councils are marked by that spirit of love and unity which has ever characterized the course of Protestantism. The first intimation of trouble is a letter to the press stating that Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, the zealous foundress of the League, had been suspended by Mrs. Youmans. Thereupon Mrs. Baskerville, of London, wrote a letter asserting that Mrs. Shepherd was still in authority, and her loyal sheep pasture on the official fields. The chaste Margaret now thinks it is due to her spotless fame to write a letter deploring the fact that Mrs. Youmans had forgotten "the solemnity of her obligation," and announcing her own determination to maintain the principles of the League, "even though we may become unpopular." This is, of course, the worst fate that could befall the "gentle Margaret."

That the Shepherd still retains the power of fleecing the sheep is evident from an interesting little story told in the columns of the *Toronto Star*:

Up in Elmvale there is a gentleman by the name of Gadd who has literary tastes and P.P.A. tendencies, and the *Chronicle* which he runs, has recently developed into a P.P.A. organ or something akin thereto.

Some months ago, when Mrs. Shepherd was up in that district delivering a series of anti-Catholic lectures, she was shown about by the gallant Mr. Gadd, and during one of these pleasant little outings the ex-nun remarked to Mr. Gadd that she could use \$200 very conveniently.

Mr. Gadd immediately went down into cash box and produced the necessary, and only upon much persuasion consented to take a note as security.

Mrs. Shepherd intimated to the gentleman that she had formed so strong a liking for him that she would like to put him in the way of making money.

She told him of the paper she ran, and said it was worth fully \$2,000 above all incumbrances, but she would give it up for \$700.

Again Mr. Gadd responded, this time with \$300 cash and \$400 in notes.

The notes were soon converted into cash. The paper was taken over by Mr. Gadd, who quickly grew tired of his bargain, for bills began to come in like the torrents of a swollen river.

He called Mrs. Shepherd's attention to this and she agreed to relieve him of the white elephant. Mr. Gadd is of course out his \$700.

And so he was relieved and the paper lasted two weeks more, and now the pieces that knew it do not any longer know it, and Mrs. Shepherd is up in the vicinity of Bracebridge enlightening tourists.

The Governor at Warsaw has forbidden the usual pilgrimage to Czestochau on account of the prevalence of cholera.

THE PUGIN OF BELGIUM.

BY WINDMILL C. ROBINSON.

Yesterday week I chanced to be in the Church of Sainte Croix outside of Bruges, and, in company of the worthy Cure of the place, was examining and admiring the altars of the church. They are from the designs of the Baron Jean Bethune, the reviver of Christian art in Flanders. I little thought that at that time their author was piously receiving the last rites of Holy Church in his country house at Mareke, on the banks of the sluggish Lys. And, a few hours later, he who had done in Belgium the work that the elder Pugin had striven to accomplish in England, had gone to receive the reward due to those who had dearly loved the glory of God's House. Within a week he had followed to the grave her who, during forty-six years, had been the companion of his joys and of his sorrows on earth. For though placed by birth beyond the needs of life, and by his untiring energy and enthusiastic labors having won renown in art—than which none is pleasanter—Baron Bethune was not exempt from the crosses of life, and in his latter years the greatest grief that can befall a Christian parent visited him. This, we may hope, may, to borrow a favorite saying of pious old Flemish souls, have but added one more pearl—and not the least costly—to the heavenly crown that we may hope he already enjoys.

More than half a century has passed since his true vocation was made clear to Jean Bethune. It is thus narrated in an article of the *Bien Public* of Ghent. "It is fifty years," says the writer, whom we may well suspect to be no other than the distinguished Catholic publicist, M. Verapeyen, "it is fifty years since the illustrious author of the *Histoire de Sainte Elizabeth*, a pilgrim of religion and art, visited the town of Courtray. The name of the young peer of France who had so gloriously pleaded for freedom of education against the Orleansist Liberalism which had promised it the charter of 1830, and traitorously refused it by its laws, was already popular throughout the Catholic world. But he was even more intimately known and beloved in Belgium through his marriage with the daughter of one of the founders of the then youthful Belgian nationality, the Countess Elizabeth de Merode. The father of Jean Bethune, then Burgomaster and member for Courtray, naturally warmly welcomed the youthful politician, and, being prevented by his duties from showing him over the town, confided this pleasant task to his son Jean. The future Christian architect fulfilled this task with that cordial hospitality and courteous simplicity that was peculiarly his own. It was not without a certain pride and patriotism that he pointed out to Montalembert Van Dyck's famous picture, "The Elevation of the Cross," in Our Lady's Church at Courtray. But the illustrious stranger, without denying the beauties of the masterpiece, was seduced rather by the architectural beauties of the church, and horrified by the clumsy attempts made to restore its faded fairness. He poured forth the admiration and indignation he felt with such burning words as the "son of crusaders alone could command. They were to Montalembert's youthful companion a revelation of his vocation. They traced for him a path whence he never swerved.

Of Jean Bethune's works as an artist and as an architect more competent pens than mine will no doubt speak in your columns. For there are some in England who have watched with friendly yet not uncritical eyes his varied works, and there are others who have been his pupils and who will no doubt pay their tribute to their master. Whatever plac-

works may eventually take in the history of art, it is certain that they have already filled a large and honorable space in the art annals of Belgium—the classical land of mediæval Christian art. By pen and pencil he did his best to revive that art in all its branches. These are those elaste and delicate oak carvings that adorn so many village sanctuaries of Flanders? Whose the daintily carved stone altars of many a Flemish church? Whose the richly painted windows through which "the dim religious light" streams into their aisles? Whose the costly shames and marvellously embroidered banners that make a modern Belgian procession as splendid as any of the ages of faith ever beheld? Whose the teaching that has made the very streets through which those processions pass rich once more in all the architectural wealth and beauty of days before lath and plaster, faades and cornices disguised the beauties of the streets of the Netherlands? Whose the designs that built at Vive Capelle, in an out-of-the-way nook of Flanders, one of the most complete 15th century churches and dependencies that can be conceived? And to whom was due the grand Abbey of Maredsous, of which we gave so admirable an account some months ago? And to all these questions the name of Jean Bethune is the only answer. "But what the good men do is oft interred with their bones." Not so with Jean Bethune, for in the members of the Guild of Saint Thomas and Saint Luke he has left apostles of his art; and in the flourishing school of Saint Luke many disciples to carry on the crafts he so lovingly taught them. But devoted as he was to his art, other good works had his active sympathy, and at the gatherings of the Societies of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Peter's Pence, and of the Catholic School Association of Belgium, his venerable figure will be long remembered. Full of years—three score and fourteen—he had gone to his reward, leaving the world all the richer by his example of practical piety and work. May he rest in peace!—*London Tablet*.

The Corean Wonders.

The Corean "wonders" consist, first, of a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, which is capable of curing sickness and diseases of all sorts. The second wonder is the two wells, one at each end of the peninsula, which have the peculiar characteristic that when one is full the other is empty. The water of the one is intensely bitter, that of the other has a pleasant and sweet taste. The third wonder is a cave, from which there issues an iccold wine, with such force that a strong man is not able to stand up against it. A pine forest which cannot be eradicated constitutes the fourth wonder. No matter what injury may be done to the roots the young trees spring up again like the phoenix from its ashes. The most remarkable, however, is the fifth wonder—the famous hovering stone—which stands, or rather appears to stand, in front of a palace erected to its honor. This is a massive rectangular block, free on all sides. Two men standing, one on each end, can draw a card underneath the stone, from side to side, without encountering any obstacle. The sixth wonder is a hot stone, which has been lying from time immemorial upon a hill, and evolving a glowing heat. The seventh Corean wonder is a sweating Buddha. This is guarded in a great temple, in whose court for thirty years on all sides not a single blade of grass grows. No tree, no flower will flourish on the sacred spot, and even wild creatures are careful not to profane it.

The Christian Brothers have opened a school for the Catholic Greek and Maronites, in Nazareth, the Latin Catholics attending the school of the Holy Land.

Our Postal System—Past and Present.

There is no department in the public service in which improvement is so perceptible as in our postal arrangements, from the time it was taken in charge by the government of Canada, on the 6th of April, 1851, on which date the Hon. James Morris became our first Canadian Postmaster General. Previous to that date the postal regulations were under the control of the then Postmaster-General, of England, whose Canadian Deputy was Mr. T. A. Stayner, then residing at Montreal. The present Postmaster of Richmond Hill, Mr. M. Teffy, was appointed on the 3rd of December, 1850, nearly forty-four years ago. At that time there were no postage stamps in use; the postage of each letter was rated according to distances, on the following scale, viz: For a single letter—

60 miles and under,	4d.	or	7½c.
61 " to 100	7d.	or	12c.
101 " to 200	9d.	or	15c.
201 " to 300	11½d.	or	24½c.
301 " to 400 ls.	15d.	or	27½c.
401 " to 500 ls.	4d.	or	31c.
501 " to 600 ls.	6d.	or	30c.
601 " to 700 ls.	8d.	or	33c.
701 " to 800 ls.	10½d.	or	37½c.
801 " to 900 ls.	13d.	or	41c.
901 " to 1000 ls.	15d.	or	45c.
1001 " to 1100 ls.	18d.	or	48c.
1101 " to 1200 ls.	21d.	or	52½c.
1201 " to 1300 ls.	24d.	or	56c.
1301 " to 1400 ls.	27d.	or	60c.
1401 " to 1500 ls.	30d.	or	64c.
1501 " to 1600 ls.	33d.	or	67c.

NOTE.—One piece of paper (not weighing an ounce) is a single letter. A double letter consists of two pieces of paper (not weighing an ounce) is to be rated with double postage. A treble letter, consisting of three pieces of paper (not weighing an ounce) is to be rated with treble postage. A packet weighing an ounce or more, is to be rated by weight, in the proportion of one letter for every quarter of an ounce.

A letter, whether unpaid or prepaid, addressed to Thornhill, and posted at Richmond Hill, was 4½d.; to Lindsay was 7d.; to Kingston, 9d.; to Montreal, 1s. 1½d.; to Quebec, 1s. 6½d.; to Caspe, 2s. 5d.; to St. John, N.B., 2s. 5d.; to Halifax, N.S., 2s. 9d., and so on, according to distances, as stated before.

The rate per half ounce on letters for the United Kingdom was 1s. 4d. currency, or 27 cents.

On the 1st of July, 1859, the following reduced rates were established, viz.

All letters, half ounce rate, prepaid 5 cents.

All letters, half ounce rate, unpaid 7 cents.

All letters for United Kingdom 12½ cents.

All letters for the United States 10 cents.

Newspapers &c.—Weekly 4d. or 6½ cents per quarter, Semi weekly 5d. or 13 cents per quarter, Tri weekly 1s. or 20 cents per quarter, Daily, 2s. or 40 cents per quarter, to be paid in advance by either the publisher at the Post Office where the papers are posted, or by the subscriber at the delivering office.

Of course, to follow the many changes in postal arrangements and the very great reduction of the rates, would be superfluous, as our readers are now familiar with the present rates of postage.

When Mr. Teffy was appointed Postmaster at Richmond Hill in 1850, there were no Post Offices at Oak Ridges, Gormley, Cashel, Headford, Victoria Square, Rupertville (now Maple). At that time the mail was carried by stage running between Toronto and Holland Landing; the Northern Railway was not in existence.

The first Postmaster for Little York was the Hon. Wm. Allen; after him came J. S. Howard, afterwards Treasurer of the County of York. Mr. Ballard was assistant P. M. and John Doel was letter carrier. Since that time the staff has increased enormously.

We are indebted to our Postmaster, for the items given above, which can-

not fail to interest our readers, as a record of our progress in forty-four years. Mr. Teffy is one of the oldest (if not the oldest) Postmaster in the Dominion now living.—*Richmond Hill Liberal*.

Debts That Cannot be Paid.

There are some debts that can never be paid.

What shall this boy do to square the accounts with his mother?—the mother who, when she brought him life, went down to the very gate of death herself, not knowing whether she would return or not; the mother who, through all his babyhood, gave up herself to him that she might pour her life into his; the mother who bore with his errors and his imperfections; the mother who loved him back from his wanderings and redeemed him from his sins; the mother who took upon herself the burden of transgressions of which he himself was unconscious, that she might bear them away and he be saved from them? What service shall he render to her? what words of gratitude outpour? what love bestow? Ah, if this boy be a man, he knows that is a debt that can never be paid! Eternity of love will not pay it, for love never pays love's debts; such debts go on eternally, and love goes on eternally, and we pay and love, and love and pay, and still the process lasts.

What shall this husband pay to recompense the wife?—who left her home, her friends, her very name, and took his name up for her own, became his companion, bearing his cares more than he bore them, loving him not only for richer or poorer—that is easy—but for better or worse—that is hard. How shall this husband pay the wife that has been his counselor and his advisor and has filled him with her love and her wisdom? Oh, what can he do but say, this is a debt I cannot pay. I can owe her love eternally; and when I have loved her as long as eternity shall last, still there will be love due to her.

How will you pay the physician that came into your house when your little child lay in the cradle, and you thought every moment the cradle would become a coffin, and who watched and tended and brought to you his wisdom and his care and his love and his skill and his courage? Can you ever be otherwise than debtor to the man who has called back from death your child or your wife and given her back to you?—*The Outlook*.

A Strange Musical Instrument.

A musical instrument, the like of which has never been seen before, is the outcome of many years' hard thinking by a Swedish electrician and musician. There is a frame, and on it are hung a score of tuned bells, a series of steel bars struck by metallic hammers, a row of steel strings of necessary tension, a xylophone, and a fraudulent bagpipe, made out of a bar of steel and an electric current. The operator can sit at the keys a few feet away or a hundred miles—it doesn't matter which so long as the connecting electric wires are fixed up. For a beginner I should recommend the hundred miles' radius. The key-board, which is like that of a piano, but with few keys, is equipped with switches, so that one set of instruments or the whole lot may be operated on at once.

The Catholic temperance societies of the United States have more than 100,000 members.

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

ON FOOT AND ON CAR.

By THE RAMBLER.

Before parting with Prescott I desire to say a few words relative to the hostelry of Albert Ryan, which anniversary I have always honored with my presence while in that town.

On general principles I cannot wish success to the tavern, more especially when managed by a fellow countryman of my own; and, had I the power, I would close every whiskey shop controlled by an Irishman. If liquid fire in various forms must be sold at so per glass, I wish the traffic religiously put away from every son of Erin. I am far from asserting, however, that a legitimate business cannot be conducted in liquor, and with equal readiness do I admit that houses of entertainment are indispensable. I would not go the length of some men in ostracizing the hotel-keeper. I have found him a regular attendant at church, indeed, he generally occupies a front pew, and is almost invariably wrapt in devotion. I have known him to hold the Presidency of a St. Vincent de Paul Society, as well as frequently an active spirit in the work of promoting the efficiency of other Catholic societies of a religious and philanthropic character.

Of the location of my friend Mr. Albert Ryan's pew in church, or of the extent of his philanthropy, I am in blissful ignorance; but I aver, without fear of successful contradiction, that the traveller who seeks the hospitality of the "Ryan House" at Prescott Station could travel much farther and fare far worse.

I can well remember my first visit to the "Ryan House" many years ago. The shades of night were falling fast around me, as I asked the land lord: "Is this a first-class house at second class prices?" Being assured that it was, my baggage—which consisted of a box of paper collars, that could be turned as readily as a Government Contractor changes his politics—was taken charge of and I was invited to an examination of the room which I was to occupy. Muttering something against the view presented from my window, the accommodating landlord agreed to have the house turned around, indeed, rather than have a guest displeased he would have it moved to the east of a neighboring hill. I allowed matters to remain as they were, and spent a great portion of the night dreaming of delinquent subscribers.

BROCKVILLE.

Westward a distance of twelve miles, and passing on the way, the village of Maitland, which contains the ruins of a huge distillery, which many years ago furnished the material that caused many a brawl, we reach the pretty town of Brockville.

Brockville is beautifully situated on the St. Lawrence, and is the centre of a very large trade. In 1891 its population was over 9,000, which, we may assume, has since increased sufficiently to warrant it in seeking the companionship with other Canadian cities. Brockville enjoys admirable commercial facilities. During the summer season two steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company call here daily, one bound East and the other West. It is also an important station on the Grand Trunk Railway; it is the southern terminus of a branch of the C.P.R., as well as that of the Brockville and Westpoint Railway, and, although one of the oldest towns in the Province, still retains a youthful appearance. Brockville, in some respects, may lay claim to being a historic town. It was here, away back in the '30's, that the first Orange lodge was established, Ogle R. Gowan being its father and founder. It was here, also, that that other savory babe of grace, Margaret L. Shepherd, first touched Canadian soil and commenced to launch her thunderbolts against

the Catholic Church, thus making atonement for a mispent life, the prominent features of which cannot be written here with propriety. If this woman feels sure of obtaining forgiveness for the little indiscretion of having four husbands living at the same time, as well as for other indiscretions "oo numerous to mention, by slandering all that is virtuous in the Catholic Church, we, of course, should not complain.

Whatever may be the character of the seed planted by Ogle R. Gowan, and however well it may have fructified in Brockville, Margaret L. will have made the discovery that, although she has been successful in catering to the prurient tastes of "women" and to "men" of questionable morals, she has had to encounter a respectable Protestant element which has no sympathy with her "crusade," a fact amply demonstrated by the manner in which that fearless journal, the Brockville Recorder, laid low her indecent moral deformity.

Notwithstanding the ism established by Ogle R. Gowan, and the periodical visits of freaks and fanatics like Margaret L. Shepherd, Irish Catholics have always occupied a standing of respectability in and around this picturesque town of the St. Lawrence. A beautiful church attests their religious zeal; a magnificent convent and school house demonstrate their solicitude for those who will be the men and women of the future, whilst an hospital not many years in existence illustrates their desire to, in as far as possible, mitigate human affliction.

Able men have filled the Catholic pulpit of Brockville. Over forty years ago the Very Rev. Oliver Kelly, subsequently transferred to Peterborough, where he died universally lamented, was its pastor. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Burns, who, after a few years, was replaced by the Rev. John O'Brien, who was afterwards raised to the dignity of Bishop of Kingston. The Rev. Isaac McCarthy took the place of Dr. O'Brien, and he in turn was replaced by the present zealous pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Gauthier. The Very Rev. Dean, although bearing a distinctly French name, may be said to belong to all the nationalities found in Brockville. The beautiful language of Old France he speaks with remarkable fluency; the language of the Highlands of Scotland he speaks with the ease of a native of Caithness; the English tongue is as familiar to him as though he were a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford and I am told that, to perfect his linguistic attainments, he is about to begin the study of Connemara Irish.

I cannot close this imperfect description of Brockville without a brief reference to a most estimable Irish Protestant gentleman who passed over to the side of the majority within the past few weeks. I refer to Mr. William Fitzsimmons. William Fitzsimmons was essentially a good man and a good citizen. Always the friend of peace and the bitter opponent of sectarian rancor, this gentleman closed an honored career respected by all. For many years the representative of Brockville in the Federal Parliament, as well as filling a similar position in the Local Legislature for several years, and latterly the efficient and active Postmaster of Brockville, the career of William Fitzsimmons was a useful as well as an honorable one, and it can be truly said that he left not an enemy behind him.

SMITH'S FALLS.

Twenty-eight miles north of Brockville we encounter the flourishing little town of Smith's Falls. This place has in late years become quite an important railway centre. It is a leading station on the line of the O.P.R. between Montreal and Toronto. It is also a station on the Brockville and Ottawa line of the same railroad, and with the completion of the Kingston,

Smith's Falls and Ottawa Railway we may soon expect to see it an important point on that line also. There is here a magnificent Catholic Church, attended by a large and steadily growing congregation. Thirty years have now passed since my first visit to Smith's Falls. Father Michael Oluno was then Parish Priest, a position which he filled for a great many years, being replaced on his death by the Rev. E. P. Roche, for many years Parish Priest of Prescott. The Rev. M. Stanton is the present pastor; and if I were in search of an ideal priest or an ideal man I would unhesitatingly locate him at Smith's Falls.

In 1891, out of a population of a little over 4,000, Smith's Falls contained over 700 Catholics. A few of these may be considered wealthy, a large portion may be considered comfortable, whilst very few indeed may be considered absolutely poor.

Edward Kennedy, who sells all the whiskey wholesale, is a large property owner, all of which, I believe, has been honestly acquired. "Ned" is truly a conscientious whiskey-seller.

Mr. Bronnan, who is in the same line of business, is in a fair way of becoming the owner of brick blocks as well.

Mr. Michael Healy is proprietor of the Palace Hotel; and whatever opinions I may entertain of the hotels in general, there can be no two opinions concerning the superior accommodations furnished by the genial and whole-souled Michael Healy. A brother, Mr. D. O. Healy, is a well-known and successful auctioneer at "the Falls," and as he does most of the heavy business in town and country we may fairly assume that his tongue is kept "Going! Going! Going!"

Mr. Andrew Burrows, another well-known citizen of Irish extraction and military lineage, is one of the leading cattle buyers of the old Bathurst district. Mr. Burrows has found time to offer for Parliamentary honors; and if the people have refused to accept him, his self-sacrificing spirit is worthy of praise. At more than one election he has been a candidate and would have been triumphantly returned at the head of the poll had he secured a sufficient number of votes; but, as there were only a solitary few who never read the papers who could see in him the qualifications for M.P. his chances of becoming a legislator are very slim indeed, and I am not at all surprised to learn that he has abandoned politics in disgust.

Mr. M. Ryan, a well-known and highly-esteemed contractor, has already raised a sufficient number of buildings to perpetuate his name to posterity.

Smith's Falls was also one of the favored places visited by Margaret L. Shepherd, two of her choicest "lectures" being delivered here. Margaret L. appears to have been fairly successful at "the Falls," her lecture to "women only" drawing out a good sized audience composed of modest (?) young women, gossiping old maids and a small sprinkling of "strong-minded" young matrons. For reasons which I have not been able to discover her lectures to "men only" were not quite as successful. I have been informed that, besides despatching several horns of Storey's whiskey, Margaret found time to lay the foundation of a P.P.A. lodge, which to-day numbers many members. The existence of this organization does not excite any serious apprehensions in Smith Falls. By a provision of its constitution each member swears not to employ a Roman Catholic. This cannot make any difference to the Roman Catholics of Smith's Falls, as the members of the P.P.A. of this place have not, nor are they likely to have, employment to give to anybody. The employers of labor of this town are, although chiefly Protestant, liberal-minded men, at the head of whom

stand the firm of Frost & Wood, and P.P.A.ism has not been able to contaminate them.

Eighteen miles further north we reach the town of Carleton Place, a notice of which is reserved for a future letter. RAMBLER.

Rebecca of Ivanhoe.

Perhaps everyone does not know that the beautiful Jewess in Ivanhoe is drawn from an American woman, whose charms and nobility of character were described to Sir Walter Scott by America's much loved Washington Irving, and it was to the warm friendship of those two men we owe this character of Rebecca. Rebecca Gratz was a Philadelphian by birth, and her father's house was the centre of hospitality, and many an illustrious statesman of revolutionary days and foreign representatives have gathered there. The brother of Rebecca Gratz was a liberal-hearted man and a lover of art, and to him the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts owes its birth. Rebecca Gratz was born in 1771 and her whole life was one of broad, noble work for others; she loved and was loved by a Christian, but the difference in their faith kept them asunder, and Rebecca never married. Her struggle and firmness in the battle between inclination and duty show of what an exalted and conscientious fibre was her character. Many of Philadelphia's charitable institutions are proud to number her among their worthies. Washington Irving was her firm friend, and his lady love, Matilda Hoffman, died in her arms. Irving while visiting Abbotsford told Scott the history of this noble woman, and the romantic mind of Scott has placed her among the immortals of romance and song. Rebecca Gratz died in 1860 at the age of 88, but the Rebecca of Ivanhoe lives to-day for us all.

A New Trade For Americans.

Four American boys are learning the art of making Gobelin tapestry at the Williamsbridge factory. They are perhaps the first Americans to learn the art, and certainly they are the first to practise it in their native land. The boys were taken at the age of fifteen, some and possibly all from an orphan asylum, and properly apprenticed to the trade. They have already shown considerable aptitude, and the first piece of work turned out by an apprentice was sold not long since.

The boys first learn plain weaving. Then they are taught to do simple figures in a single color. After that the more difficult art of weaving in several colors is gradually learned. It is believed that a lad of fair gifts may become sufficiently skilled in five years to do commercial work of considerable value. After that the whole field of tapestry weaving is open to him, and he may spend a lifetime in improving his work. The apprentice receives low wages for the first two or three years, but as soon as his work comes to have commercial value his pay is increased.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steidbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup, several times, and one dose of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

A magnificent chalice and paten, of the twelfth century, has been recently discovered in an old gallery of a deserted gold mine near the Abbey of Cymmer. The chalice, which has two handles, is similar in style to the fine old cup which was found some years ago near the Abbey of Ardagh, Ireland.

MR. MURRAY GETS HIS ANSWER.

Recorder de Montigny makes some interesting observations regarding the Papal Zouaves in his judgment in the case of Norman Murray, the well-known bookseller. Murray was arrested on a charge of breaking the ranks of the St. Jean Baptiste Society procession, and objected to being tried by the Recorder, on the ground that the latter was a Papal Zouave, and was incapable of rendering justice when the rights of the Pope were at stake. The Recorder, in dismissing the objection, said:

"In ascending the steps of a judicial tribunal, however modest it may be, I have sworn to administer justice to the best of my knowledge, with impartiality towards all subjects of her Majesty, and I declare that, if I had not felt capable of doing my duty, I would not have assumed the terrible duties of this sublime task for I should have exposed myself to the risk of becoming a perjurer. Does my being a Catholic, a French Canadian, and a Zouave make it necessary that I should be a perjurer? Let the accused show where in the Catholic Church permits perjury and injustice. Let it be known, if it is not known, that if I failed to render impartial justice I should be obliged to confess myself, and not a Catholic priest could absolve me unless I repented of my fault and resolved firmly not to repeat it.

"Let anyone who doubts this consult any educated Protestant minister who is not an apostate." In reply to the contention that Catholics, being under the sway of the pope, in whose infallibility they believe, they cannot be impartial judges, his Honor quotes several authorities, amongst others Cardinal Newman's reply to Mr. Gladstone, as follows:—"For instance, I believe members of Parliament, or of the Privy Council, take an oath that they would not acknowledge the right of succession of the Prince of Wales if he became a Catholic. I should not consider the Pope able to release me from that oath had I bound myself by it. Of course, I might exert myself to the utmost to get the act repealed which bound me; again, if I could not, I might retire from Parliament or office, and so rid myself of the engagement I had made, but I should be clear that though the Pope bade all Catholics to stand firm in one phalanx for the Catholic succession, still while I remained in my office or in my place in Parliament I could not do as he bade me."

His Honor proceeds to discuss his being a French-Canadian: he admits that he is a French-Canadian with all his heart, and he knows no trace of foreign blood in his veins. His great-grandfather, who was a captain in D'Iberville's regiment, and his great grandfather captain in the marine forces, and both Knights of the Order of St. Louis, are represented in history as doughty foes of the English and the Indians, but at the cession their children placed their swords at the service of the English Government in 1775 and 1812. His father, member of Parliament and Lieutenant-Col., was suspected in 1837 and imprisoned by the patriots, because he would not break his oath as a British subject and a Magistrate. His Honor had himself held a commission in her Majesty's militia. On the subject of his being a Zouave, his Honor said that the device of the Zouaves "Love God and go your way," might be adopted by Protestants and Catholics alike. The men of the 65th, who had behaved gallantly in the Northwest, had many old Zouaves among them. He proceeds to argue in favor of the Pope's right to his temporal dominions, for which the Zouaves took up arms. He concludes as follows:

"Yes, as a Catholic and as a Papal Zouave, I will try to conform to the

prescriptions of the church, which inculcate charity, and which, with Christ, order all to love one another, and which repeats with St. John that he who loves Christ loves also his brother: and charity obliges me to believe that those who do not share my opinions are in good faith. Governed by these ideas, and by oath, I apply myself, I, Zouave, Knight of the Military Order of Pius IX., and Recorder of the City of Montreal, to be faithful to the device of my family, 'Dieu et prochain.' And although, as the accused says, my reflections have given rise to much indignation, I endeavor to be worthy of this battalion, which has for its device 'Love God and go your way,' and of that race whose cavaliers had for their motto 'Do your duty, come what may.' And truly these Christian devices should not frighten the subjects of a Sovereign who styles herself, like her Catholic predecessors, 'Defender of the faith.'"

Archbishop Ireland's Views.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, being asked what he had to say upon the railway strike to day, spoke as follows:—"I dislike to speak of the Chicago strike, because in so doing I shall blame labour, while because of my deep sympathy with it, I should wish to have never any but words of praise for it. The fatal mistake that has been made in connection with the strike is that property has been destroyed, the liberty of the citizens interfered with, human lives endangered, social order menaced, the institutions and freedom of the country put in most serious jeopardy. The moment such things happen, all possible questions as to the rights and grievances of labor must be dropped out of sight, and all efforts of the law abiding citizens and all public officials made to serve in maintaining public order, and regarding at all costs the public weal. Labour must learn that, however sacred its rights, here is something above them and absolutely supreme—social order and the laws of public justice. I am far from saying that labor has not had its grievances in America, nor that redress must not be sought. I would not respect the labourer who seeks not to enjoy all his rights and to improve his condition. But all this must be done within the lines of social order and law. The position of the Catholic Church is easily defined. She stands for rights and duties, for labor and capital, so long as both follow their duties, and the one allows the right of the other. But always and everywhere, and above all other civil and social interests or considerations, she stands for public justice and social order. She abhors and forbids all approach to lawlessness and anarchy. She commands obedience to law and stern loyalty to the country and to its constitution."

The State's Protoges.

The State does not give a dollar a year to the Catholic Church. It hires some institutions erected by Catholics to take care of a quota of its dependent and delinquent wards for it and it gets the work done by them better and at less expense than it could do itself through politicians and secular employes. The money is spent on its orphans, its juvenile criminals, and on others for whose support it is responsible. Not a cent of its appropriations for this purpose sticks to the Church. On the contrary, the Church, out of its charity, helps out the State in providing buildings, equipment, clothing, food, fuel, medicines, etc., for the proteges of the public. *N. Y. Catholic Review.*

Cardinal Vaughan says that in England "in the present day there is scarcely a family in the land but is obliged to admit that amongst its kith and kin there were persons who were Catholics."

Catholic Missions in Danger.

Those who know anything of the recent history of Catholic missions in the far-off kingdom of Corea, where China and Japan are claiming suzerainty over the land, and where there is likely to be a terrible war, will watch the struggle with anxiety. Until very lately it was death for a foreigner to be found within the borders of Corea. Nevertheless for some fifty years brave priests and Bishops penetrated into the country. They were sooner or later discovered and went to torture and death, but not before they had made many zealous converts. Two Catholic Bishops in succession died at the hands of the executioner in torments of which it is terrible even to read. But as fast as one missionary fell another arrived to take his place.

Within the last few years the country was opened to foreign trade, and then American Protestant missionaries and Russian schismatics arrived to try to reap some of the harvest that had been watered with the blood of braver men. This divided teaching of the messengers of sect and schism is a worse obstacle even than persecution, yet the Church is yearly making new conquests in Corea. The danger of the moment is first that war will disperse the Christian congregations, and secondly that Russian intervention will lead to the land being closed to all but the emissaries of the Greek schism.

Centenary of An Irish College.

The July number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* says that the centenary of the great National College of Maynooth—which holds so high a place in the regard and reverence of every Irish ecclesiastic at home and abroad, particularly of the thousands who have studied within its walls—will occur in June 1895, and is likely to be a memorable celebration. The matter was the subject of special deliberation at the recent annual meeting of the Irish episcopate in the college. It has been decided that a comprehensive committee shall be formed at once to consider and carry out all the arrangements that may be necessary for securing a worthy commemoration of the auspicious incident. The committee, as at present contemplated, is to consist of the Archbishop and Bishops of Ireland; the members and ex-members of the college staff, and two priests nominated from each diocese of Ireland by its Bishop. Not the least interesting feature of the celebration will be the production of a history of the college from its foundation to the present time. The Coadjutor-Bishop of Clonfert has been invited, and has consented to undertake the work. It could not be in better hands; and its appearance will be awaited with intense interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

Death of An Indian Bishop.

Mgr. Louage, D. D., Bishop of Dacca, of East Bengal, India since January 1891, died in that city June 8th. The Bishop was born September 1828, in Fourcoing, France. He prosecuted his studies for the sacred ministry at Cambrai and Paris, and after his ordination to the priesthood, spent several years in missionary labors in the French colonies of Bourbon, Martinico and Guadaloupe. Thence, he was sent on missions to America where he labored for several years in the Wheeling diocese and directed the ecclesiastical seminary and college. Feeling himself drawn to enter a religious order, he went to Notre Dame, Ind., where he was received as a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in 1871. He subsequently filled several responsible positions in that order, in the States and in Canada, going thence to France where he received the call to the episcopacy. In every relation, his

piety, zeal, energy, and faithful discharge of duty were the characteristics of his holy life.

Hunting Foxes With Dynamite.

A fox hunt with dynamite was the novel sport of farmers near Point Pleasant, Bucks county, a few days ago. For a long time the farmers had suffered from the incursions of some adroit thief upon their poultry reserves. The thefts were so daring, yet so mysterious, that it was decided to set a watch. So when John Swope heard a racket in his henry he ran out. He was just in time to see a big fox, with a nice fat pullet in his mouth scamper away. The alarm was spread and a number of Farmer Swope's neighbors assisted him in tracking the fox. They trailed him to his den, under a huge rock, and were then confronted with the problem of routing him. They got some dynamite, fired it, and in a few minutes out came, not one, but four foxes, half stunned and blinded. The animals were killed as fast as they appeared and then the den was walled up.—*Philadelphia Record.*

His First Sermon.

Ferdinand the Portuguese, afterwards Anthony of Padua, was a pupil of the Canon Regular of St. Augustine, in the close of the twelfth century. He entered their order in the Monastery of the Holy Cross near Coimbra, but having seen the mangled bodies of three Franciscans who had been martyred by the moors, he joined the Capuchins, in the hope of a like martyrdom in Africa. God had other designs for him however. The African fever forced him to return to Europe.

Whilst leading the hidden life of a novice, working as a scullion in the monastery kitchen, and completely concealing the treasures of learning imparted to him by his Augustinian masters, he was sent with some of his brethren to spend a few days at the Dominican Monastery at Forli. One night, after supper, it was suggested that some one of the monks preach to the rest. All declined, declaring themselves unprepared. Last of all, they called on the silent, humble Anthony, who also refused, but to his surprise, his superior gave him a text, and commanded him, under obedience, to rise and preach as best he could. "The first few sentences were spoken slowly," says one of his biographers; "spoken as if he were gradually collecting his thoughts, or hesitating to tear off the mask that had hitherto concealed his learning.

Then his voice rose, firm and gracefully modulated, till he seemed no longer the same man. Quotations most happily chosen from all of the Scripture and from the Fathers of the Church succeeded like an army in close array, one upon another. His hearers sat surprised, spell-bound. They had all heard other orators, but never any to compare with him. They felt his superiority and they were mere disciples listening to the voice of a master."—*Our Lady of Good Counsel.*

The Cathedral in Rochester was entered the night of the 10th and the tabernacle broken open by thieves, who stole two silver chalices and a silver box valued at \$125.

The visit which it is announced Very Rev. General Raus, the head of the Redemptorist Order, is soon to make to the houses of his society in America, will mark an important era in the history of the American Redemptorists.

The spires of the Cathedral in Savannah have just been finished at a cost of \$32,000 and they are said to be the finest on any church south of Baltimore. Under Bishop Becker's earnest management, the Church in Georgia is making notable progress in various directions, and the completion of the Cathedral is the crown of many labors.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The city of Kingston is, I think, too well known—at least in name—to the reading public to necessitate a detailed description. Still a few remarks may prove of interest to some. Kingston is situated at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, and has a population of nearly 20,000. The name is often prominently before the public, through the Government institutions it claims, viz.: the Military College, Penitentiary and Rookwood Asylum.

The Catholic people of Kingston have good reason to be proud of St. Mary's Cathedral, which occupies a commanding position at the corner of Johnstone and Clergy streets; the Hotel Dieu Hospital and Orphanage, corner of Brook and Sydenham, and the House of Providence, Montreal street. The Hotel, Dieu is in charge of the Hospitallers of St. Joseph, whose zeal and devotion are well known in Canada. The building was formerly Regiopolis College, but was purchased by the Sisters some two years ago, re modeled, and is now one of the best equipped hospitals in the country. The medical staff is a very efficient one: Dr. M. Sullivan, Dr. E. Ryan, Dr. P. Pholan. The institution throughout is a marvel of order, cleanliness, and modern convenience, being furnished with an hydraulic elevator, dumb waiter, electric bell and light system, with telephone, also water power and hose on each flat for fire protection, etc. The rooms are airy and well lighted, which is a very important factor to the invalid. From the dome a splendid view of the city can be had; also of the Channel, Military College, Garden, Wolf, and Cedar Island.

A visit to the House of Providence, which is in charge of the Sisters of Charity, will be among my pleasant recollections of Kingston. Wednesday, the 25th, being the annual feast day of the institution (St. James) the ladies of St. Mary's Cathedral tendered the old men and women (of whom there are about 45 of the former and 90 of the latter) a grand treat, and right royally they appeared to enjoy it. After partaking of the bounteous repast, supplied by kind friends, a short time was spent in recreation. Vocal and instrumental music was furnished by friends of the institution, while some of the old men and women showed they still retained some of their old-time vigor by the way they tripped a few Irish jigs and reels—a feature that was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

I was kindly shown through the House by one of the good Sisters, and can say that it is all that could be desired. There can be seen the two extremes—the helpless infant and the helpless aged, both tenderly cared for by those who rightly bear the name of Sisters of Charity. M.

Swearing In Lord Russell.

The *English Law Times* of July 14th, has the following comment on the swearing of Sir Charles Russell as Lord Chief Justice of England:

"A Prime Minister and all the Judges in town were in Court when Lord Russell was sworn in and took his seat as Lord Chief-Justice of England. Only three Judges attended the swearing in of Lord Coleridge, whilst no Prime Minister has graced such an event since the time of Lord Brougham."

The "Register" at Sand Point.

We were pleased to have a visit from your Agent, Mr. Mungovan. He spent a short time in McNab Township, where he enrolled amongst your patrons a number of our best men. Whilst here he was the guest of Mr. James Dillon.

On Sunday, 29th ult., he addressed a large gathering in front of the Catholic Church at Sand Point; and judging

from the enthusiasm which he aroused, a large accession must have been secured for your subscription list. Here, he was entertained by our popular Postmaster, Mr. John R. McDonnell. I am certain that, if he had the time at his disposal, a few days could be well spent around here, where I know there are many who would be glad of an opportunity to subscribe for that excellent paper, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

A TOWNSHIP OF McNAB, FARMER.

A. O. H. Annual Parade.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians held their annual Church Parade on Sunday afternoon to St. Joseph's Church Leshoville. The procession started from Temperance Hall under command of County President P. W. Falvey in the following order. Brass Band, Divisions 1, 2 and 3, O'Connell Fife and Drum Band, Divisions 4 and 5. Selections of Irish airs were played all along the line of march, which was from Temperance to Queen and Lesho streets. At the Church, the eloquent pastor, Dean Bergin, welcomed the visitors to his parish. After a hearty "Caed mille Failthe" to all, he spoke on the aims and methods of the order, and commended them for their true Catholicity of faith and charity. The very mottoes of the Constitution of the A.O.H., he said, were surer for the good work done by them. An Order, of which one of the first requirements was that every member should make his Easter duty, bore upon its face the impress of Catholic faith. The Order and the Church should always work in harmony; there is no reason why they should not. The reverend speaker urged on others the benefits of entering this organization, where their faith will be preserved and true Christian sympathy and help offered to them in time of need.

Brigands in the Garb of Priests.

The Roman police are on the lookout for thirty-two brigands who are said to be in Rome disguised as Franciscans, and who, thanks to the much-respected habit, gain the confidence of unsuspecting innocents abroad and then rob and pillage with impunity. An elderly English lady, many years resident at Rome, who was going from St. John Lateran to the railway station in a tramcar one lay last week, was addressed by a Franciscan who took his place beside her. The good lady, who is also a very devout Catholic, chatted with the supposed friar in a most friendly manner, but when she found him asking her very curious questions as to her residence, habits, etc., she began to feel somewhat alarmed, especially as she had candidly given her address to the priest, who had declared himself to be Fra Antonio, and to be living in the Franciscan monastery in Via Merulana.

A few days afterwards the false religious rang boldly at the lady's door and was refused admission, and his would-be captors are now quietly awaiting another appearance in order to conduct him to a more severe cloister than that of the good Franciscans. It is hoped that his arrest will lead to the discovery of the whole gang.

An Unusual Visitor.

It is but seldom that the Trappist Monks leave their holy retreat at Oka, in Quebec; but at present one of them, Reverend Brother Alphonse, is in the city at St. Michael's College. Despite the hard labors of the Monks, their convent is still largely in debt, and the Reverend Brother, who is the sole maker of a famous brand of cheese which has already taken medals at the World's Fairs in London and Paris, and at the Montreal Exposition, has been dispensed from his vow of silence and sent out to find a market for his manufacture. Brother Alphonse will be at St. Michael's College transacting business for a week or two. We understand he has secured for agent the valuable services of Mr. W. Ryan, Front street East.

St. Paul's Pic-nic.

The annual pic-nic in aid of St. Paul's Church will take place in Blantyre Park, Civic Holiday, August 13th. Elaborate preparations are being made for a day of fun and enjoyment. Arrangements have been made with the road to give ample facilities for the transportation of the enormous crowd that is expected to attend the pic-nic. The most direct way of reaching Blantyre is by the King street cars to the Woodbine, and thence by the electric cars of the Scarborough Company to the Park gate. Round trip tickets for both roads can be secured for 15c. each. The Park may also be reached by the King street cars and by the boats running to Victoria Park.

The attractions for the day will be numerous and fanciful. High wire walking, by aerial artists; games of lacrosse, tennis and quoits will afford the sports lots of pleasure. There will be the usual contests of running and jumping for old and young, married and single. The victors will be rewarded with handsome and costly prizes. The competition at present exciting the keenest interest is the ballot through which the popularity as well as the generosity of our Catholic societies will be registered. There is a calumny abroad that the Catholic societies of Toronto are a detriment and not a help to distinctly Church purposes. To refute this charge the committee on the pic-nic have devised ballots, which will cost 5c. each. There will be a regular booth on the grounds, with proper returning officers. The result of the balloting will be published in the REGISTER of the following week.

The Industrial School for Catholic Boys, which is now complete, will be open to the public for the first time on the Civic Holiday.

C. M. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 15, C.M.B.A., Toronto, held on Tuesday, July 24th, the following resolution was moved by Chancellor P. J. Rooney and seconded by Treasurer J. J. O'Hearn and carried unanimously:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite mercy and wisdom to call from His earthly home to mansions of eternal rest and happiness, our much esteemed and beloved brother Charles Burns, be it

Resolved that, while we bow in humble submission to the will of God, who decrees all things for the best, we, the members of Branch 15, deplore the loss of a good and energetic member, an honest and upright brother. We therefore extend our sympathy and sorrow to the wife and family of our deceased brother in the loss they have sustained in a kind and loving husband, in a sincere and affectionate father, and fervently pray that God may console them in this their sad affliction, and fortify them with His heavenly graces to bear the crosses and trials of this life with resignation to His holy will.

Be it further resolved that our Charter be draped in mourning for three months in memory of our deceased brother; and that this resolution be entered in the minutes of this meeting, a copy be sent to Mrs. Burns, and one each to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication.

CHAS. M. RYAN,
R. S. Branch 15, C.M.B.A.

E. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of St. Joseph's Branch, No. 26, Stratford, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, in view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, Peter D. Bort, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who are nearest and dearest to him, therefore be it

Resolved—That it is a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved—That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the deprivation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved—That these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased; that the Charter of our Order be draped for a period of thirty days; and published in the *Evening Beacon*, the *Evening Herald*, and the official journal of the E. B. A.

A. McPhee, E. J. Kucitt, J. B. Badour,
M. LaMarch, J. J. Hagarty, R. A. Kennedy.

St. Agnes Association.

At the last regular meeting of the St. Agnes Ladies' Beneficial Association and Branch of the I.C.B.U., held in their hall, corner of King and Jarvis streets, Toronto, the following resolution of condolence was adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed Sister, Miss Margaret O'Reilly; and whereas by her death this Branch has lost a promising young member, be it therefore

Resolved, that while humbly submitting to the Divine will of God, we, the officers and members of said Branch, do hereby tender to the parents and family of our late Sister our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their sad hour of affliction; and, while praying to the all-wise Providence for the eternal repose of our late Sister's soul, that He will also give to the parents and family the grace to bear with Christian fortitude the sad loss they have sustained.

Signed on behalf of the Society,
MISS K. LANGFORD, President.
MRS. GREEN, Sec. Secretary.
MISS O'HARA,
MRS. HOPKINS.

Obituary.

It is our sad duty to record this week the sudden death of Albert R. Hibbitt at the early age of 27 years. The news of his demise was a great shock to his many friends of St. Paul's Parish, where he had grown from a little child into noble manhood. He had endeared himself to all with whom he had come in contact by his many noble qualities, and his genial face will be missed from among the Catholic young men of the East End. His affectionate parents and devoted sisters are prostrated with grief under their heavy affliction, deceased being an only son.

The funeral took place from his late residence, 212 Parliament street, on Sunday afternoon last to St. Paul's Church, and thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. The remains were followed to the grave by a large number of friends, notwithstanding that the funeral was a private one, at the request of the relatives of deceased. May he rest in peace.

Excursion to Buffalo.

Next Saturday, August 4th, the members of the A. O. H. and their friends will cross the lake per the palace steamer *Empress of India* to Port Dalhousie, and thence proceed by the Erie Railway to Buffalo and Niagara Falls to spend a grand day in Buffalo. The excursionists have accepted the invitation of the A. O. H. of Buffalo, who will attend a grand union picnic to be held in Linwood Glens in honor of the Toronto visitors. Eleven hours in Buffalo will be given the excursionists, and parties wishing to remain over until Monday, August 6th, can do so on the same tickets.

Married in Paris.

On the 26th of July Miss Madeline St. George Falconbridge, eldest daughter of Mr. Justice Falconbridge of Toronto, was married to Mr. Arthur Whyte Anglin, second son of Hon. T. W. Anglin, ex Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons, at the Church of St. Ferdinand des Feres, Paris. After the religious ceremony a reception was held at the Parisian residence of the bride's parents, 26 rue Demours. Both Mr. and Mrs. Anglin are well known in Toronto, and will be welcomed back to their native city by their numerous friends.

Almonte.

At the last regular meeting of the C.M.B.A. of Almonte the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Rev. Director, Very Rev. D. E. Canon Foley; President, John O'Reilly; 1st Vice President, E. Daly; 2nd Vice President, J. R. Johnson; Secretary, T. W. Smith; Assnat. Secretary, F. Burke; Treasurer, P. Daly; Committee of Management, J. Cox, M. Hogan, E. Letang, A. Kane, P. Frawley, F. Doherty, W. McAuliffe, John Sullivan, M. Allman; Auditors, John O'Reilly and G. W. Smith.

St. Joseph's Annual Pic-Nic.

The Annual Pic-nic and Games of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, which have been held for several years past on the Civic Holiday in August, will be held on the same day, August 13, this year in Ex-Alderman Small's beautiful grounds opposite the Woodbine Driving Park. The various committees in charge of this festival have made every arrangement tending to the pleasure of visitors and the successful issue of the pic-nic.

Garden Party at Lourdes.

Our Lady of Lourdes Church garden party and band concert will be held in the beautiful grounds of the Church at St. John's Grove, Sherbourne street, on next Wednesday evening, the 8th August. The band of the 48th Highlanders will play a choice selection of music, and the ladies of the Church have spared no efforts to ensure an enjoyable time to visitors.

The Spanish Consul at Marseilles has telegraphed that cholera is epidemic there, that the number of deaths daily is very large, and that the authorities are concealing the actual situation. The Government has ordered stringent precautions to be taken at all Spanish ports and on the frontiers. A medical commission will be sent to Marseilles with instructions to report the facts.

THE CARMELITES.

Laying of the Cornerstone of the Hospice at Niagara Falls, Ont.

One of the sublime ideas of the late Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. John J. Lynch, is approaching realization. What promises to be a monumental edifice has been begun by the Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls. The foundation of a large hospice, or Retreat House, are now completed, and the cornerstone of the building was laid amidst the most imposing ceremonies by His Grace John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, on Monday, the 16th of July. Great numbers of pilgrims to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace had gathered from all surrounding cities to assist at this interesting ceremony, and at the same time to make the visits to the Church in order to gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to each visit on that day to a Church of the Carmelites. There were visitors from Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, London and all the towns nearer to the Falls. Hundreds came from Buffalo, Rochester, Lockport, Niagara Falls, &c. These were benefactors of the Hospice present who had interested themselves in its erection at their homes in California.

At ten a.m. solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Provincial of the Carmelite Order in America, Pius R. Mayor, his Grace the Archbishop assisted in mitre and cope, attended by the Very Rev. President of Niagara University, P. V. Kavanagh, and Rev. F. Lynch. The Deacon of the Mass was Rev. Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., and the Rev. Bernard Funk, O.C.C., subdeacon. The Rev. T. J. Sullivan of Thorold was Master of Ceremonies. Among the numerous numbers of the clergy who were present, we noticed the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar General of Toronto; the Very Rev. J. J. Barrett, C.S.S.R. of Toronto; the Very Rev. Casimir, O.S.B. of Erie, Pa.; the Very Rev. Louis Guenther, O.C.C. of Pittsburgh, Pa. Other clergymen from the diocese of Toronto were: Fathers Jas Walsh, F. Ryan, F. Frachon of St. Michael's College, L. McEntee of Port Colborne, F. Allain and Smyth of St. Catharines, J. Lynnett of Merriton, J. Lafontaine of Smith Ile. From the diocese of Buffalo were present: Fathers J. Lanigan of Niagara Falls, N.Y., A. Bachman of Tonawanda, N.Y., Wm. McNab of Medina, N.Y., P. T. Mullaney of Lewiston, N.Y., and Jno. Schaus of Buffalo. From Erie the Rev. F. Celestin, O.S.B., F. Marquis, O.S.B., and F. Becherini. From Rochester, the Rev. F. Oberholzer, and from Hamilton the Rev. Fathers Hinchey and Murphy.

We understand that many bishops and priests from Canada and the States sent letters of regret at not being able to be present at this solemnity.

The choir sang a Cecilian Mass, composed by Professor Seibold of Rochester, under his personal direction. The choir of the Church of the Holy Redeemer of Rochester had sent a double quartette of its best singers to render the music.

At the conclusion of the Mass, his Grace Archbishop Walsh delivered a short but warm address to the large congregation, congratulating them on the strong proof of the devotion which they showed to the Mother of God, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, by assembling in such large numbers from all parts of the country to assist at the feast. He drew attention, in eloquent words, to the spirit of the Church, which loves to seek out the beautiful spots of God's earth, to worship Him, and which had prompted his predecessor, the late Archbishop Lynch—a man who was governed not only by the intuitions of science, but also by the inspirations of faith—to select this most wonderful spot, in the neighborhood of this sublime river, when the voice of the Lord is heard upon many waters, for the creation of great reli-

gious institutions. Hence he founded Niagara University on the American side, then Loretto Convent on the Canadian side, and finally he had placed the Diocese of Our Lady of Peace into the hands of a religious body of men, who were to found a retreat house for clergy and laity, where all might come to find peace for the soul. The ceremony of this day was the beginning of the realization of this idea. His Grace concluded by again paying tribute to the Catholic generosity of the assembled visitors, and urged them to continue to manifest their interest in the hospice by liberally aiding this great work. He then gave the Papal Benediction according to the privilege granted to the Carmelite Order on this feast.

A procession was then formed and all proceeded to the site of the new building. The cornerstone was in position to be laid. It is a magnificent stone, and we heard that it is a gift from a generous Protestant, owner of the Queenston quarries. After the singing of the Litany his Grace blessed and laid the stone.

The Rev. Raphael Fuhr, a Franciscan Friar, from St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill., who had been selected to preach the sermon on this occasion—a member of the same order to which Father Hennepin, the first white man who ever saw the Falls, belonged—then advanced and addressed the large audience. In fervent language he spoke of the day itself, the feast of the Scapular, of the many privileges and graces attached to it, of the Catholicity of this devotion, of the love of the Holy Father for the Order of Mount Carmel, of the great Indulgences of Portinucula, which had now also been granted to the Carmelite churches for this day, and of the great love existing between the most ancient Order of the Church and the Franciscan Order. Then he spoke of the two great prerogatives of the Order of Carmel—devotion to the Blessed Virgin and hospitality. The first is recognized by the whole Church; the second, which at one time was the characteristic of every Carmelite monastery in the world, would now be illustrated by the erection of this hospice—a magnificent duplicate of that other hospice of Mount Carmel in the Holy Land. He concluded by urging his hearers to cherish the great benefits accruing to all Catholics through the instrumentality of the Order and its Holy Scapular, and to be grateful in acknowledging these gifts by a generous support of the Fathers and their work.

Then the clergy returned to the church, and the ceremonies of the day were concluded.

A large tent had been erected on the grounds for the accommodation of visitors, and all through the hours of the afternoon streams of pious pilgrims were passing in and out of the humble church making their visits.

May the good undertaking of the Carmelite Fathers, in realization of the late and present Archbishops' wishes, prove as successful as its thousands of friends hope, and the Archdiocese of Toronto will be enriched with one of the most magnificent and unique religious institutions of America.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, has lost his wife by death. She was a devout Catholic.

Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sidney, Australia, has completed his "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia." It will be published simultaneously in Australasia and in England before the close of the year.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

The First Mass in Canada.

The Montreal Historical Society is erecting in Saint Ann's Market Square an obelisk to commemorate the spot where the first religious service held on the island of Montreal took place. The monument is the only one of its kind in Canada, and the block of granite from which it was hewn was the largest ever quarried in the Dominion. It was brought from the Standstead granite quarries, Boebo Plain, Quebec, and is known as Standstead granite, which is the best in the Province.

The block, when taken from the quarry, was forty tons in weight, being thirty-one feet long and four feet square. It was finished in the marble yards of O. A. MacDonnell, corner of Legachetiere and Alexander streets, being reduced to seventeen tons, the dimensions now being three feet square at the bottom, tapering to about six inches; length, thirty one feet. It is to be erected on a ten-ton base, which is already placed. The base is of the same material and at the ground nine feet square. The obelisk is finished in the style known as "Rustic work," which is so very popular in the United States. It is the only one of its kind in Canada. The inscriptions are on four bronze plaques, made at the establishment of Chanteloup and Company.

The first states that a monument was erected by the Historical Society of Montreal to the memory of the generous founders of the city and of the first colonists who landed here in 1642.

Then follow the words addressed to the colonists by the Reverend Father Vimont, May 18, 1642: "What you see here, gentlemen, is only a grain of mustard, but I do not doubt at all that this grain will produce a great plant, that it will one day make marvellous progress, multiply and extend in every direction." This inscription closes with the words of M. Olier in "Les Veritables Motifs," etc.

"This project of Montreal must in time come to be a great glory of God, the power of the Church, and of great use to this kingdom."

The next gives the names of the first colonists of Montreal, from May to December, 1642, starting with that of Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve. The third inscription, headed by the date of May 18, 1642, is as follows: "Near this monument, between the river and the stream which runs under Commissioners street, at a place called Palace Royale by Champlain, 18th of May, 1642, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve laid the foundation of the city of Montreal. He erected the first houses, the fort, the chapel, the cemetery, which he enclosed with a fence of stakes. The 23rd of February Montreal was consecrated to the Holy Virgin under the name of Ville Marie. On the 13th of February, 1644, Louis XVI. granted to it the first civic charter. The 26th of March, 1644 Chomedey de Maisonneuve was named the first Governor of it." The last inscription bears the names of the founders of Montreal. "Jerome Jacques Royer de la Dauverniere and Jean Jacques Olier, founder of Saint Sulpice, had each separately the inspiration of establishing this city. They provided for the first expense and work in common. La Dauverniere appears in outside affairs. Olier is the soul of the society whose courage and generosity he excites." Then follow the names of those whom they united around them.

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Better Things.

By FATHER RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousandfold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A hand to lend help to a fallen foe,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to unfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though tolling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in Nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the soul at rest when the labours cease;
Better than gold is the pure man's sleep
And the calm that dozes on his umbrage deep,
Than sleeping drowsily on the downy bed,
Where luxury follows its wonted lead—
The toiler's single opiate-deed
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is the thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And lie with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire passed away,
The world's great dreams will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside characters come—
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Five Minute Sermon.

The Three-Fold Duty Laid Down by St. James.

"Let every man be quick to hear, slow to speak, and slow to anger."

In this sentence St. James lays down a three-fold duty. Let us examine them one by one. First, we are told to cultivate the habit of prompt and close attention. By this is meant that we ought to be over on the watch to catch the divine whisperings whenever and wherever uttered. This attitude of listening comes from an earnest desire to do the will of God perfectly at all times and in every place. The soul that is bent on serving God faithfully He frequently visits with words of warning or encouragement, as the occasion might arise. Such communications are part of the spiritual life, and enjoyed by those only who are striving to reach perfection.

Again, the apostle bids us be careful of hearing the word of God. This is a matter that cannot be insisted on too strongly. We all stand in need of instruction—some unhappily more than others. He, therefore, who has in the past failed—from neglect or want of opportunity—to acquire that knowledge of religion which Holy Church expects her children to possess, should now, without any further loss of time, set to work diligently to find out the things he is obliged to believe and to practise. This is easily able to be done by the steady reading of books especially written for that purpose and by paying heed to sermons on Sundays and other days. Moreover we are enjoined to keep the company of the wise and good and to receive from them lessons of wisdom and virtue, so as to grow wiser and better ourselves every day. On the other hand the apostle's intention is to warn us against the disposition to give willing ear to every rumor, report, gossip or scandal, and accept it as true. We do not need any urging in this direction from St. James, seeing that we are naturally so prone to take delight in idle tales that are commonly unprofitable and not unfrequently harmful as well.

Secondly, we are exhorted to be slow to speak. This is important advice, as we all know. An unbridled tongue is the worst enemy human happiness has to suffer from. What boundless mischief has been produced by men and women letting their tongues run on

without placing any check upon them. What untold injuries it has wrought on the reputations and prosperity of individuals. Let us then be constantly on our guard and hasten to curb the activity of this unruly member before it gets us into trouble by becoming the instrument of harm to others. There is an old proverb well worth remembering and carrying out too. It says "speech is silver, but silence is gold." Yes, though we might sometimes do good by a proper exercise of the voice, we can oftener perform a greater service by a discreet closing of the mouth. The rule we should follow ought to be this: when in doubt as to whether we shall benefit our neighbor by speaking or not, it is safer and better to preserve unbroken silence. In such a case it is always a lesser evil to withhold a good intended than to run the risk of conferring a wrong not meant.

Lastly, we are commended to be slow to anger. We are to understand by this that we are bound to restrain the angry passion as much as possible. Here we have a fault that is generally committed on account of not practising self control. The man that gives way readily to his heated feelings betrays indeed great weakness. Self-control is the basis of all virtue, and especially so in the effort of holding in one's temper. The first impulse is what is mostly to be feared, and when once that is overcome the rest will be comparatively easy. What we want in such a crisis is a moment for reflection to enable reason and divine grace to exert their sway over the passion.

Reason and the grace of God will, if allowed, be sure to master any desire for revenge that our animal nature cries for in satisfaction for hurt or affront received. Let us then be more like angels than brutes in the exercise of our nobler and spiritual faculties. Let us observe the teaching of St. James more closely by refraining from foolish and injurious conversation, by endeavoring to bring into subjection our lower instincts, and being quick and zealous to learn what are useful and ennobling. Then will we experience joy and tranquility of mind and conscience and be assured of daily advancing in the path that leads to holiness.

An "Ex-Nun's" Retraction.

We have been requested, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, to publish the following statement of Sarah McCormack, who recently lectured in Scotland as an "ex-nun" and who is now anxious to repair the evil she has done. The document demands no comment. It speaks for itself:

"I, Sarah McCormack, who have falsely called myself the White Nun, wish to make this public statement. I was born of Catholic parents, brought up in the Catholic religion and attended St. Margaret's Catholic School, Airdrie, from the time I was 7 years of age until I was 14. I worked for one year in Airdrie weaving mill and then took a situation as general servant in Glasgow. It was as servant or as mill hand that I lived until September, 1893. I then met Mr. ——. He induced me, for the sake of making money, to lecture against nuns and convents and he gave me a book called 'Maria Monk,' telling me to read it and obtain my facts and knowledge of convents from it. I have since learnt that the statements in that book were proved to be utterly false by the daughter of the authoress. I now wish to state solemnly and publicly that I never was a nun, that I was never in a convent except when I went there for an hour in the evening to receive instruction, and that all my statements about nuns and convents were taken from that book given to me. I now wish humbly and publicly to beg pardon for all the scandal I have given, to implore forgiveness of those I have slandered and to devote my life to penance and reparation for the past."

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Die—How Her Life was Saved.

From *La Patrie*, Montreal.

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to convey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warrant those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. *La Patrie* having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles Borromeo Street, of more than ordinary interest, determined to make an investigation of the case with a view to giving its readers the particulars. The reporter's knock at the door was answered by a young person neatly dressed, and showing all the appearance of good health. "I came to inquire," said the reporter, "concerning the young lady cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"In that case it must be myself," said the young girl smiling, "for I have been very sick and laid up with heart disease, and some months ago thought I would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it?"

The young girl, whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she became ill, and gradually the disease took an alarming character. She was pale and listless, her blood was thin and watery, she could not walk fast, could not climb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the palpitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy for, being an orphan, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incumbrance. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt stronger than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes. This encouraged her so much that she determined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart palpitations and spasms which had made her life miserable passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. To-day she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that she cannot too highly praise that marvellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tired on slight exertion, subject to nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 2—S. Stephen I., Pope and Martyr.
3—The Finding of S. Stephen Protomartyr.
4—S. Dominic.
5—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. Dedication of Our Lady of the Snow.
6—Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ.
7—S. Cajetan Confessor.
8—SS. Cyril and Companions, Martyrs.

The English "Grand Lodge."

It appears that once every three years a meeting of the "Grand Orange Lodge" is held in Westminster Town Hall in London, England. This blessed triennial occurs in the present year of grace; it was opened and closed on Friday last, the 27th July. The English Grand Lodge of Orangemen was rendered quite remarkable this year by the presence of one member of Parliament, Major Saunderson of turbulent and bellicose fame, one honourable Minister of State in Canada, Mr. Clarke Wallace, and one city Inspector of Schools, the far-famed James L. Hughes.

It must be acknowledged by nearly every one favoured with a slight acquaintance of the above-named characters that no cause can benefit much by their aid or advocacy—*haud tali auxilio haud defensoribus istis*. Major Saunderson's antics in the British House of Commons have long since discredited him in the eyes of all English politicians, his bitter and brutal assaults upon the personal motives and characters of his political opponents have left him without a friend or seconder in time of conflict; and his blustering bigotry has made him the laughing stock of the whole House.

The speech which was delivered by Major Saunderson was not quite so belligerent as former utterances of his on similar occasions. He must have been warned in advance against violence of language. A Minister of the Crown in Canada stood on the same platform, and was more or less responsible for the opinions set forth and applauded unanimously. Therefore was there a check put on the freedom of his usually defiant attitude and his threats of civil war should Home Rule become law. The gallant Major could ill brook restraint, however. In the midst of his discourse, and when warned to his subject with a few sparks of the old Kentish fire, he broke out, that: "under certain circumstances they would resist the law. It all depended upon who made the law."

It matters little with Orangemen how good or useful or even necessary the law may be, if a majority of Catholics pass that law they are bound to resist it. They have no faith in

Catholics. They have been so long accustomed to Protestant Ascendancy, to domineering of Catholics, to exclusion of Catholics from the bench and from the jury, and to meting out heavy penalties and imprisonment to Catholics while condoning Orange outrage and crime, that they dread a reaction. They cannot conceive of a Catholic majority being just and humane and honest. What Orangemen always have practised, what they follow up to this day wherever they are in the majority, they falsely imagine Catholics must practise when their turn comes. For instance, in the city of Belfast, out of a Catholic minority of at least 50,000, not one Catholic holds any office of trust or honor or emolument in the civil service.

Orangemen of Major Saunderson's calibre measure Catholic toleration and decency by their own bloody standard of bigotry and exclusiveness. Yet to hear these men talk at public meetings a stranger to their public deeds would be led to believe them paragons of every civic virtue. Hear the gallant major at the Grand Orange Lodge in England. "Orangemen," he said, "sought to interfere with nobody in the matters of religious, or political right, but claimed equal liberty for all; though it was a trick of their opponents to misrepresent them as the embodiment of fanaticism and bigotry."

If they allow equal liberty to all, why not allow a political meeting to be held by Catholics or liberal Protestants in any portion of Ulster, without rioting and bloodshed? If they allow equal liberty to all, why stone Catholics on every 12th July celebration? Why excite a revolution in Belfast and other towns because of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, and compel her Majesty's forces to be encamped for weeks in Ulster for the protection of isolated Catholic families and of defenceless girls on their way home from work? Major Saunderson's declaration of faith in equal liberty for all is pronounced upon almost every platform where the Orange flag floats, but it is the same lie every time. If equal liberty were granted to all, and fanaticism ceased to exist, then Orangeism would die a natural death. It lives only to harrow up painful memories, to goad Catholics to feelings of resentment and anger, to harass them incessantly and persecute to the death.

"They," also continues the Major, "had accused us of being revolutionists and as saying that under certain circumstances we would resist the law." The gallant Major does not deny the charge; he rather glories in it. It will depend upon "who makes the law." "If Ireland," said he, "were severed from Great Britain, and placed under the authority of an Irish Parliament, the majority of that Parliament would be hostile to the religious freedom of Orangemen. They therefore claim the right, refuse to obey the authority before whom their forefathers never bowed, and before whom their sons would never bend. As long as they had a hand to strike with, they would never accept the yoke."

If lying and braggadocio could sway the councils of State, Major Saunderson would very soon be chosen as Prime Minister. An Irish Parliament

would never be hostile to Religious Freedom—unless such freedom consisted in persecuting Catholics. It has been the only religious freedom so far indulged in by Orangemen. The threat of open resistance to the authority of an Irish Parliament is all braggadocio—of a piece with the menace of Rev. Mr. Lyle at a public demonstration against disestablishment some years ago. "that they would line the ditches with rifles and kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne."

Mgr. Satolli on the Liquor Traffic.

A recent pastoral letter of Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, on the liquor traffic in his diocese, has caused widespread comment. He refuses to acknowledge Catholic organizations which have liquor dealers among their officers, and orders confessors to urge on all men engaged in the sale of intoxicants to conduct their business without scandal, or "got out of it and keep out of it." An appeal was made to Monsignor Satolli, who answered by upholding the Bishop's authority in his own diocese. Though this censure on the liquor business does not apply to any other diocese, much less to Canada, it has created great interest, and is viewed in Catholic temperance circles as a great victory for their cause.

There can be no doubt that the number of Catholics engaged in the selling and drinking of intoxicants is a subject of serious alarm. We have nothing to say against the liquor business as such, especially as it is conducted in Canada. The man who sells beer is perhaps conducting a more honest business than the one who sells silks or coffee. A good hotel-keeper often exhibits more true Christian charity than the men who revile him most. But the nature of the saloon business, as conducted in large cities, does not invite the best men to enter it, and the numerous low grog shops bring disgrace on the whole trade. Then, too, an effect of constant association with men who display themselves at their worst is to lower the character of those who are in their company, and liquor dealers sometimes suffer gradual leveling of character.

Though the Bishop's attitude may appear harsh and unjust, he probably had grave reasons before he issued his letter. This is borne out by the approval of the Delegate. Mgr. Satolli is a man of original thought, who would not be led by a mere desire to satisfy the Bishop. He comes from Italy, where there is little drunkenness and no prohibition sentiment, so he is not a temperance "crank." When a man of his stamp thinks such severe measures are justifiable, it is time for Catholics to ponder seriously on the evils which are growing up among us, and consider means of meeting the difficulty.

We do not believe that the remedy can be found in attacking Catholic liquor dealers in such a general way. Many of these are fine, honest men who view with sorrow the unavoidable evils of their occupation, and endeavor to conduct their business honestly and well. But we can earnestly advise

them, if they can engage in a business less dangerous in its consequences, that they should hasten to do so.

The traits of character which fit Irishmen for success in the liquor traffic are certainly honorable to the race. A good liquor dealer must be witty, genial, generous, and at times athletic, and these qualities are nowhere found so often as among the Irish. Another cause besides natural fitness for dealing with men in all their humors is that Irishmen are ostracized in many of the other branches of trade. This is no doubt true. The free and easy fellow who wants to treat a comrade does not stand to see if mine host has an Irish name; while more precise people, on their shopping tours, would think their goods contaminated if they passed through the hands of Hibernians. It is such people as these who drive Irishmen embarking in business into the liquor traffic.

Catholics should be encouraged by their fellows to enter on lines of trade more honorable to the race. There is no doubt that with many of our neighbors the number of our people engaged in this traffic is a cause of great scandal. All Catholics should unite to create a temperance sentiment; and we have no doubt that, as in the days of Father Mathew, the Irish hotel-keepers will be the warmest supporters of such a movement.

Midsummer Piety.

Many people have remarked that in cities where many Protestant churches close their doors for the summer, the Catholic Church never slackens its zeal. Now, as there are no "Closed for the Summer" placards on Catholic churches, so should there be none on the Catholic conscience. It is no doubt trying to go to Mass and Benediction on a hot day when we see many of our non-believing friends taking a spiritual vacation, but we shall obtain a greater reward. The practices of piety are even more necessary in summer than in winter, for temptations of all kinds are more numerous.

Charitable Bequests.

The late Mr. Geo. W. Kiely left in bequests to charitable institutions the sum of \$17,000. Of this amount \$10,000 is left in the hands of certain persons who are to dispose of it in such charities as they deem most to require it. The other charitable bequests are: To the Sunnyside Orphanage, \$1,000; House of Providence, \$1,000; Monastery of the Precious Blood, \$1,000; Boys' Home, \$1,000; Girls' Home, \$1,000; Home for Incurables, \$1,000, and the Haven Seaton street, \$1,000.

Newfoundland is at length finding relief for her distracted state. Sir William, the late Premier, and Robert Bond, the Colonial Secretary, have been unseated and disqualified for bribery in numerous forms. The Government, which had been collecting revenue without Parliamentary sanction on account of the defeat of their revenue bill, will now have a majority in the House, and can proceed to carry on the government of the colony in proper form.

Turning Evil Into Good.

An article appears in *Donahoe's Magazine* of this month with the startling title "Blessings of the A. P. A." The writer has, however, attained the proper standpoint for viewing the social and political persecutions through which the Catholic population of these countries has been passing during the past few years. We must not forget, in viewing this important question, that the Catholic Church is the Church of Jesus Christ; and all the apparant evils which befall her are allowed in the infinite wisdom of the Divine Founder, and "work for some good by us not understood." The reviewer tries to find the blessings which lie concealed in this persecution. He concludes that it will result in bringing the Church more prominently before the eyes of men who otherwise would not think of studying her doctrines; that it will stir up the best citizens to stand out in her defence, and will make Catholics better and more loyal members of her household.

Such, indeed, has been the case. We have seen intelligent Protestants, lay and clerical, of every denomination, defending the freedom of Catholic conscience, and paying the highest tribute to the work of the Church before purely Protestant audiences, who had perhaps never before heard that Catholicity could have in it anything of good. Even the forged encyclicals and base lies circulated broadcast through the country have been productive of good; for, when they were proven false, thinking non-Catholics began to doubt the old concoctions which have been the stock in trade of English Protestantism for the past 800 years.

Catholics, too, who had not made an act of faith in years have been brought back to active interest in the Church through the assaults of her enemies. An Irishman especially is hard to drive, and many who might have continued in neglect have been aroused by their generous natures to take their stand with the old Church in the moment of persecution.

Viewing the situation thus, we find that it is not without its consolations. And surely these consolations were intended by our Saviour when He allowed the wolves to harrass His flock. What, then, should Catholics do in this crisis? In the olden days when the chosen people of God were scourged by their enemies, they attributed it to their own faults, and sought to remove the affliction by removing the cause in their own lives. So should we, the chosen of God in the new dispensation, act when foolish men rave against the Church. We should discipline ourselves, and show in our lives that we are really children of God and heirs of heaven. Let Catholics go to Mass more regularly and to the saloon less often; let them show that their religion is a religion of prayer and not of muscle, and the many non-Catholics who are now aroused to scrutinize our mode of living will find therein the true spirit of the sons of Christ.

We do not need to quarrel with our neighbors. You cannot pound the grace of God into a man. English-

men used to talk of "muscular Christianity." There should not be, cannot be in fact, any such thing as muscular Catholicity. We have the right of self-defence, but those are not always the best Catholics who are ready to knock a man down for saying a word against the Pope. The Church is the mother of all, even of those who do not acknowledge her authority, and she wishes to draw all into her maternal lap. All believers belong to the "royal priesthood" of Christ; and a little reasoning, with a large amount of prayer, will go further towards converting the world than an army of "religious" pugilists.

Let us, then, in this trying time, show the meek spirit of Jesus Christ in our actions and conversation; let us live so that our lives may shine before all men; let us purge ourselves of all evil, and seek by prayer and penance to appease the wrath of God and convert the minds of men, remembering that the surest way to turn evil into good is by returning good for evil.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy will have to organize a new party of one next session. He should get three or four of the benches and cross them. By sitting in the center he can be all of his parties himself.

A Protestant contemporary remarks that though Germany has been justly known as the bulwark of Continental Protestantism, at present the indications are in favor of Rome. The proportion of Protestants to Catholics was given as about 63 to 36 in the census of 1885. We must add with regret that the 29,369,847 persons who are given as Protestants should be called non-Catholics, as very many are sceptics or utter atheists. The loss of all positive religion is a sad spectacle to all of us, and the unbelief of many men, especially University men, in the homes of Luther and Calvin, would make even those apostles of discord repent of having introduced their destructive doctrine.

The American Citizen Company of Boston, which makes a specialty of anti-Catholic literature, recently reprinted Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on "The Vatican Decrees." Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Company, stating that he does not wish it to be circulated, as he "retains the right to reconsider his views at any time." Gladstone's pamphlet was published in good faith at a time of great excitement regarding the definition of Infallibility, and no doubt the able replies of Cardinals Newman and Manning, with a better knowledge of Catholics as citizens, have long since made him regret its publication.

An unhappy illustration of the evils of mixed marriages was afforded by a police court incident this week. A man who was arrested for attacking his wife and her mother said in court that their family jars were caused by the fact that he is a Protestant and she a Catholic, and they cannot agree. This is unfortunately too often the case. Husband and wife must have a unity of feeling to go through life together, and the Church shows her

wisdom, even from a merely human standpoint, in discountenancing these ill-starred marriages.

At the World's Fair Quebec carried off more honours than Ontario for educational exhibits. This goes to prove how inadequately this province was represented, or how little the judges know about the matter.

And this clipping goes to prove how shameless the *Mail* can be in avoiding hard facts, and how little of justice it displays in its articles.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, author of several popular books, and a valued contributor to the *American Catholic Quarterly*, the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, the *Catholic World* and other publications, is now engaged on the life of Brother Azarias. Father Smith undertakes this important work at the desire of the Rev. J. F. Mulaney, of Syracuse, N. Y., brother of the lamented dead. The *Pilot* is delighted that the work is to be done, and by so competent hands. Father Smith was a near friend of Brother Azarias, and has the sympathy alike with his religious and literary life, which will enable him to present both faithfully to the general public. Brother Azarias is a unique figure in literature, and the interest in him is by no means confined to Catholic circles. The life will be published early next year. —*Boston Pilot*.

Father Smith is well known to many Catholics in this Province through his long connection with St. Michael's College, where he made his studies, and through his literary labors as novelist and editor. We have no doubt that his life of the talented Christian Brother will be a success. The works of both of these men should find a place in Catholic libraries all through America.

An Anglican newspaper attempts to show that the British people are more moral than the French by the superior fecundity of the former. The argument is not necessarily a sound one. In the first place the figures are exaggerated. The British are placed at 100,000,000 and the French at 40,000,000. The French population of the world is at least 50,000,000, while we are surely not to count the Irish, Germans and others who speak the English tongue as Britishers. Moreover, the comparing populations is unjust, since the English people have suffered few losses in war and have had three continents in which to develop, while the French for a hundred years have been in almost incessant war and turmoil, with no outlet for surplus population. The present alarming decrease of births in France might be justly set down to the peculiar land laws and the drawing off of young men to barracks at the very period when the English youth are considering marriage.

If the morality of the races is to be judged by this standard, take them under similar conditions. The natural increase of the straggling French population which fringed the St. Lawrence two hundred years ago, is described by anti-French journals as "alarming." The *Empire* had this week an interesting article on the bounties of land given by the Quebec Government to families of 12 lawful children. A glance at the article will give a proper idea of French morality, and a comparison with the records of births among the descendants of Englishmen in New England will prove more startling than the exaggerated figures offered by our American Church Contemporary.

While we are touching on the question of national morality, it may be instructive to some to read a few

lines from an unprejudiced witness on the comparative morality of the races in the British Isles:

Immorality in Banffshire (says the *Scottish Leader*) is one of the subjects dealt with in the report to the Assembly by the Commission on the Religious Condition of the People. The report says that for the purpose of illustrating the extent of illegitimacy, Mr. Cramond, at a meeting of the Commission, produced a scale in which showing the comparative state of illegitimacy of the three kingdoms. Ireland was represented by a line 18 inches long, England by one 5 inches long, Scotland by one 8 inches long, Banffshire by one 16 inches long.

The figures given here are hardly just to Ireland, which is weighed down by the immoral North. The ratio of illegitimate births in Ireland ranges from 8 in 1,000 in some counties of Connaught to 54 in the most Protestant districts of Ulster, and the order of the provinces is the order of their Catholicity — Connaught, Leinster, with Ulster far in the ignoble lead.

An agitation is being started by all classes in Paris to urge the return of the Sisters to the hospitals of that city. The hired nurses who have taken their place often neglect their important duties most shamefully; and a short time ago one, through neglect, scalded an insane patient to death while giving him a bath. The patience and charity which are so necessary for those in care of the sick and destitute cannot be expected from nurses who perform their duties with no higher motive than money. The proper performance of such duties requires a spirit of love and self-sacrifice which not the love of money, not even the love of mankind can give, but which must be based on the love of God.

It is sometimes charged against Irish Americans that they seek and get more positions in cities than they merit. Two Republican Protestant Fire Commissioners in Boston write thus concerning such charges:

"We take the men as they are sent to us by the Civil Service Commission, who send them on their percentages. Nearly four-fifths, if not quite all, of the men are so-called Irish Americans."

"We cannot make any discrimination. The Civil Service Commission is on record as saying, through Mr. Wilbur, that the Civil Service Law is lived up to better in the Boston Fire Department than it is in any other city department. Mr. Wilbur is the Republican member of the Commission, and he has made that statement to the Fire Commissioners repeatedly, both verbally and in writing."

The *Boston Pilot* says on this point of Civil Service Examinations: "Irish-Americans have much to gain by throwing the offices open to fair and free competition. They have brains to win and hold their share of the prizes; and they prefer to win and hold them on merit and not by favor."

Part of a congregation of Poles in Cleveland, under their pastor, Father Kolaszewski, broke away from obedience last month, and in consequence we hear with a blaze of trumpets the announcement of an intended New Catholic Church, which will modify the faith. There is not much danger of such a schism. If any man could achieve a thing in our times Dr. Dollinger could have done it, and he failed miserably. The Poles are as good Catholics as the Irish, but persecution has made some of them suspicious of everybody not belonging to their own nationality. The recalcitrants will soon be as glad to creep back into the bosom of the old mother as was Kolaszewski and his people in Detroit.

A High Mass Said by the Pope.

The following beautiful description is by a Protestant gentleman, who describes the service as he witnessed it at St. Peter's, Rome. "High mass was said by the Pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion, and though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering moment will never be forgotten. When the sounding of the bell announced the elevation of the host, the whole of the vast assemblage knelt or bowed their heads. The pavement was suddenly strewn with kneeling forms. A silence like that of death fell upon the church as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After a pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond anything I have ever heard or ever expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings, or as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a 'wandering breath' from the songs of seraphs had been borne to the earth. How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave which, for an instant, swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth and leaving it pure as in infancy. There was, it is true, a reflux tide; and the world, displaced by the solemn strain, came back with the echo; but though we 'cannot keep the heights we are competent to gain,' we are the better for the too brief exaltation."

Not the Same Person.

Owing to many readers being still under a wrong impression, the following clipping from the N. Y. Sun will explain itself:—

"We regret that, in spite of all care, we confounded the Rev. Father Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," with the "Father Lambert" who recently was converted to Protestantism. Father Lambert, the author of "Notes on Ingersoll," is a priest in the diocese of Rochester. The "Lambert" who renounced Roman Catholicism was named Achille Van Lopeck; after his conversion he seems to have assumed the name of Lambert for reasons known to himself. The real Father Lambert, who lives at Scottsville, N.Y., and edits the Catholic Times of Philadelphia, on March 31st last said editorially.

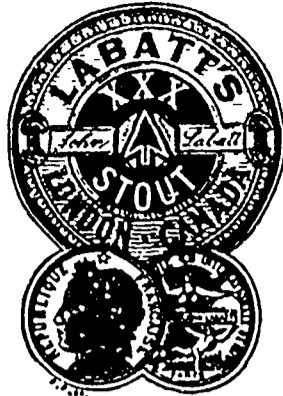
"By the grace of God we are not the man who renounced allegiance to the Catholic Church. To us the Catholic Church is Christianity in the concrete. Her divine origin and mission and the truths she teaches are as fixed in our mind as are the eternal truths of geometry. * * * We are not the man. We cling to the Church of Christ with the eager grasp of the infant on its mother's breast, knowing that she is the appointed source of spiritual life, as the mother is of physical life, and that through her come to us truth and grace and the merits of our Divine Redeemer."

We regret that we should have done injustice to the real Father Lambert, and we thank our friends who have warned us of our mistake."

In 1871 there were forty Catholic churches in New York City, to-day there are eighty-four.



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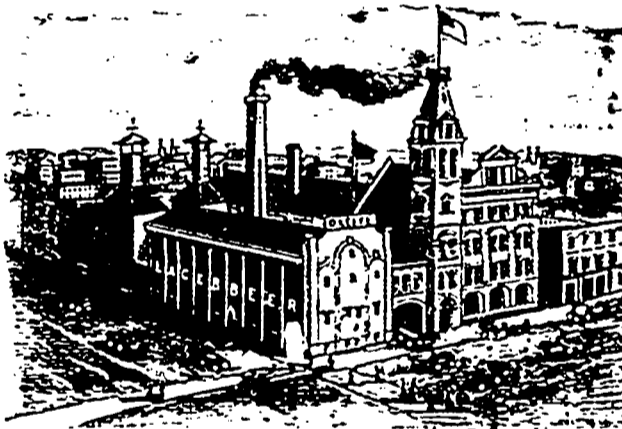
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Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm water.....two gallons

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He Made Car Fare Out of It.

The ways of the New York broker are artful, and his eyes are always open for an opportunity. When he has a chance to make a bargain he doesn't let grass grow under his feet. The head of a steamship company recently said to a Wall street broker

"I wish I could get a certain pier privilege; it's so and so."

"Well, why don't you go and get it?" asked the broker.

"I can't get hold of it."

"The pier business," said the broker, "isn't in my line; but how much would you give me for the privilege?"

"I would give \$1,000 dollars each month for one year."

The broker said he would see what he could do. The pier was owned by a Philadelphia man, and the next day the man from Wall street entered the office of the pier owner in Philadelphia.

"I should like to have you buy some bonds," he said.

"I don't want to buy anything," was the curt answer.

"Why not?"

"Prefer to sell."

"But these are gilt-edged. You never saw better."

"Can't buy anything—haven't any money. I have a lot of things on my hands that aren't paying a cent. These are hard times, I tell you. I have stores that I can't rent; bills that I can't collect. Why there's a pier over in your city that isn't doing what it ought to do for me. A privilege there is just begging for some one to take it."

"Well," said the broker, "I want to sell you some of these bonds. We might make a 'dicker' on the pier, I guess I could get rid of it. Will you take the bonds off my hands if I take your pier privilege?"

"I don't want bonds."

"Wouldn't you take them to get rid of your pier?"

"No."

"Well, maybe I'll take the pier anyway. How much do you want for it?"

"It is worth \$3,000 a year, if it's worth anything."

The broker thought he might as well take the privilege even if they couldn't strike a bargain on bonds. The next morning he went to the New York steamship man.

"I can get that pier privilege for a year," he said.

"At what terms?"

"Your own figures—\$12,000 a year."

The privilege was let right then and there, the contract signed and the broker was just \$9,000 better off. A short time after this the steamship man met the broker again.

"Say, Jones, he said, "tell me, now, just for fun, what did you make out of that pier business?"

"Car fare," answered the broker, without a blush.

"Car fare?"

"Yes, car fare—round the world."

A Girl's Fortune.

Kate Sullivan, aged 14, who lives on Third avenue, New York, has inherited a million. Kate's great grand father was named Patrick Sullivan. He owned a lot of land in county Derry and more near Dublin. Since then his heirs, invariably first-named Patrick, have added by economy and shrewd investment to the value of the original estate. According to letters received by Kate's mother, Mrs. Patrick Sullivan, the little girl's share in the estate, which is divided equally between herself and her cousin Patrick, will amount to nearly \$1,000,000 in bank and some miles of finely tilled and pasture lands. The letters came from Barrister John Donohoe, who, in addition to being the lawyer for the estate, is appointed guardian of both Kate and Patrick.

A noble Master all may well obey, Whose word convinces where His will commands.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Autism

The Belfast Northern Whig is evidently of the opinion that the Ulster Tory Unionists "had better stay at home and leave their battles beyond the Irish Sea to be fought under the guise of British moderation." Commenting upon Mr. Hill's second failure to capture Sheffield, the Liberal Unionist organ says: "We need scarcely say that Mr. George H. Smith is very well known in the North of Ireland. He has appeared as an Irish Conservative Unionist advocate on many English platforms. We are not, however, sure that such a candidate, with somewhat extreme views, was the best to attract moderate Unionist politicians, and especially the Liberal Unionists." The Northern Whig evidently believes that the Hill-Smith should be reserved for 12th of July purposes. It has a dim apprehension of the truth that the less that is known in England of Ulster Unionism the better for the Unionists.

Cavan

Mr. Ward, of Arva, County Cavan, has been appointed Manager of the Ballyhaunis branch of the Ulster Bank.

Clare

Henry Stainstreet, student, nephew to the Rev. Mr. Stainstreet, was drowned at Kilsaloo on June 30th. The lad was unable to swim, and getting beyond his depth, he was drowned before assistance could reach him.

Cork

The potato blight has again made its appearance in West Cork, which, in the surroundings of Skilbreen, seems to be the first place in Ireland favored with its evil effects. It appears, so far, to be isolated and chiefly, if not altogether, confined to the early class of potatoes. The Champion, which is the staple crop, is looking both flourishing and promising, and is not being affected by the disease. The other crops, generally, are looking most hopeful, so far.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. O'Halloran, of the Munster and Leinster Bank, Dunmanway, which occurred in Dunmanway, a few days ago. He occupied the important position of sub-manager of the local branch of the Munster and Leinster Bank, and was exceedingly popular in the town, where his death has caused a feeling of profound regret. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his loss. The remains were transferred from Dunmanway to Fethard, county Tipperary, of which the deceased was a native, and where his interment took place.

The White Star Liner Teutonic arrived at Queenstown at midnight on July 4th after a passage of 6 days, 4 hours, 44 minutes; distance run 2,895 knots. The Paris, for Southampton, with full mail, left one hour and a half ahead of the Teutonic. The latter ship came up after 19 hours, or about eight o'clock on next morning, steamed ahead, and at five o'clock that evening the Paris was lost to sight astern. On July 31 a steerage passenger named Michael Ambrose died of consumption. The remains have been landed in Queenstown. The Rev. Edward Murphy, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was a passenger by the Teutonic, was in attendance on the deceased at his death, and was instrumental in prevailing on the ship's officers to bring the remains to shore.

The funeral of Mr. W. J. O'Neill-Daunt, of Kilsacan Castle, took place at Dunmanway on July 2d. The remains were removed the previous day from Kilsacan to Dunmanway Catholic Chapel, where they were placed on a catafalque in front of the altar, which was heavily draped. Although it was the express wish of the deceased that his funeral should be of the most private character a very large number of priests and people followed the remains to Dunmanway. In fact all the principal residents of the Ballinacorney and Dunmanway districts, without distinction of creed or politics, attended to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. The interment took place after the celebration of a solemn Requiem Mass. The remains were enclosed in a handsome oak coffin, the lid of which was covered with a number of beautiful floral crosses and wreaths.

Dowry

Warrenpoint School Attendance Committee have appointed Mr. O'Kelly, T.C., as School Attendance Officer, at a salary of £12 per year.

Joseph McInigan, of Newry, a private in the Louth Rifles, was drowned on June 29th, while bathing at a place called Corranquin Rock, near the Camp, at Blackrock. The deceased got out of his depth, and several other militiamen, who were bathing along with him, probably being unable to swim, were not able to render him any assistance.

Dublin

William McNally, one of the Christian Brothers attached to the Arbane Industrial School, dropped dead in Dame street, Dublin, on June the 29th. The body was at once taken to Jervis Street Hospital, where it was found that life was extinct.

On the morning of July 1st, Sergeant-Major Jackson, of the 1st Royal Dragoons, was found dead in his bed at Islandbridge Barracks, Dublin. He was shot through the head, and as there was a carbine by his side, it was assumed that he committed suicide, and as far as can be ascertained no

reason is assigned for the act. Deceased was about 38 years old and unmarried. He was a native of Middleborough, Yorkshire.

On June 30th, an accident of a fatal character occurred on the Lucan road, Dublin. A middle-aged man, while driving a cart for Messrs. A. Guinness & Co., was descending a hill at Lucan when the back band of the straddle gave way, and the unfortunate man was thrown to the ground, and when he tried to regain his feet he slipped and fell under the cart, which passed over his neck. He was at once conveyed to Tracey's Hotel, Lucan, and a doctor summoned, but on his arrival he pronounced life extinct.

Galway

The Rev. P. Colgan, P.P., has recently come into possession of an Egyptian coin which was dug up by a workman in the vicinity of Dun Conor, on Inishmaan, one of the Arran Isles. The coin is evidently one of great antiquity, though the hieroglyphics, both on the face and reverse of it, are distinctly legible. Those to whom it was submitted were not, unfortunately, in a position to decipher the inscriptions; but the question is one that should interest antiquarians, who, as Father Colgan suggests, "may be able to trace from the inscription an additional link in the claim of evidence which points to the Oriental origin of the Cyclopean edifices on the Arran Isles."

Kerry

On Sunday, July 1st, the Very Rev. Canon Broonan, of Cahirciveen, made several collections in aid of the fund for the completion of the O'Connell Memorial Church at Cahirciveen. These collections were made at the various Masses celebrated at Ladiesbridge, Ballymacoda and Inch, and it must be pleasing to every admirer of the great Liberator to learn that the appeal of Canon Broonan resulted in a very substantial sum being collected.

A very sad drowning accident occurred in the estuary of the rivers Maine and Luane, on Sunday, 1st July. Three young lads named Thomas Walsh, Sullivan and Shea went bathing on the shore at Ballyarkane, and getting into a deep hole, and being unable to swim, they sank, and the three would certainly have been drowned only for the plucky conduct of two men named Michael Cohen and James Shea, who were some fields away. They immediately ran to the shore, and having only divested themselves of their clothing, plunged into the water, and having dived, brought Sullivan and Shea to the surface, and carried them on shore. Cohen plunged in again and dived for Walsh several times without avail. Shea in the meantime ran for a boat, and reaching the spot had to drag Cohen into it, and then diving himself brought poor Walsh to the surface and arrived on shore in a very exhausted state. It was then found that Walsh was dead. The greatest sorrow is felt for Walsh's parents, who are very poor, and the lad being their eldest, only 15 years.

Kildare

On Sunday morning, July 1st, a little after midnight, a woman named Mary Reines, aged 18, threw herself into the canal, at Naas, and was drowned. From the evidence adduced at the Coroner's inquest, it appeared that the young girl was engaged to be married, that her mother objected to it, and that quarrelling ensued. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while laboring under temporary insanity.

Kilkenny

On the evening of July 3d, O'Donovan Rossa visited Kilkenny and was accorded a most enthusiastic reception. He was presented with addresses from the Reception Committee, the local branch of the Irish National Foresters, and the Workingmen's Club.

Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, held an Ordination, on July 1st, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny, at which the following students of St. Kieran's College were ordained priests.—Rev. Michael McGrath, Orzory; Rev. Lawrence Walsh, Ossory; Rev. Patrick Dowling, Sydney; Rev. Patrick Kerwick, Sydney; Rev. Patrick Fleming, Sydney; Rev. Patrick Murphy, Maitland; Rev. James Costello, Maitland; Rev. Hugh Cullon, Maitland; Rev. Patrick Vereker, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. James Dermody, Sacramento, Cal.; Rev. Richard Vereker, Sacramento, Cal.; Rev. James McDonald, St. Paul, Minn.

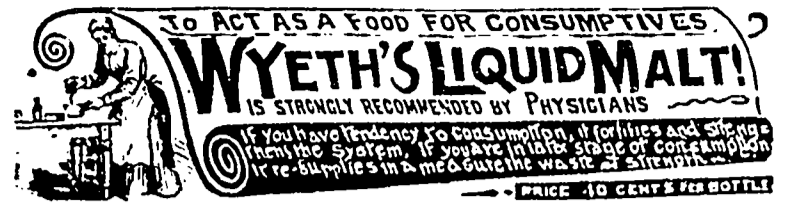
King's County

The Summer Assizes for King's County were opened on July 3d, at the County Courthouse, Tullamore, before Justice O'Brien and Justice Andrews. The former, addressing the Grand Jury, congratulated them on the tranquility of the county.

Limerick

Mr. John J. Cosgrove, solr., has been elected for the eighth time Chairman of the Rathkeale Town Commissioners.

At the weekly meeting of the Limerick Amnesty Association, on July 4th, a letter was read from the hon. secretary of the National Federation in reference to the proposed candidature of Mr. John Daly for the Parliamentary representation of Limerick City, stating that the only concession the Federation could make would be that of allowing him to head the pool, the seat to be retained by the sitting member, F. A. O'Keefe. After the matter had been discussed it was resolved



TO ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.
WYETH'S LIQUID MALT!
IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS
If you have tendency to consumption, if you are in the early stage of consumption, if you are in the later stage of consumption, if you are in a weak state of health, if you are in a state of debility, if you are in a state of prostration, if you are in a state of exhaustion, if you are in a state of emaciation, if you are in a state of anorexia, if you are in a state of dyspepsia, if you are in a state of indigestion, if you are in a state of constipation, if you are in a state of diarrhoea, if you are in a state of nervousness, if you are in a state of depression, if you are in a state of melancholia, if you are in a state of insanity, if you are in a state of dementia, if you are in a state of paralysis, if you are in a state of palsy, if you are in a state of epilepsy, if you are in a state of chorea, if you are in a state of mania, if you are in a state of melancholia, if you are in a state of insanity, if you are in a state of dementia, if you are in a state of paralysis, if you 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A Leaf from History.

A document of special interest at this time was found not long since, covered with the dust of many years, in the New York City Library. It is nothing else than an elegantly engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence on vellum, bound in folio form, attested on Aug. 2, 1826, by the then only surviving signer, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md., who was an earnest and practical Catholic, and brother of the first Bishop and Archbishop in the United States. Besides the autograph attestation of the aged Carroll, which occupies one page of the folio, the work contains the autograph signatures of the federal, state, and city officials in 1826, with those of the Order of the Cincinnati, and several citizens of New York and Albany. The certificate of Mr. Carroll follows:

"I, Charles Carroll, grateful to Almighty God for the blessing which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, He has conferred on my beloved country, in her emancipation, and upon myself, in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years and to survive the 50th year of American Independence, and certifying by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred seventy six, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to the remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of men."

CHAR. CARROLL, of Carrollton.

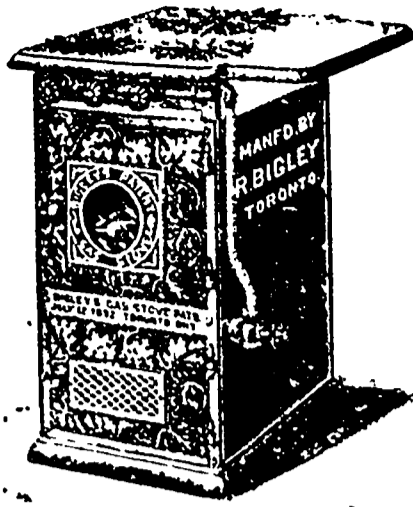
Table Manners of Children.

The table manners of children, says Christine Terhune Herrick, cannot receive too close attention, and yet they seldom have adequate care bestowed upon them. The constant reproof and admonition required seem but a thankless task for many years. Boys and girls manifest a terrible ingenuity in acquiring awkward habits and unpleasant tricks, and an equal slowness in overcoming them. Perpetual "nagging" is always painful, both to the giver and the object, but the recompense of grateful appreciation comes surely, but slowly. Some parents weary of waiting for it and abandon their efforts at training.

To men nothing can make up for the lack of this early discipline. Women, more imitative and less transparent in imitation, may tutor themselves into a fair pretense of ease, but a man rarely sufficiently overcomes his self-consciousness to feel otherwise than miserable in a circle where he knows that his habits and manners mark him as of less outward refinement than his associates. Once in a great while the wife of a man may succeed in imparting a polish that transforms the rough article into a tolerable counterfeit of the fine one, but it is the price of long struggles and bitter mortifications alike to husband and wife. It is in the mother's hands that the power is laid, and with her rests the responsibility if she fails to exercise it aright.

To Remove Superfluous Hairs.

Some few hairs will frequently grow where they are not wanted and are often difficult to get rid of. Close shaving and cutting strengthens them and increases their number; the only plan is to pull them out with a pair of tweezers, and afterwards to dress the part two or three times a day in the following manner: Wash it first with



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warm, soft water, but do not use soap then apply with a piece of soft rag, immediately after the washing a lotion of milk of roses, made according to the following directions and rub the skin gently till it is dry with a warm soft cloth. Beat four ounces of sweet almonds in a mortar to a paste with half an ounce of white sugar; then work in in small quantities, eight ounces of rosewater, strain the emulsion through muslin, put the liquid into a bottle return the residuum to the mortar, pound it again and add half an ounce of sugar and eight ounces of rosewater; then strain again and repeat the process a third time. This will give thirty-two ounces of fluid, to which add twenty grains of bi-chloride of mercury dissolved in two ounces of alcohol. Shake the whole for five minutes and the lotion will be ready for use.

The English Pilgrimage to Ireland.

The Catholic pilgrimage from England to Ireland in September has taken hold of the popular mind, and no doubt the pilgrims will meet with a hearty reception in Ireland. Father Fletcher, Master of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, who has inaugurated the movement, deserves well of Irishmen in selecting that country for a pilgrimage. A visit will be made to the venerable ecclesiastical ruins at Ardferit, in the vicinity of Killarney, and the Great Southern and Western Railway Company have arranged to afford the pilgrims every possible facility, not only to reach Ardferit, but also for excursions to other places. Everybody knows that Ireland remained Catholic through all the vicissitudes of her eventful history, but apart from its religious claims, it is a country eminently fitted by nature as a field for tourists and excursionists, inasmuch as its scenery is exceedingly diversified to anything of the kind in Europe. The Association for the Promotion of Home and Foreign Travel has, through the report of the two gentlemen it recently sent to Ireland, directed attention to the country as a most suitable rendezvous for tourists.

A Famous Irish Couple.

The death of Mrs. Dargan, the widow of Mr. William Dargan, recalls many interesting reminiscences of a famous Irishman. Mr. Dargan planned the Irish Exhibition in Dublin in 1853, giving £20,000 to the working committee of the exhibition for the purpose of encouraging the undertaking. The honor of a knighthood was declined by Dargan, but the Queen did him and Mrs. Dargan the honor of calling upon them at their private residence at Dunderin, county Dublin. Mr. Dargan was born in 1799, and died in reduced circumstances in 1866. His widow, who recently died at Glenmore, Annerley Park, London, was granted a small pension by the Government.

Memory is like moonlight, the reflection of rays emanating from an object no longer seen.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, July 25, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 61	\$0 62
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 58	0 59
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 63	0 65
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 75	0 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 65
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 20	0 22
Butter, in dairy tubs.....	0 16	0 18
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 13	0 14
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Colony, per doz.....	0 40	0 75
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Onions, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bsg.....	0 35	0 40
Potatoes, per bbl.....	1 75	2 00
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Apples, per bbl.....	3 00	3 25
Hay, new.....	7 50	8 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	11 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Following was the general range of prices prevailing at the Western cattle yards to-day:

Cattle—Good shippers, per cwt., \$1.25 to \$4; butcher's, choice, picked, per cwt. \$3.25 to \$3.50; Butchers' choice, per cwt. \$3.00 to \$3.25; Butchers' medium, per cwt. \$2.50 to \$3; bulls and mixed, per cwt. \$2.50 to \$3; springers, per head \$30 to \$45; milk cows, per head \$20 to \$40.
Calves—Per head, good to choice, \$4 to \$5; common, \$1.50 to \$3.
Sheep and Lambs—Shipping sheep, per cwt. \$3 to \$3.75; Butchers' sheep, per head \$3 to \$3.25; Lambs, choice, per head \$2.25 to \$3.25; Lambs, inferior, per head \$1.50 to \$2.50.
Hogs—Long lean, per cwt. (off cars) \$5 to \$5.60; heavy fat hogs, \$5 to \$5.25; Stores, per cwt. \$4.50 to \$5; Stags, \$2.50 to \$3.

Church Pews.

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdeck. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGeo, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelph, Rev. J. C. Honan, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Roman, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address
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(With Colored Map.).....		
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Catholic News.

Bishop Burke of the Albany diocese has received through Rome an appointment by the Patriarch of Constantinople to the highest degree in the order of the Holy Sepulchre of which he was already a knight.

Rev. Michael Khoury, a Syrian priest, celebrated Mass in his native tongue in the Baltimore Cathedral recently. In Oriental countries the priests are privileged to use either Syrian or Greek in the church services.

A Catholic negro philanthropist, Thomy Lefon, who died about a year ago, is the first colored man of the South to have a monument erected to his memory by the state of which he was a citizen. The Legislature of Louisiana recently made an appropriation for this monument.

New Catholic schools, erected largely through the bounty of Sir Piers Mostyn, the Earl of Denhigh, and Mrs. Roskoll of Stokryn, will be opened at Holywell, Wales, towards the end of July. The buildings can also be used as reception rooms for the numerous pilgrims who visit the shrine of St. Winefred.

The *Germania*, the organ of the Catholic Center party, advertises the important proposal that a German Catholic university should be founded at Berlin with state aid. According to this journal, the idea is being well taken up, even in official centers. The question will probably be discussed at the next German Catholic Congress to be held at Cologne.

The colored Catholic young men of Washington, D.C., are establishing a Catholic club. Such an organization is especially necessary in the National Capital, where, despite all that has been done with small resources and in the face of many obstacles for the primary education of the Catholic negroes, there is as yet no institute for their advanced education.

It is said that the generous liberation by the German Emperor of the two French officers condemned to years of imprisonment for espionage is due to the intercession of a German Jesuit, residing in exile at Paris, Father Nix. A letter conveying their thanks to the good priest for his magnanimous suggestion was written by the officers immediately on their return home.

The proposition with regard to the emigration of children to Canada which has been laid before the bishops by the Southwestern Catholic Rescue Society has, we understand, been favorably received by the various prelates, and the next step will probably be the sending of a commission in the early autumn to take measures for practically working out the scheme. The commission will consist of representatives, lay and clerical, of the various dioceses interested in the movement.

Private Fortunes.

In this country to-day there is one American family whose private fortunes amount to \$274,000,000, or consider ably more than one-half the valuation of the great State of Iowa. There are five citizens whose fortunes average \$60,000,000 each, 50 with \$10,000,000, 100 with \$5,000,000, 200 with \$3,000,000, and there are millionaires almost without number. Less than 2,000 persons own twice as much as all the money in the country, to say nothing of the many millions more that they control. Two thousand capitalists already own more than all the rest of our 65,000,000 of population.

With these figures on one side of them and a million idle men looking for work on the other, what has Congress been doing? It has been dicker ing and trading over a mere question of selfishness in the midst of a scramble of selfish men for the loaves and fishes.

So much for the great question of equitable distribution. Now let us look at the land question. Mr.

Vanderbilt "owns" 2,000,000 acres of land. Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, boasts of his 4,000,000 broad acres. The Schonloy estate owns 2,000 acres within the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The California millionaire, Murphy, owns an area of land bigger than the whole State of Massachusetts. Foreign noblemen, who owe no allegiance to this country, are permanently absented landlords, and spend all their money abroad, own 21,000,000 acres of land in this country, or more than the entire area of Ireland. Lord Scully, of Ireland, owns 90,000 acres of farming land in Illinois, which he rents out in small parcels to tenant farmers, and pockets his annual \$200,000 in rents to spend abroad.

Now, while over one half the people of this country are landless, what has Congress ever done with the land question? Since 1861 it has given 181,000,000 acres of the people's land to railroads, of which the Illinois Central alone got a subsidy of 2,500,000 acres, a good part of which has been put into house lots, whereby to extort rent and profits from the landless and houseless—*Donahoe's Magazine*.

Seminaire des Missions Etrangères.

There is one most interesting place in Paris to visit, of which no guide book makes mention, the *Seminaire des Missions Etrangères*, where 150 students of theology are at present preparing themselves for priesthood, to carry the light of the Gospel to pagan nations; and connected with them are 125 others studying philosophy elsewhere. These 275 young heroes are expecting one day to share the fate of hundreds of their predecessors, who have laid down their lives in testimony of the truths they taught. In a room of the college to which visitors are freely admitted a great collection of the instruments of torture by which they were martyred, with photographs of some of them, are preserved. More than one has thus suffered within the last twenty years. Here may be seen the cruel chains that one of them was led around the city laden with, to be pelted by the rabble before being slain. Here are the large bladed knives and swords that cut off some of the martyrs heads and limbs; the spears, pinchers and other instruments of torture; the cords by which they were bound and strangled; their blood stained garments, etc., etc. A comfort-loving stay-at-home-and-take-care-of-yourself Christian can have only one sentiment contemplating such things, contempt for himself, and admiration for these noble heroes, which becomes reflected to the courageous young levites who are emulous in treading in their footsteps. This is intensified on learning that none of them are destined for a civilized or Christianized country; but exclusively for non-Christian lands.

Anglican Liturgy and Cremation.

At the burial or rather the burning of Mr. Edmund Yates, the well-known writer, whose remains were recently cremated, a fresh and curious proof of English Protestantism to chop and change its liturgy to suit circumstances was given, and we read that "the service was amended to accord with the fact that cremation was going to take the place of an interment, impressive stress being laid upon the most solemn words, "We therefore commit this body to the flames, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." To most people the phrase, pronounced over the dead, about "committing the body to the flames," will seem horribly ill chosen.—*Irish Catholic*.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED).

"Dear brother Marquis"—her early title for him—"had you read the so lines before you opened the picture-case the other night, you would have accepted my present; but I had not myself then read them; I have only just perused these consoling words: I have cut them from the manuscripts sent from Italy."

The marquis took the book, in which lay these treasured lines. He drew them forth, and perused them attentively. His sister-in-law was that evening employed in fancy needlework, to which she now devoted herself, as if all depended on the number of stitches effected before either again spoke. Half an hour passed—then an hour.

"These words have reached his heart," thought she, as the work proceeded calmly, when the marquis rose to depart. He pressed the hand of his sister-in-law in silence and retired. The picture that had laid near him all the evening was still left, but the writing was gone. The pious duchess again rendered heartfelt thanks to heaven, that the dying wishes of her penitent sister had been fulfilled, and balm poured into the wounded heart of the husband.

As the history of the Marchioness of Seaham is not related merely as a romantic episode in the main narrative of this book, we will, preparatory to the deduction, introduce the reader to the comfortable end of a sofa; next to the equally comfortable arm chair of the Dowager Duchess of Peterworth, where, having excused herself from all late parties, she was seated at the especial work coeval with rationalities of the nineteenth century—that of crochet. The occupant of the sofa end, and her sole companion, was Lord Stanmore. It would seem that both had been excited, if not angry; but people can be angry without sin: "Be you angry and sin not." However that may be, the old lady and the young lord had cooled, and, in the reaction, were disposed to do the most amiable things—the one to oblige the other. It was just in the phase of their good understanding that Lord Stanmore said:

"I would rather hear from your grace, than from any other person, the real history of that unfortunate Lord Edwin Fitzjames: and when can I hope for such another opportunity?—you and I alone, in the fury of the London season! At what period of his life did you first know Lord Edwin?"

"It was at the marriage of his elder brother, the present Marquis of Penzance, to my eldest step-daughter, then Lady Charlotte Marlow. He was two-and-twenty; very mild and pleasing; slender, and not tall, but with a classical head and face. We had privately thought of him for my dear Emily, who has since married Colonel Whyne; but no one could mistake the impression made on Lord Edwin by the freshly-beautiful and sportive young creature, just arrived from her convent school, the Lady Ethel Haughton. She, and her younger sister, Lady Anna, were wards in chancery, and placed under the care of the Countess of Silbrook, whom you have met at Marsden Park, and whom Lord Claud terms the Arachne of her epoch. She did not, however, at that time, concentrate herself on her web. She was very properly vigilant and observant, with a conscientious feeling of the responsibility of her charge. But, alas! when I look back on the innocently gay young party that remained at Polhill Towers, after the bridal, how grieved I feel at my then want of experience! I limited my care of these young creatures to providing them with constant and profitable employment or recreation in

the company of either Lady Silbrook or myself; also that they should duly attend to their religious duties. I clearly saw that the feeling was mutual between Lord Edwin Fitzgerald and Lady Ethel Haughton; but, believing that Lady Silbrook was equally penetrating, as she was tenacious of her authority, I left their future happiness in her hands, too hopefully trusting as was then my disposition. With my present convictions I would not have acted thus. I would have written to the late marquis, Lord Edwin's father, for his consent; I would then have spoken to Lord Edwin; then to Ethel. I would not have permitted them to leave Polhill till Lady Silbrook had either consented and won the Lord Chancellor to consent to their union; or, they should have plainly understood they were not to think of each other. Each, especially Ethel, had strength of mind, strength of principle. In those early days to have been shown with certainty where lay her duty would have been but common prudence, common humanity to that young creature on the part of her elder friends. I let them depart, believing that Lady Silbrook would request the consent of the Lord Chancellor, and publish the engagement. Nothing was concluded. Lady Silbrook waited for Lord Edwin to speak, while he waited for more encouragement. Lady Silbrook, believing that the marriages made in heaven require no human assistance, left the young people to manage their own love affairs, and never saw that this our English system is hateful and calamitous. Never did two young people meet under happier auspices; rank, fortune, youth, accomplishment, beauty, health and first affections: surrounded by partial and affectionate relatives and friends. And why was all this unavailing? Why did no elder friend become the confidential deposit of the secret of each and terminate a suspense caused by *over susceptibility on both sides*? Ah! false and fatal system! The London season of Lady Ethel's first introduction now arrived. She was presented at court and graciously chosen for one of the maids of honor. This was almost immediately followed by the acquaintance of the Marquis of Seaham and the sudden withdrawal of the attentions of Lord Edwin Fitzjames. Lord Seaham in a few weeks proposed, through Lady Silbrook, followed by an appeal to Lady Ethel herself; which, after a short delay, she accepted. Her desire to have her sister living with her, in a home of her own, was one great motive for accepting and gratefully appreciating all that the Marquis of Seaham laid at her feet. She contrasted this open, earnest conduct with the apparent caprice and neglect of him she loved. In disappointed affection and wounded pride she resolved to forget her first love, and in a few months became Marchioness of Seaham. And where had been that first love? His home in London had been well known, since it was his father's hereditary mansion, in Grosvenor-square. Did Lady Silbrook ever invite that most afflicted young man to a private conference? Did she ever maternally assure him that, capricious as he might seem, she saw he had some secret withheld from her—some secret sorrow?—Did she not, on the contrary, constantly aggravate the indignant feeling of Ethel, by observing, 'Very strange of Lord Edwin!' 'My dear Ethel, I hope you do not care for him,' &c. At that time—that is, during the interval of the departure from Polhill Towers to the marriage of Lady Ethel Haughton, a period of ten months—Lord Edwin, the victim of a morbid sensibility, that has since found vent in poetry of rare beauty, fancied that, as a younger brother, he dared not venture to induce the celebrated ward of Chancery to share his comparatively humble lot. True, he was noble, he was titled; but the title was one of

courtesy, and could not descend. This feeling increased when Lady Ethel Haughton became one of the maids of honor, and drove him frantically to the continent on her marriage with the Marquis of Seaham."

CHAPTER XXXI.

FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Lady Anna Marlow, the younger sister of the Marchioness of Seaham," continued the duchess, "was married in the following year to my dear stepson, the Duke of Peterworth, from the Seaham's country place, Marsden Park, in Cheshire. The love of those two sisters for each other was the more remarkable and interesting, from the perfect innocence with which they let it be perceived that the 'sister' was the one idol paramount. This happily created no jealousy on the part of the marquis. He loved Anna as a sister, and the tie continues stronger than ever, partly from this circumstance, that Anna was still in her convent-school during the attentions of Lord Edwin, and never even saw him. The only lover she had ever known of her Ethel was the husband who welcomed herself, as a dear young sister, to his house and heart. Here, again, I must make my reflections, my regrets, my resolutions. While the young marchioness had Anna with her at Marsden Park she was perfectly happy. The two young creatures, with their studies and their pastimes, were again in spirit in their convent-school. Therefore, when the younger left Marsden for a new home, the elder should have been surrounded by new occupations and other companions, for Ethel possessed a mind too thirsting—to energetic to be pacified by merely the heart's affections, although she doted on her child. Just at this time—truly an 'evil hour'—Lord Edwin was brought with other friends to Marsden, by the unsuspecting husband; for he had become acquainted with Lord Edwin as a poet, traveller, and author. In a still more evil hour was Lord Edwin betrayed into revealing to the still idolized Ethel, that he had acted an heroic part in keeping aloof, that he might not mar the brilliant future of the woman he adored. How fatally this now celebrated man broke through the reserve of former years, you already know. The flight to Italy; three short weeks of intoxicating love; nine years of self-imposed and appalling penance; the disgrace of two virtuous and noble families—a stigma—"

"Oh! yes. I understand but too well, duchess," interrupted Lord Stanmore; "a stigma on her child. You are now returning to our quarrel in the early part of my visit."

"Ah, not to quarrel," cried the duchess, while her eyes filled with tears, "but to agree, as good Catholics, that any criminal indulgence in human affections,—any departure from the straight and narrow way, involves a return so painful, that one stands in admiration of the extraordinary grace of God, and docile correspondence on the part of the repentant sinner. Now, look here."

The duchess had opened the picture-case already described, that had been lent to her that morning, and Lord Stanmore gazed on the once sportive and beautiful Ethel—"the Entombed Alive!" The duchess, perceiving him moved, thus again addressed him:

"Dear Lord Stanmore, I ought to have been your grandmother, therefore I feel and act as such. Let me recapitulate to you the wrong I feel done to two young persons, when the elder and more experienced friends gaze on their mutual affection, without giving aid or counsel of any beneficial nature—nay, often proving worse than useless, by whispering comments of an irritating goading nature. It was cruel to permit those two young people to become the victims of their own morbid sensibilities, instead of betrothing them to each other—to await, in peace and mutual esteem, their happy marriage."

"Certainly," said Lord Stanmore, abstractedly. He then added: "So you think that a first attachment can never be entirely overcome?"

"I think," replied the duchess, "that a permitted and mutual attachment, is the marriage made in heaven. The only one that friends on earth ought to assist. I know your thoughts, my dear Stanmore, I have read your young heart long ago. Thank God, that as it could be neither permitted nor mutual, your first earthly worship arose where it did."

"Where it does," said Lord Stanmore.

"Where it *did*!" cried the duchess, vehemently, "you wilful wicked boy! Are you, too, going to break God's commandments, and court another man's wife?"

"No, duchess," replied he, "I covet not: that temptation has passed. She herself, by the blessing of God, has cured me. But I still may worship, as I have emulated, her immovable fidelity to her nuptial engagement. We are alone, duchess. I open my heart to you. I have often felt that, had Lady Clara been free, I could, perhaps, notwithstanding my youth, have created an interest in her heart. But heaven willed otherwise; and I now love her niece, my future wife, as truly and faithfully, as either could desire. Duty is the only true happiness."

"God bless you, my dear Stanmore," responded the duchess, "you now gladden my heart, and are more than ever my young hero."

The next few weeks were devoted to public business, principally with the Marquis of Seaham, Minister for Foreign Affairs, under whom our hero was soon to take office; but the marriage of Lord Claud Chamberlayne and Miss Whyne was the terminating event of that season to all those family connections who were not further detained by national affairs. During the preparations of milliners and jewellers, under the supreme decision of Lady Emily, the bride-elect was hurried each day by her father to view the historical parts of the great capital of England, lest the ambassador's wife, at Vienna, should betray ignorance of the city of her birth. The last of these sight-seeing days left but one intervening before the wedding. Lord Claud had, that evening, just entered the drawing room in Belgrave-square, with his bridal offering of rare family jewels, given him by his brother, for the future Marchioness of Seaham. Georgina had not perceived his entrance, for she was bending an earnest face over a little manuscript book, wherein she was recording the chief points of interest viewed that day. After watching her a few moments, with a smile, Colonel Whyne said:

"I promised to remind you, Georgina, of whatever you may the most wish to remember."

"Yes, papa; thank you. I was just going to consult you about the two giants in Guild Hall; but now I remember them perfectly well, and have recorded them, Cock and Peacock."

When the merry laugh, at Georgina's expense, was over, and the due titles entered into the book, the jewels were produced, and accepted with artless pleasure. The really "happy pair" left England for Vienna the last week in July, and all the wedding-party rushed from London; some to their own beautiful estates in green England, some to the sea-side, while others sought the German waters, or travelled elsewhere on the continent. Among the latter was Lord Stanmore, till Christmas; while his venerable grand-sire returned to enjoy the calm solitudes of his cherished Woolton.

Thus passed the autumn of 1854, the chief event being the glorious first battle of the Crimea—the victory of Alma. Then followed, after Christmas, a long parliamentary season, of which the movements and vicissitudes of our

army in the East formed the principal public events. To be remembered also in the circles of our friends, as witnessing the flutter of the dove-like Anna, Duchess of Peterworth, because the Marquis of Seaham's family had taken for granted that the young Violet would be presented at court for the first time on her marriage.

"What will that marriage confer on my niece?" cried the duchess. "As the daughter of a marquis, she is of superior rank to Lord Stanmore. She will not be called Viscountess Stanmore, but Lady Violet Stanmore during the life of the Earl of Charleton. Her own family should present her. Her mother's sister has the first claim. Can any one venture to oppose the presentation of Lady Violet Chamberlayne, by her maternal aunt, the Duchess of Peterworth?"

Lady Violet's sixteenth birthday had but just occurred. Her aunt would admit no excuse for delay, either of the extreme youth of Violet, or of her own too delicate health. Although she had not appeared at court for many years, the duchess conquered all difficulties for the sake of her loved sister's memory, and, to the surprise of all her friends, returned home full of life and joy, claiming as her sole reward from Violet, that they should spend the rest of the day together. This last royal drawing-room terminated the London season. Again there was a flight to cool shades at home or abroad, and again was Lord Stanmore on the continent. His destination this year was the city of his early youth, Marseilles; for he resolved to reply in person to a letter received from a once favorite companion, requesting his attestation, that, on a certain day, six years previously, the two young friends were together, at the house of a mutual acquaintance, at Marseilles. This attestation was important to nullify an attempt to criminate the young Etienne Belmont, as a boyish, and therefore unsuspected, political agent for the liberal party in Sicily.

Lord Stanmore, delighted to serve his early friend, to meet him in the scenes of their happy boyhood, and to revive some other pleasing memories, prolonged his visit some weeks on the shores of the Mediterranean; another few weeks, with distant relations of his mother, in the charming bowers of Vaclouse, brought our hero to the end of August, and to the fulfilment of an engagement to spend the first fortnight of September at Marsdon Park. This visit would be the last before the return to claim his bride, and must be limited. For he had to pass on to Woolton Court, to give final orders for her reception. Journeying on rapidly from Vaclouse, Lord Stanmore found himself, on the morning of the 30th of August, on board the Boulogne steamer, with a rough but favorable wind, bearing swiftly towards England.

CHAPTER XXXII.
REGRET AND HOPE.

Once more the loving shores of France receded from the loving gaze of Lord Stanmore, and this time with an emotion for which he could not well account. Was it that events important to his happiness must occur before he could again course over her sunny plains? or was it a real preference for the land of his childhood and early youth? He could not resolve these questions; but the emotion, which he had believed unson, had been watched with sympathy and interest by a countryman standing beside him, and leaning, like himself, on the side of the vessel. The stranger held a small notebook, and was apparently sufficiently inspired by the appearance or the sensibility of Lord Stanmore to deem him worthy of a line, in prose or verse, on the choice leaves of that little chronicler. The unknown was himself a person to be remarked and chronicled; and perchance he knew and dreaded his claims to observation; for large blue spectacles and a long scarf served

to conceal his head and face, whenever the approach of English passengers placed his recognition in danger. At the moment, however, when Lord Stanmore had attracted him, the unknown had removed these guardians of his privacy, and he looked out free of sky and sea. Then was displayed a face that, in its noble and classic form, could not be surpassed; yet on his faultless face were lines ineffaceable, of woe.

Lord Stanmore, absorbed in thought, had, by degrees rested his form on the vessel, till his weight proponderated towards the water, and the slightest accident in the ship's course might throw him overboard. A moment like this approached; the weather had not been propitious; it now became adverse; the vessel lurched, and Lord Stanmore, balancing on the edge, felt that he must take a forced leap into the water, when an iron grasp brought him on his feet, and a low, sweet voice uttered: "Returning home, and yet so reckless of life!"

"Is England, in truth, my native land?" soliloquized, more than demanded, Lord Stanmore.

"Ah! you are English?" said the stranger; "your speech and your regrets betray you."

"True," said our hero; "my regrets are in France; my hopes are in England."

"You ought to thank God," said the stranger, "that you can balance the one against the other, and pronounce in favor of hope. But you are young. You singularly interest me. Favor me by telling me who you are?"

Lord Stanmore, with the frankness of youth, immediately responded to the request, without perceiving the additional pallor that overspread the countenance of the unknown, or hearing his low ejaculation: "Oh, my God! how dost Thou pursue me!"

After a little pause, Lord Stanmore said: "I thank you, not only for having saved me from a perilous leap into troubled waters, but also for reminding me of my hopes in England; for I have there, awaiting my return, a lovely and loving bride-elect."

"Yes," said the stranger; "the only child of the Marquis of Seaham."

"Who, then, are you," inquired Lord Stanmore, smiling, "who know so much of my happy prospects?"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The trial of Santo Cesario, the murderer of President Carnot, has been deferred until Aug. 2.

A mob at Stanoff, in the province of Radom, Poland, objected to the burial of the remains of one of their friends in the cemetery devoted to cholera victims. They assaulted the coffin-bearers and chased them from the cemetery. They then stoned the houses in which a number of sufferers from cholera were lying and rescued twenty patients. The police charged the rioters, and after some hard fighting dispersed them. Many of the rioters were injured. The ringleaders were arrested.

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PRESENTATION.

The Ottawa Citizen of Friday says: This evening Mr. J. B. Lynch of the Agricultural department leaves for the west. The trip is chiefly taken for the benefit of his health. His lungs are weak and he will go to Colorado in the fall. Mr. Lynch has many friends in this city, who wish that his trip will be a successful one. A number of them last night showed their friendship by presenting him with an address and a magnificent gold watch. The presentation took place in Behr's restaurant. Rev. Father Whelan was chairman and Mr. E. P. Stanton vice chairman of the party. After Rev. Father Whelan had referred to the object of the gathering and expressed the deep regret of all that Mr. Lynch should have to leave the city, he called upon Mr. J. P. Dunne to read the address. Mr. Gorman made the presentation. The address was as follows:

J. B. Lynch, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned, speaking for your numerous friends in Ottawa desire to give some expression to the sincere regret felt at your approaching departure from our city, and to the regard and esteem in which you are so generally held.

For the past fifteen years, in the many interests with which you have identified yourself here and the relations that have subsisted between us, your sterling qualities of mind and heart have won the respect and confidence of those with whom you have come into contact. In the severance of these ties now, each of us feels the touch of a personal sorrow. These who have had the privilege of knowing you best will miss you most.

The Separate School Board, the St. Patrick's Literary Association, the council of management of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, not to speak of others, have benefited by your connection with them; upon their history notably upon that of the School board—you have left the impress of an upright purpose and of a mind far-seeing beyond the ordinary. Largely to your kindly action do we owe the business-like basis on which rests the present administration of the Separate School funds, and from which we expect further advantages to flow.

In asking your acceptance of the accompanying token of our esteem, we would fain assure you that it does in no sense represent the measure of our appreciation. We mean it simply to serve as a memento of Ottawa and of the many friends whom, when distance has parted us, it may not unkindly recall to your memory.

In your new home we earnestly hope that your health may soon be re-established, and that for yourself, Mrs. Lynch and daughter, the coming years may be fraught with happiness and prosperity.

Signed on behalf of your Ottawa friends, July, 1894: M. J. Whelan, G. P. Brophy, Geo. O'Keefe, M.P.P., Geo. Baskerville, J. J. McGee, E. P. Stanton, F. McDougall, John Gorman, Henry Watters, J. J. Heney, W. A. Harkin, J. P. Dunne, M. Brady, M. C. McCormac, J. P. McCarthy, Wm. Kearns, D. Burke, J. Foran, F. O'Reilly, F. R. Latchford, M. Walsh, D. J. McDonald, M. J. Whitty, W. Kehoe, J. L. Dowlin, W. Baskerville, W. McAuliffe, M. W. Casey, J. A. J. McKenna, J. C. Enright, Jas. Foley, C. Murphy, A. Potvin, F. McLaughlin, A. K. Devine, R. Tobin, J. Mundy.

The watch was a gold stop, repeating watch of Swiss movement. It bore the inscription: "To J. B. Lynch from Ottawa friends, July, 1894."

Mr. Lynch made a feeling and pleasing reply, in which he expressed his deep pleasure at their token of good will and his regret at his departure. The watch would always remind him of his friends in Ottawa, and if they

never met again here, to use a western expression, he hoped they would meet on the other side of the "great divide."

Afterwards a very pleasant evening was spent in speech and song. The toast of the guest was proposed by Mr. Stanton, all present joining in singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Other toasts and those who responded to them were: "Commerce," Geo. Baskerville, James Mundy and G. P. Brophy; "Civil Service," M. C. McCormac, E. P. Stanton, John Gorman and D. Burke; "Chairman," Rev. M. J. Whelan; "The Press," W. A. Harkin and W. Kehoe.

Songs were sung by G. P. Brophy, J. P. Dunne and J. P. McCarthy. The party broke up shortly after ten, after personally wishing Mr. Lynch a successful trip.

Mr. Lynch is going to Calgary first on quarantine business for the Government. His wife and daughter will remain here.

A Leaf From a Protestant's Diary.

Some weeks ago it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State express, says a writer in the Santa Clara. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of near fifty. I showed my perizit, and without a word he motioned me to the fireman's seat in the cab. He ran around his engine with oil can in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. I was watching, too, and back in the crowd I saw the hand swung aloft; at the instant, the engineer turned and made a quick motion as if crossing himself seized the lever, and we were off. For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past, and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities; over switches, crossings, bridges, culverts and through tunnels and viaducts at that terrific rate a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glistening steel; one hand was on the throttle the other ready to grasp the air brake. I was not afraid, for I saw that he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me nor at his fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he still forced the flying monster forward. At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman:—

"Bill, why does he keep moving his lips when there at the lever?"

"Who—th' ole man? Why, don't you know, he's a Catholic. He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident—the nerviest man that ever kicked a gauge cock, he is 'swelp me!'"

Bill is not a Catholic, neither am I, but we do not ask whether the engineer who pilots us safely to our destination is Presbyterian or Baptist; we only ask that he shall be a man who knows his business and is willing to do it. And yet the P.P.A. are clamoring for the removal of all Catholics from the employ of railroad companies; and their oath of initiation requires that the candidate shall never give employment to a Catholic provided a Protestant can be found to do the work.

Religion, to be beneficial to others, must be seen. A concealed light does not help the traveller.

A dispatch from Antananarivo, Madagascar, says that Prince Kakotomena, a nephew of Queen Ranavalona, assaulted a French soldier in the streets of that city recently, and inflicted serious injuries upon him. The matter was brought to the attention of the French Minister resident, and he has demanded that the Prince be punished.

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N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional care of same.

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of August, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE	DEC.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00 7.40	7.15 9.30
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 4.50	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.35 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	1.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	noon 9.00	2.00 7.30
	6.30 4.00	10.40 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00	n 9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.40	11.00
	10.00	
U.S. West'n States	6.30 12 n.	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for August: 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30.

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.
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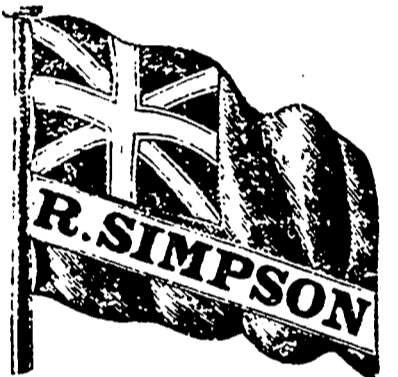
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