servant. She did not see Mr. Pilgrim anywhere, and was delighted. She did not know that Mrs. Pollen had purposely found an occasion for sending him out of the way.

"Come, let me look at you," Mrs. Pollen said; "come over here; in the full sunlight; I want to see exactly what you are looking like now. Yes; I thought so; you are getting paler every day. What is the matter with you, child?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Pollen; nothing indeed."

"That 'nothing' appears to be a very active influence for harm with some people, I find."

"It doesn't do me any harm; I am perfectly well. Wait until luncheon, and you will see."

"Is Georgie going back to Egypt?"

"Oh, yes, certainly."

"Before you are married?"

"Yes. I think he ought to go; I think he ought to see the campaign out. I am not fond of soldiering, Mrs. Pollen: I believe I am unlike most girls in that. I don't like any wars but wars of defence; I don't like wars of policy, as they are called I believe, and I don't think if I were a man I could be got to bear a hand in anything of the kind. Still I know that these are not Georgie's ideas, nor the ideas of his father and mother; and as he has gone in for soldiering, I don't think he ought to draw out until this campaign is over. I am afraid I couldn't much admire a man who did that."

"Did he wish to do it?"

"Oh, no; not at all. He has plenty of spirit and courage; in that way: he is very anxious to get well and get back; but he wanted me to marry him first. He wanted to have a Mrs George St. George Lisle as the girl he left behind him."

"And the girl wou'dn't?"

"No: wouldn't. When he comes back it will be time enough."

Some people, if they had heard Camiola talking in this cool, firm way might have supposed that she wanted heart, or wanted delicacy of feeling. Mrs. Pollen, of course, did not suppose anything of the kind. She could see quite clearly the effort it cost Camiola to speak of the matter at all; she could understand the modest and womanly resolve that if Camiola had to confide anything about her own position and her own feelings to another woman she must leave no doubt as to that position and those feelings. Mrs. Pollen admired the girl greatly, even when she was angry with her. She could not but admire the sacrifice Camiola was making, even though she was angry with her for making such a sacrifice. She suddenly turned to another subject. Speaking as if quite casually, but with a very distinct purpose in her mind, she said:

"*He* has a theory against war too."

She fixed her eyes steadfastly on Camiola's face. Camiola colored slightly and looked down. Would she look up with real or assumed ignorance and ask "who has a theory?" No; she only said in a very low voice:—

"Yes: I know."

This was enough for Mrs. Pollen. The "he" was Albert Romont, of course. He was then just as much in Camiola's mind as ever. Albert Romont was still "he" to her. He was still her ideal hero; it was with a *certain tenderness* and pride that she admitted her knowledge of his views, and the fact that they were like her own.

"That is the reason he never went into the army," Mrs. Pollen said; "although he loves adventure, and he has risked his life ever so much more than the ordinary soldier does. He has been on battle-fields he told me; he has worn the Geneva Cross and looked after the wounded. But he says he couldn't bear a hand in any war but a defensive war. I told him his opinions on that subject were rubbish, and that man's first business in life was to fight with his brother man and kill him. He only laughed and said I liked taking paradoxes. But really, Camiola, I am inclined to think that as things go most of our brother men would be much better dead than alive, and that it is quite an act of philanthropy to kill them. I don't think I succeeded in converting him."

"No, you couldn't convert him," Camiola said.

"He only replied that there was always sure to be some woman, sorry for every fellow who was killed. How odd that your ideas and his should be so much alike!"

"I had always those ideas," Camiola said quietly, "as long as I can remember. Perhaps they came of my not having been born in good society. Doesn't Kingslake say that no English lady would stand having her boys taught the doctrines of the Peace Society?"

"I don't know, dear, but *his* mother is an English lady; and he seems to have got hold of some of the doctrines of the Peace Society from some one. Strange that you should come to be a soldier's wife with such views, Camiola."

"Oh well, I can hardly pretend to call them views; they are sentiments, rather, or feelings. And after all I don't intend to be a soldier's wife, Mrs. Pollen."

"You mean to disarm our youthful and slender Mars?"

"I hope Georgie will give up soldiering after this campaign, and ultimately settle down to a quiet life."

"Get into Parliament and that sort of thing?"

"I don't know about that; but I hope he will do something, and not be a mere idler; I couldn't have any respect for a man who was a mere idler."

Later on Mrs. Pollen suddenly said:—

"We are going to have a row on the river, Camiola; you and I. My Albanian Joseph will row us. You have not seen my Albanian yet?"

"No; I am very anxious to see him; I never saw an Albanian; I am not quite sure that I know exactly what an Albanian is—a sort of Greek, is he not?"

"Well, yes; a sort of Greek. We are to drive a few miles. The river here is not stream-like enough for my taste; too many buildings and barges. Joseph is to meet us with the boat a few miles further up."

"That will be so delightful."

They had a pleasant drive through leafy roads, the summer still hardly waning. At length the carriage turned down a quiet green lane, a land that had English landscape in every tuft and blade and flower, and they came on the river and saw a small boat rocking on the sunny water, and Joseph wore a full beard and moustache of jet black, and had heavy black eyebrows and a skin nearly as sallow—brown as that of an African. He was dressed much like an English sailor. Mrs. Pollen gave him a few directions in Italian—a sort of Levantine Italian—in acceptance of which he merely bowed. He helped the ladies into the little boat with the grave dignity of a Red Indian. When they were seated in the stern he shoved off into mid-stream.

"I cannot tell how or why it is," Camiola said in a low tone, "but I feel strangely when I look at your Albanian. There is something about him which affects me in a way I can't explain. He seems as if he is part of some past chapter of my life. I wonder can I have lived in his country and have been an Albanian during some pre-existence, and seen and known him? What is the matter with me, dear Mrs. Pollen? I wish I could see Albania."

"You must travel. You have not travelled much yet?"

"No, hardly anywhere. We are to travel, I believe."

"We?"

"Georgie and I, after we are married, I dare say I shall enjoy it very much."

Camiola had taken off her glove and was trailing her hand in the water and watching the ripples. Her tone and manner did not carry with them much promise of enjoyment.

"I have travelled a great deal," Mrs. Pollen said. "I don't know that it has done me any particular good or given me much instruction."

"But your memory must be such a treasure house of beautiful pictures and associations. You interest me much Mrs. Pollen."

"Do I, dear? I am glad if I can be interesting to anyone, but especially to you. I I don't interest myself, not one little bit; but then, you see, I know all my own story."

"I should like to know it," Camiola said, with a simple openness. "I know you have a story."

"Nothing new, my dear; only the poor and common story of a wasted life, though, by the way, it might have a moral and a lesson for you, if one human being took a lesson from the fate, and the follies, and the sufferings of another. But human beings don't take any such lessons, and I have long given up the notion of guiding or warning anyone. At least I have got out of the way of hoping anything from it; I am afraid I do try to warn you sometimes."

"I should like to hear the lesson of your life for me—it might do me good; I don't think I am *very* perverse."

"My life was wasted just because I was weak and unwise enough to marry a man I didn't love; that's the whole story. Take care, Camiola, that you do not commit the same act of folly—worse than folly—that's all."

Camiola said nothing. To argue the question would be useless, she thought.

"How delicious this air is," she said; "and this river; and those bewitching trees. Suppose we now go close in under these trees."

Mrs. Pollen said some words to her Albanian and he brought them with a few rapid strokes of his sculls close to the bank, and under the bending branches of some trees that hung over the stream. They were now in a lonely little creek, out of sight and sound of other boats.

"Oh, this day and this place makes me feel happy again, and so young, ever so young!" Camiola exclaimed, in a little burst of gladsome enthusiasm.

"Fancy; at your age talking of feeling happy again and young?" Mrs. Pollen said. "You not happy; not always happy! You who have youth, and beauty, and fortune, and a lover who adores you and——"

"Oh, I wish he didn't adore me," Camiola said, half in laughter, half in tears; "it is so dreadful to be adored: I don't want to be adored; I was never made for adoration; I am only a common-place girl; I hate to see a man grovelling at my feet. There, I wish I hadn't said all that, it was wrong of me; it was cruel to—to him, of course, if I had really meant it, but I didn't. It was your words that drew it out of me, Mrs. Pollen: and indeed I believe you have set your heart on making me reveal my whole soul and all its secrets to you. I was going to say a rude thing, such a dreadful thing, and yet I was not thinking of being rude—the very contrary. I was thinking only of an expression of confidence in you, and affection."

"I know what you were going to say very well, and I am delighted with it, and I echo it; and, indeed, I think I said much the same thing before."

"Then you do know?" Camiola asked with a faint color on her cheeks, "and you are not offended?"

"Of course I know, and I am very much delighted. You were going to say that you wished I were your mother."

"Yes, but it was absurd, for you were ever so much too young."

"So far as years go, I might have been your mother long ago; and I wish I were. But I can tell you, child, that if it were I would stand no nonsense on that marriage question. You would have to go to bed without supper if I heard any more of that."

"I am very fond of Lady Letitia too," Camiola said with simplicity, as if she felt bound to make some acknowledgment to the absent Lady Letitia.

"Yes, of course, you are. But just at present it is a sort of relief to you to be away from her now and then. In your secret you think she might have stood by you a little more; and you resent it."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Pollen; I do not indeed."

"Yes you do," Mrs. Pollen said, decisively, "you don't admit it to yourself, or you will not admit it, but the feeling is there all the same; I can read that much of your heart."

Camiola tried to disclaim any such feeling, but the more she tried the harder it became. The more she admitted question of the matter at all the more it grew upon her that in her secret heart there was a feeling of disappointment and pain with regard to Lady Letitia. Mrs. Pollen had read her heart, indeed.

"Are you a witch?" she asked, with a half melancholy smile, "are there no secrets from you?"

"None that you could keep, my dear. Yours is a very transparent soul, and I have an interest in studying it." Mrs. Pollen made a sign and they pushed out into the stream again.

"Your Albanian rows very much like an Englishman," Camiola said; "I did not suppose that Greeks of any kind rowed like that."

"My good English girl, pray do not fancy that there are no sailors in the world but those of Wapping Old Stairs and Portsmouth Harbor. The Greeks of the islands are born seamen. This man is not a Greek, however, he has been a great deal with Englishmen.'

"How silent and statue-like he is! He reminds me of the man of metal in the 'Arabian Nights' who rode one of the Calendars, the sons of kings, and suddenly sank when the name of God was reverently spoken. Do you think your mysterious man would sink if I were to breathe that name?"

"No, Camiola; he is a Christian like ourselves: and he is not made of metal: though I don t say that he may not be enchanted."

"Indeed? How delightful! But how?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Pollen answered carelessly. "He looked at you I fancied as if he were enchanted, but I don't suppose he could well help doing that, seeing that he has eyes."

"I think he is handsome," Camiola said, not heeding Mrs. Pollen's words; "and yet I don't know; he perplexes me with some distracting dim idea of having seen him before. Do you know, Mrs. Pollen, I think I am in a sort of silly humor to-day? I feel somehow like a released school girl; I don't know why."

"Don't you! I do."

"Oh no. Why, then?"

"Because you are a released school girl—or released girl at all events."

Another touch at the wounded place. Camiola threw a beseeching look at Mrs. Pollen.

"How can I go on teasing you in this way, you were going to ask? Only for your good, my dear. I want to make you familiar with your real self and your real feelings."

(To be continued.)

SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical peration lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "*all gone*" sensation: a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times: the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes closed, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, (Limited), 17, Farringdon-road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary street, Peterborough,
November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydvil.

To Mr. A. J. White.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" has saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Bowker

To A. J. White, Esq.

Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup.' For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although rather sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it at least a fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the excellent preparation prompts me to furnish you with this unsolicited testimonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very gratefully,
(Signed) Carey B. Berry,
A. J. White, Esq. Baptist Missionary.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir,—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am how happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully,
(Signed) John H. Lightfoot.

A. J. WHITE, (Limited), 67 St. James street, Montreal

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (L'd.), 67 St. James street. City.

Poles are being terribly persecuted again, about 30,000 having been recently expelled from their home and country by the Prussian Government.

Mr. W. A. Wing, Westport, writes: "I wish to inform you of the wonderful results which followed the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A cough of six months' standing had reduced me to such an extent that I was unable to work. I tried many remedies without effect; at last I used this Emulsion, and before three bottles were used I am glad to say I was restored to perfect health."

During the recent visit of the Irish Bishops to Rome nearly half a million of lire was poured into the papal coffers as Peter's pence. Bishop Nulty, of Meath, presented $8,500.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." ***

The Pope will create six new cardinals at the consistory to be held shortly. His Holiness will also announce the name of the new archbishop of Dublin.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seasons of the year, but often change from one extreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the perspiration, they must of course affect the health. Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

The women of New England bite their finger nails, while those of the West chew slippery elm.

RELIGION IN CATHOLIC ROME

Bigotry and Prejudice Disarmed

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Testimony of a Protestant Gentleman who has Lived in Rome for Years.

ROME, June 3.—When Rome first became my place of residence, I had, in regard to Roman Catholics, the feelings and notions nurtured by the strictest Protestants; and I awaited solicitations and attempts at seduction from the bad woman of Babylon. Therefore was I disappointed when priests and prelates whom I met, while cordial and engaging, rarely manifested even knowledge of a difference in our religious views, or any desire to make me a proselyte. The experience of others may have been diverse; this has been mine.

I began to observe more nearly the lives of the priests. And here let me say that no one is more ready to admit, and avow that there are bad priests, and that the characters of some of the Popes have been of the worst kind than "Papists" themselves; nor have such priests ever been more sternly blamed than by clerical and lay members of the same communion.

Something is known generally concerning the self-denial and self-devotion of these men in times of public calamity, because the world's gaze is turned to the scenes of which they are part. But these characteristics are not assumed for the occasion. They are manifested unconsciously in daily life and conversation to those who keep near to them and observe. Let me report a fact as an illustration. In the parish where I live the parish priest's whole salary was 800 lire, a little less than $160 a year. Out of this he had to pay his sacristan. The parish, like all parishes in Rome, contains many very poor people, and the priest could not refuse them all the help in his power: nay, he went beyond his financial strength, and was in the habit of borrowing money to give away, so that, when his scant salary was received, a large portion of it went to cancel the debts contracted for charity's sake.

Not very long ago the Pope appointed this man Bishop in a distant see. Of course this was a noticeable advancement in honor, in place, and in fortune, or revenue. But the priest was not pleased. He obtained an audience of the Pope, and humbly prayed to be left where and as he was, pleading that he loved his people, and they needed him. I do not know the words of the Pope's answer, but they were to this effect: that the priest was made of stuff suitable for a Bishop, and a Bishop he must be.

The religious education of the young, right or wrong as my readers may choose to think, is heedfully compassed, and in a way which does not render the teacher a terror to the taught. I have often seen touching proofs of the affection felt for these gentle instructors by the children, not only in Rome, but in remote towns and villages of Italy, ragged urchins leaving their play in the streets to run and kiss the hand of their spiritual father as he passes by, receiving in return a pat on the head, a smile, or a kind word.

Generally the parish priests have a thorough acquaintance with their parishioners, especially the poorest of them, knowing their characters and needs intimately, and with prompt benevolence they are ready to answer any call for their services, official or other wise, by day or night, in fair weather or in foul, full or fasting.

Not less sincere must be the self-denial and self-devotion of the men who belong to several of the religious brotherhoods. Voluntarily cutting themselves off from every ordinary incentive to industry, from all things which are usually esteemed pleasures of life and emoluments of talent well employed, they yet labor with an assiduity hardly known among men most ambitious of fame or the most persistent money getters. Let the Benedictine Order be an example, that great personality, practically immortal, like some civil corporations, in which the individual is lost. All are laborers; and when the pen drops from the hand of one, another takes up pen and theme, till, in course of time, by such imperceptible successions of workmen, a composition is completed, to live and testify of the industry, learning, and great capacity of this fraternity so long as sound erudition shall exist, whose authors are only known to the world as the Benedictine monks.

In the face of such facts, it seems impossible to doubt the candor, humility and devotion of these men, or at least of much the greater part of them, however persistently the correctness of their belief may be denied.

Parishioners are held to their religious duties, or attend to them voluntarily, at any rate so far as their public observance is concerned. Recently I was at Anzio, the antique Antium, where a large part of the population, especially during the spring and summer months, are fishermen from Gaeta, Naples and other places on the coast—a most orderly and sober collection of poor men and boys living in their boats. At the celebration of services the large church was nearly filled by them and the permanent residents, all serious, attentive, joining loudly and with great unanimity in the responses, though very meanly clad and not all clean enough to sit in Grace Church. I have been often affected almost to tears seeing similar sights in Rome and other places through the plain sincerity and earnest devotion of the worshippers.

For them the fundamental truths of Christianity, as admitted by all Christians, and many traditions, are facts, facts as real as the Pantheon or the Coliseum or the Arch of Titus. Have they not before their eyes the tangible image of Christ on the cross, of His mother, broken-hearted, holding His dead body in her arms, and representations of His resurrection and ascension? May they not occasionally see portions of the very cross on which He died, particularly at *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, with the nails and almost all of the inscription which was placed over His head on Calvary? Can they not on their knees climb the sacred stairs which he once ascended to Pilate's palace, and worship in the spot where St. Peter, flying from martyrdom, met him and said, *Domine quo vadis?* May they not kiss the chains which held St. Peter, and visit the place where he was crucified, head downward? May they not also see the fetters with which St. Paul was bound, and the three fountains where he was beheaded? And palpable (to them) proofs of many other sacred facts? Do they not tread the same ground and breathe the same air as some of the apostles and martyrs?

If we confine our attention to the patrician and richer portions of the Roman population, the class from which "society" is composed, we shall remark the good breeding, respectful conduct, and filial devotion of children, even after they have become men and women; the ties and attractions of home, the general purity of the young men, the uniformly modest deportment of the young women, the absence of profanity and ribaldry, decent and regular observance of religious duties, reverential respect for sacred things, no pride of place in the churches, the prince and the beggar kneeling literally side by side on the stone floors.

With this class the custom of alms-giving is a tradition and a constant practice. In that regard there are persons of exceptional eminence. I know a lady, granddaughter of a King, whose mother would have been a Queen had not force interfered with her hereditary right, who has despoiled herself of her personal jewels, selling them to obtain means to prosecute her charities. She is a very early riser, a most industrious worker for many charitable organization, a non-fastidious watcher by the poorest cots when she can help or console, and a modest, cheerful member of society, enjoying heartily balls, dinners, and other social, innocent pleasures.

A few days ago a young prince, not forty years old, died suddenly. His beneficent acts were proportioned to his large means, and his chief aim in life was plainly to do good. His funeral was of the most unpretentious kind, absolutely without pomp or show of mourning, according to the rules of the religious confraternity to which he belonged.

Another prince, whose title is not so old, a very rich man, absorbed all his long life in affairs, yet failing not to attend Church every day, sustains an orphan asylum where seventy fatherless and motherless children are supplied with all they need; a school for boys and girls where, besides instruction, they receive food at noon; an infant retreat where young children of both sexes are fed and taught durin the day; a holiday school for boys and girls; a hospital for old men and women, where all their needs are supplied, and where they may remain *till death*; a doctor, surgeon, medicines, bread and meat for the poor sick in the whole of a large parish in Trastevere; a hospital for the treatment of diseased eyes when the sufferers cannot pay for such treatment. He is *now building* a new hospital for poor people who have need of surgical operations. Besides, he gives monthly aid to many indigent persons in Rome, and to greater numbers makes gifts on Christmas, Easter, in the month of August, on All Saints' Day. He has beds and linen dealt out to the needy he furnishes food and wine to several monasteries; on New Year's Day he makes particular distributions. He gives away many books of devotion; he supports missionaries; helps priests and poor folk, not only in various parts of Italy, but out of it also; has renovated and richly decorated many churches, and so forth.

Now, all these things appear to me fruits of religion, and "by its fruits ye shall know it." Whatever may be said of the Roman Catholic faith and practice, that it is corrupt, erroneous, bigoted, what not, I have never seen in any other place Christianity so actual, so much a constant fact, so much a part of life, as in this Roman Catholic Rome.

Of course, in all that is said here I speak of clerical Rome, or, if you please, pontifical as distinguished from royal Rome. That there are black sheep in the flock cannot be doubted. No more can it be doubted that there are among the shepherds wolves in sheep's clothing. Since both flock and shepherds are men, the absence of such would be marvellous.

But when I note the vital religion of lay men belonging to all classes, and especially the self-denial, the self-devotion, the earnestness of the clerical body as a whole, and am forced to admit the absence of worldly motives, greater popularity as preachers, a rich and fashionable congregation in some city, means to indulge in great luxury, opportunities to provide for a growing family, and so on, I cannot doubt the heartfelt sincerity of these men, the honesty of their belief, and the fact that they find their reward in well doing, or look for it hereafter. Nor can I refrain from paying them—the true shepherds, not the wolves—a tribute of profound and reverential respect.

Such are the impressions which a somewhat careful and prolonged observation of Roman Catholicism in Rome has produced on me.—JOHN C. HEYWOOD (*in N. Y. Sun*).

DOES THIS REFER TO YOU?

Are you troubled with biliousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, or bad blood? If so you will find a certain cure in Burdock Blood Bitters.

TORONTO.

SUPPOSED CASE OF OUTRAGE AND MURDER — BUILDERS' STRIKE — A DOCTOR'S TROUBLES.

TORONTO, June 23.—It is believed by the police that a woman named Mrs. Oxley was outraged and murdered at York station, four miles from Toronto, last night, but the affair is at present enshrouded in mystery. At midnight a Grand Trunk railway employé named Howarth heard screams for help in a woman's voice near the dumping house, and upon running to the scene found a half-naked woman struggling in the grasp of two men, one of whom held a revolver at her breast. On his approach the men pointed the pistols at his head and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not leave. He left. This morning he visited the scene and found a dress, petticoat, one shoe, a hat and a chemise marked "Mrs. Oxley, H. C.," which was stained with blood. He reported the case to the city detectives, who are investigating.

It is believed that 4,000 men are idle through the strike of the builders' laborers. The action of the carpenters and plasterers last night has given a new spirit to the strike, but a great deal depends upon the official action of the bricklayers' union to-morrow night. To-day the masters sent a statement to the papers charging that by an agreement they held exists the men were bound to give them three months' notice of a demand for an increase of wages, which they had not done. They also charge that a statement of the strikers that twenty-four masters had agreed to increase the rate was untrue. The strikers reply to this in a late edition of the *Evening News* and publish an agreement dated the 14th July, 1885, the last agreement entered into, which does not mention anything about any notice. Regarding the second charge they claim that it is a ruse on the part of the masters to make them show their hand. They refuse to publish names, but submitted to the city editor a list of thirty written acceptances of the eighteen cents per hour rate. The Masters' Association are holding a conference this evening, but it is not likely anything will be done till the bricklayers decide what they will do. The strikers will have a torchlight procession and mass meeting in the Queen's Park on Thursday night.

Dr. Spartan, of Brockville, who was sentenced some years ago to be hanged for murder and afterwards pardoned, has been convicted for practising medicine without a license. At Osgoode hall to-day motion was made to quash the conviction on legal grounds but judgment was reserved.

A fire caused by some of the children pushings rags through a knot-hole in the door and then playfully setting fire to them, in the House of Providence, this evening, created a good deal of excitement, there being some five hundred inmates in the building. The lady superior and her staff soon calmed the panic and the children were removed to the yard. Little damage was done.

MISS CLEVELAND'S POKE BONNET.

SUPERINTENDING THE ANNUAL SPRING CLEANING IN PERSON AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—No one who witnessed a scene which took place on the grounds of the White House a day or two since can gainsay the statement that Miss Cleveland is a courageous woman. With the instinct of the practical housewife—although strictly speaking, she is the President's maiden sister—Miss Cleveland made up her mind that the White House ought to undergo a thorough spring cleaning. When Mr. Arthur was President he merely gave the orders, and a corps of men and women were put at work and for a day or two the Mansion was completely turned upside down. Not so with Miss Cleveland. The orders were given as usual, but it was not a great while before the servants discovered that the annual spring cleaning meant something more than is customary. Beginning with the carpets, Miss Cleveland saw that they were taken up properly and spread upon the lawn. Then she went out in a poke bonnet, and the "first lady in the land" stood quietly by and had them thoroughly beaten while she "bossed the job." Visitors at the White House were thunderstruck; the lady clerks in the Treasury Department looked with all their eyes, for they never expected to see the sight again, but Miss Cleveland calmly stood her ground until the last carpet had been renovated, and then she marched back to the White House to see that the servants there were cleaning the paint properly. Several unmarried gentlemen who witnessed the scene have set inquiries afloat as to whether or no Miss Cleveland is "in the market," and the married men are proudly pointing to the *good example at the White House*. It is feared, however, that the pastime of the President's sister will never become fashionable.

ADAMS-COLERIDGE

LONDON, June 23.—Chales W. Adams and Mildred Coleridge, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, were married to day. The marriage was private. Lord Coleridge was asked by his daughter to attend, but he refused, and in consequence of this no other member of the family was invited. Invitations were, however, issued to all the members of the family of Lady Coleridge, and all were present. After the ceremony there was a communion service and grand choral celebration.

A CANADIAN COMMERCIAL SECTION.

LONDON, June 24.—A meeting was held to-day at the London Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of forming a Canadian trade section of those members interested in the commerce and interest of Canada. Sir Charles Tupper, who presided, delivered a lengthy speech, which was much applauded. He dwelt upon the fact that the tide of emigration was directed to Canada rather than to the United States. He defended the system of modified protection which, he said, was absolutely necessary in view of the fiscal policy of the United States. He concluded by urging a special fiscal agreement between England and the colonies and the devotion of £100,000 to state aided emigration to British colonies. The meeting unanimously resolved to form a committee to arrange the Canadian section.

A HUMAN BAROMETER.

The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries.

THE FISHERIES AGREEMENT.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The President has issued an executive notice announcing a diplomatic agreement between the United States and Great Britain continuing the privileges granted in the fisheries treaty throughout the season of 1885, and will, as a part of this agreement, bring the whole question of the fisheries before Congress in December and recommend the appointment of a joint commission by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain to consider the questions in the interest of maintaining friendly intercourse between the two countries, affording a prospect of negotiation for the development and extension of trade between the United States and British North America. This agreement proceeds from the mutual good will of the two governments, and has been reached solely to avoid all misunderstanding and difficulties which might otherwise arise from the abrupt termination of the fishing of 1885 in the midst of the season. *The immunity which is accorded by* this agreement to the vessels belonging to citizens of the United States engaged in fishing in British-American waters will likewise be extended to British vessels and subjects engaged in fishing in the waters of the United States. The present temporary agreement in no way affects the question of statutory enactment or exemption from customs duties as to which the abrogation of the fishing articles remain complete.

THE HISTORY OF HUNDREDS.

Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N.S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

The bicycle is to be officially introduced into the Bavarian army. A number of the soldiers of the garrison of Munich are at present doing orderly service for the purpose of trying the practicability of the "wheel."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Few persons are so favored by circumstances, or so fortified by nature, as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of an inclement season. With catarrhs, coughs, and influenzas everywhere abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment, diligently rubbed upon the chest, checks the worst assaults of these maladies, and securely wards off more grave and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living witnesses, who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this treatment when their present sufferings were appalling, and their future prospects most disheartening. Both remedies act admirably together.

The first publisher to whom "Called Back"—Hugh Conway's successful novel—was presented went to sleep over it. The next day he found beauties in it and at once took it, at the same time arranging for its dramatization.

COMING HOME TO DIE.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands nature makes upon it, many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken down constitution, and her functions disarranged, to go to an early grave. If she had been wisely counseled and given the benefit of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.