

The Catholic Chronicle

ROME.

Under date of May 15, the Rome correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal says:—It is eighteen hundred and thirty-four years since Peter, whom our Lord spoke the words, "Thou art the rock, and on this rock I will build my church," was crucified, head downward, on the Vatican hill.

Since then, revolution after revolution has swept over the world, governments and dynasties have passed away until they have become a mere name; the centre of civilization, art, wealth, power has shifted a hundred times, new countries have been discovered, old ones remodeled, manners, thoughts, customs have undergone an infinity of variations.

It is a fact beyond gainsaying, there is not a single serious historian who denies that Leo XIII can trace his pontifical descent without a flaw to St. Peter.

But a fact or phenomenon still more extraordinary lies behind this unbroken succession of pontiffs, and that is the identity existing between the claims and the teaching of the first Pope in the first century and those of his latest successor in the twentieth.

From different parts of Ireland which in the last few weeks have come reports of shameful desecration of Catholic churches.

elves for the present to twenty watering places, all of course either in or near Irish-speaking districts, and scattered from Donegal to Cork. The teachers in these districts should be appointed as soon as possible.

Through the Catholics of Buffalo have not pledged themselves to any formal policy in reference to the exposition, they may be relied upon to co-operate most heartily in whatever will tend to the security and comfort of our visitors and the maintenance of Buffalo's prestige as a city renowned for hospitality.

THE NUMBER OF OUR CHURCHES, with their crowded congregations, with no doubt, prove a source of astonishment to rural citizens from all over the country.

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL. The Universe:—After long waiting and many rumors as to its intentions, the Government has laid its Education Bill on the table of the House of Commons.

On the other hand the Church can show at least four sainted Pontiffs for every century of her existence.

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IRELAND.

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., writes. Now that opportunities are to be given both in purely English speaking and in bilingual districts for the teaching of Irish, both inside and outside school hours, the great and pressing necessity of the moment is to find a sufficient number of teachers who are competent to teach the language.

UNITED STATES.

CATHOLICS AND THE PAN-AMERICAN.

The Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, says:—The opening of the Pan-American Exposition on Dedication Day may be said to mark an era in the history of Buffalo.

The exhibition is the result of much forethought given to it by men of experience and resource. In bringing their gigantic plans to the maturity which they enjoy even so early in the life of the exposition, these gentlemen have reckoned on the support of Buffalo's citizens regardless of creed, nationality or political affiliations.

President and Vice-President of the United States, by the presidents of South American republics, by high officers of other governments on this continent, are all very gratifying to the people of Buffalo, and will make them feel that their promises have been widely appreciated.

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visit not long since to one of those evening continuation schools, where he found the pupils engaged in dancing.

Perhaps one of the brightest contingents likely to follow the passing of the Government's Education Bill into law is this—that in time the Board schools themselves will be absorbed by the new educational authority called into existence by the County Councils.

FRANCE.

A JESUIT AND AN EDITOR.

The whole of the French Press is still teeming with comments on the recent Catholic demonstration at Lourdes, and on the militant sermon of Father Coubet.

He is ably answered by Father Coubet, who justly points out that the too-busy editor has not carefully read the reports of his sermon at Lourdes, and who claims that his mediæval metaphors were quite in keeping with the scene, the place, the people and the occasion.

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STORY LOOKS FISHY.

The case of the priest, M. Bruneau, who is said to have gone to the guillotine rather than reveal a confession, is still filling the newspapers.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

French fashionable papers chronicle the marriage in the Church of St. Jean de Luz, that charming seaside resort in the Lower Pyrenees, of M. Henri Sollet, son of the General of that name, with Mademoiselle O'Byrne, daughter of Count and Countess O'Byrne.

alambert, and the O'Connell of French politics.

Father James O'Haire, an Irish Apologetic Missionary in South Africa, and now resting in Cognac in the Charente for the sake of his health, sends to the French papers a remarkable tribute to the Boers.

EVERYDAY HEROES.

In the June chapter in St. Nicholas of the series on " Careers of Danger and Daring," Cleveland Moffett takes up "The Firemen."

As illustrating the things firemen do every day, and do gladly, he gives some incidents of one particular fire that happened in New York on St. Patrick's Day, 1899.

A FRESHMAN AT LARGE.

From the New York Sun.—The address of Mr. Charles Wolcott Merriam of Yale University School of which I find a report in to-day's Sun, offers a most interesting revelation of the standard of theological studies at that university.

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HOW THEY FIGURED IT OUT.

A school teacher in Sheffield received the following from a complaining parent a few weeks ago:—"Sir, will you please for the future give my boy some easier games to do at nights?"

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Plannigan. She was ten feet above him, and he had no means of reaching her.

The crowd watched anxiously, and saw the little fireman in a buck over the fire-escape and motion and shout something to the woman.

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THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1901.

MR. FARRELLY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

So laborious and exacting are the duties of a priest of the Catholic Church that a Golden Jubilee of work in the sacred calling is always an event remarkable in point of mere fact, aside from the special happiness and gratitude felt by the friends and flock of the pastor who is the central figure in the particular celebration.

A glance over the long chapter of his honored life will help to signalize his striking individuality. Born in the County Cavan three-quarters of a century ago, just after the organization of the Catholic Association, and before "O'Connell was in for Clare" or the Emancipation Act had been framed, James Farrelly grew up into boyhood amid surroundings and associations well calculated to inspire an ardent love for the faith of his fathers.

FIT REFORM CREEDS.

After ample discussion and adequate publicity the Presbyterians of the United States have decided to change their doctrinal standards to suit the demands of the hour. The Westminster Confession and the Catechisms are to be burned to the wall, and a "new creed" framed not to offend a more independent denominational opinion than that which supported the sour parliamentarians of 1647.

The leading public have the evidences of this every day presented to their minds. For instance, Prof. Peabody, a teacher of theology in the leading university of the United States has an article in the current number of The Forum, demanding to know what the "Church" is willing to do in order to meet the American college student half way.

scatters a cloud of words around his proposed basis of negotiation between the two parties whom he wishes to bring together. But stripped of verbosity, his case is that the average reasoning student is an infidel, and that if what the Professor is pleased to call "Christianity" would enlist the students, then Christianity must be formally divorced from faith and espoused to rationalism.

We feel there is "a hidden want" in Prof. Peabody's article. It is obvious that he is not in a position to speak for the college students of America, as he necessarily knows but a very limited number of them.

The effect of such articles in the pages of great magazines may not easily be estimated. The minds of the youths who read with avidity are apt to absorb them as a seeming nourishment of greater mental freedom.

Marked copies of Australian papers containing sensational reports of a divorce suit in which Very Rev. Dr. O'Haran, Cardinal Moran's secretary, was named as co-respondent, have found their way to Canada.

The Coronation Oath trouble keeps breaking out in new spots day by day. The latest episode is the firing of a London Irish volunteer £2.15 for refusing to stay in the service of a King who had sworn him and his co-religionists to be idolators.

A VOLUNTEER EPISODE.

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The maximum fine was imposed on Private O'Sullivan, but £2 15 will never compensate the army or the King for the exposure which the prosecution has entailed.

CONDITION OF SPAIN.

A cable message on Monday reported Admiral Orovora as voicing the fear of Spanish national disintegration. Correspondents on the ground at the present moment do not find any signs of impending collapse in the Peninsula, or that the country may break up into a number of little states, like Italy of the Middle Ages.

MONSTRIOUS CONSPIRACY

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MEMORIAL OF THE QUEEN

The proposal of a memorial to the late Queen Victoria has for some months been occupying the attention of a large number of persons in Toronto. Here, as elsewhere, practical and useful ideas are beset with sad notions which imperil any action likely to commend itself to the general body of citizens.

should set their faces against the fanatic element that seems determined to make a laughing stock of their efforts. The City Hall square project, with a statue, would add more than anything else suggested to the beauty of the city and would constitute a memorial in the best sense of the word.

FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

A negro preacher has been holding out in Toronto in defence of the Coronation Oath, the maintenance of which he insists upon as the safeguard of Protestantism. This is a strange spectacle, indeed. It is well known that in the Catholic Church only is no color line recognized; but even if Catholic doctrine were not the signal declaration for all time and for all peoples of spiritual equality and emancipation, the sight of a negro preaching religious exclusion would surely be sad enough in itself.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ministerial Association stands by the Press of Toronto as a Christian press, and, as one of the members described it, of "the class that the people wanted."

The Manchester Guardian in publishing diagrams of the casualties of the Boer war proves that the British losses are now far higher than in the days of Colenso, Spion Kop and Magerfontein.

The Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal recalls an interesting fact in relation to the young Queen of Italy, Helena of Montenegro, who is expected to become a mother early next month.

prince it will bear the name of Aluadeo Umberto Vittorio; if a princess it will be called Margherita Elisabetta Emilia. Amongst the few sayings attributed to the late King Humbert was that uttered at the marriage of his son to the Princess Helena to the effect that their first-born son should bear the title of "Prince of Rome."

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the Conservative leaders Mr. R. L. Borden and Mr. F. D. Monk in Massey Hall on Monday evening. The Globe, which published an excellent report of the proceedings, said Mr. Monk spoke with that vigorous eloquence that is so general among the public speakers of Quebec.

The New World, Chicago, one of the leading Catholic journals of the United States, has encountered a belief among a section of its constituents that they get all the Catholic news they want in the daily papers. But Catholics who want nothing more in the line of intelligence concerning their church than what the daily papers supply will find their "wants" quite outside the ability of the conscientious Catholic press to satisfy in any event.

Dublin Freeman's Journal:—"The British military authorities have succeeded in putting an end to recruiting in Ireland. They seem to be likely to follow up this achievement by stopping recruiting in London in connection with the London Irish Volunteers, if we may judge by a recent incident."

Resistance to the proposed divorce legislation in the Italian Chamber does not slacken. Twenty-five Bishops of Tuscany have sent a letter to the Italian Minister of Grace and Justice protesting against the bill.

whatsoever happens, fall short of the inflexion which it has of preserving intact the sacred deposit entrusted to it by its Divine Author. These things they have desired to say, moved by a most ardent desire to see their country spared so enormous a disaster—a disaster which will bring untold evils and sorrows to the Church of God.

At the general meeting of the National Maternity Hospital, in Dublin, on May 11, Archbishop Walsh read an anonymous letter received by him that morning which created a good deal of amusement among the assembled friends of the institution.

The Archbishop did not look upon the letter as a joke. He said it represented the opinion of an ignorant class in the city. Explaining the position of the hospital he added: "The institution on behalf of which we are here to-day, is a Catholic institution. But the appeal that we make for it, the appeal that will go forth from this meeting, is an appeal, not at all to our Catholic fellow-citizens only."

Every one here knows what it is that I refer to—the system of management of that State-endowed and State-aided institution in our city, known as the Rotunda Hospital. How often do we hear it laid down as a sort of incontrovertible starting-point in any discussion about our public affairs, that religious equality has long since been established, and now in the fullest sense exists, in Ireland?

"Take a Catholic and a Protestant... even if the Catholic had any amount of qualification, and the Protestant little or none, the former would have no more chance of being appointed Master of the Rotunda Hospital than I have of becoming Lord Chancellor of Ireland."

Tacoma, Wash., May 21.—At Dawson two weeks ago Alexander McDonald, "King of the Klondike," was made a Knight of St. Gregory by authority of a special letter from the Pope. The presentation was made by Rev. Father Gendreau, who secured this signal honor for the Klondike gold miner after long correspondence with Rome, in the course of which he pointed out Mr. McDonald's generous benefactions.

THE HOME CIRCLE

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

The curtain's falling and the lights burn low, So, with God's help, I'm ready now to go.

I've seen life's melodrama, paid the price, Have known its loves and losses, hopes and fears.

I've crossed life's ocean, faced its blinding foam, But now heaven whispers I'm nearing home.

For if again I pass these waters through, I know the kingdom I am sailing to.

USELESS WOMEN.

Writing on this subject, Mr. Silas K. Hooking says: "We hear in all directions that the matrimonial market is in a very depressed condition."

What we need to-day more than anything else are wives and mothers; and too many of the young women who can chatter and sparkle in company are fit for neither.

AS THE HUSBAND, SO THE WIFE. A wife should be her husband's dearest and nearest friend, therefore his equal in the qualities of heart and mind.

Laid up in heaven. After all, the best satisfaction life brings from what you are able to do for the happiness and welfare of other people.

Each heart a home. Another Mary, would that I might deck this heart of mine with lovely, fragrant flowers of spring.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FISH LINES.

A fish sat him down with a blink to think, And dipped his fin thoughtfully into the ink.

"You see—if I'd greedily taken a bite, The pain and the shock would have finished me quite."

It was growing quite dark and he'd no time to waste, So he posted it shyly, without wasting more.

SALE THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW. When my parents made a mistake and built their nest in a chimney that was in use for the time, the barn swallow, who is a cousin of ours, said in its knowing way:

"That comes from building nests in chimneys. It always was a dirty habit. Now I hope you will do as we do and build your nest under the eaves of the barn, where nothing can hurt you and you can smell the sweet, new-mown hay all day long."

Then build it in your chimney's eaves some day, let burnt up or smothered to death, exclaims the barn swallow and the cliff swallow in unison, and away they flew.

Few People Escape Piles. And Dr. Chase's Ointment is the Only Positive and Guaranteed Cure for this Torturing Disease.

There is usually very little satisfaction in consulting a physician regarding a case of piles. In nine cases out of ten he will recommend a surgical operation, forgetting it may be the risk, suffering and physical as well as financial expense which this treatment entails.

It is to such persons that this advertisement will bring good news of great value. Dr. Chase's Ointment has grown in popularity until today it is recognized the world over as the standard ointment for the cure of itching, burning skin diseases.

Hosts of cases in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has actually cured serious and long-standing cases of piles have been reported in the Canadian press.

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THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company. BEST SYSTEM for accumulating money.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. INCORPORATED 1881. CAPITAL - 2,000,000. FIRE and MARINE. HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

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Gross Assets..... 620,469.92 Premium Income, \$106,628.05 \$ 18,358.49

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A MAY SLOWLY.

O Mary, all months And all days are thine own; In the last days their joyousness When they are gone; And we give to thee May,

Not because it is best, But because it comes first, And is pledge of the rest. -Cardinal Newman.

SEALED ORDERS

Bess Courage was standing at her door. Her golden hair was flying a little wild, round her face; she gathered her black skirts with one hand behind her, and with the other began flinging crumbs to the peacocks.

Up the avenue came a rattle and a clatter of horses; the peacocks fled shrieking down the great white steps, and the lady's skirts were whiffed in a gay whirl of feathers. She laughed to herself, and then looked with a little dread at the carriage roof piled with trunks.

"How do you do, Polly?" The visitor was a stout woman, elderly, and of the kind who pry. She hopped up the steps, with the bold air of a man in relation.

"It was kind of you to ask me, Aunt Elizabeth," she said. She never allowed poor Bess to forget that she was her aunt by marriage.

Bess put up her hands to her flying golden hair and smiled. The visitor followed her to look to where a lean man was tramping up, dragged down by the weight of a huge portmanteau.

"It can't be Joseph?" she cried and frowned. "Oh, said Bess quickly, 'I thought you would amuse each other.'"

It was her duty to ask these relatives once a year, and she had thought to take them both at a gulp. But the arrivals glared at each other with eyes full of deadly hate, as the man approached, injured and hot and dusty.

"Why are you walking?" cried the hostess shocked. He put down his portmanteau with an affected sigh. "It's nothing, my aunt. Simply the look of Alamanon."

Bess was accustomed to thrills like that made by her late husband's people. The general had been arbitrary in his testamentary dispositions.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "The carriage had to go to the other station for Mrs. Cox, but I said a cab—"

"The porter was very pressing that I should take a cab," said Joseph, with the air of having outwitted an interested party; but I caught up my bag and slipped through the upper gate. I can't afford—"

"You would not have had to pay for it," said Bess. "I ordered the cab to bring you."

"Oh!" in a useful gasp. Bess turned toward the hall. "Come in and have tea before you go up to dress," she said with a perplexed smile. Four things, they hated her, as she knew; but it was awkward to find that they should also hate each other. They followed her in, walking far apart.

"Anybody dining with you to-night?" asked Mrs. Cox casually, as she stirred her tea. "I've asked Dalcarres." The enemies' eyes were lit with a sudden gleam.

John Gordon, of Dalcarres, was standing tall and shy, among the dim lights of the drawing room. It was empty; but there was a slight quiver in the curtains shutting in the little writing den beyond. He heard a strange sound, like sobbing, behind the glimmering Indian reeds. He had begun to march forward, and then he had stopped, afraid.

He was a big man, with strong arms and a little stoop of the shoulders; not a smiling stoop, but the kind that often comes leaning over a horse, as a long man will. There was no mistaking John Gordon's seat in the saddle.

He took a long stride at last—eager, unsteady, across all the gray litter of this woman's room; but his step had been heard already; the woman's inside had lifted her heart with a start. He reached her to an instant, parting the jingling reeds.

"Why were you crying?" he said abruptly. "It was nothing," said Bess. "I—I'm rather tired."

She looked straight at him, with a little defiant smile, but her lip was quivering back to tears. John Gordon took both her hands determinedly in his; his eyes were started yet with that sound of bitter crying.

"Look here," she said. "What is the matter? Trust me, I'm an old friend. Mrs. Courage—I'm an old friend. Perhaps—"

John Gordon felt a sudden leap at his heart; he put out his strong right arm to fold round her and hold her safe—and then there was a high cackle behind the reeds, and Mrs. Cox sidled in.

"Half in the dark, Aunt Elizabeth. Do you want your poor relation to break her neck?" putting relation in the singular was a fine slap at the man who walked just behind.

"It's dinner, I think," said the widowed girl, who held that nook title. She lifted her head bravely, as became a general's widow, and led the way formally with Dalcarres. The other two had to walk side by side.

Involuntarily they looked at each other and then at the pair in front. "Oh!" said Joseph.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cox, significantly. "Too cautious." Then they glared at each other again like tigers.

They were still sitting at dessert, a silent little company. Bess had been trying to talk and failed, and Dalcarres was gazing at her with a slow earnestness that was not lost upon the two third parties. Now one of the servants brought in a telegram.

The mistress of the house took it up listlessly as a thing of business; then she read it with a little cry:—"Oh, it's Archie," she said. "It's Archie."

They all started. Surprise had driven away all the wistful weariness of her manner; her eyes were shining, her cheeks were red.

"And who is Archie?" asked Joseph, quickly. "My cousin—my soldier cousin," said Bess. "He has got leave—he is coming home—he has landed."

Mrs. Cox looked at her thoughtfully. "Let me see," she said. "Did I meet him at the wedding?"

"No," answered Bess, a bright smile brightening the young eagerness in her face. "He sailed for India that morning."

"Oh!" "We were brought up together, you know," said she, turning to Dalcarres—the only one who had asked nothing—and I haven't seen him since. Polly—"

Mrs. Cox was attentive. "You must stay on with me while he is here, to—"

"To play propriety," said Mrs. Cox. "Of course." "I shall be charmed," said Joseph, calmly adding himself to the invitation. There was a certain breathlessness in both their voices.

John Gordon said good-night soon, his horse was brought round, and he galloped away in the dark. Bess had thanked him for coming in a neighborly fashion to cheer them up, but her eyes were still dazzled with that surprise.

Joseph, having politely seen him to the door, returned to find that the other two had retired. He was about to take up his own candle, when he heard a rustle of skirts above—Mrs. Cox foraging for a novel to read in bed. She paused on the stairs, and then, believing the coast clear, ventured in.

"Oh!" She halted, caught in her thick red dressing gown, with her hand pinched up in pins all around her head—and the rest left behind her—and she glared at Joseph as one might at a serpent.

Joseph, exceedingly glad to see you," she said. There was a civility in his tone, or else a horrid sarcasm. He arrested her in her flight.

"Why?" she asked. "Because I think the time has come for us to form an alliance."

She looked at him sharply, and then, suddenly, she sat down. They exchanged glances of intelligence, in their eyes an odd mixture of triumph and apprehension.

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"Oh!" She halted, caught in her thick red dressing gown, with her hand pinched up in pins all around her head—and the rest left behind her—and she glared at Joseph as one might at a serpent.

Joseph, exceedingly glad to see you," she said. There was a civility in his tone, or else a horrid sarcasm. He arrested her in her flight.

"Why?" she asked. "Because I think the time has come for us to form an alliance."

She looked at him sharply, and then, suddenly, she sat down. They exchanged glances of intelligence, in their eyes an odd mixture of triumph and apprehension.

John Gordon felt a sudden leap at his heart; he put out his strong right arm to fold round her and hold her safe—and then there was a high cackle behind the reeds, and Mrs. Cox sidled in.

"Half in the dark, Aunt Elizabeth. Do you want your poor relation to break her neck?" putting relation in the singular was a fine slap at the man who walked just behind.

"It's dinner, I think," said the widowed girl, who held that nook title. She lifted her head bravely, as became a general's widow, and led the way formally with Dalcarres. The other two had to walk side by side.

Involuntarily they looked at each other and then at the pair in front. "Oh!" said Joseph.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Cox, significantly. "Too cautious." Then they glared at each other again like tigers.

They were still sitting at dessert, a silent little company. Bess had been trying to talk and failed, and Dalcarres was gazing at her with a slow earnestness that was not lost upon the two third parties. Now one of the servants brought in a telegram.

The mistress of the house took it up listlessly as a thing of business; then she read it with a little cry:—"Oh, it's Archie," she said. "It's Archie."

They all started. Surprise had driven away all the wistful weariness of her manner; her eyes were shining, her cheeks were red.

"And who is Archie?" asked Joseph, quickly. "My cousin—my soldier cousin," said Bess. "He has got leave—he is coming home—he has landed."

Mrs. Cox looked at her thoughtfully. "Let me see," she said. "Did I meet him at the wedding?"

"No," answered Bess, a bright smile brightening the young eagerness in her face. "He sailed for India that morning."

"Oh!" "We were brought up together, you know," said she, turning to Dalcarres—the only one who had asked nothing—and I haven't seen him since. Polly—"

Mrs. Cox was attentive. "You must stay on with me while he is here, to—"

"To play propriety," said Mrs. Cox. "Of course." "I shall be charmed," said Joseph, calmly adding himself to the invitation. There was a certain breathlessness in both their voices.

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LOCAL AND DISTRICT NEWS.

CONFIRMATION AT THE CATHEDRAL. On Sunday last His Grace the Archbishop gave first communion to the children of St. Michael's parish to the number of sixty-one.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PICNIC

The postponed picnic of aid of the House of Providence was held in the spacious grounds of the institution, Power street, on Monday afternoon and evening.

MISSION AT ST. PAUL'S.

A very successful mission is being given in St. Paul's Church by the Jesuit Fathers O'Brien and Doherty of Montreal.

MR. W. T. KERNAHAN.

The members of Branch 145 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association took advantage of the recent marriage of one of their members.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Sunday last was a memorable day in this parish. The Very Rev. P. J. Warde, who had been rector for three years, was called by his Superior to another field of labor.

OBITUARY.

MISS JULIAN GRIFFIN.

Miss Julian Lillian Victoria Griffin, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Griffin, govt. of God-rich, ex-rector of Huron County, died on Tuesday evening, May 21st.

EDWARD COLLINS.

Dundas, May 22.—The funeral of the late Edward Collins took place this morning at 10 o'clock.

THE LATE MRS. DOHERTY.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 49, C.M.B.A., on the 21st instant, a motion was made, seconded and carried unanimously, as follows:

your many kind services to us and our families. During the whole time of your ministry over the parish, we have, each and all, been witnesses to the earnestness and energy with which you have labored in promoting the work of the different confraternities and educational institutions of the Parish.

A SUDDEEN DEATH.

Ottawa, May 27.—Mrs. Bridget Casey of 182 Nicholas street, died very suddenly yesterday. She was seventy-six years of age and leaves two sons and a daughter.

A WORTHY WOMAN.

By the death of Sister Mary Ann who has for some years been very closely identified with the work of the Roman Catholic Church in this city, Victoria has lost one whose name will be a grateful memory.

FUNERAL OF MR. J. W. FITZGERALD.

The body of the late J. W. Fitzgerald, of Peterborough, was borne to the tomb, surrounded by a large number of gentlemen who had in life counted the deceased among their warmest friends.

CANADIAN NEWS.

PROFESSION AT KINGSTON.

Kingston, May 22.—A profession took place at the Hotel Dieu this morning, when Sister Mary Adelaide Bulger, 51-7-7 took the vows as a religious hospital of St. Joseph.

OTTAWA.

REV. FATHER FAX TRANSFERRED.

Rev. Father Fax, who for over a year past has been curate in St. Patrick's church, has been transferred to Farleton.

TRANSLATION OF REMAINS.

Five thousand people in Hull on Sunday took part in the services connected with the removal of the bodies of two priests from the Hull church to the Hull Cemetery.

HAMILTON.

Hamilton, May 27.—Yesterday in St. Mary's Cathedral, Very Rev. Fr. Constantine D.D., O.M.I., rector of the University of Ottawa, delivered an impressive sermon on the Holy Ghost.

DARCY MCGEE'S DEATH STONE.

Ottawa, May 28.—The stone against which the Hon. Hon. Darcy McGee leaned the morning of his murder, in 1868, and which was lettered with the record of the crime, will probably be found in the course of a day or two.

where the stone lies and it will probably be found in a day or two. At the ordination services which will be held in the Basilica next Saturday, seventeen ecclesiastical students will be elevated to the priesthood.

REVIEWS.

"The Helmet of Navarre" is a novel written by a young girl whose heart is fresh and pure, and whose mind is fairly stored with information upon the chapter of French history with which the tale has to do.

DEATHS.

HAYES—In 1st Flamboro, on May 21, Gussie Gussamer, beloved wife of Michael Hayes, in her 26th year.

LATEST MARKETS.

LOCAL LIVE STOCK.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Wheat, Spring, Wheat, White, Straight, new, etc.

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