

Willie Tillbrook

Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula bunch under one car which the physican lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by Hood's Sarsaparilla

the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example. HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

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The House of Death. Not a hand has lifted the latchet Since she went out of the door. No footstep shall cross the threshold Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges, And mould and blight on the walls, And silence faints in the chambers, And darkness waits in the halls,—

Waits, as all things have waited, Since she went, that day of spring, Borne in her pallid splendor, To dwell in the Courts of the King,

With lilies on brow and bosom, With robes of silken sheen, And her wonderful frozen beauty The lilies and silk between. Red roses she left behind her, But they died long, long ago,— 'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left, mock the shadows With hints of womanly grace. And her image swims in the mirror That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside;
And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion, Where love has closed the door, Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter Since she can come in no more.

From the Catholic World. THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II. CONTINUED

The senor shrugged his shoulders 'It is very beautiful," he said, "but one cannot live on natural beauty-at least I can't. One wants a little society -a few friends. I am a stranger here, you know, and I find it very lonely. Had he been speaking in his own lan guage, he would have added in words as in his thoughts, "and beastly dull; but the stately Spanish tongue does no end itself readily to English slang, so his statement remained incomplete s far as his own sentiments were concerned-though more likely to appeal to the sympathy of his companion

And the liquid eyes were full of thi sympathy as they regarded him. looked so oppressed by the loneliness of which he spoke, as he sat gazing out over the Acadian valley, with its magical mountain walls; and, like women, this girl was easily touched by the sight of unhappiness. necessary for you to be lonely?" she "You speak our language very well, and our people are glad to welcome strangers who come with friendly feelings towards us."

Vyner might have answered very truly that the friendly feelings were non-existent in his case, for with true Anglo-Saxon arrogance he regarded the people as belonging to an inferior race, and up to the present moment had not been troubled with the faintest desire to know any of those who inhabited this remote spot. But now things began to wear a slightly different aspect. It might be worth while to know the Sandovals, if only for the privilege of looking now and then at the lovely face behind him. "You are very kind, senorita," he answered. "No doubt your people would be friendly enough—although we really have not much in common, you know but I have not up to his time cared to make acquaintances. Now, how-

He paused abruptly, for at this moment Don Ignacio stepped out of the house. A tall, stalwart figure, with a deeply bronzed face, clearly-cut features and piercing dark eyes, he looked what he was-a man born to wealth and command, consigned to adverse fate to poverty and obscurity, and grown to be somewhat morose under a discipline which, as a general rule, only benefits sweet and noble natures. mass of iron-gray hair stood up straight from the square, olive forehead, and a short moustache, also partially gray, overed the upper lip. His dress was omewhat shabby—the short Mexican acket of black cloth which he wore, omewhat frayed and worn-but there vas no mistaking that the man was a gentleman, and even Vyner, though e had no very keen preceptions to ierce below the outward aspect of things, had not the least doubt of it as he rose to meet him.

"It is the English senor from the nine, uncle," said the girl's soft voice. He wished to see Fernando.'

"My name is Vyner," said the young an. "Your son, Don Fernando, man. knows me very well, senor. I have taken the liberty of calling to see him on a matter of business; and since he is not at home, the senorita suggested that I might see yourself.'

"You are very welcome, senor," answered the grave Mexican with an air of stately courtesy. "My son has often spoken of you, and I am happy to know you. My house is yours. Will you not enter?

We waved his hand toward the great open door of the house, but Vyner had o intention of leaving the attraction which had detained him; and he made

a decided negative gesture.

'Pardon me," he said, "but I shall only detain you for a few minutes—and it is very delightful here, if you will allow me to remain-

Ignacio with another wave of his hand and when the visitor had resumed his seat, he sat down himself. between the two men, while the girl relapsed into silence and devoted herself lashes throwing a shadow on the soft ivory of her checks as she looked downward. Vyner's eyes wandered persist his hosts remark's rather absently, and it was with a sense of pulling himself | Guadalupe !" up that he presently observed abruptly: He put out his hand under cover of

" As I have said, senor, I called to see your son on business, and I shall be much obliged if you will do me the favor to deliver a message to him."

Don Ignacio bowed. "I am at your

Don Ignacio bowed. service, senor," he replied. deliver to my son any message with which you do me honor to entrust me."

"I wish," said Vyner, "to ask Don Fernando if it would be possible for him to take a position at the Espiritu Santo Mine. My English foreman is leav-He does understand the men nor ing. they him, and a continual conflict has been the result. I therefore think it is better to supply his place with a Mexican who knows his people; and it occurred to me that perhaps Don Fernando might accept the position. He will be in control of everything though subject, of course, to my direct tion-and the salary is a hundred dollars a month.

He paused, and he judged rightly enough the character of the man befor him not to be surprised that the dark brows knitted slightly over the deep set eyes. Evidently it was not pleasant to Don Ignacio that his son should be asked to serve as a servant where he himself had once commanded as a mas ter: but the courtesy of his manner did not change as he answered:
"I will deliver your message to my

son, senor; but you will permit me to remind you that practically he knows little of mining. Let me suggest that in Guanajuato or some other mining town you could easily find some one trained to the business, who would serve your purpose much better.'

"Not at all," answered Vyner with sitiveness. "I do not need a man positiveness. "I do not need a man of very special training, because I shall direct the work myself. All that I want is some one who will see that my orders are carefully executed, and who will understand the men and manage them without difficulty. Your son will certaintly be able to do these things; and I shall be much obliged if you will ask him to take my offer into consideration, and let me know as soon as possible The Mexican bent his he will tell him all you have said," he an-

swered briefly. "He knows where to find me in the town there," said Vyner, nodding toward the embowered church-tower, 'and I should be very happy, senor, if you would do me the favor of considerng my house there as your own.

The reply was what would naturally follow in such a case, elaborate acknowledgment and an assurance of unlimited hospitality on the part of La Providencia. Vyner answered suitably, and then rose: there was no longer an excuse for lingering. Don Ignacio offered chocolate, and when it was declined, clapped his hands, at which signal mozo and horse promptly reappeared. Vyner walked over and offered his hand to the girl, who again lifted her dark, sweet eyes to his.

"Adios, senorita, and many thanks,"

As he rode away the smile with which she answered simply, "Adios, senor, seemed to linger with him like the perfume of a flower.

III.

It was on the same corridor several hours later, when the violet sky over-head was thickset with myriads of shining stars, and the wide outspread landscape was no more than a shadowy aggestion of mountains and plain, that Fernando said to his cousin : "My opportunity has come at last,

Guadalupe. I though that it would if I had patience enough to wait."

Guadalupe did not answer for a mo-

ent. In the soft obscurity he could not see more than the outlines of her face ; but her voice was a little thoughtful when she spoke:

"What do you mean by your oppor tunity, Fernando? Is it so much to you to have this position in the mine? He laughed shortly, a laugh which jarred as it struck on the girl's ear. "Yes," he answered, "it is much to me to have this position; but not for the sake of its paltry remuneration. My father is right about that. It would Il become a Sandoval to take a servant's place for a little money. But when great amount of money - millions i may be-is at stake, then it is worth while to humiliate one's self for a time in order to triumph later. This is what he does not know. But you, Guadalupe, you must understand why I take the opportunity which this fore igner has put into my hand, and accept the place he offers.

The girl seemed to shrink a little in the depths of the chair in which she sat Again there was a moment's pause be Again there was a moment s pause of-fore she spoke, and when she did her voice had a curious ring of hesitation in it. "No," she said, "I do not understand why this position should mean se much to you, or how-how, Fernando mio, you can serve both your own interest and that of the man who will employ

and trust you. "You are dull, then, Guadalupe, or is it that you do not wish to under stand?" said Fernando a little harshly "You know that I live but for one sub ect, to find the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo Mine, because to find that means is to win you. For a year past I have thought by day and dreamed by night llow me to remain—"
"Pray be seated, then," said Don plans well. This foreigner will never find the lode. He is not only a fool where mining is concerned, with all his assumption of science, but-well, there interchange of courtesies then followed are other reasons, which I need not tell you, why he will never find it. last he and the men who have sent him to the stitching in her hands, her dark | here will grow weary, they will abandon the mine, their costly will be sold for anything it will bring. I will buy it, denounce the mine afresh, ently towards her while he answered open the lode, and we are rich once nore, and you are mine-mine for ever,

strong, close clasp. What was there in the touch that seemed to suddenly fill her soul with a rush of pity and of the love which the moment before his words had chilled and shocked? The hand which touched hers was like the hand of a man in hyprology form. It is not betray any interests don't form the road."

could not keep a tone of sullenness out of his voice. "I am not so treacherous and dishonorable as you think. If I take the position offered me in the hand which touched hers was like the hand of a man in hyprology form. It is necessary, for I have much to do," Fernando answered as he sat down the darkness and seized here in a lattength, and, and evidently strong, close clasp. What was there in could not keep a tone of sullenness out and evidently strong, close clasp. What was there in could not keep a tone of sullenness out and evidently strong, close clasp. What was there in could not keep a tone of sullenness out and evidently fill of his voice. of a man in burning fever-hot and dry, with a pulse that throbbed passionately. It seemed to tell her to what a pitch of hardly accountable excitement the man was strung. She laid her other cool, soft hand upon it, and spoke with a tenderness that an instant earlier would have been impossible to her.

"I am yours for ever, whether poverty or riches lie before us, Fer-But I had far rather it were nando. poverty than riches bought at the price of treachery. No, do not take your hand away! Listen to me—to me who love you—for one moment! You have thought of this lost lode until you are not yourself. You are like a man pos-sessed by an evil spirit that will lead you to deeds that must stain your soul, if you do not pause. O Fernando! think of it no more. Keep faith with those to whom you have sold this mine. Let them find the lode if they can. It is enough if we have the price you have asked for the mine. You can gain no more with a clear conscience and an undefiled soul. Do not go near that mine where temptation lies in wait for you. O my love, my love! listen to me. Do not take the position this man offers, I beg, I pray, Fernando—" Her voice failed under the influence

of the feeling which her own pleading seemed to intensify. Her tones were very low, but they thrilled with a passion of entreaty, and her small hands clasped his with a compelling force, as if she would constrain him to hear and o heed. Love has sometimes a wonderful illuminating power, and one old in the knowledge of life and sin could have felt no more strongly than this girl, in her youth and ignorance, that the man beside her stood in deadly temptation. Was it possible that her voice—the voice he loved so well could fail to draw him from it?

Alas! in all ages is not the story told that angels, in one form or an other, have pleaded in vain with men when their hearts and minds were set toward the glamour of evil? For an instant Fernando's purpose wavered. but the next moment it was like steel again. Much as he loved Guadalupe, what was she but a woman, a girl, ful of foolish scruples and unfit to counse a man in the serious affairs of life He had made a mistake in speaking to her of matter beyond her comprehen It was for a man to fight the sion. world and win fortune with whatever weapons should seem to him best, and for a woman to accept the results with out inquiry, submissive to his higher So when he spoke there was a certain hardness in his tone truck on her passionate mood like ice water on heated metal.

"I see that you do not understand me, Guadalupe, and it is best that we should talk of this no farther. Every man has a right to do the best that he can for his own interest. I am doing no more. If these blundering foreigners serve me without intending to do so, I am not to blame for that. et am I to blame if I take advantage of their ignorance and stupidity. You are deceiving yourself, Fer-

nando," said Guadalupe, sadly. are to blame if you should bind yourself to serve their interest, and instead you should betray it and serve you own. What would you say of another man who acted in that manner? And even now, I fear-oh! forgive me that than the town, and was therefore in I must say it—I fear that you are try- less need of irrigation, from which reing to gain your end by means that neither your honor nor your conscience can approve.

"That is enough," said Fernando angrily, drawing his hand from her soft detaining clasp. "You insult me you do not trust me, you can have no love for me. When a woman loves a man all that he does is right in her eyes, she thinks only of his interest, no of that of any other man; but you, what do you know of love?

So much that I would die for you, Fernando, willingly, gladly, "she said, clasping her hands and bending toward "But to see you do what is dis honorable in the eyes of men, and a sin in the eyes of God, how could I love you and not try with all my strength hold you back from that? "If you loved me you would believe

that I know best what is right," he said with passionate arrogance.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Should I?" she asked with a uivering intonation. "I think not, Fernando: for how can any human love alter the laws of God, the laws that bind us to justice and truth? They do not depend on what you or I may think or feel toward each other, those laws. They are fixed for ever, like the stars vonder, to guide us both.

Her voice dropped with the last word, and it was now Fernando's turn to be silent for a moment. Like many another man, he was angered by the opposition of the one being on whom he felt he had a right to count for suppor in any event. The truths which Guad-alupe uttered he did not wish to hear from any one; but they were especially effensive coming from her; for he desired to deceive himself as far as practicable, and he desired her aid in doing so. He had not reckoned on the strength of integrity in the girl's nature, nor the living force which certain commandments, that he had trained himself to regard lightly enough, had for her. She was the only confidente whom he could allow himself, and he had followed an irresistible impulse in speaking to her freely; but he saw now that he must deny himself this solace, and wear a mask for her as for all the

"You do me great injustice," he said

eonfided to me. My father tells me that Senor Vyner simply wishes some in the offered chair. "I have come to one to execute his orders. That I can see you again about the Espiritu Santo one to execute his orders. That I can see you again about a do with a clear conscience, for I wish I Mine," he went on quickly, looking up do with a clear conscience. I am that at the dark old face. "No one knows were as sure as Paradise as I am that at the dark old face.

he will never find the lost lode. Now as much of it as you we will speak of this no more.

And indeed Guadalupe's name was

at this moment called by a voice—that of her aunt—which she had no alternative but to obey promptly. "I come," she answered, and then rising, bent for an instant over Fernando as he re mained seated, put both hands on his shoulders so that the sweet of her presence seemed to envelop him, kissed him lightly on the forehead, and was gone. She did not see him again that night,

and when she asked for him the next morning one of the younger boys said that he had ridden away at daylight, without telling any one where he was going. Guadalupe sighed. Was he angry with her, or did he only mean to avoid her, fearing further words con-cerning their difference? She said to herself that he need have no such fear. She had wisdom enough to perceive clearly that no words of hers had to move him; and there was a great and unusual capability of reticence in the girl. Some day, perhaps, the opportunity would come to speak again with more effect-until then, with the deep, simple piety of her race, she could only pray.

IV.

Meanwhile Fernando had indeed ridden away early, before the sun ap peared above the eastern mountains The cool freshness of the dawn-never in this high region without an accompanying chill - was grateful to hi fevered senses; for all night long he had tossed and turned, beset by troubled visions, and with the pulsating excite ment which Guadalupe had perceived in him thrilling through all his veins -an excitement that had been increased rather than lessened by he Again and again he waked words. from dreams in which he stood in the dark chambers of the mine beside the shining metal of the lost lode, but with Guadalupe's face and hand, like a for bidding angel's, warning him back. It was a relief to shake off such visions to rise from his couch, mount his horse in the sharp, clear freshness of the morning, and ride away. The inde-scribable coolness and purity of the air seemed to quiet the fever of his brain, and lay a calming touch upon his nerves. His thoughts took more definite shape, and his face sat itself in resolute lines, as he turned his horse's head

owards the town.

The marvellous glow of color which neralded the sunrise had faded by the time he entered the long, oriental-like streets, lined by close-barred, flatroofed houses, and saw the beautifu church-tower gilded by the first rays of sunshine. Birds were wheeling in and out of its open arches, and bells with clashing peal were calling men to wor-ship God: but Fernando paid as little

"What concern of yours is it to at heed to the last as to the first. With averted face he rode quickly by the church, and took his way down the straight street toward a part of the town which, having been the site of the original Aztoc village, was still altogether inhabited by Indians. It was called the Cienega (or swamp place) I can tell now, but I must have a share in that tell now, but I must have a share in that vein when it is found; and alted a luxurious growth of vegetation -so that the low adobe houses wer mbowered in tropical shade, and the gardens and fields stretching behind them were covered with a rich, deep green that was to be seen nowhere else during the dry season.

Before one of the small, dark habita tions which bordered the road, Fer nando drew up his horse, just as a woman appeared in the low doorway The level rays of sunshine fell over her tall, straight figure, and made her bard neck and arms-for she wore only the cotton skirt and white camiseta common among the lower orders - gleam like polished bronze, while no more purely Aztec face ever met the gaze of the first conquerors of Mexico.

"Good day, Caterina," said the young man. "I want to see the viejocito, Rosalia. Is he at home?"

"Yes, senor," the woman answered, he is in the house. I will call him to you-unless you will do us the hono to enter." And no great lady could have invited a guest within by a more graceful gesture.
"Thanks," said Fernando-" I pre

fer to see him within, if you can send some one to my horse-"At once, senor." She turned, and

moment latter a boy appeared, to whom, with a word of caution, Fernando tossed his bridle-rein, and entered the dwelling. It was a single apartment, with a floor of hard and clean - swept earth, and, passing through, the young man emerged into an enclosure behind, surrounded by one or two shed-like rooms and an adobe wall, along which cacti were creeping, and over which drooped heavy masses of plume-like foliage wiry of frame, as the elder of his race almost invariably are, with a skin like dried leather, but an eye full of bright-ness and intelligence, who was seated in a corner, under the sade of the projecting roof of bamboo-sticks and tiles plaiting straw to be fashioned into the large, coarse sombreros worn by labor-

"Ah, Rosalio, how goes it with you?" cried the young man cheerily, as soon as he perceived this figure. "Very well, senor, that I may serve Keep Minard's Lintment in the House.

the darkness and seized hers in a at length, and, despite his efforts, he you," answered the viejocito, rising and evidently in no doubt who his visitor may be. "Sit down, senor, sit

as much of it as you do, Rosalio, for think you are the last of those who worked it in the time of the great

bonanza."
"There is no other here of whom I know, senor," the old man answered.
"Yes, I worked there in the days when silver was pouring out like a river; but that was long ago, before the times

of fighting."
"So long ago," said Fernando, "that
I know not where to find another man who has seen with his own eyes the great veta madre. And now I want you, Rosalio, to tell me exactly where it lay when you saw it last."

He was not looking up now, so he did not see how keen the light in the dark eyes suddenly became; but Rosalia paused for a moment, as if for consideration, before he answered. 'How can I tell you that, senor, when you do not know the mine?" he asked

slowly.
"I know it quite well already, and I shall soon know it better," Fernando replied. "I vm going to take charge of the work, and I wish to know where to seek for the lost lode."
"You!—you are going to work the

mine!" the old man said with astonish-"And you wish to find the ment. veta madre for the strangers who pos-

sess it now?"
"Perhaps," said Fernando drily.
"At least I wish to know where lies
the best prospect of finding it; and I
will pay well for the information, if you can give it to me. There was a farther pause, and then

the old man squatted down on the ground beside the chair, and looked into his visitor's face with an expression which made the heart of the latter for a moment almost cease beating, so full of meaning was it.

"Senor," said the old miner gravely,
"it will be well if you speak plainly
to me. It has not been long since you came and paid me to give no hint of what I know to those who are now working the mine. If they found the great lode of themselves, you said, it was well: but there was no reason why we should give information to help them to it. I could guess your reasons for this very well; and, even had I not been able to do so, your money was good, and I have held my tongue although, indeed, I have not been with out thought that the senor might pay me even better for what I

"You old traitor," muttered Fernando, not without a rising fear lest hat thought might have been acted

upon, "I have no doubt of it. "But," Rosalio went on, without heeding these half-inaudible words, "now you come to tell me that you wish to learn all that I know, in order to find the veins for these foreigners.

tempt to understand it?" Fernando demanded haughtily. "If I pay you, is not that enough?'

The old man shook his head. "No, it is not enough, senor," he replied. ' For I must not only be paid for what I can tell now, but I must have a share therefore I must deal with the man who

TO BE CONTI

George Augusta Sala Defends Catholic Convents and Monastic Institutions.

George Augusta Sala, whose fame as a journalist and a man of letters is world-wide, is the lastest non-Catholic champion who has come forward to vindicate the vindicate convents and monastic institutions of England from the attacks of their bigoted enemies His opinion was recently sought regarding the petition asking for a special commission to inquire into the condition of those institutions, to which he replied as follow: "To my mind the appointment of such a commission would do a vast amount of good, since if evidence were fairly and fully and impartially reported upon it would bring to light the pleasing probably fact that there is not a monastery not a nunnery in England, the inmates of which are subject to any kind of ill treatment; and that British monasicism in the Victorian era devotes itself exclusively to works of piety, charity and mercy. My goods friends, the Sisters of Nazareth House, Hammersmith, should be among the first monastic community to call for such a commission. They would have everything to hope, and nothing to fear from the most exhaustive of enquiries."

Coming from a man of Mr. Sala's great jndgement and wide experience the above tribute commands attention than the ravings of all the sectarians from Luther to the present

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A Close Call.

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YOU WOULD NOT have had that throbbing headache had you taken a Burdock Pill last night.

THE IRISH PARTY

AUGUST 13, 189

A Talk With Mr. Justi The New York World ing cable report of an Mr. Justin McCarthy, lea

party: Everybody here seem garding the position of in the incoming Parli newspapers say one the retract it the next, and lows blindly the dictate

nals.

The Irish party has situation. What it w Parliament will do. S the interest of the day eighty Irish members.
Here is an authorita of the exact position of It is the first and the made to anyone. It leader of the Irish par Carthy. All agree

leader.
Parnell's mantle, aft on the shoulders of McC He lives in one of little terra cotta hou They are twenty house His is the last one and faces a large garden a the house of a historia philosopher should b he is a great politician He looks more like sopher than like a lea of unrestrainable men With flowing whi

beard that suggests l fine whiteness, and complexion, at sixty he is a fine specimen His library at Che ceiling to floor with leather chairs invite than work. But the rest in his life. Quiet in manner, I careful in the choice

spoken as a woman, person to lead a lot of ing for their homes. HIS COURAGE U
But nobody ever q age. The only thin against him was hi of native ferocity. out from wide glass

and very kindly. The following in over by him after i was pronounced cor Mr. McCarthy tall est freedom on ev political situation. any doubt as to wh the Irish party-an -he settled it by re tion whether he wo in the coming fight "If I am chosen

show of a smile. yet come to take a question, but ther e any division or fortunately my he greatly of late, a good condition to t This disposes of Mr. Blake of Can the head of the Iri

"What do you "of all this talk intends to postpon he introduce such "Unquestionab answered. doubt that he will It is as absolutely

in the future can "I have not se some time now, b question on this Gladstone implic suicidal for him "Will it be th "It will. Not

allowed to stand " Will all the English majority "They must. fear on this poin on a Home Rul of course, stand no disinclinatio of the Liberals the Irish - we 'How about

English reforms These will There is no res go through sid Rule leading. introduced, and of the bill the I one man one vo and passed thr Then a better introduced.

" Meanwhile brought back second readin other measure same course, f the great Ir another at all Home Rule to entire attention After the

HOME ! the bill, then Lords. They will come be According to Gladstone ' in a short tir twenty days passed agair Lords. Th

it."
"But supp