

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

As our readers already know, the Pan American Congress, opened in the Toronto Pavilion on Thursday, the 18th; and will terminate before this issue of the Record will reach the majority of its subscribers. The greatest disappointment was felt when Dr. Smith, President of the Congress, read the following telegram from His Grace Archbishop Ireland, to the five thousand people assembled in Massey Hall, on the evening of the 19th, every one of whom, it is safe to assume, came mainly to have the pleasure of listening to a brilliant address from the great prelate of St. Paul's:—

"I deeply regret that circumstances, unforeseen when I gave you my promise to attend the congress, make it impossible for me to keep my word. I wish the congress every measure of success."

After the reading of the Archbishop's telegram Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, of Toronto, spoke briefly, saying that while he could not claim to have any Anglo-Saxon pluck, he had some Celtic daring, and it was by virtue of that that he came there, for he knew that the audience would be disappointed, and he feared it would be in dignant. He came there to stand by the chairman of the evening. He was present when the mayor had welcomed the delegates, and that welcome was sincere, as Toronto's welcome always is. It was a sign of sincerity to stand by a friend when he was down, and he knew that Dr. Smith would feel disappointed. He had reason to feel so, and his sympathy had led him to come there to corroborate what Dr. Smith had said. While he did not understand the particular circumstances which had kept the great prelate of the west from attending their meeting, it was not their fault. He had been personally instructed by Archbishop Walsh to invite Archbishop Ireland to partake of the hospitality of St. Michael's Palace. He was sure from what he knew of the Archbishop that he would appreciate the manner in which the Toronto audience had taken it, and that he would make, take or accept an opportunity to vindicate himself to them. Father Ryan concluded by highly complimenting the audience for its magnificent self control.

Rev. Dean Harris, P. P., of St. Catharines, read the following very able paper at the meeting in the Pavilion on Saturday night, which was one of the best of the Congress:—

At the request of my highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Shorin, whose name is so happily associated with the inauguration and success of the Pan-American Congress, I have come here this evening to address you upon the missionary work of the Catholic Church. I come with a nervous consciousness of the responsibility assumed in speaking to an audience like the present in this enlightened city of Toronto. In defence of my own position, and to preclude the possibility of disappointment in those who may expect a comprehensive exposition of the great missions of the Catholic Church, it is well to premise that no lecture, or series of lectures, could possibly give a satisfactory idea of the missionary work of the Catholic Church from the date of her foundation by our Divine Lord to the era in which we live. In the Toronto public library there are, or there ought to be, twenty-eight volumes, entitled "Lectures Elémentaires," dealing in detail with the heroic labors of some of the Catholic priests whose lives were identified for the past two centuries with the introduction of Christianity among barbarous, semi-barbarous and savage peoples. The annals of the "Propagation of the Faith," bound into eighteen volumes octavo; the letters of the "Fathers of the Congregation of Foreign Missions," filling fourteen volumes, and the "Relations of the Jesuits," published some years ago by order of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, record in thrilling and pathetic language the heroisms and sacrifices, even unto blood, of the Catholic priests who labored on foreign missions. I assume that the majority of this enlightened audience, while worshipping the same God as myself, do not bend the knee at the same altar, and have not had equal opportunities of familiarizing themselves with the great missionary work of the Catholic Church. Nor would it be possible for any of my separated brethren, without much inconvenience and trouble, to become acquainted with the great institutions that are so intimately identified with the propagation of Catholic faith. To send priests to the remotest nations of the earth, to direct, support, and assist them in the exercise of their apostolic functions, to erect new churches, and establish an ecclesiastical hierarchy have ever been the chief objects of the pastoral solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs. As the Sacred College of Cardinals was constituted to assist him in the government of the universal Church, the Sovereign Pontiff selects from among them certain members who are charged with the superintendence of Catholic missions. This body is called the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. It was established by Gregory XV. in 1622, and richly endowed by Urban VIII., who, in 1627, built the now famous missionary col-

lege named after himself. This Congregation is the medium through which the Pope commissions those who are destined to preach the Gospel in foreign lands; by this body faculties for the administration of the sacraments are given, the portion of the spiritual vineyard to be cultivated allotted, and jurisdiction more or less granted. The Congregation of the Propaganda erects new sees and forms them into an ecclesiastical province, with a Metropolitan or Archbishop, who is practically the chairman when his suffragans meet in council. The printing establishment attached to the Urban College is the richest and most cosmopolitan in the world. It is supplied with type in all languages, by means of which priests and converts in remote nations are furnished with liturgical and other books in their own tongues. In its library are to be found the maps of the world, and if the member for Algoma or North York should wish to know the territorial divisions of Catholic parishes in his riding, a letter addressed to the secretary of the Propaganda will elicit the desired information. There is not an unexplored part of the civilized or uncivilized world that is not familiar to the Cardinal-Secretary of the Propaganda or his assistants. In the Urban College are always from two hundred to three hundred students, gathered from almost every nation under the sun, and instructed gratuitously in sacred and profane learning. The ordinary term of missionary education is ten years; and when the young man is ordained to the priesthood he returns to his native land to preach Christ crucified, and bear the message of the Gospel to a people seated in darkness and the shadow of death. Each missionary educated at the Propaganda must send to Rome every two years a history of the condition of religion in the field he is cultivating. The library of the Propaganda is without competition in its collection of works in foreign languages and Oriental curiosities. Over forty languages are spoken by the students assembled from all parts of the world, including the Chinese, Hebrew, Greek, Chaldean, Arabian, Armenian, Ethiopian, Illyrian, Georgian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Wallachian, Turkish, Sanscrit, Coptic, Syrian, Italian, French, English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, Japanese, Hindoo, Flemish, Spanish, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, and other idioms. In 1870, my last year at the University of the Propaganda, the poetical and oratorical compositions delivered at the annual closing exercises were in forty-four different languages, by students representing peoples from all parts of the world. This diversity of languages typifies the Catholicity and union of the historic Roman Church. Commissioned to teach all nations, she trains her missionaries and ministers for every condition of society, and for all the wants and exigencies of man's spiritual nature. As the Apostles received their divine commission from our Blessed Lord to teach His truths to all nations and baptize them in His baptism, so their successors to-day receive from the lips of the Sovereign Pontiff, the representative on earth of Jesus Christ, a similar and identical commission. The missionaries of the Catholic Church penetrate into all countries, to discharge their exalted and benevolent office. No dissimilarity of language, or custom arrests their progress. To all peoples, however differing from or opposed to one another in their physical or moral characteristics, they speak as did the apostles of old, "in divers tongues the wonderful works of God," that all may be brought to the knowledge and acceptance of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," and may be united "under the one fold and one Shepherd." The missionary work done by the priests educated at the Propaganda is, however, but as a drop in the ocean compared with the enormous labors of the great missionary orders of the Catholic Church. The Congregation of the Propaganda has divided Heathen and Pagan lands into six hundred and eighty districts, and six hundred of these are placed under the care of her religious orders and Congregations, such as the Franciscans, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Augustinians, Carmelites, the White Fathers of the Nile, the Fathers of the Foreign Missions, Oblates of Mary, and many other religious organizations. The members of these great missionary societies are all priests, and bind themselves by vow to go to whatever part of the earth they are called by legitimate authority. In addition to the vow of obedience, they pledge themselves on their knees to lead morally clean lives, and possess nothing but the clothes they wear and the books necessary for their sacred calling. The military discipline of the German army is no more effective in developing the perfect soldier than is the discipline of the orders of the Catholic Church in educating the perfect missionary. The Congregation of the Propaganda is practically what our Methodist friends would call the "Stationing Committee," allotting to each other its respective field and assigning territorial limits, thus preventing any two missionary societies working in the same vineyard. The Propaganda, besides watching over the interests of the missions, defining the

limits of each district, and giving to the missionaries necessary faculties and privileges, adjusts all difficulties that may threaten to be serious. The head of each mission is usually a Vicar Apostolic, who is a Bishop chosen from the Fathers laboring in the district. As soon as it can be prudently and conveniently done, a native clergy is formed for the work, for native priests are valuable assistants, and when trained as only the Catholic Church can train them they exert a powerful and beneficent influence on their own people. There are also two other classes of laborers working under and in harmony with the consecrated members of the missionary orders. These are the catechists, and the nuns, or Sisters. The catechists are natives of the country, who are chosen to help in the instruction of the converts. Great care is taken in their selection, as from them the native clergy is formed. Nuns or Sisters of various orders are placed in charge of schools, orphanages and hospitals in most of the missions; and, indeed, in many parts of Asia and Africa whole communities consist of native girls who have taken their vows and devoted themselves to the work of God. From a close and, I trust, an honest study of the missionary organization of the Catholic Church, I believe it to be, humanly speaking, the most perfect in its details ever devised by man. It is a system developed by centuries of collective and individual observation among the natives of the earth. This wonderful Church sent her missionaries across the Rhine into the forests of Germany, and met the Teuton while he was yet a savage. Her priests crossed the Alps from Italy and redeemed the Gaul from barbarism. After Christianizing all Europe she was intimately acquainted with every phase and form, every varying modification and change, associated with our nature in its multifarious manifestations when emerging from that condition and by gradations progressing till it reached a perfect civilization. When after the conversion of Europe she sent her missionaries among barbarous, semi-barbarous and savage nations, she freighted them with a wealth of moral courage, of intellectual knowledge and racial information that made success an assurance and a certainty. The missionaries of the religious orders, the priests sent out from the Propaganda and those educated in the colleges for foreign missions in Europe are intellectually the peers of any body of professional men in the world. The French infidel philosophers, Voltaire and Diderot, in order to impair the acknowledged civilizing influence of Christianity, contended that the Chinese surpassed the Europeans in the knowledge of the exact sciences, but it is now admitted by scholars that whatever knowledge they possessed was acquired from a study of books written by Catholic missionaries. The accuracy of the priests' observations, fixing the position of innumerable places throughout the Chinese Empire, and ranging through 33 degrees of latitude and 23 of longitude, is attested by Sir John Davis in his sketches of China. A hundred and fifty years ago priests of the Catholic Church traversed the enormous State of China proper, and laid on their maps the position of cities, the direction of rivers, and the height of mountains, with a directness of detail and a general accuracy of outline that are absolutely marvellous. To this day all our maps of China and Corea are based upon their observations. "Whatever is valuable in Chinese astronomical science," adds Mr. Gertzoff in his work on China, "has been borrowed from the treatises of Roman Catholic missionaries." Two hundred and fifty years ago Father Chamaud, without portable chronometer or theodolite, took the latitude of a line in what is now Wellington county, in this province, and was only a quarter of a degree wrong in his calculations. The Canadian Institute published under its auspices last March a treatise on the Indian's dwelling on the frontiers of Alaska. This monogram, with its wonderful illustrations, is the production of a missionary priest, who for twenty years has consorted with the western Dones, and is pronounced by competent authorities to be the ablest treatise on the manners, customs and habits of an Indian tribe ever written. A part of the training of the young men who at Algiers are being educated for the Arabian missions consists of three hours' equestrian exercise every week, and this continues for three years, at the end of which time they are the equals of any rough riders of the world. This is a necessary part of their training for missionary work among the Bedouin Arabs, half of whose life is spent in the saddle. Permit me, also, to add that among the missionary Fathers doing duty on foreign missions are to be found many of noble birth, who have voluntarily left the world, and, like St. Peter, surrendered all things that they might follow Jesus. The family of Father Brebeuf, who was burned at the stake by the Senecas, established the great English Earldom of Arundel. Father Dailon, the Franciscan missionary, who traversed this country two hundred and seventy years ago, was Alexander of Count Dulude. Alexander Tache, the Oblate missionary who fifty

years ago literally buried himself alive among the tribes of the North West, was brother of Sir Etienne Tache, whose great talents did so much to advance the interests of this country. Father Schenize, who welcomed Stanley at Uganda, in Africa, was the son of a Belgian Count. I dwell at some length on the education and family respectability of the missionaries of the Catholic Church that you may appreciate the importance that this Church attaches to her divine commission to teach all nations. And since I have touched on this subject, let me add in passing that some one is gravely responsible for the impression that obtains in parts of Lower Canada respecting the education and social respectability of Protestant ministers in general, and of Ontario in particular. It is the society established for the conversion of the French-Canadians desires to make any impression on the people of the Province of Quebec it will do well to send missionaries to these benighted people who will be socially and intellectually the peers of the priests educated at Laval University and colleges in affiliation with it. If I were a member of the Ministerial Association of this city, and could be heard from one end of the province to the other, I would lift my voice in protest against the injustice done me and my brother ministers by the colporteurs and missionaries, who are supposed to represent in the districts of Quebec the enlightenment and intelligence of me and my brother ministers of Ontario. If this reference to a rather delicate subject requires an apology, permit me to offer it now, and to ask your acceptance of it, and to assure my separated brethren in this audience that I have spoken from a sincere respect for the Protestant ministers of Ontario, many of whom I have the honor to know, and among them are those that I am privileged to call my friends. And now, before I exhaust your patience, let me briefly review the results of Catholic missionary work in foreign countries. The Protestant historian Dr. Hunter, in his work upon the Indian Empire, published in 1882, gives the total number of Catholics in India, exclusive of Burma and Ceylon, as 1,299,300. In the missions of the Buddhist countries Ceylon had in 1882 a total of 195,500 Catholics, increasing since then at the rate of 1,000 a year. In Burma in this year there were 24,000; in the Malay peninsula there were 11,178 Catholics; in Siam the same year 13,180; and in Cambodia 14,800. And so the statistics of Burma, Annam, Cochinchina, Tonquin, and many missions in China, Tibet, Japan, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Syria, Persia, the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. North and South America show an equally gratifying state of affairs. The Society of African Missions has entrusted by the Holy See to its charge four apostolic prefectures, which include the coast of Benin, Dahomey, the Slave coast, the Ivory coast, and part of the Egyptian delta. The Athabasca Mackenzie region in the great North West, the British Columbia missionary regions, Labrador, and the frontier regions of Alaska, are committed to the care of the Oblate Fathers. Patagonia and the neighbouring islands are attended by the Fathers of the Society of the Sacred Heart, established by the saintly and famous Dom Bosco. Alaska proper is under the care of the Jesuits; in fact, the known world is dotted with Catholic missions, and Dr. Hunter cannot be far astray when he assumes that the Catholic population of the world must be at least 250,000,000. To record the names of the Catholic priests who were martyred for the faith in foreign missions would require a book almost as large as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Take, for example, a list of those who were martyred in our own land. In 1619 Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant, after suffering the horrors of mutilation, were burned at the stake, almost with in gunshot of the present town of Pentanguishene; Isaac Jogues, killed by the Mohawks; and John de Nove, trozen to death on Lake St. Peter. In this year Father Garnier was also martyred. On the 18th December, same year, Father Noel Cabanel met a similar fate. Nicolas Viel, Leonard Garreau, Bataux and Poncet, and the fearless Rene Menard, LeMaistre and Vignal, Souel and Constantine, Du Poisson and Dotalleau, all gave their lives for the faith. John Duquette, who visited the savage nations on the borders of the Mississippi, and was killed in the midst of his apostolic labors; Gabriel de Laribourde, killed by the Illinois; Maxim Le Clerc, tortured and put to death by the same tribe; Daniel Tegu, burned on the banks of the Mississippi as late as 1728; Francis de Buisson, burned by savages in 1717; and Father Vercauteren, drowned by the Mississippi tribes. Of those who escaped martyrdom many died, worn out in the service of the tribe. Of these were Pinet, who became the founder of Cahokia, preaching with such success that his chapel could not contain the multitude that thronged to hear him. Binnetau, who left his mission among the Abenakis on the upland plains of the Mississippi; Gabriel Marest, who preached to the Eskimo among the icebergs of

Hudson Bay; Mermet, whose gentle virtues and fervid eloquence made him the soul of the mission of Kaskasia, far away in the valley of the Mississippi; Guigres, who travelled six hundred leagues from Quebec, to the territory of the Sioux, and when on the point of being burned alive by the Kickapoons was saved by an aged chief, who adopted him as his son; and Pirron, of whom the Mohawks said: "He has changed our hearts and souls"; and DuJanney, whose memory is still preserved at Detroit, and whose name was dear to the Ottawas; and Millet, the only European ever permitted to sit at the great council of the Onondagas; Stephen Carheil, who spoke the dialects of the Huron-Iroquois tribe with as much facility and eloquence as though they had been his mother tongue; Druliettes, extolled even by the English for his incomparable charity; and Picquet, who for thirty years laboured among the savages. To these let us add one whom Mr. Bancroft calls the faithful Sana, and the Lamberville brothers John and James—who devoted themselves, with Bruyas, Chateaufort, LeMoine, Jogues, Fremont, and others to the Christianizing of the Five Nations. Father Bressani, who, with his mutilated hand, wrote the history of his captivity and tortures among the Iroquois. Orelon, who, after the dispersion of the Hurons, when his soutane was in rags, clothed himself in the skins of animals, and northward, by the shores of Lake Huron, amid the islets and rocks of its desolate coast, searched for the remains of his scattered flock. Pyart, who plunged into the forest with a company of famishing proselytes, and, amid their miserable roamings through marsh and forest, endured for months the horrors of cold and hunger. Father John Dolbeau, who, in 1636, left with a roving band of Montagnais, and met the Eskimo. Truly it might be said of them, as St. Paul wrote of the apostolic missionaries: "They were stoned; they were cut asunder; they were tempted; they were put to death by the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins, in goat-skins, being in want, distressed, afflicted. Of whom the world was not worthy; wandering in deserts, in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth." The lives of these great priests were a continual heroism, and excite to day the admiration and astonishment of Protestant writers. "I have high official authority for saying," writes the author of "The Statesmen of America," "that the priests and missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church are at this moment doing more good for the cause of virtue and morality throughout the whole continent of America than those of any other religious denomination whatever." "There is one point," writes Mr. Halket, in his "History of the Jesuits," "which cannot be disputed, that the Indians of British North America are treated by their Roman Catholic instructors with great kindness and consideration. So far as benevolence, charity, and paternal care can afford comfort to the Indian, he receives it at their hands." The Hon. Charles Murray, author of "The Travels in North America," after noticing in the generous language which might be expected from him, the zeal and enterprise with which the Roman Catholic religion inspires its priests to toil, travel, and endure every kind of hardship, continues thus: "In this labor, especially among the negroes and the Indians, they put to shame the zeal and exertions of all other sects. Nor do they labor without effect, for during my stay in Missouri I observed that the Romish faith was gaining ground with a rapidity that outstripped all competition." Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Parkman were struck, as every one must be, by the self-denial, the disinterestedness, the patient toil, the unwearying kindness, superiority to danger or death, and heroic self-sacrifices, and the martyrdom of the missionaries. The heroism of Father Claver, who by vow devoted himself "until death do us part" to the conversion of the African slaves; and of Father Damien, who bade good bye forever to his friends to live among the lepers of Molokai, excite the astonishment and elicit the admiration of the Protestant press of England and America. But let me say here publicly that if there were a hundred Molokais crawling with lepers, the Catholic Church would find in Ontario alone at least a hundred volunteers in the ranks of the priesthood who, if they were asked by her, would devote themselves unreservedly to the spiritual care of these miserable outcasts. The Sisters in charge of the Leper Hospitals at Molokai and at Tracadia, in our own country, are as much entitled to the praise of the secular press as was the dead and noble Damien. The Sisters who minister to the five hundred and thirty-seven suffering men and women who, rejected by the world, are tenderly cared for in the House of Providence in this city, equally merit the same commendation and approbation given to the leper Sisters at Tracadia. The non-Catholic who is familiar with Parkman's History of the "Jesuits in North America" is amazed at the marvellous labors and sacrifices of these priests, but if he supposed that they stand out as anything singular or extraordinary in the

general history of Catholic missions, he will labor under a delusion. They were simply men, brave, indefatigable, self-denying, heroic, and cold must be the heart that can read their story without emotion, but their high qualities and virtues are due to their general character as Catholics, and to their special character as members of any religious order. The Jesuit who left behind him all the delights and riches of civilization gave up what men of the world hold most dear, braved the dangers of the forest, of the savage, performed fatiguing journeys, sustained all the inclemencies of the climate and the seasons, suffered hunger and thirst, in want of all things, submitted to captivity, tortures, mutilations, and death, did only what is being done every day by consecrated men of the Catholic Church in foreign missions. What the non-Catholic admires in them is really admirable, but its glory is due to Catholic faith and charity, which the Jesuit has in common with all Catholics, and the saintly and heroic priests, spoken of by Mr. Parkman have toiled no harder, braved no more dangers, suffered no greater hardships or a more cruel or horrid death, nor met them with a spirit more heroic, than have other Catholic missionaries among pagans and heathens, from the Apostles down to the last martyr in China, Annan, or Corea. It has been only by such suffering and such deeds that so many nations have been converted to the Christian faith and retained in the Catholic Church. At all times since the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost the Catholic Church has nursed in her bosom, and sent, and is sending, into the world to preach Christ and Him crucified, men equal in faith and love, in patient endurance and heroic self-sacrifice, to the great missionaries whose zeal and wondrous self-denial have excited the admiration and astonishment of American and Canadian writers. She has never wanted laborers, confessors, martyrs; and a religion that never fails to create and inspire them is not, and cannot be, a false religion, a delusion, a fanaticism. Permit me to add that the annals of the Catholic Church are accentuated in red with the names of her martyrs and confessors. She alone has given birth to them and has won for herself the title of "Mother of the Martyr." Her beneficent influence acting on the intellects and hearts of men, has produced heroes and saints; and the same influence, acting on the will and intelligence of women, has induced her to surrender the permissible pleasures of the world, to break with the dearest ties of relationship, and devote herself to the care of suffering humanity in the hospitals, Houses of Providence, and charitable institutions that are to be found in every city, honorable to our humanity, and a credit to our common Christianity. The subject of Rev. Father Ryan's lecture was the "Organization of Charity and the Catholic Church," which was listened to with breathless attention by an immense gathering. He expressed his pleasure at being associated with the congress. Catholics had asked the question if he expected the congress would do any harm to the old Church, and he had replied "No." The Catholic Church had passed through too many congresses to be hurt by any. He also said that Catholics might be able to do some good there, and as Catholics they were bound to put themselves in the forefront. The Catholic Church was the grandest organization of charity that had ever come forth from the hand of God. Christianity had been successfully applied to every form and endeavor of human life and Christianity as applied in the Catholic Church had everywhere succeeded. There were twelve thousand Catholics living and applying themselves to the relief of every form of human suffering and human need. These Catholics were known under the general and glorious title of Sisters of Charity. Father Ryan defended State grants to denominational hospitals, on the ground that it is the State's citizens that are being cared for in them. Referring to the men in the Catholic Church engaged in charitable work, the rev. gentleman said that there were ninety thousand members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society taking care of the poor and needy. And they were not priests; they were laymen, men of the world. These ninety thousand were visiting the poor every day, and saying nothing about it. That was applied Christianity. Rev. Father Ryan told the story of the lepers at Tracadia. Formerly they were kept simply within an enclosure. There food was handed over the fence in shovels, and their rags were handed with pitchforks. The Government, for love or money, could not find anybody willing to enter that enclosure and nurse the lepers, till a Catholic Sisterhood took charge of the work, and sent thirty of their noble women in. There they have remained, and have changed that charnel house into a comparative paradise. The recital of this tale of heroism evoked a loud burst of applause, and when the rev. lecturer desired to sit down there were cries from all parts of the house for him to go on.

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.





PROGRESS.

People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real enjoyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and prompt judgment lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate and tone up the stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity made from the purest, most refined, and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheapest made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtues, there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER IV.

Hubert Bernot began the study of the law, and as he had said to Margaret, he applied himself to it with a vigor of heart and mind which alarmed his mother for the effect of so many hours of close study upon his health; but he laughed at her fears, said Margaret had exaggerated her account of his diligence, and, kissing her, returned to his room to drown in study his ceaseless remorse.

It had been Margaret's custom to use the carriage in going to church on Sundays, but on the Sunday succeeding her cousin's return he requested her to walk, saying: "I shall tell you why when we reach the church."

Great was the surprise of John the coachman, when the usual Sunday morning order for the carriage was countermanded, and he scratched his head in a perplexed way and said to the cook:

"Faith, its a queer way the world has; them that has carriages not wanting to use them, and them that can't have them not content because they have to use their feet at all!"

But a half hour after, when he caught sight of Hubert—tall! lithe, handsome fellow that he was—and pale, lovely Margaret arrayed in her plain, dark, but charmingly becoming costume, he declared to Annie Corbin that it would be a pity to shut such a pretty sight in a carriage.

When near the church, to which streams of people were hurrying, Hubert bent and whispered: "The reason why I would not have the carriage is, I shall not enter with you—I feel as if I were banned by God for my crime, and I dare not enter His temple. But do you go in, Margaret, and pray for us both. I shall wait for you somewhere here."

She stopped short, looking at him in horrified affright. He drew her arm through his own, and forced her on. "You will attract notice," he whispered. When she recovered herself she sought him to alter his determination; but he was as flint to her passionate appeals. Mournfully and with many a sad, lingering look after his retreating form, she at last ascended the steps of the church.

Poor Margaret! She drew little comfort from the Mass. Pray! she could not. What had she to do with prayer who held a murderer's secret, and who refused to denounce the murderer?

Oh, that unhappy secret!—if she could only lay its miserable burden somewhere! But her love for Hubert Bernot bound her to its weight with a strength that her will could not conquer, and she could only bury her face in her open prayer-book, and let her scalding tears wet the leaves through and through.

Hubert was waiting for her, after Mass, at the door of the church. The homeward walk was silent and dreary. Every Sunday the same course was pursued, even on stormy ones; Hubert giving out that it was but proper, something should be endured in the service of the Lord; at which the coachman and the cook held up their hands and praised God there was so much goodness in the rich.

"Why go at all?" Margaret said to him once, a little impatiently; for her own remorse of conscience was so sharp. He answered: "To avert the suspicion of the servants—they are very sharp sometimes." And she silently acquiesced. The patient, long-suffering invalid, whose eyes had turned so often and gazed so long on the sacred picture near her, that they had acquired something of the expression which the painter had depicted, worried in her gentle way about the monotonous existence led by her son and niece.

"I am afraid I have been very selfish," she said to Margaret one day when her niece was tenderly bathing the helpless hands. "I have kept you so long attending to an old woman's whims. I thought that when Hubert came home to remain, he would be your passport to society; but he is almost as great a recluse as I am, and I have fancied, Margaret, that you were suffering."

The girl bent low over the vessel she held, that her sudden start might not be noticed. The invalid continued: "That you are not well, and fear to tell me lest it may make me anxious. You look pale and sad, my poor child; you have looked so for a long time. Is there anything the matter?"

Margaret forced herself to look up and to meet those calm, passionate eyes. Oh! how she yearned to be able to tell that there was something which was eating her very life away—to lean her head against that tender breast and sob out the grief with which her heart was breaking. As it was, it required a mighty effort to keep the tears from bursting forth. She looked sadly into the face before her.

"I am not ill," she said, "but I do not feel quite as well as I used to feel—I am unaccountably depressed in spirits."

"Ah! I see how it is. You have associated so long with suffering, my poor child, that you have grown to suffer yourself. But I must remedy this in some way. Tell Hubert to come to me, and you return with him. No; call Kreble to remove that—as Margaret was about to remove the vessel she had been using. Margaret put her mouth to a speaking-tube which led from her aunt's apartment to the attendant's room, and in a few moments a large, formed, coarse-featured, but kindly-mannered German woman appeared to take her place by the invalid.

The breakfast bell had not yet rung, and the busy happy clatter of the servants below came faintly up to Margaret as she stood for an instant in the great hall to steady her trembling limbs. A pang of envy shot through her heart, and as she leaned her burning brow on the baluster, she thought bitterly how cheerfully she would exchange with the lowest menial in the house if so doing would break the heavy chain that bound her—would free her from the weight of the murderer's secret.

There was no immediate response to her timid knock at Hubert's door, but she heard a hurried movement inside as if he had been startled from some occupation; after a little, he asked hoarsely, "Who is there?"

"Only I—Margaret! your mother wishes to see you."

He opened the door and stood before her, his face frightfully pale and drawn up into an appalling expression of suffering.

"It's a relief to look at you," he said; "to find some one who reflects the agony that is in my own soul."

She did not answer him; her eyes were looking past him to the lighted astral on the table; he followed her look and attempted to laugh, but he only produced a hoarse, discordant gurgle.

"Ah! Margaret! noticing the evidence of my vigil, I see it was a ghastly one, as they all are."

He stopped abruptly and gasped as if a sudden pain prevented his utterance.

"You are ill, Hubert," she said, wildly; and she was about to rush to the bell to summon aid, but he intercepted her.

"Do not call any one," he whispered, "and go down to the library. I will join you there."

He turned back to his room, and Margaret, faint and suffering herself, descended to wait for him.

She heard his heavy, uncertain step descending the stair, and she could not help contrasting it with the buoyant spring of his old-time gait. He did not take the precaution to close the door when he entered, only sank into the nearest chair, as if his weakness left him no alternative.

Margaret softly shut the door and stood before him. "I frighten you," he said, looking up at her; "but the torture of this secret crime is getting to be more than I can bear. Oh, Margaret! rather than endure it, rather than face the phantom which so frequently rises before me, I would gladly, nay, exultingly, fling my guilty secret far—proclaim it from the housetop and then die—die anywhere, die anyhow; so that I had flung my burden off—I cannot destroy her with such a fall blow as that would be,—she who has suffered so long, I cannot bring such dishonor upon our name. So there is nothing left for me but to bear life as I may. I have forsaken every tie. No wife shall ever clasp my red hand, and if a thousand years of such torture as I am enduring now could restore the life I have taken, or could cleanse my soul of its bloody stain, I should unflinchingly bear it all. Pity me, Margaret, and pray for me!"

"And yet, what do I ask?" he continued, moodily; "you to pray for me, when I am not willing to make the atonement which alone will satisfy my conscience! This it is which keeps me from prayer—the sacraments, from church—all by when I cannot, when I will not, give myself up to justice. Oh! that one crime should so blight soul and body—would that I were never born!"

She could not answer him—for, was not her soul also blighted by that one crime, and unwilling, nay, positively refusing, to do what she deemed to be

her duty, how could she exhort, or comfort him—and of what should her exhortation consist, but a plea to give himself up, and that would be to lose him, and crush his poor invalid mother.

She could not do it, and she was silent. He resumed: "Prove your regard for me, Margaret, by bearing with me, and by guarding faithfully all the wretched things you know about me. Now, tell my mother that you found me a little unwell, but that I shall be with her soon."

But Margaret could not go immediately to deliver his message to Madame Bernot; she felt that she must relieve her own wild, maddened feelings first; so she went in a bewildered way to her room, and walked the floor, and wrung her hands, and sitting down at last before her dressing-table rested her head upon it, and burst into violent weeping; but they were tears that brought no relief, and she dashed them aside at length in a desperate, defiant way, and sat looking sullenly before her.

A little fancy-basket was on the table, and a white embossed card shone through the meshes of its silken lining. She took it idly out and read again the peculiar inscription, "Rouquelaire."

This time the letters seemed to assume fantastic shapes, and the world itself to conjure up frightful images of her cousin brought to justice by some mysterious means.

"I believe that I am going mad," she said, and she dropped the card back to its place with a shudder. Then, rising, she hurriedly bathed her face and descended slowly to her aunt's room. The patient invalid had evinced neither surprise nor impatience at the tardiness of her son and niece in obeying her request. She thought they had waited to fulfil some duty, and when Margaret told her that Hubert was slightly unwell she desired that he should not come to her until he had breakfasted.

The breakfast bell had rung a second time and the cook was slightly indignant, and the waiter impatient, because no one had appeared in the breakfast room; but Hubert and Margaret came down at last. Both were so absorbed in painful thought, and both made so poor a pretence of eating that even to the waiter their mental suffering was visible. He attributed it to physical illness, and spoke of it as such to his fellow-servants who thought it probable from their knowledge of Hubert's studious habits and Margaret's unremitting care in the sick-room.

But when Hannah Moore was alone she shook her head, and muttered: "I know me own knock. Its no bodily sickness that ails them. God help them!"

When the silent, scarcely-tasted meal was ended, they went together to Madame Bernot's room, and Hubert was obliged to kneel and lift his face to his mother that she might discover in his features the extent of his illness.

He met her gaze calmly enough, only when her hands rested on his shoulders, placed there at her own request by Margaret, he winced like one in pain; but he lowered his face at that particular moment, and his mother little dreamed that she had been pressing on raw wounds which were being constantly opened afresh before they were permitted to heal.

Margaret, by whom no motion was unobserved, suspected his suffering and its cause, and she averted her face lest its expression might betray something to her aunt. The mother was saying:

"Dear boy! I have a request, which is very near my heart, to ask of you today."

"Speak, mother: whatever it is, it shall be granted."

"It is that you will go more into society; that you will bring gay, young companions to that house for Margaret's sake. We owe it to her for her long and devoted care of me. I have made her too much of a recluse."

A strange look came into Hubert's face—a sudden brightening of every feature for a second, but it was immediately succeeded by the appalling expression with which he had met Margaret on her entrance to his room that morning, and he bowed his head that his mother might not see. When he raised it he wore his usual look and he answered calmly:

"You are right; we owe her much, with an emphasis on the word, we which Margaret alone understood." "And I shall begin this week to do as you desire. I shall renew the acquaintance of my college mates."

Hubert kept his promise. He went abroad that very day, and returned with a couple of jovial fellows the ring of whose mirth could be heard through the house. He had taken them to his own room first, and had despatched a message to Margaret to meet them in the parlor. She was in her aunt's apartment when the request was brought, and Madame Bernot, smiling, said:

"And I insist that you will change your dress, and make yourself as pretty as possible. Come, I want obedience now."

Margaret went slowly to her room, donned as plain but a less sombre costume than the one she wore, and gave a careless brush to the curls which clustered so thickly round her head and neck. She cared very little for the impression she might make. Her one thought, her sole care, was for the miserable creature whose image was shrined in her heart. It made little difference to her that this was an unusual way of being introduced to fashionable society—that Madame Bernot in her life of suffering and retirement, and Hubert, in his little knowledge of the conventionalities of fashionable life, had raised the usual mode of introduction. She only knew that the one object of her life was Hubert's welfare, Hubert's happiness.

The grand state-parlor which had never been used for the reception of company since it had been in the possession of the Bernots, looked grim, and in a slight measure awful to Margaret when she entered it—she had so rarely visited it, and the two last occasions on which she had done so were intimately connected with the gaunt secret that she carried.

She paused a moment to remember more distinctly the features of the man who had given her the card with the strange inscription, and then with a shudder she tried to dismiss the painful thoughts which the memory evoked.

An indistinct sound of the merriment in Hubert's room was wafted to her ears, and once she fancied that his voice was raised in mirthful tones. She bent forward, clasping her hands in her eagerness, and murmured:

"Already they are doing him good."

She was not mistaken, for his door just then opened and his voice sounded in loud and mirthful protest against some proposition urged by one of his companions, as the three began to descend.

A sudden cold dyed her cheeks, and never, perhaps did she look lovelier than at the moment that her cousin entered with his friends; but the color flitted as suddenly as it had appeared, and she stood as motionless as the marble image just in her rear, for she had recognized in one of the strangers Mr. Charles Plowden, the young lawyer who had held so prominent a position in the recent murder case.

He too, seemed embarrassed, and looked appealingly at Hubert; but Hubert said, gaily:

"My cousin is slightly startled, gentlemen, at meeting again one to whom she became known under very peculiar circumstances; but there is nothing very strange about it, Margaret. I was introduced to Mr. Plowden in Mr. Delmar's office," placing his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the other of his companions, a tall, rather delicate-looking young man—

"and we have found out each other's good qualities in a marvelously short space of time, clasped hands in right good fellowship, and I now present him to you as my friend."

He caught Margaret's cold, listless fingers and placed them in Mr. Plowden's warm grasp.

She strove to return the hearty pressure of his hand, and to respond pleasantly to his few low words of regret for having first met her under such distressing circumstances, and his thanks for the favor of this introduction; but she experienced a nameless terror which did not leave her during the whole of the visit.

For Hubert, he seemed indeed to have cast aside his wretched burden, and to have entered into the spirit of the hour with all the abandon of a youth just released from the trammels of college—reminiscences of college days at which Margaret forced herself to laugh, and interesting items pertaining to the fashionable world, and told with a masculine gusto by the delicate-looking Delmar, were intermingled with the deeper but more charming conversation of the handsome Plowden.

Before they departed Delmar arranged for the introduction of Margaret to his mother and sister—by whom, he said, she would be properly chaperoned into society; and on the exchange of a few more friendly speeches they took their leave. Annie Corbin, descending from Madame Bernot's room, met them in the great hall—standing face to face for a second with Mr. Plowden; if he remembered her as one of the witnesses whom he had examined, he did not evince it by either sign or look, but she started slightly, and hurried to acquaint her fellow-servants.

He saw her, there white and motionless when, having closed the street door; he turned to ascend to his room; he chafed his course and went into the library instead, motioning her to follow. She did so, and he did not speak till he had closed and locked the door; then he turned to her, his face wearing that same appalling expression of suffering.

"The mask is off now, Margaret. I wore it well did I not? And now I can be myself—the murderer that I am."

He clenched his hands and set his teeth together, while great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

Margaret was helpless: she could only look at him in that dumb agony that found no vent even in tears. The pitiful expression of her face seemed to touch him at last, and he said, sorrowfully:

"For the future I must not permit you to witness my agonies; and life will be brighter for you henceforward, so that in time you can forget you have been the murderer's confidant."

"Never, never," she moaned; "and since I cannot relieve your suffering I shall at least try to share it."

He said, sadly: "I believe you, Margaret; and know this, that but for you I think I should have gone mad, the chains I wear are eating so into my vitals—but, knowing that I have dragged you down, I know also that I must undo, as far as I can, what I have done in your life. I must in some way secure your happiness before I go to meet my eternal doom; but seek not after this to know things about me which I would conceal even from your eyes—things which must be known only to my Maker. Be patient, Margaret, and God, if He has no pity on me, will have pity on you."

"But," she burst out almost incoherently, "why inflict so much torture on yourself? Why bring home that man to-day when you knew from accounts in the papers how important a part he played on the trial?"

"Ah, Margaret! that was one of my policy strokes. He was in young Delmar's office when I called, and Delmar introduced him to me as his particular friend. Every circumstance of that request was revived by Delmar himself, who of course knew of Plowden's connection with it, and the part which my name bore in it; he revived the facts more minutely, I suppose, because it was the first time Delmar had met me since my return from college, and he had but recently made Plowden's acquaintance; but the friendship between the two was thus warm because of some valuable service which the lawyer had rendered Delmar."

"I had already assumed my mask, and I had so steeled every nerve, that I even entered into close and critical discussions regarding the unknown criminal; I sifted the evidence which had been given at the inquest, and which Delmar with an astonishing memory recalled; I balanced with nice precision the verdict of the astute men who had not penetration enough to discover that they had the murderer just within their grasp, and I concluded by clasping hands with Plowden over Delmar's 'old port,' and vowing a friendship for him as warm as that evinced by my friend. I fancied I was acting grandly—it was, it would be, for my admirable training to be often in the presence of this man who was so near to discovery of my secret crime—who would probably even yet weigh my words, and construe my actions. In order to compel his acceptance of my invitation to return home with me, I accompanied him to his hotel, while Delmar went home promising to wait there until we rejoined him. Immediately that Delmar left us I resumed our conversation about the strange murder. Something impelled me to it, to see to what limits I dared go of a subject which was so full of danger for me; but he sought to get away from the topic, and as often as I returned to it he began to talk of something else. I found him pleasant and genial, with a charm about his company which I could not resist."

"Oh, Hubert!" Margaret broke forth, "he will charm you to your ruin; that very fascination will make you betray yourself."

"There is no danger, for when my mask is on I have perfect self-control; and now, Margaret, I shall go to my room, for I am tired and need rest."

He opened the door for her, and she went heavily forth to change her dress again and to descend to Madame Bernot.

TO BE CONTINUED. The Hail Mary. St. Dominic made the "Hail Mary" the measure and the melody of the rosary of the incarnation; St. Francis the congratulation of her seven earthly joys; St. Thomas of Canterbury of her seven heavenly joys; St. Philip Benitius the condolence in her seven sorrows. All through the 1,900 years of the Church the "Hail Mary" has been pouring forth its sweetness and its variety like a long strain of endless harmony.

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"RED MICK," THE PRIEST HUNTER

A Tale of the Penal Days.

BY PATRICK SWEENEY.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah! weep those days the penal days. When I was a child, I wept those days, the penal days. When I was a child, I wept those days, the penal days. When I was a child, I wept those days, the penal days."

Beautiful was the night as ever visited the green vales of Munster. Midnight was approaching. A full moon shed its bright rays on all the earth; and hill and mountain, and vale and wood looked lovely in the twilight.

This was at the time when the hateful and abominable system known as the penal code was being applied in all its rigor in Ireland. In any other country the result of these persecutions would have been the loss of all religion; but in Ireland they seemed to make the people more steadfast than even in the national faith. They loved that faith when they were free to practice it; but now, when its exercise was forbidden, they loved it with a deeper and more earnest love, and were ready to make any sacrifice in its defence.

A great silence overspread the wooded country to the south and the bare mountains to the north. The only sound that could be heard was the sound of the river that tumbled away over its rocky bed to the sea.

A shy, quiet figure passed on towards the mountain side. It was that of an old man, dressed in the fashion prevailing among the peasantry of the time. He was not a peasant, though, but Father Eoghan McCarthy, a Franciscan friar, disguised, of course, and on his way to offer up midnight Mass. He was about sixty years of age, of medium height and stout build; his limbs were straight and strong from vigorous exercise; and when he raised the slouch that which almost completely hid his face, a striking cast of features was revealed—a broad, high forehead, strong mouth and determined chin, the whole blended with a lofty asceticism which well suited the priest.

He appeared very anxious to avoid the highways and to take unfrequented paths. He thought he was tolerably safe to night, and that he had eluded the vigilant eyes of the priest-hunters; but he was mistaken. At a distance behind him, hidden among the trees, was another figure—like the first in many respects—but in others its very opposite. He was, like the priest, dressed in peasant fashion; but had a diabolical cunning in his little eyes and a debauchery in his face which are far from characteristic of priest or peasant in Ireland. He was notorious as a priest-catcher, which trade he had followed for some time, and was called "Red Mick," on account of the color of his hair. He had not been unsuccessful in his profession. Already he had captured and handed over to the authorities six priests.

At length Father McCarthy had reached a huge rock or boulder, behind which some bushes were carelessly thrown, as if they hid nothing; but in reality they covered a slit in the ground through which he passed cautiously. He entered an underground cavern which was quite full of people, men and women. They were all peasants, and numbered between seventy and eighty, and all were in an attitude of prayer—the men with one knee bent and all kinds of rude weapons in their hands, ready to defend themselves and their womankind should the soldiery discover their whereabouts and attack them.

As Father McCarthy entered, all looked reverently towards him, and prayers and blessings were fervently uttered. A rushlight at one end of the apartment lit up one corner with a dim light. The rest was in total darkness.

Father McCarthy stepped up to this corner and divesting himself of his peasant's garb assumed the brown habit of his order. Soon a rude altar was erected, candles were lighted, and presently priest and people in that rude church, sculptured by nature, were offering to God the sacrifice of salvation. Mass has been offered up many millions of times since the beginning of the Christian era in stately temples and under domes on whose erection vast wealth was spent; but it is not too much to say that it was never more acceptable than now when a hunted and persecuted people gathered together at the peril of their lives and liberties, to profess the faith that was in them, and to defeat the laws that were wontonly framed to degrade and brutalize them and to extinguish the religion they loved.

After Mass the priest addressed the people. He spoke in the Irish language, and its soft accents fell like dew on the hearts of the congregation. "I am proud to meet you here to-night," he said; "your presence shows that penal laws will never crush the old faith out of Ireland. This is a dark and cruel time for our country; but the hour before dawn is always the darkest. The time is surely coming when these laws will be repealed, and when that time comes we shall have the consolation of knowing that we, by remaining true to our old faith, and by resisting wicked laws, have contributed to that repeal."

There is no necessity for me to exhort you to fidelity. You have been and you are faithful, and I trust you will be so till the hour of deliverance comes."

He said more than this, and was listened to with the greatest attention. When he had done, and the time and place for the next meeting had been agreed upon, the people in the cave began to take their departure. They went in groups of two and three. They would not go together, because they had always to count on the priest-hunters being on their track, and to conduct themselves accordingly. It was the custom for the priest to be the last to leave.

When Father McCarthy had entered the cave, "Red Mick" was not many yards behind. He deliberated anxiously with himself as to what course he ought to pursue under the circumstances. To bring the soldiers and magistrates on the whole congregation, priest and people, appeared to him the most heroic action he could achieve. But there were risks. To go and fetch the soldiers would take time, and he greatly feared that before they could have reached the cave priest and people would have left it. If he remained where he was until the Mass was over he could, he was certain, capture the priest alone. He knew from experience that he would be the last to leave the cave. To enter while the divine mysteries were being celebrated, or indeed to give those inside any hint that one of his calling was in proximity to them, he knew would be most foolhardy. His plan was therefore arranged. He would remain outside till all had left and wait for the friar and capture him.

The Mass was over, the people departed. The priest-catcher, the only visible human being on that mountain side, still watched from behind the rock—watched and waited for his quarry to appear, and he held himself in readiness to pounce upon him. But no priest appeared. "Red Mick" waited and waited, and then began to indulge in strong language. His patience was well-nigh exhausted. He was numb from being so long in one place without moving, and he had no liquor wherewith to heat his blood. What could have happened to the priest? He surely did not pass out unknown to "Red Mick"; and what would he have been doing so long in the cave. "Red Mick" feared to go in, lest by any possibility enough peasants might have remained there to make short work of him—as he expressed it. He would wait another quarter of an hour, but not a second longer. If the priest did not appear he would give up the hunt as fruitless. The time was gliding rapidly away. The quarter of an hour was nearly out, and still no priest appeared.

At last, as "Red Mick" was about to give up the chase, a well-remembered figure appeared at the mouth of the cave. Ah! how well he knew him. The pale, ascetic face, the intellectual forehead, the kindly gray eyes and the set, stern mouth and jaw and well-developed form. It was Father McCarthy. He was walking carelessly, his slouch had drawn full over his face. He did not suspect that danger was so near. "Red Mick" remained behind the rock. He drew a loaded pistol from his pocket and as the priest approached he stepped forward and confronted him.

The priest was taken by surprise, but he was always ready for the worst. He did not think the fellow's pistol was loaded, and with promptitude he decided to give him a bold front. "By what authority do you command me to stop?" he said. "In the name of the law, as I told you," said "Red Mick." "I am quite sure you have no right to stop any peaceable person in that rude manner," returned the priest in calm accents; "and I beg you will allow me to pass on."

With that he turned aside to avoid "Red Mick," but that worthy changed his position and placed himself directly before him, at the same time raising the loaded pistol, which up to this he held at his side, and presenting it at the priest—

"You must stop," he said, in commanding accents. At this moment there was a slight rustle behind the priest, and as the moon, which had been momentarily hidden by a cloud, shone forth, it revealed a man in the act of placing himself between "Red Mick" and Father McCarthy.

In another instant a pistol shot rang out on the night air, and the new-comer was lying on the heather of the mountain between the priest-hunter and the priest.

"Red Mick" gave one swift, piercing glance at the figure lying on the ground, and, quick as the lightning's flash, before the priest had comprehended the situation, he had dropped the smoking pistol from his hand and fled away.

As soon as the priest had recovered from the shock which he had received, he bent over the prostrate figure and lifted it in his arms. He found that he supported in his hands the dead body of a man who was alive and strong but two minutes ago, who less than an hour ago had knelt down in the cave beyond to assist at the holy sacrifice, and who only ten minutes ago was conferring and arranging about the next Mass with him who now supported his mortal remains. He laid the dead body tenderly on the bed of heather, under that cloudy sky, with the moon shining full upon the calm, tranquil features, and he prayed for the eternal repose of the departed soul. He prayed also for the unfortunate man who had stained his

soul with this foul murder, and he repented again and again, "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." He covered the dead body with his own cloak and went to the nearest farmer's house and detailed the sad circumstances.

CHAPTER II.

"Kneeling and motionless, wildly they pray, but they pray in their souls, for no scintillas have they. Stern and standing, oh! look on them now; Like trees to a tempest the multitude bow, Like the swells of the ocean is rising their vow." —DAVIS.

The news of the outrage was not long in spreading over the country, and soon the dead man was being waked in the capacious barn of the nearest farmer, and the room was crowded with country folk—the women praying or "keening" over the corpse; the men discussing in whispered tones all the circumstances attending the death.

The result of the conversation among the men was a vow that they would have revenge on the man who killed their comrade. Their passions were so excited that nothing less than the death of the priest-hunter would satisfy them. Father McCarthy wished to officiate at the dead man's grave, but it was only at night that he could be out with any degree of safety. If he showed himself during the day the soldiers or priest-hunters, or both, might pounce on him. It was, therefore, decided that the burial should be at midnight.

It was a strange scene. The moon looked down with its white light on the half-open grave and on the men who dug it, bending themselves willingly to their task. In the distance the sea dashed against the bar and the cry of the curlews could be heard. But beside these not a sound could be discerned save that of the implements which dug the grave.

The priest, in his Franciscan robe, was standing quietly while the grave-diggers were at their work. As soon as the grave was made the coffin was lowered in without a word, and Father McCarthy read the office for the dead. All were kneeling bareheaded now, and at that open grave, in presence of the dead, the men renewed, in whispered but determined tones, the vows of vengeance which they had already made.

The remains were covered in. Father McCarthy addressed a word of consolation and encouragement to those present, and all took their departure—each one going to his own way home.

The friar had no home. He divested himself of his habit, dressed himself like a peasant, and, after a last prayer at the grave of the man who had died for him he turned away. Over fields and roads and hills and valleys he went till he had reached the sea.

It was now near morning, and the moon no longer shone. It was intensely dark. With much difficulty he groped his way along the strand till he reached an opening in the cliff between the rocks.

He entered and found himself in a long, narrow passage, very high. He walked along till he reached a second passage running off at right angles to the first. He turned into this, and after going a short distance observed by the light of a candle which burned in a niche in the wall a rude bed raised on some stones and lying on it a man. He had only partially undressed. Father McCarthy observed him closely at first, to make sure he was fast asleep, and then he looked into a hole in the rocks over his head, and from that he drew forth a loaded pistol. The man who lay fast asleep was "Red Mick," the priest-hunter, and the pistol which Father McCarthy held in his hand was the identical one which had done such deadly work a few days ago. Father McCarthy had his enemy in his hands now, and he might deal with him as he pleased. It was evident that this was not the first time the priest had been in this apartment. He knew its every nook and cranny. He knew that "Red Mick" had visited the scene of the murder since, for the pistol which he now held in his hand had been dropped by the priest-hunter. Father McCarthy bent over the bed and gave his enemy a shake. "Red Mick" started in his sleep, but he did not open his eyes, and soon he composed himself again. The priest again shook him up—this time more vigorously—and soon he opened his eyes in a dazed sort of way. He regarded the figure standing over him for one brief instant with a fixed stare, and then when he had thoroughly got hold of the fact that a peasant with a pistol in his hand was standing over him, he jumped straight out of bed, and in an instant was standing on the floor and crying, "Have mercy on a poor old man! Oh, no! Don't shoot me!"

"Stop," said Father McCarthy; and when the priest-hunter had heard one syllable from the familiar voice, and looked more closely at the figure before him, he knew that it was the priest, and he was relieved somewhat.

But he still whined for mercy. "Oh, Father, you would not kill a poor old man. You would not, indeed, Father! Oh, no!"

"Listen to me," commanded the priest. "I have not come here to kill you. I have come to save you, and if you pay attention to what I have to say, no harm will come to you."

He paused, but the priest-hunter said nothing. "Do you know what you did on the night you tried to capture me?"

"Oh, Father! I didn't mean it—I didn't, indeed. I would not touch you with that pistol for all the world, nor Pheilm O'Neill (the murdered man)

either, but I thought there were more men in the cave, and that they would come out and kill me."

"I cannot say that what you have told me is false," said the priest; "neither do I believe it is true; for your life for many years has been a lie. What I came to speak to you is a different matter, though closely connected with the murder. The men who attended Pheilm O'Neill's burial have registered a vow that they will wreak vengeance on the man who killed him. I was present at the burial, and I heard their vow, though they thought I did not."

"Red Mick" said not a word, but regarded the priest in silence.

"If you wish to protect yourself against the vengeance of these men," said the priest, "you will leave this place without delay. They have sworn to kill you, and they will redeem their oath. That is why I came here to tell you. Now, leave in time, and don't let any one see you again in this part of the country. I will look after this pistol. I think it will be safer in my keeping than in yours. If you take my advice you will have said good-bye to your old haunts in an hour from this."

The priest said no more. In another instant he was gone, and the priest-hunter was left alone.

For some moments he was thinking of what had occurred in a confused half-dazed fashion, as if it were all a dream. This priest saved his life before, he remembered, and it had sorely puzzled him at the time why he had done so, but now that the same thing had occurred over again the riddle was become less difficult of solution. He thought of the priest's action, and the thought did him good. He began to realize how far above him was this gentle, pious, unobtrusive man whom he had been trying to hound to the death. He thought of times that were now long gone, before he had dreamt of priest-hunting, when he, too, had great faith and piety, and when he prayed with fervor and enjoyed his relaxations with an easy conscience. But latterly he had no conscience at all. His voice was stifled. Now, however, it asserted itself again. He ran to the opening and called for the priest. But no answer came. He went as far as the sea shore. It was all the same. No priest. He had gone, and "Red Mick" had no way of ascertaining what direction he had taken.

He returned to the cave, and for the first time in many years he asked God to pardon him his sins. The priest's high example, his anxiety to save him from a death which he deserved, and his generous return of good for evil had effected a revolution in the man's soul. He left the place forever, gave up his old pursuit, and began a new course of life.

He never again saw Father McCarthy in this world.—Belfast Irish Weekly.

What is Faith?

What is Faith? We answer, in the words of the great Cardinal Newman who gives the following definition, or rather description, of the first of the theological virtues: "Faith is not a mere conviction in reason; it is a firm assent, it is a clear certainty, greater than any other certainty; and this is wrought in the mind by the grace of God, and by it alone. As, then, men may be convinced, and not act according to their conviction, so may they be convinced, and not believe according to their conviction. They may confess that the argument is against them, that they have nothing to say for themselves, and that to believe is to be happy; and yet, after all, they avow they cannot believe, they do not know why, but they cannot; they acquiesce in unbelief, and they turn away from God and His Church. Their reason is convinced, and their doubts are moral ones, arising in the root from a fault of the will."

"In a word, the arguments for religion do not compel any one to believe, just as arguments for good conduct do not compel any one to obey. Obedience is the consequence of willing to obey, and faith is the consequence of willing to believe; we may see what is right, whether in matters of faith or obedience, of ourselves, but we cannot will what is right without the grace of God. Here is the difference between other exercises of reason and arguments for the truth of religion. It requires no act of faith to assent to the truth that two and two makes four; we cannot help assenting to it, and hence there is no merit in assenting to it; but there is merit in believing that the Church is from God; for though there are abundant reasons to prove it to us, yet we can, without an absurdity, quarrel with the conclusion; we may doubt it, if we will; and grace alone can turn a bad will into a good one."

The Best Advertisements. Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use, of Consumption and Scrophulous Diseases! Some can speak so convincingly of its merits as these who have tested it.

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men. But with much more reason should we soften our resentment when we consider that our forefathers were often the dupes of the victims of political intrigues; that they, too, had their passions to subserve, that they had their pride to gratify.

"The denomination which regrets nothing of the past either must consider that its members were more superhuman than the Apostles, who had much to regret, or it took such a small part in the great theater of the world that it was never tested by the ordeals of power and prosperity. These have ever been too much for men, as they were too great a trial for angels. Let us all grant that grave wrongs have been done; but let us leave their just retribution to the law divine.

"We may certainly feel righteous indignation at wanton insult; we are justified in feeling keenly a profanation of that which we hold most sacred, even when the insult and the profanation happened long ago. But if the rein must be given to passion, so as to accentuate a principle, let passion seek the right victim. As a sympathizer with downtrodden Ireland I may hate Cromwell; but how can I hate the author of the "Christian Year"? As a sympathizer with the exiled Huguenots I may hate Louis XIV.; but how can I fail to admire the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul? The men of a few centuries ago were in some respects semi-barbarians tinctured with the Christian faith; which do we wish to honor, their barbarism or their Christianity? Or let us say that they were men, victims of ignorance often, always subject to passion, who, nevertheless, were the channels of religion to us; which do we desire to emulate, their human frailty or their divine faith? Or they were martyrs; with a prayer on their lips for their persecutors they gave up their lives for their sacred convictions; shall we do them honor by hating the decadent ants of those for whom they prayed? If Christians would extend to Christians one half the love they lavish on idolaters they would be much more Christ-like.

"That unanimity which nature so forcibly suggests, grace through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit demands. God's Holy Spirit dwells in hearts which pour forth their burnings on the Protestant hymn or thrill with emotion before the mysteries of the Catholic altar. Such hearts will ever tend to beat in unison, whatever clashing churchmen may say or do. When divisions come they are the ones who really suffer, and they will be the first to welcome the healing of the wounds by reunion."

Ravages both Body and Soul.

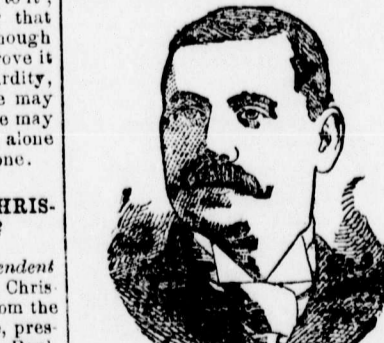
Of all the evils that afflict mankind at the present day drunkenness is undoubtedly the greatest. Besides this, all other evils sink into insignificance. War, famine, pestilence, are only shadows in comparison. These have their time and reasons, and, like all things human, ultimately decay and perish, but drunkenness abides with us forever. It is the eternal companion of humanity, a demon-spirit which defies exorcism.

No human tongue or pen can adequately describe its powers and ravages. It is more like an exotic from hell than a natural growth of earth. In its universal destructiveness it ranks next to the grim monster Death himself. With its mighty scythe it mows down battalions of the human race, and sweeps them into the whirlpool of destruction.

Not content with ravaging the body, it penetrates the immortal regions of the soul, and lays there the seeds of corruption and decay. Reason itself, the finest faculty of man, surrenders its power at the approach of this dread monster. No exhalation ever rose from the fathomless abyss of sin so thoroughly impregnated with the seeds of moral and material industry.

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Mr. John Bailey

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In health and strength after the grip, I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Half a bottle gave me good sleep and toned my nerves, my cough ceased and I gradually gained flesh. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a well man. It hits the right spot. JOHN BAILEY, Grocer, 408 Chalmers Street, Lowell, Mass.

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, July 27, 1895.

FATHER HECKER.

Father Hecker, the distinguished convert, exercises still a powerful and salutary influence upon the minds of the present generation.

Amongst his writings we place "Questions of the Soul" in the first rank—not that it is profound or severely philosophic, but because it depicts the soul assailed by doubts, clamoring for consolation, seeking, but vainly, rest and peace in ephemeral fads and fancies.

He lays down the principle that a Church that cannot satisfy every want of human nature, even as Christ satisfied which He lived, is no Church at all.

Man demands a sure and unerring guidance in all things relating to his destiny. This is a primary want of his nature.

We hope to refer, at some future time, to this work of Father Hecker; for we believe that it may be the means of leading many troubled souls, drifting aimlessly, to the haven of peace and truth.

THE INDEPENDENCE DAY RIOT IN BOSTON.

The attack made on the A. P. A. and Orange portion of the Fourth of July procession in Boston has been made the occasion for violent attacks upon the Catholic Church by that portion of the press which always sympathizes with anti-Catholic movements.

We have no sympathy with the assailants in this and similar cases; for we are in favor of the fearless and exact administration of the laws, made for the preservation of order, and if foolish people attack such parades they should be punished for it.

The Boston council foresaw the disastrous consequences which might occur if the programme of the Orangemen were carried out, and expostulated with the committee to induce them to change the programme.

The persons most to blame for what happened are, therefore, the paraders themselves, who seem to have been

provoked, in the presence of an odious proscription association flaunting its emblems in a parade which should have been only national and patriotic; and this was done in the midst of a Catholic population which has been subjected to many trials from the society or societies which thus exhibited themselves.

The Boston Journal, however, states positively that it originated in abusive and obscene epithets applied by the paraders to a colored man who was so angered that he drew a revolver, though he did not use it, as he escaped when the paraders raised cries to "Lynch the black—"

Some of the journals we have referred to have endeavored to make it appear that it was an affair concerted among the Catholics of the city, and carried out on a preconceived plan. It was even asserted previously to the occurrence that an attack of the kind was meditated, but the Boston Pilot, issued just on the eve of Independence Day, indignantly repudiated any so-called Catholics who would disgrace themselves and their religion by entertaining such a thought.

"If the Orangemen choose to desecrate Independence Day by insulting their neighbors, let them do so. They hurt nobody but themselves by the offensive evidence of their un-Christian spirit, which the people of America will not be slow to perceive and condemn."

"Let them walk on July 4, or on their own especial favorite, July 12, until they are weary of the exercise. No law-abiding Catholic will interfere with them. If they commit any outrage in the exuberance of their new loyalty, leave them, like other offenders, to the justice of the courts, which will promptly take care of any criminals."

"The Catholic who would attempt to obstruct a procession which the law has sanctioned is neither a good Catholic nor a good citizen, but an enemy both of Church and State."

There was no preconceived movement, though a few hot-headed people were undoubtedly indignant at the outrage intended by the Orangemen and their allies. Hence there is no shadow of justification for the following vile and intolerant language of the Boston Standard:

"The blow has fallen. Blood has been spilled in the streets of Boston. A mob of aliens has attacked a procession of American citizens whose only offence was carrying a representation of America's most blessed institution—the Common school."

"The mask has fallen from the face of Rome. The devilish features which struck terror into the souls of thousands in the days of the inquisition now grin a hellish defiance to a free people."

"We have new evidences that danger exists. Patriots have declared denied it; it has shown itself. When peaceable citizens cannot parade the streets of Boston in safety, our boasted liberty has disappeared. The time for oratory has passed. The time for action has come."

The Boston Transcript spoke similarly to this, endeavoring to stir up the worst feelings on account of the sad occurrence, which is to be attributed only to the individuals who had a hand in it, even if it originated with the bystanders, which does not appear to be the case.

The persons most to blame for what happened are, therefore, the paraders themselves, who seem to have been

bent upon producing a row; and this is the view of the matter taken by the New York Recorder, which said, under the title: "Emblems that Must be Abandoned:"

"More has been heard about that mysterious organization, the American Protective Association, in Massachusetts than in any other State. Now we get news of a riot there, in which two men were killed and many others severely wounded, growing out of this society's stirring up religious bigotry and bitterness. Right in the heart of Boston, too, and on the 4th of July, of all the days in the year."

"This most inappropriate incident of a day that is sacred to civil and religious liberty, and which should be forever kept free from the intrusion of religious divisions and sectarian antipathies, began by the hauling around of a little red schoolhouse and the flaunting of orange ribbons. Boston is a city half Catholic and half Puritan, and Orange ribbons are evidently as good for a free fight there as in Belfast or Dublin. It is a sorry business to be introducing such alien emblems of strife and provocation to riot on Independence day, or any other day."

The hostile press have laid great stress upon the fact that one of the emblems carried was "the little red schoolhouse," and they represent that the attack was a Catholic demonstration against the Public school system.

All this is gross misrepresentation. The fact is that Catholics are in no degree opposed to the Public school system, though, like many Protestants, they do not believe it to be perfect, and wish to see it improved, at least as far as concerns those schools to which they send their own children. They have certainly a perfect right to hold their views in this matter, and have no wish to interfere with the modes of education which Protestants prefer for their own children. They object, however, to any compulsion toward the adoption of Protestant methods where their own children are concerned. Still, they are obedient even to the unjust laws which compel them to pay a tax for the education of their Protestant neighbors' children, while they are for the most part educating their own at their own expense. Undoubtedly they would change this state of things if they were able to do so in a constitutional and peaceable manner. All this is rational and fair. The unfairness is on the part of Protestants, who persist in inflicting injustice upon the Catholic minority. Yet even as the matter stands, many Catholics use the Public schools, especially where there is some willingness on the part of Protestants to make some concessions whereby Catholic conscience would not be violated.

The red school house has been adopted as the A. P. A. emblem, as embodying the calumny of that society, that Catholics are endeavoring to destroy the Public schools; and, of course, in this respect it is insulting, like any other hostile emblem. But other A. P. A. and Orange emblems were used in the Boston parade, to excite disturbance.

We regret the disturbance, but we protest against Catholics as a body being held responsible for it.

"OUR ORDER" FINDS A SPOKESMAN.

"Don," of Toronto Saturday Night, who was a candidate for the Legislature during one of the no-Popery campaigns, and who stumped the country with Mr. Meredith during the contest of June, 1894, is not satisfied with the decision of the Government of Sir Mackenzie Bowell on the Manitoba school question.

He declares that the Ministerial crisis at Ottawa which has just been tidied over "has disclosed a situation which has nothing to do with principle. All that seems to be contended for is the possession of power. Principle has been abandoned entirely. The things that we consider sacred are being bandied about as if they were job lots of old goods left over."

It is too true that many of our politicians are ready to bandy about things which should be held sacred, but the fault does not lie with those gentlemen who held out resolutely that the conscientious convictions of the Catholics of Manitoba should be respected.

As far as Sir Mackenzie Bowell is concerned, we have to say that we could not and did not agree with him, or approve of his course in former years when, whether in Parliament or on 12th of July platforms, against his better judgment, he gave encouragement to the fanaticism of certain classes; but we have to deal only with his present intentions and policy, and we admire the prudent conclusion he has evidently arrived at that it is not the best policy for Canadians to foster religious dissensions, as Don continues to do to the present time.

Don continues: "Sir Mackenzie Bowell may just as well recognize the fact that he is not considered a representative of Ontario. He is despised in Quebec; he is laughed at everywhere else. If he has pledged his Cabinet to Remedial Legislation and a future session, he has sold goods that he cannot deliver, and he is a recreant to the trust that the people of Ontario have placed in him, and is a public servant that must be wiped off the slate, and nothing can save him. Canada will place over his grave the legend: 'This man betrayed the Order that trusted him, that made him, and became the creature and tool of those who could give him nothing but a few weeks' additional power.'"

To this prediction we have only to say that Don dealt in prophecy before now with woefully bad success. He assured us before now that Ontario will not allow justice to be done to Catholics, with the result that he was himself consigned to the dishonored political grave which he then declared to be open for others. But at present it is not Ontario alone that is to be considered, but the whole Dominion; and if Don was so far astray in his estimate of the trend of public opinion in his own Province, he cannot be considered a sure judge of what Canada will decide upon doing.

Saturday Night must have been enveloped in very Egyptian darkness for many years indeed, if it imagines that Canada is still governed, or to be governed, by the resolutions passed by "our Order" in the obscurity of the Orange lodges, the tenor of which is always the same—hostility to Catholics everywhere. It is true, the lodges are still active, and would dictate terms to our Governments if they could—but half a century ago their power was broken, and it is no longer a terror to public men in Canada to threaten them with the vengeance of "our Order," if they do not obey its behests. "Our Order" might become respectable if it were less vengeful and bombastic.

THE NEW JUDEA.

One of the strange events of the last few years is the colonization of Palestine by the Jews; and though it has been known to have been going on, especially since the year 1884, few are aware of the extent of the movement, which has taken place on a remarkably large scale.

There are said to be now over thirty agricultural colonies of Jews established in various parts of the Holy Land; and though there are no statistics as yet showing the exact number of colonists, it is known that Jerusalem, the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Israel, and later of Judea, has now a population of 47,500, of whom 27,500 are Jews, most of these being exiles from Russia who were driven from that Empire by the persecution to which they were subjected under the rule of the late Czar. Still, it is not from Russia alone that the immigrants have gone thither, but from all the European States, and largely from Germany, Austria and Roumania.

The fearful sufferings endured by the Jews when Jerusalem was besieged by the Roman Emperor Titus, are related by their historian, Flavius Josephus, who was their high priest at the time, and conducted the defence of the city, which was captured at last, notwithstanding the resolute defence of the inhabitants. Josephus relates that 97,000 were borne into captivity, and 1,100,000 slain. This was in A. D. 70.

The captives were scattered throughout the Roman Empire, especially in Italy and Egypt. It has been the hope of the race during more than eighteen centuries that they would return to re-people their land, and the idea is now being cultivated among them that the time for so doing has at last arrived.

The awful fate of the Jews at the period above mentioned was foretold by our Blessed Lord, as the punishment of the hypocrisy and neglect of all the laws of God into which they had fallen. See especially (St. Matt. xxiii.). The desolation of the country by a foreign people was also foretold with great minuteness by Moses himself, who gave many details thereof in Deuteronomy xxviii.

Many societies have been established for the purpose of putting this idea into an actuality, among them being one in England "for the relief of persecuted Jews," and the Russian "Palestine Society." That in England has for president the Earl of Aberdeen, but the organization which is doing the largest amount of work in this direction is the Zionite Society which, has branches throughout the continent of Europe.

Baron Hirsch was the first to establish

the practical colonization work of the Jews to give them means to escape from Russian persecution, but he chose the Argentine Republic as the locality for his first operations. The colonization of Palestine has dwarfed that of Argentina, and has received much of its impetus from the large donations given for the purpose by the Rothschilds of Paris, Baron Hirsch, M. Montefiore and other wealthy Jews of Europe.

An astonishing feature of the colonization of Palestine is that it has been carried out without unity of plan or motive, but almost spontaneously. It is part of the plan of the Zionites to revive Hebrew as the spoken language of the Palestine colony. It is not so difficult to do this as might be imagined, and it is really being done in Palestine.

The Jews have always made the study of Hebrew a part of their religious education, and by the use of the Masoretic points they claim to have preserved the original pronunciation of the language as it was spoken by Moses, David and Solomon. However this may be, they have preserved a uniform pronunciation, or very nearly so, with a few national variations; and with such a start, there will be no great trouble for the Jews of all nationalities who meet in the Holy Land to make that their language of intercourse which has been already learned by nearly all the settlers, and we may readily suppose that their common language will become soon the language of the colonies.

The world will watch with great interest this revival of the ancient Biblical kingdom and language of Israel.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

As we go to press, the British elections are almost finished, with the result we prognosticated last week, that the Salisbury Government has been sustained by a most decisive majority. The total number of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists elected so far as the returns have come in when we go to press is 340, while the Opposition have 145, showing a majority of 195 for the Government. But the net gains do not indicate a majority so large as this. The gains are 58, which, counterbalanced with the majority of 30 Liberals in the last House, will show for the present a majority of 86. Fifty-five McCarthyites and 7 Parnellites constitute the present Irish Nationalist members elected. North Tyrone and Londonderry have been wrested from the Tories by majorities of 91 and 40, respectively. The Tory majorities in 1892 were 49 and 26, respectively. These are Nationalist gains. The Hon. E. Blake has been returned for Longford, without opposition.

A marked feature of the contest is the general lowering of Liberal majorities, where the Liberals were successful, and an increase in the Conservative majorities where the Conservatives retained their seats. The chief cause of the disaster is not believed to be the Liberal policy of Home Rule, though, no doubt, there has been some revulsion of feeling among the electorate on this question, but the Local Veto question, equivalent to that of Local Option in Canada, has had great weight in settling the liquor interest against the Liberals all over the country. It was, in fact, the Temperance policy of the Government which was the cause of their defeat and subsequent resignation, as they were defeated by a chance vote relating to this matter.

The defeat of Mr. John Morley, the Irish Chief Secretary under the Rosebery Government, is to be deeply regretted. He was one of the most, if not the most, resolute Home Ruler of his party; and what we stated last week, that the present disaster is greatly attributable to dissensions among Irishmen themselves, is illustrated in his case. The Chronicle, a Liberal journal, declares that Mr. Morley was defeated by the treachery of the Parnellites, who voted for his opponent. It describes this as "Base ingratitude, denoting an incapacity for political action which, if we believed it to be universal in Ireland, would lead us to despair of any genuine political improvement there."

Mr. Morley took his defeat courageously. He said: "This is one of the most tremendous battles ever fought in any British constituency, and I greatly regret to say we have been defeated. But we have before shown that we know how to bear defeat with cheerful courage."

Sir William Harcourt, who was also defeated, has found a seat in Wales, and Mr. Morley will also most probably find a seat elsewhere. The result of the elections will be to

defer Home Rule indefinitely; but the question will live again when Ireland will be once more united.

So far the returns show the election of 51 McCarthyite Nationalists, and 7 Parnellites. Wales has done nobly for the Liberal cause, only 8 Conservatives having been elected out of 36, the same number as sat in the last House.

A FIASCO.

We already mentioned in our columns at various times the erratic and blundering course followed by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy within and without the House of Commons in his capacity of leader of the Third or no-Popery Party in the Dominion.

There was a time when it was supposed possible that this gentleman might be able to have a following in the country, made up of those who are easily influenced by appeals to passion and prejudice; but his latest fiasco in Parliament on the 16th inst. shows the extreme disgust with which he and his party of one are regarded in the House, even by those who might be thought to entertain views similar to his own.

Mr. Laurier's previous motion, which was a vote of non-confidence in the Government because of its delay in settling satisfactorily the Manitoba school question, was disposed of negatively on the 16th by a vote of 114 to 70. It was a party vote, but Mr. McCarthy appeared to have no opinion on the subject, as he refused to vote on it, stating that it was his intention to move a resolution embodying his own views, and dealing with the question on its merits.

This he did the same evening, moving to the effect that the House will "not allow it to be assumed that at the session to be held in January next, any more than at the present session, it is prepared to restore the system of Separate schools in Manitoba on the lines of the remedial order of the 21st of March, 1895."

A few members on the Government side made it understood that they are opposed to remedial legislation, refusing, however, to be led by Mr. McCarthy into supporting his proposal, which, when put to the vote, was received with nays from all parts of the House.

A division was called for, and the forlorn leader of the third party looked coaxingly around for support, but as only two members—Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brien—made the demand, whereas five are needed, the speaker declared the motion lost without a division; and so the hounding was buried amid general laughter from the members.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The corner-stone of the Westminster Cathedral has been laid, and, needless to say, has occasioned much rejoicing all over England. The clouds are lifting and the faint flush of a glorious day is visible. The historic past is praying for the future.

The fourth annual session of the Catholic Summer School of America was opened on Sunday, July 14, Archbishop Corrigan presiding. The session promises to be very successful. Mr. C. Pallen has commenced his lectures on literature. He will be remembered as the author of the ingenious interpretation of Tennyson's Idyls of the King.

The Irish Temperance League has issued an appeal in which they urge Irishmen to discountenance the cause and practice of Intemperance. Referring to the fact that the liquor dealers claim protection on the grounds that their business is the most flourishing industry in Ireland, it says, "That surely a business that makes in Ireland in one year ninety thousand men and women into drunkards has no right to claim consideration from patriots or protection from the State."

SIGNOR CRASPI is realizing that the wages of sin is death, and one need not have any prophetic gift to foresee that the end of his inglorious political career is fast approaching. He is losing the confidence of his followers, and his opponents in the Italian parliament are taking advantage of the fact to impress upon their minds that he is not—either intellectually or morally—fitted to be their leader. Felice Cavallotti, leader of the Extreme Left, has denounced him in a letter that has caused a veritable sensation in Rome. He accuses him of adultery and bribery, and the accusations are based on facts.

SOME of the text-books in use in some of our schools are so untrustworthy and manifestly bigoted that we



wonder why they are countenanced by our educational authorities. We happened upon a work recently that was ordered to be followed by a class of teachers who were taking a course of Pedagogy, and we were astonished to find it replete with inaccuracies and misrepresentations. Methods that are entitled at least to some consideration receive a few contemptuous words from the author. Scholasticism and Jesuitism are condemned. This is the species of instruction that is going to develop and broaden the intellect.

DEAN FARRAR has for the moment thrown off the vesture of liberalism and donned the ancient and ill-fitting garb of the most pronounced bigotry. The Pope's letter has aroused his ire, and his utterances upon it reflect but scanty credit on his scholarship or Christian charity. But the dean's words fall heedless upon English ears. He has played himself out, and instead of remaining a gentle interpreter of classics he has seen fit to become a rabid controversialist—a resuscitator of bogies that frightened people some centuries ago but which assuredly have no effect on the minds of the present generation. We shall try to forget the vagaries of the dean and remember him only as the cultured student who was wont to talk well on literature and kindred subjects.

The Catholics of Rautaux, France, have declared that they will not be controlled by the anti-religious clique. Some time ago the mayor, as our readers already know, forbade the public carrying of the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, on the ground that the bells reminded the inhabitants of death and consequently of something unpleasant. The feast of Corpus Christi was availed of by the Catholics to make a solemn protestation against this ridiculous law. Nearly thirty thousand persons marched in procession through the streets of the town. The Socialists and the riff-raff of infidelity made some disturbance, but they were effectually silenced. If all the Frenchmen acted as their brethren of Rautaux we should hear less of iniquitous laws and more of legislators that would give no colors to the accusation that France's parliament is a den of thieves.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CADDY STANTON has not succeeded in finding learned linguists to undertake the "New Woman's Bible," which she proposed to issue, and the probability is that the scheme will be still born. There are scholars enough to be found, but it appears there are none who will so demean themselves as to commit the sacrilege of distorting the sacred volume to meet the views of the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement. It is difficult to imagine why Mrs. Stanton should be so anxious to bring out a Woman's Bible at all, since she is an unbeliever of most pronounced stamp; and, indeed, she does not appear to take the matter very seriously, since it is said she laughs heartily when twitted on her failure. We may rejoice, however, that in all probability, this new attempt to tamper with God's word will never see the light of day. There have been already too many of such perverse attempts.

The Ritualists are again indulging in intellectual gymnastics, on the subject of Christian Unity. It is the desire of every mind to have that one fold and one shepherd, but there is only one way of effecting it and that is communion with the Church of Rome, which St. Athanasius says is "The source of truth, the dwelling of faith, into which he that enters not, and from which he that goes out, forfeits the hope of life and of eternal salvation." He that does not hold this unity of the Church, says St. Cyprian, can he think that he holds the faith? He that opposes and withstands the Church, can he trust that he is in the Church? Whoever is separated from the Church is united to an adulteress, is cut off from the promises of the Church. He is an alien, he is an enemy. He cannot have God for his Father who has not the Church for his Mother.

This Summer School of America is productive of very meagre results. So say some of the omniscient critics. "It is not thorough," they, further, add; and so the subject is settled to their intense satisfaction. But the promoters of the Summer School do not purpose to give a systematic or profound exposition of any line of study. It opens up for the student new mines of intellectual riches; it widens the mental horizon; it suggests new ideas; it unites the cultured and earnest

Catholics of America in strong and compact ranks. Its lecturers endeavor to impress upon young and enthusiastic minds the necessity of learning how to appreciate the wisdom of the past. The very association for four weeks with men and women who have lofty ideas of life and its responsibility, and with the professors who are making every effort to build up within their students the Kingdom of God, must indeed have a very beneficial and stimulating effect upon those who are privileged to attend the sessions.

We are sorry to notice that the celebration of the Fourth of July, or American Independence Day, was marred by a serious riot in East Boston. The A. P. A., though a dying organization, persisted in making a display in the form of a Memorial Parade, and flaunted as their special emblem a float representing the "little red school house." Some persons opposed to Apaim interrupted the part of the parade in which the emblems were displayed, and a riot was the consequence, in which revolvers and sabres were used, and one man was killed, several others being severely wounded. Arrests of the supposed murderers have been made, and there is much ill-feeling aroused on account of the occurrence. It is difficult to say at this moment exactly how the riot began, but from what has been announced so far it appears to have been caused by the folly of a drunken woman who terrified the occupants of one of the carriages by shouting out insults. Such disorderly conduct cannot be too much deplored or too strongly condemned.

PROFESSOR THOS. H. HUXLEY, who died in London, England, June 29, is the inventor of the designation agnostic, by which modern infidels call themselves. The word is from the Greek *agnos*, knowledge, and signifies, etymologically, one who does not know, implying that the person so-called does not know whether or not there is a God, an immortal soul, a divine revelation, etc. The object of using this word is to make a distinction between modern infidels, who usually pretend that these truths are not proved, and former ones, who positively denied them. The Professor said of the word:

"When I reached intellectual maturity and asked myself whether I was an atheist or a pantheist, a materialist or an idealist, a Christian or a free-thinker, I found that the more I learned or reflected the less ready was the answer. . . . So I took thought and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.'"

Notwithstanding this assumed ignorance, Professor Huxley was very positive in his attacks on Christianity and the Bible. He was very bitter in his discussion with Mr. Gladstone. He was a lucid writer and deep scientist, but most of his fame arose out of his attacks on religion.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

Prescott, Ont., Can., July 1, 1895. The Rev. L. A. Lambert, Scottsville, Monroe County, N. Y.: Rev. Father: I wish to get some information about the two following quotations, which I take from a letter that was published in the *Mail and Empire*, Toronto Ont.: "They only are to be accounted assassins who commit a murder with the bargain that he who employs them shall pay them a temporal reward." (Liguori's Moral Theology, Vol. 3, p. 92.) I wish to know if the foregoing is a faithful translation of the original, and, if so,

what it means. Please quote the original Latin, if possible.

The second quotation and reference are as follows: "That we may in all things attain the truth, that we may not err in anything; we ought ever to hold it a fixed principle that what I see white I believe to be black, if the hierarchical Church so defines it to be." (Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola.) Is this found in the "Spiritual Exercises;" and, if so, what does it mean? I will be very thankful to you for any information you can give me on the above, and an early reply will very much oblige. Very respectfully, A. B. MACDONALD.

We would say to our correspondent that one must strongly suspect as fraudulent all quotations made by anti-Catholic bigots from Catholic writers. They are mostly misquotations or interpolations, or, if they be verbally correct, they are taken out of their connection as used by the author and made to misrepresent him.

The quotation from St. Liguori is an illustration of the last method. In treating of the old penalty of excommunication and deposition incurred by those who procured the assassination of Christians by hired assassins, or who harbored or defended them, Liguori said:

"At notandum quod mandantes occidi Christianum per assassinos, sive eos recipientes, defendentes aut occultantes, ipso facto incurunt excommunicationem ac depositionem ab omni dignitate, officio, et beneficio." "It is to be noted that those who procure (mandantes) the killing of a Christian by assassins, or those receiving, or defending or concealing them, incur ipso facto excommunication and deposition from all dignity, office and benefice."

Now, in inflicting this punishment on those who instigated, received, defended or concealed assassins, it was necessary, in the legal process, to know precisely what was meant by "assassins" in the text of the law. If a man were on trial for harboring or concealing an assassin, the first step in the legal proceedings would be to prove that the party harbored or concealed was in fact an assassin in the eyes of the law. This made it necessary to determine what constitutes an assassin under the law; just as when a man is on trial for murder, it is necessary to prove that the act committed by him is in that class of crimes known to the law as murder and not in the class of rape, arson or burglary. To prove a man to be an assassin or a murderer—and, mark, these two are not the same—a definition of assassin or murderer must be given.

This brings us to the words of St. Liguori, quoted in the letter to the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. The saint gave a definition of "assassins," in view of the above law inflicting excommunication on those who harbored them, just as a modern writer on law would give a definition of murder, in view of the law inflicting death for it. He said:

"Non censari assassinos nisi qui homicidium patravit cum pacto ut mandans aliquid temporale eis persolvat."

The translation given above is correct enough. This definition makes a distinction between assassination and murder, showing that a murder, to be an assassination, must be done as the result of a bargain and in view of a payment. Every assassination is a murder, but not every murder is an assassination. Death is the usual penalty for both, but there is an added atrociousness in the latter in the cold-blooded bargaining. To convict a person of instigating an assassin, or harboring him, it was necessary to prove that the murder was an assassination—that is, that it was done for pay, and in consequence of a bargain.

All this is clear enough to those familiar with legal processes, ecclesiastical, civil, or criminal. To have quoted the words of Liguori in their proper connection would have defeated the purpose of the writer in the *Mail and Empire*. He therefore took them out of their connection, and so quoted them as to leave the impression that Liguori in some way approved of assassination, or murder, providing it was paid for. There was not an honest man behind the pen that wrote that letter. The Church punished with her extreme penalty the instigators, abettors and harborers of assassins, and yet the malignant bigot tries to leave the impression that she condoned murder when done for pay.

Our correspondent does not give the page in St. Ignatius' "Spiritual Exercises," from whence the second quotation purports to be taken. But it bears on its face evidence of fraud. There is such a thing as color blindness, and the managers of our railroads require their employes to pass an examination lest they might mistake the color of signals and cause disaster. Many applicants discover that what they see as white is not white, and are refused employment as incompetent. The railroad companies very wisely, for the personal comfort of the traveling public, do not permit their employes to exercise the Protestant principle of private judgment in this matter. Some men may be willing to risk their eternal salvation on it, but when it comes to risking their neck or leg, they want better security. St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuit order, is universally recognized as a very able man, but neither he nor his followers claim that he was an expert in color blindness. Nor does the Church, by virtue of her divine commission, claim authority to determine physical color blindness, whatever she may claim as to spiritual. This latter seems to be the prevailing disease among bigots. They look at the Church as the victim

of *delirium tremens* looks at beautiful nature, and sees horrible and menacing things.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ADRIANO LEMMI, THE FREEMASON POPE, ACCORDING TO DOMINIC MARGIOTTA.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Mr. Dominic Margiotta, formerly a leading Freemason and Luciferian of Palmi, in Southern Italy, first became disgusted with his brothers in Lucifer when they elected Adrian Lemmi Supreme Chief of Freemasons and Luciferians, in their general convention held at Rome on the 20th September, 1893. Some time after he reconciled himself with the Catholic Church, the Church of his childhood, which he had combated for so many years with all the ardor and hatred of an apostate. Then he resolved to expose the man whom the Freemasons were not ashamed to elect as their Supreme Chief, in spite of his life-long and proved rascality and wickedness. The result of this resolution is a biography of Adriano Lemmi which—supported as it is by historical evidence and authentic documentary proofs—ought to bring the blush of shame and of indignation on the cheek of every Freemason and a cry of execration from the lips of all honest and fair-minded people, whatever may be their race, color or creed. The fact alone that the honest press of Italy and other European countries is continually repeating the most awful accusations against Lemmi without as much as one single libel suit from his part against them would in itself be the best evidence—if it were still needed—to prove to a demonstration that they are stating nothing but what they can substantiate if necessary before the courts of a country which is entirely in the hands of Freemasonry and which to its own disgrace and loss is so utterly misgoverned by the knights of the trowel and square.

To digress for a moment—the horrible revelations about Freemasonry, Satanism and Luciferianism coming, as they do, from so many different sources and in such astounding variety and yet wonderful harmony are certainly such that the honest press can not but notice and condemn them in the most public and emphatic manner possible. The latest and most reliable eye-witness now in the field against secret society doings and aims, is Miss Diana Vaughan, a Louisville, Ky., lady, one of the leading Luciferian organizers, and Grand Inspectress; about whom a good deal was said in the articles of this paper on Dr. Batalle's "The Devil in the Nineteenth Century." This most active and astute enemy of God and His Church has just received the most extraordinary grace of seeing the truth and of being admitted into the Catholic Church in the middle of last June, to the utter disgust and dismay of her former friends and co-laborers for the kingdom of Lucifer. And well might they be in dismay and rage; because for many years this lady was most intimately acquainted with the innermost secrets and doings of the Luciferian leaders. In the revelations which she is promising to make, the public may expect to hear the facts related by Texel, Bataille, De La Rive, Margiotta and others confirmed in the most emphatic manner. Perhaps when we are through with Margiotta's *Lemmi* something may be said about her contemplated revelations.

But let us return to Lemmi. As he was during many years one of the leading conspirators of Italy his biographer necessarily follows him closely in his career of theft, fraud, murder, conspiracy and treason; so that Margiotta's book on Lemmi is in great part a political history of the troublous times through which Italy passed during the last thirty or forty years. And it is truly a savorious and interesting page of history that well deserves to be examined and commended.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAIR PLAY FOR CATHOLICS.

is in Order and as Christians We Demand It.

The *Homiletic Review*, as was noted in a recent issue of the *Columbian*, gives space to an article by Rev. John Talbot Smith in answer to an editorial "Romanism in America" which appeared in a late number of that *Review*.

Father Smith says: Five charges were made in this article against the Catholic Church in the United States, which it would take a volume to sustain, which have never yet been sustained, and which in our honest belief can never be proved, no matter how clear and convinced may be the special pleader who shall undertake the case. They have been repeated a thousand times, have never succeeded in convincing any honest mind of their truth, and yet they never die, never surrender, but run away with the intention of fighting another day. We are weary answering them. We assert our innocence in vain. At the same time they give us a certain consolation: if no better case than these charges indicate can be made out against us, we are forever safe. They give us also a certain suspicion that our opponents need these things for the destroying of a legitimate interest in our doctrine. We have confidence in our religion, we feel certain it would attract; but we know it will never attract the American while he believes it the enemy of the American Government.

"These five charges are: 1. With steadfast persistence and increasing success, Rome has been

seeking to obtain masterhold upon the government of the United States.

"2. She has used her ecclesiastical power to control the votes of her members, and thus secure official position for those who support her claims.

"3. She has laid her hand upon municipal, State and national treasuries, and enriched herself at the public expense, coercing those who are hostile to her into an unwilling support of her institutions, educational, eleemosynary and other.

"4. In not a few cities her great cathedrals and churches, her protectories and hospitals, stand on ground for which she has paid nothing, or but a nominal price.

"5. In New York city six Roman Catholic institutions received, from 1883 to 1893, fifteen times as much money as all the Protestant institutions together.

Let us now examine these five charges as closely as limited space will permit. They are all taken for granted by their author, as if the case had been settled by the Supreme Court; but Roman Catholics enter a flat denial to each and all, and ask for the proofs, which no living being has ever yet seen. They are fictitious or visions.

1. We deny that Rome has been seeking to get a masterhold on this government: Where is the evidence? We are one seventh of the population, and by right we ought to have one seventh of the representation in the Legislatures, State and national; one seventh of the official positions, foreign and domestic; one seventh of the educational offices, one member of the cabinet, and one out of every seven Presidents. If there were no thought of Rome at election times, as there is no thought of the Methodist Bishops or of any other religious body, we might have that representation. If we had been seeking to get a hold on the government at any time within the last ten years we might now be near our lawful proportion. Perhaps we get one place in twenty out of all positions in the gift of the people and the gift of the Government; these we are compelled to earn. For the most part all high executive offices are closed to the Catholic; so are the foreign missions. Had we more than our share—had we one place in six, for example—men might find color for a charge of power-grabbing; but while for our faith we are deprived of our lawful and natural representation in the government of the land, this particular charge is ridiculous. But let the accusers bring on the proof.

2. We deny that the Church has used her ecclesiastical power to control the votes of her members, and thus to secure official position for those who support her claims. It has been very clear to the public for the last few years that no body of clergymen has such a record for non-interference in politics as the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church. Neither in the pulpit nor in the press, nor on the platform, have they favored any man's candidacy, or any party platform. Had they done so in all parts of the nation, steadily and regularly, we might now have a just share in the Government, and Catholic Christians might be filling the places now held by atheists and blatant ingersollites, who are so often preferred before us. The clergy have carefully refrained from interference, even when attacked unjustly, as in the recent Constitutional Convention. They left it to the laity to defend the interests of the Catholic body, and suffered much injury rather than offend their own traditions. Let the accusers bring on their proofs.

3. "We deny that the Church has taken anything not her own from the public treasury, or enriched herself at the public expense, or coerced her opponents into unwilling support of her institutions. Where is the evidence? On the grounds of conscience, we have built up a school system for our own children which educates a million children. We pay for them, and the treasury is thus much in pocket. We pay again for the support of the Public Schools; therefore it is we, not our opponents, who are coerced into unwilling support.

4. We deny, finally, that our cathedrals and churches in not a few cities, our protectories and hospitals, stand on ground for which little or nothing has been paid. This is an allusion to an old lie that has been tramping over the land for years, and has all the brass, vitality and raggedness of the American social and psychological puzzle, Weary Watkins. In New York city, its particular form is the charge that the site of St. Patrick's Cathedral was slyly stolen from the municipality. Again and again this story of robbery has been paraded in the public eye, and as often exposed as a lie. The history of the Cathedral site is briefly this: One Robert Syburn bought it from the city in 1799 for \$105; the same Syburn in 1810 conveyed it to one Francis Thompson by deed; within a month Francis Thompson conveyed it by deed to Andrew Morris and Cornelius Hoene; these two owned it for eleven years, and then conveyed it by deed to Denis Doyle, with an incumbrance, who transferred the property to the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the trustees of St. Peter's Church for a like sum, plus the interest for two months of a mortgage to the Eagle Insurance Company; this mortgage was foreclosed in 1828 by a decree of the Vice Chancellor, and sold to one Francis Cooper for \$5,500, by a deed dated from November, 1828. Thus thirty years elapsed from the time the city relinquished ownership of the site to one of its own citizens until it came into the hands of Catholic ecclesiastics as church prop-

erty. In the meantime it had passed through the hands of five owners, and each had paid the price asked, demanded or accepted by the previous owner. All this is on record, as the corporation counsel, Mr. Henry Beckman, recently testified, and the first promoter of the falsehood had only to go through the Public records to have saved himself a crime.

From the above statements it can be seen that we Catholics have suffered not a little from the hardness or carelessness of men who believe, with us, no salvation except through Him who call, as we do, upon the names of the ever blessed Trinity; who hope for everlasting life, with all the elect, in the presence of God. Fair play for Catholics is, therefore in, order, and we demand it as Christians."

The Pan-American Congress.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Then Father Ryan told the audience of a band of noble Catholic women in France who were devoting their lives to the nursing of incurable cancerous cases—something that nobody else would care to touch; and concluded by stating that if the assemblage could not all agree in what Christ said they could all, at least, agree to do what Christ did. God grant, said Father Ryan, that this Canada of ours might be united in charity and in the goal of our own beloved country, which Catholics were so proud of! (Loud and continued applause.)

A CURE WHO BECAME A CAR-DINAL.

In Consequence of His Act of Great Bravery.

About the year 1827 a young priest of the diocese of Lyons was appointed to a parish beautifully situated in the middle of a deep valley. In a short time he succeeded in winning the love and veneration of all. Meek and gentle in manner, sympathetic and self-sacrificing, he was ever ready to help these in distress of mind and body, sharing generously his modest income with the poor. No wonder that he became the closest friend and counsellor of all his parishioners.

One morning, soon after daybreak, the violent ringing of the church bells warned the villagers that some danger threatened. A reservoir, swollen by heavy rains, had burst its dams, and the torrent swept down the valley toward the village, forcing its way into the houses and marking its path by destruction. The good priest, who had been spending the night at the bedside of a dying man, was the first to organize a plan of rescue; and his calm demeanor and presence of mind restored courage and confidence to the frightened villagers.

Suddenly a heart-rending scream was heard from afar. The flood had dashed with overwhelming force against a cottage standing at the extreme end of the village; and already the waters had risen to the roof, upon which a woman, with two small children had taken refuge. The torrent surged round the walls of the hut, which threatened every moment to give way and bury mother and children in the flood. How was assistance to reach them? Every heart was paralyzed with fear. Anxiety had risen to the highest pitch, when the cure was seen plunging into the torrent, mounted on a horse hastily borrowed from a neighbor. It seemed as if the waters would overwhelm both horse and rider. But the brave priest's courage never failed; he kept his seat, and with skillful hand guided the struggling animal to the cottage. Taking the children in his arms, he plunged again into the flood, and soon deposited his barthen in safety. Once more the noble priest stemmed the wild torrent, in spite of the treaties of his flock, who implored him not to expose himself to certain death. "Pray for me!" he answered, as he turned again into the flood. Men and women fell on their knees, imploring the assistance of Heaven in behalf of their beloved pastor. When he reached the cottage, an unearthly crash was heard. The structure had given way, but not before the priest had caught the woman and headed once more for the hills.

Henceforth the love and veneration of the villagers for their priest were boundless. In their eager desire to testify their gratitude, they conceived a strange and original method of expressing their feelings. A short time after the occurrence they assembled to elect the crew of a life boat that was newly built. With one accord they named their cure as captain. In vain the latter objected, saying that a priest could not accept such a post. His flock refused to listen to his objections, declaring that the prefect had the affair in hand, and that their pastor should settle with him—they would not relent. The matter was brought before the officers of the administration, but none of them would undertake to decide such a strange question. At last the Minister of the Interior was appealed to, and he considered the affair sufficiently novel and interesting to be laid before the King. Charles X. expressed a desire to know the priest who was so beloved by his people, and as a result the devoted clergyman was shortly afterward appointed Coadjutor-Bishop of Nancy. In 1835 he became Archbishop of Bordeaux, and in 1852 was raised to the dignity of Cardinal. The priest to whom his flock thus testified their love and veneration was the late Cardinal Archbishop Donnet.—Ave Maria.



The Weaver.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom. A dinging his shuttle fast. And a thread that would wear till the hour of doom. Was added at every cast. His warp had been by the angels spun. And his weft was bright and new. Likethreads which the morning unbraids from the sun. All jewelled over with dew. And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers. In the rich, soft web were bedded: And hither to the weaver sped onward the hours. Nor yet were Time's feet leaded!

ONE NUN'S LIFE STORY.

The Steps That Led to Mother Drane's Conversion.

"A Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael, O. S. D." is the title of a book that tells the story of the life, conversion and work for God of a remarkable woman. The work, which is published by Longmans, Green & Co., is edited by Father Bertrand Wilberforce. He has allowed Mother Drane to tell the story as nearly as possible in her own words.

learned to read the Scripture as interpreted by the Prayer-book. I learnt to love the Prayer-book, to love the mystical sense, too, of the Sacred Text, and to all this I applied myself with an inexplicable ardor. I scarcely knew how many new ideas were growing in my mind; but still they existed in my mind only. I do not think I was, in point of fact, gaining many religious habits, or practising many degrees more of self-restraint. Still, it was an education, and sowed in me the seeds of faith.

the future Mother Drane made the acquaintance of an Irish Dominican nun whose name is destined to long remain honored in the annals of her order, in the memory of her people, and in the history of the lovely country to the service of which she has given her splendid talents and a devotion unsurpassed. Mother Gabriel Gill, now the Provincial of the Dominican Order in New Zealand, and whose brilliant services in the cause of Catholic education beneath the Southern Cross are amongst the proudest trophies of the missionary zeal of the Celtic race. Amongst others whom she met during her stay in Ireland was Father Matthew Russell, S. J., of whose kindness she cherished grateful memory until her death. On April 29, of last year, Mother Francis Raphael died—dying, as she had lived, the death of a saint. A gifted writer whose works have enriched Catholic literature, a perfect religious whose counsels, quoted in the present work, will long be treasured in every cloister, a ceaseless worker whose zeal and energy ever wore the veil of a sweet graciousness, Mother Francis Raphael has left a memory which her spiritual Sisters and children will not willingly suffer to fall into oblivion, and of which Father Wilberforce's charming volume is a fitting and worthy memorial.—Catholic News.

WEALTH OF ARCHBISHOPS.

Very Limited Resources of Great American Prelates.

The transfer of the authority de facto and de jure of the Metropolitan See of St. Louis from Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick to his coadjutor, Archbishop John J. Kain, has, says the New York Herald, occasioned the publication of many misleading and erroneous statements concerning the two prelates and their relations to the temporalities and the spiritual jurisdiction of the charge.

A Metropolitan is a Bishop who presides over the chief city of an ecclesiastical province. Every Metropolitan is an Archbishop, but every Archbishop is not a Metropolitan. The former are those who have suffragan Bishops, the latter may not have any at all. In the United States there are now four Metropolitan Archbishops—the Archbishops of Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Oregon, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and Santa Fe. In addition there are four other Archbishops—Mgr. Satolli, Archbishop Grace, who resigned the See of St. Paul and lives there as one of Archbishop Ireland's Vicars; Archbishop Salpointe, who resigned the See of Santa Fe, and Archbishop Kenrick, who has just been relieved of the charge of the St. Louis province.

JURISDICTION OF THE METROPOLITAN.

Formerly the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan over their suffragans was almost absolute. Now it is almost nil. They can convoke provincial councils or urge a delinquent Bishop to conform to the duties of his office. They can entertain an appeal of a subject of one of their suffragan Bishops, or when a suffragan neglects to comply with the duties of his office the Metropolitan may remedy the neglect, if only in very grave cases. If the suffragan dies or is incapacitated without naming a temporary administrator for the diocese the Metropolitan appoints that official. The permanent management, though, must come from Rome. Every Bishop is practically supreme in his own diocese. He does not share with the Archbishop the authority over his spiritual or temporal affairs. Archbishop Corrigan has no voice or direct control in the affairs of Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Albany or any of his suffragan Sees, unless the Bishop thereof neglects his duties.

The Pope alone can appoint a Bishop. In certain cases—for instance, if the diocese is a great distance from Rome—a Bishop who, through age or infirmity, is unable to perform his duties may select a temporary coadjutor with the advice and consent of his chapter. In case of the insanity of the Bishop the chapter itself by a two-third vote may name such coadjutor, but a report must be made to Rome as speedily as possible. This was the canon law made and provided in the olden time, when there was no cable to annihilate space and time. Now there are few lands so remote from the Vatican as to warrant such a course.

Coadjutors are appointed on account of any chronic and incurable bodily disease making it impossible for the Bishop of the See to perform his duties, as, for instance, loss of speech, blindness, paralysis and the like, old age, insanity, continued and frequent neglect of duty. Removals are made for the same causes. Coadjutors assigned to an insane Bishop take complete administration of the diocese in temporal as well as spiritual matters.

INCOME OF THE BISHOPS.

The salary of a Bishop or an Archbishop is called the cathedralium. This is a yearly tax paid by each parish in the diocese into the diocesan treasury. The rate is usually fixed by the pastors themselves at a diocesan synod. They consider what would be the proper amount to meet the Bishop's expenses, and arrange it accordingly pro rata on the parochial divisions. The Archbishop's salary, however, is not provincial. It comes only from his own immediate episcopal jurisdiction. Archbishop Corrigan gets no income from Brooklyn or any other

his suffragan Sees. They support only their own Bishops. In New York Archbishop Corrigan's income from the two hundred churches of his diocese ranges from \$200 a year paid by the large city parishes down to \$50 sent from some of the rural churches. Out of this he has to support himself, his secretaries and the clerical domestic staff of his elaborate house in Madison avenue and pay his traveling expenses in the visitations that take up so much of his time. While the income is probably the largest of any of the Metropolitans in the country, the running expenses of the office are equally great and the demands on his purse for charities and needy churches are constant. In Brooklyn last year the diocesan synod fixed the cathedralium for the Bishop at 1 per cent. of the income of each parish. The same customs as those cited obtain in other dioceses, modified by minor local circumstances.

NEW HAVEN PERSONAL FORTUNES. The late Cardinal Manning was wont to say that the proper way for a priest or Bishop to die was without money and without debts. The great English prelate followed out his own teaching in this respect, and it has been the usual rule with American Bishops also. Few, if any, of them have died possessed of any personal fortune, although the opportunity to amass wealth was often present. Here in New York, for instance, the late Archbishop Hughes and Cardinal McCloskey could, if they had been so disposed, have easily accumulated fortunes through speculations or investments. Neither had anything to bother him at his demise. The late Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, was noted for his ability as a financier, having large experience in business before he entered the ministry. All his talent in this direction was exercised to improve the diocesan property. He left nothing of his own. The pioneer Bishop of Brooklyn, the Right Rev. John Loughlin, was famous for his shrewd foresight of real estate values. He secured property all over the city in the best sites long before the civic limits enhanced their value. With the resources at his command he could have easily been a millionaire. All he disposed of in his will was his watch and a set of old spoons, which he gave to his sister. A year before his death the people of Brooklyn gave him a purse of \$25,000 on the celebration of his sacerdotal jubilee. With this money he paid the debts of some of the charitable institutions.

The only modern prelate on record who tried to make money was the late Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, who started a banking annex to the episcopal palace. What a disastrous failure it was need not be recapitulated here. Yet it was his brother more than the Archbishop that was to blame in the matter, and the object of the scheme was not for personal gain. It was a means adopted to better the resources of the diocese to meet the demands of the increasing population for churches and priests.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S CHARITY.

Of the present members of the hierarchy of the United States Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is probably the wealthiest. His personal fortune comes from land investments made before the marvelous growth of the Western cities near his home and from railroad enterprises in which he had been included by the intimate and powerful friends he has among the Western Trunk Line magnates. According to his admirers the bulk of his income goes to the poor missions and churches that form no inconsiderable part of his province. Archbishop Corrigan has a modest patrimony from his father's estate. It is doubtful if he has increased it from the salary of his office, which, as has already been explained, is well balanced by the demands continually made on it. He is now much interested in the completion of the new diocesan seminary near Yonkers. His personal contribution to it is the erection of the chapel of the institution. This will probably cost him \$75,000. Cardinal Gibbons does not get a very large income from the comparatively small diocese of Baltimore. It is well known that he hesitated for some time about accepting the red hat, for the simple reason that he was too poor to incur the very considerable expense that accompanied such an honor. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, whose name has more than once been mentioned for the second hat, has also given this reason for a refusal. The other day he commemorated his sacerdotal jubilee, and one of the gifts from his admiring subjects was a check for \$50,000. Perhaps he may now see his way to an acceptance of a seat in the Senate of the Church, where, it is said, the Pope desires to have him.

ARCHBISHOPS WHO ARE POOR. Archbishops Feehan, of Chicago; Riordan, of San Francisco; Gross, of Oregon; Ryan, of Philadelphia; Chappelle, of Santa Fe; Katarer, of Milwaukee; Janssens, of New Orleans, and Hennessey, of Dubuque, are all comparatively poor men. There is not a money planner among them. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has a considerable reputation as a financial executive, but all his energies have been spent in getting the diocese out of the tangle into which the Purcell disaster threw its affairs.

The salary of a pastor in New York city is \$800 a year. It is never any more. Father M. J. Lavelle is the rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the largest and most imposing Catholic church in the whole United States. POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

His salary is only \$800 a year; and if he lives to hold this position for fifty years to come he will get no increase. The assistants get \$500 a year for the first three years after their ordination, and then \$600. This is the limit. The offerings made at weddings, funerals, baptisms, etc., or "stole fees," as they are canonically called, do not go to the personal benefit of the recipient. They are put into a fund which is used for the household expenses of each rectory. So with the cemetery and chancery receipts, which go to the Bishops. These must be devoted to charitable uses. The Bishop who would take them for his personal benefit would incur the gravest censure. As a body, therefore, the Catholic hierarchy of the United States are not men of wealth or disposed to use their positions and opportunities to get money for their personal use.

AS OTHERS VIEW IT.

The outlook for Home Rule is not bright; but the prospect for its enemies is yet darker in the event of a great continental war, such as is liable to break out any time. Irish Americans have contributed millions for the peace settlement of Ireland's grievances. If the outcome of nearly twenty years' agitation is to be twenty more of coercion, England will find no friend in any man of Irish blood when her hour of need arrives and when friends will be as precious as they are scarce.—The Pilot.

Ireland has little to deplore in the downfall of Rosebery. He was recent to all his promises to the Home Rule party, and judged by the past, nothing in the way of substantial legislation was to be hoped for from the Liberals. If the Home Rulers would but cease their puerile contentions, unite their factions and agree upon a plan of campaign not altogether Utopian, they could as allies of the new party make Rosebery's disaster Ireland's opportunity.—Catholic Columbian.

The downfall of the Rosebery Government may be a blessing in disguise to Ireland. It may open the eyes of that people to the necessity of union among themselves. That they have gained nothing from the fallen administration is due largely to the disunion and differences among the leaders, the terrible causes of coldness and hesitation on the part of many who would otherwise have been first in the breach to Ireland's rescue. The duty of the hour so much discussed is union at home. Until this is accomplished all else remains undone.—Pittsburg Catholic.

The fall of the Rosebery Government surprised nobody who had watched the trend of politics in Great Britain during the last twelve months. The tumble had been long discounted; so when it came there was little excitement even in England. The only wonder was that the Ministers held out as long as they did. They had lost caste with the people; their working majority had been reduced to the vanishing point; they disagreed among themselves as to the policies which should be given preference in the legislative programme. With ample opportunity to choose the time of retirement from office and the issues which should form the basis of the party's appeal to the constituencies, they blindly stumbled into a pit which the wily Chamberlain had dug for them, and inglorious and prematurely lowered their colors.—The Republic.

Hot weather proves depressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangement are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effluvia from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

If you must draw the line at Lard and have, like thousands of other people, to avoid all food prepared with it, this is to remind you that there is a clean, delicate and healthful vegetable shortening, which can be used in its place. If you will USE COTTOLENE instead of lard, you can eat pie, pastry and the other "good things" which other folks enjoy, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Deliverance from lard has come. Buy a pail, try it in your own kitchen, and be convinced. Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

"The same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods."

Brethren: Let me say a word to you this morning about the vice of extravagance; for the Gospel of this Sunday warns us, by implication, of wasting our Master's—that is, our Lord's—goods; and everything we have, we have from His bounty.

This seems to be a wasteful age. Perhaps that is less a misfortune than if the age were penurious and thieving. But stop a moment; wherever you find wastefulness you find side by side with it the opposite vice of avarice. The truth is, you cannot be wasteful without being in some way unjust to somebody or other. Either you cheat your creditors, or you wrong your children, or you give your neighbors a false impression of your financial ability.

Love of money is great folly, to be sure. But did you ever know a finer specimen of a fool than the girl who earns a few dollars a week and hangs in all on her back and on her head in the shape of extravagant clothing? Indeed, I think a little money spent in becoming attire—a pretty hat, a nice, well fitting dress—is well spent; that is all right, and is quite consistent with a little account at the savings-bank. But where is the sense of a working-girl putting on the airs of a princess all tricked out with jewels and satins and furs? Where is the sense of squandering your money that when the time comes to get married you haven't got a cent to your name; or when sickness comes you must be taken care of like a pauper?

While on this head, I wish to say that a girl who has lived at service, and married a working-man, sometimes brings to his housekeeping the lavish extravagance of the rich man's house from which she has come. But, on the other hand, we know what excellent, neat, thrifty, and withal religious wives these girls generally make.

But what is any extravagance compared to the beer-drinker's, to that of the man who loses his blue Monday's wages, and many another day's wages, by his Sunday spree? Truly, there is no leak in the poor man's pocket equal to that which pours his money into the grog seller's till. Capital may be, sometimes doubtless, unjust; but labor is notoriously unjust to itself. Come, my brethren, what gives capital its grip on the laboring class? Is it not that the men must work or starve?—that when wages are high the saloon-keeper gets what might be saved? Do you think you can fight for your rights against capital unless you have money? And how do you expect to have money unless by the discipline of economy, the restraint of temperance, the boycotting of the bar room.

Look at it again: when wages are low, does the saloon-keeper complain of "depression in business"? By no means. The foolish workman levies just the same tax on his scanty as on his full earnings. He devotes to a harmful luxury what should meet the requirements of bare necessity. He robs his overworked body of nutritious food that he may drink his drugged beer. Hence his flabby face and trembling nerves; hence his shabby clothes, good enough for the saloon but not for the Sunday Mass. Hence his ragged wife, and his yellow-faced and puny children. Brethren, of all the stewards of the Lord who will hear those words, "I accuse you of wastefulness of my goods," the tipsy working-man will not be the least terrified. When we consider this kind of extravagance of intelligent and Christian men and parents, we are not surprised that when they return to their senses they become fanatics in their hatred of the saloon.

Brethren, thrift is a natural virtue, common to Jew, Gentile and Christian. But multitudes of men and women can practise the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope and Love only on condition that they, or those upon whom they depend, have provided for them a decent home. This is a condition of life which is, morally speaking, necessary for most persons to start upon the practice of the Christian virtues. We all know that a good home can be secured by habits of saving.

But, you may ask, what about the extravagance of the rich? I answer: wait till next Sunday.

Patriotism and Christianity.

The best patriot is the best Christian. The man who would sow the seeds of religious strife and set Christian against Christian is not, and cannot be, a good citizen. He cannot be a sound patriot, for he violates a fundamental principle of the constitution, which guarantees to every man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.—Boston Republic.

That Tired Feeling

Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Sir Walter Scott's Dog "Camp."

"The wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I chastised him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever tone or voice it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt after all, Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced.

"When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill or through the moor, and, although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went down at the front to get up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moorside."

That was certainly a very wise dog. He was a good one, too, for he was always ashamed of his one bad act, and never repeated it.

The Best Boy Story.

"The best boy story I ever heard." That was what a lawyer said of this story I am to relate to you: We have had a good many boys with us from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment in Market street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices to learn the business, but the best boy we ever had is now with us and is a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishment we could not do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us eleven years acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate, each year; and as it turned out, when according to agreement we should have been paying him \$500 a year, we paid him \$900, and he never said a word himself about an increase of salary. From the very outset he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little over time at night it never seemed to make any difference to him. He gradually came to know where everything was to be found, and if information was wanted, it was to this boy—Frank Jones—that every one applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head, and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the name of every man who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used to say to him, "Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?"

"I make it my business to remember," he would say, "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer. And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases as he took in the store, and he would go to no end of trouble to suit them exactly, and to fulfill to the letter everything that he promised.

Well, affairs went on this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him into the firm as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco nor beer, nor went to the theater. He continued, as at the beginning, to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest, he paid his mother \$2.00 a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed. We thought it very probable that he had laid up \$1,000 or \$2,000. So when we made the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm, he immediately replied:

"If \$10,000 will be any object I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary \$9,100, and my sister will let me have six hundred." I can tell you that I never was more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand, and most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty five cents, or five cents for an unnecessary thing, and had kept his money in bank, where it kept gathering interest. I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is much;" and on the other, "He that is diligent in business, shall stand before kings; and not before mean men." And Frank Jones' success was the fulfillment of these two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds," said Mr. Alden.

A small boy of ten, who had listened to the story with eager eyes, as well as ears, said: "But we don't have any boys in this country, Mr. Alden, for diligent boys to stand before!" "Yes, we do," laughed Mr. Alden. "We

have more kings here than in any other country in the world. We have money kings, and business kings, and railroad kings, and land kings, and merchant kings, and publishing kings; and some of them wield an enormous power." This is a great land for kings."

THE EARLY BRITISH CHURCH NOT INDEPENDENT OF ROME.

We recently took occasion to comment on the presumption of our esteemed contemporary, the *Churchman*, in its criticism of the Holy Father's historical knowledge. In opposition to the *Churchman's* positive and dogmatical assertion that "Christianity as first known in Britain was not Roman Christianity," we showed that from the year 179, at which period we have the first historical record, when we are informed that King Lucius sent to Pope Eleutherius entreating that by his command he might be made a Christian; to 429 when by order of Pope Celestine, Saint Germanus, Bishop of Auerre, went to Britain to stem the tide of Pelagianism and save the nation from heresy and apostasy, we have conclusive historical evidence that the British Church was in communion with Rome; that her Bishops sat in at least two councils—once at Arles, in 314, and another at Sardica, in 347—both of which sent letters to the Pope, accompanying the decrees that had been passed recognizing his authority, addressing him as their head, declaring Rome to be the See of Peter and to this See further stating it is most fitting that the Bishops of each Province should have recourse.

But the question arises, how was it that in 596, when Pope Gregory the Great sent Augustine and his companions as missionaries to convert the Britons, they found the country in such a barbarous condition? The question is an important one, and the answer is full of a sad and mournful interest.

From the time of Saint Germanus' second visit in 447 down to the middle of the next century, says Butterworth: "England and Rome," the British Church can hardly be said to have a historical existence. The interval was one of trouble and sorrow. Under the comparatively mild sway of Rome the inhabitants of Britain had enjoyed for a considerable time the blessings of peace. The legions of Rome had stopped those feuds and civil wars which had for so many ages deluged the country with blood, and they had begun to enjoy the blessings of peace under the protection of a powerful nation. But Rome was no longer invincible. The incursion of the hordes of northern barbarians had rendered it necessary to withdraw the legion from Britain, and this gave occasion for that terrible treachery of the Saxon who had been invited to aid in expelling the Picts and Scots who had begun to overrun the country. These wild, savage, Saxon idolaters, after having aided the Britons for a while turned upon and overcame those whom they had sworn to assist and defend. But displaced by Saxons the doctrines and rites of Christianity were made to give place to the impure and idolatrous worship of Thor and Woden and of a multiplicity of gods of wood and stone. Gillias, the historian of the period, himself a Briton, a monk and a witness for a time of the disorders and overthrow of his countrymen, relates that: "The Saxon fired the churches, murdered the inhabitants, and destroyed as far as was possible every vestige of Christianity." Venerable Bede says: "Public as well as private structures were overturned, the priests were everywhere slain before the altars; the prelates and the people without any respect of persons were destroyed with fire and sword, nor were there any to bury those who had been thus cruelly murdered."

We are told that the people during this period of misrule abandoned themselves to every excess, and the clergy, by imitating the vices of the people, added much to the misfortunes of the people. Still there were some who remained faithful. From the *Liber Landavensis* we learn that there was Saint Dubricius, who is said to have been consecrated Bishop by St. Germanus on his second visit to the island; St. Teilo, who was said to have been Bishop of Landaff, in 512; Saint David, who died Bishop of Saint David's about the middle of the sixth century, and Odoceus, who was Teilo's successor—in all of whom the virtues of the Catholic prelate shone forth with a splendor worthy of a better country and better times.

But it may be asked have we any evidence that attachment to the Holy See still continued and that its supremacy was recognized? We have, in the *Liber Landavensis*, just quoted, as well as other historical records, frequent mention of the Apostolic sanction, when reference is made to the transfer of ecclesiastical property showing that the authority of the Holy See was still recognized. In the life of Odoceus, who flourished before Augustine's mission, allusion is made to the fact that "the Church of Rome has a dignity above all the churches of the Catholic faith." And Gillias alludes to the journeys of simoniacal prelates across the seas (that is, to Rome, of course,) in order to obtain the object of their ambition, which shows that the sanction of the Pope was considered necessary.

If it be objected that the evidence of the condition of the early Church in Britain is not as full and complete as could be desired, it should be remembered that time and the barbaric hatred of the Saxons, of everything connected

with Christianity and the Church have made ruthless destruction of nearly all the records of the period.

But that which is most relied upon by the advocates of an independent British Church is the fact that Augustine was not recognized by the first synod, that was called for the purpose of deciding whether they would assent to the proposal of Augustine in regard to sundry reforms which he deemed necessary, principal among which was the change in the time of keeping Easter. The fact is there was no question of the Pope's supremacy, so far as we are informed, before the synod. The minds of the seven Bishops who composed the synod had been prejudiced by the Abbot Dinooth's foolish test which he had proposed to them before meeting Augustine: "If Augustine rises up to you at your approach," said Dinooth, "hear him submissively, being assured that he is the servant of Christ; but if he shall despise you, and not rise up to you, whereas you are more in number, let him also be despised by you." They did as he directed, "and it happened that when they came Augustine was sitting in a chair, which, they observing were in a passion, and charging him with pride endeavored to contradict all he said." Augustine stated to them the points in which he thought a change in their customs was necessary. They answered that they would do none of those things nor receive him as their Archbishop. Why? Was it because they did not recognize the authority of the Pope who had sent him? Not at all. There was not a word said about the Pope. Venerable Bede, from whom the account is taken, gives the reason in these words: "For they alleged among themselves that if he would not rise up to us how much more will he condemn us as of no worth if we shall begin to be under his subjection."

Dinooth may have been a very good and holy man; he was at least a man of great authority at the time, but he certainly adopted a very foolish test for determining the true character of a saintly man like Augustine; and we must say that our Anglican friends are equally unwise in grounding upon the refusal to recognize Augustine as Archbishop under such circumstances the absurd and unauthorized claim of independence of the Anglican Establishment of the authority of the Holy See.—Catholic Review.

PROTESTANT LEAGUE FOR CATHOLIC UNITY.

Seven Congregational, eight Episcopalian and seven Presbyterian ministers sign the manifesto of "The League for Catholic Unity," a proposition looking towards the union of various Protestant bodies, representatives of which favor it.—Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopalian and German Reformed. The basis of union, as set forth by this circular, is the Chicago-Lambeth platform, formulated a few years ago by American and English Episcopalians:—the acceptance of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed; the two Sacraments, baptism and the Supper of the Lord; "the historic episcopate."

Say the framers of the manifesto:—"We believe that upon the basis of these four principles as articles of agreement the unification of the Christian denominations of this country may proceed, cautiously and steadily, without any alteration of their existing standards of doctrine, polity and worship which might not reasonably be made in a spirit of brotherly love and harmony, for the sake of unity and for the furtherance of all the great ends of the Church of Christ on earth." Apparently they are over-sanguine. The *Congregationalist*, of Boston, probably the strongest exponent of that denomination, protests at once against the "historic episcopate," rightly declaring that it "meets authority, or it has no meaning," and that it is thus squarely in conflict with Congregationalism, which means the actual and entire self-government of local Church.

The *Independent* also protests against the "historic episcopate," feeling evidently that it is conceding too much to the Episcopalians, whom it has never been willing to regard as less Protestant than other Protestants. The *Churchman*, chief organ of the Episcopalians, welcomes this attempt at religious unity and expects something to come of it.

The *Congregationalist* and the *Independent* are, however, more consistent. They realize that, in the very idea of religious unity, is implied doctrinal uniformity.

When all other cure preparations fail try Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

THE PRIZE KANSAS BABY CITY CURED OF ECZEMA BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES. Our baby when three weeks old was badly afflicted with Eczema. Her head, arms, neck, limbs, and nearly every joint in her body was raw and bleeding when we concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. We began with CUTICURA (containing CUTICURA SOAP, and after the first application we could see a change. After we had used them one week some of the sores had healed entirely, and ceased to spread. In less than a month, she was free from scales and blemishes, and to-day has as lovely skin and hair as any child. She was shown at the Orange Fair, and took a premium as the prettiest baby, over sixteen others. HALL & MERRILL, 1959 Baltimore Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Father Cleary Scores the New Woman.

The "new woman" was unmercifully scored at Sinsinawa, Wis., in a recent address by Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, National President of the C. T. A. U. The address was made to the pupils of St. Clare Academy, the well-known Dominican convent.

House Full of Steam!

A big fire, heavy lifting, hard work is the usual way of doing the wash . . . . .



directions on the wrapper. It does away with boiling or scalding the clothes and all that mess and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner, washed in this way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap on wash day, why don't you?



A TEA KETTLE

will give all the hot water required when

Surprise Soap

is used according to the directions on the wrapper. It does away with boiling or scalding the clothes and all that mess and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner, washed in this way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap on wash day, why don't you?

1692. THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



VERY LIBERAL OFFERS.

An Opportunity to Possess a beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay.

THE HOLY BIBLE

(WITHOUT CLASP.)

Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages. The Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. Revised and corrected according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius E. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings.

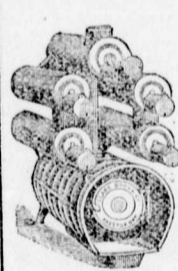
This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12x10x4 inches, weighs 1 1/2 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid; and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and The Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

THE HOLY BIBLE. A SMALLER EDITION

Translated from the Latin vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth. Size 10x7x2, and weighs 3 pounds 6 ounces. This book will be sent to any address on same conditions as the larger edition, for Four Dollars, and a year's credit given on subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is always better to send remittances by money order, but when cash is sent the letter should in every case be registered.

Address THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.



Preston Furnaces

For WOOD and COAL.

We make a Specialty of Heating and Guarantee our Furnaces to give satisfaction. Write for Catalogue with prices and references.

CLARE BROS. & CO., Preston, Ont.

Eastern Branch - 160 McGill Street, Montreal. Western Branch - 480 Market Street, Winnipeg.

unity and submission to some recognized authority. They do not desire such unity, nor see the need of it, and they frankly say so.

The *Congregationalist* is wrong, however, in intimating that this unity exists in no Christian body. It is in a position to know that absolute doctrinal unity exists in the Catholic Church; and that differences of opinion in mere matters of polity do not affect doctrinal unity.

"It is right, however," when it says: "Probably such an organic union would not last more than a year or two, and the Episcopalians, who would have given form to the new combined body, would be among the first to secede."

The Episcopalians retain more of Catholic doctrine and discipline than any other Protestants; and on the more devout and earnest among them, the Catholic Church, be it consciously or themselves or unconsciously, is the only religious body which exercises much attractive force. This force is felt, primarily, in the conversions to Catholicity from Episcopalianism in America and England, that steady process of "reunion by absorption;" and secondarily, by the approximation of Episcopalianism to the outward likeness of the True Church by the resumption of much of her ritual. Both of these movements are gradually preparing the way for a real reunion on a grand scale.

Meantime every attempt at religious unity, even be it as inconsistent in spirit and expression as this Protestant League for Catholic Unity in question, is making good men think and bringing religious divisions more and more into disfavor.

Father Cleary Scores the New Woman.

The "new woman" was unmercifully scored at Sinsinawa, Wis., in a recent address by Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, National President of the C. T. A. U. The address was made to the pupils of St. Clare Academy, the well-known Dominican convent.

"Never since the demon drove Eve out of Paradise," said Father Cleary, "has a more dastardly and villainous attack been made on humanity's happiness than is made in the name of woman's independence, under a standard of unreasoning and delusive warfare.

"All who watch the trend of the times in the camp of the loud voiced champions of woman's emancipation will know that this is not overdrawn. Their theories have been pushed to serious extremes. Their boldest defenders have dared even to claim the unholy privilege of revising the inspired Word of God to suit their mad purposes and of bringing into the world a woman's Bible, prepared by women and published by women, in which man will be assigned to the inferior place for which they claim nature intended him.

"Her banner bears this device: 'The New Woman: Man's Inevitable Foe.' Think of that! This means, if it is carried out, war in every household. Sex against sex."

A GREAT MEDICINE.

Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites its strengthening and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bower, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.



C. O. F.

Toronto, Ont., July 20, 1895. Sacred Heart Court, No. 29, meets first and third Thursdays of each month, in room 2, Temperance Hall.

The above mentioned court held their regular meeting Thursday last, July 19, 1895, at 7:30 p.m. A large number of the members were present.

On Thursday last a moonlight excursion was held under the auspices of the Windsor court of the C. O. F.

The annual picnic of the Catholic orphans was held at Silver Falls on Wednesday, July 10, 1895, a very successful one.

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OBITUARY.

DOMINICK GREHAN, FINCH. We regret to announce the death of Dominick Grehan, of the 5th concession of Finch, who died at his residence on the 15th June, 1895.

MISS CLARA QUAYLE, TWEED, ONT. It is with regret we record the death of Miss Clara Quayle which occurred on Wednesday evening, after a brief illness.

The Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, which was mentioned in our last week's edition, promises to be a great success.

EL CATHOLIC RECORD. The Echo, a weekly paper published at Sandridge, in the Parry Sound District, in giving an account of the Orange celebration in that village on the 12th, administers a well merited castigation to some of the speakers on that occasion.

TRAVEL. The time now approaches for the fourth annual religious pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, under the direction of Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, on Tuesday, July 30.

REV. FATHER STANTON HAS had large experience in enterprises of this character, and consequently has been able to make the most complete arrangements with the C. P. R. officials for the comfort and convenience of passengers while in transit.

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graceful. He has a keen sense of humor, which is well employed in his lighter poems. He can be pathetic also, and his tributes to Sir John Macdonald, Thos. White, Longfellow, and gentle John Lesperance, are touching, tender and true.

Dr. J. K. Foran, the versatile editor of the Montreal True Witness, is certainly his own harshest critic when he characterizes his new book of 'Poems and Lyrics' as 'rude verses, written at haphazard.'

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spring, introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," he said, in reply to a question on the status of the Pink Pills business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, and it is gratifying to report that some, at least, of the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them.

"That is a pretty large order, isn't it?" "It is the best twelve months business yet. Look for a minute at what the figures mean. If all the pills were turned out into a heap, and a person set to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I have reckoned it—4 minutes, 21 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes, counting at the rate of 100 a minute.

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter. "Yes, I think we have had a record there. The head of a leading advertising agency in London to whom I showed my figures, told me that no business of the kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working in England two years, there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills, and one of these is over thirty years old, while the other has been at work for almost half that time."

"What do you mean by 'for nothing'?" "After I acquired the trade-mark I saw that if the thing was to be made a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently I obtained the advice and opinion of some of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that sort comes high. I made the changes in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favor with which the public has received the medicine demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London, two years ago, to place Pink Pills in the hands of the best medical men there; and, as you know, the medical expert is not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and least of all to a good one; and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for 50 cents medicine that will do him more good than \$50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only in this continent but in London and Paris.

"When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months' trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement: at the end of that time his answer was 'Leave it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine.' This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations: what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills, to let something

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else be pushed on to him in place of them—more especially if it is a work out thing like Blaud's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopoeia that has been a back number for years until a few storekeepers tried to push it, on the strength of Pink Pill advertising. You can take it from me that a storekeeper who tells anyone that Blaud's pill (which is not a proprietary at all, in any way a substitute for Pink Pills) is an inorganic and never ought to be trusted to sell medicine at all. A druggist as ignorant as that certainly isn't fit to put up a prescription, and will poison someone one day."

MARKET REPORTS. London, July 25.—Wheat, 81c to 84c per bushel. Oats, 50c to 52c per bushel. Barley, 45c to 50c per bushel. Rye, 45c to 50c per bushel. Beef, 10c to 12c per lb. Lamb, 8c to 10c per lb. Pork, 12c to 15c per lb. Butter, 15c to 20c per lb. Eggs, 15c to 20c per doz. Hops, 10c to 15c per lb. Sugar, 10c to 15c per lb. Coffee, 10c to 15c per lb. Tea, 10c to 15c per lb. Rice, 10c to 15c per lb. Flour, 10c to 15c per lb. Corn, 10c to 15c per lb. Beans, 10c to 15c per lb. Peas, 10c to 15c per lb. Lentils, 10c to 15c per lb. Chickens, 10c to 15c per lb. Turkeys, 10c to 15c per lb. Geese, 10c to 15c per lb. Ducks, 10c to 15c per lb. Poultry, 10c to 15c per lb. Fish, 10c to 15c per lb. Game, 10c to 15c per lb. Fruits, 10c to 15c per lb. Vegetables, 10c to 15c per lb. Miscellaneous, 10c to 15c per lb.

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From the Use of Cigarettes. 7. I hereby certify that my son became epileptic from the use of cigarettes, etc. and would have fallen ill as often as 5 times a day. After using all medicines, given by doctors, in his city, without any benefit I commenced the use of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic and after only a few doses the fit left him and he improved otherwise in health.

DAYTON, O., September 8, '91. I have tried Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic on a great number of patients, and found that in each instance it afforded relief. REV. C. S. KEMPER, Chaplain, Ohio National Military Hosp.

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