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

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

News of the Canadian Action in Ireland.

Great speech by Mr. John Dillon.—The Convention already an assured success.—Fully meets or exceeds every other consideration.

The cable despatch from Toronto announcing the names of the delegates chosen from Toronto, Hamilton and St. Catharines to the coming Convention of the Irish race was received in London with immense satisfaction. The London correspondent of The Freeman telegraphed his paper as follows:

"The action of the Irishmen of Canada in connection with the forthcoming Convention of the Irish Race is felt by the members of the Irish Party to be beyond all praise. The delegation chosen at Toronto to represent the province could not possibly be improved upon, and its constitution shows how thoroughly in connection with the countrymen they have put their hearts into the cause, in their desire to put it to discussion. It is quite recognized that the exertions put forward by Canada at this critical and important juncture are mainly due to the immense influence of Hon. Edward Blake, whose services and sacrifices for the Irish cause, in face of terrible discouragements, can never be adequately repaid by his countrymen."

"The St. James Gazette, commenting on the Toronto delegation, said: 'Sir Frank Smith, who has been chosen as delegate from Toronto to the National Convention in Dublin on September 1st, is that imposable combination from the British standpoint, Conservative Home Ruler, but Conservative in all that is by no means the same thing as Toryism in England. Conservatives in the Canadian House of Commons joined with Liberals in voting an address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to grant Home Rule to the people of Ireland. Sir Frank Smith is now a wealthy Canadian, but he was only a poor Irish boy when he first landed on Canadian soil sixty-three years ago. He is a native of Armagh, and is now in his seventy-fifth year. Sir Frank Smith is a great religious magnate in Canada, and a great number of the directors of the companies of which he is chairman of directors are legion.'"

Editorially commenting on the constitution of the Toronto delegation The Dublin Freeman says:

"We are glad to publish the names of some of the delegates headed by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, whom Canada proposes to send to the Irish National Convention. The list is truly a noble assemblage of the unswerving and devoted patriots who await the Convention. We have already commented on the great value of the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who is himself the origin of the magnificent movement that has been the result of his worthy colleagues. The selection is a hint to the United States and to Australia to make an effort to be as creditably represented in the Convention as the South Sea Islanders, who are invited when Irishmen come from the North and South Seas and West to meet in an Irish assembly which will be without parallel in the history of Ireland."

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.
Addressing a public meeting of the Irish National Federation on July 1st, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who was loudly cheered, said:

"I feel convinced that I only give voice to the sentiments of this meeting, and to the feelings which will be felt by all old and earnest Nationalists throughout the country, when I bid a hearty welcome to our chairman after his voyage round the world. We are all glad to see that our Irish National Convention and of the Irish National cause once more among us, with his faith undimmed by his prolonged absence in any other way where I discern a day he met Irish Nationalists all round the world; I hear, hear. We have heard just now a most encouraging and most important statement from Father Rock, delegate from the country Tyrone (hear, hear). Nothing could possibly give me greater personal pleasure, and I will venture to say nothing could give more satisfaction to the meeting, than

THE STATEMENT WHICH FATHER ROCK MADE
with regard to his own intentions and the intentions of the Nationalists of Tyrone, for whom he is fully entitled to speak, as regards the coming Convention. Gentlemen, the information which I am in receipt of every day from different parts of the country leads me to the confident hope that what Father Rock has just stated to the meeting represents a feeling which is steadily growing throughout the vast majority of the Irish country (hear, hear). I believe that there does exist a widespread determination to make this Convention a signal success, and as Father Rock has truly said, "If the Nationalists of Ireland desired to make it a success they could do so." (Hear, hear). Now, with what motive was this Convention called? It was called for the object of promoting Nationality. It was called because we are convinced by long experience that the National cause can not be brought to a successful issue until the ranks of Nationalists in Ireland are once more united in each year, and therefore it was that after much consultation it was decided to call a National Convention, and to call it on lines so

comprehensive as to include so far as it was within our power all the men who called themselves Nationalists, to throw the doors wide open, and show that so far as those of us who were concerned in calling the Convention we were at all events

NOT DEAD TO FEEL THE WHOLE BODY OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND collected together by their representatives. Having that object in view, we endeavored to frame the rules and the regulations and the call to that Convention on such lines that nobody could say he was excluded. Now, the Irish Party five weeks ago took a very serious step. They addressed an invitation to Mr. John Redmond and the section of Irish Nationalists who followed his lead to take part in the organization of that Convention. Now, I know perfectly well that this was a strong step, a step calculated to lead possibly to some difference of opinion. But I am happy to say that, practically speaking, no objection has reached us from any portion of the country to the taking of that step. And better so, that party which with the end triumph and in the end secure the support of the Irish race throughout the world will be the party which shows by its action that, irrespective of all personal considerations and self-interests, it is the party which takes everything into the account which has given vent to in the past. It is determined to apply itself to the great task of restoring unity to Ireland (applause). Therefore, I believe we have done the only and well in bringing this Convention to Ireland, and we are glad to see that the approval of our supporters throughout the world is

OUR ENDEAVOUR TO THROW WIDE OPEN THE DOORS OF THE CONVENTION, so as to deprive any fraction of Irishmen calling themselves Nationalists of the opportunity of saying that they were denied a voice in this great assembly of the Irish people. Nobody could take a more momentous step than the Convention was called under circumstances of considerable difficulty; the country was not well organized for the holding of the Convention as it had been on the eve of the late Convention, and the Convention had the reputation of doubt imported into the present convention, and that was that it was proposed, for the first time in the history of these Conventions, so far as the holding of the Convention was concerned, to have the Convention held outside of Ireland. These matters gave rise to a certain amount of doubt, but I am glad to be able to state that the information which has reached me during the last few weeks has convinced me that this Convention will be a great success. And one incident has occurred within the last few weeks which I cannot help alluding to both for the purpose of conveying the thanks of the Irish Nationalists to that section of Irishmen who are called the Toronto delegates (applause) for the action which he has taken, and also of expressing a hope that his example may be widely and influentially followed. You will all remember that the Archbishop of Toronto, and the representatives of the Irish race outside of Ireland originated a letter from the Archbishop of Toronto addressed to my predecessor in the chair of the Irish Party, Mr. John O'Hara, in which he expressed his approval of the Convention, and as I frequently pointed out it never for a moment entered into the mind of anybody concerned that a large voting force of delegates could be expected to cross the Atlantic still less to attend the Convention, and take part in this Convention. The object was that the doors of that Convention should be opened, and the platform of that Convention should be afforded to men of a representative character who might address our people, and convey to

A MESSAGE FROM THE MILLIONS OF OUR RACE IN THE UNITED STATES, in Canada and in Australia, on whom we had relied, and relied so confidently for support in the past history of our cause (hear, hear). I look forward to the Convention, with the greatest possible pleasure, and in the coming Convention of such a representative man (hear, hear). I believe the presence of such men will have a powerful effect in awakening our people to a sense of their own rank. At all events in the Pacific Ocean, and I feel in my duty to express my profound sense of gratitude to the Archbishop of Toronto and the other gentlemen in Ontario who have elected the Convention, and to the gentlemen who have given so influential a delegation of men to represent us at this Convention (applause). Now it has been the practice of some individuals to continually declare that the Home Rule cause is dead, and I shall never forget a speech delivered in the House of Commons on the Address last August, when he was enabled to get up before the British House of Commons and quote from Irish Nationalist newspapers and from the speeches of men who were in the front ranks of the movement, and to read extract after extract declaring that the National cause in Ireland was as dead as Julius Cæsar, and the question for this generation would never come to life again. It was

A VERY HUMILIATING POSITION FOR US NATIONALISTS, who believe in that we are to be obliged to listen to such utterances. But what has occurred since this Government came into power, which shows the pusillanimity and cowardice of such utterances? This Government came into power in July last with a mandate from 162 to 170 years ago, and at the end of that Government is already in a state of confusion, covered with disgrace and weakened by three elections which have

taken place in which the Government has been signally overthrown. If the same law of alteration of votes was applied to every constituency in Great Britain which has taken place in Ireland, in the last election, we should have an immense Home Rule majority returned, and nobody can say that if an election were to come next August the same feeling might not prevail, so events of the last ten months is this, that there never was, in my judgment, a time more favorable to the Irish National cause if no condition were fulfilled. One condition only, and that is that the Irish National cause should not be destroyed by the very greatness of its majority; it has plucked the country into foreign complications which will inevitably with the next few years turn the magnificent surplus and almost unbroken financial resources handed over to them by the late Liberal Government into a deficit and a call for increased taxation. I am as convinced as anyone can be that

IF THE IRISH NATIONAL PARTY WERE all they have got to do is to look their time for two or three years and the green of Unionism will be routed and driven off the field; and when that hour comes if the Irish only know their own minds and apply themselves so sociably to the work of financial and national reconstruction as to be able to realize the national self-government (loud applause). Now, in connection with this question of the position of the Home Rule movement, I desire one more to make to what is a very common remark in the mouths of those who follow Mr. Redmond. I read in the speeches delivered in O'Connell street the other day that they would agree to rejoice at every defeat of the Liberal Party candidates in the forthcoming Liberal Party programme. The Liberal Party have made no change in the programme. It does not lie with Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt, or even John Morley, to put Home Rule in the forefront of the Liberal Party's policy. That is the work of the Irish nation (applause), and when the Irish nation send to Parliament 80 or 85 representatives pledged to work for Home Rule alone and beyond all other things, then Home Rule will take force.

IT IS IDEAL FOR US TO CAST REPROACHES ON THE LIBERAL OR any other party in England so long as the manhood of Ireland prefers to devote its energies to fighting among themselves instead of fighting the common foe. That is my position on this question. I do not attach the most minute importance to the action of the Liberal Party. If we have a united Irish Party we need not mind that the Home Rule in the forefront place in their programme. I am deeply convinced that the day the Irish people are united on that day Home Rule is won, and therefore it is to the English and to the Irish race here are to look. It is to the Irish race here at home or the Irish race in America or Australia (applause). Therefore I strongly appeal to the Nationalists of Ireland to put their shoulders to the work, and being the support of all they can to secure the success of this Convention (applause). We have evidence that

OUR FRIENDS IN THE STATES ARE GOING TO MAKE THIS CONVENTION a greater success than we could expect. We see what has been done by our friends in Canada, and we hope soon to hear something from our friends in Australia (applause). But after all it will depend on the manhood of Ireland to make a success of this Convention. During the last two meetings of the Federation we have had evidence that the branches are awakening and reorganizing and sending in the affiliation fees, and the manhood of Ireland is to be expected to hasten to support the branches to hasten to support the branches to hasten to support the branches will not confine themselves strictly to the affiliation fees, but will have a fair chance of success. Of course the Convention will cost a considerable sum of money, some hundreds of pounds, and the time is short, and I think I can confidently appeal to the parishes in which there are branches, and the other parishes throughout the country to send in their subscriptions, and help to make the Convention a success.

ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MADE BY THE SEND ORGANIZERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, and I strongly appeal to the different districts who are anxious to join to prepare for the Convention, and stand up who have fallen out of good standing to rejoin immediately to this office that they desire to reorganize, and we will give them every assistance in our power. Our object in this Convention is to make it a representative one, and to give to those who are in support of the Home Rule movement. We desire to make this Convention representative, irrespective of all personal interests. We do not wish that any section should have any undue weight. We have no objection of trying to further the personal interests of any individual. What we desire to see is a full representation of the people, because I believe that

UNITS SHOULD OVERLEAP ALL PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS, and that will be the first principle which will recommend itself with overwhelming force to any truly great and representative body of Irishmen (applause).

THE NEW MINISTRY.

All Appointments (name) with the Exception of Minister of Interior.

OTTAWA July 13.—The new ministry was announced today as follows:

President of the Council—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier.
Secretary of State—Hon. R. W. Scott.
Minister of Trade and Commerce—Sir Richard Cartwright.
Minister of Justice—Sir Oliver Mowat.
Minister of Finance—Hon. W. S. Fielding.
Minister of Marine and Fisheries—Hon. L. H. Davies.
Minister of Militia and Defence—Surgeon-Lieut. Col. F. W. Borden.
Minister of Public Works—J. Israel.
Minister of Railways and Canals—A. G. Blair.
Minister of Agriculture—Sydney Fisher.
Postmaster-General—W. Mulock.
Minister of Customs—W. Patterson.
Minister of Indian Revenue—Sir Henry Joly de Launier.
Without Portfolio—R. R. Doherty of Quebec and C. A. Geoffroy of Montreal.
Solicitor-General, without a seat in the Cabinet—Charles Fitzpatrick.

Death of Mother Mary Joachim
It is with the deepest regret we announce the death on Wednesday morning July 15th, at 4:30 o'clock, of Rev. Mother Mary Joachim, of Rev. Lorette Convent, Bond Street, and Mr. J. W. Leonard, Q.C., were present, it was resolved to send a petition to the British Government asking for the release of the Irish political prisoners. England, and it was pointed out, should follow the example of President Kruger and show mercy towards its political prisoners. It was also resolved to petition the President to use his influences in this direction."

OTTAWA DELEGATION.
To the Irish National Convention.—Hon. John O'Hara, July 14.—A representative gathering of Irishmen last night assembled at St. Patrick's Society's hall for the purpose of naming delegates to attend the Irish National Convention, which will be held in Dublin, Ireland, on the 1st of September next. The suggestion of asking representative Irishmen to attend the Convention in Dublin, and to consider the troubles that have arisen and the best means of dealing with them, was taken up by the Irish National Federation, and favourably passed upon. That body sent invitations broadcast throughout the world, with an appeal that the delegates be put forward to make the Dublin meeting one that would reflect the patriotic sentiments of Irishmen from all parts of the globe. The following delegates were chosen by Ottawa:—The Rev. M. J. W. Walsh, Canon McGarity, Mr. John Costigan, Mr. P. Egan, Mr. William Cowan, Mr. A. Barry Hayes, Mr. Patrick Baskerville, Mr. George O'Keefe, M.P., Mr. Chas. Murphy, Mr. F. R. Latchford, Dr. J. J. O'Hara, Mr. J. W. Leonard, and Mr. M. Starrs. These gentlemen were appointed a committee to arrange details, draw up a programme, and communicate with outside places for the purpose of having them sent to attend the Convention. Another letter sent by Mr. Edward Blake to a personal friend in the capital, stated how anxious he was to see Ottawa creditably represented at the Convention.

Fifth Annual Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre.
The fifth annual pilgrimage of the archdiocese of Kingston, under the distinguished auspices of His Grace Archbishop Coadjutor, will take place on Tuesday, July 23rd. Special trains will run from Kingston, Peterborough, and Pennington, C.P.R.—the only all-rail route from Ontario to the shrine of the good Ste. Anne. Passengers will be landed within a stone's throw of the church grounds, will not be subjected to the inconvenience of taking ferry over the special train which excellent meals will be served at moderate rates. Round trip fare—\$5.05 from Peterboro', \$1.00 from Kingston, \$1.40 from Brockville for adults, children half fare—being so unusually low, a rare opportunity is afforded of visiting the now famous shrine where ever year many thousands of pilgrims are obtained through the intercession of the good Ste. Anne. The organization of the pilgrimage is under the direction of Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, Ont., assisted by Rev. W. J. McDermid, Kempenville, and J. D. O'Garra, Ganauque, Ont. Rev. Father Stanton's marked success in conducting the former pilgrimages of the archdiocese of Kingston sufficiently guarantees the efficient management of the coming year's pilgrimage on Tuesday, July 23rd. All communications should be addressed to Rev. M. J. McDermid, Kempenville, or Rev. J. D. O'Garra, Ganauque, Ont. Passengers desiring berths in first class sleepers or tourist cars, enquired are requested to notify on or before July 24th the station agents nearest their respective localities who will communicate with R. A. Reinnitt, C. P. R. Agent, Smith's Falls, Ont. Passengers in Kingston and vicinity, desiring to be notified please notify F. J. Conway C. P. R. Agent, Kingston.

REGISTER JOTTINGS.

The French Minister of Public Worship has summoned the Archbishop of Cambrai, two cardinals, and two cardinals of Roubaix before the Council of State for having organized processions on Corpus Christi Day in violation of the prohibition of the Mayors. Some other priests have been deprived of their stipends.

Mr. Gladstone, acknowledging a copy of a drama on the Turkish atrocities in Crete, writes—"I thank you for your courtesies, and shall read your drama with great interest. I look upon the question of the Sultan and the Turkish Government as one which has been finally adjudged by the conscience of mankind and which only awaits the time of a just execution."

A Cape Town cablegram says:—In the Legislative Council at the Cape Mr. Van der Stuurm moved that the Government should approach the Imperial Government asking them to extend to the Irish political prisoners similar leniency to that exercised by President Kruger towards the Reform leaders. The motion was supported by the Attorney-General, and agreed to without a division.

The following cablegram has been received in London:—A meeting of Irishmen of Johannesburg at which Lord Erench, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. J. W. Leonard, Q.C., were present, it was resolved to send a petition to the British Government asking for the release of the Irish political prisoners. England, and it was pointed out, should follow the example of President Kruger and show mercy towards its political prisoners. It was also resolved to petition the President to use his influences in this direction."

The Jesuit Order has lost one of its most distinguished members by the death of Rev. Sylvester Hunter, of Stonyhurst College. After taking high honours as a wrangler at Cambridge University, he succeeded in the St. Thomas, London, as a professor, and on entering the Catholic Church in 1861 entered the Jesuit Order. He was for some time rector of St. Bruno's College, and was subsequently engaged in lecturing on law at Stonyhurst to students of the Jesuit Order. His father, John Hunter had a high reputation as a theologian, and was the author of many well-known works. He was in his sixty-seventh year.

The Pope dwells in his own city all the year through. The only relief he can obtain from the heated air of the Vatican is found in the gardens, where, at the English Bar, he sometimes passes the hot hours of the day in the little villa which he has built there. It is he who is the prominent figure in Rome. Of the tens of thousands who visit Rome during the season there are but few who apply for admission to the Quirinal, or to apply for audience of the King or Queen. Everyone desires to see the Pope, and if possible, to speak to him or have him speak to them, and whether they be Protestant or Catholic, to receive his benediction.

Gibbon's letters are to be published in the autumn, and the Nineteenth Century contains an account of them in address, from the pen of Mr. R. C. Prothero. They contain at least one good story, of which a fighting Irishman is the hero, and the Grand Jury of the County Dublin his client. It is not so unfortunally as not to have fought a duel yet. I suppose all the nation will admire Lord B's behaviour. I will give you one instance of his call it what you please. Lord T's pistol was raised when he had just drawn. One of the men drew first, but he had undertaken a commission from the French Ambassador—to get him some Irish poppies. Should I fall, be so good as to execute it. Your lordship may now fire."

The celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Pope's First Communion has been general in Rome and throughout Italy. In Yiterbo, where he first approached the Holy Table on Thursday, 21st June, 1821, the Feast of St. Aloisius, special preparations were made for the commemoration of this event. He was then in his twelfth year; he had been a student in the Jesuits' College in that city for three years, and his piety and progress were in every way satisfactory to the rector of the institution, Father Ghidini. There is no portrait of him as he was then, but the family traditions represent him as having a delicate, clear complexion, and a kindly, gentle look in the eyes, such as is attributed to the youthful St. Aloisius or St. John Berchmanns.

Mr. P. L. Coullahan, the well-known Rome correspondent of the Dublin Freeman thus describes the new Cardinals as they appeared at the recent consistory:—After the Pope all eyes were directed to the recently created Cardinals as they proceeded, each accompanied by two Cardinals, from the Sistine Chapel at the end of the hall to the Papal throne. Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun (France), came first, and from lip to lip the name "Perraud" was uttered as he passed. He is small, delicate, and thin, a clear cut face with a rather prominent nose. White hair wore long, and an exterior calm on the countenance

quite captivating. His fellow countryman, Cardinal Boyer, apparently older, is short, and his face expresses suffering. The Archbishop of Valladolid, with a typical Spanish face and black hair just beginning to whiten, has a martial bearing, accounted for when you remember that he was a soldier and is still proud of the fact. The Prince Bishop of Salzburg, Cardinal Haefliger is a large tall man, with a harsh face hair completely white, calm and self-contained in manner. As he passes you feel that such a man would be a leader of men. The Cardinal Bishop of Urgel, who is so powerful in that strange little Republic of Andorra when the Swiss Guards were trying the people to leave a wider passage for the Cardinals, and I did notice him sufficiently well to describe his appearance.

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

Sketch of the Irish Catholic Selected From Quebec by Mr. Laurier.

The Globe publishes the following sketch of Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, M.P., who has been selected by Mr. Laurier for the office of Solicitor-General.

Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick is a prominent advocate of Quebec, a well-known figure in the politics of the province and one of the foremost representatives of the Irish Catholic element in Canada. He is of Irish parentage, his grandfather, James Fitzpatrick, having been a prominent supporter of Daniel O'Connell during the repeal agitation. Charles Fitzpatrick was born in Quebec, December 19th, 1829, and was educated at the Quebec Seminary and Laval University. In 1870 he graduated in the law faculty of Laval, carrying off the Dufferin medal, and upon being admitted to practise law he rapidly pushed to the front, securing a large practice. His special department was criminal law, and in 1870 he was appointed Crown-prosecutor for the city and district of Quebec by the Government of Sir Henry Joly de Launier. This position he held until the defeat of the Administration, when he was displaced by the incoming Government. His legal practice increased, and he figured in a number of important cases, representing the Belgian Government in the Toronto fraud case at Montreal, and the United States Government in the great Eno extradition case at Quebec. Later still he was counsel for Messrs. McGreevey and Connolly in connection with the Zetoc charges, and was also counsel for Messrs. McCreary, Hon. Charles Langler and Mr. E. Peadar in the prosecutions which succeeded in the downfall of the Mercier Ministry. His great opportunity, however, came in 1885, when he was appointed counsel for the Government in the case of Louis Riel. This at once made his name well known over the whole Dominion, and his defence of his client and his subsequent efforts to obtain a commutation of his sentence, added to his fame in the United States. In June, 1890, he entered the Provincial Legislature of Quebec, being elected for the County of Quebec; in 1892 he was re-elected for the same constituency. His complete command of both English and French, and his powers of debate, made him at once a prominent figure in the House and in 1891, on the formation of the De Boucherville Ministry, he was offered the portfolio of Attorney-General and a seat in the Cabinet. He is a member of the Irish Catholic element in the population. On the ground of his liberal antecedents Mr. Fitzpatrick declined the offer, but promised to support all honest and economical government from whatever Party it might proceed. He retained his place in the Liberal Opposition, of which he was offered the leadership. He is a brother-in-law of Sir Adolphe Caron, having married in 1879 Miss Corinne Caron, daughter of the late Hon. R. C. Caron, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

Catholic Truth Society.

At the last regular meeting of the Cathedral Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—Resolved that this Society place on record its hearty thanks to Rev. Father Slevin, S.J., for the masterly address, "Lay Action in the Church," delivered under the auspices of this Society in the Cathedral on the evening of the 7th inst.

Resolved that this Society express its sincere sorrow at the death of a brother of our fellow-member, Mr. T. B. Winterberry, and pray our Heavenly Father to bring consolation to him and the other bereaved members of the family.

A. O. H.

At a special meeting of Division 3, for the purpose of making arrangements for the funeral of our late Brother James Kelly, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—Resolved that wherever it has pleased Almighty God to take into Himself Mr. James Kelly, a worthy member of this Division; Resolved that Division 3 do hereby tender to our Brother and other members of the family their sincere sympathy in the loss of so good a father from his family;

That a copy be sent to the family of deceased and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and RECORD.
HUGH MCCABREY, Sec'y of Div. 3 A.O.H., Toronto.
Awful Railway Accident.
Ottawa, July 12.—Thirty-one persons were killed last evening on an excursion train which was derailed at a freight trestle, Iowa, 35 miles east of this city.

THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

The Belfast Corporation and the Catholic... Antrim.

A most determined suicide occurred in a street of Cromac street, Belfast. A woman named Margaret Connor, aged fifty-three years, while alone in the house, shot her throat.

A syndicate is financing off the approaches to the Glens Causeway. It is contemplated to erect two large gates with the object of preventing parties landing from boats.

The Orange saturnalia of July was ushered in on Belfast on July 1st by a number of bands, which paraded some of the principal streets playing party tunes, and attended by more or less boisterous aggressive crowds.

No disturbances took place, but the police were exceptionally vigilant. In a number of provincial towns and villages similar parades were held by the "brotherhood" on the 1st of July.

In Bessbrook in the early morning groups of "loyalists" paraded the streets indulging in party expressions. On their way through the town they smashed the windows in the houses of several Catholic inhabitants.

At Belfast on June 29th J. J. Mullin, the champion long distance runner of Ireland, fairly put the seal upon his already great reputation by beating George Crossland for the second out of three times.

There is no need to descant upon Mullin's previous performances, for they are well known to those who take any interest in athletics, and it is equally unnecessary to refer to Crossland's brilliant record, suffice it to say that Mullin is perhaps the best long distance runner Ireland has ever possessed.

While Crossland is generally considered the best man in England at the present time. Of this, indeed, there is little doubt, for he has recently beaten his only serious rival, Bacon, three times in succession, so that Mullin having now beaten Crossland twice out of three times, may very fairly claim to be the best man in the kingdom at the present time.

At the meeting of the Belfast Corporation on July 1st, Alderman Lawther moved the adoption of the minutes of the Council in committee approving of the Belfast Corporation Bill.

Councillor Johnston said they could not shut eyes to the fact that two-thirds of the public of Belfast did not approve of the bill as it now stood, and to the way in which the waste had been mapped out. The citizens were not satisfied with the action of that committee in jerry-mandering the wards as they have done.

Councillor Bell said he had no idea of giving his sanction to the action of the committee that went to London. Councillor John McCormick said this matter was brought before the Council in committee. He was prepared to vindicate himself before the public of Belfast for anything he had done in that matter.

On July 8th a public meeting of the Catholic entrepreneurs was held at the Armagh Catholic Reading Room. The purpose for which the meeting was convened was to consider what action they should take in connection with the proposed Municipal Corporation Bill.

Mr. Patrick Lavery proposed the following resolution, which was carried: That the committee be empowered to take any steps to obtain from the Municipal Council any part of the forthcoming Municipal Bill that may be for the benefit of Catholics in Armagh.

At a meeting of tenant farmers held at the Diamond, near Portadown, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: That we record our disappointment with the Government Land Bill, which totally fails to meet the just claims of tenant farmers.

When opening the assizes at Ennis Mr. Justice Murphy remarked on the peaceful state of the County. Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has engaged a suite of rooms at the Royal Golf Hotel, Lahinch, County Clare, for himself and Lady Betty Balfour, with a party of fifteen, where they intend sojourning for the month of July.

It was understood that Mr. T. B. Gillis, manager of the Munster and Leinster Dairy, Dame street, Dublin, has been appointed general Manager and Secretary in the room of the late Mr. Fitzgibbon.

On July 1st a meeting of representative farmers of North Derry and Antrim was held in the large hall of the Temperance Club, Coleraine, to take into consideration the new Land Bill and its relation to the present state of the country.

The annual distribution of prizes to successful students at St. Columba's College, Derry, was held in the Assembly Room of the college on June 27th. There was a large and representative attendance of clergy and laity.

Reviewing the progress of the fishing industry during the past quarter The Freeman's Journal says that Ireland cannot claim to have had a very prosperous year. There is not much to be said in favour of the industry of Galway Bay.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, held ordinations recently in the new College Church, Maynooth. The following have been ordained to the priesthood: Rev. David Dinien, Cloyne; Rev. Edmund Corbett, Galway; Rev. Laurence Brophy, Kildare; Rev. Thomas Maloney, Ossory; Rev. Patrick Keaveny, Tuam; Rev. John M'Sweeney, Cork; Rev. James Murphy, Cork; Rev. Patrick Rehilly, Kilmoree.

On July 8th the Dublin Oil and Grease Works, the property of Mr. Lo Broquie, Clanwilliam place, which is situated outside the city boundary at Ringend was destroyed by fire.

The Fresham Hotel for some weeks past has been the abode of many old friends of the stirring days of thirty years ago. Since his release from prison he has been living in New York.

On June 27th the fourth annual competition of the Dublin School Chorus was brought to an agreeable and satisfactory conclusion. The prizes awarded on the results of these contests have been provided by the Corporation of Dublin, and the funds are administered under regulations made by the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

On July 1st a shooting and sensational accident occurred at Bootstown, resulting in very serious injuries to two cyclists. A young man named Collins, and a companion were riding on bicycles on the road near Bootstown and collided with an electric train.

The launching of the new mail steamer Ulster for the City of Dublin Steampacket Company is an event of very great importance, and marks a new era in the steamer service between Ireland and England.

On July 1st a number of the 18th Hussars, at present stationed in Dundalk, ran amuck through the town, breaking windows, injuring property, and assaulting everyone with whom they came in contact.

At Maryborough Quarter Sessions Joseph Porter, of Luggacoreen, a well-known emergency man, was indicted on a charge of having on the 30th May assaulted Eliza Brennan, wife of Wm. Brennan. He was sentenced to 12 months imprisonment.

An important meeting of the shareholders in the proposed co-operative bacon factory was held on July 3rd in Castlereagh. There was a large and influential attendance of shareholders.

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Mary's, wrote to the local poor law board a letter, asking the guardian to represent to the Valuation Office the excessive tax of £260 that had been put on the Bowyer Convent, which, under any circumstances, was enormously high, and was three times as high as the letting value, which was the standard followed by the Valuation Office in making assessments.

Amid a scene of great brilliancy the "Thomond" Bazaar was opened on July 1st. All the morning the streets of the city were gay with equipages and the bright and fantastic costumes of the stall-holders hastening to take up their places.

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frantic opposition by the idea that an attempt was being made to stop the expenditure of the School Boards on the attack the progress of education. We ought not therefore to allow our causes to be in any way bound up with provisions which can be so interpreted.

England. The Appeal of a Birmingham Alderman. Mr. John Dillon M.P. has given for publication the following important letter he has received from Alderman Maunter, Chairman of the Birmingham Watch Committee, with reference to the case of the prisoners now in Portland.

Dear Sir:—I see by this morning's paper another effort is being made to secure the release of Irish convicts in English prisons. I have written to the Home Office for nine years I have striven to the utmost my power to obtain justice for Irish and for other convicts who remain in our prisons until the two men receive compensation for the grievous wrong inflicted on them.

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Scotland. St. Peter's, Aberdeen. On Sunday last a handsome new altar (the gift of two deceased pious ladies of Aberdeen) was brought into use for the first time.

The Rev. Father Joyce, a native of Peebles has just been ordained in the Scots College in Rome, and after a short residence in the Eternal City he will return to the Glasgow archdiocese.

Catholic Procession in Pittsburgh. Father Lund, S. J. Glasgow, conducted a Retreat for the congregation of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, during his recent visit in Glasgow and Edinburgh during his stay in the district. His Lordship was formerly secretary in Glasgow to Archbishop Fyfe.

Had Suffered From Heart Trouble and Liver Complaint, Which Wrecked His Nervous System—Is Now as Well as Ever. From the Carleton Place Herald.

Truth, it is said, is sometimes stranger than fiction, and in no way has this phrase been better exemplified than in the plain unvarnished statement of Mrs. W. H. Edwards, of Carleton Place, to a reporter of the Carleton Place, Ont. News. Mrs. Edwards is well known in this town, having lived here for nearly twenty-five years.

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE. CONVEYING WORDS OF HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED. Had Suffered From Heart Trouble and Liver Complaint, Which Wrecked His Nervous System—Is Now as Well as Ever.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills made pure rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ill-suffering mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restores the vitality almost.

A knowledge of the forms of courtesy is less essential than the practice of its facts. Mother-wit is keeping the waters smooth as possible where your own barque passes over the stream.

THE HORROR—nobest of the brute creation—when suffering from inflammation, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTROLYTE OIL. Lardaceous swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

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A TERRIBLE RECONNOISSANCE.

[A STORY FOR BOYS IN THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.]

While the surveys for the Great Northern Railway were being made in Montana, the chief engineer ordered two sturdy young Scotch Canadians, Alexander Stuart and Donald Mac Tavish, to leave camp on the Two Medicine River and make a reconnaissance, or preliminary examination, between Marius River and the Flat-head River.

Their instructions stated that they would be met on the main fork of the Flathead by a party of engineers under Aleck Stuart's brother, well furnished with supplies. Hence the young men carried nothing except their blankets, small axes and knives, with matches, pork, hardtack and tea for four days' journey. They expected to get through in three days.

But the forest soon proved to be of extraordinary density, and though they put themselves on half rations on the second day, they had not a morsel to eat on the evening of the sixth night, when they reached a stream which they supposed to be the Flathead.

They now lost a whole day, first in attempts to catch fish without bait, then in searching for bait. Knowing that fish bite well at the white grubs often found in decaying trees, they split seven fallen trunks without finding one grub. With their caps they caught two large spotted butterflies and a dragon fly, all of which the fish took off the hooks.

Frantic with hunger and disappointment, MacTavish proposed to cut a strip out of the skin of his breast and put it on for bait, but Stuart persuaded him to refrain from submitting himself to the loss of blood.

On the eighth day they tried to make their way down-stream, but found the thickets and windfalls of the shore almost impassable to men in their weakened condition. About noon they began to build a raft, and embarked on it next morning, the ninth day, when they had been sixty hours without any food, after six previous days on half rations.

The mountain stream to which they committed themselves was very swift and cold; their raft was quite uncontrollable by the poles they had cut; they could do nothing but hold on to the withes with which they had bound their logs together. Time and again they were nearly scraped off the raft by overhanging trees, and frequently they bumped against boulders in rapids.

About noon, on smoothly turning a bend in the river, they saw a cloud of mist about a quarter of a mile down-stream and heard the low roar of a great fall. Now they gave themselves up as lost.

Above the fall the river broke into a rapid. This carried the men down almost to the brink, when their raft shot into an eddy so violently that it went under and they went off among tree-trunks, bark, branches and all the rubbish the eddy carried round and round.

Fortunately they were in shallow water. Without much difficulty they waded ashore, and sank down exhausted.

unmistakable, for they pointed to their mouths and stomachs; they picked twigs and fletched to chew them; they sank to the ground and lay as if dead to show their exhaustion.

Soon half a dozen hardtack flew barely across the stream, and as many more fell into the eddy. Then four small pieces of bacon landed safely. On these provisions Aleck and Donald broke their long fast, while his brother was devising a way of getting quickly across the stream.

He tied a stone to a fish-line and flung it with all his strength, but the line so recoiled that it fell into the eddy. Three times this occurred. Then Aleck said: "Donald, we just exactly have to wade out and try to catch the stone."

"Aye, just that," said Donald. "But what if the eddy takes the feet from under us and carries us into the current?" "Then we'll go over the fall."

"Aye, will we? But what else can we do?" "With that they put their hands on each other's shoulders and entered the water, beckoning with their free hands to signify that Jack Stuart should try another throw."

"Go back! Go back!" he yelled to them. "Wait a bit. We're making a bow and arrow." They could clearly hear his words on the breeze. Back they went and lay down side by side, watching. Both were aware that a strong bow could quickly knock a small fir tree in the course of the next half-hour a rude arrow flew across and carried with it the heavy fishing-line.

On this they hauled till it brought them a light rope, which was, in its turn, attached to one that seemed heavy enough to carry a man traveling hand over hand.

They tied this rope firmly to the trunk of a tree. Then the men on the other side pulled it as taut as they thought safe for its strength, and secured it firmly on the bluff.

"Can you come across now?" shouted Jack Stuart. Aleck and Donald shook their heads. Not only were they much weakened by hunger, but the rope slanted slowly upward from their side to the other. It would be easier for some one to cross on the down slant than them.

Soon Jack Stuart undertook the adventure. Over one shoulder and under the other he carried a tump-line, or long leather carrying strap. It consisted of a tin pail with dry tea inside, a package of hot beans from the recent dinner, a loaf of "salt-rising" bread and a piece of boiled pork—the best rations the camp afforded.

As the athletic young engineer seized the rope and came on hand over hand, Aleck and Donald observed its sagging with anxiety. By the time Jack had come half-way across the stream his toes were in the water. Ten yards farther and his knees were in. The rapid raced around his legs and flew up in white crests, but still he came on.

falls, while still they gazed at the rapid to see where their young chief would come up. He astonished them all by coming up in the middle of the eddy, and coolly wading ashore through the driftwood.

"Why, Jack, man, how on earth?" cried Aleck, tottering to his brother. "How on earth what? How did I get into the eddy? Why, I hung on to this end of the rope, and of course the current swung me in. But I had a close shave. Well, you are a pair of egotists. And I'm afraid the bread is spoiled."

He took the bag from his shoulders and opened it. The bread was wet, but there was a large, dry piece in its centre. The tin pail had not lost its cover, and the tea was perfectly dry. The boiled pork was none the worse for the water.

Jack took his power match-box from his pocket, started a fire, and soon gave the wanderers a comforting cup of tea with toasted bread.

"But how are you going to get back, Jack? And what are we to do?" "Do, man! Why, you're going across the river with me. Where? Why, below the falls. I've got a raft down there on smooth water."

"Why didn't you come across down there?" "Because I was in a hurry to reach you, seeing you starving. And who'd have imagined the rope would sag like that?"

Before night fell they were all safe in camp, and Jack was laying out another reconnaissance for his brother and Donald as calmly as though their experience was nothing extraordinary.

Churches and Votes. To the Editor of The Globe: Sir,—The Catholic vote, the hierarchy and clerical intimidation are very much in evidence since the election.

The other day The Globe saw a private letter saying that 75 per cent. of the Catholic vote in a western constituency had changed over to the Conservative party within 18 hours before the election, and one item or another figures in the columns of that paper daily for our particular edification.

There is another side to the story, and another portion of the community to whom a special edition might be dedicated. The Conservative candidate in South Victoria belongs to the Methodist Church, and used it without any scruple. His speakers on the platform did not hesitate to urge the voter to mark his ballot against George McHugh because he was a Roman Catholic, and this was used most assiduously in private canvases. Two ministers of the Methodist Church in Montreal used their pulpits on the Sunday before the election to the same end, and on the day before polling-day Dr. Vrooman, in an address at Little Britain, reminded the people that not alone had he "healed their sick, but he had taught their little ones in the Sunday School." He "belonged to their church"; he "wanted them to vote for him, and against a Roman Catholic, who could go to confession to his priest, and get rid of all his obligations and promises to them as a man and citizen." And how did they answer him? The Reform Protestant Township of Mariposa, which was good for an average majority of 250 for the Reform candidate, wheeled about in response to his appeal, and gave George McHugh the paltry majority of 88.

I am not quarrelling with their right to do this; but suppose the Roman Catholics of Quebec or in many an Ontario constituency had behaved in a similar way. Why, we would have been doing the same thing to them as a man and citizen. And how did they answer him? The Reform Protestant Township of Mariposa, which was good for an average majority of 250 for the Reform candidate, wheeled about in response to his appeal, and gave George McHugh the paltry majority of 88.

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THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto.

A GOOD WASH BOARD. EDDY'S SOLID BACK GLOBE WASH BOARD. The E. B. Eddy Company, Ltd., Hull, Canada.

DR. JAS. LOFTUS, DENTIST. POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS. TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of July 1896, mail's close and are due as follows:

Dunn's Mustard. MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH BEER. Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard.

JAS. J. O'HEARN, PAINTING. TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO. RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS. Corporate and Lodge Seals of Every Description.

GAS STOVES. RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO. BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS.

Niagara River Line. FOUR TRIPS DAILY. STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON, ENGLAND, 1865.

TRY Robt. Powell, 336 YONGE STREET, Opposite Gould Street, GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS, &C. PHONE 1627.

SMOKE THE BEST GOLD POINT 5c. BOARD OF TRADE CIGARS. ROYAL CROWN The KING of 10c Cigars.

SPILLING BROS., SOLE MANUFACTURERS, 137 JARVIS STREET. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK.

Church Pipe Organs. EDWARD LYE & SONS, TORONTO. SEND FOR LIST OF ORGANS AND TESTIMONIALS.

TORONTO GRANITE CO. LTD. MONUMENTS. We are now offering special inducements to building contractors before moving to our new premises, 144, 170 YONGE STREET.

Headache Relieved. Why suffer from this most distressing ailment when nature has provided a remedy so safe, simple and sure as St. Leon Mineral Water, which thoroughly cleanses and regulates the system.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (LIMITED), 101 KING STREET WEST. ARTISTS COLORS.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Wholesale Agents for CANADA, MONTREAL. TORONTO RAILWAY CO. Service of Cars into the Parks.

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT 10

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Matter intended for the Register should be so addressed, and must arrive not later than Monday of each week to insure publication.

Agents - P. M. Macdonald and W. B. Ross

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- July 16 - Our Lady of Mount Carmel. 17 - St. Leo IV. 18 - St. Camillus of Lellis. 19 - St. Symon and Iudas. 20 - St. Jerome. 21 - St. Alexis. 22 - St. Mary Magdalene.

Coburn, "the boy preacher," and Dr. Garman, "the excitable old man," are both at it again.

In the new Administration at Ottawa the Protestants of Quebec have three representatives and the Catholics of the Dominion...

The Globe - In the Thompson Ministry there were six Catholics in the Cabinet, and five in the Tupper Ministry.

Mr. Morley has alluded to the helpless British Conservative party as a "stranded whale." It is evident that Joe Chamberlain is the John in the whale's belly.

The Pope's Encyclical Letter on the Unity of the Church, which some Catholics have published in a manner that might lead the reader to think he had before him the complete text, takes up eight solid columns of the blanketed sheet English papers.

Mr. Jeremiah McManis, Treasurer of the Guelph Catholic Union, writing to renew the subscription of that excellent organization to THE REGISTER, says: "Wishing your intelligent, pure and independent journal further progress."

The press of Canada has accepted the assurances of the Republican press in the United States that the Free Silver men are lunatics. If this be so it follows that many of the world's great men of today, among them Mr. A. J. Balfour and the Archbishop of Dublin, who are Bimetallists, must be crazy.

The number of "Christian Scientists" getting into trouble continues to increase. A Hamilton jury have now recommended the Crown Attorney to prosecute a practitioner named Mrs. Wilson of that city.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston having last week gone to England for their annual holiday were received by the Queen and other members of the royal family, and by officials of all sorts, as well as by the people themselves with remarkable kindness.

The incidents related of the Bostonians' visit to Windsor Castle include one pretty story. The ladies of the party believing that the knives used by them at the luncheon belonged to royalty, were determined to appropriate them for a private consideration with the waiters.

The World newspaper which has been all along proving itself well-informed concerning the influences Mr. Laurier had to reckon with in getting together his Cabinet, announced on Monday that Mr. J. K. Kerr of Toronto had undertaken a mission to Ottawa to oppose the principle of representation for the Eng-

lish-speaking Catholics of this province and that he had been successful. In formation conveyed to THE REGISTER through a private source confirmed the announcement in The World.

The decision of the Hybrid Committee of the House of Commons on the Perry Corporation Bill has been announced. It divides the city into five wards. In three of these wards the Orange-ism and the anti-Catholic agitation, which the Catholics asked was that the city be divided into six wards which would ensure equal representation in the Municipal Council.

Commenting upon the reported desertion of Mr. Blain's candidacy by representatives to the Democratic National Convention on account of the fact that the candidate's wife and children are Catholics, The Hamilton Herald says: "It is the melancholy fact that such considerations carry weight right here in Hamilton as well as at Democratic conventions in the United States."

The editor of a home paper is often in receipt of letters that are eloquent of the beauty and strength and steadfastness of the Christian character.

Last week we pointed out that in all the past governments of Canada down to the regime of the "nest of traitors," there had been at least two English-speaking Catholics in the Cabinet. Under Mr. Laurier there will be but one. Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick of Quebec, who has received the Solicitor-Generalship is a thoroughly capable and representative man.

This is a matter for Catholics without respect to party to look to. The Conservatives began the thing after the death of Sir John Thompson, and it is now evident that the Liberals are nothing loath to seize the advantage of a temporary condition which spans into existence in a cabal and could not have been continued in a strong Conservative government.

Elsewhere we publish the names of those who have been honored with office in Mr. Laurier's Administration. An analysis of the new Cabinet shows that the following plan of representation has been carried out:

Catholic French-Canadians - Messrs Laurier, Premier and President of the Council, J. J. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, and C. A. Geoffroin, without portfolio.

French-Canadian Protestant - Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, Comptroller of Inland Revenue.

Quebec English-Speaking Protestants - Messrs Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and R. R. Dobell, without portfolio.

Ontario Protestants - Sir Oliver Mowat, Minister of Justice; Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Mr. William Paterson, Comptroller of Customs, Mr. W. Mulock, Postmaster-General.

English-Speaking Catholics - Mr. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, and Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General, without a seat in the Cabinet.

Maritime Provinces - Messrs L. H. Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia; A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals.

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lish-speaking Catholics of this province and that he had been successful. In formation conveyed to THE REGISTER through a private source confirmed the announcement in The World.

These facts should make it clear to the Catholics of Ontario that unless they go out to work up some morning and find their claims ignored by both political parties, and a greedy machine working against them all the time, they had better unite the next time they demand that their rights shall be respected by a Federal Government.

England's control of the gold supply appears to have affected the United States more ruinously than other countries. Money has been diminishing to such an extent in the United States as to produce yearly paucities in the commercial world, and send the Government at Washington borrowing periodically of the bankers in London.

These conflicting parties met in a deadly struggle in the Democratic Convention at Chicago. No one imagined that the Free Silverites were as strong as they proved themselves the opening day of the Convention.

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The United States Money Struggle

The platform agreed upon by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago on July 8th, and the choice of the Party candidate for the Presidency made on July 10th, are already subjects of world-wide attention.

At the outset let us take a glance at the condition of things for a long time prevailing in the United States. Workshops have been closed on every hand, farms have everywhere been abandoned, the army of the unemployed has become a danger to society, debt has rendered every class discontented.

turned out and the Tariff reformers were told to try their hand.

Last month the Republicans met in St. Louis and once more decided to return to high Protection and with that end in view nominated McKinley as their Presidential candidate.

We will explain as briefly as we can the history of currency of the United States. But first it may be necessary to give a popular and comprehensive definition of the term Bimetallism.

Since 1873 one metal has been generally accepted and the other rejected. The United States had Bimetallism till the civil war. The system was then abandoned for paper money.

We have shown that since 1873 silver has been generally rejected. It is a fact that since that year prices all the world over have steadily declined.

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These conflicting parties met in a deadly struggle in the Democratic Convention at Chicago.

We declare that the act of 1873 demonizing silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people has resulted in the appreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the price of commodities produced by the people; a heavy increase

in the burden of taxation, and of all debts, public and private; the enrichment of the money-lending class at home and abroad; the prostration of industry and the impoverishment of the people.

We are unalterably opposed to mono-metallic, which has locked fast the property of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times.

The Convention brought face to face with the paramount difficulty of fixing a ratio between gold and silver took the bull by the horns so to speak and put the following declaration on record:

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

We are opposed to the policy and practice of surrendering to the holders of the obligations of the United States the option reserved by law to the Government of redeeming such obligations in either silver coin or gold coin.

With regard to the question of ratio it may be said that the Royal Commission of 1886 reported that in France, notwithstanding the changes in the production and use of the precious metals, Bimetallism kept the market price of silver approximately fixed at the ratio of 15 1/2 to 1.

The war declared upon the banks and money-lenders is a more serious matter, and concerning this we will say a word later on.

The sensation of the Convention was its choice of a candidate for the presidency. The candidate is William J. Bryan of Nebraska, a lawyer 36 years of age.

Mr. Bryan's speech expelled the Democrats of New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania from the National party. The representatives of these states intend, it is said, to name a presidential candidate of their own.

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Already Wall street has threatened the revolution; already it has declared that it has the power to coerce both the people and their representatives. It hints that it is the real ruler of the

farmers who are mortgaged and of the wage earners who are dependent upon capital for their bread; that it can produce such a panic as will give pause to the most reckless reformers of the money system.

In any event standards and values will be tossed about upon the stormy sea of the money struggle in the United States for some years to come. This will drive English investors into Canada and other countries.

The National Convention.

Three cheers for Ottawa! It is a noble delegation the Capital City has selected to attend the great convention of the Irish race.

The speech delivered by the Irish leader at the last meeting of the Irish National Federation in Dublin, which we republish in this issue of THE REGISTER, is inspired by the already assured success of the Convention.

Let Canada do her full share to ensure the one condition which Mr. Dillon truthfully declares now stands between Ireland and self government, that is the reunion of the Irish people and their representatives.

Falling On Degenerate Days.

Twelfth of July oratory in Toronto was remarkable chiefly for the wealth and redundancy of its allusions to history and lilies. These were naturally considered safe subjects.

Well may the brethren turn once more to propitiate the spirit of King William by recalling all that they fancy to be glorious, pious and immortal in the memory of him to whom they say:

All good Orangemen, who prove th rule of not praying to the Saints by making an exception of King William, remember the hymn. Like the modern Greeks, who "have the Pyrrhic dance as yet," the loyal Orangemen of the year of grace 1896 have their "Protestant airs" sure enough; nor do they permit us to forget those dulcet lilies.

Ireland Under the Union.

Last week we called attention to the report that has been presented to Her Majesty by the Royal Commission appointed to consider the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland under the Union and the taxable capacity of the two countries.

To begin at the beginning it is necessary to go back to the pre-Union pledges of Mr. Pitt, Lord Castlereagh and others; because one of the most shameful features of the report is the fact that the treaty of Union was absolutely and flagrantly disregarded in all its fiscal provisions.

Such promises were multiplied before the Union. The war debt of Britain at that time was in itself an insuperable difficulty to the Union. It rendered common taxes impossible, and it was only upon the most express provisions of the Treaty and Act of Union that common taxation would not take place until the British debt had been reduced to the ratio of 15 to 2 to the Irish debt, in other words in the proportion of their contributions, that the Union was carried.

It the pre-Union debt came into the ratio of 15 to 2, then (subject to certain conditions to be observed by Parliament) the system of contribution by fixed proportions might be superseded by that of equal taxes imposed on the same articles. The prescribed contribution was never made. The post-Union debt was divided into separate debts of each country, contrary to the Treaty and Acts, and was added to the pre-Union debt of each country; the totals thus made up were compared, and several years after the time when those totals were held to have arrived at the ratio of 15 to 2, the proportional system of contribution was discontinued, and the system of common taxes was established.

We will now see how the condition of Ireland responded to the operation of a flagrantly violated statute. At the end of the first sixteen years (1801-17) when the revenue of Ireland was turned into the common Exchequer, the revenue had been forced up by incessant increase of taxes to five times what Lord Castlereagh had fixed as the heaviest burden that could reasonably be imposed upon Ireland.

The next succeeding period of sixteen years (1817-33) was marked towards its close in 1819 by the loss of the British market for cereals through Corn Law repeal, the failure of the potato crop, the consequent great famine, and the beginning of an unparalleled emigration.

In the next term of 16 years (1833-1865), Ireland, recovering slowly from effects of the famine, lost one-third of her population, and had a difficult struggle with the changed conditions of industry resulting from the repeal of the Corn Laws while Great Britain continued to make uninterrupted progress in population, and still more rapid advance in wealth.

But so contrary in Great Britain and Ireland respectively has been the proportion of taxation during the century to the state of resources in the several periods that the British rate of taxation per head, which at the Union, as has been shown, was £3, and during the succeeding war reached an average of close upon £5 per annum, is now but £2 4s 10d, whilst the Irish rate per head, which from 1782 to 1793 was about 4s, at the Union 10s, and during the post-Union war on the average 14s 6d, is now no less than £1 8s 10d.

The portion of the report dealing with the present relative taxable capacity of Great Britain and Ireland, that is to say what portion of the burden of imperial taxation should be borne by each, is certainly striking. The principle of equality of taxation adopted is as laid down by Bonham, Mill and Sir Robert Giffen. The principle is a word in this: That a poor population has necessarily a smaller taxable surplus in proportion to its gross income than a rich population. The one has hardly a margin after deducting a sum sufficient for decent living; the other has a large margin. Applying this principle to the case of Great Britain and Ireland we find that the present income of Great Britain is estimated in evidence at certainly not less than 1,400 millions. The income of Ireland is not estimated at more than about 70 millions. Taking 35 millions in round numbers as the population of Great Britain, and 4 1/2 millions as the population of Ireland if the calculation of £12 per head for

subsidies be applied, the results are, in the first place, that the average income of the inhabitants of Great Britain is £14, and of the average Irishman £10; and in the second place, that the average residue of the inhabitant of Great Britain, after providing for subsistence, is 22% and of the Irishman only 11%. If taxation were imposed in the proportion of the average incomes, the Irishman would pay £1 for every 12 lbs paid by the inhabitant of Great Britain. But his residue being only £1 for every £7 of British residue, it follows, that, on the average, a system of taxation in proportion to incomes would take from the Irishman nearly three times as much, comparatively, as from the inhabitant of Great Britain, out of what each of them could afford to spare.

But this is not the whole of the story. The very limited surplus of Ireland is subjected to a wasting economic drain regarding which Mr. Murrugh O'Brien, one of the Irish Land Commissioners gave weighty evidence. Here is one item. For absentee rental he took as his basis of calculation a Parliamentary Paper issued in 1872. The return did not include superior rents, rent charges, or annuities. Mr. O'Brien has simply taken the figures given in the return as the rental paid by Ireland to absentee landlords of rural properties—£2,470,816—and has added a similar proportion of the rental of urban properties, £960,900. No addition is made for the great increase of absenteeism since 1872, or for the considerable proportion of large Irish incomes expended in Great Britain by persons who cannot be classed as absentees.

The whole financial situation at present is reviewed in tables of figures which we need not enter into here; but broadly viewed, the situation shows that, after allowance has been made for the cost of the mere necessities of life upon a scale as meagre as civilization will allow, the whole of the Irish balance is consumed by Imperial and local taxation, and by the economic drain from Ireland of value for which she receives, either no return at any time, or, at least, no immediate benefit.

A few figures may however be extracted. At the time of the Union Irish capital was estimated at 568 millions. At the present time it is, according to Sir Robert Giffen, not more than 400 millions. In the same period British capital has increased from 1,500 millions to 10,000 millions. After capital let us look at labor. According to Sir Robert Giffen again the average income of the wage-earner in Ireland is about half, or little more than half, of the average income of the wage-earner in the United Kingdom, and even allowing the proportions of people in the prime of life in the two countries to be the same (whereas in fact the proportion is lower in Ireland), this would make the Irish share of wages such a proportion as would not materially affect the proportion derived from the income-tax assessment.

The only possible answer to the £2,000,000,000 a year, or £290,000,000 for the entire period of the Union is that the cost of administering Ireland is that of administering Great Britain. That Messrs. Blake, Sexton and Slattery answer:

It is quite true, however, that the present cost of administering Ireland is very excessive, as may be seen by reference to the corresponding expenditure in any country with which Ireland can fairly be compared. But it is also true, and the fact is not denied, that the excessive cost of government in Ireland is due to the circumstance of Imperial administration. Such administration is unduly costly, because it is Imperial, and therefore tends to approximate in expenditure to the British scale; it is also costly, because it administers laws and policy derived from an external source, and therefore is vastly more expensive than a government founded on domestic support, and consequently acceptable to the people.

For this flagrant evil of wasteful and disproportionate expenditure there is but one remedy, the removal of its cause, and the cause will not be removed till the duty is cast upon Ireland of conducting and providing for her own affairs. In that regard Great Britain would be saved from the loss which a longer continuance of the present system is certain to entail. It would, therefore, be reasonable and just to regard being laid to the heavy taxation of Ireland since the Union, and to the difficulty of making a sufficient reduction in the actual cost of government for a very considerable time, as being in effect a continuing charge so burdensome in relation to her means, should, for a period, be exempted from contribution to the expenditure of that cost, which cause some augmentation of her resources.

Reflections on the Ballot Box Frauds.

The high minded political partisans of Ontario made a great outcry when the Quebec hierarchy issued a joint letter to their people before the elections drawing attention to the solemnity of the ballot and the grave duty of the voter, which should put him on his guard against "perjury, intemperance, lying, calumny and violence."

Here is the fruit of the partisan spirit. And because the Bishops of the Catholic Church are accustomed to warn their people against the poison of that spirit the partisans took offence.

In the late election Protestant ministers vied with their laymen as religious and political partisans. In that character there seemed to have been no danger of a conflict between them.

Mr. Hugh O'Leary Q. C., Lindsay, writing to The Globe, gives some remarkable evidence of the unanimity in partisanship between the Methodist ministers and the Methodist laymen in the South Victoria contest.

Sunday Cars.

The Presbyterian Review pleads strongly for "a quick and effective awakening on the part of the Christian element in the community" to the re-opened prospect of Sunday cars in Toronto. With what nice discernment our Presbyterian contemporaries limit the "Christian element" to the opponents of Sunday cars!

The Presbyterian Review makes allusion to The Star's Sunday car campaign, and to the letters, manufactured on the premises, appearing in that paper. We quite agree that the popular need of Sunday cars is not likely to be helped by any advocacy of the cause which The Star is likely to be best. The Presbyterian Review is right when it calls this sort of thing "a harmless flash-in-the-pan movement."



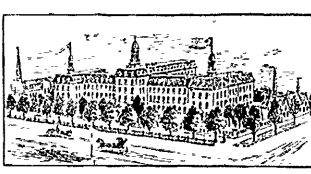
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TEACHER WANTED. WANTED—A Teacher for Roman Catholic Separate School, Whitby, duties to commence after summer vacation.

DEATHS. NOLAN—On Sunday, July 12, at 51 Napier street, Toronto, Dorothea Howard, beloved wife of Denis Nolan, aged 28 years.

CHAT WITH THE CHILDREN.

Oh, what do you think the angels say? Said the children up in heaven... "There's a dear little girl sitting home to-day..."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

There is a beautiful story told of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, which shows that when she was a child she had the nursing instinct strongly developed.

THE FIGHT OF THE HORSE AND THE HEN.

A Dexter (Maine) gentleman claims to have seen a battle between a horse and a hen recently. More oddly matched contestants can scarcely be thought of.

WITH MINT SAUCE.

Mary had a little lamb, And 'twas so very nice. She passed her plate again: "Please, ma'am, I'll take another slice."

MRS. BECHER-STOWE.

Of Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she died the other day it cannot be said that her literary gifts were precocious.

FARM AND GARDEN.

It is hardly wise to sow grass seeds, and certainly not clover, at this late time of the year. The winter will probably kill the young and insuflantly rooted plants, and the seed and labor will be lost.

Seed which may be safely covered three inches deep, the seed sprouts at that depth, and the spire reaching the surface throws out new roots there, from which the stools grow and cause the plant to thicken so that several stems will proceed from the same root.

The death of the current leaves is due to the presence in them of a small insect, which burrows in them under the surface thus eating away the inner part of the leaf and leaving it faded and withered.

Bones are very hard and tough, and need a strong milk, with heavy power to grind them small enough to be used on the land. But there is a simple process of softening them, in this way.

The largest strawberry grown at the present time is that known as the Agriculturist. This was introduced twenty years ago, and under good culture is quite as good as at the first.

For all sorts of vegetable enemies this other remedy is to be used. This is some acid substance by which the delicate tissues of the fungi (they all belong to this tribe of almost invisible plants) are destroyed.

Apples are treated for the leaf rust and fruit scab. All other plants are treated for any kind of rust or blight by which the foliage is attacked.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. Wilder, J.P., Lafarville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, which all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used."

FREE TO MEN. Any man who is weak or run down can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Wit is the power to say what every body would have said if he had thought of it. The tomahawk is about the only thing that can stand upright, and at the same time lie on its face.

What are the most unsovable things in the world? Milestones, for you never see two of them together. During the winter the hen may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.

Higbee: "There goes a man who takes things as he finds them." Robbins: "A philosopher?" Higbee: "No, a rhapsodist." "What makes you think he is a philosopher?" "Because he has a scheme in his head for navigating the air."

Young Duff: "I never talk about things that I do not understand." Old Ruf: "Really? You must be the most reticent young man in the city." Jinkbobs: "You complain of the expense of a typewriter—why don't you have your wife to do it?" Henpeck: "I can't dictate to my wife."

Mrs. Musieus: "Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully?" Miss Frankly: "Yes; especially with the neighbours."

Mr. Elwell: "Isn't it strange, but true, nevertheless, that the biggest fools always marry the prettiest girls?" Mrs. Elwell: "Oh, now, go on your flatterer."

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed, and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

Dick: "You know that feller workin' in shaft 17 who was always kickin' for a raise?" Mick: "Yes." Dick: "Well, he kicked over a can of dynamite to-day, and got it."

French Waiter (in London restaurant to Yabsley, who has been trying to make himself understood in bill of fare French): "If ze gentleman will talk ze language vot he was born in, I vill very mooch better understood."

"I will follow you to the utmost ends of the earth!" hissed the villain. "No you won't," said the heroine, calmly. "Why won't I?" queried the villain, aghast at her coolness. "Because I'm not going there," she replied.

"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize anyone, and what I desire the subject to do he does." "See here, professor," said the little tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent. on all the money you can hypnotize out of my customers."

In an English graveyard in China there is a stone to a well known hotel-keeper, the epitaph on which, after giving the name, age, etc., winds up with: "Erected by the guests staying at the hotel, as a tribute of respect. They will be done."

Taper: "I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend." Mr. Gingham: "It must be a very dear friend indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?" Taper: "Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

"I took a tramp through the mountains last summer," said Miss Gaswell, who—er—didn't you take me instead?" asked the young man. "Take you instead?" asked the girl, bewildered. "Yaas—instead of the tramp, doncher know. I think he'd be but a poor companion."

DOMESTIC READING.

Need of charity teaches charity's value. Even the honest man has use for a knowledge of dishonesty. Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it?

Every noble crowd is, and on earth will for ever be, a crown of thorns. There is no more dangerous disease than wanting to get rich in a hurry.

Calumny and Detraction are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. Dr. Huxley used to say: "close study prolonged a man's life, by keeping him out of harm's way."

If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures.—R. W. Emerson. False-speaking is a vice of character which draws to itself as allies and confederates all the other weaknesses of man.

Never part without loving words to think of during absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.—Richter. Ah! there is no telling, but perhaps we might not see quite so recklessly if we would only bear the reaping-time in mind.—Christian Reid.

The commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after.—Hawthorne.

The true greatness of man consists not in the extent of his wealth, nor in the beauty of his person, but in the majesty of his intellect and the purity of his moral nature.

The soul is the breath of God, the beauty of man, the wonder of angels, and the envy of devils. The soul is a greater miracle in a man than all the miracles wrought among men.

Ambition indulged in abstinently is a source of power, used inordinately, is a source of unreasoning intoxication and loss of that honor which smooths the rugged path of existence.

To the heart there are no insignificant covets; it magnifies all things; it puts in the same balance the fall of an empire and the fall of a woman's glove, and oftentimes the glove outweighs the empire.

The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than let it mastery over us.

Were it conceivable that the angels in Heaven could envy us, it would certainly be because we mortals are capable of suffering for God, and through our suffering showing our love for Him.—Emmy Giehl.

We are never more disappointed with others than when we are disappointed with ourselves. The consciousness of wrong-doing makes us irritable, and our heart, in its cunning, quarrels with what is outside it in order that it may deafen the clamor within.

How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying, familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he now does, would have saved him from the calamity. The world is for ever lowering the heavenly life of the Church. If there ever was an age in which this was true, it is the present. One of the most frightening features of our condition is that we are so little frightened of the world. The world itself has brought this about.—Father Faber.

THE VIOLIN'S STORY.

It had such a curious way of telling its story, this old Itallian violin! At first, when it began to speak, the listener could only hear vague sounds which trembled and moaned indistinctly; but ever and again there arose a whole wave of harmonies, which formed themselves into words which were comprehended by some, but not by all, for the high and most beautiful things in the world need translation before they can be understood by the commonplace. It is only the nightingales that understand what it is that the nightingales sing.

But at last he heard one word—Cremona—and, as they heard it, they caught a glimmering of what Cremona must have been in the by-gone, long-distant days, even before this violin had taken form. Cremona! city of music—city of love—of impassioned strains and long-drawn sighs—city of workers and toilers for the perfecting of instruments with which to make perfect music! That one word told of the soul these men had put into their art—yea, of the love they bore it. It was as if every string strung in the city of music vibrated with the sound of that one word—Cremona.

I was born at Cremona (said the violin). I would you could have seen our workshop. For centuries it had been the birthplace of the world-famed, world-admired violins. I myself am but a latter-day descendant of the old race, possessing none of the qualities of my ancestors save the accumulated knowledge that each true artist brings to the perfecting of his craft. Knowledge is the world's great inheritance—a patrimony that each son of the earth may enjoy.

But to return to the house where our workshop was: it was tall, many-storied, with high gables and narrow windows that overlooked a courtyard, in the centre of which stood a fountain, or rather a well; before the noisily beats and after the sun had gone down, the women used to come with their high arched pitchers and gossip and sing, awaiting their turn to fill: and the songs they sang floated in to us on the warm, perfumed air, and the violins learned them so that they knew music even before they were made. I tell you every particle of a violin must feel music within it, if the violin is to make it. It was such a pretty sight, this courtyard with its white, uneven flagstones, and its pot of oleanders and orange-trees, and the great vine crawling up the house-side like a sorried troop of lusty soldiers up a mountain-steeple. But women were needed to make the picture complete, and there were mostly women there, for besides those who came to fetch water, there were some who lived in the houses that formed three sides of the square courtyard, which had but one narrow egress.

These women were mostly washerwomen by profession, and their variegated clothes, hung out to dry in the wind, made a stir of life in the sleepy courtyard. Besides these, there was one other woman, the keeper of the fruit stall, and her fruits made a fine patch of color in the most shadowy corner.

Here it was that the apprentices, who were not always as eager to work as Messer Antonio, came to quench their thirst with the ripe luscious fruit, so temptingly displayed. I knew many of them, for it takes a long time for a violin to become matured, and it is of one of the apprentices I will tell the story.

It was in the beginning of June; the strong sun was shining as brightly as if it had not been shining ever since the world began. Messer Antonio, with his sleeves well tucked up, was putting a touch of varnish on a violin. He was so sunburnt that the golden varnish almost seemed to be of the same color as his long arms and his great hands that touched the violins so lightly and tenderly.

A woman was crossing the courtyard, tall and stately, with a dignified walk that seemed to give the lie to the peasant's dress she wore. A little child, hardly able to walk, was clinging to the shapely yet labor-marked hand. The little fingers closed so firmly round the mother's that it seemed that the child knew by the contract alone how great was the support the mother could give.

The woman looked up at our house, as if in bygone days she had known it well, scanning it narrowly as if to discover if it were indeed unaltered. She seemed irresolute and strangely timid. She hesitated a long time before she took courage to enter. It was the hour of noonday rest, and the apprentices had all dispersed. Messer Antonio alone remained working. He always loved to apply these cunning touches of his when he was quiet by himself: the idle chatter of his workmen, when he was young and giddy, disturbed him. He, having so great a reverence for his art, loved to practice while in the silence and alone, and I, for one, could not wonder at it.

I heard the woman's step on the stairs. I think she must have been carrying the little one, for I heard only one footfall; but at the threshold she paused, and I heard a sound as if the little one had been placed on his feet. Then the door opened and I felt a tremulous excitement creep over me; but Messer Antonio seemed to hear nothing, but worked on steadily, evidently much satisfied with his results, for there was a contented smile upon his face that meant, "It is well done."

The woman entered holding her child to her closely. She was pale under the sunburn of her cheeks, but she advanced quite steadily, and came within a yard of Messer Antonio. He looked up sulkily and gave a great start; the ruddy color forsook his face; he lo! his dear little violin in his fell with a clatter, and he gave a hoarse cry of "Maddalena!" but there was nothing soft, nothing pitiful in the cry: rather one would have said a curse than a cry.

She fell down on her knees, as the peasant woman do before the image of our Blessed Lady that stands at the corner of the courtyard, and stretched out her hands in supplication; but he neither spoke nor moved.

"Then—" "Father!" she cried appealingly. He looked at her angrily and the great veins of his forehead stood out like cords, and the hot, passionate blood mounted to his face, and he cried, roughly, "What do you do here?"

"Then she answered almost softly, "I crave forgiveness and mercy, father."

"I do not know them," he answered coldly and would have turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it towards him.

"Forgiveness for me, and mercy for my child," she said; but the little one, seeing its mother on her knees, plucked at her gown and looked defiantly at the man who was frightening her.

Messer Antonio turned an angry look upon the child, but in some wonderful fashion a little softening smile crept into the hard lines of his mouth.

"What do you do here?" he asked again, but a little less roughly. "Did I not bid you go with your accused husband, since you elected to wed him? I told you I would never look upon your face again. Is he dead, then, that you have come back to me?"

He said this so brutally, one would not have recognized Messer Antonio. "He is dead," she answered quietly, but with a great despair in her voice that made every word she uttered seem like a knife thrust. "Dead to me—he has left me!" "Left you?" "There was a fiendish gleam on Messer Antonio's face. "Left you—and you have come to me!"

"Listen," she said breathlessly, and rose from her knees and confronted her father. "Let me speak! I will confess at once that you were right and I was wrong. You told me he was a ne'er-do-well, a scoundrel, a beggar who married me because I was a rich man's daughter—and I, who loved him told you that you were right. He was all you said and more. He was so bad, so cowardly, so cruel, that my sole remaining desire is to be revenged on him!" (She stamped her foot, as if she could not express her anger sufficiently in any other way, and the great, passionate tears rained from her eyes.) "But I can do nothing! I am a helpless woman with a little child. Therefore I come to you: not on account of the love you have ceased to bear me, but for revenge. You were always revengeful, and I bring you Filippo. I give him to you! He is my darling; the apple of my eye; the very all of me; and I bring him to you to make of him my avenger. Do what you will with him. Here he is—but avenge me!"

She spoke in short, sharp breaths, panting with anger; but at the end she was exhausted herself. She would have fallen prone to the ground but that Messer Antonio caught her and laid her, not ungently, on the wooden bench which the apprentices used. He was silent for a moment, and stood with bent head, pondering over her words.

I do not think it was emotion that subdued him, but a little wonder at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"If this is the reason of your coming, Maddalena, you are welcome," he said at last.

This is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child came amongst us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay. "I do not come as a beggar," she answered Messer Antonio, when he spoke some words of protest at her departure, and she spoke with the self-reliant air that I knew so well in Messer Antonio. "I can work—I do work. I could not come back here and eat your bread when you had cursed me and bidden me begone from your presence; and"—with a sudden snarl of feeling that melted the rigid lines in her face—"I could not return here and live here, where I dreamt my girlish, fond dreams of happiness with him! The very stones in the courtyard would seem to jeer at me! A thousand stinging memories would crowd in upon me to madden me. No I could not live here, but I will leave Filippo to you, if you like. Bring him up in ignorance of me. Swear to me you will make of him an instrument to avenge me!"

And now she turned to go. "Good-bye, father," she said, and a great tremor shook her sonorous voice; she stooped and lifted little Filippo in her arms, and clasped him to her breast with hungry ferocity, and

kissed him as if she faint would have left her life upon his lips; but Filippo, not understanding, burst into a passion of childish tears. "You will be kind to him," said Maddalena lustily. Then I noticed that Messer Antonio was standing with his huge back turned towards us all, and that his voice was very thick when he answered, almost gently, "I will do my duty by him."

And many a day have I seen Maddalena stand at the corner of the courtyard where the shadows lie the thickest, to catch a glimpse of Filippo as he passed, and once when he was playing amongst the children, saw her snatch him up and cover him with kisses. My heart went out to her poor hungry-eyed mother, poor deserted wife! but I could not make my sympathy known to her—which is the worst of the world, you see. Those who suffer most say least, those who wish to speak find the words wanting. They are, as I was then, a violin with out strings.

And after some time Maddalena came no more, and I could but conjecture that the fire and grief within her had consumed her.

The years went on, and I would scarcely have marked their passing had not Filippo grown into Filippo, that is to say, from a curly-haired, chubby-cheeked child, into a slender, brown-skinned boy, and then into the most beautiful of youths. There are few things on earth as lovely to look upon as he was, and when he grew old enough to sit with the other apprentices on the long bench, and learn Messer Antonio's craft, there was none to compare with in beauty of person or in the deftness which he showed in the making of violins. He put his soul into his work, as indeed every artist should; but he also possessed a most wonderful instrument of his own, in the form of the loveliest voice that had ever been given to mortal man. When he sang, his voice sounded like a thousand strings in unison. There were tones in it that reminded me of the sound of church bells, which floats in through the open windows and brings with it its divine message of peace. There was a solemnity and yet a gaiety in it that told of a reflective mind and of a gay young heart.

But the strangest thing of all was that Messer Antonio, who could not but love the lad, hated to hear him sing; this was all the more curious, as he was so gifted a musician that it seemed to me as if all true music must needs have been delight in his ears. As I have said, many years passed and nothing of any importance happened, until one day a bearded stranger entered, who greeted Messer Antonio as if he had been acquainted with him in bygone days.

"You do not recognize me," he said; "yet, Messer Antonio, I was once an apprentice here, and it is to you I owe the renown I have gained. I am Giuseppe Nardi, whose violins almost rival yours."

Messer Antonio looked right glad to see him. "You are a great honor to me," he said. "I am always proud of you. You are well—and married?" Nardi shook his head. "No," he said, somberly. "I told you then, I tell you now, life ended for me when she left us."

Messer Antonio stood silent for a little while, and then he pointed to Filippo, who sat amongst the apprentices. "None of them, so much in awe were they of their master, durst lift their eyes from their work."

"That is Maddalena's son," he said. Giuseppe Nardi gave a great start. "Her son?" he asked. "Then where is she?" Was she not happy, my beloved one—tell me for pity's sake, she is not dead?"

has ever succeeded in diverting me from any purpose. I am too old to change now." "May I speak to the lad?" "As much as you like."

"That is right, my lad," said Nardi heartily; but he turned away with something like a sigh. He made his adieux to Messer Antonio, but returned of a sudden. "The singer Brondoni," he asked under his breath, "is the man, is he not? Remember, I never knew aught save that I had lost her."

"Yes," answered Messer Antonio fiercely. "Can the lad sing?" "Yes."

"You will make him his father's rival on the stage, then?" "I had never thought of that. I had a far more vulgar way of sniffing him out: but, per Dio! you are a man of invention."

The next occurrence that impressed me with a sense of importance was of a much softer character—indeed it was what was then, any and always will be, the loveliest thing in a world brimful of lovely things to me—namely, a pair of young lovers, very young, very shy, feeling love for the first time, so innocent of love that they scarcely knew it had come to them. Words were few between them; yet there was a subtle language, spoken by their eyes and even by the movement of their hands, that was most eloquent. I was so happy to be a witness of it, for though I had an intuition that there was something called love in the world, yet I had never seen it. I know of vague yearnings, dim longings, confused melody of sounds that needed but one thing to make them into music. I knew of all that, ever since I came into being, only it was all so difficult to me; and of a sudden all grew quite clear. That was when first I saw Filippo and the little Maria, whom I had seen grow up from childhood into shy girlhood, together.

Maria was the daughter of the woman who kept the fruit stall which the apprentices patronized, and she had always been so pretty that she was a joy to look at. Her curly curls ran riot over her forehead, clinging to the arch of her eyebrows and strayed down from her head to dance on her shoulder. It used to remind me of a beautiful siskin net in which birds might be snared. I think that neither Filippo nor I, nor she herself, dreamt that she was approaching womanhood until this very afternoon I speak of.

It was mid- Lent; Messer Antonio had given his apprentices leave to enjoy themselves as they saw fit on this one holiday plucked from amid the sombre fast days. All of them were away, save Filippo, who, having the love of his craft strong in him, was intent on shaping a beautiful piece of seasoned wood. I heard a timid rap at the door, and when Filippo had cried "Come in," I know not who was the more surprised, he or Maria, when the latter entered.

"I have come to see Messer Antonio," said the girl, shyly. "Mother sent me to ask concerning the rent. It has been a long time the padrone wishes to increase it, and indeed, we are too poor to pay more."

"I know nothing of it," answered Filippo. "Messer Antonio does not confide in any one, but I hope he will not increase your rent. He is quite rich enough as it is, he has no one belonging to him in this world to whom he could leave his money." Now I know that Filippo ignored his relationship to Messer Antonio. "But he is not in the house just now. Why are you sitting down and wait a while?"

"Thank you," answered the girl simply, and Filippo pulled out the bench on which the apprentices sat, and made room for her. I think it must have been the first time in his life that he noticed how pretty she was, for he looked at her with much attention, so much so that the girl blushed and finally asked him, "Why are you looking at me?" Filippo made no answer, but presently laid down his tools and seated himself next to Maria on the bench. "I am sorry about the rent," he said. "Are you quite sure Messer Antonio does intend to increase it?"

"Ah!" she said, shyly. "I know you would help us, but how can you? Messer Antonio is a hard man." "He is a very just man," answered the lad gravely, "and if you will let me, I will plead your cause for you."

"Will you?" she asked joyously. "I should be so grateful. I am a little, only a very little, afraid of him, you know. I do not understand him." Filippo smiled. "I do not fear him at all," he said. "He is always good to me and just."

Maria looked up, startled; her eyes gave a sudden flash. "I do not know," she murmured. But Filippo scarcely heeded her answer. "Because I have—often!" he cried, with growing fervor. "I have dreamt of it all through the summer nights and winter days. Whenever I have heard anything that was beautiful, anything that was good, I have known that love must needs be like it, and even more divine. And now, Maria, I know that my dreams of what love must be are true, and that it is you whom I love."

He had knelt down beside her and reverently taken her hand in his. The two young heads were very close together, and suddenly as if by magic, either of them had realized the other's action, their lips were clinging in a first lover's kiss.

"You must be my little wife, Maria," whispered Filippo, and she drooped her head on his shoulder like a flower on its stem, but said nothing. Then suddenly there was heard a great clatter up the stone stairs. "The padrone!" gaped poor little Maria, and without another word she sped down the stairs, through the courtyard, and hid herself within the shelter of her mother's house.

"Was that not the little Maria who ran past me down the stairs?" She was like a little whirlwind. What brought her?" Messer Antonio was evidently in great good humor. He was not looking at Filippo when he asked the question; but when the lad answered, he turned round sharply.

"She and her mother had heard a rumor that you intended increasing their rent. I hope it is no padrone's trick. It was only the sound of his voice, only the tremulousness in it, the tender way in which the "she" fell from the lad's lips, and yet Messer Antonio knew. His ruddy cheek turned pale. He faced the lad suddenly and looked at him fixedly.

"How!" he said—a long-drawn whistle, and that was all. Messer Antonio cruelly waited for Filippo to speak first. "I hope you will not be hard on them, padrone, for I love her and have asked her to be my wife." He said it quite boldly; it was true that he did not fear Messer Antonio. It seemed to me that the old man was making a mental calculation as to what course he should take. He did not look very pleasant when he said—

"You are very young, Filippo." "I shall grow older," said the lad. "Besides everything is so vague as yet. We should not want to marry for a long time. My wage is not sufficient."

"You can—you shall, you are a musician. And as for that little revenue of mine, it need not concern you. Play into my hands, that is all—and as for the little Maria, it will be a proud day for her when she is the tenor's wife!"

And now there must be a little gap in my narrative, for I was presently pronounced to be a finished instrument, and removed to the keeping of a most excellent musician, and so was at last permitted to make music, which needs must be the greatest desire of a violin.

We were all much excited on the evening of which I am about to tell you, for there was to be the first representation of a great work by the famous master Gluck. "There was always a great feeling against German music in Italy, and it was with difficulty that this work was allowed to be performed. I had been with my master to rehearsals, and had been delighted with a certain tenor whom all men called Filippo Filippini, but whom I knew to be my own dear Filippo, who was singing a part which has since been sung by women, so fresh was his voice, and all that I heard of great discussions as to how Brondoni would take his dismissal from his post of primo tenore. Of course my knowledge that Brondoni was none other than Filippo's father added great piquancy to this performance. It seemed to me that no one knew it except myself, and I counted for nothing, for I was but a violin in the orchestra—one voice amongst many, but for all that I knew a great deal, and looked forward with no small excitement to the evening's performance.

Well, it is divine music—we all know that—and as for my Filippo, he was perfect. I had looked around for Messer Antonio, and sure enough I had found him, radiant, glowing with pride, and next to him, in the full chana of her young womanhood, sat Maria.

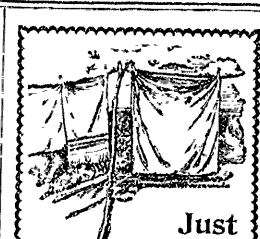
"Dear lad! He has been faithful to her, then," I thought, with satisfaction, for Maria's presence with Messer Antonio was a sure sign that Filippo was still her betrothed, if not her husband.

The first part went superbly. Filippo surpassed himself; and then suddenly there arose, I know not whence, a sinister rumor. It was whispered, first amongst the musicians in the orchestra—whispered by some with horror, by others with decisive smiles and shrugs; and when the curtain was over-long in rising, I knew the report must have reached Filippo, and the rumor was—"Brondoni has stabbed himself!"

It came upon me like a thunder-bolt. Did Messer Antonio know? I wondered that he sat there so erect, so sure of himself, so proud of Filippo's success, and then I trembled at the horror of it all, for it meant nothing else but that, through the son's instrumentality, the father had made away with himself. It was so horrible! My joy unsuspecting Filippo singing away so lustily for my sake, for Maria's sake, for love's sake; all the time an instrument of revenge—himself innocent of all revenge.

I thought of Giuseppe Nardi. "Forego revenge," he had said. And then I remembered Messer Antonio's answer: "I am too old to be inverted from my purpose," and it seemed to me that the world had become more jangled and out of tune than ever, and that no amount of striving could ever put it right.

Yes, the news travelled to Messer Antonio, for he had become impatient of the delay, and had asked the reason, and had learned it. I saw the ruddy color leave his cheeks, the smoken eyes flare up, and then suddenly he sank back in his seat, an inert mass. Most likely the horror of it had burst upon him; perhaps for the first time he realized that he had made of the son the father's murderer. Maria's thoughts were revealed in her face. Her anxious eyes gazed at the curtain. Doubtless she was impatient to witness her lover's further triumph, and a little anxious, withal, lest aught should still him. Presently there was a commotion on the stage behind the curtain. Filippo's young voice rang out lustily, louder than any other:



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"I will not hush," said Filippo impatiently. Perhaps the thought of his beautiful sweetheart, and how she had come to enjoy his success, made him a little ruthless. "Are we to stop a whole performance, because a man has killed himself, Nardi?"

Then I felt a little rebuffed, for I remembered that Nardi knew, and would surely tell the lad in the gentlest manner why it was that he, of all singers, must sing no more that night.

"You must stop!" said Nardi, firmly. "You are mad!" cried Filippo. "Leave the stage, Nardi, and ring the curtain up."

"Do you know what it is you are saying?" cried the lad. "Do you know that I have this man's blood on my head, and that if he is my father, I have killed my father? Do you know that I have worked to supplant him, that my one aim was to show the people what a worthless singer he was, that I have driven him to his death, and you talk quietly to his my father? It is horrible—horrible!" No one spoke, and then suddenly Filippo cried, "Where is Messer Antonio—my grandfather—that I may have my revenge on him?"

"Leave revenge," said Nardi once more. "There has been too much revenge already!" And so it was that the great master Gluck's work was not performed in its entirety, and that gradually the astonished audience left the theatre, and I was sad at heart indeed, and wondered what end there could be to so calamitous a story.

For a long time I heard nothing more, for Filippo never sang again; but one evening we had been taking part in a grand service that had been performed in the cathedral. As we came out of the dark church into the still night air, we stumbled against a monk who was crouching in the shade of the porch, trying to hear the notes of the voluntary which the organist was playing.

"Pardon," said the monk, as we stumbled against him, and the white face was in the moonlight, and the voice was Filippo's; and it seemed to me not unlikely that he should have taken his sorrow and his remorse and consecrated them with himself to the service of God, not as a criminal does, but as a victim. Of Messer Antonio and of Maria, I heard that he had endowed the latter with all his wealth, and that she was about to be married to a well-known maker of violins. Poor little Maria! I suppose she was not an instrument of very fine tone herself—but then we cannot all be violins of Cremona. It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can avert a cure by using Diddle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

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LATEST MARKETS.

Wheat.—The offerings are larger and include some lots of new wheat. Five cars of new red cut to day at 39c. and five cars of new white at 40c. outstate. Cars of old white sold at 62c and 63c was asked for more. Hard red Fort William, 62c. Owen Sound and Midland and 60c. Toronto and west.

Barley.—Nominal at 35c for No. 1, 32c for No. 2 and 25c for feed outside. Rye.—Nominal at 45c outside. Corn.—Half at 27c for mixed and 25c for yellow.

Potatoes.—A car of new southern was purchased at 50c and they are quoted by the barrel at \$1.60 to \$1.75. Old are more plentiful about by the car and 20c to 25c in farmers' loads.

Wheat, white, 40 89 00
Wheat, red, 38 89 00
Wheat, rough, 35 89 00
Barley, 31 00 00
Oats, 22 00 00
Rye, 45 00 00
Corn, 27 00 00
Straw, bundled, 10 00 00

Strawberries are done for this season. Some of the poorer quality harvest apples sold as low as 20c per bushel, up to 30c for good ones.

Montreal, July 13.—Grain.—The market is dull and unchanged. Flour—Prices are still irregular. Straight rollers, \$3.60 to \$3.70; strong bakers, \$3.30 to \$3.50.

East Buffalo, July 13.—Cattle—100 cars through, 120 on sale; market steady for export grades, and 10c to 15c higher for all other kinds; prime heavy steers, \$1.35 to \$1.50.

BOOK REVIEW.

MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE AND DEEDS OF THE REVEREND FATHER JOHN J. HAYES, D.D., N.Y., BY REV. PATRICK CROHIN, D.D., Buffalo, N.Y., Buffalo Catholic Publication Co.

This is a welcome volume, for the late Bishop Hayes was as widely beloved as he was known and no other biographer could possibly be so well qualified for the task of describing his remarkable personality as the gifted priest who for many years had daily intercourse with him.

The Bishop was born at Almonte, Ontario, on January 17, 1815. His father, an Irish emigrant, came from Thurles, Tipperary. When Stephen was three years old his parents moved into Pennsylvania. When in his fourteenth year he entered the Seminary of Philadelphia. Soon after the Lazarists took charge of the Seminary, Stephen resolved on becoming a member of the Vincentian community.

He was a slim sensitive boy when he went to the Vincentian mother house, the "Barrens," at Puryville, Mo. His nature seems to have been made up of his striking characteristics from boyhood was his perfect control of himself, never permitting himself to act under the influence of anger.

He was made a member of the Vincentian community in the United States. When, on the death of Bishop Timon, he was appointed Bishop of Buffalo, he would have declined the responsibility, and a letter from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda directed to his printed here setting aside Father Ryan's protest and reasons as "not to be considered of so great importance that the voice of the Supreme Pontiff calling you to the pastoral office, and especially the supreme need of the faithful and the opportunity of spreading the Kingdom of God should be considered by your Reverence of less value."

The rest of Bishop Ryan's life may be described as one continued labor for the welfare of his flock; but it was not without many incidents of national importance. His great eloquence and his patriotism more than once attracted the notice of the whole country, whilst his literary gifts and works were of a remarkable order. His death was acknowledged as a loss to the whole of the Church in America, and in the United States where his career had attracted attention high tribute was paid to his distinguished worth.

Now Catholic, O.C.'s. OTTAWA, July 8.—A batch of new Q.C.'s was announced today. Among the Catholics who have been honored are Mr. A. C. Macdonell, Toronto; Mr. Patrick McPhillips, London, and Mr. Thomas P. Coffey, Guelph.

Snaps at Jamieson's. Those who ride the "bike" (of the masculine gender) may have outfits in all shades and fashions at the lowest rates yet offered in this City-price cheap, Jamieson. And the reductions apply to every other garment worn by men and boys—whether in suits, hats, ties or hose. Note the "drop" at the rounded corner, Queen and Yonge streets.

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