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The Catholic Register.

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

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Register of the Week.

Few events occur at this time of the year more noisy and more harmless than the celebration of the "glorious pious and immortal memory" of the twelfth of July. This year was no exception. From far and wide the true blue and the loyal orange assembled, played their tunes, made their speeches, and separated again, satisfied that Romanism would wait for another twelvemonth from their scathing oratory, that the Pope's fate, in time and eternity, was decided by the kicking and curses, and that the country would still flourish through the patriotism of the Order and the wisdom of Brother Wallace. The day was characterized by less speech making than usual, but did not pass without boasting and threats. At Exeter the Mayor of London "intimated that the Orangemen intended amending the British North America Act by force if necessary, in order that there should be but one people, one language, one law, and last, but not least, one school." The redoubtable Sam Hughes was down in Nova Scotia, and assured his hearers that the Manitoba School question would be settled to the satisfaction of the Province, and that Orangemen would be willing to cross over to Ireland and help their brethren should home rule carry. May they all stick to that, Sam Hughes and James L., and the rest of the loud-mouthed braggarts; for home rule will surely carry. Like Artemus Ward, they are ready to sacrifice their cousins and their wives' relations for the war.

Elsewhere will be found an important circular of His Holiness upon the Church in India. In reference to this question Archbishop Stonor had a private audience with the Holy Father and was the bearer of important letters to Lord Rosebery. Leo XIII., whose care extends to the whole Church, is anxious to enlist the cooperation of the Cabinet of St. James in his plan for the founding in India of various seminaries for the education of native priests.

Italy has begun to assert its truth and its freedom from secret society government. It began when the Turin Catholics elected all their candidates to the municipal council. Then eighteen vacancies occurred in the Council of Rome. No party being allowed to send up more than fifteen candidates at these yearly elections, the Catholics sent twelve, of whom eleven were elected. On the same day, June 18th, the election for three members of the Provincial Council took place. Here, too, the Catholics were victorious, winning two out of the three seats. The Liberal press blame the apathy of their own party.

But Italian politics have sunk so low that all are disgusted with elections and government. The disgrace of the Government in regard to the banks and the threatening crisis which deadens all commerce and industry, all the misdeeds of the Liberal leaders have served to disgust the thoughtful and the patriotic. Another victory was won at Milan, where six out of seventeen seats were gained by the Catholic party. The great aim in Milan was to defeat a moderate or weak-kneed Catholic party who were always ready to serve two masters. To gain this end the Catholics preferred to vote for avowed opponents who, without their support, would be defeated. The move was a success, not one of the so called moderate party being elected. It is better to face an acknowledged anti clerical than be betrayed by false friends.

The Home Rule Bill has been plowing its way through the storm until the point of danger has been passed. The week's discussion began with the 9th clause, which relates to the representation of Irish counties and boroughs in the Imperial Parliament. A reduction of 23 is proposed, as the Bill provides of the retention of 80, which number is in proportion to the population. An amendment proposed by Mr. John Redmond, Parnellite, that the full representation of 108 members be retained, was defeated.

A very unpleasant incident occurred the following day, when one of the Conservatives spoke of the Irish as "impecunious and garrulous." Mr. Sexton interrupted the member, saying that such language was grossly impertinent and ought not to be tolerated in the House. This utterance being unparliamentary, the chairman insisted upon Mr. Sexton withdrawing it, who agreed to do so, provided the other gentleman, Mr. Broderick, withdrew his. The latter would not. The chairman stuck to his decision, and after giving his third order, explained the standing order concerning the suspension of members. At last, when Mr. Gladstone appealed to him to obey the chairman, Mr. Sexton withdrew, leaving his defence in the hands of the prime minister. Immediately after his retirement Mr. Broderick withdrew his insolent statement, and the tempest settled down. But Mr. Sexton feels sore, and is determined to take the sense of the House upon the treatment he received.

Clause 9 was adopted on the night of the 13th, and straightway the chairman put the question on clause 10, the first of the financial clauses. The Conservatives cheered in derision and left the House. Thereupon the Government proposed that consideration of this clause should be postponed, which was carried by a vote of 358 to

19, as was also the postponement of the other financial clauses. The next clause carried was 18, which regards the powers of the Irish Assembly in matters of money, bills and votes. The following clauses were then rushed through with majorities between 13 and 30. Clause 19, concerning the Irish exchequer judges; clause 22, concerning appeals from Irish courts; clause 23, concerning provision for the decision of constitutional questions; clause 24, concerning the office of Lord Lieutenant, clause 25, concerning the use of crown lands by the Irish Government, clause 26, concerning the tenure of future judges.

The second reading of the German Army Bill passed the Reichstag by the narrow majority of eleven. During the debate Count Herbert Bismarck spoke strongly against a two years' service, although he intended to vote for the Government. He based his opposition to the short service because the Socialists, through the short term, might corrupt the army, and it needed a third year of military discipline to expel this poison from the recruits. In reply to these remarks one of the leaders of the Social Democrats claimed that the house, in listening to Count Herbert Bismarck, had heard the father speaking through the son. The father had been unable to kill social democracy, and still less was the son able to do so. From the ranks upwards Socialism had its adherents. "We exist," concluded Herr Bebel, "and you will not be able to get rid of us except by killing us."

Prince Bismarck has been talking again—he is very apt to talk. This time he has been talking on States' rights, the occasion being the visit of a large number of excursionists from the principality of Lippe-Detmold. He considered that the parliaments of the small German States ought to influence the policy of the empire more powerfully by criticizing the action of their representatives in the federal council of the empire. His fear for the future is "that the national idea may be stifled in the evils of the boa constrictor of bureaucracy, which has grown rapidly in the last few years." Germany means Prussia, and Bismarck did not wish it, yet he could not keep it a federated country. The republic of Greece, the federated Latin States in ancient history, and the United States of America in modern history, all teach the same lesson that "absolutely equal rights" in federated States are a dream there must be some strong central power. It would be the same in Canada, if Canada were an independent power. But Canada is a colony, and the rights of the minority rest upon the justice of the throne.

The riots in Paris are now a matter of history. Even the 14th, the anniversary of the setting up of the Bastille, passed off with more than ordinary quietness. The municipal council of Paris is in the sulks, and would not make any grant for the occasion. The Government is on the eve of an election, and would not commit itself. As a consequence the day was remarkable for not being observed.

Passengers arriving in British Columbia from Sydney, Australia, give details concerning the financial and labor troubles of that country. With one Bank, the Commercial, Thomas Dibbs, a brother of the premier, was connected, and the day before the failure withdrew from it or near friends £250,000. The Government also took out £100,000. The other depositors became enraged and held a meeting, from which the chairman was obliged to flee for his life. A proposal which was made by Government of guaranteeing half the deposits, the other half to be taken in stock, was rejected, Sir George Dibbs laid the blame of the trouble upon the workmen, whose high wages prevent employers engaging them or using capital. He thinks that until the view is recognized that wages must be reduced they are only covering with a thin veil a sore which they have not got rid of.

The *Figaro* of Paris publishes the will of M. Loyson (Pere Hyacinthe). The following is the preface—bold and unblushing—of a testament which bequeathes nothing but twaddling sentiment and hollow words to his heirs spiritual and corporal. "At thirty years of age, to become a Monk, I left St. Sulpice, the grave and sweet sacerdotal family I had chosen. Twelve years later, cured of many sincere but baneful allusions, I cut short my career as a preacher. At a moment when I was enjoying full success—I may say glory—I descended of my own free will from the pulpit of Notre Dame, to combat openly the worst of Caesarisms—that of the Pope, the worst of illusions—that of monkish perfection. I was excommunicated; but I remained a Catholic. The Pope can separate a man from the visible Church over which he presides, but not from the invisible Church of which Christ is the head. Three years after my excommunication I married, while remaining a priest. On that day I accomplished the most logical, I was almost going to say the most Christian, act of my life. If I had to recommence my existence, passing through the same conditions of mind and under the same circumstances, I should wish to do again what I have done. I carry with confidence the responsibility for it before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. My faults (alas! they are numerous) lie elsewhere, and I invoke God's infinite mercy for them; but what I have related I appeal to each drop of thing but justice."

AMERICANISM.

Father Sherman on the Principles of True Patriotism.

Exposition Hall, Omaha, Neb., was filled with an audience like of which has seldom assembled in that great structure, the lecture of the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S.J., son of the late General William Tecumseh Sherman, on "True Americanism," being the occasion that called out such a gathering.

It was understood that the speaker would take up the religious war that has been waged for the past year or two, not only in Omaha, but in a number of the cities throughout the country, and he was confronted by an audience in which both sides were numerously represented. Seated in the hundred or more chairs on the platform were representative citizens of all branches of business and the professions, while stretching to the farthest corners of the hall, filling the great galleries that extended around three sides of the building and occupying every seat under them, was as an intelligent an audience as ever assembled in that city, numbering between 2,500 and 3,000 people.

Father Sherman speaks somewhat rapidly, and with all the fire and energy of perfect youth and health. There is something magnetic in that superabundant power and energy, and it held that great audience until the close.

Father Sherman spoke in part as follows.

"When the last spike was driven in the Union Pacific railway, and that vast work accomplished, there was a setting at rest, forever, of something of a national dread lest, perchance, the Pacific Coast might endeavor to imitate the South, and, with better success, seek to form an independent empire. My father, I am proud to say, was among the first to encourage that great enterprise. He was then a California banker and he materially assisted in seeing this great iron link between the east and the west become a riveted reality.

"The fears of Californian independence were well founded. If you remember, California would not accept our paper money before this railroad was completed, but the achievement of this grand enterprise gave relief.

"It is but natural that here on the western shore of the Missouri river, at the terminal of that trans continental railroad, a thriving metropolis should rest forever, to mark the interest of that mighty achievement in railroad building. The metropolis is Omaha, and it has every indication of permanent prosperity. But, at this moment a slight cloud hangs over Omaha. It is the cloud of religious war. On the Fourth of July last, there congregated in this very hall, men and women who listened to socialistic doctrines, which, if carried out, would rend the ties of the nation, of home, of hearthstone, and of God. In a moment of enthusiasm carried away by some clever speaker, many people might be deceived by the blizzards of abuse, misrepresentation and malicious calumny that these speakers might use against the Roman Catholic Church, and these people might applaud such doctrine, applaud innocently to an infringement of the religious liberty of Americans.

"As I gaze about me, here to-night and see so many intelligent faces I am convinced that the people that I now see before me did not constitute the audience upon that occasion, last July. (Applause.)

CARDINAL AMERICAN PRINCIPLE.

"The right of religious liberty is one of the principles that made this glorious nation. It is not true Americanism to seek to trample upon the rights of our fellow-citizens. By the term 'Americanism' I mean citizens of America, and by American I mean the United States. A man may be a Canadian or a Mexican and be regarded as an American. There is no such recognized adjective as 'United Statesman.' The term 'American,' should distinctively belong to the United States. I hold the same opinion in this respect as the distinguished James Gillespie Blaine. (prolonged applause.) He said that the United States is America and America is one. When I say the doctrine of America, I therefore mean the doctrine of the United States and not the doctrine of Canada or Mexico. I believe in sole allegiance to the principles of American independence, principles of liberty gained by our great grandfathers when they severed the strings that tied them to the skirts of England. (Applause.) Americanism is not one opinion a universal unanimity. It includes among other things, a combination of sentiments, differences of opinion upon many subjects. Differences of this kind, however, should be settled openly and honourably and with some regard for truth. Applause. They should not be settled in secret lodges, where men's rights are trampled upon. (Applause.)

"Patrick Henry and the forty men who framed the constitution, which was purchased by the blood of the revolution, new threatened in its strongest principles believed in open discussion on that sacred subject. No man ever got up and said that religious liberty should be restrained in those days. The first principle of America is liberty, and especially religious liberty. (Vociferous applause.) Religion has vested rights and should not be thrown as a fire-brand into the midst of political life. There is discord enough in politics now. (Laughter and applause.)

"These zealous assassins of truth, these products of secret organizations that are anti-Catholic in sentiment and principle, falsely prate that the Catholics are seeking to unite State and Church. I stand before you to-night as a citizen—a proscribed citizen, if you will, I might plead that my father fought for the Union. (Tremendous applause.) Union means concord; they mean discord. They are men utterly opposed to principle.

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ORANGEMAN'S IDEA OF LIBERTY.

"Dean Swift once said that if you want to get an idea into an Orange man's head you should get an auger and bore a hole in his cranium and then drive the idea in. (Laughter.) So it is with these Orangemen who are seeking to stir up religious strife in this country.

"The Orangeman's idea of liberty is to kill everybody who differs with him upon religion. (Laughter.) He does not realize that he is committing treason in denying religious liberty.

"When a citizen of the United States takes the oath of allegiance he agrees that all must have equal rights, and yet these so-called exponents of American principles who have started this religious strife profess great loyalty to the constitution upon which this grand republic was founded.

"If a man has a spark of manhood in his breast he will resent being called a coward. At Detroit, before a crowd of these un-American people, I hurled the charge of cowardice in their teeth and proceeded to convince them that they were poltroons. No one resented it at the meeting; no one answered my argument. But the next day some individual came out in two columns of abuse in a Detroit paper and signed himself 'U. K. Booth.' I don't know what the U. K. stood for unless it meant unknown. (Laughter and applause.) I have never seen the interior of one of these secret society lodge rooms that make a specialty of attacking Catholics. I imagine that the members sit on each other's laps and hug each other

tremblingly for fear of the Pope. The repeated and unjustifiable attacks of these enemies of Roman Catholics are absurd. It is a stupendous parody of ignorance. In the celebrated Know-Nothing campaign of the past similar attacks were made and, I am sorry to say, resulted in prejudicing many people against the Catholic Church, until fair minded American citizens took the platform and with two pistols on the table in front of them, proceeded to talk reason to the more rabid exponents of Know Nothingism. There was soon a change of sentiment. The people were convinced that there was no danger from the Papal power. The Papal power is a spiritual power and not a political power. (Applause.)

SPIRITUAL AND POLITICAL ALLEGIANCE.

"If the Pope imagined that he had political power and called upon me to renounce my allegiance as an American citizen to the President of the United States, the elected chief of the American nation, I would resist the Pope. (Applause.) If President Cleveland called upon me to renounce my spiritual allegiance to the Pope as Vicar of Christ and head of the Church, I would resent such an interference. (Applause.)

"Monsignor Satoli, the Pope's representative at Washington, is a modest little Italian gentleman. He is in this country mostly as an arbiter and goes about his business like a plain everyday American citizen. He has no strength to threaten a nation. He is a man without any shadow of physical force, and there is none at his command. I therefore cannot conceive how he can endanger even the power of a village magistrate. Why, the other day he obeyed the summons of a Jersey judge. Yet this is the man who is pictured as the standing menace to the safety of this great, powerful nation. There is no danger of Papal aggression dividing this country. The danger in politics is not a spiritual one. (Applause.) The idea is ridiculous.

"The constitution says that there shall be no religious test for office; it does not seek to ostracise Catholics from the political rights that every American citizen should possess. These men seek to stand in the way of the constitution, like a man who puts an orange blossom in his hat and jumps in front of an express train that is going sixty miles an hour in the hope of stopping it. (Laughter.)

"Every man, one and all, who belongs to the secret organization that seeks to tear away constitutional rights is a traitor. They are all traitors, and, like Benedict Arnold, they meditate for excuses for their treason. Arnold's ideas were somewhat like theirs. Arnold's punishment shall be theirs also. (Applause.) Is there one of these cowards here to night that will get up and declare his principle? (A pause and no response.) You may rest assured there are some in the audience listening. (Laughter.) If they are afraid of a sheathed sword, what would be their fear of an unsheathed sword? They make assertions utterly devoid of truth. I say they are liars. (Applause.)

"Among other assertions they say that Catholics cannot be loyal Americans. How about General Sherman (tremendous applause), Thos. Ewing, Captain Washington of Company A at Vicksburg, Luke Clark and thousands of men in blue that fought for the flag we all love so well? (Cheers.) It was a Roman Catholic that planted the Stars and Stripes on the parapet at Vicksburg after three other soldiers had fallen in the attempt. Was a Roman Catholic who led the most dashing charge on that occasion and fell just outside the trenches of the enemy. Had it not been for Irish bayonets and the soldiers who came over with Lafayette in the Revolution, how would American independence have been gained? George Washing-

ton instructed his soldiers not to speak against the Catholic religion. Had it not been for Roman Catholic assistance we would not now be a nation. (Applause.)

PROPHESIES THE REPUBLICAN FAITH.

"I could take from my quiver many more arrows barbed with silver that would reach your hearts and disprove this silly assertion that Roman Catholics were not loyal Americans. Who ever heard of the loyalist party in America in politics? I am not a politician, though my sympathies lean to the principles of the Republican party. (Major Furay Bullly for you, laughter and applause.) There is the Republican party and the Democratic party, the Populist party and other parties, but no loyalist party exists.

"Now for the personnel of these political nonentities, these Hessians who attack us. It is composed of all kinds of ingredients. There is another spavined hack, also the fallen priest. Among the chosen twelve there was a Judas. At the head of this secret organization there is a fallen priest, who is like Judas, except that he had not sense enough left when he fell to go out and hang himself. (Laughter.) This broken down political hack and this fallen priest, the leaders of the crowd, are breeders of the worst of all discord religious discord. On their heads will fall the responsibility. (Applause.) No man in America will have his rights threatened, especially those men whose great grandfathers were with Washington at Valley Forge, and who themselves wore the uniform of loyalty at Shiloh, Vicksburg, at Atlanta (cheers) and other tests of devotion to our flag. These men will not be cowed down by a few Hessians led by fallen priests. (Applause.)

"By a strange dispensation of God a soldier's son is a Catholic priest. (Loud applause.) He stands before you with a sword of truth to night, ready to fight for the rights of every man, be he Jew or Gentile. (Cheers.)

"I have a plan of treatment for these Hessians. I move that the government give them a reservation and fence it in with a red fence, and let the red-coated soldiers do guard duty on top of the fence. (Laughter.) Paint their cottages orange color and throw a lake upon which they may float a crescent-shaped ship similar to the one Washington Irving describes in 'The Knickerbockers.' On the poop of this ship let them erect an equestrian statue of William of Orange. (Laughter.) Let them adopt Washington Irving's 'Knickerbocker,' as their bible. (Laughter.) The word 'Catholic' should be prohibited in conversation, and they should be left to their own isolation where they cannot poison the public mind. (Major Furay: "I second that motion." Interruption by the audience with a chorus of votes in the affirmative.)

THE LATE'S FORMATION OF A NEW PARTY.

"I am surprised that John Wannamaker issued those Columbian stamps, because every time a man licks one his face gets so near to a Roman Catholic. (Applause and laughter.) You cannot get these prejudiced cowards to listen to argument or reason. We cannot get Orangemen because they run so fast. (Laughter.) If you people of Omaha do not chose to shake off these men who seek to grapple religious freedom by the throat you will drive the Roman Catholic to form a political party of their own strong,

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of their fellow countrymen. They even seek to inspire hatred in the hearts of little children, against priests, convents and everything that is Catholic. Many people, not knowing differently, are prejudiced at these assaults on our sacred tribunals. The center from which this virus starts is their secret lodges. The man who joins such an organization dishonours his own hearthstone. (Applause.) I do not advocate violence, but injunction, especially for those men who pass handbills at the elections seeking to ostracize Catholic candidates for office.—If we cannot have representation, quit paying taxation. (Applause.) No representation—no taxation. Tear the masks off the villainy of these hypocrites.

"The evil is one that is spreading. Look at its results in Saginaw, Detroit, Columbus and other localities where it has secured a foothold. In Omaha, I hope it will be only a passing cloud." (Applause.)

Father Sherman then read from the "private work" ritual of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics and proceeded to pour hot shot into that order. He concluded his lecture by upholding the position taken by Governor Stone in Missouri and gave a parting shot by saying that "this attempt to deny American citizens their vested rights is a dream of the moment, but it is a menace to the peace and happiness of man that should be downed."

An Artistic Crucifix Unearthed.

A relic, which further investigation may prove of great historic value, was found at Green Bay recently by Chas. DeCremier. Mr. DeCremier was digging a post hole, and at the depth of three feet, unearthed a metal crucifix the horizontal piece of which is 2½ inches and the upright 4 inches. It is in good condition and the workmanship is excellent, gothic designs being displayed on both pieces, the ends, shell-like, with a cherub's head in relief. The aureole is nearly the length of the horizontal piece, and is in clear rays. The figure of Christ is entirely in relief, the hands and feet and the head drooping. On the reverse side are the words, 'Souvenir de la Mission.' The metal looks like silver, but has not been tested. It may be, as some think it is, a relic of Father Marquette Allouez, or some other one of the early Catholic missionaries. In any event it is an object of interest since it dates back more than two centuries, at least.

The Hands.

In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual for promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time, and lemon sap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing on the hands when retiring to rest: Take two ounces sweet almonds; beat with three of drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose water.

Messrs. Northrop & Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino.

Raffaello Sanzio was born on Good Friday, in the year 1483 at Urbino, a city about 150 miles from Rome. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, was an artist and though not very eminent in his profession, he was considered to possess superior judgment. He instructed his son in the rudiments of his art, even in his childhood; and so wonderful was the boy's genius, and so rapid his progress, that in a few years he was able to assist his father in some of the works in which he was engaged at Urbino.

Giovanni, being anxious to give his son the best opportunity of improving his talents, placed him under the tuition of Perugino, who then enjoyed a distinguished reputation, but whose highest claim to renown was afterwards derived from his having been the instructor of the inimitable Raphael.

The pupil soon perceived that he should never attain the perfection to which he aspired, if he contented himself with copying the manner of his master. He therefore devoted his attention to the study of the antiques, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with their beauties.

The great fame of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, and Leonardo da Vinci, induced him to visit Florence, and the careful examination of the works of those eminent artists enlarged his ideas, and enabled him to improve his style. Their dissensions afforded opportunities for the display of their superior talents, which Raphael admired with enthusiasm. Indeed he appreciated the merit of Michael Angelo so highly, that he was wont to say:

"I thank heaven I was born in the same age with that illustrious man!"

It is right to add, that Buonaroti, although he did sometimes evince a feeling of jealousy with regard to Raphael, always acknowledged the superiority of his genius, and rendered ample justice to his great skill.

Raphael's celebrity now became general throughout Italy, and, after enriching his native city, Urbino, with several of his works, and residing four years at Florence, his Uncle Bramante, the great architect of that period, persuaded Julius II. to employ Raphael to adorn the Vatican with his paintings. He was now in his twenty-fifth year; and, when we consider the difficult position of the young painter—who, when he commenced this grand undertaking, was surrounded by many eminent and aspiring artists, who having been already employed by the pope, must have considered the choice of Raphael as a great injustice to themselves, and whose interest it was that he should fail—we may form some idea of that superior genius which enabled him to surmount every obstacle, to surpass the opinion which had been formed of him, and to leave every rival far behind him.

As Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, "it is probable that we are indebted to the remarkable and critical situation in which Raphael was placed, for the magnificent *chef d'œuvre* which he has left us."

It is said that the most superior fresco paintings of Raphael, in the Vatican, do not immediately strike the beholder with that surprise which might be expected from the works of so illustrious a master. The circumstance has been accounted for by Montesquieu, who observes that Raphael imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than were he to see the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong coloring, or odd and singular attitudes, in the production of inferior artists, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere.

The success of Raphael was complete, and his incomparable works prove that

poetry, history, and sciences, were as familiar to him as painting. He continued to study the antique with ardor, and the magnificent collection of works of art in the Sistine chapel, into which he was admitted by Bramante, in spite of the prohibition of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, increased his ambition to exceed his former efforts.

Riches and honors were now heaped upon him, and the great number of pictures which he was engaged to paint obliged him to avail himself of the assistance of young artists in the execution of his designs, and thus many superior painters were formed under his direction. But he was so particularly careful, that he corrected with his own hand whatever he found imperfectly performed by his disciples, and gave those finishing touches to the whole, which have rendered those works the admiration of the world.

Raphael was quite free from jealousy or envy. He was generous to his brother artists, and administered to the wants of those who needed assistance. He made no concealment of his skill, and imparted his advice to his pupils conscientiously, and liberally, often interrupting his own work to advance their progress. In his walks he was always surrounded by his favorite scholars. His most celebrated disciples were Julio Romano, Francesco Penni, Polidoro da Caravaggio, and Perini del Vaga.

The works of Raphael are so varied and so extensive that the enumeration of them would require a volume, and to do them justice would demand talents and knowledge equal to his own. It would, nevertheless, be a pleasant task to attempt to describe some of his most famous productions, but the limits of this paper will not admit of more than a brief notice of one beautiful picture by this great master. It is called *La Madonna del Pesce*—The Madonna of the Fish—was in the Escorial in Spain, but is now in the Madrid Museo.

It is supposed that Raphael was ordered to paint a picture in which the following were to appear: our Saviour, when an infant, the Virgin Mary, St. Jerome, the archangel Raphael, and young Tobit; leaving the artist to contrive, as he might best be able, how to join in one picture personages who lived at periods so distant from each other; and it may not be going too far to say, that perhaps no one but Raphael could have formed so beautiful a picture from a subject so difficult and unconnected. The Virgin is supposed to be sitting in a chair, with the child Jesus on her lap, while St. Jerome is reading the prophecies of the Old Testament relative to the birth, preaching, and miracles of the Messiah. The archangel introduces young Tobit, who is come to implore the favor of God for the restoration of sight to his father. The blessed Infant bends gently toward the supplicant, and seems anxious to examine the fish, which hangs to a string in Tobit's right hand. Meanwhile, St. Jerome, who seems to have finished the page he was reading, is ready to turn over the leaf, and appears to be waiting only till the Divine child lifts its little arm from the book on which it carelessly rests.

The countenance of the Blessed Virgin is full of compassion, and her attitude perfectly graceful. Without taking her eyes off Tobit, or interrupting the angel, she gently supports the holy Infant, whose head almost touches the left cheek of His affectionate mother, which adds to her beautiful face a tenderness of expression impossible to describe.

The head of the angel is noble; his air easy and natural; whilst innocence and gentleness are depicted in his countenance. The figure of Tobit is likewise very attractive. He raises his eyes with reverential awe to the

Infant Saviour, and his attitude denotes timidity and dilidence.

This picture is painted on wood, and is about eight feet high. The subject is certainly replete with difficulties and incongruities, but all these defects are forgotten in the contemplation of its beauties.

The coloring is in the last and best manner of Raphael.

The celebrated picture of "The Transfiguration" was intended by the illustrious painter to be sent as a mark of his respect and gratitude to Francis I., King of France. That monarch had invited Raphael to his court, and there is little doubt that the artist would have gladly accepted the royal invitation, had it not been for the entreaties of his uncle Bramante, and the liberality of Leo X.

He sent, however, his picture of St. Michael to the French king, who paid him for it so generously, that he considered it incumbent on him to present the munificent monarch with another of his works, his celebrated Holy Family; but Francis insisted on Raphael's acceptance of a still more liberal remuneration for this admirable production; and in a letter which his Majesty wrote to Raphael, in allusion to this generous struggle, he asserted "that all men of superior talents were upon an equal rank with sovereigns." Raphael was deeply affected by so much condescension, and he then conceived his first idea of "The Transfiguration," which, as before stated, he intended to present to his royal and generous patron. His premature death, however, prevented the completion of this sublime picture; but, unfinished, as it was, it was considered to be the master piece of this great painter; and therefore it was not thought right to deprive Rome of the finest work he ever produced.

It was on the anniversary of his birth—Good Friday—in the year 1520, at the early age of thirty-seven His death occasioned universal grief in Rome. His picture of "The Transfiguration" was exhibited in its then imperfect state, in his studio, above the couch on which his body was laid previously to interment; this was an affecting and appropriate tribute to his memory. He was buried, according to his own desire, in the church of the Rotunda, and his funeral was attended by many illustrious persons.

To use the words of Mings, who is the least enthusiastic of the admirers of Raphael, the latter "undoubtedly deserves the first rank among painters. He possessed a sublimity of thought, a rich and fruitful invention, remarkable correctness of drawing and design, and a wonderful expression. His attitudes are noble, natural, and graceful, and to the elegance and grandeur of the antique he added the simplicity of nature. He blended the boldness of Michael Angelo Buonaroti with his own graceful ideas, and struck out a manner peculiar to himself and superior to all others."

The Cartoons of Raphael are considered as admirable evidence of his genius. Seven of these cartoons are in the South Kensington Museum.

The *Cork Examiner* tells a good story of a visit which Mr. Justin McCarthy paid to a second-hand book store not long since. After offering him in vain several works of indifferent fiction, the bookseller finally produced a copy of one of Mr. McCarthy's own novels; but still the customer was not satisfied. At last the bookseller, in desperation, exclaimed: "Well, sir, if I was a man so hard to please as you, I'd take to writing books myself!"

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LEO THE THIRTEENTH.

Foundation of Ecclesiastical Seminaries
in India.

TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHERS, THE
PATRIARCHS, PRIMATE ARCH-
BISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND OTHER OR-
DINARIES IN PEACE AND COMMUN-
ION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE
LEO XIII. POPE.

*Venerable Brethren, Health and Apo-
stolic Benediction.*

To the extreme shores of the East, discovered by the success and valour of the Portuguese, whither so many tend intent upon commerce, We, too, with the hope of far higher gains, even from the beginning of Our Pontificate, turned Our eyes and Our attention. Those immense regions of India, in which for so many centuries the work of so many evangelisers has been spent, are present to Our mind and arouse Our charity. The first figure that occurs to Us among their ranks is that of St. Thomas the Apostle, to whom is justly attributed, as to its first author, the spread of the Gospel in India. Another is that of St. Francis Xavier, who at a later period, laboured in the same praiseworthy cause, distinguished by a constancy and a charity so incredible that he converted one hundred thousand souls from the fables and impure superstitions of the Brahmins to a sound faith and worship. The example of the saint has been followed by many clerics, both secular and regular, who, under the guidance and mission of the Apostolic See, have striven to guard and promote those sacred institutions which Thomas founded and Xavier restored. Nor has the work to day ceased. Nevertheless in the vast tracks of that country how many men are at a distance from the truth, and plunged in the darkness of superstition, especially in the north, how extensive a field ready for the reception of the Gospel has not yet been fertilised?

These considerations have not, however, deprived Us of Our confidence in the mercy and goodness of God, Who alone knows the arrival of opportunities and occasions for imparting His light, and Who with an all-wise but imperceptible inspiration from on high, is wont to draw men towards the path of salvation. Yet at the same time, We too, as far as in us lies, wish and feel bound to undertake the work in order that so large a portion of the globe may be benefitted by our vigilance. For this end, We have carefully examined if We could not in some way organise and develop the action of the Church in India, and with happy success make many provisions well calculated to guard the Catholic name. First of all, with regard to the patronage of the Portuguese nation in the Indies, We have concluded a durable treaty with the Most Faithful King of Portugal and Algarve. By this document dissensions not light, which have for so long a time agitated the minds of Christians, have been set at rest. Moreover, We consider it prudent and wholesome to form out of the various Christian communities, which formerly were subject to Vicars and Prefects, real dioceses which should have their own Bishops, and be governed in accordance with canon law. Moreover, by an Apostolic letter, "Humane Salutis" given on the first of September, 1886, a new Hierarchy was constituted, comprising eight ecclesiastical provinces—viz, those of Goa, the Patriarchal See, Bombay, Verapoly, Calcutta, Agra, Madras, Pondicherry, and Colombo. In a word, We have constantly endeavoured to effect in that country everything that seemed to Us useful towards the spreading of faith and piety.

There remains for Us, however, one other great work upon which depends in a great measure the salvation of the Indies, and to its realisation we wish

you, Venerable Brethren, and all those who love humanity and the name of Christian, to turn more than ever your attention. The Catholic Faith in the Indies will never have a sure defence, its propagation in the future will not be sufficiently well guaranteed, as long as there is a lack of ministers chosen from the natives of the country and trained up to the sacerdotal office, who will not only be an aid to the foreign missionaries, but will also be able in their own cities to administer the Christian religion. It is handed down to memory that the same idea was present to the mind of St. Francis Xavier, who, it is said, was wont to say that the Christian religion could never set firm roots in the soil of India unless it were aided by the strenuous exertions of priests born in India. How clear was his judgment in this particular is quite manifest. For the work of those apostolic men who leave Europe and enter India finds many obstacles, especially a want of knowledge of the vernacular—a knowledge which is with difficulty acquired. Besides this, there is a difference of ideas and a manner of living to which it requires many years to become accustomed, in such a way that European clergy there seem ever in a strange land. Hence since the masses lead an unwilling ear to the voice of strangers, it is clear that the work of native priests will bear far greater fruits. They know the inclinations, bent, and manners of their own countrymen, they know the time for speaking, for silence—in fine, Indians among Indians are free from suspicion, an advantage which it were useless to explain especially in critical circumstances.

Finally, it is to be observed that the number of foreign missionaries is too small to suffice for the instruction of the Christian communities that now exist in those parts. The statistics of the Missionary Societies clearly prove this, the unceasing petitions of the Indian Missions made to Propaganda for the sending of more numerous preachers of the Gospel, confirm it. Now if at the present moment the number of foreign priests is insufficient to attend to the wants of the Catholics of India, what will take place in the future when their number is multiplied? For it cannot be hoped that the number of priests sent from Europe will increase in proportion to the wants of the Catholics in India. Therefore, if the salvation of the Indians is to be provided for, it is necessary to choose from among the natives, subjects who after a fit training may be able to fulfil the office and duty of priests.

In the third place, a fact must not be forgotten, of which, though it may seem unlikely, no one can deny the possible occurrence—namely, times may befall Europe and Asia of such a nature that foreign Missionaries may be forced to abandon the Indian Missions. In such circumstances how is the Christian religion to be guarded when no minister of the Sacraments and no teacher is at hand to do so? The history of China, Japan, and Ethiopia teaches us sufficiently clear lessons upon this head. More than once has it happened in China and Japan that during storms of hatred and persecution raised against the Christian name, when foreign Missionaries have been subjected to death or banishment, favour has been shown to native priests, who, on account of the knowledge of the language and customs of the country and of their connections and relations, have been allowed not only to remain in the country, but in all its provinces to exercise the duties that appertain to the care of souls. On the other hand, in Ethiopia, where the Christians were two hundred thousand in number, the absence of native priests, after the execution or banishment of foreign Missionaries, brought about the loss of the fruits of a long apostolate.

Finally we must turn our eyes to ancient days and religiously retain

what was then done with profit. The Apostles, in the discharge of their mission, first took care to fill the minds of the masses with the precepts of the Gospel, then they chose from among the faithful fit subjects, whom they initiated in the Sacred Mysteries, and afterwards advanced to the episcopal dignity. Such was afterwards the conduct of the Roman Pontiffs, who have never failed to counsel apostolic men to endeavour to find in all parts where there exists a sufficiently large body of the faithful, sacred ministers among the natives. Hence, in order that the safety and propagation of the Faith may be safeguarded in India it is incumbent that Indians should be raised to the priesthood, so that no matter what may be the condition of the times, they may be able both to administer to and govern their fellow countrymen.

For this reason, in obedience to the admonitions of the Apostolic See, the Prefects of Indian Missions have founded seminaries wherever permission was granted them. Moreover in the synods of Colombo, Bangalore, and Allahabad, held in 1887, it was decreed that each diocese should have its seminary for the education of native ministers, and if some of the suffragans were, through lack of means, prevented from doing this, they were to send their subjects to the seminary of the Metropolitan where they were to be educated at their expense. The Bishops, indeed, on endeavour, as far they are able, to carry out these wise decrees, but their good intentions are all but thwarted by the poverty of families and the lack of priests qualified to be the masters of study and education. The result is that there is scarcely a single seminary in which the education of its inmates is perfect, and this at a time when Civil Governors and Protestants in no small number spare neither money nor labour to secure the political education of youth.

Hence is it clear how useful and consonant with public order in India would be the founding in that country of various colleges in which young men, the future hopes of the Church may receive a finished education, and learn those virtues without which they cannot either holily or usefully exercise their duties. After having removed the causes of dissension by mutual agreements and after having regulated the administration of the dioceses by the establishment of the hierarchy, our object would be gained were it permitted to Us to see the foundation of colleges for the training of native ministers. For once that a seminary is founded, great hopes may be justly entertained that it will send out from its walls numerous fit priests, who will spread abroad the light of religion with skilful zeal. For a work so noble and so useful for the salvation of so many mortals, it is advantageous to call to your aid the co-operation of the inhabitants of Europe, the more so that We alone are unable to meet the necessarily heavy expenses. If it is the duty of Christians to consider all men, whosoever they be, as brothers, and consequently to exclude no one from their friendship, how much more are we not bound to do this when it is a question of salvation of our neighbour? Wherefore We earnestly ask you, Venerable Brethren, to aid Our plans and Our undertakings. Endeavour to make known to all the actual condition of the Catholic religion in those remote regions, let all know that it is incumbent upon them to do something to benefit the Indians, and let this be told to those especially who believe the best advantage of riches to be their generous use.

We know well that it is not in vain that We appeal to the assistance of your people. If the expenses necessary of the colleges of above spoken, we sha

devote the surplus to other useful and pious enterprises.

As an augury of celestial blessings, and as a pledge of Our Fatherly care, with all Our heart We grant to you, Venerable Brethren, to the clergy and faithful of your dioceses, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the second day of June, 1893, in the sixteenth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood contamination is the correct one, though not the original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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OUR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Annual Convention of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The annual general convention of the Sisters of St. Joseph teaching in the Separate schools in the archdiocese, was held at their convent in Toronto, on the 11th and 12th instant. The time occupied was the usual period, two days and the gathering was a full one, every teacher—sixty in all being in her place, and in one way or another taking an active part in the proceedings. The programme was so arranged that every school grade found its representative exercise, and if on the principle of *multa in parva, parva in multis*, every subject was not dealt with, those chosen were of the most typical character, and treated in a manner that afforded interest, instruction, and inspiration. The exercises consisted of essays, practical teaching lessons, commentaries, singing, and a general debate on methods of discipline. The debate was the strongest feature of the convention and was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by the audience. The ladies participating in it showed that they had bestowed upon the subject a vast deal of thought and research, and argued their respective cases in a manner so logical and spirited that in a more demonstrative audience repeated applause would have been freely "offered." The point at issue was whether moral suasion alone, or a judicious use of moral suasion and punishment was the better form of discipline, the question being regularly argued, the inspector decided in favour of the latter. The inspector (who was present during the greater part of the convention) gave a second lecture on mental science in teaching, and at the end summed up the results of the Sisters work, which was clearly and deservedly of a highly complimentary character. Want of space prevents us giving full details of this, what an eye witness called an "up-to-date" convention; but, besides the foregoing general reference, we take pleasure in publishing two of the essays, which will be found most interesting and instructive.

TRAINING PUPILS TO LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL.
Surroundings exercise a wonderful influence on the minds of children. What is seen makes a more lasting impression than what is heard. The little workshop in which we spend almost six hours of each day of the scholastic year, must surely tell something of the character of the worker.

True, we teachers are not the architects who planned the building we call school. Had we designed our own class-rooms, they would be more in accordance with what we consider beautiful and more suited to class purposes. Still, shabby and poor as many a class-room may be, it is not beyond redemption. Even the gloomiest abode may be brightened, even the poorest habitation may be made home-like and attractive. If things are dull and places are devoid of the beautiful, this is the very strongest reason why we should set to work to transform them. If we consider that in each of the little ones under our care there is a heart to be cultivated and a mind to be improved, shall we not have inspiration to devote all the energy of our nature to advance their interests and render them happy? The brighter we make our class room the more the children will love it, and once we have inspired them with a love for school, our work is half done. Let us begin with the class-room itself. Let it be clean, before it is ornamented. When the floor is well swept, the windows shining, the walls whitened, the desks free from ink—all may look clean, but still the room may present a cheerless appearance. About the bleakest part of the school furniture is the vacant face of the blackboard. Let art steal from its gloomy aspect. The artistic among the pupils will have an opportunity of displaying their taste by ornamenting it with their drawings. In the space too high for use, have a scroll containing a motto, which will serve as a point of attraction. Many a time during the day wandering eyes will rest there, the meaning of the sentence will sink deep into the souls of the children and produce thoughts which may in after years blossom into deeds. Next procure curtains for the windows; they give the class-room a home-like appearance. Do not shut out the sunbeams; they bring happiness to every heart and increase one's desire to work with good-will. Adjust the curtains so that during the warm part of the day the rays of the over-welcome sun may come softened and cooled by the shade. Ornament the windows with plants and flowers. Nature's adornments never lose their charm. From the first appearance of violets till the last of the golden rod, let flowers brighten the class-room. Arbor day may be productive of great results, if we infuse into our pupils an enthusiasm for the work. Who does not know what pleasure it is for children to have no lessons on a class day? Let each child feel that you expect something towards beautifying its surroundings. When it is done take the children those who have the good rural schools, scenes not merely talked of pupils will observe exquisite perfume flowers, the gay

starred with daisies, the splendor of the clouds "looped in many a wind-swung fold." Nature is a book of which the child never tires. Bring home from the walk the roots of wild flowers for the class room. These living souvenirs will keep up a love for the beautiful. If the children find that you appreciate their floral offerings, many a little face will be brightened by your grateful smile of approval, when the tiny hand presents the flowers gathered "for Sister." Besides lending their fragrance to the surroundings they will increase beauty in the soul of the child. The child learns by those little acts of thoughtful kindness to give pleasure to others, to become unselfish by making a sacrifice of the fair blossoms. These are virtues which will grow with the children, and make the world a better world for their being in it. Pictures in a class room always delight the little ones. Facts of history or geography acquire an additional interest, when by means of art we place them vividly before the class. In this age when illustrated newspapers are so cheap, material for an art gallery can be procured for a trifle.

In almost every subject in our course of studies we shall find many opportunities of developing a love for the beautiful. But to me it seems that literature and composition offer the fullest scope for that power.

In all written work we may and should exact from our pupils what by its neatness and accuracy is a specimen of beauty in itself. Nor must I forget that almost divine art-music. If there is a power on earth to elevate the mind above the petty things of life, it is the sweet strain of harmony. Then let music and gay song find a place on our programme, and they will help to make our labor of love no longer labor. Let the school be bright and neat and cheerful, not only on days when we expect visitors, or when we are looking for the Inspector, but every day, so that the pupils may feel that we work for their happiness and comfort. Living in an atmosphere of beauty, children, who are creatures of imitation, naturally acquire a taste for refinement and art, and thus life becomes easier and sweeter, as people become more polite and amiable. Let all the day long from the cheerful morning greeting to the last sweet notes of the evening hymn, be guided by the principle our good Inspector so often advocates, "Sweetness and Light." Let them be days of earnest, steady work, of patient, loving endurance. The little ones will carry to their homes the kindly spirit of the class-room, and thus our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever.

UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS.

The magnified importance which some teachers attach to certain subjects in which they are especially interested would lead the general educator to view with suspicion the efforts to advertise the usefulness or effectiveness of one study as compared with others. I have often remarked how much importance many educators attach to creating in the pupil a taste for literature, a love for history, a pleasure in drawing, etc., yet never a word about the subject of mathematics. Nevertheless it is, I venture to say, the experience of the majority of teachers that to render the subject even tolerably agreeable to say on half their pupils is no easy matter. And what is the reason of this? Perhaps it is because this subject has never been made to appeal to the child's mind anything of the beauty, of interest, of use, and he has come to identify arithmetic with "figures," mere symbols of abstract notions which his inactive mind has never grasped; and so the very term "mathematical" comes to be in his ideas, synonymous with whatever is dry, uninteresting, vague and unintelligible, and he regards the mathematician as a truly wonderful being, a very genius. Undoubtedly an inborn appreciation of form, symmetry, proportion—a mind delighting in logical sequences—will revel in the beauties of geometry, but, setting aside any special predilection for the subject, there are to my mind possibilities in geometry, particularly which we are slow to recognize, and which if developed would furnish the key to that industrial training which to many is the problem of the hour. Although in most curricula geometry so understood makes its first appearance as a branch of study in the High School, it seems to me that few realize how largely it is employed in the methods of the kindergarten, where the child is taught to arrange geometric forms and to note resemblances and differences between them, in the teaching of drawing where the line, the angle, the square, the circle etc., are combined and arranged to form designs of beauty. The introduction of geometry in this way, when a charm might be thrown about it by its associations with the beautiful, would furnish food for ripper years, and the study, which was nurtured in the cradle of our race, and which for centuries has guided the student in scientific research, would be divested of the gruesome character with which it is endowed. Happily the midnight procession and war-dance around the funeral pile of the expiring Euclid are traditions of the past, but even now the average High School student will not hesitate to inform that geometry is his "bête noire," that it is a study which cluster anxious days sleepless nights. The study is new to me, in beginning algebra he was more interested, for that science was simply arithmetic, expanded and blossomed

out into more attractive form; but when he is introduced into a new country, where the inhabitants present strange aspects, live under peculiar conditions, speak an unknown tongue, and before he has ceased to wonder at the novelties presented he is confronted with a term examination in which he is expected to logically argue the claims and adjust the relations of these partially unknown beings. Then, too, the pupil often gains exaggerated ideas of the difficulties ahead from those who have pursued the study successfully or unsuccessfully. The former create to themselves heroes who have fought and won, and glowingly point the hardships encountered in warring against the enemy. Again the student who has been forced to look upon geometry and arithmetic and algebra as a failure has done much to render the subject of mathematics unpopular. Because he has failed he has drawn the illogical conclusion that some minds are constitutionally adverse to mathematical study, and that to make even passable progress in this study he must possess certain mental peculiarities. This is not, as one would suppose, a humiliating concession, for some people believe that this, to their innate inability to master one subject, means multiplied capacity for another. To my mind this is fallacious reasoning, for while other sciences may appear more strongly to some intellects, because of the subject matter, mathematics are founded on principles which are implanted by nature in all sound minds and deal purely with abstractions, so that a pupil of sufficient intelligence to grasp its self-evident truths cannot fail with application to become a mathematician. His development may be slow, but perseverance will make him master. The short time allotted to the subject in most courses of study forces us to admit that the work often degenerates into learning a certain amount of text in connection with each point, and right here we can trace a cause for the dislike which many students acquire for the subject. If the student does this inferior kind of work, the subject must of necessity be most uninteresting, for while the botanist handles the leaves and flowers, minutely examining the peculiarities of each, the geologist walks among the rocks and looks for pebbles on the seashore, the student of history lives again the lives and fights the battles of the past; what has our embryonic mathematician to impress upon his memory? The intangible ethereal geometrical concepts; those airy shapes without substance—pure abstractions. The study of mathematics, if pursued in a legitimate manner, becomes beneficial to the student, no matter what his purpose in life may be. The definitions and axioms underlying the demonstrations are simple truths couched in the plainest terms. The conclusions deduced from correct premises are infallibly true. There is no element of doubt lurking in the result to induce a wavering, unsettled state of mind. It is not an exaggeration to maintain that this straightforwardness in language and detail must help toward the formation of exact methods in business and upright habits of mind when a boy or girl discovers that a proposition is true or it is not true; that a little conniving at defects and discrepancies cannot make that right which is not right. Then has been learned the lesson in morals which underlies all straightforwardness of conduct. It is not uncommon to hear a pupil say that he cannot make anything out of mathematics, but that he takes positive delight in the natural and physical sciences. He likes a study which has in it something tangible, something that he can handle. This want of the power of abstraction is perhaps chiefly due to the confused images which fill his mind, and which are the result of his hasty introduction to and short acquaintance with the geometric bodies and their significations. Had he, during the primary and intermediate years, followed a progressive course in form study then the process of evolution would have brought his mind into harmony with his work, and at that stage where logical reasoning becomes the chief object his mind would be in a better frame to concentrate on the mathematical abstractions and relations with which he has to deal. When it is necessary to give a reason for the study of mathematics to the exponents of utilitarianism, and all other sources fail, it is a comfort to know its use as a means of "mental discipline" may be relied on. What writer in this practical age can commend a subject of study to supply the place as a means of mental discipline which the study of mathematics affords.

He maybe old-fashioned enough to feel that minds are still in need of mental discipline, but his wisdom teaches him to couch his thoughts in what to his mind is more popular language, and he advocates something of more use. To convince our girls and boys of the usefulness of a particular branch of study one must doff the garb of philosopher, and come down to the every-day affairs of life. They want facts and actual cases wherein that study will practically benefit them. If by a practical study is meant one which will make the pupil to reach great results with little or no labor—one that will fill his mind with knowledge without the inconvenience of investigation—then mathematics is certainly not a practical subject. Preferable to this narrow meaning of the term is that accorded to it by a noted philosopher who makes it the best means of applying knowledge and of forming ideals, thus

bringing the deductions of this science into business and the active affairs of life. It is needless to call attention to the many and varied ways in which the results of a knowledge of mathematics are shown in the works of civilization. Buildings, railways, aqueducts, tunnels, bridges, all speak for themselves. If we examine into the trades we find that mathematics is the one study whose fundamental principles are absolutely necessary to the skilled workman; and while they form web and warp in the artisan's work, the artist, the genius does not scorn to draw upon our subject for the framework on which to rest his ideal. But only when the teaching of mathematics rises beyond the technicalities of the subject and leads to a knowledge of higher things, when through its influence the horizon of thought is expanded to include the ideal in life, then only does our study fill its legitimate ends.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erastus Southworth, of Bath, Mo. "After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to take Ayer's Pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

It Saved His Life.

GENTLEMEN I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkoth, Ont.

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Alexia wine is good for impoverished blood; for the enervation of the vital functions, for the inactivity of the stomach, for pallor and debility. All the principal physicians have been made acquainted with the analysis Glanelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

On the evening of June 14th, as a man in the employ of Mr. W. Halpin, of Knocknagun, was ploughing at the western side of the village at Newmarket-on-Fergus, a vivid flash of lightning passed him, and killed the two horses. The man was knocked senseless by the shock. Hopes are entertained of his recovery. The horses belonged to Mr. Halpin.



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (N.E.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:
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FREEMASONRY.

The Order Discussed in the English House of Commons.

In the discussion on Clause 4 of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Cochrane said he had permission to move the insertion, after subsection 6, of the following now subsection standing in the name of Lord Randolph Churchill:—"Whereby any voluntary institution, association, or society lawfully constituted according to the laws of the United Kingdom in force for the time being is prejudicially affected." He explained that the amendment was designed for the protection of the Freemasons, who, he said, were less able than the Orange body or other societies to take care of themselves in the event of the Irish Legislature wishing to do them injury. The Freemasons existed entirely for benevolent and charitable purposes, and they were precluded by their rules from taking part in political or religious matters. In Ireland they numbered between 9,000 and 10,000, and they feared that under a Home Rule Parliament they would not have justice or fair play. The treatment that had been meted out to them in Ireland in the past was scandalous and disgraceful. Some time ago a bazaar was got up in Dublin in connection with the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum. Archbishop Walsh, who had shown the greatest hostility to Freemasons, issued a pastoral which was read in the chapels throughout Ireland, in which he said several questions had been addressed to him as to the duty of Catholics in reference to this Masonic celebration. The Holy See, he said, in its repeated condemnation of Freemasonry, had forbidden to Catholics not only membership of the Society of Freemasons, but everything that could in any way tend to the furtherance of the interests of the society. He admitted that the object in view was one naturally calculated to appeal to the charitable sympathies of Catholics, but he added that, faithful to their duty as Catholics, they would respect the stringent obligation under which they were placed, an obligation binding them under the penalty of incurring the severest strictures of the Church to abstain not merely from membership of the Freemasons' Society, but from everything that could in any way tend to the advancement or the promotion of any of its objects. That was exceedingly strong if the Archbishop had said nothing further. But that did not satisfy him. A lady interested in the bazaar wrote asking him for his portrait, to be exhibited along with 400 others, including one of his Holiness the Pope. That was a very innocent request, to which the Archbishop replied that "any Catholic who may act in disregard of the law of the Church in this particular matter of encouraging in any way a Masonic proceeding is by the very fact excommunicated from the Catholic Church." These are not idle words. They bore a peculiar significance, and showed the spirit in which the Roman Catholic Church would act towards the Masonic body under an Irish Parliament (cheers). They had, indeed, already carried out their threats to extremity in some cases, even recently. He had a letter which had been written by a gentleman complaining that the rites of burial had been refused by that Church to his father, only because he had long been and had died a Freemason. The letter stated that not only were the rites of burial refused by the parish priest, but that he prevented the chapel bell being rung during the procession, as usual on such occasions, and prohibited some nuns from sending a wreath, as they wished to do (Nationalist cries of "Order"). That he regarded as boycotting of the cruelest kind (hear, hear). An appeal was made to the Bishop of Elphin to allow the service

to be held for the sake of the widow and her daughter, but the Bishop refused, sending a telegram stating that "the law forbade the rites and attendance of the clergy" (Nationalist cries of "Name" and "Question"). The letter was signed Lawrence Burke, and was dated "The Abbey, Roscommon, 6th June, 1898" (cheers). Surely these facts afforded sufficient reason why the Committee should enact some effective safeguard in the Bill for the protection of the property, rights, and liberties of Freemasons in Ireland before they were placed under the domination of Archbishop Walsh (hear, hear). He could quote other cases of the same kind, but would only trouble the Committee with one more. It occurred in Belfast, in the centre of Protestant Ulster. A local solicitor named Michael Buckley, who was a Roman Catholic and a Freemason, was refused the sacrament, and all the rites of the Church were denied him until he withdrew from the society. He refused to do so, and then the priest threatened to extend the displeasure of the Church to his wife and daughters. Most hon. members of that House were unable to appreciate the terrible consequences of a Roman Catholic's being denied the rites of his Church. This man and his family were thrown into a condition of the most painful distress, and at last, entirely for the sake of his family, he consented to withdraw from the Freemasons. Such a condition of things in a free country was simply monstrous (cheers). It was a gross violation of the liberty of the subject, and he hoped the Radical members of the House would take note of the facts (hear, hear). Moreover, these facts were not ancient history. They had occurred only recently. A Catholic newspaper, the *Irish Catholic*, published an article on the 3rd of last June, in which it said:

"The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to Freemasonry is once more made manifest by a recent decision of the Holy Office, published in reply to questions submitted to that august tribunal by the Bishop of Bayonne. . . . The reply of the Sacred Congregation has been clear, distinct and unequivocal. Between the prelates of God's Church and Masonry there can never be peace or pact. No circumstances can secure the secret society toleration at the hands of a Christian Bishop. No law of any Parliament, no usage, can relieve Masonry from the censures so often fulminated against it by so many Pontiffs, and which no Bishop can alter or suppress."

The article concluded:—"To the Church Freemasonry remains, as it has been, anathema." That being so, would the Committee give no special attention to the Freemasons? (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Gladstone said he had listened to the speech of the hon. member, and understood it to be a speech addressed to the Committee on behalf of the society calling themselves Freemasons. Looking at the amendment, however, he saw that it took no notice of Freemasonry, but laid down a proposition of enormous breadth—that no society whatever of a private or voluntary character, which was not in itself illegal, should ever be subject, whatever were its errors, its defects, or its offences, to interference by the Irish Legislature (hear, hear.) The amendment was a hundred times too wide for its object. Societies legally constituted might, nevertheless, fall into great and gross abuses (hear, hear.) There were, for instance, societies connected with insurance and with the pecuniary interests of the working classes which might have been legally constituted. (Mr. Gladstone here turned and asked, "What is the name of that society?" on which there were loud cries of "The Liberator" from the Liberal and Nationalist benches.) For

all he knew to the contrary the Liberator Society was quite legally constituted. But under the amendment, if some of the transactions of that society had been brought to light and it had been proposed to prevent them by legislation, it would have been impossible to interfere (cheers). He could not see any justification for an amendment of such enormous scope, interfering with an important branch and function of the Legislature in the direction either of prevention or reform (cheers). Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Committee was considering an amendment in conformity with the speech—though the two were as distant as the Poles—what was the case of the Freemasons? The hon. gentleman claimed that the Society of Freemasons had been denounced in the most vehemently condemnatory terms by the Papal authorities. For his own part, though he had been accustomed to hear of Freemasons all his life, there was not a man who was in a state, he would not say of more sublime, but of more complete, impartiality about them (laughter). He had never known their constitution or proceedings, and, having been amply occupied, he had never felt any vivid curiosity in the matter (laughter). If the Freemasons had been denounced vehemently he presumed that those who had denounced them acted under the most conscientious motives and beliefs. They might be right or wrong. He had not the slightest knowledge whether there was ground for the denunciation or not (cries of "Oh"). He suspected that 99 out of 100, or, at any rate, that 19 out of 20 members of the House were in the same condition of blissful ignorance as himself (loud cries of "No"). The question before the committee was not rectitude or error, the propriety or impropriety, of these denunciations. They were strictly spiritual and ecclesiastical, and they were exclusively the affair of those who thought fit to submit to them (cheers). Whatever had the Committee to do with them as such? (Cheers.) The hon. gentleman then said that he was dreadfully afraid lest the Irish Legislature should convert these spiritual denunciations into temporal oppression (hear, hear). Was that a just or proper supposition? He had sat in the House of Commons for 60 years, and for 60 years he had known no body of the members of the House more uniformly opposed to the use of temporal penalties for spiritual purposes than the Roman Catholic members from Ireland (cries of "Oh"). The Government refused to cast in their teeth or to charge upon them the probability of their committing a form of offence most gross in itself (hear, hear), and contradicted by all that they had said or done in his whole knowledge and experience of them ever since they first found their way within the walls of Parliament (cheers).

The amendment was rejected on a vote of 248 to 278.

Four Irish-American Catholics have carried off the medal for bravery in connection with the fire department of New York for the years 1891-2, and were presented with them last week.

Bishop Keane is not the first distinguished Roman Catholic on whom Harvard has conferred an honorary degree. In the early days of the republic the university made Lafayette an L. L. D., and later conferred the same degree on Charles O'Connor, while not long ago it bestowed the degree of doctor of sacred theology on Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston.

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The Guardian Angel.

Lamartine (from Longfellow's Translation).

When in my childhood's morning I rested 'neath the shade
Of the citron or the almond tree, with fruits and
blossoms weighed,
While the loose curls from my forehead were lifted
By the breeze,
Which like a spirit haunth every living thing it
sees;
Then in those golden hours, a whisper soft and light
Stole on my senses, thrilling each pulse to wild de-
light.
'Twas not the perfumed zephyr, the dreamy pipe's
low swell,
The tones of cherished kindred or the distant village
bell;
O, no, Guardian Angel, that music in the air
Was but thy vessel pinions that hovered round me
there.
When deeper founts of feeling within my bosom
sprung,
And love with soft enchantment, its varied cadence
rung;
When twilight after twilight still found me lingering
near
You green and wavy sycamore, to meet with one
most dear
Whose least caress could liberate the full spring of
my breast,
Whose kiss at every parting gave strange but sweet
unrest.
Ah! then the soft same whisper upon my spirit fell;
Say, would 'st thou his footsteps, which wake the mys-
tic spell?
O, no my Guardian Angel, who watchest over me,
My heart returned that echo of sympathy from thee!
And when in bliss maternal, I clustered round my
hearth
Those blessings God had lent me, to make my heaven
on earth,
When at my ancestral portal I watched their buoy-
ant gleam,
As my children, a throng with fruits, shook the ripe boughs
from the tree;
E'en then, though half defined, that voice with
sweetness fraught,
Poured out its notes familiar upon my raptured
thought.
What moved me then? Ah! was it the bird's song
unrepressed?
Or the breathings of the babe that slumbered on my
breast?
O, no my Guardian Angel, I felt that thou wert near
To echo back the gladness of my heart-music clear.
And now old age hath planted its snow crown on my
head,
And, sheltered from the bleak winds that through
the forest spread,
I feel the blazing embers that warm my shrinking
frame,
And guard the lambs and children, who scarce can
hisp my name,
Yet in this withered bosom as in the days of youth,
The self same voice consoles me with words of love
and truth
The not the joys of childhood that haunt me in my
sleep,
Or the lost tones of the dear one whom even now I
weep;
O no, my Guardian Angel, my tried and faithful
friend
It is thy heart that twine with mine till life shall
end.

How Columbus's Rights Were Ignored.

The discoverer of the New World had a solemn agreement with the sovereigns as to the reward of his services. The Queen agreed without hesitation that Columbus and his descendants should have the tenth part of all the products which should come from America, but she objected most strongly to Columbus exercising any authority in the territory discovered, as, even though his authority were exercised in the name of the sovereigns, this would constitute a division of the royal power. This was not vain ostentation on the part of Isabella, but she deemed it necessary in order to maintain the political unity realized by her after a desperate struggle against feudalism, and not to compromise the national unity obtained by the conquest of Granada, the last refuge of Mussulman rule.

This was why the negotiations were broken off and why Columbus abandoned the Court of Castille, with the intention of going to France or England; but such was the enthusiasm of the Queen for the enterprise that she caused him to return and acceded to his requirements, signing on April 19, 1492, at Santa Fee, a small town near Granada, the articles which conceded to him the tenth part of the revenue from the Indies and, under the title of Admiral and "Adelantado Mayor," the authority he had desired to obtain

for himself and his descendants. The effort of the Admiral's enemies to have him displaced, or to make use of the power which he was exercising, are well known. The remembrance of those facts which so embittered his life has served to tarnish his memory with the applause of the detractors of Spain. Envy and bad passions have existed and will exist at all times and in all countries, and a grave injustice is committed by supposing that these pottinesses of the human heart constitute the distinctive elements in the character of Ferdinand the Catholic. Although he was a prince of exalted mind, he was also the representative of the ideas of his time with reference to the royal authority. A disciple of Machiavelli, in his policy he made use of the resources of astuteness and cold calculation. He was never dazzled by the glory of the enterprise of Columbus, and he was not willing that the grandeur acquired by Castille should cause public business to be directed into channels that he deemed dangerous and of but slight benefit to the interests of Aragon. Not so much from hatred of Columbus as from political motives, he saw with perfect indifference the existence of a spirit of distrust of the admiral and the ignoring of his services.

While the Queen lived, Columbus obtained satisfaction for his wrongs, but when she died he was left to struggle alone, and, overcome by years, by sorrows and physical sufferings at last succumbed in poverty, leaving as a patrimony to his family an immortal name, an example of patience and Christian resignation and a wealth of expectations.—From "The Family of Columbus," by the Duke of Veragua, in *North American Review* for July.

Calvary Clover.

All over Europe a strange little plant grows and thrives. It is commonly called Calvary clover, being a trefoil and said to have been unknown on the earth until the time of our Lord's crucifixion. In some localities it has no name but the crucifixion plant or plant of Calvary. Tradition says that the first of its species sprang up under the feet of Pilate, who unjustly condemned the Saviour to death. After the crucifixion he went to Calvary, and the little plant appeared at every step he took to remind him of his crime.

This Calvary clover has three round green leaves, each with a spot of carmine in the center, looking exactly like a drop of blood. During the day they arrange themselves so that to the most incredulous they resemble a cross, and when the flowers appear in their season each one is startlingly like the crown of thorns.

Many historians, both sacred and profane, mentioned this strange member of the floral kingdom. Julian tells us that as far back as his day there was a tiny white cross displayed on each leaf, and that if one looked carefully enough he could see a figure hanging thereon. The figure of the central leaf is clothed in white, those on the other leaves being in black or red. The same writer also declared that when the blossom appeared the figures gradually faded away, the central one lasting longer than the others.

Tradition is so uncertain, however, that we hardly know how much of this folklore is to be credited. But surely in a belief which is widespread it can do no harm to place some confidence, and we like to believe in the pretty Calvary clover.—*Ave Maria*.

Local Option.

This term should be applied to the choice every intelligent person has between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B.B.B. It is an honest medicine.

Palace of Electricity.

Visitors to the World's fair are unanimous in commending the electrical display. Nothing like it has ever been seen before, and, including the exhibit in the electrical building and the many features displayed in the lighting of the grounds, a truly marvellous presentation is made of the progress of the most modern of the sciences.

It was proper, of course, that the statue of Benjamin Franklin should preside over this display. It is 141 years since he made his celebrated experiment with the kite. The statue occupies the place of honor in the southern hemicycle of the Temple of Electricity. It represents Franklin and the famous kite held in his hand and his face aglow with the ardor of science, upturned to the sea of azure whence he drew the spark that has lit the world. Mounted high on the pedestal, of white staff, the superb figure of the old philosopher and sage is strikingly life like. The sweep of the winds seem to have blown his loose locks about his neck, his long frock coat above his knees. Above in the semicircular dome is his name engraven on the centre panel, upheld by an Angel of Light; while below, around the frieze, shines in golden letters the noble epigram uttered by Turgot: "Eripuit cælo fulmen acceptumque tyrannis." "He snatched the thunder from the sky and the sceptre from the tyrant."

Franklin, or this ideal image of him, by Sculptor Carl Rohl Smith, invites you to cross the threshold of the modern wonderland, whose magic of light, heat and power has become almost commonplace. The wizards have, however, invested it with new glory here in the overwhelming display of giant dynamos, the bewildering brilliancy of thousands of incandescent lights, the witchcraft of innumerable creeping, peeping, vanishing flashes. All is a marvel of blaze, from the powerful gleam of the grand arc-light to the delicate incandescent lamps sparkling like tiny fire-flies.

The glory of the scene rises in dazzling majesty in the centre of the building—the Edison Tower of Light. The tall shaft represents the apotheosis of the incandescent lamp. From base to capital, a shining pillar of 82 feet, it springs from the roof of a colonnaded pavilion and nearly strikes its splendid crown against the groined arch of intermingling nave and transept. It is studded with thousands of lamps of all the hues of the rainbow, arranged in the most graceful patterns. When the bands strike up these colors are flashed in rhythmic harmony with the music. But above, the crown of this glorious column, is the magnificent eight-foot replica of an incandescent lamp, fashioned from 30,000 prismatic crystals of cut glass. Illuminated by a multitude of lamps within, it floods the Palace of Electricity with its brilliancy.

Next to this unrivaled achievement in beauty is the Western Electric Company's pillar of fire, a broad belt of red, white, and blue fire ceaselessly clambering up the crystal-studded column, vanishing below as it climbs above; creeping out in every direction along the zigzag joistings and disappearing in the beauty of whirling globes, changing color like dolphins.

I am like a tired out spider, whose web has been demolished so often that he is inclined to give up spinning it over again. St. Wilfrid seems to get for me a kind of dogged cheerfulness, and so I go on and on and on, and perhaps I may not live much longer, and then it will be well to have worked to the last moment.—*Fredrick Faber*.

GENTLEMEN—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.
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THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

July 20—St. Jerome, Emilian, Confessor.
21—St. Alexius, Confessor.
22—St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
23—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Appollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.
24—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
25—St. James, Apostle.
26—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

The Hospital Critic.

Society papers are universal in their choice of subjects: the earth is theirs and the fulness thereof. This, with the consideration that they are not guarded in their utterances, or careful of statements, makes them dangerous to the very people whom they could protect and instruct. More radical than ordinary socialists, they respect nothing. More dogmatic than theologians, their opinions are decrees.

Saturday Night is an example. In its issue of the 6th instant it starts off with the observation that "next year will close the contract for the school readers." Then, from the fact that some person is seeking some appointment, it gives the following common-sense remarks:

"Protestant or Catholic, I never saw anybody who was too good, nor did I ever find a man whose badness could be attributed to his religion, no matter what variety it was. What then, may I ask again, are we to think of those who in season and out of season are always after the Dogan with a noisy mouth and a suspicious mind? It must be confessed that this particular variety of a man has had too much influence in Toronto, but of recent years his kind has become so numerous that others have been forced to outdo even the most unreasonable. There was a time when Orangemen thought they could pretty nearly attend to the bawling of Papists, but now they are in the moderate class and they can be so for high offices only when they become sovereign pontiffs of their sect. Equal fighters to a certain extent because the higher degree, and when we saw such men as Principal Caven betraying a cause so recently espoused we had reason to admit that the new branch of Pope-haters had superior excellence in making their principles handy in a political campaign. Since then the P.P.A. and other branches of Protestantism have come into vogue, but no one has been able to excel the small politician who is ambitious to superintend the ashes and furnaces of the public buildings. He is the unofficial prop of Protestantism in Toronto. Moreover, he is loyal to the very core, and the Catholic Irish could not be permitted to wander at large without being decorated with a Union Jack if he had his way."

The article or series of articles ultimately turn away from a neat political discussion to the more agreeable subject of pleasure seeking, upon which "Don" delivers a homily. Before coming to this last horizon beneath his usual constellation of three stars, he devotes a good deal of space and bad humor to the subject of St. Michael's Hospital. "Don," in addition to his other qualities, is a funny fellow; he sees fun where none is meant, and where all but himself are in downright earnest. He saw fun in the deputation of Catholic gentlemen who interviewed the Council on behalf of the Hospital—it was the funniest thing that had been perpetrated in Toronto for years. What a dull city ours is to be sure, if that is the best joke it could get off. The point was that these gentlemen were claiming

the Hospital to be non-sectarian, and the funniest part of it all was that they did not see "the humorous phase of their mission." It is easy for scoffers in these days to turn religion and everything connected with it into ridicule, nor should we heed such mockery. But the deputation claimed, the Catholic people of this city claim, we all claim that St. Michael's Hospital is non-sectarian. It was built and is managed for suffering humanity, without distinction of creed, nation or colour. The fact that the good ladies who attend to it are religious, whose lives are consecrated to the service of the poor and the suffering, is a greater guarantee for sympathy and attention towards their patients than if they were working for hire, and is a surer protection that the money, public or private, is better spent than if the accounts were audited by public officers.

But "Don" tells us that: "His Grace Archbishop Walsh may think he did a very clever thing in inducing these Catholic gentlemen to go down there and make an exhibition of the Council; he did a very bad thing for himself and his Church." This is not true. Archbishop Walsh did no such thing. He is not the man to go truckling to politicians; and what he would not do himself he would not ask his people to do. The gentlemen who composed that deputation were not such that any Church authority would approach to enlist their aid in soliciting favors from the City Council. And when, again, "Don" alleges that they were gotten together by "extraordinary religious influence," he is merely trifling with truth and besmearing with mud a class that deserve more at his hands. Jealousy has blinded his judgment. If Archbishop Walsh had not spoken of Mayor Flewelling as he did in the circular on the Hospital, "Don" might not see so much fun, or might view it more equitably and charitably.

Protestant Heresies.

Nothing shows the absurdity of Protestantism as a religion so clearly as cases of heresy, which seem of late quite frequent amongst many of their bodies. We do not think that they are more numerous than before, especially when we consider the hundreds of different sects into which the original few have been split. But more publicity is given to religious views and more cognizance is taken by the church authorities. The thing was going too far, and they thought it was time to call a halt. But, nevertheless, it is absurd on the one hand that men should hold views contrary to those held by a sect and still want to belong to it. On the other hand, it is more absurd that the principle of private judgment should be laid down as a fundamental one, and then insist that every man must think as Knox, Luther or Wesley did. It is contrary to reason to place an open Bible in a man's hand and say: Interpret that as you please; but if you do not interpret it as I understand it, you cannot belong to me. The great want in Protestantism is that there is no authority, either judicial, interpretative or otherwise. The other day at Montreal, when the Rev.

Mr. Campbell had acknowledged his Kingston address, they were at a loss how to reach him. And he, with no interpretative guide to help him, wanders far in his study of the Old and New Testament.

Home Rule Dangers.

Lord Salisbury has never been sparing of his compliments to Ireland. At one time he said the Irish were no more deserving of self-Government than the Hottentots. Now in a serious article written for the *Pell Mall Gazette*, the noble lord compares the people of Ireland to the Hindoos, and endeavours to make out a case against home rule from a colonial point of view. He pretends to see two dangers, the first and most sensible of which is the blow that (he says) will be given to India by the creating of home rule to Ireland. India, he declares, is held by the justice of England's rule, though the last resort is always force. The taste for surrender is contagious. It depends upon the answer given to Ireland what shall be given in response to the similar demand which is sure to be made in India. The second point of danger is the possibility of a war between Great Britain and another power. An unfriendly executive in Ireland could, in that event, cause untold distress by allowing an enemy to procure coal and provisions in Irish ports, by allowing the coast to be used as rendezvous for privateers.

How, may we ask, could any foreign power enter any port in Ireland while the British navy roams about her coast! And if invasion of that character is difficult now, is it reasonable to suppose that the difficulty would be lessened under a system of Irish self-government. Is it not more probable that Ireland, in the enjoyment of her autonomy could be more loyal to Britain than she would be under a system of Coercion *in perpetuum* as provided for her by the Salisbury-Balfour regime?

The Street Cars.

The question of the Sunday Street Cars still occupies a good deal of attention and space in at least two of the city journals. At a meeting last week the Sabbatharians maintained that the great objection to a vote in August is that the Council has no safeguard to ensure an honest election—that in taking a vote, there is no provision against personation, fraud, etc. It is, therefore, to be presumed that the Archbishop, who undoubtedly wished an equitable vote, should be warned that he had been deceived, and acknowledging this should withdraw his signature. This seems to be at least the argument of the Chairman. But there is no foundation for its conclusion. The safeguards for the vote, the power of administering oaths, are as much in the hands of the Council on the 26th of August as in January. If the Council cannot take a fair vote at one time, it cannot do so at the other.

The fact that there is power to swear a man in the case of a vote of election for municipal offices is an accident which is not essential to a vote upon street railway running. The way, as Mr. Osler in the *World* stated, is to test the vote in the courts. Why is it

to be presumed that the vote will be a fraud? At any rate it cannot be expected that an Archbishop should change his views merely because the Council has not the power to administer oaths, and because the Sabbatharians assume there will be a lot of crooked work. What we maintain is that the Council has just as much power in this question next August as it had on the last occasion the vote was taken.

The Anglican ministers of the city soon divided upon the subject. Mr. Langtry came out strong upon the subject, and received an *argumentum ad hominem* from the *World*, which commands no respect at all. The cause that needs espionage—such that men spy into their neighbors' homes—is not very strong. That cars will sooner or later run on Sunday in Toronto is the conviction of every thinking man and woman in the community. The plant needs no forcing, but steady attention and prudent precautions. It will grow, and in a few years at most people will wonder that it was ever opposed.

"Impecunious and Garrulous."

The lengthened debate on the Home Rule Bill furnishes daily illustrations of the old saying that whoever shows temper first is beaten in argument. It is not very long ago, in the early stages of the debate, when Lord Bontick, Conservative member, declared openly, and with the tacit approval of Mr. Balfour, that the Irish Nationalists were a murderous set of people. Lord Salisbury is never done harping on the old refrain "Home Rule, Rome Rule," and appealing to the bigots of England and Ireland not to allow the Green Isle to be governed with "Priests and blackthorns." Colonel Saunderson, an Orange M.P. for some county in Ulster, had to apologize for designating his opponents in the House as "a pack of assassins;" and now we have Mr. W. Broderick, Tory M.P., declaring openly in the House that the Irish members are "impecunious and garrulous," and therefore should be excluded as much as possible from the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Thomas Sexton resented such words as highly insulting to his colleagues, his countrymen and to himself, and remarked that "the language of the hon. member was grossly impertinent and ought not to be tolerated in the House." Thereupon a storm arose, the Unionists shouting "withdraw," which Mr. Sexton very properly refused to do until Mr. Broderick had first apologized for the insulting epithets which had provoked the rejoinder. Both Chairman Mellors and Mr. Gladstone called upon Mr. Sexton to withdraw the word impertinent, when the latter said: "I am willing to do anything consistent with my duty to please the Prime Minister; but, considering the gravity of the insult offered to my countrymen, I have decided not to make any apology." These noble and well-timed expressions were greeted with loud cheers, and, as appears on the detailed account of the episode, was a point scored in favour of the Irish spirit and pluck over brutal insult and intolerance.

The taunt of impecuniosity comes with very bad grace from England to

Ireland. After having robbed Ireland, crippled her commerce, drained her resources, and destroyed her woollen manufacturers by iniquitous laws, it ill becomes Englishmen to reproach her with poverty. Her princes and nobles were driven into exile while their proud castles and broad domains were handed over to the stranger. Her land-owners and cottiers were compelled to choose between Hell and Connaught, while Palatines, who fought in William's army, usurped their snug farms, and Scotchmen were planted in Ulster. Whatever of impecuniosity attaches to Irishmen may be traced to but one source, viz., England's misgovernment of Ireland and oppression of Catholics during the last three hundred years. If Mr. Broderick knew anything of Ireland's history he would hesitate before charging her sons with the poverty of which his fathers' and grandfathers' spoliations were the sole cause and origin.

The charge of "garrulousness" preferred by Mr. Broderick against the Irish members illustrates the Fable of the Fox and the Sour Grapes. It is well established that but few of the English representatives are gifted with oratory, and that Irish eloquence and Irish wit and humour prevent the British House of Commons from being the dulllest and least interesting of all public assemblies. Perfectly conscious of their utter inability to cope with Irish eloquence, the English members, of whom Mr. Broderick is but the spokesman, would underrate the splendid talents of their opponents and dub their masterly eloquence as "garrulousness." The English public, however, note the difference, and show their appreciation of Irish talent by inviting men like O'Brien, Sexton, Blake and others to speak for their nominees, and assure their success at the polls by tremendous majorities.

The Consecration of England.

As was previously announced, the ceremony of consecrating England to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Peter took place at Brompton Oratory, London, with great pomp and ceremony; and what was done in this, the now leading Church of London, was done in various places through the country. At Rome, also, the students of the English College joined their countrymen in spirit and prayer, placing that great land, with its motley throngs of strange yet noble children, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and the Prince of the Apostles. At Brompton Oratory Cardinal Archbishop Vaughan sang Pontifical Mass, wearing the mitre and ring of St. Thomas of Canterbury. His Eminence preached in the afternoon at Vespers, and gave some strong historical evidence of England's devotion to St. Peter. We commend the following extract to the Anglican students of history who write for the *Canada Churchman*:

King Edward the Confessor, in a charter to the Church of Westminster (A.D. 1066), not only witnesses to the relations subsisting between England and the Apostolic See, but to the extraordinary devotion to St. Peter, which had always characterised the English nation. He says:

When I had rebuilt it (the Church of Westminster) and endowed it with many privileges of the Royal power, and of the Apostolic authority through the Blessed Pope Leo, upon the death of the said Leo,

and the accession of Nicholas in his place, it has pleased me to renew, improve, and confirm the customs and gifts of money, which my predecessors the Kings have ordained for St. Peter on account of the supreme (or extraordinary) devotion which the English people has ever had towards him and his successors.

St. Anselm (A.D. 1093), Archbishop of Canterbury, writes thus:

In the things of God I will be under obedience to the seat of Blessed Peter; in the things which of right belong to the earthly dignity of my Lord the King, I will give faithful counsel and assistance according to my power.

In 1127 Pope Honorius II. issued a Bull of Legatine Commission to the Bishops, Abbots, Bishops, etc., of Great Britain, on behalf of William de Curbellis, Archbishop of Canterbury. It runs as follows:

Holy Church, the Spouse of Christ, rooted in the solidity of the Apostolic faith, as a tender and devoted mother is wont to nourish with the bread of life her meek and humble children, whether they are near at hand or afar. Those who are close to us are visited by our personal presence, and those who are at a distance by the ministry of our Legates. Whereas, *knowing that you are, as it were, the singular and special sons of Blessed Peter*, we entrust you to our most dear brother William, Archbishop of Canterbury, so that thus constituted by us as Legate of the Apostolic See, he may be able, aided by your charity, to correct whatever requires to be corrected, and to ordain whatever, by God's help, requires to be ordained, to the honor of God and of the Holy Roman Church, and the salvation of souls. Wherefore, enjoining, we command all of you to render humble obedience to him as to our Legate, and to respond without exception to his summons, when he shall invite you to consider the state of the Church, and the good of the Christian religion, and to carefully celebrate with him Synodical meetings.—Given at the Lateran, 8 Kal. Feb., 1127.

More might be given, as, for example, the Cardinal's happy thought that St. Peter's character was dear to Englishmen, because he was the man blessed by Christ, the man whom Christ had chosen as His partner in His care for the Church, and the man whose love for Christ was greater than that of all his brethren. His practical, earnest nature, his fervent character, which betimes led him into many a fault, were traits which won the love of our English forefathers. St. Ambrose tells us that St. Peter was as much the Vicar of Christ's love for us as the Vicar of His supreme authority. The English were taken by the great Apostle's "courage, enterprise, gift of government, his tender compassion for sinners, his human sympathy with sickness and suffering." The dedication was concluded with a prayer specially composed for the occasion, in which they besought St. Peter: "Remember this realm of England, which grow in grace and unity under thy blessed Apostolic influence for nigh a thousand years. Pray to Jesus that all may see the light, and be brought back to the Fold, which is the one Fold of Christ."

New Books.

Amongst the prolates of the United States whose years are full is the venerable Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt., who was consecrated in 1858. He is already favorably known as an author, having written and translated several works. His latest book is entitled "The Labors of the Apostles," in which he gives a brief history of the establishment and first years of the Church. It is written, as the preface remarks, "for men of good will." "All must acknowledge that a very simple and easy way to find the truth is to see how the early Christians were converted:" for "the way to the truth must be the same now as it was eighteen hundred years ago." With this purpose in

view the author shows, by well selected passages from the Acts of the Apostles, the zeal and number of the converts, and the efficacy of God's word amongst them. But neither order nor organization was wanting. For we find order in temporal matters, in the distribution of alms, in the administration of the Sacraments. At Jerusalem we find a permanent bishop, St. James, settled a few years after. A chapter follows, explaining how the New Testament came to be written—which was demanded by the very nature of man and the desire the now convert had of keeping near them the words of Him who is the life and the light of those who believe in Him. All this is told with the simplicity of an evangelist by the saintly Bishop de Goesbriand. One good point of the book is that it is more scriptural than traditional, and more traditional than argumentative.

The book is a neat volume of two hundred pages from the well known publishing house of Benziger Bros.

Two other volumes from the same enterprising firm lie upon our desk, for which our thanks are specially due. They are volumes nine and ten of "Hunolt's Sermons," and include seventy-six discourses on The Christian's Last End. The companions of these are already so well and favorably known that any recommendation is superfluous. For the busy priest whose time is taken up, with the many other duties of a pastor's life, they are of great service. They treat the subjects in so many ways that they have the charm of variety, while they maintain a simplicity of style which makes them excellent models for young preachers.

The Lady. This little volume dressed in white with gilt trimming, is the fair companion of "The Gentleman," by Maurice Egan. Its style is neat and it contains many valuable suggestions upon what goes to form a Lady, and also excellent criticisms upon many who deem themselves what they are not.

The Canadian Magazine. This entertaining periodical appears in its fifth number with very interesting articles upon various subjects. The contents are: The Birth of Lake Ontario, Our Forests in Danger, The Greatest Drama, At the Mouth of the Grand, Isms in the Schools, Honor in the School-Room, Kingsley "Water Babies," The Battle of Stony Creek, The Automatic Maid-of-all Work, The Chamois Hunter, and a poem entitled Regret. These subjects are well and fairly treated. The Isms in the Schools is dangerous matter for magazine treatment; but taking the number all in all, it is very creditable and is deserving of increased success—which, in sincerity, we wish to all concerned in *The Canadian Magazine*.

The *Irish Monthly* for July announces the publication of a life of Augustus Henry Law, S.J. All the facts of Father Law's life, little personal traits, his correspondence and private spiritual notes are woven skillfully together by Ellis Schreiber, who is well known as a frequent contributor to the *Ave Maria*. "The amiable

apostleship exercised by his unathletic, hearty, genial and saintly personality will, please God, be continued for many successive generations of readers by means of the thoroughly satisfactory biography.

He was a brother of Commanded Law of this city."

Editorial Notes.

The following story of a French admiral contains a sentiment of religion and contempt for human respect well worthy of imitation in every walk of life. Some years ago the Admiral, who is still living, and who devoted his heart to Christian and social works, was maritime prefect at Cherbourg. For the Feast of Corpus Christi, or *Fete-Dieu*, he had ordered his marines to erect a magnificent repository, and he himself had followed in uniform the Blessed Sacrament. This was too much for the atheistic and irreligious journalists in the neighborhood, who immediately attacked the Admiral's clericalism. He remained perfectly calm, and disdainful of the insults, which honored rather than injured him. The next year he was asked if he intended to renew publicly the manifestation of his Christian sentiments, by following again in great display the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. "Certainly," was his reply, "for I have not learned since last year that God has lowered His rank."

In our most buoyant moods we are never hopeful that an Orange sermon or twelfth of July oration will satisfy, and much less please us. If by accident such a thing did occur we would feel that something was wrong with the speaker, the subject, or ourselves. And judging by a sermon delivered at the Pavilion on Sunday, the 24th instant, to twelve hundred members of the Loyal Orange County Lodge no variation is presented this year in the ordinary tone of these discourses. A Reverend H. C. Dixon was the preacher, and took his text from the words of the prophet, Nehemias: "And there is much rubbish so that we are not able to build the wall." The principal rubbish, according to this learned interpreter, is Rome, whose errors he considers too great to be placed in the wall. We would remind Mr. Dixon that it is not the first time in the history of Christianity that very good building material has been so dealt with. The Jews rejected the corner-stone: Rome does not and should not look for better treatment from modern Pharisees.

It was deeply to be regretted that the Christian Endeavour meeting at Montreal lately terminated as it did. One of their number, a Mr. Karmaraka, a converted Buddhist, impudently compared Catholicity to Buddhism. The French-Canadians became enraged, and a number of the more impulsive resented the insult by marching in a body to attack the convention. Trouble was averted by the watchfulness of the police. The Society showed its good sense by repudiating the remarks of the ex-Budhist. If the poor fellow knows no more about Protestantism or Christian Endeavour than he does about Catholicity he needs converting over again. Take him back to his native hills; he is a dangerous character in a mixed community; he gives his teachers away badly.

HEAD OF THE GORDONS.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HIS CAREER.

Fortunate indeed are the people of the Dominion of Canada in the class of public men whom the Queen has sent to preside over them since Confederation was established in 1867. One and all they have acquitted themselves well, both socially and politically, while several have been afforded opportunities of an indelible impress of their high character on the laws and institutions of the country. One of the most popular of the Canadian viceroys was the young Marquis of Lorne, a Scotsman of Scotsmen, whose achievements in many fields of honorable venture, with those of his royal consort the Princess Louise, have added considerably to Dominion prominence. Now another Scotsman takes possession in the person of the head of the Gordons, and, if we may judge from the reputation which he brings with him, his occupancy of Rideau hall will not be long undistinguished. Of genial temperament and proved capacity for public affairs, Lord Aberdeen, though young in years, has added not a little to the traditional glories of the family. Born August 3, 1847, his lordship was educated at Oxford, where he took his B. A., in 1871, and an M. A., in 1877. While at college he succeeded to the title as seventh earl, owing to the death of his eldest brother, George, whose romantic career as a seaman before the mast has oft been told. The unfortunate nobleman was serving on the American vessel *Hera*, on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne, when he was accidentally washed overboard and drowned before assistance could be rendered him.

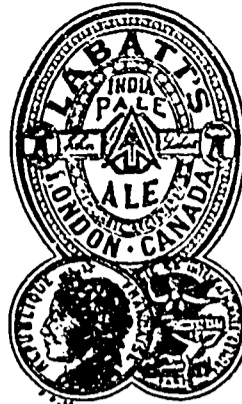
Lord Aberdeen entered the House of Lords as a Conservative, but disagreeing with Lord Beaconsfield's government on a question of policy, has since become more and more closely identified with the Liberal party. For many years he held the office of High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland; but it was as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, during Mr. Gladstone's previous term of office, that his lordship displayed to the full those fine qualities of head and heart which have made his name respected and beloved, not alone by the Irish people, but by the many in every land who sympathize with their cause. His lordship has been ably seconded in his political career, as well as in his various philanthropic and religious efforts, by an energetic and devoted wife—Isabel Maria, youngest daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth—to whom he was united in 1877. Five or six children have been born to them, the eldest of whom, Lord Haddo, bears a title not unfamiliar to old time Parliamentarians. Lord and Lady Aberdeen having resided quite recently in Canada, in one province of which his lordship owns and cultivates large tracts of land, they will take their recognized places there—one at the head of the government, and the other at the head of society—with the feeling of perfect ease and satisfaction which comes from association with old and well known friends. Rideau hall, the government house at Ottawa, under whose broad mahogany many distinguished personages, including Chas. Kingsley, Albert Bierstadt, H. M. Stanley, Bret Harte, E. A. Sothorn, John L. Toole, Canon Farrar, Arthur Sullivan, and Henry Ward Beecher, have at various times, to use a new and popular phrase, stretched their "eminent legs," is by no means palatial in appearance, albeit a perfect mine of money has been expended upon it; but it is well situated, cozy in its inner recesses, and possesses in its surrounding domain extensive and well-kept drives, walks, and gardens. Here, on Saturday "afternoons,"

after the vice-regal household has returned to the northern capital from its usual summer outing may, be seen almost every one worth seeing and knowing in and about Ottawa. If it is during the session of Parliament, many of the great legislators and statesmen, with their wives and daughters, will be there in either gardens, rink, or ballroom, the place of resort being contingent on the weather, which is never very certain in Ottawa. In the winter season it is a very gay and animated scene indeed which presents itself on and about the skating rink and the toboggan slides at the Government house. Here the local Prime Minister, Sir John Thompson, meets on common ground the opposition Demosthenes, Mr. Laurier, here Mr. Costigan, the leader of the Irish Catholics, quite regardless of church or state, hobnobs for the time being with Mr. Wallace, the Grand Master of the Orangemen; here Sir Donald Smith, the great millionaire and believed to be the largest-hearted man in Canada, and Mr. Van Horne, the railway king, and Mr. Sandford Fleming, the learned Chancellor, and Dr. Lewis, the eloquent Metropolitan, find opportunity for putting their heads together touching some new scheme of benefit or advantage to the country; crowds of happy, and well-dressed people abound—Cabinet Ministers, Judges, Senators, M. P.'s, civil servants, professional men, bankers, lumber kings, and merchant princes—they are all there; and conspicuous everywhere moves their Excellencies, with the busy members of the staff intent only on one object—that of making their guests thoroughly at home. On returning to the house, before separating for the day, dancing is indulged in; and here, when wraps and clouds are discarded, an opportunity is afforded the wayfarer of seeing something of the pretty women of the capital, both married and single. In this respect, as in others, Ottawa will be found to be able to hold her own with Dublin, Lord Aberdeen's former official place of residence, or any of the other political capitals, but the new Governor-General will be able to judge for himself when he comes to be installed, an event which is fixed for August. Their Excellencies will doubtless meet with an exceedingly hearty reception from all classes of the Canadian people.—*Henry J. Morgan (Old '48) in Harper's Weekly.*

Power of Ants.

(One morning a gentleman of many scientific attainments sat quietly and alone at his breakfast. Presently he noticed that some large black ants were making free with the contents of the sugar bowl. He drove them away, but they soon returned, seemingly unwilling to leave their sweetened feast. Again they were dispersed, only to return in increased numbers. There was a lamp hook directly over the center of the table, and to try their ingenuity the gentleman suspended the sugar bowl to the hook with a cord, allowing it to swing clear of the table about an inch. First the sagacious little creatures tried to reach it by standing on each other's backs. After repeated efforts, all of which were failures, they went away, and it was supposed they had given it up in despair. Within a surprisingly short time, however, they were seen descending the cord by dozens and dropping themselves into the sugar bowl. They had scaled the wall, traversed the ceiling, discovered another road to the treasure.

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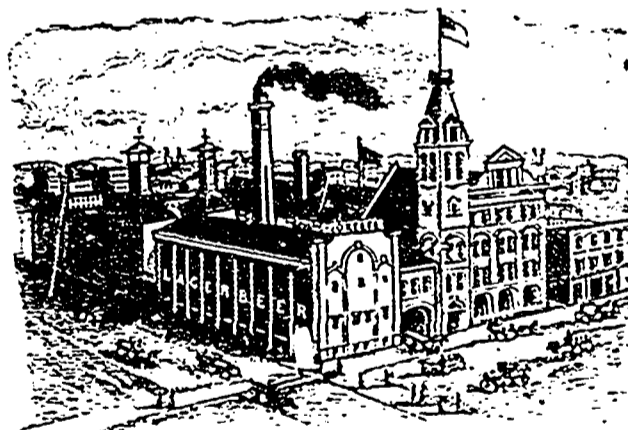
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BY LUCY FIELD.

I thought myself, indeed, secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But lo! the toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart was stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in 't's only me."
I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.
Who knows but in Eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father need
The truant's supplicating cry.
As at the outer door I plead,
"Tis I, O Father 'only I!"

Selected Receipts.

IRISH STEW.—Simmer until tender two pounds of beef. Add salt, pepper and one small chopped onion. Stew half an hour and add five small sliced potatoes. Simmer until potatoes are done. Thickened gravy with one tablespoonful of flour wet in a half a cupful of milk.

STEAK PUDDING.—Line mould with thin suet crust. Cut three quarters of a pound of rump steak in slices. Dip them in pepper and salt, lay in the mould, filling up centre with oysters or mushrooms, wet with good stock, and cover with crust. Tie up in a cloth and steam three hours.

CHICKEN WITH TOMATOES.—Put two spoonfuls of butter, dripping or lard in a large stew-pan; when very hot add two medium-sized onions sliced thinly and three tomatoes cut in slices or dice; let all fry for a few moments and then add two tender chickens cut up as for a fricasse and rolled in flour; nearly cover with hot water and let them cook slowly until half cooked, when a pint of potatoes cut in dice and half a pint of mushrooms are added. Mushrooms may be omitted. Cook slowly.

LEMON PUDDING.—Grate a pound of dry bread. Beat together five ounces granulated sugar, three ounces of butter and the yolks of three eggs; into this grate the rind of two lemons and beat the juice of one, also a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour over the crumbs one quart of milk and beat in the other ingredients. Bake half an hour in a butter dish. Beat up the whites of your eggs very stiff with half a cupful of pulverized sugar and a little vanilla; take the pudding out of the oven, put on the meringue and return to the oven until it is a light brown which will be in about three minutes.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Choose 6 large smooth tomatoes. Cut a slice off the stem ends, and with your finger carefully scoop out the seeds. Mix together a half cup of finely chopped cold boiled ham, 12 chopped mushrooms, 2 heaping tablespoonsful of stale bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, heaping it in the centre; sprinkle over the tops with bread crumbs, place the tomatoes in a granite baking pan, baste with melted butter and bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. When done take them up carefully with a cake turner and serve.

The Cure for Gossip.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because they have nothing else to talk. As we write there come picture of a family. We have seen met the caught book-sto.

in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about. They knew something, and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak frooly of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, and because the doings of their neighbor's formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grow out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always either malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart, and the other a change of parure. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty pastime. There are country neighborhoods where it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

Scientific Notes.

A man named Teamster, living at Muddy Creek, Greenbrier county, West Va, recently cut a poplar tree that made nine sawlogs twelve feet in length and 13,060 feet of lumber.

In the British Patent Office, where of all places in the world one would expect to find things ordinarily well "up to date," the steel pen is unknown, and the antediluvian goose quill supreme.

Pitch pine beams will shrink in thickness from 18 3/4 inches, to 18 1/4 spruce from 8 1/2 to 8 1/4; white pine from 12 inches, to 11 1/2; yellow pine a trifle less. Cedar beams will shrink from a width of 14 inches to 13 1/4; elm from 11 1/2 to 10 1/2, and oak from 12 to 11 1/2 inches.

Wood pulp is rapidly becoming one of the most universally used of manufactured articles. Not only is found available for making many of the necessities and conveniences of man's life, aside from newspapers, but it is also appearing in artistic coffins in which to bury him.

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

Lemon grass, known only in Ceylon, grows to a height of six or seven feet and ignites spontaneously. At first a single curl of smoke or bright tongue of flame will be noticed. Soon, however, as the water runs down the stalks and mingles with the oils and acids contained in the pith of the curious herb, fierce fires burst into view here, there and every place, soon covering the whole mountain in a sheet of flame.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' EAR OIL. I warmed the Oil and put it into my ear, and before long my hearing was restored. I have heard of other cases cured by the use of



DON'T LISTEN to the dealer who is bent on bigger profits. The thing that he wants you to buy, when you ask for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription isn't "just as good." Proof: this is easy. The only guaranteed remedy for the ailments of womanhood is the "Favorite Prescription." If it ever fails to benefit or cure, in making weak women strong or suffering women well, you have your money back.

Anything "just as good," or as sure to bring help, could be, and would be, sold in just that way.

This guaranteed medicine is an invigorating, restorative tonic, especially adapted to woman's needs and perfectly harmless in any condition of her system.

It builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

For periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, ulceration, inflammation—everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's a remedy that's safe, certain, and proved.

Everything catarrhal in its nature, Catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from Catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Armagh.

Rev. Father Quinn, C.C., of Keady, has been appointed by his Eminence Cardinal Logue to be parish priest at Stewartstown, in the place of the late Rev. Patrick Slane, P.P.

Carlow.

On June 24th, in the Chapel of the Presentation Convent, Carlow, Miss A. M. Cullen, daughter of the late Mr. James Cullen, Ballysax, County Kildare, and sister of the Rev. John Cullen, C.C., Kildare, made her final vows. The Very Rev. Patrick Foley officiated on the occasion.

Cork.

Mr. P. O'Neill, auctioneer, put up for sale, on June 13th, in the Market house, Ennisceothy, part of the lands of Greerville containing 63a. 3r. 24p., on which the Land Commissioners in 1891 fixed a judicial rent of £40 13s.; and also part of the lands of Lyro, containing 31a. 2r. 3p., the judicial rent being £16 12s. On the lands there is a substantial two-storied dwelling house, adjoining which is a flower and vegetable garden, and also adequate out offices. The land is held from Lord Portsmouth, under a lease for the life of the Prince of Wales. The bidding proceeded with marked briskness until £750 was reached, whereupon Mr. Atkinson, Coolahorna, bid £770, and at that sum the property was knocked down to him.

Down.

A premium of £5 from the Carlisle and Blake Memorial Fund has been awarded to Mr. Daniel McConville, Principal of the Male National School, Banbridge, under the management of the Very Rev. John O'Brien, P.P., V.F.

Dublin.

At a meeting of the Nationalist members of the Dublin Corporation, on June 30th, it was unanimously resolved that the present Lord Mayor should be the candidate of the Party for the Mayoralty of 1894.

Galway.

Heartfelt sorrow was felt at Woodford, on June 27th, when it was learned that Mr. Timothy Clarke, one of the Clunricarde "Campaigners," had died, after a long illness. Mr. Clarke was the first tenant attacked by Lord Clunricarde at the beginning of the memorable struggle, seven years ago, and with such determination and ability did he oppose the proceedings in the law courts (and out of them, too) that he was not finally evicted until a little more than a year ago.

Kildare.

The death is announced of Mr. B. A. Clancy, V.S., of Brownstown Lodge, the Curragh. Mr. Clancy was a well-known figure at the principal race meetings, and was present at the late Leopardstown fixture, where his colors were carried by "Lovely Lena." He enjoyed a large veterinary practice at the Curragh and surrounding districts, being especially noted for the success he achieved in performing the operation known as tracheotomy. His remains were consigned to the grave on June 23d.

Leitrim.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Thomas Duignan, of Dancesfort House, Drumana, a Justice of the Peace for the County Leitrim.

Limerick.

We regret to announce the death of M. Riordan, Esq., Solicitor, which took place on Sunday, June 25th, at the residence of his father, Alderman Riordan, William street, Limerick, after a lengthened illness. Mr. Riordan served his apprenticeship to Mr. P. S. Connolly, Solicitor, and after passing very successful legal examinations he was duly sworn in as an Attorney. He practised in Limerick, and in a short time became very popular and successful in his professional career. Some months ago he became seriously ill and was confined to his room since then. He was only 30 years of age, and his early decease is widely regretted.

Louth.

The greatest possible regret was felt at Drogheda on June 15th, when it became known that the Rev. Bernard Grant, one of the respected and zealous curates of St. Peter's, had died from heart failure, while bathing. On the day mentioned, deceased and Rev. Father Boyle went out to bathe at Tom Roche's point, in the river Boyne. Father Boyle observed deceased struggling in the river, and at once rushed to his assistance and carried him to the bank, raising him from the water. Dr. John Byrne was promptly in attendance, and pronounced life extinct from weak action of the heart. Father Grant was only thirty years of age, and was born in the parish of Faughart. He studied in the Dominican college, Armagh, and also in Maynooth. After a brilliant course, about six years ago, he was ordained to the priesthood. His first curacy was Droimiskin, and two years ago he was transferred to Drogheda. His death leaves a blank which it will be difficult to fill.

Mayo.

A young man named Patrick Toole, of Cleonkerry, met his death under very painful and distressing circumstances, on June 23, nearly midway between Kilmaine and Ballin-

robo. He was carting goods as far as Head ford when he fell off the load and met with such serious injuries that death was almost instantaneous.

Meath.

A subscription list has been opened in Slane for the relief of the widow and family of Constable E. Walsh, who lost his life trying to save Alfies Davis from drowning.

Tipperary.

The death is announced of Mr. Robert Gill, C.E., Nenagh. Mr. Gill, who was highly esteemed throughout the county Tipperary, was brother to the late Mr. Peter E. Gill, and played a man's part in every movement for the regeneration of his native land since '48. His son, Mr. T. P. Gill, was member for South Louth from 1885 to 1892, and is well known on the American press.

Church Dedication.

On Sunday, July 16th, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the beautiful new Catholic church of St. Mary's (Ontario) was solemnly dedicated by his Lordship Bishop O'Connor of London. His Grace Archbishop Walsh, who was unable to be present, was represented by his Secretary, Rev. James Walsh.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Dean Murphy of Dublin, Ont., assisted by Rev. Jas. Walsh of Toronto, as deacon, and Rev. Father Ferguson of Assumption College, Sandwich, as sub-deacon, with Father Kennedy of Seaforth as master of ceremonies.

There were also present Rev. Dr. Kilroy of Stratford, Father Connolly of Bidulph, and Father Brennan, P.P., of St. Mary's.

Bishop O'Connor, after expressing regret for the absence of his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto (who had been announced to officiate on the occasion) and complimenting the Pastor and the people of the parish for erecting such a beautiful temple to the worship of God, preached a very eloquent sermon, showing that the Lord was pleased with those who erected beautiful structures for His honor and glory, quoting the words of God Himself, expressing satisfaction at the completion of Solomon's Temple, erected for His worship.

In the evening grand musical vespers, with orchestral accompaniment, were sung. The sermon was preached by Father Ferguson, who said the Catholic people the world over were endeavoring to wipe out the stigma cast on humanity by our Lord when He said the birds of the air had their nests in the foxes their holes in the ground, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. But on that day the congregation gave evidence that they were anxious to provide a suitable dwelling place for the Most High.

Amongst the prominent Catholics of the parish present were: P. Whelihan, Esq., Registrar of South Perth; the Messrs. Whelihan of the Windsor Hotel; John Walsh, merchant; Messrs. Currie, Burns, Hasset, Meaney Bros., and Moir. Our separated brethren were well represented. Among others there were: Mr. Moncrief, barrister; Dr. Sparks, Dr. Mathieson, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Ramsay, Mgr. Traders' Bank; Mr. Leslie, Mgr. Bank of Montreal.

From Toronto were: Messrs. John Goddard, M. Murphy, F. Killackey and John Hanrahan, who were interested in the construction of the church; also Mr. Post, of the firm of Post & Holmes, who were the architects of the building.

Too much praise cannot be given the choir for their able and effective service. Miss Shea and Miss McKeough were leader and organist respectively. The sopranos were Misses Clarke, Hughes and Hanrahan. The altos, Misses Broderick and Quayle, Messrs. McKeough and Burns, tenors, and Fleming, bass.

Almonte.

At the last regular meeting of the Father Matthew Temperance Association of Almonte the following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: Spiritual Director, Very Rev. Canon Foley; President, John O'Reilly; 1st Vice President, Edward J. Smith; 2nd Vice President, Arch. Kane; Secretary, Jas. O'Connor; Treasurer, P. Daly; Committee of Management, Ben. Bolton, Edward Letang, J. A. Johnston, E. J. Daly, G. W. Smith, M. J. Allman, Jas. Moore, F. Doherty and F. Burke.

Barrie.

The Very Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie intends holding a grand monster picnic in Ardagh's Grove on August 23th, Toronto's Civic holiday. Games and other amusements will be provided. The members of the C. M. B. A. will be pleased to meet visiting brothers on that day. Cheap fares on railroads. Come and enjoy a good day's sport.

Another Record Made.

For nearly forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been the leading and surest cure for cholera, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery and all summer complaints. It is a record to be proud of.

Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne do Beaupre.

With the kind permission of his Grace Archbishop Cleary, Kingston, the second annual pilgrimage under the auspices of St. Francis de Sales Church, Smith's Falls, will take place on Monday, July 31st, leaving Smith's Falls at 4 o'clock p.m. of that day by special train. Accompanying the train there will be sleepers, in which berths may be procured beforehand on application, through local station agents, to Mr. R. A. Bennet, C. P. R. agent at Smith's Falls. Applications for berths in sleepers ought to be in before Friday, July 28th. Refreshments may also be had on the train at moderate rates. Return tickets from Smith's Falls to Ste. Anne do Beaupre only \$4.25, good for the whole week, and comparative rates from other C. P. R. stations as far west as Tweed, north as Kenfrow, and east as Dalhousie Mills. The special train will remain at Ste. Anne do Beaupre until Wednesday morning, and at Quebec all day, leaving there at 8 o'clock p.m. Excursionists may return on any regular train, however, up to Saturday night. Father Stanton and several priests of the archdiocese of Kingston will accompany the pilgrimage. A prominent C. P. R. official (Montreal) will have charge of special train.

The Bon Marche.

It is unanimously admitted that the great Montreal Purchase made by Mr. F. X. Cousineau—amounting to over \$25,000—is well worth twice that sum. This marvellous purchase, together with the present stock of the Bon Marche (aggregating nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of goods) has been put in order for the great sale that opens to-day. No one should miss it, as a chance like this may not occur again.

Have You Headache

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint can be entirely cured by B.B.B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

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South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

Building Sale.

A CLOSE eye is kept on immediate summer requirements. Crockery and tinware in the basement for camping use. Camping beds and camping bedding upstairs. Charge very little.

- 44 in. Roman and Solid Corda, in dress goods, 50c, were 85c.
- Silk Stripes, grey and fawn, 65c, were \$1.
- Silk Mixtures, shot effects, 65c, were \$1.
- 46-inch German Joffa Cloth, shot effects, silk mixture, \$1.25, were \$2.
- 42 in. Hemstitch Lawn Flouncing, 15c, 20c.
- Lawn Flouncing, 3 in., hemstitch, 15, regular price, 25c.
- Special Lino Insertion, hem and tack, 42 in., 12 1/2c, were 20c.
- Ponjor Silks, over 50 shades, light and dark, 25c.
- 22 in. Black China, 25c.
- 22 in. Shot Silks, 35c, were 50c.
- All Silk Brocades, 25c, were 50c.
- 32 in. English Prints, washable, 5c, were 10c.
- A beautiful Print at 7 1/2c.
- Blouses in Bedford Corda, cream grounds, 65c, were \$1.25.

Out-of-town shoppers are saving good money by means of our mail order system. It does all.

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BISHOP McQUAID'S SILVER JUBILEE

High dignitaries of the Church, from Canada, and from the principal American cities, loyal laymen and devoted priests gathered at St. Patrick's Cathedral last Wednesday morning, and all were animated by one common impulse—the desire to show by their presence the esteem and respect they entertain for the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, who on July 12, 1803, was consecrated as first Bishop of Rochester. All portions of the church bore evidence of the joyful nature of the occasion and the altar was particularly beautiful. The trustees of each parish, officers of the C. M. B. A. and of the Catholic Uniformed Union occupied seats in the church.

At 10:15 the processional hymn was sung, the altar boys and students leading the way from the bishop's house to the sanctuary. Archbishops, priests and deacons followed.

There were present: Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., New York city; Most Rev. John Joseph Williams, D. D., Boston; Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Toronto; Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, D. D., Kingston; Rt. Rev. Francis McNiery, D. D., Albany; Rt. Rev. William Michael Wigger, D. D., Newark, N. J.; Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, D. D., Syracuse; Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, D. D., Ugensburg; Rt. Rev. Charles F. McDonnell, D. D., Brooklyn. Nearly all the priests of the diocese and many from other dioceses were present. Archbishop Cleary was accompanied by Vicar-general Gauthier and Archbishop Walsh by Father Leafy of St. Michael's College.

At the conclusion of the Mass Very Rev. James F. O'Hare, vicar-general, advanced and read the address of the priests of the diocese, as follows:

We, the priests of your diocese, tender you our sincere congratulations on this twenty-fifth anniversary of your consecration as bishop of the diocese of Rochester. It gives joy to our hearts to see the most reverend and right reverend prelates, very reverend and reverend clergy who have come to do honor to our bishop on this, his silver jubilee. The little ones of your flock have lately, in various ways and on different occasions, spoken out of their warm hearts the sentiments of love and gratitude which animate them as well as the loving hearts of their devoted teachers. So shall we, your priests, who have been so intimately associated with you during the twenty five years, and whose relations have been most cordial, after the manner of the apostles with their Divine Master, be ready, whenever occasion demands, to give testimony to your fatherly heart, your keen sense of justice, well tempered with mercy, and far reaching foresight in detecting danger ahead, your indomitable will in defence of truth and your uncom promising zeal in the cause of God and our holy church.

When Dr. O'Hare concluded, Father Kiernan escorted Mayor Curran to the altar rail, who read the address on behalf of the Catholic laity of the diocese of Rochester. He said:

Right Reverend and Honored Bishop. The pleasing duty has fallen upon me to address you briefly in behalf of the parish trustees of this, your prosperous and happy diocese.

While, indisputably, zealous priests and an ever loyal laity contributed heroically in the great work achieved during your years in Rochester, yet the power and courage of the master mind was ever in their midst, the mind which saw in obstacles only things to overcome, which saw in deliberate opposition the sure road to success, the mind ever aggressive, ever vigilant and ever supremely right. Not the least accomplished in the Rochester diocesan work is the standing of the people and their religion, struggled for and attained within the memory of many in this congregation. Here as elsewhere, not many years ago, an unreasonable bigotry, a shameless prejudice and a cowardly hatred were manifested towards Catholics, where kindness and charity would have blossomed ripe fruit. The fearless, the high minded and manly course pursued by bishop, clergy and laity, ever on the defensive, but never offensive, served to win applause from a willing lips, and to day this bigotry, this un holy prejudice is accounted, excepting in narrow quarters, as a thing of the past.

To day the value of the church property, including schools and cemeteries, would count up in the millions. All this stands, as it must stand, a monument to the tireless perseverance, the indomitable will and inflexible courage and genius of the man who graces the mitre and honors the throne of the diocese of Rochester.

I voice the affectionate prayer of the 80,000 Catholics in this diocese in wishing Bishop McQuaid a long and happy life with his people here below, and the eternal reward that awaits the faithful in the here after.

Bishop McQuaid then addressed the congregation. He thought that thanks ought rather to be returned to God, and said that he had but tried to do his duty. He congratulated the congregation now in its full prime and vigor.

"My people," said the bishop, "have always been my strength and my joy, and I have always been their shepherd and their father. I would encourage you to be as faithful as I have been to you."

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He then addressed the congregation. He thought that thanks ought rather to be returned to God, and said that he had but tried to do his duty. He congratulated the congregation now in its full prime and vigor.

"My people," said the bishop, "have always been my strength and my joy, and I have always been their shepherd and their father. I would encourage you to be as faithful as I have been to you."

agement of the laity. No one knows the work of the past as well as I do. On this occasion, in the presence of my beloved associates, before so many of my beloved parishioners, you try to say that I am to be congratulated and praised for it all. I am to be congratulated, but you, my brother clergy, and you, my faithful parishioners, you did the work. You opened the purse-strings, you laboured and builded, to you is the success due. I may have spoken some words, and given some directions; the success is due to you. I brought to the altar of my God only what every priest brought—his life and services. They have been used in the Master's services. Accept, then, these words, my beloved, and forgive my shortcomings. I thank you, my zealous and beloved people, for your kindness, and you, trustees of the diocese, I thank you for your warm kindness. You have demonstrated the fact that the laity, the clergy, are one and inseparable. By your efforts we have prospered. I have prevented on this occasion all gifts. The reason is apparent. Do you know that the sixty-six priests in the diocese have given \$50,000 for the St. Bernard's seminary. They raised it not from their parishioners, but by stinting and depriving themselves. Where is there such a love?

To-day I stand here to thank God for His mercy and grace. He has given me the right to work. He has been with me when doubt and fear might have oppressed me. He has been with me in honesty and truthfulness and in sincerity. I have Him to thank for a multitude of favors. I have Him to thank for the special apostolic benediction sent to my priests on this occasion. I have thanks to offer my congregation. I thank my children for the love they manifest for me. I thank my associates for leaving the scenes of their labours and coming here on this day. I assure you that it will be no small pleasure to me to take them to that monument on the Genesee, near your honored dead. Now I ask you all to join in giving thanks to God, to whom all praise is due.

Archbishop Corrigan gave the apostolic benediction. The visiting ecclesiastics were entertained at dinner at St. Bernard's Seminary by the Bishop in the afternoon.

A Child Saved.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child.

MRS. WM. STEWART, Campbellville, Ont.

THE MARKETS

Toronto, July 19, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush	\$0 64	\$0 65
Wheat, red, per bush	0 63	0 64
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 59	0 60
Barley, per bush	0 39	0 44
Oats, per bush	0 42	0 43
Peas, per bush	0 60	0 61
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs	7 50	8 00
Chickens, per pair	0 45	0 65
Geese, per lb	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb	0 12	0 12 1/2
Butter, per lb	0 17	0 20
Eggs, new laid, per dozen	0 14	0 15
Parsley, per doz	0 20	0 09
Cabbage, new, per doz	0 50	0 75
Celery, per doz	0 20	0 00
Radishes, per doz	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz	0 15	0 20
Onions, per doz	0 15	0 20
Turnips, per doz	0 25	0 30
Potatoes, per bag	0 70	0 85
Beets, per doz	0 20	0 00
Carrots, per doz	0 20	0 25
Apples, per bbl	2 00	3 50
Hay, timothy	10 00	12 50
Straw, sheaf	7 50	8 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, July 18.—The market was rather poor to-day, there being but 44 loads received. The export trade was of little account. About half a dozen loads were purchased at prices that ranged from 4 to 4 1/2c per pound.

The trade in butchers' cattle was dull and prices were weaker; the local demand was light. For a few selected cattle as much as 4c was paid, but the average for good stuff to day was from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c per pound, with many deals around 3c; and inferior and culls as low as 2 1/2 to 2 3/4c each.

There was scarcely any enquiry for milkers.

We had over three hundred lambs and sheep in the morning in addition to good stock left over. Sheep were not wanted and extremely dull at from \$4 to \$4.50 each. Lambs were also slow at from \$3 to \$3.75 each. The market was overstocked.

The extra supply of calves here last Friday broke the market, many of them remained unsold, and with fifty or sixty that came in this morning we had a glut, and prices gave way about one dollar a head. Figures mostly ranged from \$3 to \$6 each. For calves.

In hogs there was no quotable change and the feeling was weak.



From the Author of the "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church,"
Cannelton, Ind., September 16, 1911
Some of my people, my teachers as well as myself, are using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the very best results. I recommend it most heartily.
REV. J. W. BOOK.

The Doctors Could Not Relieve Her.

LOUISVILLÉ, OHIO, Oct. 25, 1890
I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a lady 25 years old, every two or three weeks she had a serious attack of falling sickness, accompanied with headache and was driven to madness, she was sent once to an insane asylum. The doctors could not relieve her. I began with one bottle of your medicine, she had taken three quarters of it and she wrote to me a few days ago: "The medicine helps me much, I think another bottle will cure me."
REV. ARMAND HAMELIN.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address of a few patients subject to "nervous" ailments free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of St. Mary's, Ind., since 1856 and is now under the direction of the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 12 Bottles for \$20.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Coal, Public Buildings," will be received until Monday, 31st July, for Coal supply for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings.

Specification, form of Tender and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Monday, 10th July.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to supply the coal contracted for. If the tender is not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 7th July, 1893.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of July 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close.		Due.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.20	7.15	10.10
O. and Q. Railway	6.10	7.15	7.15	10.10
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and L. W.	7.30	8.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	8.30	10.45	8.60
Midland	7.00	8.35	12.30pm	9.80
C. V. R.	6.10	4.00	11.05	9.10
G. W. R.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	noon	9.00	2.00	7.50
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
			10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00	6.45
		4.00	10.30	11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for July: 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31.

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

TEACHER WANTED,

Full School Section No. 2, Medonte male or female—holding a second or third class certificate, for the last half of 1893. Duties to commence on 21st August. State references and salary.
Address: J. J. FRAWLEY,
Secretary-Treasurer,
S. S. No. 2, Medonte, Mount St. Louis, Ont.

ALEX. BURNS.

MERCHANT TAILOR.
297 PARLIAMENT STREET
TORONTO.

Fine art tailoring a Specialty Terms moderate

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for the

CATHOLIC REGISTER

Write for particulars,
Or apply at office
40 Lombard st., Toronto.

INSIST UPON A
Heintzman Co. Piano

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

Catalogue Free on Application.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King st. West.

Confederation Life

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director. TORONTO. W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary.

NEW INSURANCE, 1892 (WRITTEN), \$3,670,000

GAIN OVER 1891. - - - \$750,000.

Insurance at Risk, - \$22,565,000

GAIN FOR 1892. - - - \$2,000,000

POLICIES Issued on all approved and well-tried plans are Non-Forfeitable, Indisputable and Free practically from all conditions and restrictions as to residence, travel and occupation. **AFTER TWO YEARS.**

The Old Man'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER I.

"In heaven's name, Hellwig, where are you going?"

"Straight to X—, if you will kindly permit me," was the half-defiant, half-scornful answer.

"But the road certainly never led over such a hill as this! You're out of your senses, Hellwig. Hello! Stop. I want to get out. I've no fancy for being upset and having my bones broken. Will you have the goodness to stop?"

"I upset you! I? It would be the first time in my life," were the words the other probably meant to say, but but a terrific crash interrupted and effectually silenced the speaker. The snorting and stamping of a horse were heard for a moment, then the animal, having regained his footing, dashed madly away.

"Well, this is an upset!" muttered the first speaker, sitting upright at last on the wet, newly plowed field. "Hi! Hellwig! Boohm! Are you still alive?"

"Yes, I am," called Hellwig, not very far away, as he groped about on the damp ground, searching for his wig. Every trace of arrogance and derision had vanished from his feeble voice. The third victim, too, was now heard trying, amid groans and curses, to raise himself on all-fours—his corpulent figure was irresistibly attracted toward mother earth. At last the whole trio regained the attitude which marks man as the noblest creature in God's wide universe, and, once more on their feet, began to ponder over what had happened, and what must be done. In the first place, the light vehicle in which the gentlemen had left their homes in X—that morning, on a hunting excursion, was lying overturned, with its four wheels pointing skyward, on the side of the little hill that had caused the accident; the hoof-beats of the runaway horse had died away some time before, and dense darkness shrouded the consequences of Hellwig's self-confidence.

"Well, we can't stay here all night, that's certain. Let's go on," said Hellwig, at last, in an encouraging tone.

"Yes, yes, take command again," grumbled his fat friend, secretly assuring himself that it was not one of his ribs, but the shattered fragments of his beautiful meerschaum pipe, that made the uncanny grating sound near the region of his heart. "Take command, pray do—it's highly becoming in you, after coming within an ace of murdering two fathers of families by your abominable carelessness. No, I certainly won't spend the night in this den of lions, but see that you discover some way out of it. Ten horses shan't drag me from this spot without a light. I'm sinking in the mire, and this air will give me rheumatism for the next six months—that I must make up my mind to bear, and you're entirely to blame for it, Hellwig. But I won't be crazy enough to risk breaking my limbs or putting out my eyes in the thousand holes and ditches of this confounded neighbourhood."

"Don't be a fool, doctor!" said the third member of the party. "You can't stand here like a mile-stone, first on one leg and then on the other, while Hellwig and I grope our way to the town and get help. I noticed long ago that this famous charioteer was driving too much toward the left. I'll answer for it that we'll get to the road if we turn to the right and keep straight on across this plowed field. So come along with no more ado. Think of your wife and children, who are perhaps weeping and wailing at this very moment because you haven't come home to supper."

The fat man grumbled something about "miserable management," but left his post and groped his way along

with the others. It was a terribly uncomfortable piece of business. Great clods of earth stuck to their hunting-boots, and every now and then a foot, feeling about unsteadily, would plunge into some deep puddle, splashing the muddy water like a fountain over the coats and faces of the three unfortunate pedestrians. Still, they reached the high road without any serious mischances, and then strode onward bravely and cheerily. Even the doctor gradually regained his good nature, and hummed in a horrible bass voice. "A foot we merrily tramp along!"

Near the little town a light glimmered through the darkness—it came rapidly nearer to the three gentlemen, and Hellwig recognized, under the bright rays from the lantern, the broad, laughing face of his own servant, Heinrich.

"Good gracious! Herr Hellwig, is it really you?" cried the man. "My mistress thinks you are lying as dead as a door-nail just outside of the town."

"How does my wife know that we met with an accident?"

"My, sir, a wagon full of players came into town to-night—the worthy fellow always gave all actors, jugglers, rope dancers, and the like the one term of "players"—and when the driver stopped before the Lion there was our old horse trotting behind as if he belonged to them. The landlord of the Lion knows him well enough, and brought him home at once. Oh, what a scare the madame had! She sent me off with a lantern instantly, and Frederica is making some camomile tea."

"Camomile tea? H'm—I think a glass of mulled wine, or at least some good hot beer, would be more to the purpose."

"Yes, that's what I thought, too, Herr Hellwig; but you know how my mistress—"

"Very well, Heinrich, very well. Now go in front with the lantern. Let us get home as fast as we can."

When they reached the market-place, the three companions in misfortune separated with a silent shake of the head; one to dutifully drink his camomile tea, the others with the depressing assurance that certain lectures were impending at home. Their respective wives never approved the "noble love of the chase" which animated their lords, and now their sole means of propitiation, the spoils of their sport, lay crushed under the overturned vehicle, while the first sight of their miry clothes would transform welcoming embraces into voluble expressions of wrath.

The next morning red placards, pasted at every street corner, announced the arrival of the famous juggler Orłowska, and a young woman went from house to house offering tickets for the performance. She was very beautiful, with magnificent, fair hair and a tall, stately figure, full of grace and dignity; but the charming face was pale—"white as death," people said—and on the rare occasions when she lifted the drooping lids, fringed with long, golden lashes, the expression of the gentle, tearful, dark gray eyes was strangely touching.

At last she reached Hellwig's house, the handsomest on the market place.

"Madame," said Heinrich, holding open the door of a room on the ground floor by keeping his hand on the brightly polished brass handle, "the player's wife is outside."

"What does she want?" called a woman's harsh voice from within.

"Her husband is going to play to-morrow, and she would like to sell you a ticket."

"We are respectable Christian people here, and have no money to throw away on such foolery—send her off, Heinrich."

The man shut the door again. Then he scratched his ear awkwardly, with a very troubled face, for the "player's wife" must have heard every word.

She stood a moment as if on the point of sinking on the floor before him, a flitting blush crimsoned her pale cheeks, and a deep sigh escaped her lips.

Just at that moment a little window opening upon the passage was softly raised, and a man's voice was heard asking in suppressed tones for a ticket. It was given, and the hand receiving it slipped a thaler into the young wife's fingers. Before she could lift her eyes the window closed again, and a thick green curtain hung in heavy folds behind the panes. Heinrich, with a smile, now made a clumsy bow and closed the street door, and the young woman tottered out to pursue her toilsome way.

The servant picked up a pair of nicely blacked boots, which he had set down on her appearance, and entered his master's room, said master appearing in broad daylight to be a little, oldish man, whose thin, pale face wore an expression of infinite kindness.

"Oh, Herr Hellwig," said Heinrich, while putting the boots in their usual place, "you really did a very kind act in buying that ticket. The poor thing looked so sad. I pity her, though her husband does earn his bread so dishonorably. He'll have no luck here, mind that, Herr Hellwig."

"Why not, Heinrich?"

"Because our horse, which had just come from an accident, was sticking like a burr to his waggon when he drove into the town—that's no good sign. Mark what I say, Herr Hellwig, those people will have no luck here!"

As his master made no answer to this prophecy, he shook his head and went out into the hall, stopping a moment to straighten the mat before the door of his stern mistress's room. The stranger had pushed it awry with her foot.

CHAPTER II.

The town-hall was crowded with spectators, and others were still pouring upstairs. Heinrich was standing where the throng was densest, scolding bitterly, and trying to get breathing space by violent thrusts with his elbows and secret attacks on his neighbors' corns.

"Good gracious, if my mistress only knew that, there would be a tempest!" he whispered to an acquaintance, pointing with a grin toward one of the raised seats extending along the side of the hall where sat Herr Hellwig, accompanied by one of his former comrades in misery, Dr. Boehm. "My master will have to go to confession early to-morrow morning."

The seats were so closely crowded that the worthy fellow had much difficulty in discovering his slender master. The programme promised many new and marvellous things, and concluded as follows:

"Madame d'Orłowska will appear as an Amazon. Six soldiers, with loaded guns will fire at her, and with one thrust of her sword she will cut the six bullets in the air."

The inhabitants of X—had come mainly to witness this performance. The beautiful young wife had awakened general interest, and everybody wanted to see how she would look when the six guns were aimed at her. But her husband's previous feats had won the applause of the audience. He was, according to women's phrase, an "interesting" man. Of middle height, with a lithe, slender figure, waving brown hair, regular though pallid features, expressive eyes, and rare grace of movement, he was rendered still more attractive by the peculiar accent of his German, which marked him as a son of the unhappy, dismembered land of Poland. But all this was instantly forgotten when the six soldiers, under the command of a sergeant, marched into the hall. A murmur, like the roar of the surf, ran through the throng—followed by a death-like silence.

The Polo went to a table and made up the cartridges in the presence of the audience, tapping each bullet with a hammer, that all might be assured that there was no deception. Then he handed one to each soldier, who was ordered to load his musket in full sight of the spectators.

At last the juggler rang a bell, and his wife, coming slowly forward from behind a screen, stopped in front of the soldiers. She was a lovely vision, her left arm was covered by a shield, and her right hand grasped a sword. A white robe, confined at the hips by the gleaming silver scales of her armor, fell in heavy folds to her feet, and her magnificent bust was covered by a glittering breast plate. Yet the flash of her armor paled in contrast to the radiant golden waves of her superb hair; which fell from beneath her helmet almost to the edge of her robe.

The pale, sad face, with its mournful eyes, was turned directly toward the muzzles of the death-dealing weapons. Not an eyelash stirred, not the faintest movement in the folds of her robe could be detected—she stood like a statue. The final word of command echoed through the death-like stillness of the hall; the six shots crashed on the air as though from a single gun—the sword whizzed, and twelve half-bullets rattled upon the floor.

For a moment the Amazon's tall form still stood motionless; the smoke of the powder concealed her features, even her armor only glimmered faintly through the dense cloud. Then she suddenly staggered, shield and sword fell clanking on the floor, her right hand clutched convulsively at the empty air for support, and, with her heart-rending cry, "Oh, God, I am wounded!" she fell into the arms of her husband. He bore her behind the screen, and then rushed back like a madman to question the soldiers.

They all received strict orders to bite off the balls, while loading their muskets, and hold them in their mouths—this was the simple method of performing the trick. But one of them, a stupid country dolt, bewildered by the sight of the vast crowd, became confused at the critical moment. When the five others, at the juggler's passionate command, instantly took the bullets from their mouths, he to his consternation, produced only a little powder—his ball had pierced the hapless woman.

At this discovery, the miserable husband, frantic with grief and despair, struck the unintentional criminal in the face.

The wildest uproar instantly followed. Several ladies fainted, and numberless voices called for a physician. But Dr. Boehm, who had realized the accident before any one else, was already behind the screen, examining the wounded actress. When he finally reappeared, his face pale with horror, he whispered to Hellwig:

"There's no possible chance; that beautiful woman must die."

An hour later the juggler's wife was lying on a bed in the Lion tavern. They had carried her from the hall on a sofa, Heinrich acting as one of the bearers.

"Well, Herr Hellwig, was I right or wrong about that luckless horse of ours?" he asked, while passing his master, big tears rolling down his cheeks as he spoke.

The woman was lying perfectly still, with closed eyes. Her loosened hair fell in heavy tresses over the white pillows and the edge of the bed, the golden ends curling on the dark carpet. Beside her knelt the juggler, his head, on which her hand rested, buried amid the folds of the coverlid.

"Is Fay asleep?" whispered the woman, almost inaudibly, struggling to open her eyes.

The juggler raised his head.

"Yes," he murmured, his lips drawn with pain as he clasped her white hand

tenderly in his own. "The land lord's daughter has taken her into her own room; she is sleeping there in a little white bed—our child is kindly cared for, Meta, my sweet love."

The woman gazed with an indescribable look of agony at her husband, whose eyes glowed with the wild light of despair.

"I asko—I am dying!" she sighed. The juggler sunk down on the floor, writhing as if enduring the most intense physical suffering.

"Meta! Meta!" he cried, frantically, "do not leave me! Thou art the light of my dark pathway! Thou art the angel who hast thrust the thorns of my despised profession into thine own heart, that they might not pierce mine! Meta, how shall I live if thou art no longer beside me with thy watchful eyes and thy heart full of speechless love! How shall I live if I never more can hear thy bewitching voice, nor see thy heavenly smile? How shall I live, with the torturing knowledge that I seized thee in my arms only to doom thee to unutterable woe? Oh, God above us, surely Thou canst not plunge me into this hell!" He broke into low sobbing. "I will atone for the wrong I have done thee, Meta; I will work for thee, support thee by hard, honest toil, till my fingers bleed—labor with ax and spade. We will seek some quiet nook where we can live together in happiness and contentment"—he tore the spangled black velvet mantle from his shoulders—"off with this trash! Never again shall it touch me. Stay with me, Meta, we will begin a new life!"

A sad smile hovered around the dying woman's lips. She struggled to lift her head; he passed his arm under it and with his left hand pressed her face wildly to his breast.

"I asko, calm yourself—be a man!" she moaned; her head fell back lifelessly, but once more she opened her dim eyes as if the passing soul was making one last desperate effort to cling to the dying body. The lips, so soon to wolder in the dust, must speak once more, the heart could not stop beating and sink under the earth with the anxieties of maternal love unuttered.

"Thou art unjust to thyself, I asko," she said after a pause, during which she had gathered the last remnants of her failing strength—"thou hast not made me miserable—I have been loved as few wives are; these years of happy love outweigh a long, long life. I knew that I was wedding the juggler, and left my father's house, from which I was cast out on account of my love, to walk through life by thy side. If shadows darkened my path, I alone was to blame; I had overvalued my own strength, and sometimes cowered beneath the contempt bestowed upon thy calling. I asko," she went on in a still more gentle tone, "a man is uplifted above the narrow-minded views of others by the thought that his art, whatever it may be, is ennobling—but a woman shrinks under the stings of scorn. Oh, I asko, anxiety for Fay is making my last hour a terrible agony. I implore thee, let the child know nothing of thy profession."

Clasping his hand, she pressed it closely. Her whole soul was in the beautiful eyes, so soon to be darkened by the death-struggle.

"I know how hard a thing I am asking, I asko," she continued, beseechingly. "Part from Fay—place her with kind, simple people; let her grow up amid the influences of quiet, peaceful family life. Oh, promise me this, my beloved husband!"

In a voice stifled with tears the juggler gave his promise. A terrible night followed; the death agony seemed as if it would never end. But when the rosy light creamed through the lifeless face, the trace of Orlov

rigid body, and it needed the strength of several men to drag him from it into another room.

On the afternoon of the third day following, an immense crowd attended the burial of the "player's wife." Pitying ladies had covered the coffin with flowers, and the most prominent men in the city—among them Hellwig—walked in the funeral procession. As the first shovelful of earth fell heavily upon the coffin, the juggler tottered and would have fallen, but Hellwig, who was standing by his side, supported him and helped him back to the tavern, where he remained alone for hours with the grief-stricken man, who had hitherto repelled all expressions of sympathy and even attempted suicide. Those passing the door of room had sometimes heard the convulsive sobs of the wretched man, or outbursts of passionate tenderness in answer to the sweet, unconscious prattle of a child. It was a terrible contrast—the tear-choked voice and the laughing silvery accents of the little one. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Best Way to Get Rid of Flies.

"No, thank you, my dear. I do not want any fly papers or flytraps about my house. I learned a great many years ago that the more things we have to call flies the more will come. In a neighborhood where flies were simply a nuisance I lived almost unmolested by them because I never permitted a particle of stale food to accumulate about the premises," says a writer.

"Flies, like a good many other things, will never stay where they are in danger of starvation, and I never kept anything about the place to feed them with—not even fly paper. Everything that could not be burned was carried as far from the house as possible and buried. All garbage is valuable as a fertilizer, and I utilize it as such.

"It is my opinion that every form of fly paper, fly poison and flytrap, which is baited with any substance, is just so much inducement for them to stay around the house. They think—if flies think at all—that they are going to get something to eat, and therefore hang around. The best fly preventive is starvation."

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, but if she is not neat her good looks are spoiled and will go for nothing.

There are this year 250 Catholic students at Yale University, and they have organized a Catholic club.

A MAN MADE HAPPY. GENTLEMEN—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that is especially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had a very bad case; she could scarcely eat, and was troubled with pains suffered with; and she was cured by Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you claim as I do, that it is the best remedy for Dyspepsia.



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