NAPOLEON AND DUROC.

Incidents Which Befell Both While Walking About "Incog."

Napoleon was very fond of walking in the streets of Paris *incognito*, in search of adventures. On these occasions he generally wore a round hat and a long blue coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing. In consequence of this, he was occasionally received with a coldness and indifference, to which, in *propria persona*, he was unaccustomed. One morning shortly before Christmas, he arose as early as seven, and accompanied by Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace (who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon), left the Tuilleries just as day was breaking. After a walk through the Place Vendome, thence to the Rue de Napoleon—now called Rue de la Paix—where he much admired the splendid mansions which had been recently erected there; chattering familiarly with Duroc, he observed:

"It seems that the Parisians in this quarter are very lazy, their shops shut at this time of the day."

Discoursing thus they arrived at the Chinese bath rooms, which had been recently painted and embellished. As they were criticising the exterior, the *cafe* which belonged to the establishmens opened.

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc; "what do you say? has not your walk given you an appetite?"

"Sire, it is too early; it is only eight o'clock."

"Bah! bah! your watch is always too slow! As for me, I am quite hungry. Afterwards we can return home."

And without waiting for an answer, Napoleon entered the *cafe*, took his seat at the table and called a waiter, and requested some mutton chops and a bottle of chamberlin wine; and having breakfasted heartily, and taken a cup of coffee, which he protested was better than he was supplied with at the Tuilleries, he called the waiter and demanded the bill, saying to Duroc—"Pay, and let us return now;" then rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, endeavoring to appear at ease. The Grand Marshal rose at the same time, but after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that having dressed in haste, he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried any money about him. Nevertheless the waiter came and presented the bill to the Grand Marshal, who stood mute with surprise at not being able to discharge it, although the amount was only twelve francs. Napoleon not knowing what detained Duroc, and not accustomed to be kept waiting, re-entered, saying impatiently—

"Come, make haste, it is late."

The Grand Marshal now comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the *cafe* (who sat silent and indifferent at the counter) and said politely and confusedly:

"Madame, my friend and myself left home this morning a little precipitately; we quite forgot to bring our purses—but I give you my word that in an hour I will send you the amount of your bill."

"It may be so sir," coldly replied the lady, "but I know neither of you, and we are every day taken in in this manner. Do you think that—"

"Madame," interrupted the Grand Marshal, reddening with rage at this answer, "we are men of honor, we are officers of the guard!"

"Oh, yes! fine excuses, truly; officers of the guard indeed!"

At these words, *men of honor and officers of the guard*, which Napoleon had overheard, he turned round and in a voice which had caused heroes to tremble, demanded—

"What is all this about?"

But at a sign from Duroc, he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the *cafe* was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and drawing from his pocket a watch encircled with brilliants, he said to him:

"My friend, you have acted nobly; keep this watch till I return to recompense you."

"Sir," said the waiter, "I have no wish to take it; I feel convinced that you are men of honor."

"Good, my friend," said the Grand Marshal, "you shall never repent your confidence in us." He then rejoined the Emperor.

Duroc recounted the particulars of the adventure to Napoleon, who laughed heartily, and was pleased with the generosity of the poor waiter, who had become security for them without knowing who they were. On their way to the palace they came to the Passage des Panoramas, which was then one of the most elegant passages or covered ways in Paris. There a shop attracted the attention of Napoleon. It contained a fine collection of porcelain vase. Two superb ones were exposed to view, and appearing to the Emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price. The mistress of the shop, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked if he wished to purchase them?

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price, unless I had thought of purchasing them," said Napoleon, irritated by the cool imputation of the woman.

"Four thousand francs (£160) not a farthing less, monsieur."

"Four thousand francs! that is horribly dear, madame; much too dear for me!"

And, touching his hat, he was about to leave the shop, when the *merchande*, with her hands in her pockets, added sarcastically:

"They cost me five thousand, but it is better to sell at cost in these times than starve. There are fine doings now-a-days! always war! all the world complains! Business is at a stand still now, and the shopkeepers are ruined; but we do not pay less taxes."

During this address, Napoleon's countenance became highly expressive—his eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed with rage; at length he interrupted her by saying:

"Madame, have you a husband? Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Eh! la! la! do not be angry, monsieu! I have a husband, thank heaven, but he has gone to seek for money. But what can you want with him when I am here?"

"Enough, madame, enough! I wished to tell your husband that—perhaps I should send for these vases—"

He then left the shop, disgusted with the *merchande*, whose coolness and politics had so much exasperated him.

"Faith?" said he, when he had rejoined Duroc, "I have had a sound lecture from a foolish woman, who seems to attend more to politics than her business! Oh! I will have her husband's head shaved; it is his fault."

The Emperor and the Grand Marshal now returned to the Tuilleries, having both met with adventures, the one with a shop-keeper, and the other with a waiter.

About six weeks after these occurrences, Napoleon said one evening to Duroc:

"I have nothing to do now, suppose we go and see how the shops look. By-the-bye, how did you settle the affair at the Chinese Baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"That is wrong, Duroc, very wrong. I may be allowed to forget such trifles; but you———"

"Sire, I will immediately make the *amende honorable*."

"Yes, do; and let it be done in a way which will please me; you understand. At the same time let the female politician be ordered to send her husband *here*, with the two vases which I looked at when I paid her debt. Ah! ah! 'tis my turn now, and we shall see!"

Duroc having given precise directions to one of the imperial footmen, despatched him to the Chinese Baths, when he thus addressed the mistress of the *cafe*:

"Madame, did not two gentlemen breakfast here about six weeks since, without settling their bill?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lady, very much troubled, seeing that the inquirer wore the livery of the palace.

"Well, Madame, those gentlemen were the Emperor and the Grand Marshal of the palace! Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

The mistress rang the bell, and felt uneasy; she thought of nothing less than going to the palace and imploring the forgiveness of the Emperor. When the waiter appeared, the footman gave him a roll of fifty Napoleons, and said to him:

"In addition to this, the Grand Marshal has charged me to say, that if you have any favor to ask for yourself or friends, he will be most happy to grant it."

The name of the waiter was Dargens; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the Grand Marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Empress Josephine, and became her special attandant. After her divorce he accompanied her to Malmaison, and—singular destiny of men at this time—eventually entered the service of Wellington in 1814.

After his visit to the *cafe*, the imperial footman reached the Passage des Panoramas, when he entered the shop of the voluble *merchande*.

"Sir," said he, addressing the master, "you are requested to go to the palace this instant, with two vases which the Emperor inquired the price of about six weeks since in your shop. His imperial majesty is now waiting for you."

"Heavens!" he cried, "I shall be shot." Then addressing his wife, who was terribly frightened and unable to speak, he said—

"I have no doubt but that you, madame, have been talking to the Emperor, speaking ill of the Government as you always do; and this to the Emperor himself! When will you learn to cease your cursed babbling? Ah, mon dieu!—I am a lost man, I shall be shot!"

Her fright nearly overpowered the poor man, who seemed shocked that his wife should have taken the Emperor for a policy spy. However, he mustered all his courage and arrived with the vases at the Tuilleries, where he was immediately ushered into the presence of Napoleon, who thus addressed him:

"So, sir, I have found you at last—I am glad to see you here."

Then taking from his desk eight bank notes for a thousand francs each, he presented them to the dealer who was trembling with fear, and with great difficulty advanced to receive them. And now, with that peculiar sarcastic brevity with which he invariably spoke when he wished to reproach, he added:

"I went the other day to your shop. I bargained for two vases; your wife asked four thousand francs, telling me they cost her five thousand. Well, although that was a falsehood, I now give you eight thousand; take them. There are four for yourself. But tell your wife that if she does not attend to her domestic affairs instead of politics, *marblieu*! I will send her where she will be taken of, and you, too, to teach you both to be more silent. Go, sir:—that is all I have to say to you!—*Bon soir!*"

THE HOSPICE OF MT. CARMEL AT NIAGARA FALLS.

By Rev. Philip A. Best, O. C. C., in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A new offshoot from the old trunk of the order was, a quarter of a century back, transplanted to American soil. During these twenty-five years Carmelites have come from different European provinces. They settled wherever their services were most needed: their life was more that of missionaries than that of regulars, and each house was independent of the other. In 1881 at the request of the scattered religious union was made and the different houses were formed into a Commissariate, the Rev. Anastasius J. Smits being appointed Commissary-General.

At the general chapter held in Rome in 1889, the American Commissarite was formed into a "Province," the Very Rev. R. Mayer being made first Provincial. The new province is known as the "Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary." It embraces six houses, viz., the Priory of St. Cecilia, Englewood, N. J., Holy Trininty Convent, Pittsburg, Pa., Convent of St. John, including scholastic and novitiate, New Baltimore, Pa., Priory of St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas, and Monastery of Mount Carmel, Scipio, Kansas. The sixth is that at Niagara Falls, the only Canadian house of the Carmelites.

The Carmelites are about to build a "Hospice," and have wisely chosen Niagara Falls as the most suitable spot on which to erect it. The "Hospice" explains itself. Monasteries have been renowned for their hospitality, and Mount Carmel was, and is, no exception. From the day on which St. John the Baptist sought its shelter while fleeing from his persecutors till now, it has never lost its reputation as an asylum wherein were found not only rest and food for the weary body, but peace and solace for the troubled soul. How many would wish to withdraw from their distracting surroundings and seek refuge in such a haven of rest! But distance, expense and want of time prevent it. The want of such an institution in this country has been deplored. We have retreat-houses, but a Hospice is something more. It, too, is a retreat-house but possesses many other advantages peculiar to itself.

"All of us, priests and people, want a Carmel in London," said Father Faber, and what the great oratorian said of the busy metropolis of his country can be said of America. The Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls will soon be a reality, and the cope of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons (in his beautiful letter approving the undertaking) that such an institution will "contribute to the diffusion of religion in the Western Hemisphere" will soon be accomplished.

To reproduce in this country a faithful copy of the Hospice of Mt. Carmel proper, three things are needed, viz., the monks, the locality and a house. As regards the first, let it suffice to say that the religious now at Niagara Falls are identical with the order outlined in the foregoing sketch. We re-echo the popular verdict when we affirm that no better locality could have been thought of than the one selected. If there is any place where nature more lavishly unfolds its beauty and grandeur, or a place where the hand of the Creator is more manifest, it is surely Niagara Falls, "where," to use the words of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, "nature itself invites to solemn thought and serious reflections, and where in very deed one hears *The voice of the Lord upon the waters.*" But nowhere are the religious thoughts suggested by the great cateract and its surroundings better expressed than in the beautiful Pastoral letter of the late saintly Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Lynch. His Grace says:

"We have for many years searched for a fervent congregation of men to found a monastery and church worthy of the place and its destination. Enthusiastic pilgrims of nature's grandeur come here to enjoy its beauty; others alas! to drown remorse. We desired to have a religious house where those pilgrims would be attracted to adore nature's God in spirit and in truth, and who would there find, in solitude and rest, how great and good God is.

The Fathers of the order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the most ancient in the Church and dear to the heart of our Blessed Mother, have commenced this good work. Our Holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church plenary Indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the old world. The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive prelates and clergy of the church as well as laity to make retreats; and to provide priests, worn out in the service of their Divine Master, with a home where they can quietly prepare for eternity."

The building to be erected by the Carmelites will in many respects rival their mother house in Palestine. Besides the natural beauty of the place, the extensive grounds in the immediate vicinity of the house will be artistically adorned. In addition to this it must be remembered that between the grounds of the monastery and the Falls is the Park, which is kept in order by the Ontario Government.

At stated periods retreats will be given by the Fathers. These spiritual exercises will be adapted to all classes of clergy and the laity of both sexes, not excluding non-Catholics.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel will be of easy access from all parts of the country. It is but an hour's ride by rail from Buffalo, N. Y. Niagara Falls is also the terminal point of the great trunk lines, the New York Central, the Erie, West Shore, Lehigh Valley and Grand Trunk. The Michigan Central brings its passengers almost to the doors of the monastery. Its station, "Falls View," is but a stone's throw from the Hospice.

Who will defray the expense of such an undertaking? The best answer to this question is to ask, who will not help such a noble work? Surely no one devoted to Our Lady of the Scapular. All those contributing receive a certificate entitling them to a perpetual share in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is twice a week offered for them, but a monthly Mass is celebrated for those who collect the donations of others.

The names of special benefactors will be engraved on marble tablets to be placed in the halls of the Hospice.

On the obverse side of the certificate is the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which is a true copy of the famous representation which, according to tradition, was painted by St. Luke. In the 12th century, the original picture was brought from Mt. Carmel to Naples by the religious of the Carmelite order when forced by the rapacity of the Mohammedans to leave the peaceful solitude of their mystic mount by the sea, and seek refuge in less hostile lands. For upwards of a century the same painting hung over the high altar of the Church of the Carmelite friars in Naples. During the jubilee of the year 1500, it was borne processionally in the great pilgrimage to Rome.

Throngs of sick, lame, etc., lined the pathway of the pilgrims to the very gates of the Eternal City, and all along marvellous cures and miracles marked the glorious passage of the favored Madonna. The tale of these marvels preceded their arrival and reached the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Pope met the pilgrims, and carried the procession to St. Peter's. Every day His Holiness blessed numberless crowds with the picture and granted many Indulgences to the recitation of prayers made before it. The picture sent to benefactors is an exact reproduction of this marvellous picture of the 12th century.

In conclusion, those who in any way help the work at Niagara Falls should not forget that in becoming benefactors they spiritually benefit themselves. Not only in this life do they share in the great works of the order, but, what is of more importance, after death they will be assisted by its suffrages.

When, perhaps, their friends shall have forgotten them, they will still be remembered at the Hospice of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, where as unceasingly as the roll of the mighty waters, the praises of her brethren ascend, like the spray-cloud, to the throne of Mary for their benefactors.

Against Parnell.

The National Federation of America, organized to aid the Home Rule movement in Ireland, issued an address to their friends in America on Sunday. The document, which is signed by Thomas Addis Emmet, Eugene Kelly and other officers of the federation, goes on to say that a grave danger to the Irish cause makes necessary the present address.

"Parnell can be no longer regarded as a possible leader of the Irish movement. Never did any nation offer a greater opportunity to inscribe an honored name on the page of history than Ireland offered him in her latest conflict, but he has thrown it from his grasp unprized. She made him chief and lavished honors upon him; he was the centre of her councils, the connecting link of all her political forces. She finds herself mistaken. He has followed other courses, and left her power weakened and her councils divided. It is generally so when the destinies of a nation are centred in an individual."

The address continues: "The people of Ireland must lay aside hero worship and one-man power. We had hoped that from the force of recent events and in a spirit of true patriotism Mr. Parnell would have retired. Again we have been disappointed, and we now feel that longer silence would be culpable. We can no longer conceal from ourselves that he has yielded to malign influences that threaten the destruction of the Irish cause. We are on the eve of a general election. It is concluded on all sides that the question of home rule will be settled favorably or adversely by this election for another generation at least. The advanced and enlightened thought of England is with us. Only an obstinate and autocratic aristocracy is against us. We invite all who sympathize with the cause to lend it their assistance; to enroll freely in the Irish National Federation, and fill its ranks quickly, as the time is short."

Forewarned is Forearmed.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colid, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is *the* remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. *It never fails* to cure or relieve.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE is distinctly superior to any other as an appetising tonic and fortifier.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper

BEAUTIFUL TILLAMOOK.

Our Canadian Commentator Grows Rather Philosophical in his style of Language or Mode of Expression.

Tillamook, Oregon, Aug 7th.

Having just arrived home from a long and tiresome journey by land and sea to the metropolis of the North-Western States, I found to my great surprise a very strange letter in the columns of your esteemed journal, dated August 1st, and signed again with the honest title of Co-operator for the Poor Man. It appears strange to me for the simple reason that I fail to understand how the writer expects to convey his ideas to the people in the peculiar style of language he has adopted for the good honest purpose, no doubt, of bettering the condition of those people who "know what a day's work is, and who spend the evening hours over their paper. And these are the men who will at once detect the tinkle and tone I complain of in your article." With all the respect due to our honest co-operator of the poor man's condition, I must say that many blunders were made by the slip of his pen in his comment on my article, dated July 9th. I would not like, in the least, to hurt the feelings of my commentator, but I must say, nevertheless, that a little more knowledge of geography and a little more forethought of the present intellectual ability and capacity of his readers in general, might have saved him the trouble of recurring to those high-sounding philosophical terms of Optimistic and Pessimistic which but the few and the learned can "taste, masticate or swallow whole" (your figures are excusable pro tem). The *unknown one* writer might as well speak Latin or write in Greek or talk to the people of geometrical lunes, spherical, ungula and spherical polygons, and expect them to "swallow the whole," including the "abstract and the concrete, the particular or the general" terms which are not and can not, unless explained, be understood by the majority of your readers. The unknown writer goes on to say: "Do not rely too much upon another railroad coming through to you. We cannot promise you that." But, my dear friend, what in the world do you mean? Do you really mean to say that we are expecting another trans-continental line to the coast, such as the Canadian Pabific? If you have such ideas, please keep them as "literary food" for your own mind. Do you really know where the fair state of Oregon and beautiful Tillamook are? Do you think that we are living somewhere near the Alaskan boundary? Why say, *we* cannot promise you another railroad? Do you really think that we are yet on Canadian soil under the *royal* rule of Britannia?

Be not deceived, my dear co-operator of the poor man, we are treading the soil of free-born Americans, who love to throw open their arms and receive the oppressed and persecuted of every nation. And when a man steps upon American soil he is supposed to conform himself to the customs, manners and language of this great Republic. Certainly, I must say that you were under a wrong impression if you thought for one moment that we depended upon young Canada to give us a railroad. We do not even ask for any other trans-continental line. Why, do you not know that such American trans-continental lines as the Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific and Union Pacific all run either in a direct or indirect way through Oregon to Portland, the great metropolis of the North-Western States! Please do look over your geography and then you will probably know where the *terminus ad quem* is, an expression which, by the way, you made use of in your first letter of comment and which certainly could be "digested" only by the few and the learned. What we ask and want is a railroad from Astoria through the country along the entire coast, so that we could have easier and faster communication with Portland and San Francisco as well as Astoria. We have now two routes left to our choice. We can reach Portland either by stage from our town to North Yamhill and then via the railroad forty-five miles to Yamhill and thirty-nine from there to Portland, or we can take a small steamer, the Augusta, from Tillamook around the Bay and on to the ocean till we finally turn into the great Columbia river and reach Astoria. There we take the steamer Telephone and go up the Columbia to Portland in about seven hours. It is, therefore, only a branch line of railroad, and this we are sure to get within a few years, and thousands of Portland's citizens will welcome and hail that day with joy as well as the Tillamookers. This, therefore, gives you an idea where we are located, and assures you that we in no way depend upon Canada. We love to see Canada prosper, and, for my part, I only wish Canada had more Monsignor Labelles and less aristocratic airs about it. Those are the men to look up to who put their whole heart and soul into the work laid down before them and fear not the clap and roar of the enemies guns nor the laugh and sneer of the world. Canada has certainly a bright future before her, but let Canadians beware of those great talkers who care more for the mighty dollar than for principle or conscience. I should like also to see a little more go-ahead in the people and a few more democratic ideas instilled into the minds of Canadian leaders. Mgr. Labelle did not shirk the duty of telling his people in plain language what they should do and he gave them a bright example. He knew the cause of much misery that existed among the people, and this he tried to combat, and that cause—let me say it at once—is pride. Go and seek the reason of so many farms being mortgaged today, and you will find, ten to one, that ruin and hardship and loss is due to *Pride*. Let the leaders I say give the people a bright example, and when I say leaders I mean in every high calling of life. Why is it that here in these United States more than 2,500,000 farms are now under mortgage? The cause is pride. Farms are mortgaged to get a fine house and a nice buggy and a grand piano, etc., etc., so many extravagant things that could be dispensed with until money was in the bank. And I tell you, dear friend, we need bright examples to teach the people and turn the tide the other way. It is terrible what ravages pride and luxury are working among the poorer classes. Go and visit or rather stop for some time in the manufacturing towns of Canada and the States and what do you observe? Men and women, especially the young, often spending their hard earnings foolishly on just so many household articles that serve only to gratify the vanity of those who possess them. It is a sad and sorrowful thing. So it is in the country. How many such families do you not find. How sad it is to know that even some will go so far as to miss Mass on Sunday simply because they feared remark, or can not keep pace in beautiful feathers and hats, etc., with their neighbor who probably dresses so highly that he is almost ready to fall. There lies the great secret of so much misery in the lower classes, and such men as Mgr. Labelle knew how to ascend the pulpit and with all his power try to stem the current which has often carried away many a promising family. There is *one* reason why I wrote my second letter in the way I did, for I tell you we need men of energy, men of push, men who know how to save, men courageous and patient who know and understand what it is to provide their children with a prosperous future, but above all men who have understood the way of bringing up their children by *good example*. I have known model families, children who would save to the last cent in order to help their poor parents to get a home clear of debt. Girls, indeed, good honest girls who were not ashamed to go down to the factory gate to ask for work; and all their labor, save enough to dress modestly, would go to the help of their dear parents, and when the debt was cleared then did they return home and lead a peaceful life with their people. Enough on the subject for the present time, and I assure you, my dear Christian friend, co-operator, as you are, for the good and welfare of the poor man, that I do not in the least entertain in my heart any ill-feeling against you and I only hope that you will criticize my articles in a charitable, Christian way, and not make use of words which either tend to cast ridicule upon so noble a subject as that now in question, or embarrass your readers and keep them from understanding your train of thought. I do not wish to induce anybody out here to find things in another light than that in which I have represented them. They may stop in Canada if they judge proper, and hence it is that I have attempted to place facts before them, and I fail to see where the "smack of theory" comes into my articles. I am serious, my dear sir, as you might have already observed, and I only desire to hear that some families will try to put into practice what I have just now established as a consequence. Down with superfluous household goods and extravagant personal objects and learn to do for yourself and prepare a future for those who are to come and follow in your footsteps. There are advantages in some countries that are not found in others—but God forbid that my letters should induce you into anything that you would regret. I simply lay down facts and let every reader judge for himself, for this is not a paradise, simply because a man has to work here as in any other place.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the kind insertion of this article, I am,

Yours respectfully,

L. P. DESMARAIS, priest.

To Reorganize the Missions.

The Holy See has just appointed an extraordinary commission of Cardinals to reorganize the Catholic missions. Two years ago Cardinal Simeoni prepared and communicated to the Pope a plan of reforms, in order to better relegate the action of the Propaganda. But the coming of Gen. Simmons from England on a special mission to Pope Leo in reference to colonial questions had the effect of postponing the execution of the projected reforms, as the propaganda did not wish to awaken the idea that the reforms were made in consequence of an arrangement with England. Any suspicion of such an arrangement would have roused the greatest jealousy in France. Pope Leo, who has always been in favor of the mission taking a leading part in the work of colonization, has revived these projects of reform. The inquiry of the commission of Cardinals will, it is said, extend over the whole of the apostolic works.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, $10; 2nd, $6; 3rd, $3; 4th, $1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 29th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in *The Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.