

The Catholic Register.

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

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1894.

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Register of the Week.

The schools opened for another year's work on Monday. Full returns kindly furnished by the Sisters of St. Joseph show that there were 1,704 children present on opening day at the schools under their charge. The Brothers of the Christian Schools also report the return of pupils in gratifying numbers. The remainder of the schools are taught by the Ladies of Loretto, whose classes are likewise well filled. A slight change has been instituted in some of the higher grades, the Ladies of Loretto now doing part of the High School work for girls, the which has heretofore been all done by the Sisters of St. Joseph. It is pleasing to know that the children are returning to school in such large numbers thus early, and it is to be hoped that the interest in the schools will be maintained throughout the year. According to the last Government report, although the total attendance was 4,463, the average was only 2,071. Nearly half of the children were present only about one hundred days in the year. This condition of affairs is not in the interest of either the schools, the teachers or the children, and care should be taken that the present high level of attendance is kept up.

The clergy of the diocese are this week in retreat at St. Michael's College. Rev. Father Wissel, C.S.S.R., is conducting the exercises.

Mr. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General was in town on Monday, the guest of Hon. Frank Smith.

One of the chief officials of the A. P.A. in Ohio having affirmed that Governor Wm. McKinley, a possible Republican candidate for President, is a member of that order, the subject was taken up by Father Lambert in his paper, the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia. Mr. McKinley denies the statement implicitly.

At the close of the retreat of the Community of St Basil last week, announcements of changes were made as follows: Rev. P. Shaughnessy goes to Owen Sound, from St. Michael's; Rev. M. Kelly goes from Owen Sound, to become Professor of Mental Philosophy at Sandwich; Rev. T. Hayes goes also to Sandwich, and Rev. T. Hayden takes the place of the former at the novitiate. A further important change is to be noticed. Some years ago the community established the novitiate. This year they have taken still another step, and Rev. R. McBrady has been made Superior of Scholastics. The scholasticate is for novices who have been through the novitiate and is a part of the Community's system which they have not been able hitherto

to to adopt. Father Muleahy takes Father McBrady's place as Director.

Rev. P. J. Hurth, C.S.C., Principal of St. Edward's College at Austin, Texas, has been appointed Bishop of Dacca in Bengal. Bishop Hurth is a young man, an energetic educationist and an accomplished orator.

The Income Tax Appropriation Bill to which there was such strenuous opposition on the part of the great



THE LATE HON. C. F. FRASER.

capitalists, has passed into law in the United States.

Bishop Lafleche of Three Rivers is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The venerable Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis has just entered upon his eighty-ninth year and is in fairly good health. The Archbishop is the oldest but one in the church in point of long service as a bishop.

In Corea the Catholic missions, which have proven very dangerous fields for those who have entered them, are supplied with priests by the *Missions Etrangères* of Paris. China is evangelized by different religious organizations, the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the Lazarists and other orders being represented in the several districts; and Japan, although it has a hierarchy, established a few years ago by Leo XII., receives the bulk of its missionaries from the Catholic countries in Europe.

Portuguese Catholics are waking up. It is not very long ago when a Sister of Charity could walk through the

streets of Lisbon without meeting with insult. Every day fervor is increasing among the people. The recent public religious festivities held at the famous sanctuary at Sameiro, near Braga, presided over by the Cardinal-Bishop of Oporto and the Papal Nuncio, have been followed by other manifestations of a like character. The latest move is a eucharistic congress, which is about to take place at Guimares, in the south. The choice of the situation is

the mind of Archbishop Tache up to the day of his death. A prominent layman detailed the steps which had been taken to arrive at an amicable arrangement with the civic authorities on a basis of allowing religious instruction between the hours of three and four. As these overtures had been rejected, the meeting enthusiastically determined to maintain their own schools notwithstanding the additional cost.

Dom Sebastian Wyart, General of the order of Trappists, has convened a chapter of the brethren at Tolburg, Brabant, Belgium, this fall. Until last year the various branches of the great religious house of La Trappe in Normandy enjoyed a kind of autonomy, each under its own abbot. Eighteen months ago, the Pope consolidated them into an order, and appointed Dom Sebastian Wyart the abbot-general of all the Trappists of France and Belgium.

Princess Frederick Charles, wife of the "Red Prince," has become a Catholic. Her close friendship with the late Queen of Bavaria was one great factor in her conversion. Immediately after the death of the queen she desired to announce herself a Catholic, but she was dissuaded from that step by her daughter, the Duchess of Connaught and the Emperor. Since then two Prussian princesses have joined the Greek Church, and the opposition to Princess Frederick Charles had to yield. These Prussians are only going back to the religion of their fathers, the Dukes of Badenburg.

A copy of the Judgment in the Jewers case has just been made public. From this it appears that the surmise expressed elsewhere in this paper is the correct one. Mr. Jewers, while within Church property, failed to comply with the custom of the Catholic people in removing the hat as a mark of respect. His costs in the action which followed amounted to one hundred and sixty dollars. The case was dismissed for the sake of preserving harmony. The *Montreal Witness*, which was at first very severe upon the Quebec magistracy, now acquits the magistrate of laxity, and says that the Protestant who goes into a Catholic church with his hat on is guilty of reprehensible rudeness and responsible for any excitement that may result.

Cardinal Vaughan is about to begin work on a new Catholic cathedral in London. This was the dream of Cardinal Manning. The people's Cardinal, however, never could spare enough from his poor to begin. When Westminster Abbey comes back to the Church it will have a rival on the ground.

THE MONKS OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

Written for the Register by W. H. Higgins.

When revisiting my native land, some time ago, I did not fail to "take in" Mount Melleray. Much had been told me as to the good work the community had been doing, and it was impressed upon me that no better time or place could have been chosen for making a "retreat" than at this monastery on the mountain side, where "contemplation and pety love to dwell."

It was from "the beautiful city of Cork, one fine Saturday morning early in the month of August, that I started by rail, eager to put my intention into execution. Stopping over at Fermoy, where you arrive shortly after two o'clock, on the morning train from Mallow, you have a delay of upwards of two hours before the next train leaves in the direction in which you are going. The old town of "sweet Fermoy" has a population of 6,000, and is the third town in the county of Cork in point of population. It is very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Blackwater—the "Sweet Awinduff" of Spenser. It was, "in the good old times" a favorite resort of the "Rakes of Mallow," whose roisterings have been made known to us in song and story. Now, the extensive military barracks, situated on the north side of the town, and capable of accommodating 3,000 infantry and cavalry, is the great feature of its importance. I paid a passing visit to Loretto Convent, another branch of the Abbey in this city. It was opened less than forty years ago, by two of the good sisters from the parent convent near Dublin. From a very small beginning, it has grown into an educational institution of first importance. There is now a large community. More than ninety boarders were there receiving their education and training. The young ladies were from all parts of three kingdoms, and two of the pupils from far off Australia. One of the teaching nuns (Sister Loretta) was a Canadian lady, educated at the Lindsay convent during the lamented Father Stafford's time, and belonging to a well-known family of that town. She is, I believe, the first and only Canadian nun sent from Canada to Ireland to teach. The practice has been always the other way. It goes to show that the order of things may become reversed with the development of Catholic education in Canada—when trained specialists are required.

The convent buildings are delightfully situated on a rising eminence on the South side of the town. They are of very large dimensions, built of fine cut stone, and cost over twenty thousand pounds, I was told. With well appointed buildings, surrounded by extensive grounds, tastefully planted with groves of shrubberies, and in such a healthy location, and with the superior teaching of the careful ladies in charge, no wonder that this Fermoy House of Loretto has become immensely popular with the parents and guardians of young girls, and grows in prosperity and usefulness—beside the rushing waters of the river beneath the convent walls.

To Lismore, a distance of 15 miles, passing many noble old family seats, and time-worn fortalices, and some exquisite scenery, all along the valley of the Blackwater, you are hurried at railway speed. Lismore is a cathedral town—in fact it was one of the "holy cities" of Ireland at the early dawn of Christianity on the land. It was the scene of the birthplace of Alfred, King of Northumbria, and in after-times rendered yet more illustrious as the birthplace of the celebrated philosopher, Robert Boyle, seventh son of the first earl of Cork. The neighborhood is richly endowed with well-wooded seats and plantations. To the east of the town is the *lia*, or fort, which gives rise to the name of Lis-

More, (Great Fort). The old cathedral is now a dilapidated enclosure, its isolated window arch, displaying high above surrounding objects the delicate tracery of its proportions, and the spot upon which the ruined fragments lie scattered beside the murmuring rivulet challenging admiration of its quiet, peacefully embosomed surroundings.

From Lismore to Cappoquin is about four miles, and seen, even from a railway carriage, nothing can be more magnificent than the scenery. Here the river is spanned by a fine arched bridge. The views on every side of the bright plantations and shrubberies, remains of old castles, and rocks covered with over-green ivy, and parks with the grandest foliage are surpassingly fine. It is admitted that the river banks at this point, and to Lismore, are as fine as the Rhine, the scenery as beautiful and picturesque.

A drive of a little less than four miles from Cappoquin takes you to Melleray. It is made on that vehicle peculiar to the country, the Irish jaunting car, over a very good mountain road, and leading through a wild, rocky and mountainous district. Cars run regularly between the town and the abbey, in connection with the railway, the fare for the single journey being 25 cents. The plantations on the side of the bare mountain serve to point out the abbey grounds in the distance. They are the one green spot, the oasis, in the sterile wilds by which they are surrounded. At the distance of more than a mile the white walls and tall spire of Melleray Abbey come plainly into full view, hanging, as it were, on the steep side of *Cnoc Maol Donn*—*The brown bare hill* that separates Tipperary from Waterford, the monks of Melleray have made their home.

It was 6:15 p.m. when the car drew up before the gates. And now you shall have an account of my visit and the result of my personal observations and enquiries on the spot for whatever they may be worth—nothing at second hand.

On arriving, I was taken in charge by the guest-master. The Revd. Father Maurus officiated for the occasion. I gave my name, handed him my letters, informed him how long I wished to stay, and that I desired to make my retreat. I was then shown to my room in the guest-house, and wrote my name and address in the register. Refreshments were immediately afterwards served in the guest room. And with an appetite, sharpened by the keen mountain air, after the day's travel, never was meal more enjoyed than mine upon that occasion, off the fresh wholesome food set before me. Returning to my room, I read the rules to be observed by guests, hung up in the apartment. Before retiring, my thoughts went back to the old monastic days that I had read about. I brought to mind the Catholic times when the sons, the brothers and kindred of emperors, princes and nobles were sometimes found in the habit of simple convent brothers, in its silent corridors, and in its gardens and cloisters; and lost in the contemplation of bygone ages, and the strangeness of my surroundings, and the deep silence and darkness about me—and thinking, too, of my far away Canadian home—"tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—at length came to my aid in peaceful slumbers.

Next morning I was aroused by the tolling of a bell, about five o'clock. I reperused the rules, so as to try and shape my course accordingly. They were as follows:—Rise at 6 o'clock—morning prayer and the angelus, &c. At 6:30 to 7:30, assist at community Mass. 9 o'clock, breakfast. 11, examination of conscience, followed by the angelus. Recreation, 11:30. Visit to the Blessed Sacrament, 12 o'clock. Confession, 12:30, and spiritual read-

ing. Dinner at 2, and recreation after. Visit to the Blessed Sacrament, at 3:30. Spiritual reading and private devotions, 4 o'clock. Assist at Vespers of community, 5 o'clock. Supper and recreation at six. At 7 p.m. assist at compline, the angelus, &c. After that private devotions and meditation. And at ten o'clock extinguish lights.

My room, as were the rooms of all the other guests, was well furnished, carpeted, good bed and mattress and plenty of covering, lounge, racks, small book-stand, orderly toilet table, wash stand, &c., and the walls were decorated with some pictures of the saints.

There were 23 guests in the house on my arrival—some of them Protestants, and one a Church of England clergyman. Of course none of the latter were expected to comply with all the rules just given—which are for the guidance of, and to be observed by Catholic visitors, especially those who desire to make their retreat.

Next day being Sunday, the devotions were somewhat extended, as they always are on Sundays and holidays.

Food is supplied in abundance and of healthy, substantial quality. Bread, butter, eggs and tea for breakfast. For dinner, mutton, ham, cabbage, green peas—the drink being spring water and milk; and ale and porter for those who choose to take the latter beverages. For supper, bread and butter and tea. The diet is varied by roast and boiled joints of beef and mutton and corned beef and pork; and invalids are supplied with broths and delicacies. Fish on Fridays, of course—no flesh meat being served then or on fast days.

The monks of La Trappe, or Cistercians, are a branch of the order of Benedictines. The foundation of the house of Mount Melleray in Ireland, took place under very adverse circumstances. It was not, however, as it is generally supposed, the first site that had been fixed upon, after the suppression of the house in France, in 1831.

Abbot Antony, the head of the latter house, with the consent of the Archbishop of Dublin, in 1830, sent Father Vincent Ryan, prior of Melleray, in France, to Ireland. At a place called Rathmore, near Killarney, a commencement was made, by the renting of a house and 50 acres of land. It was while Father Vincent was there occupied that the suppression of the house in France and the dispersion of the monks took place. On the 1st of December, 1831, there were landed from a French sloop of war, in the cove of Cork, 64 of the dispersed monks, who had chosen Ireland as their future home. They were all Irishmen, and all, with the exception of five or six, went in a body to Father Ryan at Rathmore. They were cast upon the shores of their own "Green Isle" in a state of utter destitution. They were, however, received with humanity and charity, and that kindly sympathy which have ever distinguished the children of St. Patrick.

It was at this time that Sir Richard Keane, a Protestant gentleman, had made over to Father Vincent, for a mere nominal rent, about 700 acres of the barren mountainous wild upon which now stands the stately abbey and cloistered grounds and abbeylands of Mount Melleray—so designated after the suppressed French monastery of the same name. The work of clearing was begun without means, or even without a dwelling to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather on this bleak mountain. Seven acres were at first put under cultivation; the peasantry in hundreds generously assisting with their labor in clearing the land. By supreme exertions 25 acres of land were prepared for cultivation and fences made, and a building, 119 x 20 feet, of two storeys erected and made ready for the reception of the brotherhood.

The regular work of building commenced in 1833, and reclamation has

since gone on without interruption until the abbey has reached its present magnificent proportions, with beautifully planted and enclosed grounds and gardens and the sterile wild has been made to "blossom as the rose."

Since the laying of the corner stone by Sir Richard Keane, in August, 1833, affiliations with this abbey have been established at Dubuque, in the state of Iowa, under the appellation Our Lady of La Trappe, New Melleray, and also a branch Irish house at Roscrea. The Dubuque house has given two bishops to the United States—Dr. Smith, the first Superior, having been appointed bishop of Iowa, and his successor, Dr. O'Gorman, bishop of Nebraska.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

Praise for the Celt.

Mr. Grant Allen, in an article in the Westminster Gazette, defends the Irish race from the assaults of a writer of a pamphlet which has been sent him on the supposed "enormous racial differences between Irishmen and Englishmen." He says:

"Transfer the Celtic race to London; in twelve months London would be a equalid waste. The average Irish Celt is helpless now; in all past time he has been, in all coming time he will be, helpless." These are the sort of gems our new friend flings at our heads. We are quite familiar with them, we for whom such people have have but one favorite prescription—submersion for twenty-four hours under St. George's Channel. I will answer this much, from personal experience.

I was brought up in America among Irish Celts. They were the most industrious, thrifty, energetic, long-headed, enterprising people I have ever come across. Starting without capital as day laborers, they saved and scraped till they had earned enough to rent a farm. Then they saved and scraped till they had earned enough to buy it. They then went on from log to frame house and frame house to solid, substantial, stone-built farmhouse. Their sons learned Latin; their daughters went to the convent-school and thumped the piano. Their neighbors had only one complaint against them—"The Irish are so close-fisted!" What made them differ so much from those "idle, improvident Irish" about whom so many ignorant people rail? Why, just equality of opportunity with that notoriously bad colonist, the Saxon Englishman.

Transport your Irishmen to free America or free Australia, and straightaway this creature, incapable of Parliamentary Government, gets at once into his own hands the affairs of the city, the county, the state, the federation. Let me end with an apologue. Said the Englishman to the Yankee, "Who built your towns?" Said the Yankee, "The Irishman." "Who built your railways? Who dug your canals? Who laid out your country?" Said the Yankee, "The Irishman." "And what did the native American do?" the Englishman asked. "I guess he sat on the fence and looked on," said the Yankee. They call that "arduous labor of superintendence." Everything else was done by the idle, improvident, good-for-nothing Irishman.

Prevention of the causes of diseases in poultry-raising is the only successful remedy to combat with them. If the causes are prevented from existing there will never be any trouble. Preventing all but one or two is often where the foothold of trouble steps in. Clean food, pure water, cleanliness in the houses and yards and regularity in feeding and giving just enough are the factors of success.

A dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral taken in time has prevented many a fit of sickness and saved numerous lives. This proves the necessity of keeping this incomparable medicine where it can be readily reached at all hours of the day and night.

THE EXCISEMAN.

Written for the Register.

Humorous writers and travellers of whatever sort who talk of Ireland have perennial comfort in the exist-
ence of the mountain still and the cautious distribution of its product. A drop of illicit "poten" has come to be one of the "sights" of the country which tourists always count upon. The boys of the mountain regions, now grown into old men, love to tell of their youthful watching for the "gauger" and the futile efforts of that person, whose best efforts were nullified by the watchfulness of the boy.

It is not alone in Ireland that the still is found. In England and Scotland the hills are still utilized to some extent. Georgia and Kentucky "moonshines" are well known products, and even in Canada, and in our own province is a "mountain dew," the makers of which are a thorn in the side of the authorities. The peaceful inland revenue officer is anything but a welcome person in certain parts of the country, places where it has as yet been impossible to suppress the trade. In the mountainous regions of the north, with a fresh running stream by every hillside, the traffic is continuous and next to impossible to eradicate, all the more so as the people are in great part sympathizers with the still men. An instance will serve to illustrate this.

Not long ago a mysterious looking man made his appearance at the office of one of the chief officials of the department. His movements were stealthy, as if fearful of some dire catastrophe overtaking him. Once behind the closed door a sense of relief seemed to pervade his whole being, and in a few minutes he unfolded his information to the secretive man of the law. The result of the interview was that two excise-men, lovers of peace and quiet living, were despatched to a part of the country to which they were both complete strangers. Their instructions were to ascertain whether certain persons, living in a certain concession, near certain cross-roads, and up a certain stream, were carrying on contraband traffic. As a stranger's presence in that section would be quickly reported, the search was at once made, and the distiller's crude appliances were soon on the way to the station. As the train was long since gone, however, there was nothing to do but to seek shelter and keep watch over their find. The proximity of the still may have had something to do with it, or perhaps the officers were tired. From whatever cause they were both asleep before many hours. In the meantime the neighborhood had been aroused and a body of men came down upon the retreat armed with crowbars. The officers were overpowered, their faces blackened, and both securely muzzled. The law has never since seen the outfit. The officers returned crestfallen, and were ever after the mark for a joke.

The joke, however, is not always on the officer. The position is always trying to the steadiest nerves, and a "still hunt" is usually an occasion of great danger. His path is over swamps and mountains, often by the paths known only to the few. If he is on the right scent he generally gets the still, which in the crudest form is simply a hollowed log, sheathed inside with block tin, the upper part covered air-tight with the same metal and fitted with a copper head and spiral tube called the worm. Very often those connected with the traffic give the information. They will approach an officer and give him complete information of a "still-running" as they express it. Sometimes this is done out of personal enmity, sometimes to mislead the excise-man and hold him up to ridicule, but oftener the latter. An officer who was thus furnished not long ago with facts and drawings, came

to a nice looking house, and in the absence of the owner, at once instituted search. Finding nothing, he was about to leave and to his astonishment walked into the arms of a respectable clergyman. It came out in the course of apologies and explanations that the minister had preached on the previous Sunday condemning the practice of illicit distilling, and his parishioners had taken this means of expressing their approval.

It was rough on the officer, but eventually he turned the tables. In a few weeks he had other directions and other drawings, which led him at midnight to a vast swamp. The snow was deep and the roads were all but impassable. This time however, he took the informer along as a pledge of good faith. A drive of twelve miles on a bitter cold night brought them to the swamp. Here the guide weakened. Coaxing, promises, threats were alike unavailing. He would not go on. Finding nothing would serve, the officer returned to his sleigh, pulled a stiff line on his horse and left the informer to his joke and a twelve mile tramp.

Howells Love for Tennyson.

I have never ceased to adore Tennyson, though the rapture of the new convert could not last, writes William Dean Howells in his literary autobiography, "My Literary Passions," in the September Ladies' Home Journal. That must pass like the flush of any other passion. I think I have now a better sense of his comparative greatness, but a better sense of his positive greatness I could not have had than I had in the beginning, and I believe this is the essential knowledge of a poet. It is very well to say one is greater than Keats, or not so great as Wordsworth, that one is or is not of the highest sort of poets like Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe; but that does not mean anything of value, and I never find my account in it. I know it is not possible for any less than the greatest writer to abide lastingly in one's life. Some dazzling comers may enter and possess it for a day, but he soon wears his welcome out, and presently finds the door, to be answered with a not at home if he knocks again. But it was only this morning that I read one of the new last poems of Tennyson with a return of the emotion which he first woke in me well nigh forty years ago. There has been no year of those many when I have not read him and loved him with something of the early fire if not all the early conflagration; and each successive poem has been for me a fresh joy.

I suspect that I carried his poems about with me a great deal of the time; I am certain that I always had that blue-and-gold Tennyson in my pocket; and I was ready to draw them upon anybody at the slightest provocation. This is the worst of the ardent lover of literature; he wishes to make every one else share his rapture, will he, nill he. Many good fellows suffered from my admiration of this author or that, and many more pretty, patient maids. I wanted to read my favorite passages, my favorite poems to them; I am afraid I often did read, when they would rather have been talking; in the case of the poems I did worse, I repeated them.

An inventor has brought out a rocking chair that is actuated by electricity. The sitter can, at the same time, receive gentle currents by grasping metal handles or by resting the bare feet on metal pedals.

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

The Superior of the Augustinians.

The Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, ninety-ninth of the long line of illustrious Superiors-General of the Augustinian Order (reaching back to the date of the union of the O.S.A. in 1254), was born Aug. 20, 1848, in the parish of Sant' Anna, Lucca, Tuscany. He is the youngest of five children of Cosimo and Maddalena (Pardini) Martinelli. His eldest brother, the late Cardinal Tommaso Maria Martinelli, and the third son of the family, Father Aurelius Martinelli (now Director General of the Pious Union), also became Augustinian friars.

Sebastian went to Rome when he was fifteen years of age, and has dwelt for thirty-one years in the Eternal City. Most of his time has been spent in teaching. He was resident Regent of Studies at the Irish Augustinian Hospice of Santa Maria in Posterula; and (when the government seized that house for public improvements) at San Carlo on the Corso. For many years, he was Promoter of the Causes of the Augustinian Saints and Blessed ones—an office of trust and great honor; in as much as the Promoter is champion, advocate and sponsor of the candidates for canonization before the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

At the General Chapter of the Augustinian Order, convened nearly five years ago, at the Convent Church of St. Monica, Rome (in the very shadow of the Vatican Basilica) Sebastian Martinelli was elected Prior-General of the Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine vice the Most Rev. Pacifico Neno, deceased February, 1889. On that autumn day (the 28th of September, 1889) Father Sebastian was in his cell at San Carlo—knowing nothing about the election. The committee from the Chapter-house, coming thither in the name of the Cardinal President, found the humble friar at his desk (he was a hard student), and despite his tears and protests, insisted on bearing him off to where the brethren were awaiting their newly-chosen chief. Their choice has been well approved by the distinction with which the young Father-General has filled his high and responsible position. He is a member of the Holy Office, that select and supreme tribunal at Rome, which claims the Sovereign Pontiff himself as its Prefect; and which is called to render decision on the weightiest causes and questions of Christendom. He resides at St. Monica's, Rome.

He sailed from Italy on June 21, of the present year, and arrived in New York on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. He is the only Augustinian General save one (the Most Rev. Paul Micallef, who visited South America in 1859) that ever crossed to this side of the Atlantic; and he came for a visitation of the houses of his Order and to preside at the Chapter convened at Villanova Collego on July 25. Dr. Martinelli is in the very prime of his manhood and usefulness; and possesses a charming personality—a gracious mingling of dignity and ascetic simplicity. He speaks English with ease and fluency; and his many and brilliant gifts acquire a fresh emphasis and adornment from the unaffected modesty of his bearing. To the quick, vivacious ardor of his countrymen, he unites the keen insight and delicate sympathy of the high-bred churchman; and judging of the beauty of his Italian tongue by the excellence of its English adaptability, we felt sure that it fully justifies the truth of the ancient proverb, that there is no language in all Italy so sweet, so musical, as that of the

"Lingua Toscana,
In bocca Romana."

Lana, as early as 1675, accurately described the differential thermometer, and told how one should be made.

Ladies who are willing to earn Ten Dollars a week will obtain the necessary information by addressing a card to P. O. Box 2523, Toronto.

A Great Dominican.

Rev. Albert Weiss, a Bavarian priest of the Order of Preachers is the subject of the following highly complimentary paragraph taken from a review of his great work, the Apology for Christianity, in the columns of *Le Propagateur*. Father Weiss was born in 1844.

"This man is a German and a monk, two qualifications which are not indeed sufficient recommendation to Obauvinists and anti-monachists; but he has others. This monk, this Dominican is greater in himself than five or six specialists. A theologian, he had examined the foundations of dogma and morals. A philosopher, there is no system of philosophy with which he is unacquainted. A historian, he is brilliant not alone in accuracy of details, but also in the splendid insight which here and there he exercises upon general periods in the history of civilizations. A jurist, there are about ready for publication two volumes which would establish his reputation as one of the most distinguished lawyers of his country. Ascetic, he has written a book on Christian perfection, "a pearl" which is the delight of pious souls. A controversialist, his pen has produced articles without number. Linguist, he spoke with equal facility his native language, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Hungarian, and the University of Munich had few students who were his superiors in the study of Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit and the Rabbinical tongue. A litterateur, he has dealt with all peoples and all epochs. A stylist, he is as finished as Taine and as irresistible as Carlyle. A poet, he has composed fugitive verses of ravishing grace and harmony. An observer, he took as much pleasure in listening to the nocturnal chorus of the frogs in a pond, as did La Fontaine in following the funeral cortege of an ant. An orator, he had the penetrating look, the vibrant voice, the transports of touching enthusiasm which in Lacordaire evoked applause under the arches of Notre Dame. And what is more remarkable, the faculties of this man were not subdued under this stress. He has been able to avoid the appearances of mere erudition and to impress the stamp of his lively and original personality. His works are not heavy, such as cumber the earth and repulse the hands that touch them; the ideas they contain are such as will give food for reflection for half a century or perhaps a century."

A Reminiscence of Pius IX.

Just now, when the centenary of Pope Pius IX. is being celebrated, we might appropriately reproduce the following incident in the life of that great and kind-hearted Pontiff. His generosity was proverbial, and is the subject of many an anecdote to this day among the good people of Rome. A prelate who was witness of innumerable acts of private munificent charity told us how one day Pius IX. found an envelope placed on his writing-table by an unknown hand, containing a large sum of ready money, which was left to him as a legacy by some pious Catholic. The kind-hearted Pontiff soon disposed of his unexpected wealth. Calling one of his chaplains, he requested him to draw up a list of respectable families well-known to be living in poverty and too proud to complain to anyone of their hard lot in life. When the list was laid before His Holiness he himself wrote down a certain amount beside each name, and calling a domestic gave him the entire contents of the mysterious envelope with orders that every penny of it should be distributed according to his list "before the ringing of the 'Ave Maria' that evening!" That his directions were faithfully obeyed, and many a suffering heart made glad that day, it is needless to say.

DEATH OF HON. C. F. FRASER.

On Friday morning last the news was bulletined that the Hon. Mr. Fraser had been found dead in his room at the Parliament buildings. He had been on a tour of inspection of Registry offices and returning to Toronto at two in the morning went at once to his rooms. There his weakness culminated in failure of the heart's action and death ensued.

The following account of Mr. Fraser's life work is from the *Globe* of Saturday.

The life so suddenly cut short was one of ceaseless activity and of great value to the people of Ontario. Christopher Finlay Fraser was a man of the people, who by natural force of character and the possession of an common talent reached a high place in his native Province. He was born in Brockville in October, 1821, and was of pure Celtic extraction. His father was a Scot from that part of the Highlands never reached by the Reformation and that is still Catholic to the core. His mother was Sarah Burke, of Irish birth and parentage. They were poor, as was the fashion in the pioneer days, and young Fraser had to fight hard with the world before it afforded him an education. He did any work that offered, and in the interval of these labors attended school. For a time he worked in the office of the Brockville *Recorder* and continued his studies. About his twentieth year he entered the office of Hon. A. N. Richards and began the study of law. He worked hard and was called to the bar in 1865. He began practice in Brockville, and those qualities which in later life brought him fame gave him a profitable business connection. His ambition turned early to the political sphere, for, in 1867, he offered himself as a candidate for election for Brockville, but was twice defeated. By reason of his aggressive advocacy of the rights of the Catholic minority Mr. Fraser shortly rose to the position of a leader of the Catholics of Ontario. In 1871, upon the death of Mr. Clark of South Grenville, who had previously defeated him, Mr. Fraser again became a candidate and was elected. In 1879 he was elected for Brockville, and had since continuously represented that constituency. He took at once a leading position in a House which had many of the most eminent public men of Canada among its members, and after serving a year in the ranks was appointed Provincial Secretary and Registrar.

MINISTER OF WORKS.

In 1874 he was gazetted Commissioner of Public Works. For twenty years he held this office, and in all that time the affairs of his office were administered with thoroughness and unswerving honesty. The administration of the Works Department of Ontario was regarded as much nearer perfection than it is given mundane things to be.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

Many important buildings were erected under the superintendence of Mr. Fraser. The Mercer Reformatory, the Mimico Asylum, the Orillia Asylum, the Brockville Asylum and others bear testimony to the manner in which Mr. Fraser's work was done. The erection of the new Parliament buildings was the last and greatest triumph of Mr. Fraser's administrative career. Their low cost, taken in connection with their solidity, thoroughly good work, convenience and fitness for the needs of a great Province, is the wonder of American visitors. The Province for which they are built is one of more than two million people, of vast extent, and contains a large unorganized territory, stocked with rich resources under the control of the Government. The administrative work carried on in the building is varied and of high importance. Taking population, territory, and law-

making and administrative powers into consideration, there is no State Legislature or Government in the Union, with the possible exception of New York, which has more important duties than those that are discharged in the Ontario Parliament buildings. What is the comparison as to cost? They were built for about a million and a quarter. The Illinois State buildings cost three and a half millions, the Michigan State buildings a million and a half, the New York State buildings more than twenty millions.

Very few people are aware of the fact, and probably Mr. Fraser himself did not know, that the letters composing his monogram are carved in the red sandstone capping the six columns to the right of the main entrance to the Parliament buildings. The monogram is not conspicuous, and if the observer were not aware of its existence the small circle on the capital of the pillars would remain unnoticed. To the left of the entrance the initials of the architect are inscribed in a like manner. It is fitting that the late Commissioner should have his name not only connected with but indelibly engraved upon his last great work.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

To Christopher Finlay Fraser more than to Oliver Mowat is due the fact that Oliver Mowat has been premier of Ontario for twenty two years.—*Spectator*.

In all the manifestations of professional character and power, it is doubtful if there can be found in Ontario today a more beautiful or grander type than was Christopher Finlay Fraser.

The man does not live who did not honor the calm, strong mind, the stately equipage, the broad equity, the patience, fairness, the breadth of view, the sagacity and the honesty of the ex-Commissioner of Public Works.—*World*.

Mr. Fraser was never subservient or dependent. He was essentially a leader, and the circumstances of his withdrawal from a position which, after all, did not adequately remunerate a man of his talents for the time and labor he expended, rendered it desirable and just that the province, in losing his services in one department, should retain them in another. This is not the time to discuss those features of Mr. Fraser's career to which, during his period of political activity, exception has been taken. Rather on the occasion of his departure should we consider the qualifications which enabled him to retain for twenty years the confidence of a majority of his fellow-citizens and the personal esteem of them all. Mr. Fraser rose to prominence by the sheer force of his own abilities. He was a remarkably acute politician. So generally was his political talent recognized that he was long regarded as the moving spirit of the Administration and the close friend and counsellor of the Premier. In addition to his instinct as a leader, he had remarkable powers as a public and parliamentary speaker. He was not magnetic or oratorical; but he was very clever in his observations, and very thorough in his reasoning. He never spoke except to offer an argument; he never offered an argument that was not strong. In the administration of his office he was business-like and prompt. What is more, he was honest. The Parliament buildings are his monument. To their construction he devoted the later years of his official term, watching them as a father watches a child. Mr. Fraser has passed away in the prime of life. A distinguished though by no means ostentatious Canadian, he has gone too soon.—*Mail*.

Few men have ever leaped with such a bound into prominence in the councils of his party and of the province as did Mr. Fraser at the commencement of his parliamentary career, and

although his rapid advancement to office was no doubt due at the time to the cause he championed, no one who knew the man will say that his brilliant talents could have been long overlooked, or that he would not, aside from any influence of that kind, have come to be, as he undoubtedly was, one of the leading members of the Government of Ontario. Now, that he is gone, there are many who will recall memorable nights in the Legislature, when they have listened with delight to the impetuous torrent of his eloquence, for during the twenty two years which he sat in the House, until weakness, in the latter years, made his absence compulsory, he was ever in the front in debates. Many a time when the tide of debate was going against his political friends, have they looked to the Minister of Public Works to come to the rescue, and rarely did he fail them. With a genius rarely equalled for grasping the salient points and marshalling the arguments in the most effective way, he would take up the lagging debate and drive home the contention of his side with a force and eloquence which always evoked the enthusiastic applause of his friends, while his opponents, if not convinced, would at least listen with pleasure and admiration of his talents. Nor was his eloquence the only quality which rendered him a tower of strength to his friends, for his fertility of resource and readiness at turning the tables by an adroit amendment was quite as noticeable, and was often brought into requisition to pull his friends out of a difficult position.—*Empire*.

The death of the Hon. C. F. Fraser, sudden as it was, cannot be said to have been wholly unexpected. For some years past his health has been exceedingly frail, and only an indomitable spirit and a singularly strong sense of public duty enabled him to struggle with his bodily infirmity until the great work of his life was finished. Being obliged to husband his strength, he gave it mainly to his departmental work, and hence the public are not as familiar as they might otherwise have been with his personality, and his fine gifts as an orator. It is creditable to the people of Ontario that, in spite of this enforced seclusion, he gained a high place in their respect and affection, and quite outlived the prejudice that arose from the fact that his faith was that of the minority. He was the very model of a Parliamentary orator; ready, but with a depth and originality which are sometimes lacking in a ready man; a strenuous and powerful debater, yet fair and magnanimous, never seeking to take an unfair advantage of an opponent, to belittle his argument, or to place him in a ridiculous or contemptible position; speaking always with strong conviction, often with passion, but showing his excitement only by a more deliberate and emphatic utterance, an increased concentration of his mind upon the subject in hand, and a keener analysis of the argument he was combatting. The style was characteristic of the man; whatever he did was done with all his heart and the utmost power of his intellect. Applied to the work of his department, this method produced an administration which, humanly speaking, may be termed almost faultless. Under his supervision were erected the buildings necessary for a system of caring for the insane and otherwise afflicted, probably not surpassed in any part of the world. We cannot measure his work by saying how many millions of public money were expended under his care; the value of his service must be measured not by what was spent but what was saved for the Province and by the excellence of the work. The last and most conspicuous example of his administration is the building in which he died, and which will remain for many years a monument to his fidelity as a public ser-

vant. Mr. Fraser held and publicly announced the strictest views of his accountability for the conduct of his department. If corruption or waste had prevailed there he would have scorned to screen himself behind the excuse that it was the fault of some subordinate or contractor. He felt it to be his duty to see that they fulfilled their obligations. He also publicly repudiated the doctrine that it is lawful for public works to be given in exchange for a constituency. Among patriotic Canadians of all parties there can be no opinion but that Mr. Fraser's way was the right way, and the only way, for a man who aspires to do his country faithful service. While we may expect to hear from all parts of the country, and from the representatives of every shade of political opinion, tributes to the worth of a devoted servant, we should be sorry if that expression of opinion should be the end of the train of thought aroused by his life and death. His career ought to be an inspiration to every young Canadian who cherishes an honorable ambition for the public service. It should be an inspiration for honesty, for fidelity, for sturdiness of conviction. It should help us to bring about such a condition of public opinion that at the end of another decade public men of the stamp of Mr. Fraser will be found at head of every department of the public service.—*Globe*.

In answering the interpellation of O'Wood, Labor M. P., in the House of Commons Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said the Government would introduce at next session a bill providing for the payment of members.

A New Company.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be observed that an important addition to the business volume of the city has been made by the establishment in our midst of a branch of the "National Assurance Company of Ireland." Scarcely is the occurrence of such establishments here—so rare is it that institutions distinctively Irish seek to cultivate commercially the Canadian field, that those of us who are of that Nationality feel not a little pride in welcoming the new candidate for public patronage. The "National Assurance Company" is old in years and strong in pocket. With its headquarters in historic Cliffo Green, Dublin, the "National" has branches in London, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, England; and in Glasgow, Scotland. And now the Company has pushed its prosperous way into Canada, selecting as its centre of operations the "Queen City of the West." No better choice of situation could be made, nor a more capable officer chosen than Mr. J. H. Ewart, who has been appointed General Agent for Ontario. The "National Assurance Company of Ireland" does not covet the earth; but it asks our readers and especially our Irish friends—to examine its rates of Assurance, and, if found within the mark, to give it a share of their business.

We take pleasure in mentioning that Messrs. W. A. Lee & Sons are the Agents of the "National" for Toronto.

Every season of the year has its own peculiar malady. To render the system malaria proof during these "muggy" and oppressive days, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will help you wonderfully through the dog-days.

Dr. E. E. Hale is a great advocate of sleep, and he once remarked that he been giving throughout the West a lecture on sleep with illustrations by the audience.

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L-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

The Convention will open at St. John, N. B., on Tuesday, Sept. 1th. The Grand Council of Pennsylvania meets on the same day at Philadelphia.

The Toronto delegates are Messrs. P. Rooney, M. Clancy, D. J. Walsh, W. Pegg, W. T. Kerahan, H. A. Gray, Rev. J. L. Hand.

This convention gives promise of being unique in the matter of changing details of the constitution. Important suggestions from all parts of the country have been sent to the Committee on Laws, notably from the Toronto Local Advisory Board, the branches of the Niagara peninsula, which met in district assembly early this year, and branch 145, Toronto.

The Toronto Local Advisory Board is an active and useful body of men, being largely made up of the most active C.M.B.A. men in the city, men who take a deep interest in all association matters. The success of the Board was amply illustrated at the first annual picnic to Oakville. Several members of the Board are becoming quite learned in the intricacies of life insurance in their zeal to secure the greatest amount of good to the membership.

One of the boldest suggestions made by the Board is, that the Convention consider the advisability of organizing branches, or a new society, for women. The idea meets with much favor. The Niagara assembly declared for the principle they were applying as an experiment. A number of local meetings and fewer delegates travelling enormous distances would certainly cause a saving in expenses. The view will be strongly urged at St. John. The two amendments suggested by St. Basil's Branch are widely known in the Association, the issuance of the Hazardous Clause proposal having made a name for the Branch which is pleasant or otherwise for its members according to the nature of the place where the matter is under discussion. At Deseronto, Niagara Falls, Hamilton and other railway centres the contras are numerous.

District Deputies Kielty and Kernahan, the two big K's, (Anglice, keys) of the Association in this county are arranging to establish a branch at Toronto Junction.

Rochester has three delegates to the New York Convention who are candidates for positions on the executive. It is about time Toronto was similarly active in doing her share of the management of the association.

Mr. T. P. Tansley, an energetic Montreal member, the guiding hand of the Relief Association, was in town last week.

The CATHOLIC REGISTER has arranged for special reports of the proceedings of the convention at St. John. Send in your subscription and keep posted.

At a meeting of Branch 28 of the C.M.B.A. held in the Catholic Lyceum, Ottawa, on the 22nd August, 1894, it was moved by Rev. M. J. Whelan, seconded by Bro. J. A. J. McKenna, and resolved:

That in the opinion of Branch 28 the interests of the C.M.B.A. would be served by amending the Constitution so as to provide:

1. That any member in good standing shall be eligible as Representative of his Branch to Grand Council meetings;

2. That the expenses of Delegates or Representatives now assumed by the Grand Council shall be paid by the Branches which they represent;

3. That any Branch may elect to be represented at Grand Council meetings by the Delegate of any other Branch;

That the Delegate or Representative so chosen shall be entitled to one vote for each Branch he represents, which vote he shall cast in accordance with the written instructions received from each such Branch;

That the Delegate or Representative so chosen shall be entitled to one vote for each Branch he represents, which vote he shall cast in accordance with the written instructions received from each such Branch, no Delegate to hold more than five proxy-votes;

That Branches electing to be represented by such substitute Delegate shall contribute *pro rata* to the said Delegate's expenses;

And further that, in the opinion of Branch 28, all Assessment Notices should be issued on postal cards and printed in English only for English Branches, and in French only for French Branches.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the members of St. Joseph Court, No. 370, at their regular fortnightly meeting on Thursday last. The members of the various special committees reported progress in the matters confided to them. The quarterly statement of the Financial Secretary was read by Bro. Richard Howorth, an officer in whom the Court has every confidence. His report of the moneys paid to the High Court during the present term, shows the Court to be advancing at a satisfactory rate. A vote of thanks was tendered the Treasurer, Bro. Walter Brooke, in acknowledgment of a handsome present he made the Court in the shape of an illuminated design, beautifully painted by himself, and intended to be used in connection with Court ceremonies.

As the evenings are becoming cooler, the Committee on "Good of the Order" decided to renew the entertainments so popular at Court meetings in the past. A capital programme was presented, Bros. Brooks, Richard and John Howorth taking part. The Chief Ranger delivered a short address on "Forestry in General," and was followed by the Vice Chief Ranger, Bro. William Mitchell, in a paper, in which he pointed out various means the members might adopt for the advancement of the Court's welfare. Different Bros. promised contributions for next meeting which takes place Sept 13th. As this promises to be especially interesting, every member should endeavor to be present.

Considerable new blood has been infused into the Court within the last two months, nearly all the applications being from young men who are desirous of improving their social standing.

I. C. B. A.

On the afternoon of Sunday last the Toronto members of the I.C.B.A. met at their hall, corner of Jarvis and King streets, and marched to St. Michael's Cathedral. There were about two hundred men in the procession, which was accompanied by the society's brass band and the C.C.L. fife and drum band. Rev. F. Ryan, S.J., preached on Catholic societies and commented favorably on the spirit displayed in assisting the Blantyre Industrial School. The sermon was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The proceeds of the collection were in aid of the Blantyre Fund.

The young ladies of St. Agnes Branch, I. C. B. A., held an ice cream social in the hall of that organization, corner of King and Jarvis streets, on Monday evening. There was a large attendance, and the programme—well selected as it was—gave entire satisfaction. Those who took part were: Miss Tighe, Miss D'neis, Mrs. Barclay, Misses O'Neill, Miss Langford; Mr. Farth, Mr. Wright, Mr. McGuire and Master Horan. At the conclusion of the programme short addresses were delivered by Miss Langford, President of St. Agnes Branch; Mr. D. A. Carey, Mr. W. H. Cahill, and Mr. A. Macdonald. Mr. Patrick Boyle presided.

The members of the I.C.B.A. are fortunate in having such effective auxiliaries as the ladies of St. Agnes in furthering their good work; and Miss Langford and her able staff must be complimented on the encouraging progress which their Branch has already made.

Knights of St. John.

At the last regular meeting of Leo Commandery R. C. U. Knights of St. John, held in St. Vincent's Hall, Aug. 18, 1894, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to afflict our worthy President, Sir Knight John H. Kennedy, by the death of his young daughter;

And whereas we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who does everything for our benefit. Therefore be it resolved that Leo Commandery extend their heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Kennedy in this his hour of affliction.

And be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Kennedy and to the Catholic press for publication.

JAS. J. MURPHY, Rec. Sec.

E. B. A.

St. Helen Circle and Davitt Branch, No. 11, of the Emerald Beneficial Association, held a Ice Cream Social and Concert, on Monday the 20th, in Mallon's Hall Toronto, and met with a grand success, the hall being so crowded that a large number had to stand. Amongst the visitors were the rec-

ident Grand Officers, and several officers and members of the city circles and branches. A very pleasing programme was rendered by the various artists in vocal and instrumental music and recitations. The Grand President also gave a short address. During the intermission cake and ice cream were supplied the visitors by the ladies of St. Helen's Circle. The introduction of these entertainments has been productive of much good, causing a better social feeling to exist amongst our fellow Catholics, and is a great means of making known the advantages of becoming members of our Association. As a result of this entertainment several candidates gave in their names.

The Winding Up of Estates.

Our readers must have observed with more or less interest the very unsatisfactory manner in which the estates of several of those who were once leading and prosperous citizens have turned out, from a financial point of view.

Two particular instances have occurred within a very short time which have attracted very general attention, and resulted most disastrously to the immediate relatives of the parties, as well as those to whom the estates were indebted. The principals were well known professional gentlemen, having splendid practice, moving in the best of our society, and in receipt of incomes which enabled them to want for nothing, and to bestow upon their families nearly everything which reason might desire. In their lifetime their credit was good, and no one doubted that they were well able to carry through to financial success any venture they might engage in. Death claimed both of them as captives—but a short time intervening between their demise. Much sympathy was felt and expressed that such prominent and useful men should have been taken away at a time when their affairs needed their attention most, and when their personal interests and energy were apparently paramount in the successful conduct of them; but such has been observed over and over again, to be the case. They were wise in appointing able executors, but, sad to relate, the hands of the latter were tied, so to speak, inasmuch as the estates were largely composed of unproductive securities, and such of them as were producing income were encumbered to a greater or less extent. The income was not sufficient to pay the interest, insurance, taxes, etc., which had largely been heretofore paid out of the professional income, which source was now cut off. The end was reached a few days ago, when a general assignment was made for the benefit of the creditors, and thus the fortune which these two men had worked hard for for many years in the hope that at some time it would benefit themselves or their families, was scattered to the wind. The question at once arises, is there no way by which similar estates might be protected? It is a common practice in England and the United States for those carrying on large businesses or engaged in heavy ventures to protect their estates, and provide a competency for their families by life insurance. The practice is a tried one, and the results have proved eminently satisfactory. Had the two gentlemen referred to carried insurance, say to the extent of \$50,000 or \$100,000 on their lives, the annual premiums of which they were able to meet out of their income when alive, it is almost certain their estates might have been saved to their families, and not sacrificed. Such life insurance is frequently effected, and one of the strongest and most reliable companies that might be named to negotiate with is the North American Life of this city. Its financial record is good, and it has a reputation for prompt and honorable dealing. The company offers a variety of plans to select from, and its rates will compare favorably with those of any other life insurance company.

The President is Mr. John L. Blaikie (who is also President of the Canada Landed & National Investment Co.), and Mr. Wm. McCabe, F.I.A., England, is the Managing Director. The head office of the company is in Manning Arcade, King street west, Toronto.

Auditorium Notes.

Manager F. L. Higgins, of the Auditorium, proposes during the coming season to invite the children of the various Orphan Asylums to special afternoon entertainments in the Auditorium, and will be foremost among our charitably disposed theatrical managers to donate the proceeds of a night to any deserving cause of charity.

W. Drake and John Woodburn have completed a set of scenery that are first class in every respect.

A special uniformed policeman with uniformed ushers will see that every attention is paid to the patrons.

Mr. Lon. O. Lee, will be the musical director.

Celeste, the marvelous equilibrist; Clark and Angelina, Comedy Irish Sketch Artists; Alonzo the Oriental Thaumaturgist; John F. Clark, a mine of quaint fun and song; Miss Mattie Angelina, with a fine repertoire of specially written songs by John H. W. Byrne; and Prof. Higgins, with his family of Ventriloquial figures, are some of the

artists with the Collins Madoll Co., who will open the season Sept. 3; Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday.

The Ladies must not forget the Free Orchestra Concert, Monday at 2 p.m., and Souvenirs given.

Archbishop Wlately once asked in company the following: "What is the difference between a form and a ceremony?" The meaning seems nearly the same, yet there is a nice distinction. Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this—you sit on a form, but you stand on a ceremony."

An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows:—"I beg pardon for thus insulting you in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at six o'clock."



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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER IV.

HAMILTON, December 18—.

Last week we made an excursion to the Lighthouse—one of the "Lions" of Bermuda. This commanding structure, which possesses one of the most powerful lights to be seen in any part of the world, is situated on the summit of Gibb's Hill, the highest point of land in the western portion of the Bermudas. The light itself stands 862 feet above the sea level. It appears every 54 seconds; and the lens being dioptric and exceedingly powerful, with bright polished mirrors, the flash is a very brilliant one, and can be easily seen 30 miles off.

The tower, which is of cast iron, was constructed in London, and sent out in plates, the last of which was put into place October 9, 1845. The light was first shown May 1, 1846. At the lower portion of the tower stability is given by concrete filled in 22 feet high, where the first floor is. Above this there are seven rooms, 12 feet high, supported by a central revolving column, which is hollow. It serves for the revolving machinery of the light. From centre of light to top of vane is 17 feet. The tower is 134 feet in height, being 24 feet in diameter at the base and 14 at the top. The cost, exclusive of the light, machinery, etc., was £5,500, about \$27,500, paid by the Imperial Government, on the understanding that the colony would furnish funds for lighting, repairing, etc., which amount to about £500 per annum, inclusive of keepers' salaries.

We went up the steep steps and were admitted to the gallery by the keeper. The finest view of the Bermudas can be obtained from this gallery. It is a bird's eye view of the group; nothing is left out. We looked down from this great elevation at the cluster of islets below, set, as it were, in a plane of azure tinted with emerald. Far away N. E. we see the foaming breakers on sunken rocks, and the North Rock shows its dark pinnacles above the seething waters. Turning to the west the long line of breakers attract the eye, showing how futile must be the efforts of any craft to enter within this fearful boundary without the aid of the dexterous pilot, whose practised eye alone can discern the narrowed channel through the boiling surf. How many noble ships, before this light was shown, struck these outer shoals and sank beneath the waves. How many poor souls have perished without leaving a record of their fate, history fails to tell. But thus we know, that even since the light was established not a winter season passes without one or more total wrecks of sailing or fishing vessels and many narrow escapes from a similar doom.

"To-night there is a storm at sea,
I hear the breakers roar;
There comes across the grassy lea
The thunder of the shore,
And pity burns within my soul
For those upon the deep;
Kind Saviour, Christ, do Thou control
The waves and bid them sleep!

Alas! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost!
Ah me! the wind blows loud to-night;
Christ save poor souls at sea!
Burn brightly every beacon light
Wherever ships may be!"

North, south, east and west the scene is bounded alone by the distant horizon. We note the dangerous coral reefs marked by a fringe of feathery, foamy waves, which surround these reefs, as if caressing the spot they love.

"The world's a sea; my life's a ship that's manned
With labouring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand."

"Let not the water floods overflow me,
neither let the deeps swallow me up."—
PSALM LXX.

What insignificant beings we are!
How small a place we inhabit on this
wild waste of waters! We are filled
with awe, almost with terror, when
the rolling seas, unimpeded in their
course for hundreds of miles, thunder
against the shore and cause the whole
building to vibrate from its founda-
tions. "Such thou art, stupendous
ocean, image of Eternity; over time
itself victorious, what must thy Creator
be!"

"Great Ocean, strongest of Creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unopposed, untired,
That roll'st the wild, profound, eternal
base
In Nature's anthem, and made music
such
As pleased the Ear of God."

Type of the Infinite, I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond a vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think, then rests and then puts forth
again
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy
beach
I feel all soul, and thoughts unmeasured
reach,
Far back beyond all date. And oh! how
old
Thou art to me. For countless years Thou
hast rolled,
Before an ear did hear thee, Thou didst
mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn."

Truly this is one of the fairest and
grandest of Nature's scenes. The
sight is a sermon in itself. The
troubled waters breaking on reefs be-
low seem to portray the turmoil of life,
the harassing cares and sorrows of
this world; while the faint, far-off
line which melts into the hazy sky
and marks the uncertain limit of the
distant horizon reminds us of the
boundless, endless shore of Eternity.

"Eternity, that boundless race
Which Time himself can never run,
Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace,
Which, when ten thousand thousand
years are done,
Is still the same and still to be begun."

Adieu. PLACIDIA.


Learned Women.

Italy has never withheld "women's
rights," in all that was fair and fitting.
In the University of Bologna the mem-
ories of many female professors are kept
green in history and monument. Back
to the thirteenth century the list ex-
tends, beginning with Bettisia Gozzadi-
ni, whose existence some have doubted.
She, according to the historians, would
not dress in feminine apparel any more,
nor handle a needle; but, consecrating
herself wholly to the study of law,
became most learned. Her lessons
were so numerous attended that she
was, at times, obliged to give them in
the public squares. Then there is Ga-
tana Agnesi, the Greek scholar, and
Oltilde Taubroni, who was elected
professor of Greek literature in 1793,
and who was deprived of her chair five
years after because she refused to take
the oath of fidelity to the Cisalpine
Republic. The most celebrated of all
these interesting ladies was Laura Maria
Caterina Bassi, who, when she had in
1732, taken her degree, she being then
twenty-one years of age, was immedi-
ately appointed to the College. "For
that magnificent young woman of
twenty-one," says the record, "the
Bologna youths thoroughly lost their
heads." It is not this lady, however,
whose beauty was so distracting to the
students, that, in order to render her
lessons of any avail, she taught from
behind a veil. This was Novella, the
daughter of Accorso, the jurist, and who
was born in 1312. It was customary
for her to teach jurisprudence for her
father, when he was ill, "but covered
with a veil," writes Savigny, "so as
not to distract the scholars with her
beauty!"—*The Pilot*.

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In Memoriam.

John Hoyle O'Reilly.

August, 1891 - August, 1891.
 Patriot and Poet! Martyr! True
 From out a land that should have owned
 the king!
 Disciple of the Lord in suffering.
 Like Him, a ransom paid that thy green
 Isle
 Might burst its bondage - chains, and live to
 smile
 In Freedom's sunlight Sadly do we bring
 To-day the shamrock's drooping leaf, and
 sing—
 Not as of yore, when thou wert here the
 while,
 As knight and leader of the Muses' choir,
 The harp of Erin plays sad discords now,
 And we, too, chant a requiem for thee.
 O Jubilate! Nay, we'll tune the lyre
 To wild rejoicing, and to Wisdom bow!
 No fetters bind thy soul on either sea!
 —Grace Le Baron, in *Catholic World* for
 August.

A Sunbeam's Resurrection.

A sunbeam, sunk in the black pond, told
 Of the sky so blue with its heart of gold.
 Till out of that black pond's ooze and
 mould
 Sprang the lily white with its heart of gold.
 —J. H. Hood, in the *September Ladies' Home
 Journal*.

Days Gone By.

James Whitecombe Riley.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone
 by!
 The apple in the orchard, and the pathway
 through the rye;
 The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of
 the quail,
 As he piped across the meadows sweet as
 any nightingale;
 When the bloom was on the clover, and the
 blue was in the sky,
 And my happy heart brimmed over, in the
 days gone by
 In the days gone by, when my naked feet
 were tripped
 By the honeysuckle's tangles, where the
 water lilies dipped,
 And the ripple of the river lipped the moss
 along the brink,
 Where the placid-eyed and lazy footed
 cattle came to drink,
 And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the
 truant's wayward cry,
 And the splashing of the swimmer, in the
 days gone by.
 Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone
 by!
 The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of
 the eye;
 The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's
 magic ring,
 The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in
 everything,
 When life was like a story, holding neither
 sob nor sigh,
 In the olden, golden glory of the days gone
 by.

The Wind's Word

The wind charged every way and fled
 Across the meadows and the wheat;
 It whirled the swallows overhead,
 And swung the daisies at my feet
 As if in mockery of me,
 And all the dodginess of my thought,
 It mounted to the largest glee,
 And like a lord that laughed and fought,
 Took all the maples by surprise,
 And made the poplars clash and shiver,
 And flung my hair about my eyes,
 And sprang and blackened on the river,
 And through the elm tree tops and round
 The city steeples wild and high,
 It floundered with a mighty sound,
 A buoyant voice that seemed to cry:
 Behold how grand I am, how free!
 And all the forest bends my way!
 I roam the earth, I stalk the sea,
 And make my labors but a play.
 —Archibald Lampman in *Independent*.

The First Crusade.

A Troubadour came singing:
 "I come from Palestine
 Unto a maiden, bringing
 Sweet comfort from Love's shrine,
 A knight has sent the token
 Unto his lady fair—
 He keepeth still unbroken
 The perfect faith he swore."
 A thousand knights were dying
 In dungeons far away,
 A thousand maids were sighing,
 While Hope lived day by day,
 And all who met the minstrel
 And hearkened to his song,
 Held it her own knight's message,
 And felt her heart grow strong.
 —Flavel Scott Mines.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

On the same morning that the papers were full of the news of the assassination of the President of France, an obscure line or two announced the death in Paris of Madame Albani. Now it is a matter of open confession that items appearing in the great news papers which are of a nature personal to ourselves, take on a degree of interest altogether out of proportion to their size in type. Thus it was on this occasion. Straightway rose up the retrospect of a winter night years ago, of rushing home from work, discharging the duty of supper with servile despatch, and hastening recklessly to the pavilion to be there before Albani should appear; and then when fashion had arrived and we surveyed our neighbors and agreed that we were indeed a goodly company, and when the lesser voices had come and gone, how the majestic woman had come upon the stage and from her full throat poured forth such notes as never knew earth before. If artists have not been able to imagine for their representations of angels' form or face other than that of woman, surely they who dream and hope for seraph choirs wait for voices like unto this. When later in the night the pianist struck clear and firm the first notes of "Home Sweet Home" an enthusiastic volume of sound rose from that gorgeously arrayed assemblage, only to be stilled into deepest reverent silence as the song began. What thoughts, what emotions, what memories, swept across the two thousand minds there listening! And when the night was over, and ever after, how the memory lingered over it. Never again would the chance come.

But on the next day came a correction. It was not Albani but Alboni who had died. There is fresh hope then for us. But what of those no longer young, whose blood ran fast when with Jenny Lind, Alboni filled the land with the music of woman's voice. Will they again see her like? Will Albani suffice or any present or future songstress? Not they. Once were their souls ravished, but again no more. Youth passed away and "the light that never was on land or sea" passed with it.

"To the bryngyngge forth of so wondrous effects in so small time, I consider fyve causes to have come to gyder: fyrst an incredible wyt, secondly a merveylouse fast memore, thyrddly grete substance by ye which to the bysenge of his bokes as well latten as greke and other tonges he was especyally holpen. The fourth cause was his bey and it fatigable study. The fyfth was the contempt dyspyngge of all erthly thyngs."

Sir Thomas More, learned, amiable and pious, did into English an Italian account of the life of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola and presented the work as a seemly New Year's gift to a devout lady of his acquaintance.

The selection given above indicates the remarkable manner of man Giovanni was. He was only thirty-one years old when he died. That was in 1493. Yet he had made such a name in that short life as to merit the approving attention of the English statesman and historian. Giovanni was a clever youth. He made his studies in some of the great schools and came forth from them full of their learning and not without some vanity. To prove his knowledge and capacity in argument he announced in the usual formal way that on a certain day he would be prepared to sustain any or all of nine hundred theses against all comers. All of these had been demonstrated before, some by Duns Scotus, others by St. Thomas Aquinas and numbers by the old pagan philosophers. Giovanni was not a new genius striking out for himself into unknown fields of knowledge. He was the scholastic successor of the youth of the ancient circus, whose greatest feat was to drive the wheels of his chariot in precisely the marks

of the preceding one. Like Moliere he took what was good wherever he found it. Unfortunately his zeal carried him too far and he was informed by the authorities that thirteen of his propositions were untenable. Thence arose a contest in which Pico eventually succumbed. The remainder of his life he passed in works of usefulness and piety. He spent exceptionally large sums in the purchase of books. He wrote several pious dissertations in prose and verse. His splendid mental qualities were rendered additionally attractive in all social intercourse by his possession of great physical comeliness. It is not therefore to be wondered that his early death was much regretted.

Sir Thomas More in his charity gives only the bright side of Mirandola's character. Of the reverse we get a few glimpses in a modern introduction. Sir Thomas was an astute person when there was occasion. It happened once that he put Cardinal Wolsey into a state of great perplexity. By Wolsey's favor he had been made Speaker of the House of Commons. The king demanded an enormous tax to carry on a war. The Commons agreed to grant half the amount. Henry and his Minister were wrathful. The Cardinal went down to the House and harangued the Speaker, expecting the instant concurrence of the House in his demands. More, however, was equal to his duty in all places, and answered that the House was honored by the presence of his Eminence, the greatness of whose power they knew and humbly acknowledged, and that they were unable to agree to grant the amounts asked and he could not say they would do so. The Cardinal had been deceived by Moor's genuine reverence into thinking that his demands were to be acquiesced in. When he grasped the situation he was astonished. "I wish, Mr. More," he said petulantly, "you had been in Rome when I made you Speaker." "And I also wish I had been in Rome, your Eminence, for then I should have seen the place I have all my life desired to see." So the incident passed and the Speaker went on his course to the great seal and the executioner's block.

Sugar and Muscle.

The subject of sugar as a food producing muscular power has been discussed by Dr. Vaughan Harley. From a brief summary of his paper we make the following extracts. During a twenty four hours' fast on one day water alone was drunk; on another 500 grammes of sugar were taken in an equal quantity of water. It was thus found that the sugar not only prolonged the time before fatigue occurred but caused an increase of 61 to 76 per cent. in the muscular work done. In the next place the effect of sugar added to the meals was investigated. The muscle energy-producing effect of sugar was found to be so great that 200 grammes added to a small meal increased the total amount of work done from 6 to 39 per cent. Sugar (250 grammes—about eight ounces) was now added to a large mixed meal, when it was found not only to increase the amount of work done from 3 to 16 per cent. but increased the resistance against fatigue. As a concluding experiment 250 grammes of sugar were added to the meals of a full diet day, causing the work done during the period of eight hours to be increased 22 to 36 per cent.—*London Public Opinion*.

Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D.D., Archbishop of St. Louis, was eighty eight years old on August 17th.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GRAND UNION, TORONTO, RELATES AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How He Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

From the Toronto World.

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. J. A. Betts, of Brockville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. While on his way to grand lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the *World* office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one hailing from the home of that world-famous medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the *World* that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to is Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hosteleries, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The *World* was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red-hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half-a-dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I had tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account and purchased a supply of Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible, and I procured a second supply, and before these were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women." "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr. Soby. "I do not know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with half the women. They are sick, weak and dispirited, have no appetite and seem to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and the sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see me and they will be convinced."

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions, against which the public is cautioned.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Aug. 31 St. Raymond.
Sept. 1—St. Elizabeth of Portugal.
2—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
3—St. Philomena.
4—St. Rose Venera.
5—St. Lawrence Justinian.
6—Office of the Blessed Sacrament.

Hon. C. F. Fraser.

"He belonged to all men, but he was peculiarly ours." Thus Judge Hoar claimed Emerson for Concord, thus thinks every Catholic of Ontario, now that only the reputation and example of Mr. Fraser are left to us.

From the time when, more than a score of years ago, a youthful figure, alert and strong, he sprang into public life demanding fair treatment for Catholics, until the day early in the present year when he completed his thrice attempted speech on the Separate School question, he was universally recognized as an unflinching public champion of Catholic interests. To his colleagues in the ministry he was, as the press unanimously agrees, a power that never weakened; in times of danger, his fertility of resource was such as to be known far from the council room; as administrator of a great public department, he was perhaps without a compeer; as a parliamentary orator he held the first place in the assembly; his name was never mentioned without awakening thoughts of splendid ability and sterling honesty; but to Catholics he was all this and something more. Thousands of them look back upon his speeches as personal triumphs, so absolutely did he interpret publicly the sentiments they held, so effectually did he support and improve their private arguments. Now that he is gone and men of another generation are called upon to bear their part in public life, his achievements constitute the standard by which all such will be judged.

Under the Surface.

The man who spent his life worrying over troubles, not one in ten of which ever came to pass, is the type of a large class. A source of much public worry just now consists in the fear that the presence of a spirit of intolerance will seriously interfere with the working out of the plan upon which the Fathers of Confederation agreed in 1867. The tendency is to attach too much importance to the matter. Broadly speaking, the great masses of the people, Catholic and Protestant are steadily approaching to a considerable degree of mutual sympathy in all matters of every-day life. As the two people come more and more into amic-

able contact as the intercourse increases, the old prejudices give way. The appearances of rancor are always more or less deceptive.

After the general election it looked as if bitterness had ceased for a while. A modern Denys of Burgundy might have cheered the community with his "Courage, ma mie! the devil is dead." But there is refurbishing of arms and beating of drums for a new contest and the pertinacious imp leaps into view again, invokes the memory of Perry and the Boyne, and fills the air with threat and declamation. Still, Catholics go on making new friendships every day and their situation is constantly improving. There is no part of the country in which the priest is not an honored member of the community. Great changes have taken place since the time when the present Archbishop of Toronto, then a young priest, arriving at a rural station, was refused accommodation in the ordinary vehicle, and placed in a state of distress from which he was only relieved by a kind hearted Orangeman. Catholic young men are now taking their places in all the leading walks of life. In commerce, in literature, in medicine, in law, as well as in the sacred ministry, they are cultivating their talents and finding scope for their abilities. The clubs, athletic, social, literary and political, all contain numbers of them. Wherever there are indications of activity, there are the sons and grandsons of the Irish immigrant. One of them, grown grey in labor, has recently been knighted. These be signs of the times.

It was a favorite simile with Goldsmith, when speaking of dissipation in the youth of great men, that wine must ferment before it is good. In the affairs of nations, it is so, now and always. Of course, these agitations do not always pass lightly; seldom without striking at some cherished institution. And though the evil force may be waning, the ramparts must be defended. Ignoble, indeed, would he be, who, to obtain a friendship, would agree to sink his being in that of another. That Catholics should live in harmony with their neighbors is much to be desired. But to surrender principle in the hope of obtaining peace would be not alone to fail, but to cease to be respected.

Catholic Literature in England.

It was recently remarked by one of the leading literary periodicals in England, that one of the most impressive phenomena of the closing years of the century lay in the fact that, as scholarship and literary activity steadily declined among the clergy of the Anglican Church, it was as steadily on the ascendant in the Catholic Church in England. That the statement is well within the mark is apparent to anyone who keeps pace with the higher literature of the day. It is indeed scarcely too much to say that since the death of Bishop Lightfoot, the Anglican Church cannot lay claim to a single scholar of the first rank, with perhaps the exception of the historian, Bishop Stubbs. Of magazine writers and a species of shallow controversialists it possesses not a few, but the more penetrating intel-

lects have either, by the grace of God, been led to enter the Catholic Church, or, repelled by the conflicting beliefs of the Establishment, have suffered shipwreck of their faith and become agnostics. This last fact is of course to be lamented. Fragmentary and uncertain as Anglicanism is it yet retains many essential truths of Christianity, and, as Cardinal Newman said many years ago, is some sort of a breakwater against errors more fundamental than its own. Until the English people, therefore, are in a temper to look to their true mother, and to return to the sheltering fold from which they were ruthlessly torn by a Royal tyrant three hundred years ago, no Catholic can wish to see the Anglican Church succumb to the wave of destructive criticism which is gathering such force these latter days. We can rejoice, however, in the increasing influence of the Catholic Church, which, as Anglicanism wanes, steps into the breach and confronts scepticism and irreligion with the same unbroken front before which the paganism of ancient Rome, the idolatry of the barbarian, the heresies of the early ages, and the revolt of the sixteenth century alike went down. As in past ages, so in this *fin de siècle*, there is "a joyous swing in her advance" and an eternal youth in her achievements which are at once the wonder and dismay of her enemies. It is in keeping therefore with the promises of her Founder that out of the apparent insignificance of her influence on the national life of England, and the darkness of her prospects at the opening of the century, should have sprung the vigor of her existence and the activity of her sons in every walk of life which marks its closing years.

The intellectual activity among Catholics in England at the present day is certainly remarkable. Leaving out of our reckoning the two great Cardinals who have recently passed away,—who of themselves were sufficient to redeem any country or any epoch from the stigma of intellectual sterility—a score of living writers of the first rank at once come to mind. In the field of scientific research no name stands higher than that of Prof. Mivart, at once a devout Catholic and the first biologist of the day. In deference to him the late Mr. Darwin made significant recantations, and recognized that his now famous theory as to the origin and descent of man could never pass into universal acceptance while the limitations of Prof. Mivart blocked the way. And if the materialistic philosophy of Herbert Spencer has failed to sap the foundations of religious truth, it owes it not to the Anglican Church, with the wealth of England and the national universities behind it, but to Catholic writers like W. S. Lilly and Rev. Dr. Barry. And so with regard to historical investigations, it is safe to say that no work of recent years has gone further to remove the mass of false tradition against which the Church in England has had to contend for the past three hundred years than the Benedictine, Dom Adrian Gasquet's work on the "Suppression of the Monasteries." Whatever may be said of other periods of English history, of

this at least it is now admitted on all hands that the popular verdict which hitherto regarded the monasteries as hotbeds of vice and ignorance has to be reversed. Father Gasquet's book, as a work of original research, and a scientific treatment of history is invaluable, and taken in conjunction with his more recent work on the Great Pestilence of 1348-9 has placed him in the front rank of English historians. The work of Father Joseph Stevenson, S. J., mainly on subjects connected with the "Reformation," is of a kindred character, and has earned for him a pension from the Crown, the first Jesuit (the first priest for that matter) to whom such recognition has been accorded. Of Mr. Allies' great work on the Holy See, and of the learned treatises on the primitive Church by Father Rivington, (a convert of recent years), no more need be said than that Anglicanism, or any other division of Protestantism could not in the nature of things produce the like. "We have," says Cardinal Vaughan, in a new edition of Mr. Allies' "Formation of Christendom" "nothing like it in the English language. It is one of the noblest historical works I have ever read." Coming to the realm of poetry, Catholics have no reason to be ashamed of their representatives in that most delightful department of literature. It may be doubted, if amongst all the names that have been put forward for the Laureateship since Lord Tennyson's death, there is one whose work will survive that of Coventry Patmore in its hold upon the higher intellect of England. With him may be coupled the name of the sweet singer of Innisfail, Aubrey de Vere, and if the almost universal verdict pronounced upon the first published volume of Francis Thompson is to be believed, he is likely to win for himself one of the first places among the poets of the century. Nor should we overlook the names of two of the opposite sex, Mrs. Katherine Hinson (*nee* Tynan) and Mrs. Alice Meynell, two of the most popular female poets of the day. We have not space to pursue the subject further, though we might do so in a similar strain through almost every department of literature. Two names, however, we cannot pass over, viz.: Wilfrid Ward and W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A., whose work, as biographers, has not been surpassed. Of the former's life of his father, William George Ward, Mr. R. H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, perhaps the foremost literary journal in England, has given it as his opinion that he had never read a better biography. "It is," he adds, "almost a perfectly ideal piece of work." Mr. Fitzpatrick has distinguished himself both by the quality and quantity of his work, his more recent books, "Life and correspondence of Daniel O'Connell," and "Secret service under Pitt" being notable books in a notable series, and substantial acquisitions to literature.

From this imperfect resume which merely skips over the surface of the subject, it may be seen that the dictum quoted at the outset is by no means extravagant. The only thing calling for regret is that the Catholic public do not themselves accord proper

recognition to the work done in their behalf and in that of the Church. The newest novel finds thousands of readers while books of a really valuable and substantial character fail to find their hundreds. But with the lapse of time this will perhaps be overcome, and Catholics will learn to appreciate the higher walks of literature. When this comes to pass we may look for even greater progress than the Church has made in England within the last half century.

Church Charitable Institutions.

A notable report has just been made to the Constitutional Convention at Albany N.Y., by Mr. Lauterbach, chairman of a sub-committee. The committee had received vast quantities of protests against the practice of the State authorities in assisting the work of private charities. So numerous were the petitioners, that, although none were known to be engaged in organized charity, the matter was felt to be too weighty to be suffered to pass without notice. Accordingly the most thorough investigation was made.

Mr. George Bliss appeared before the committee and stated the position of the Catholic institutions. In addition he quoted the expressions of the late George William Curtis in the convention of 1867.

"Various statistics have been given to us to show that most of the local aid has been granted to institutions which are managed by the Roman Catholics. But, unquestionably, sir, if the State, as we have determined, is to aid charities, it cannot avoid, at least proportionately, helping those institutions which are under the care of the Roman Church. It is impossible not to recognize the fact that the charitable foundations of the Roman Church are the most comprehensive, the most vigorous and the most efficient known in history. It is still further true, as the chairman of the committee has told us, that the great majority of those who must be relieved by State charities in certain sections of the State are members of that Church. I cannot stop to speak of the various forms of charity of that Church, but it is to one of its saints that civilization owes the institution of the Sisters of Charity, whose benign service is known even in the hospitals of other denominations, and any system which this State should adopt which should strike at the very root of such institutions would necessarily bring the State to this question, 'Are you willing to do, absolutely and to the utmost, what is now done by the institutions already in existence?' I do not believe, sir, that the State is willing to do it. I believe the experience of this State to be like that of Massachusetts. Massachusetts in the year 1863 established a board of charity. In the very first report which that board made, after looking over the whole ground, they announced that in their judgment the true policy of the State was to give assistance to the private foundations, of whatever sect, that already existed, rather than to establish new public institutions. All that we want is to subordinate all institutions which are managed by the various sects to the great purposes of charity, and to have a board so constituted that such institutions shall receive proper assistance."

The report of the sub-committee re-affirmed the view of Mr. Curtis. They upheld the position of the Church as explained by Mr. Bliss and administered a rebuff to its interfering enemies. If rampant bigotry must make charges, it were wiser to discuss them in unanimous lodges, rather than present them for approval to an independent public body which may investigate.

A Little Grievance.

When Charles Lamb, in mild complaining mood, discoursed of the poor relation as the ever present evil, he should have gone further and scolded the neighbors who really cause the trouble by wounding our pride about his vagaries. One has a tender spot for his reduced blood relations. And

if people would be content to say, "Charles is a reputable citizen," with out forever adding, "but what a disgrace Tom is," then there would be no trouble about it. But after a little, when one tastes the sugar, he suspects the pill.

Some otherwise enlightened journals in this province make a practice of holding the Catholics of Lower Canada in this kind of reserve. One contemporary, for instance, gives the Church the benefit of its approval in the matter of Bishop Wattersen's action and in the same article wedged into the REGISTER and the French-Canadians over one or two recent incidents, unpleasant ones it is true.

The reprehensible nature of the incidents does not in itself justify the newspaper turmoil that has arisen about them. Such instances of lawlessness are not confined to Quebec. Assaults, far more serious, took place regularly a few years ago in the larger towns of Ontario, when members of the Salvation Army were made victims of personal outrage and wanton wreckage of property at the hands of disorderly crowds, nominally Protestant.

The other day a motor man in this city stopped his car to permit the passing of a funeral, and made the remark, rather discomfiting to his passengers, that he wouldn't drive through a funeral procession if it took two hours to pass. Just a little of similar consideration on the part of the gentleman who refused to respect a Catholic procession in a town almost wholly Catholic in population would have saved much ill feeling and a large bill of costs. Some men do not reason in judicial mood when their ideas of propriety are broken in upon. The Toronto motorman whose face was laid open by a sword on July 12th, because he preferred not to stop for the procession, doubtless realizes the fact.

So too do the descendants of those Puritans who were victims of a society that devised a nicely graduated series of death penalties to punish various visionary crimes. Puritan New England has been the conscience of the United States, and no one is deceived enough by their idiosyncracies to belittle the sterling features of the Puritan spirit. And yet the people whose conduct most nearly resembles that of the Puritans in rigidity of adherence to the exercise of religion, whose instincts and training make for peace, law, labor and religion, are constantly the butt of men, who, it is but charity to suppose, mistake incidents for history, erratic individuals for society. Let us have candid observation, but let it be extensive, not mistaking shadow for substance.

The Catholic Truth Society.

Nearly five years ago a little group of men young and old met in the rooms of the late Chevalier W. J. Macdonell and organized a society whose operations were to be based upon those of the Catholic Truth Society of England. The venerable Chevalier, ever young in his ardor for advancing the good work of the Church, a service in which he had been engaged from early youth to old age, lent the weight of his influence,

experience and advice. His Grace the Archbishop, then just removing to Toronto from London, accorded the society his approval and support, as also did his Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro' and many other distinguished members of the clergy and laity. The late Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan was elected president.

For some time the work of the society has languished. Recently, however, a generous lady has out of her bounty given it a fresh impetus in St. Basil's parish, where the publications of the society are now in the hands of several energetic gentlemen. Immediately after the holidays it is the intention to resume operations and not allow so efficacious a means of spreading information of the true position of the Church to fall into disuse. There are large numbers of small tracts that sell for two, three or five cents, which would be found interesting and instructive in any Catholic household.

In addition to these, however, and what makes it desirable that the society should be introduced into every parish in the province, there are large numbers of pamphlets which, if they could be placed in the hands of Protestants, would effectually dispel the false notions so commonly held concerning the Church. The most eminent writers whose pens do service for truth, have been called into requisition. Certain of the lectures of Cardinal Newman, parts of the writings of Cardinal Manning, Father Rickaby and others, are among the gems which may be had for a trifling outlay. If these could find their way to people outside the Church there would be less of the ridiculous assumption of superiority on their part, and we would hear less frequently the charges of ignorance and superstition which men who should know better, do not hesitate to make. Every now and again a writer in the denominational press stumbles upon something which, to him looks extraordinary because reasonable. Most honest Protestants only need to be shown the truth, to see that they themselves have held and inculcated a most absurd and harmful superstition in thus accusing us.

The Library Table.

"Bible Stories for Little Children" is a collection of short studies from Bible history which will found interesting as well as instructive by the very young for whom it is designed (New York; Benziger Bros).

"Bible History, to which is added a compendium of Church History," prepared for the use of schools by Right Rev. Richard Gilmore, late Bishop of Cleveland, is a well compiled and amply illustrated text-book. Periods in the history of the Church are succinctly dealt with. (New York, Benziger Bros).

"The Fifth Book, Catholic National Readers," constitutes a departure from methods usually adopted in the compilation of Readers. The publishers have introduced much of the work of Catholic and American authors and have been obliged in consequence to exclude many of the gems of English literature. Among others John Boyle

O'Reilly, Maurice Francis Egan and John Barroughes receive recognition. Extracts from Parkman, Webster and Calhoun are also included. On the whole the book is worthy of its place in the schools for which it is intended. A number of good half tone reproductions of famous pictures add to its attractiveness.

Rev. J. A. Zahn Professor of Physics in the University of Not Dame, has brought into book form the valuable series of lectures and articles on scientific subjects, the production of which excited widespread interest. "Bible, Science and Faith," the title of the work, sufficiently indicates the direction of the papers, which are simply essays showing the remarkable concordance between the Bible, the doctors of the church and the verities of latter day science. He quotes the illustrious scientist and scholar, Ampere, as not hesitating to affirm: "Either Moses possessed an extensive a knowledge of the sciences as we now have, or he was inspired." Again, he shows from the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa, how that saint had anticipated Laplace in the gigantic conception of the nebular hypothesis. In this brilliant conception, in which he could but divine what Laplace and his compeers have made all but certain, St. Gregory recognized the existence of laws which he was unable to detect, much less comprehend. They were the laws made known long ages afterward by the investigations of Kepler, Newton and Plateau, and the laws of chemical affinity which have thrown such a flood of light on the secret operations of nature. But in spite of its many defects, due to the ignorance of the age in which he lived, his Hexameron will ever remain a noble specimen of learning and philosophical acumen, and his theory of the formation of the world must always be regarded as a marvel of scientific divination that is unsurpassed by even the boldest conception of that master-intellect of the world—Aristotle. The Noachian Deluge and the Age of the Human Race are treated with the same depth of religious and scientific learning. Father Zahn has travelled to the ends of the earth investigating and collecting specimens for the University museum. His work should be in the hands of every student who desires knowledge of current science. (Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.)

Editorial Notes.

Mr. F. P. Duffy, who has been acting as editor of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER since the published retirement of Father Teefy, and who had acted for some time previously as associate editor, has left Toronto for his home in Cobourg, where he will spend a short time before resuming his theological studies at, probably, the American College in Rome. Mr. Duffy has studied at St. Michael's College, this city, and St. Francis Xavier College, New York, in both of which places his mental prospects are looked upon as brilliant. It is probable that Mr. Duffy will occasionally contribute to the columns of this paper. With the present issue Mr. J. C. Walsh succeeds to the editorship.

Mr. Richard Sibley, our representative, is at present making a tour of the Maritime Provinces.

Senator Power of Halifax, writes: "I have taken THE CATHOLIC REGISTER since its first publication and have, as a rule, read it carefully. My impression is, that it is the most satisfactory literary organ which the Catholic body in Canada have had during my experience; and I cordially wish it a larger subscription list in Nova Scotia and the other Lower Provinces."

The Flitch of Dunmow.

Considerable interest has been taken in the historic custom of awarding of the historic Dunmow Flitch of Bacon on account of the fact that a Dublin man and his better half were candidates for the guerdon conferred on married couples who have not repented of their marriage vows or quarrelled during the year. Dunmow is a little village of Essex and is famous for the tenure of its manor instituted in the reign of Henry the Third by the Lord Fitzwalter, which enacts that whatever married couple will go to the Priory and swear that they have not repented of their marriage or quarrelled within a year and a day after it took place shall receive a flitch of bacon from the lord thereof. Several have claimed this reward, and the annual ordeal was continued up to 1860. It is recorded that the claimants for the prize since its institution have been few and far between. For the past ten years the ancient custom has been revived of presenting a gammon or flitch of bacon to the married couple who can prove to the satisfaction of a jury of six fair minded maidens and a like number of bachelors that for one year and a day they have not offended one another in any way, nor, since "the church clerk said amen," wished themselves unmarried again. The trial of the claimants to the flitch took place on August Bank Holiday. This year there were two pairs of candidates for the historic prize. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Fahie, of Monkstown, Dublin, and Mr. and Mrs. Welch, of Essenden, Herts. Mr. Fahie is a J.P., of the Irish capital, and a writer on scientific subjects, whilst Mr. Welch is a laborer on the Great Northern Railway.

The trial took place in a huge marquee, which had been transformed into a temporary courthouse for the occasion. On the bench sat the judge (Mr. J. M. Welch) arrayed in sable cloak and full-bottomed wig; on his right was the counsel for the claimants (Mr. Robert Marsh); whilst on his left was the "Devil's Advocate" (Mr. T. W. Bartley). Behind him were the jury, the maidens in the front row all dressed in white. The claimants were provided with chairs by the side of their counsel.

The usual declaration being made by the clerk of the court, Mr. Marsh rose to open the case for his clients, Mr. and Mrs. Fahie, who were tried first. They were, he said, admirably fitted to hold the prize, they having never had a disagreement during the course of their married life. He then described their romantic courtship and subsequent marriage, adding that he doubted even if his learned friend who opposed him would be able to pick out one act of theirs which could be constructed into a quarrel. The couple were then called upon to answer several questions, they severally declaring that for one year and a day they had neither fallen out nor quarrelled in any way whatsoever.

The cross-examination over, the two counsel then addressed the jury, the one contending that the claimants were eminently fit for the flitch, the other casting doubt upon the story. Mr. Marsh grew almost eloquent as he wound up his speech. "Before you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is a true union of hearts—the rose and the shamrock inseparably bound by a tie more binding than any Act of Parliament passed at Westminster or elsewhere." The judge summed up in favor of the claimants, and then the jury retired to consider their verdict. After being absent for some minutes they returned into court with a question which they desired his lordship to put to Mr. and Mrs. Fahie—"Had they—one being Irish and the other English—never had any words with reference to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and were they both agreed as to its merits or demerits?" The

judge, however, holding that both sides had their say, ruled the question out of order, and the jury again left the court. They returned, however, in a few minutes, and gave an unanimous verdict in favor of the claimants. A similar verdict was given for the other couple, and then, the ceremony over, the happy pairs were chaired to a platform in the field, where they took the necessary oath and were awarded the prizes.—*The Nationalist*.

Miscellaneous.

James Carroll, who died at San Francisco on June 18, left an estate valued at \$120,000 to Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, with the approval of his Holiness, is about to undertake the restoration of the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Loretto.

Michael F. Battle, who has been elected Secretary of the Vicksburg Typographical Union for the twenty-fifth time, claims to have held his position longer than other Secretary under the jurisdiction of the International Typographical Union.

Sneezing may be averted by pressing firmly upon the upper lip with the fingers. The "why" of this is by doing so we deaden the impression made on a certain branch of the "fifth nerve," sneezing being a reflex action excited by some light impression made upon that nerve. Proof of this is seen in the fact that sneezing never takes place when the nerve mentioned is paralyzed, even though the sense of smell be retained.

Ward Eberley, weighing almost 500 pounds, died suddenly at Dayton, Ohio, on August 4th. He was only 17 years old, and weighed only ten pounds when born, but was conceded to be the heaviest youngster in the world. A few weeks ago thousands of people saw him at one of the side-show attractions at the circus. The doctors consider his illness, which had gradually developed since that time, due to the excessive drinking of lemonade.

The Blue Book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time, nor after they are 80 years old. In France, the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high-water mark. There, if a wife publishes literary work without her husband's consent, the law frees him at once.

The French papers have been noting the curious way in which the career of President Carnot was connected with the figure "7." He was born in 1837, was admitted to the Ecole Polytechnique in 1857, was elected by virtue of Article 7 of the Constitution to the office of President of the Republic in 1887, was assassinated at the age of 57 years, in the seventh year of his Presidency, in a carriage containing seven persons (four inside and three outside, a coachman and two footmen), on the seventh day of the week, by an Italian (a word of seven letters) named Caserio (also formed of seven letters). Finally, he was borne in triumph to the Pantheon on the first day of the seventh month of the year, seven days after his death.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused me excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

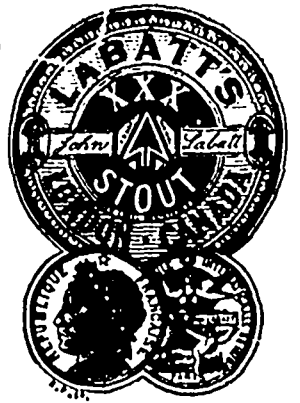


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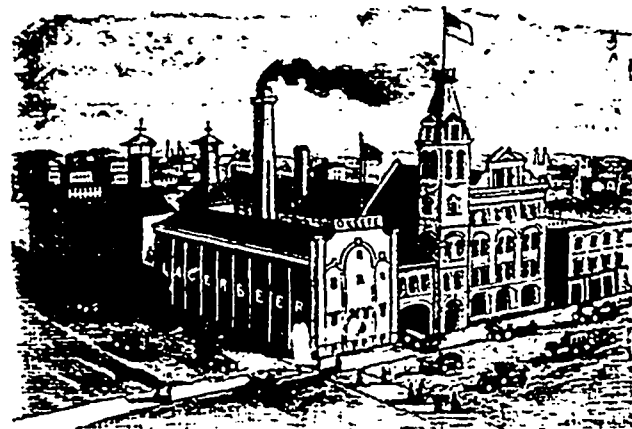
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PARLIAMENTARY.

The prorogation of Parliament, which took place on Saturday, leaves the Government with some months in which to consider their course in regard to the House of Lords. The generality of the members were tired out with the work of the session, so that except for the presence of Mr. William O'Brien and Dr. Tanner the meeting on Sunday would have been no more than a common-place gathering.

There is no doubt that the main difficulty of the Government lies in the attitude of the Irish members. In reply to a question Mr. Morley announced that the Evicted Tenants Bill will be re-introduced at the next session, and the expectation is that its provisions will be broadened to meet the terms of the report of the Committee appointed to investigate the condition of the Evicted Tenants. The immensity of the distress under which these poor people suffer is more than we can form an adequate idea of. Three thousand families, fifteen thousand human beings are in a starving condition, the heads of families being unable to procure work. In some places the charitable neighbours have erected some shelters for the homeless; but the same titled persons who talked against the Bill in the House of Lords, assuming an attitude of the highest patriotic principle, are threatening to dispossess the people who persist in charity to their unfortunate fellows.

The main cause for anxiety lies in the condition of the tenants, but on even this ground Mr. William O'Brien has been able to hold out hope. Speaking at Blackwater, County Armagh, he said:

Lord Salisbury and those allied with him had thrown out the Evicted Tenants Bill with the deliberate intention of outraging Irish feeling and goading the Irish people into deeds of crime. Irishmen would not play that game. In a short time the Parliamentary party would have funds to keep the evicted tenants for two years. The peace of Ireland this winter would depend on the sincerity and on the vigour with which the Government and the English Liberal party threw themselves into the battle against the House of Lords. He had not the slightest hesitation in saying that if Lord Rosebery were equal to the situation, nothing would tempt the Irish people one inch beyond their constitutional rights.

This allusion to the probable receipt of funds refers to the £40,000 in the hands of the Paris Bankers, Monros & Co., which will be released to Mr. Justin McCarthy in about six weeks.

It is said that the Cabinet is not agreed upon the terms upon which war against the Lords should be waged, some of them being of opinion that nothing can be effectual until the House of Commons provides pay for its members.

Antrim.

On July 30th Mr. A. Caruth, jun., coroner, attended in the house of Mr. Felix McConnell, spirit dealer, Hill street, Ballymona, and held an inquest as to the circumstances surrounding the sudden death of Mr. Thomas C. Donkin, architect, that morning. From the evidence of Nancy Best, an old woman of 103 years of age, it appeared that the deceased, who was a widower, occupied a house in Hill street, and had employed the witness as housekeeper for years past. He was a man who had always enjoyed good health up to the time of his death, at which he was about 50 years old. On that morning witness found him lying dead on the kitchen floor. Dr. Robert Gilmer deposed that death was due to apoplexy. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Clare.

A boating accident, involving loss of life, took place on the Fergus on Aug. 5. Three young men, Messrs. Patrick O'Kelly, coal merchant, Clare Castle; John McMasters, eldest son of Mr. J. McMasters, the local schoolmaster; and J. McKeown, clerk in the employment of Mr. P. O'Brien, coal merchant, left Clare Castle, which is about two miles from Ennis, for a sail down the river Fergus. After going about two miles the boat encountered a sudden squall and was capsized. McMasters and McKeown were caught under the sail, but freed themselves, and the latter showing an oar towards his comrade, made for the shore, which he succeeded in reaching. Neither of the other two was able to swim and both were drowned. On the next evening the body of O'Kelly was recovered and removed to his father's residence, Clare Castle.

Cork.

During the last week of July very large captures of fish were made along the Skibbereen coast, chiefly haddock and ling, which were brought in carloads from the different fishing stations, particularly from Myross and Union Hall. The fishermen state that the sea appeared alive with them. The smaller descriptions, such as pollock, bream, &c., were also caught in abundance. This year has also been the most successful for a decade in the salmon fisheries of the River Ulen.

Potato blight has appeared in Ballinagoary, in the Mallow district, where many acres of potatoes have been destroyed. Other adjacent districts have escaped free. In the Kantirk district the almost constantly wet summer has affected all the grain crops

to such an extent that grave apprehensions are felt, particularly as regards wheat and oats. Root crops are faring but little better, while in the mountainous localities the potato crop has completely failed owing to the late frosts and terrible severity of the weather.

Donegal.

Mr. Frederick William Condon, of Ballyshannon, having passed the necessary examination, has been admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

Dublin.

Mr. Timothy Byron, Clontarf, one of the best known suburban licensed victuaries of Dublin, died on July 30th, of typhoid fever. Mr. Byron had been married only six weeks previously.

The Dublin people and papers complain that for some time past, the malodorous odor of the Liffey has been unpleasantly and even strongly evident at places so far distant as the Post Office and along the whole length of O'Connell street. At low water the fumes are almost suffocating to people who have to pass over the river by the various bridges.

There has been ordained recently, at the Passionist Novitiate, Broadway, Worcester shire, England, a number of Irish members of the Order—Joseph Connolly of Clonsilla, county Kildare (now Brother Boniface); Edward Kelly, Ballymore, county Westmeath (Brother Robert); and Joseph Hulien of Toghery, county Louth (Brother Bernardine). The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father Chrysostom, C.P., assisted by the Very Rev. Father Albert, C.P., Master of Novices, and the Very Rev. Father Alexander, C.P., Vice-Master.

Galway.

A few nights ago in the House of Commons, Mr. John Roche, M.P., drew the attention of the House to the latest brutalities of the Marquis of Clanricarde, who, having succeeded in expelling his unhappy tenants from the shelter which charity had provided for them in the local chapel-yard, is now busy threatening with extermination any of the yet unevicted tenants who may offer shelter to the outcasts. The exposure is a timely reminder of its duty to the House of Commons, which will soon have to choose between a compulsory system of reinstatement of the tenants and a voluntary scheme which would leave exterminators like Clanricarde to deal with them at their own sweet wills.

Kerry.

In the list of successful candidates at the recent Royal University Examination, the following Kerry students took very distinguished places:—In matriculation, Miss Elizabeth R. Kenny passed; Mr. Henry J. Marshall, of Listowel, passed the second honors in Latin. In First Arts Examination—Mr. Michael J. Keane, of Listowel, passed the first class honors in Latin, Greek, English and Natural Philosophy, being awarded a first-class Exhibition of £30; Mr. Crowley, of Listowel, passed the first honors in Greek and English, and 2nd class honors in Latin, being awarded a 1st class Exhibition of £15. Miss Catherine M. Tuomey, of Tralee, also passed the 1st arts examinations with honors in English. University College heads the list of all the Irish Colleges in the first and second arts examinations by no fewer than fifteen distinctions, while in the first medical examination out of twenty-five honors awarded, the same college secured twenty.

Twenty ejection notices, in which decrees for possession, at suit of the Earl of Kenmare against the tenants of the Killarney portion of the estate were obtained at the last Killarney Quarter Sessions have been posted up at the entrance of the Killarney Workhouse.

Milkenny.

During the last week in July, some workmen had been excavating on the site of the old house formerly inhabited by the Dominican Friars, attached to the Black Abbey, Kilkenny, which has recently been pulled down. While they were excavating in this place, after having about gone eight feet below the surface, they found a skeleton, apparently of a full grown man. The general belief is that the deceased was buried there about six centuries ago, but as yet no definite decision has been come to. The Abbey was founded in 1225 by William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. The archives of the Abbey are being looked up, and several have expressed an opinion that the remains may be those of William Marshall or his brother. The prior of the Abbey is having the excavation carried on further, when other interesting discoveries are likely to be made.

Limerick.

Since the appalling visitation of fever in the townland of Clooncrippa, parish of Feenagh, ending in the burial, together, of John Lynch and his wife, the house of the poor man was left vacant, as well as the adjoining residence of George Lee, also a victim of the same disease. They were set fire to and burned, recently. It appears from the absence of any malicious motive that the cause was apprehension of spreading the infection again. The houses were of little value.

A woman named Johannah Cross, a resident of Park, outside Limerick, died suddenly a few days since. She was a centenarian of more than ordinary intelligence, and enjoyed excellent health up to her demise.

Louth.

Ground for a new Catholic cemetery in Drogheda has been provided by the Right Rev. Monsignor Murphy, P.P., V.G., to meet the burial requirements of his parishioners. The Rev. gentleman has purchased, through the Corporation, from the Lords of the Treasury, a very eligible site for a new graveyard, at Hardman's Garden, adjacent to the town. On the 3d of September next, His Eminence Cardinal Logue will perform the consecration ceremony, and a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, will be preached, in St. Peter's Church, West street, by that eminent ecclesiastic, Father Finlay, S.J.

The Boyne salmon fishery, on the tidal waters, practically closed on August 3d. This season was one of the worst for many years.

Mayo.

The funeral of Mrs. Hughes, of Carrowkeel, Roslindale, took place on July 30th, and was very large and representative, numbering nearly a hundred vehicles. Mrs. Hughes was the wife of Mr. John Hughes, mother of Rev. M. Hughes, C.C., Hollymount, and aunt to Mrs. M. Thornton, Castlebar. She belonged to a very old and respectable Sligo family, and was born in the village of Curry, about 70 years ago.

Queen's County.

There is at present on view, in the studio of Mr. O'Neill, sculptor, 182 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, the new high altar prepared for the Rev. J. Lalor, the respected and popular parish priest of Abbeylax. It is a very beautiful piece of work of art in Sicilian marble. The centre panel contains a well executed group of "La Pieta," flanked by panels, with richly carved religious subjects. The work is relieved by onyx pillars, carved capitals, and Sienna inlays. The reredos is very handsome, and special attention has been devoted to the design and treatment of the centre and the canopied niches flanking the reredos. The upper canopy is supported by eight marble pillars of dark tints, the arches being open. In the niches will be placed statues of St. Patrick, St. Bridgid, St. Columba and St. Lusarian, the patron saint of the parish. As a specimen of Irish art, the work is most creditable to Mr. O'Neill.

Roscommon.

Recently Mrs. Feehilly, formerly from Bunnamate, but now resident in Roscommon, in which place she was in receipt of out door relief, owing to destitution, when going through a portion of wearing apparel belonging to her husband, who had been dead a good many years, and thinking the old material of no value she showed it to an experienced person who cut it open and inside it was found a deposit receipt for £40. The matter having been inquired into, Mrs. Feehilly took out administration and the money was forthcoming out of the National Bank. This was fortunate for the poor woman who has been in very destitute circumstances for many years past. Her only son, who was living with her in delicate health, did not remain long to enjoy the comfort of it as his mind got affected and the poor fellow had to be removed to the Asylum in Ballinasloe.

Sligo.

With sincere regret we record the death of Mr. John O'Connell, a well-known and respected Collooney man, which occurred on July 16th, after a brief illness, of six days, and was a shock to all his friends. The deceased was in the prime of life, being only 44 years of age, and was a universal favorite with all who knew him. Deep and genuine sympathy is felt for his afflicted widow and orphans. His funeral took place on the 18th in Ballisodare and was very largely attended, there being upwards of 30 vehicles present.

Tipperary.

The report reached Nenagh on July 31st that a man named Hughes, belonging to the district of Kilsannon, about eight miles from Nenagh, had been captured the previous night on the Keeper Hill Mountains on a charge of murdering a farmer named Dwyer. He had for nearly two months evaded arrest.

Tyrone.

Mr. G. E. Shanahan, who has been for a number of years stationmaster for the Great Northern Railway Company at Cookstown, where he was very popular, has been promoted to the post of chief clerk to the General Manager.

Waterford.

On August 2d a fatal accident occurred at Tramore to a laborer named Kirwan who was engaged in whitewashing the large white towers which mark the two headlands at the entrance to Tramore Bay. The unfortunate man had completed his work at Brownstone Head and commenced at the "Metal-man" towers at Newtown Head. While engaged whitewashing the middle tower, which is close on a couple of hundred feet in height the rope of the "boatwain's chair" in which he was slung, parted, owing to the chafing at the top. Kirwan was dashed to the ground and instantly killed.

Wexford.

The many friends of the Rev. Denis O'Connor (formerly Administrator of Ennis-corthy Cathedral), will be pleased to learn that, after a lengthened absence in Australia and America, he has returned in excellent health and spirits to his native country.

Father O'Connor touched Irish shores about four weeks ago, and after visiting the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, and Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Ferns, arrived in Ennis-corthy on July 28th and received a *cart mille taille*. He will at once resume the pastorate of Litter, the collection of subscriptions for a suitable church for this parish having been the object of his extensive travels.

On Sunday, July 29th, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner street, Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, conferred priesthood on the Rev. Nicholas Tomkin, S.J., before a large congregation. Father Tomkin, who is the son of the late James Tomkin, Esq., Money Askamore, commenced his student life in St. Peter's College, Wexford. After a brilliant course of studies there he went to Milltown Park in 1889 to join the Order of Jesuits.



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An Amusing Story

It told of an adventure which the Duke of Norfolk had at a railway station some miles from Stonhurst College, the centenary of which was recently celebrated. He had sent a telegram requesting that his carriage might be in readiness. When the train arrived one of the railway inspectors anxiously sought the illustrious passenger, and, copying two aristocratic-looking gentlemen seated in a first-class compartment, concluded that he had found His Grace, when upon he opened the door, and, addressing one of the gentlemen, said, "Are you for Stonhurst, sir?" A reply being given in the affirmative, the inspector said, "Will you kindly come this way? Your carriage for Stonhurst awaits you at the entrance to the station. They followed in the wake of the obliging inspector, who soon had them comfortably ensconced in a well appointed vehicle. Just as the carriage was about to drive away, a gentleman, rather small in stature, very quietly dressed, touched the inspector on the arm, and said, "Ah, inspector—my carriage." "Oh no," said the inspector, "this is the Duke of Norfolk's carriage." "Yes," was the unexpected retort, "I am the Duke of Norfolk."

"What's Dick doing now?"
 "Well, Dick, he's a doctorin'."
 "And John?"
 "He's horse-tradin'."
 "And William?"
 "He's a-savin' of souls."
 "And Tom?"
 "Well, Tom—he's sorter politician' aroun'."
 "And you?"
 "Well, I'm sorter farmiu' an' a feedin' of Dick, an' John an' William an' Tom!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*
 The eye of a little Washington miss was attracted by the sparkling of the dew at early morning.
 "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Look here. The grass is all covered with perspiration."—*Washington Star.*

Some months ago a young man of Warren, Ind., wrote his name and address on an egg he was shipping. Last week he received a letter from Sydney, Australia, in which the writer said that probably the recipient might be interested in knowing how far the egg had traveled before it found its final customer.
 A story is told of Burnand, the "Happy Thought" editor of the London Punch, that after his conversion he entered a community of which Dr. Manning, afterwards the great English Cardinal, was superior, with the intention of becoming a priest. But his high spirits and prankish humor led him into so many infractions of the rules that Dr. Manning finally called him up and with more apparent than real severity lectured him on his conduct, concluding with the sarcastic reproof:

"You'll never be a priest! You'd better go to shoemaking."
 "Well, your reverence," said the witty candidate, "that will still leave me with the care of soles."
 The future Cardinal's insight into Burnand's character was verified, although not in the direction of shoemaking, for he returned to comic journalism for which his caustic wit and "infinite humor" eminently fitted him.

"My sympathies," said the effervescing young woman, "are altogether with the dear Japanese."
 "So are our hired girls," responded the matron. "She believes all china should be eternally smashed."—*Indianapolis Journal.*
 Lord Aberdeen tells the following story of himself: He left London at midnight in a sleeping car for the North. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?"
 Somewhat surprised, his Lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to-do.
 "May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?"
 "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds."
 "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you, and snored as loudly as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

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Lachine Canal.
 SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the deepening of Canal Prism," will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, the fourth day of September, 1904, for the deepening of the Canal Prism between Lock No. 2 and Lock No. 1.
 Plans and specifications of the work to be done can be seen on and after the seventh day of August, 1904, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Superintending Engineer's office in Montreal, where forms of tender can be obtained.
 In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.
 This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
 J. H. BALDERSON,
 Secretary,
 Dept. of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 4th August, 1904.

HOUSEHOLD AND FARM.

Useful Receipts.

DRIED BEEF SALAD.—To one quarter of a pound shaved beef, slice a small onion very fine. Sprinkle with pepper and add one-fourth of a cup of vinegar.

POPOVERS.—One cup of rich milk, one egg, one cup of flour, a little salt; beat together thoroughly, first the milk and flour, then egg and salt; fill butter cups half full; bake in hot oven.

GRAPE CORDIAL.—To one quart of grape juice add one and one-half pounds of white sugar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Boil twenty minutes; bottle and seal while hot. Excellent for weak stomach.

CHICKEN PIE.—Stew the chicken until tender, pick the meat from the bones and chop fine. Mix one-half cup of gravy with one-half cup of milk and a little salt and pepper; thicken with and put in the meat. Line a dish with crust, put in the mixture over with cover and bake quickly.

DRIED BEEF GRAVY.—Put a table spoonful of butter in the hot frying pan; when melted, add one-half pound shaved beef. Let it fry till the butter begins to brown, then add one pint of sweet milk. Thicken with one level tablespoonful of flour moistened with milk, and one egg beaten into the butter. This is a dainty breakfast dish.

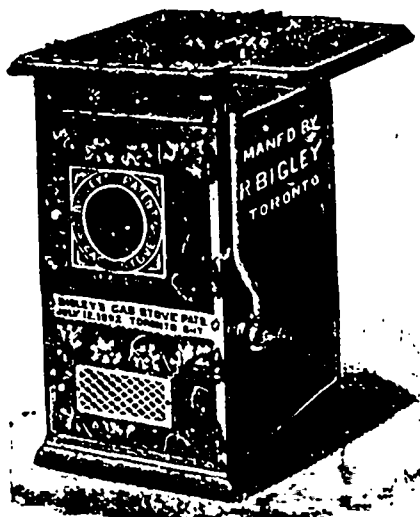
MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Take freshly gathered mushrooms and examine them carefully to see that they are all right. Wipe them, but do not wash. Put a layer of mushrooms in the bottom of an earthen dish, then sprinkle well with salt, then another layer of mushrooms, another of salt, and so on alternately; cover with a folded towel and stand in a very warm place for twenty-four hours; then mash and strain through a coarse bag. To every quart of this liquor add one ounce of pepper-corns and boil slowly in a porcelain-lined kettle for thirty minutes; then add a quarter ounce of whole allspice, a half ounce of sliced ginger root, one dozen whole cloves and three blades of mace. Boil fifteen minutes longer. Take from the fire and stand aside to cool. When cold, strain through flannel and put in small bottles, filling to the very top. Cork tightly and dip in sealing wax.

The Kitchen Garden.

The vegetable garden requires but little attention in August, yet it should not be wholly neglected. Weeds must be kept down and insects annihilated, for if these pests once get a foothold they are likely to overrun the entire premises. Remember that unused land is always taken possession of by weeds. Several crops, such as peas and turnips, may be substituted for those removed. If nothing else is wanted sow rye or fodder corn for the cow. Hoe cabbages and cauliflower frequently, and apply liquid manure to hasten their growth. Cultivate between the rows of carrots and other root crops until the leaves prevent. Celery plants set now will make very fair sized heads for Winter use. Keep sweet corn clear of weeds and the soil mellow. Some early variety of sweet corn may yet be sown. Plant bush beans for a late crop and for pickles. Cucumbers of suitable size for pickles may be gathered daily. Harvest onions as soon as ripe, and if not sold at once store them in some cool, airy place. Tomatoes should be kept trained to their supports. Cut away all fruit set out too late to ripen, and if seed is to be saved select it from the earliest, ripest and best shaped specimens. Finally keep the whole garden clear of weeds, and fight any insect enemies that may appear.

Growing Potatoes.

The new method of growing potatoes in the South is a valuable innovation on the old way. The first crop, planted in March, is now ripe. Seed from



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this first crop is planted in July and August. The seed selected is planted in beds thickly in the same manner as sweet potatoes in the spring for sets. The cuttings are made quite thin and planted closely in the beds and lightly covered with soil. As soon as they sprout they are planted in trenches and covered lightly first, the covering being increased as the plants grow. The vines are left to grow until they are cut by the frost. They are then removed and the ground covered with litter to keep out the frost and the potatoes are left in the ground until spring.

This new method, truly says the *New York Times*, is worth millions to the South. It gives to it the whole market for seed potatoes for the future. For this second crop seed keeps without sprouting until late in June or July, and thus supplies the summer markets of the North with the best kind of potatoes, uninjured by growing and crisp as when newly gathered. And, in addition, when taken from the ground in January they sell in the Northern markets for the prices of the Bermuda grown ones, and are as fresh and better than they are. This is only one of the new resources of the South, arising from its mild climate, that afford profit to the industrious and enterprising farmers. But it is by no means an insignificant addition to the income of the Southern farmers.

The Corn Crop and Silage.

Indian corn is evidently going to hold its place as the great and most popular staple with our farmers, for according to the statistician of the Agricultural Department the area devoted to corn this year shows an increase of 4,000,000 acres over 1893. But in many sections the crop is in poor condition from drought and other causes, and will require considerable care to prevent its loss. It is rather unusual for corn to need much looking after so late in the season as August, but this year the crop is backward in most localities, and still requires cultivation to destroy weeds and stir the surface soil. Many good farmers run the cultivator as long as a horse can pass between the rows, this practice preventing the ground from being overrun with weeds and helping the crop in other ways. Where corn does not mature the easiest way to save it is to put it into the silo, and it is probable that much of the crop will be utilized in this way the coming Fall. It is certainly a contingency that ought to be provided for, and every corn grower should have a good silo, and thus be prepared to avoid any material loss by silaging his crop. Silage makes an excellent supplementary substitute for hay, and many stock keepers feed it with grain to advantage. Farmers who believe that their corn is too late to escape the frost should lose no time in making all necessary arrangements for silaging.

Early New Zealand spades have been found tipped with jado or other stone, to give a good digging point.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 29, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 55	\$0 56
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 54	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 57	0 58
Oats, per bush.....	0 29	0 30
Peas, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 41	0 42
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 50	6 75
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 60
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 00
Ducks, per pair.....	0 60	0 70
Butter, in pound rolls.....	11 20	11 23
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 10	0 11
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Celery, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Onions, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Potatoes, per bbl.....	1 00	1 25
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Carrots, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	1 50
Hay, new.....	7 50	8 50
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 00

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The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to day:

CATTLE.			
Good shippers, per cwt....	\$ 3 50	\$4 00	
Butchers' choice, picked, per cwt.....	3 00	3 30	
Butchers' choice, per cwt..	2 75	3 00	
Butchers' medium, ".....	2 50	3 00	
Bulls and mixed, ".....	2 25	3 00	
Springers, per head.....	30 00	45 00	
Milk cows, per head.....	20 00	40 00	
CALVES.			
Per head, good to choice....	4 00	6 00	
" common.....	1 50	3 00	
SHEEP AND LAMBS.			
Shipping sheep, per cwt....	3 25	3 50	
Butchers' sheep, per head..	2 00	3 50	
Lambs, choice, per head....	2 50	3 50	
Lambs, inferior, per head..	1 25	1 50	
HOGS.			
Long lean, per cwt (off cars)	5 30	5 50	
Heavy fat hogs.....	4 75	5 00	
Stores, per cwt.....	4 50	4 75	
Stags.....	2 00	2 50	

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THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XL.

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

It was a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, both to peer and peasant, at Woolton Court. A devout Lent followed; then the joyful alleluias of Easter. With the autumn came the occupation of the "holyday cottage," on the lake of Windermere—Violet's dowry—by the Marquis of Seaham, his sister, Lady Clara Moorland, with the little twin girls and the attendants. The aged and young couples from Woolton Court were there to greet their arrival, and the latter remained during some happy weeks in the scenes of sweet remembrance; the more endeared, because of the many vicissitudes that had followed the betrothed and had terminated so blissfully in their marriage. Before the anniversary of that marriage it became a question whether Lady Violet Stanmore was to venture any more visits to Rockley Cottage; therefore, the same happy party assembled in the eastern half of Woolton Court, where, on the 10th of October, the Earl of Charleton was invited with his venerable companion, the Duchess of Peterworth, to pass by the long picture-gallery, from their western residence, to the Lady Violet's private suite of rooms. On arriving in the drawing room Lord Stanmore advanced from an inner room and placed his infant son in the arms of his grandfather, saying:

"Bless him and he shall be blessed!" adding with emotion, "Oh! it seems to me that for the first time I am really able to know and appreciate all the love you have had for me, my dear grandfather."

Lady Violet had a short convalescence in reward for the courage with which she had borne the maternal pangs. Very soon, with little Philip Henry in her arms, she glided through the long gallery to make him return the visits of his grandfather and of "Grandworth," the hereditary abbreviation of all grandmamma's Peterworth, by the children of Polhill Towers. No wet-nurse, no foster-brother, no sister, was permitted to approach the little Henry. Good and affable as the Lady Violet had ever proved to the poor on the estates of her father—a reputation that had preceded her to Woolton Court and had hitherto been sustained—it was now sufficient for the poor applicant to have an infant in her arms for Lady Violet to refuse the shortest audience; and until she was assured that the peasant child had quitted the house her own precious babe was nestled to her bosom.

"Oh, papa!" cried she, in reply to some playful comments of the marquis, "how can I be too cautious? How can I help seeing a 'Leon Bauvin' in every infant that approaches my Henry? Ah! how grateful I feel that I am strong and healthy enough to be his only nurse."

"Violet, shall I row you and baby on the lake?" said Lord Stanmore, fully expecting an assent, as he took the little heir in his arms.

"Thank you, Arthur; yes. It will be very refreshing."

"Come, then; I have sent the nursery servants down to the boat-house to amuse themselves; but I wish to have only ourselves on the water."

Away went the youthful pair; and the marquis, who had strolled from them at the first mention of boating, for which he had no fancy, gave an arm to his sister, Lady Clara, whom he met on the terrace; and they bent their steps to a pleasant walk over looking the lake, whence they saw the boat and its precious freight glide from the boat-house along the bowery and varied shades. They continued thus to watch in pleased silence till the

sounds arose in perfect harmony of the strain

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." "Ah! Clara," said the marquis, when the sounds were lost in distance, "under heaven all this happiness is your affecting. Had you deviated from your perfect line of conduct by one smile or one look of evil fascination you might have dragged Lord Stanmore at your triumphal car till you had made desolate the now happy and congenial hearts of my Violet and her husband. You are one who could have done evil and did it not. *Qui poterit transgredi et non est transgressus, facere mala et non fecit!* Therefore shall your fidelity be found good in the sight of the Lord, as it is in that of your approving and grateful brother."

While this tribute was paid to the exalted and solid virtue of his sister by the penetrating Marquis of Seaham, the venerable Earl of Charleton, while strictly keeping his grandson's secret, had received with consolation the confidence of the duchess on her observation of the mild dignity, the unobtrusive firmness and rectitude of Lady Clara Moorland, as opposed to the love of conquest but too prevalent in her sex. On this day the aged couple had descended to the pleasure-grounds for the usual two hours destined to air and exercise after breakfast. The duchess in a light wheel chair, drawn alternately by Thomas Jenkins and James Turner; while Lord Charleton, resting a hand on the side of the little carriage, regulated the pace of the charioteers to suit his step when in exercise. By this arrangement the vigorous frame of the earl was enabled to continue the healthy custom of long walks without losing the society of his more delicate companion.

Sometimes, when by some rustic seat, they would dismiss for awhile the attendants and converse or meditate while Lord Charleton rested. On this day, perceiving the Marquis of Seaham walking with his sister and engaged in deep discourse, they began to converse on the happy state of those who, like themselves, being advanced beyond the meridian of life, might laudably retire into calm shades with those of a like frame of mind.

"They must have served God and man first in active life, before they can thus retire with congenial spirits," observed the earl. "Our friend, the marquis, and his admirable sister, are fit types of the meridian time of the great toil of life. He, minister of state, and she, courted as his sister, the female head of his house, with known influence from the respect he bears her, with responsibilities as such in the accepting or refusing to patronize the applications made through her. She also may be said to have become a public character. It is well she has strength of mind to bear the weight, as well as to despise the glitter, of her position."

"There is another fair relation of the Marquis of Seaham," observed the duchess, "who would have turned all the astute diplomacy of her character to supplant Lady Clara Moorland in St. James-square and Marsden Park; but who has been providentially carried far from the scene of temptation, by the family chaplain, Rev. Dr. Rollings, and made the centre of a vast and admirable field of usefulness, whence she doubtless writes to all her former acquaintances, as she writes to me, to assist her in converting the world by the means laid down to convert herself. I speak of Lady Cecily Dorel—a woman powerful in her energy and activity; once a notorious votary of Satan, now turned to the service of God, and another type of the heat and toil of meridian life."

The marquis and his sister had now arrived sufficiently near the speaker for her to add:

"I am recounting to Lord Charleton the perseverance as well as zeal of Lady Cecily Dorel, who writes, I con-

clude, to interest her cousins in every good work under her patronage."

"You have conjectured with your usual penetration and accuracy, duchess," replied Lord Seaham. "I can already produce a mighty packet of letters, sermons, pamphlets, prospectus, architectural drawings of chapels and school-houses, lists of deserving school-masters, and other candidates for my patronage; although the focus of these admirable doings is in the heart of England, while I am now at the head of Foreign Affairs."

"But still, marquis, I conclude, from your great interest with your colleagues in the ministry, you have done something for Lady Cecily?"

"I have compromised with my dear little cousin, that she shall be paid partly in her own coin. I have pushed on, successfully, two of her plans, and one of her school-masters; while, in return, I have sent her the repentant Mademoiselle Lucille Brontel, escorted by Monsieur Julien, to be her chief assistant in forming the Congregation of the Holy Tongue. May God speed these two pious foxes! They require it, not that I wish them the wisdom of the serpent! They must serve God according to the characters He has given them."

"Yes," responded Lord Charleton; "the character given originally by the Creator we should never attempt to crush and destroy; it is a presumptuous, a vain attempt. We perceive some characters to be naturally more lovely and attractive than others; but, doubtless, if we watch the career of the originally less amiable, we shall recognize a gift of courage to conquer their defects, which, with an enlightened conscience, is certain to meet with deserved success, and form in the end most estimable and pleasing characters. I think also, in watching the Providence of God, respecting those to whom have been granted by nature lovely and attractive dispositions, we shall perceive a constant demand on them for generosity and self-sacrifice. If they respond to these calls, they will be cheered, even in this life, by peace of heart and trial, and will hereafter have their glorious eternal reward. I need not seek far to illustrate my theory. As maiden, wife, and widow, I have recognized this spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice in Lady Clara Moorland; and, as perseverance in well-doing is in itself virtue, and gives increased value to every charming act, I wind up to a culminating point in the testimony I bear, through a long life, to tried virtues of the Duchess of Peterworth."

"I thought, duchess, you had left off rouge," said the marquis, smiling, to his old friend.

"Here come the hopes of Woolton Court!" cried she, as Lord Stanmore, advancing slowly from the lake, with his wife on one arm and his sleeping babe on the other, took the path that led direct to our group of friends. The nurses, who at present led an easy life, went towards the house.

"Lay the little Philip Henry on the knees of his 'grandworth,'" said Lord Charleton, "and we will follow at their chariot-wheels."

"I beg pardon of all the lords and ladies present, for my observation," said the charioteer, James Turner. "But this here blessed baby will grow up to be the perfect image of his great-grandfather, the young earl as was; and it is a fine day for me to see him in the lap of her as should have been his great-grandmother, the beautiful young lady of Eagle Crag."

It was during that happy autumn of 1836 that, at his evening toilet, Lord Stanmore said to his valet:

"Temple, I release you, during the next half-hour, from the promise I exacted from you, never to let the name of Lord Edwin Fitzjames pass your lips. He has been faithful to grace. He has persevered. He is professed. He signs himself Brother Bruno of Mercy; but reveals his real name. He has written

a thick volume of sacred poetry, in the spirit of expiation for his former loves of earth. His expressions are most edifying and affecting. He feels convinced of the continuance of my prayers, and promises his own; but he can never write again."

"I feel extremely grateful to you, my lord," said Mr. Temple, "for imparting to me this gratifying news. You will receive an additional joy throughout eternity each time you meet this repentant sinner—this now holy penitent." After a little pause, Mr. Temple resumed: "Has it ever occurred to you, my lord, that some innocent, but tepid souls, would be lost but for some startling fall, that has publicly disgraced them, and opened their eyes to their own previous state?"

"I think, Temple, you must mean to say, those apparently innocent souls; for 'tepid' and 'innocent' cannot hold together. A soul so tepid as not to love God, sins by omission, even mortally; that soul is just ripe for mortal sin by action. And now that we understand each other's terms, I will assure you I quite agree with you, that a public fall—a public disgrace, may possibly be the only means to save many such souls. Still, even here, we must not generalize too much. God does not limit His means of grace. It was through you alone, while at Marsden Park, that I heard the details of the wonderful conversion of Lady Cecil Dorel. There was no moral fall, no public disgrace. The family chaplain," continued Lord Stanmore, smiling, "caught a tepid lady in a trap, locked her up, prayed with such fervor that, like the tears of St. Scholastica, he drew down a thunder-storm; then persevered with his holy sacrifice and his prayers, till contrition succeeded to remorse, love to fear."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE FAMILY JEWELS.

It was on one of those clear still winter mornings that proclaim a walk or a drive, that the duchess, having been as usual handed into her little carriage by Lord Charleton, had to wait his return from an audience he had promised to a tenant in his private study. This awaiting the earl seemed to be an opportunity long desired by the two humble friends who drew the carriage; for the usual spokesman immediately commenced with:

"Honorable Miss Sedley, of Eagle Crag, as was, and grand duchess as is, we have, that is Tom Jenkins and me, has still a secret, and it is to you, that's still pretties in our eyes, and more bright to be here than any one else, that we wishes to confide it." He then whispered: "In the ceiling of the chamber supposed to be haunted by the Honorable Tristram Woolton, there be something else besides the music tubes. There be a casket—a jewel casket—the family jewels, marm. Now that the blessed baby, Philip Henry, is born, and we now really believes the dark young man is Viscount Stanmore, we gives up the secret."

"What could induce you to suppose Lord Stanmore to be otherwise than the real heir to Woolton Court?" demanded the duchess.

"We was always afeared he had to do with the branch in the West Injees; for about twenty years ago, a fine handsome gentleman, but very dark, a Mr. Woolton, grandson of the Honorable Gilbert, came here to see if the old place was likely to be sold; and he talked freely about his being the heir to all after the earl's death. When Lord Stanmore came to prepare for the return of the earl, we took him for the son of this dark gentleman, and did not give him no confidence. The two valets, Mr. Julien and Mr. Temple, have taken great pains to make us understand all the rights of it; and now the blessed baby is born, so fair, like all the true Wooltons, we gives in. So here's the last of the secrets, marm; and sure if any one had a right to wear them jewels, marm, it's yourself."

"Do you wish that I should be the one to inform Lord Charleton of the safety of these family jewels?" asked the duchess.

"Why, then, marm, that is my lady duchess, if you please; if you will soften to the earl that we kept the secret so long, all on account of Viscount Stanmore's dark eyes, and the West Injurer."

"Ah! my poor Arthur," silently mused the duchess; "those brilliant orbs, with their black fringes, have had to pay the tax of beauty; first in lending themselves to the machinations to turn you into Leon Bauvin, then to the belief that you were of the family of the machinators."

Here the return of Lord Charleton enabled her grace, after some desultory conversation, to impart to him the fact that the family jewels he had believed to be sacrificed to the creditors had been rescued and were under the hereditary roof with himself.

"If they have been saved in an honorable manner," said the earl, "I must, of course, be gratified to retain them for the remembrance they bring of the virtuous and beautiful ladies of my house, now departed to a better life, and as affording the happy occasion of presenting them to the acceptance of the present elder and younger lady of Woolton Court. Can they be reached by portable steps, Jenkins?"

"My lord, it will require not only steps but tools. But as I was the only one employed to hide them under the cornice by the Hon. Tristram Woolton I shall want no one but my friend here to help me after the ride of my lady duchess; but if we might bring them ourselves to your lordship and have a sight of them it would do our eyes good; for I hear such a constant talk of jewels in sermons, and read, too, about them in good books, that I would like to see a lot all at once, such as must be in that 'ere casket."

"I am sure, my lord, you will permit our two faithful friends to have this treat," said the duchess; "they have earned it well. But you must be prepared, Turner and Jenkins, to find all the gold of the setting discolored, and even the jewels dimmed by time and damp. No real damage, however, can be done. Both gold and jewels are brought forward by preachers and spiritual writers because of their enduring qualities as well as their extreme beauty. They are the most valuable of all lifeless works of creation and the Holy Scriptures mention them perpetually; so if Lord Charleton will permit you shall bring them to him in my drawing-room at whatever time his lordship pleases this afternoon."

"And now for a good pull at the little carriage and a good step forth," said Lord Charleton, suiting the action to the word, and silence ensued.

While the fact just announced occupied his thoughts, in the various conjectures they suggested, some not un-mixed with dread of dishonorable concealment from creditors, the servants' dinner-bell sounded on their return home, and the two humble friends announced it to be the most propitious time possible to perform their task. Accordingly, between three and four o'clock, it was announced to the duchess that the two servants who drew her garden chair had something they wished to show her grace. They were admitted; but the casket, in many folds of paper, was not touched until the arrival of Lord Charleton.

"There was a coarse cloth outside of all," said Jenkins, "that I remember to have helped to sow on with twine after I had laid the music pipes in the ceiling; but it is so full of lime and dust I have just now ripped it off again, my lord."

The casket was at length placed on the table, free from wrappers. It was, in itself, valuable from its antiquity,

the costliness of the materials, and the intricate and delicate workmanship.

"Do you remember this casket?" asked the duchess.

"I do," returned his lordship. "It used to stand within an outer case, that let down on all sides, so as to display the casket, while my mother finished her toilet on great occasions. The outer case, when doubled together and fastened, was immensely strong. I remember having been told, as a child, that an attempt to force that iron case would break any tool."

Lord Charleton, as he turned to inquire of the two friends whether they had ever seen that case, observed a look of intelligence pass between them, while to his lordship's plain question they found it difficult to reply. Resolving to another time any further questions, Lord Charleton took from one of the handles of the casket the suspended key, and raised the lid. Tray upon tray of valuable contents, in silver-paper and cotton-wool, were removed from the casket, and laid upon the table before the duchess. But a discovery awaited Lord Charleton of more interest to him than any jewel. At the bottom of the casket lay a manuscript of several pages. Glancing at the signature, his emotion increased, and he said, in a low voice, to the duchess:

"Emma, I must retire to read this paper, at least to the other end of the room. It is written by the so-long-recluse uncle, Tristram Woolton. Open and look at all you please; select what you prefer, and reserve the rest for Violet. Let our two honest friends have the treat of beholding that which they have so long guarded."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Send for Circulars, samples, etc., of first class and quick Graining done with my new Pat'd Metallic Graining Tools. M. MORAN, 113 Jarvis St., TORONTO, Ont.
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Catholic News.

The Father General of the Augustinians, an account of whom appears in another column, has spent a few days with his Grace Archbishop Cleary of Kingston. Dr. Martinelli and His Grace are old friends.

Miss Helen Martin, daughter of United States Senator Martin of Kansas, has entered the novitiate at St. Mary's Catholic Academy, Leavenworth, intending to become a nun. She recently became a member of the Catholic Church.

Pope Leo on the Feast of St. Ignatius sent his blessing to an Irish nun, who celebrated her golden jubilee at the Rathfarnham Convent, near Dublin, that day. She is Sister M. Agnes McAlister, who entered the order of Loretto on the 31st of July, 1844 at the age of 16 years, as a postulant. She was received as a novice on the 15th of October, 1844, and finally became a professed nun on the 15th of October, 1846.

Reports from Spain state that Sr. D. Rafael Garcia Alvarez, director of the Institute for secondary education died in Granada, after having publicly abjured his errors. He filled in the Masonic Lodge's the office of Sovereign Grand Inspector, 33rd degree, of the Grand Orient of Spain, and Venerable of the "Lux in excelsis" number 7 and of the Chapter of Prince Rose Cross, Mariana Pineda, number 61. His conversion has caused a great sensation in the lodges throughout Spain.

The Reverend Mother St. George (nee Georgina Vanfelson), late Superioress of the Ursuline convent, Quebec, died Friday morning. The deceased lady was in her seventieth year and the fifty first of her religious profession.

On Friday evening last four sisters of the grey nuns arrived from Quebec at the Charlottetown, P.E.I., hospital, to succeed Sister Peter and her associates, who, for the past six years, devotedly and successfully carried on the work of the hospital, and who left for the annual retreat at Quebec a few weeks ago. They are Sister Isabel, who succeeds Sister Peter as superior; Sister Agnes and Sisters Honorine and Zoe.

The Angel of the Resurrection.

The question is asked by many persons, says the Canadian Freeman, why the angel on the monument at the General Hospital faces the West? A gentleman stopped Archbishop Cleary on the street a day or two ago and requested information on this point. The explanation was readily given—as follows: According to traditional usage Christians were laid in the grave with the faces turned to the East, the rising sun being regarded as a natural symbol of the expected rising of the holy dead from the darkness of the tomb to the light of everlasting day. Now, the angel of the resurrection is represented bearing the joyful message inscribed on the book he holds on his left breast, "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise again incorruptible." Therefore, his motion is towards the lifeless sleepers, and, facing them, he faces the West.

Official.

To the members in the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada.

BROTHERS Notice is hereby given that the Ninth Convention of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada will be held in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, commencing on Tuesday, the fourth day of September, 1891, at 9 o'clock a.m.

Delegates must be present at the opening of, and at every Session throughout the Convention, otherwise they will not be considered duly qualified delegates.

Circulars will be sent to Delegates, giving full information regarding railroad fare, hotels, etc. Yours fraternally, S. R. Brown, Grand Secretary.

London, August 11, 1891.



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

Table with columns for destination (G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.), Close time (a.m., p.m.), and Due time (a.m., p.m.).

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon.

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.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Owen Sound Work," will be received until Friday, the 7th day of September, instant, for works for the improvement of the Harbour of Owen Sound, Grey County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Owen Sound, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenders. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) must accompany each tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, K. F. E. ROY, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 20th August, 1894.

EDUCATIONAL. St. Joseph's Academy, ST. ALBAN'S ST. TORONTO.

Complete Academy, Collegiate and Commercial course. Phonography and Typewriting. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT Pupils are prepared for UNIVERSITY HONORS, and First, Second and Third-Class Certificates. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to the MODERN LANGUAGES, the FINE ARTS in all branches, and Plain and Fancy Needlework. MUSIC is practically and theoretically taught by Conservatory Methods. Classes will be resumed in the Boarding and Day Schools on MONDAY, SEPT. 3rd. For Prospectus apply to the



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Notice to Manufacturers of and Dealers in Portland Cement.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Portland Cement," will be received at this office up to noon on Saturday, the 1st September, 1894, for the supply and delivery of 11,000 barrels, more or less, of Portland Cement. Specifications and forms of tender can be obtained by the parties tendering, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th August, 1894.



LAKE ST. LOUIS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for New Channel, Lake St. Louis," will be received at this office up to noon on Tuesday, the 15th day of September, 1894, for the formation of a new channel in Lake St. Louis, section No. 1.

Plans and specifications of the work to be done can be seen on and after the 23rd day of August, 1894, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Superintending Engineer's office in Montreal, where forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 4th August, 1894.

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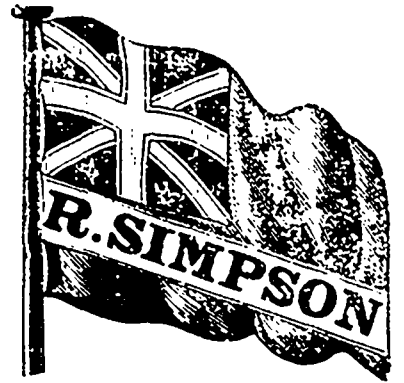
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