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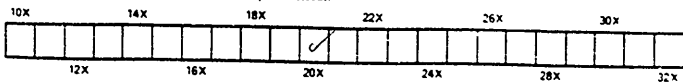
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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTRIM

Mr Edward Edwin (Glavinville) of Trinity College, Dublin, who had been assisting Signor Maccioni in his experiments with wireless telegraphy in North America, met with a shocking death on Rathlin Island. His dead body was found at the foot of a cliff which is fully three hundred feet high. The body was discovered under the cliffs at Ballycunningham. There is a dangerous path about 20 feet down the face of the cliff, but only used by sheep. Deceased might have tried to use it and slipped off. Sessions two young men named Patrick Murphy and Joseph McFerrigan were summoned for assaulting Robert Foster on the occasion of the excursion of the Ancient Order of Shepherds (Belfast branch) to Anmagh. Complainant was examined and stated that he was leading the excursionists to the railway station where the defendants each knocked him down in turn. He gave no provocation. Cross-examined, witness deposed that he had taken drink on the occasion. He was not cursing the Pope, nor did he curse the Pope at the station.

ARMAGH

For the defence, Charles Lavery, Dromahair, was called, and stated that he heard Foster calling McFerrigan a P-ri-son ———, and then kicked him on the leg. Foster was under the influence of drink. Witness also heard Foster cursing the Pope, after which he made to strike McFerrigan, who pushed him off, and he fell. Several other witnesses having given similar evidence. The chairman said they were satisfied there had been an assault committed, but Foster's conduct was bad, and there was a great deal of provocation. On that account defendants would only be fined in £5, each.

The Belfast Telegraph is authorized to state that Mr. Robert Kelly, Jr. received a cablegram from his brother, Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, hon. secretary Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and members of the deputation sent to New York to arrange for the contest for the America Cup, intimating through code words previously agreed upon, that the meeting with the New York Yacht Club officials was most successful, and that everything had been satisfactorily arranged for the best of five races, to take place in October, 1899. The deputation will immediately return to Ireland, and the work of the building of the Shamrock will at once be proceeded with. It is stated here that the Irish challenge will be slightly under 90 feet long, will be built chiefly of mahogany, one of the strongest and lightest of all timbers, that the hull, keel and keelson will be built in iron, and that the yacht will be built in Mr. Fife's yard. The reception of the news has created widespread satisfaction in local yachting circles.

On September 4th a very large meeting assembled at Baginbally, the site of the great battlefield of Beaulieu, to celebrate the great victory of the Irish troops under Hugh O'Neill and O'Donnell, over the English on the 10th of August, 1690. The attendance at the meeting assumed enormous proportions. The counties Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, Antrim, and Down supplied contingents, and the assemblage which gathered on the hill overlooking the battlefield was not merely vast in its numbers, but was thoroughly representative of the Nationalists of these five counties. The meeting was presided at and organized by the Armagh '98 Centenary Club, and they were well seconded by the clubs of Tyrone and Armagh county generally, as well as of Monaghan. The proceedings from first to last were characterized by the greatest enthusiasm. The long five mile march from Antrim to the site of the battle in a blazing sun in no way diminished the spirit of the people.

Mr. Dillon, M.P., was received at the station, by an enormous crowd which filled the station yard outside, and extended down to the street.

CORK

The Lord Chancellor of England, who is now travelling through Ireland, arrived in Tralee by special train from Fenit, where he was the guest of Mr J. C. D. Hurley. He intended travelling by the 15 express train to Killarney. He entered the platform of the Great Southern and Western Railway here just as the train was starting off, and seemed much annoyed at having failed to catch it. He complained bitterly of the want of a satisfactory working understanding between the different railway companies, which he said was the ruin of Ireland. A press representative interviewed his lordship. Asked if he desired to make any public statement on the subject, he said that he had no objection to the management of Irish railways, but he would not do so except from his place in Parliament.

MAYO

On September 5th a most successful meeting was held for the purpose of establishing a branch of the United Irish League for the town and district of Claremorris. It was attended by Nationalists of all sections from the town and the surrounding districts, and the meeting proved to be a large and enthusiastic one as has been held in the district for many years. The proceedings at the meeting were characterized by the old militant spirit of the Land League days, and it was quite plain that in a short time the United Irish League will be spread over every part of Connaught, for the people appear to

organizers. The proceedings consisted of a series of interesting competitions, which were witnessed by a large number of the people of the city and district. His lordship, the Bishop was unable to be present at this part of the programme, but in the evening presided at a grand concert. In his absence the Rev. John Lyons, O.P., occupied the chair. A public meeting was held at the Workmen's Club, 41 York street, in support of the candidature of Mr James Egan for the office of Sword Bearer of the city of Dublin. There was a large attendance in the body of the hall. The hall under the auspices of the Amnesty Association.

There is a remarkable article in the Saturday Review on the methods of warfare in the Sudan, and the reasons why Sir Herbert Kitchener is unwilling according to the Saturday, to let the truth be known about the present campaign. These reasons are contained in the report of the English details of the campaign, and the English soldiers, by an unconscious habit, details which have not attracted much attention. The article practically amounts to a confession, that when attacking the Levantine and the Egyptian forces are compelled to abandon, and do abandon, the methods of civilized warfare. The Mahdists give no quarter to wounded men. No bullet, whether wounded or escapes the British spear. The English soldiers realized this, and then no quarter became universal on both sides—it was as much as any one's life was worth to go near a wounded dervish. He would be in the ground glaring about him like a wild beast. Approach him, and out came his curved hamstringing knife. With it he would make vicious sweeps, any one of which would maim you for life. It is not possible in the terrible fire of Sudan warfare, to detail fatigue parties to overcome the resistance of wounded men and bear them to the field hospital. Hundreds died of their wounds as they lay on the battlefield, and those that did not die of their wounds had to be put out of misery. Terrible stories are told of this dire necessity. Those know best who have been engaged in battle with the dervish what happened after the fighting was over, and now the problem of dealing with the enemy's wounded was solved. In the campaign of 1885 parties of English soldiers, commanded by the English officers, used to go out to kill the wounded.

DUBLIN. The Intermediate examinations for 1898 have been issued. The list of Catholic successes is, year by year, a more and more complete and lengthy one, and in this respect 1898 has been no exception of the rule of its predecessors. Taking the gold medals, five in each of the three higher grades, as the ultimate standard of excellence, it is gratifying but amazing to find that no less than eleven have been bracketed with the names of Catholic students, leaving only four, two in the senior, one in the middle, and one in the junior class, for our once formidable Protestant rivals.

At the meeting of the Dublin Corporation, on September 5th, the business of chief public interest was to elect a properly qualified person to be Sword Bearer of the city during the pleasure of the Council. There was an exceedingly large attendance of members, and the galleries for the public were densely crowded. A question arose with reference to the candidature of Mr James Egan, of New York. The Town Clerk had not yet obtained the signed conditions by Mr. Egan. He had, however, just been handed a telegram from Mr. Birmingham, Cuffe street, from Mr. Egan as follows:—"I authorize you to act for me re Sword Bearer-ship. The question was for the Council to decide what was to be done, having regard to the fact that the conditions had not been signed. After a discussion, Mr. Egan was elected by a large majority.

KERRY

The Lord Chancellor of England, who is now travelling through Ireland, arrived in Tralee by special train from Fenit, where he was the guest of Mr J. C. D. Hurley. He intended travelling by the 15 express train to Killarney. He entered the platform of the Great Southern and Western Railway here just as the train was starting off, and seemed much annoyed at having failed to catch it. He complained bitterly of the want of a satisfactory working understanding between the different railway companies, which he said was the ruin of Ireland. A press representative interviewed his lordship. Asked if he desired to make any public statement on the subject, he said that he had no objection to the management of Irish railways, but he would not do so except from his place in Parliament.

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realize that in it they find a most formidable weapon to be used when occasion requires against the landlord, the grazer, or the grazier. Mr. Wm O'Brien was the principal speaker at the meeting.

GURBEN'S COUNTRY

The death is announced of the Rev. James Sinnott, P.P. Ralegh, Queen's county. In him has passed away one of the old and most respected priests of the Irish Church. He had reached the patriarchal age of 82, and was pastor of Ralegh for the past thirty-six years. As a curate in the dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin he was attached to some of the most important parishes, where he edified the people by his holy life and never-failing attention to the duties of his sacred calling.

SILGO

On September 6th a grand demonstration in commemoration of the centenary of '98 took place outside the town of Colonney, County Silgo, on the scene of the historic battle of Carrignat. The scene of the battle in which Bartholomew Teeling was the leading figure, is situated between Colonney and Ballysaddere, and not far from the town of Silgo. A memorial to mark the spot is now being erected on the site of the battle, which commands a view of the entire district, and the foundation stone of the monument was laid in the presence of the largest gathering of people which has been seen in the west of Ireland for many years. There was not a Nationalist household within a circuit of thirty miles of Carrignat that had not at least one member of the family present. Every district within reasonable distance sent its contingent, with a band and banner and cavalcade of horsemen. In the procession there were close on thirty bands, and there was no contingent which was not headed by a banner. The order which prevailed was marvellous, having regard to the dimensions of the crowd.

TIPPERARY

On September 6th one of the most remarkable demonstrations that was ever witnessed in the province took place at Clonohedy, at the unveiling of the memorial to the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy, once P.P. of that town, who in 1768, after a mock trial, suffered martyrdom in Clonmel on account of his patriotic endeavours for Ireland and his persecuted co-religionists. Although the meeting was not as extensively advertised as other demonstrations, the attendance was phenomenal, thousands coming with bands and banners far and near. In fact, it was a spontaneous outburst of love and a reverent feeling for the memory of the pure-souled sogaartha, who, though his reputation remains in the picturesque graveyard of Shanrahan for over 130 years, is still remembered in the hearts of a grateful people. Besides doing honour to the martyred pastor of Clonohedy, the occasion was also availed of to commemorate the memory of the men of the rebellion of '98. The magnificent edifice, which was erected in part to stand during the entire ceremony. The congregation was representative of Catholic thought and national feeling in Wexford, while many came from distant parts to participate at the Mass and join in the tribute of public honour to the memory of the valiant insurgents. The High Altar was draped in the emblem of the rising, and the scene was one of sublime grandeur and impressiveness. At the opening of the service the grand organ pealed forth the solemn strains of "Samson's Funeral March." The Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, P.P., V.G., presided at the Mass, the celebrant being the Rev. N. C. O'Neill, C.C. deacon, the Rev. T. O'Neill, and sub-deacon, Rev. R. Fitzhenry, C.C.

No small amount of astonishment and surprise was caused in Wexford a short time ago, when it became known that at Mr. Jonas Watson, of Landaff, had made the extraordinary application to the Wexford Board of Guardians for permission to exhume the remains of his ancestor, Colonel Watson, who was slain at the battle of the Boyne in 1690, and interred in Carrigrohilly Col. Watson was shot near the gate of Barnstown Castle whilst he and his soldiers were retreating after their defeat by the insurgents. It is the general opinion that Colonel Watson, previous to taking up his residence in Wexford, had for many years served with the regular army. On his retirement he came to Wexford, and lived on Mount Anna, but on the outbreak of the insurrection he took charge of a detachment of the Wexford yeomanry. Mr. Watson was anxious to become possessed of his ancestor's bones, so that he might deposit them in the family vault at Roath, in Wales. Mr. Watson is a gentleman who evidently has no personal knowledge of Ireland or of the Irish people. He came to be under the impression that should it become publicly known that he was about to commence the work of exhumation he would be seriously interferred

with by the people, and that a serious disturbance might arise. According to him the most perfect arrangements to secure absolute secrecy for the opening of the grave. He took the precaution not to employ any local labourers for the purpose, fearing the news might get abroad, but obtained permission to obtain the services of five families of the work-people. He also had two policemen. The tombstone was first removed, and the labourers began to dig. After reaching a depth of six feet not the least trace of the remains of the long-deceased colonel could be found. He urged the men, however, to dig further down, in hope that they might discover some memento, such as the sword or any of the military accoutrements of his ancestor. He seemed particularly desirous to find the battle by which the illness culminated in his death, and he gave instructions to the men to look diligently for it. But it was of no avail, and nothing was discovered.

ENGLAND

IS PROTESTANTISM IN DANGER?

The London Daily News is of the opinion that in the Church of England there exists an active movement, which, if carried out to its logical conclusions, must entail the destruction of Protestantism in England. The Protestants of England are, it is said, being established in 1000 years, the business of Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. The theory of an established Church implies the assumption that every citizen has a right to call himself a Churchman, and this assumption is adopted in practice. It may be correct to say that Protestantism is in the ascendant because of apathy in Nonconformist ranks.

CABOT MEMORIAL

The Marquis of Dufferin opened a memorial tower, erected on the summit of Brandon Hill, Bristol, to celebrate the fourth centenary of the first landing in North America of John Cabot, who sailed from Bristol with a local crew. After opening the tower with a gold key, which he then handed to the Mayor, his Lordship delivered a brief address. He also attended the banquet and made another speech, in which he eloquently dilated upon the results of Cabot's discovery.

POOLISH CRY AGAINST THE JESUITS

A Liverpool clergyman who drew Cardinal Vaughan's attention to a statement made recently, and which had been referred to by the Bishop of Liverpool as to the existence of Jesuits in the Church of England, is replied to in The Times by the Cardinal, who says it is simply impossible that a dispensation should be given by a bishop, a Pope, or any other representative of the Catholic Church to a Catholic to act as a Minister of the Church of England, or of any other denomination for furthering the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. That there were clerymen in the Church of England who held and taught all the doctrines of the Catholic Church might be true, but it was simply a lie to assert either that they were Jesuits or that they stayed where they were by virtue of a dispensation from Rome.

DIVORCE GAINING IN FAVOUR

It is a bad sign of English public opinion to find a great outcry against Mr. Justice Phillimore for some remarks of his on the law of divorce. The St. James's Gazette remarks:—"The Judge had no more to do with the merits of the policy of the Divorce Act than with the Magna Charta or the Statute of Frauds. Yet he thought it necessary to preface his orders by a speech, in which, 'as a Christian man,' and on 'social, moral, and religious grounds,' he regretted that facilities should be given to persons to dissolve the marriages which they had contracted. With all respect to the learned judge, his views 'as a Christian man' or otherwise, were on this occasion a mere impertinence. He was there to enforce the law, and the law that had been good enough for a long line of distinguished judges some of whom were possibly good Christians, although they did not talk about it on the bench, should have been good enough for Mr. Justice Phillimore."

JUST NONCONFORMITY ON THE DECLINE

A highly instructive correspondence is proceeding in the London Press on the question whether nonconformity is on the decline. There appears to be a very strong current of testimony tending to answer the inquiry in the affirmative. Mr. Arthur Claydon, a member of one of the leading Nonconformist families—who has returned to England after a long absence in the Antipodes, is decidedly impressed with the decadence of the system to which he belongs. In his native county, Berks, a once Nonconformist stronghold, "I found," he says, "with here and there an exception, only weakness and decay." Congregational chapels, once flourishing, have empty pulpits. In Reading, a once noted chapel is turned into a theatre. The evidence from other parts of England is scarcely less striking in all respects to the learned judge. He dissenters are joining the Anglican Church in considerable numbers, but a large proportion of them join no communion at all. It is this decay of nonconformity that accounts for so considerable an influx of English Protestants into the Catholic Church of late years.

MR. GLADSTONE'S WILL

The St. James's Gazette states that probable has been granted on Mr. Gladstone's estate valued at £268,000, and the net value at £247,000. The venerable statesman, in the preface to his will, commending himself to the infinite mercies of God in the In-

firmate 1856, as my only and sufficient heir, I leave the particulars of my burial to my executors, specifying only—

(4) That it is to be very simple and also private, unless they should consider that there are conclusive reasons to the contrary.

(5) That I desire to be buried where my wife can also be, that on no account shall any laudatory inscription be placed over me." He appoints his surviving sons to be executors, and charges the possessor of the Harwood estate, being his successor, to bear in mind that, as he had been endowed with the principal part of his (the testator's) worldly goods, and "as he is the head of my branch of my family, so will it be his duty to extend good offices to the other members thereof, according to his ability and their manifold needs and merits." Testator gives credit influence that his heir and succeeding issue shall never claim any lack of title in relation to the testator and his brother, Robert Gladstone, and he amuses absolutely all dispositions in favour of anyone who shall violate this injunction. Proceeding, the testator, whose will is in his own handwriting, says—"Give to my grandson, William (Clare), falling to the possession of the Harwood Castle estate, being my descendant, to preserve and maintain, as he thinks best the following objects:—

- (1) All the family portraits, medals, drawings, miniatures, and other resemblances.
- (2) Testimonials of plate given to me (1) My collection of books, so-called Italian verses, so long as shall be convenient.
- (3) Autograph letters of her Majesty, and any other letters and papers of special interest which my executors shall select for the purpose.

A GREAT IRISH NUN

Mother Mary Baptiste Russell—the sister of the Lord Chief Justice of England—who died recently in San Francisco, was born near Newry, in the County Down, 70 years ago. Her family had an honored ancestry, having settled 600 or 600 years ago at Killybeg, near where Mother Russell was born. Through the direction of their uncle, the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., of Maynooth College, three of the family entered the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, and one became a Poor Clare, while another (Charles) took up the study of law, and Matthew prepared for the priesthood. Father Russell became a Jesuit, and in his sphere has been as a beacon to Irish writers of the present generation. Charles went to London, and with the characteristic energy, ability, and steadfastness of his family, forged his way to the top—the honor—office of Lord Chief Justice of England.

Mother Russell joined the Order of Mercy at Kinsale, Ireland, and six years later, accompanied by six Sisters, went to San Francisco with the Rev. Hugh Gallagher. They arrived there on December 7th, 1854, and took up their abode at St. Patrick's Church, while Charles Russell took up the study of law, and Matthew prepared for the priesthood. Father Russell became a Jesuit, and in his sphere has been as a beacon to Irish writers of the present generation. Charles went to London, and with the characteristic energy, ability, and steadfastness of his family, forged his way to the top—the honor—office of Lord Chief Justice of England.

On September 7th a conference of gentlemen interested in the preservation of the Irish language, was held at the Mansion House for the purpose of considering the most advisable means of disposing of the bequest of £12,000, bequeathed by the late Mr. Patrick Mullin, of New York, for the purpose of preserving the Irish language.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., trustee of the fund, presided, and there was a large attendance.

The chairman stated that a sum of £12,000 had come to his hands out of the estate of the late Patrick Mullin, of New York. The deceased, by his will, which was dated 1857, directed that residue of his estate should be sold, and the proceeds directed to applying the best means possible for keeping alive and perpetuating in Ireland the Irish language. The money was to be given to the chairman, who was to be Lord Mayor of Dublin, to be held by him as trustee to carry out the objects of the testator. The testator expressed the desire that the name of his sister, Eliza Mullin, should be associated in the work, and added, "Perhaps the bequest may move other persons to larger sums to make contributions to the same object, and thus keep the Irish language alive and vigorous." The testator died in 1856. According to American law money of this kind could not be paid sooner than twelve months after the death of the testator. A nephew of the deceased, who thought that he was not sufficiently remembered in the will, had brought in to the law courts. After the matter was settled the question arose, what was to be done with the money? He

thought it clear that the money should be invested, and the interest thereon applied in some way in which the name of Mr. Mullin's sister should be associated. Others thought that the money should be handed over to a society established for the objects mentioned in the will. He read a resolution passed by the New York Gaelic League in favor of the money being invested, and the annual proceeds being devoted to the purpose named.

MR. LECKY QUOTED AGAINST HIMSELF

All Irishmen are very proud of Mr. Lecky. He and Mr. Ruskin are the last surviving men of genius of the great Victorian age, an age so prolific in men of genius writing in the English tongue. He is the greatest historian of our time. He has secured a middle course between the brilliant romances of Macaulay and Frothingham and the dryness of Hallam and Stubbs. He has shown how to be a true and interesting, and his Parliamentarianism has not been inferior of his high literary repute. It is, therefore, not without sadness, says the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, that we find such a man in a communication to our contemporary, the Daily Express, giving utterance to the following remarkable sentence—"A large section of the Irish people have done their best to glorify a rebellion which was ill-considered against Grattan's Parliament, which was supported by Grattan's Parliament, which led to the abolition of that Parliament." Such a statement on a historical matter is unworthy of Mr. Lecky. It is to be met in a very easy manner by a reference to the most truthful and illuminating account of the Irish Parliament of '92 that has ever been printed, that contained in Mr. Lecky's own great history of the last century.

To describe the Parliament which met in Ireland in 1782 as "Grattan's Parliament" is an astounding abuse of language. The English language and of historical truth "Grattan's Parliament" was that august assembly which in the year 1782 passed the Declaration of Irish Independence, relieved the Catholics and Dissenters from many of their wrongs, and secured the independence of the Irish Judiciary. In this year England, free to face with the most energetic coalition she had ever to contend against, extended to Ireland some measure of fair play, and a moment laid aside the great weapons of coercion and corruption. But before many years had elapsed both weapons were freely and more successfully used to destroy the independence of Grattan's Parliament. In the year 1789, we read in Mr. Lecky's pages how the "Pension List amounted to over £100,000 a year, having increased about 20 per cent in about five years. A large number of salaries had been attached to court and sinecure offices held by members of Parliament, how universal corruption prevailed. In that very year Grattan declared that "many seats are actually at this moment sold to the pensioners, the number of placemen and pensioners sitting in this House are nearly one-half of the whole efficient body." All efforts to stem the tide of corruption failed. It is Mr. Lecky again who tells us how in 1797 all Ireland rang with denunciations of Parliamentary corruption; how "in the very Protestant county of Armagh, at a large meeting convened by the High Sheriff, and attended by the principal freemen of the country, an address to mercy such as endeared them to the pensioners."

Owing to the weakness of the community disease broke out, cholera spread among the inhabitants with great rapidity. Mother Russell and her six missionaries fearlessly went among the overworked hospitals, ministering to the wants of the patients, and receiving in turn their blessings. A similar experience in Ireland had taught them the best method to handle the plague, and through their united assistance the disease was soon wiped out. Subsequently Mother Russell established a number of hospitals and homes in San Francisco, and was held in very high esteem by all classes.

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THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

TALKS BY "TERESA"

The interesting letter from the "Choir-master" published last week in which he so earnestly advocates the establishing of a Canadian Catholic Musical Society, is worthy of the most serious consideration on the part of those in a position to carry out the suggestions contained in it.

"If it were saved up," continued the Philosopher calmly, "during the interruptions, all those who are now left destitute of all age would be provided with comfortable incomes."

Whether or not it is possible to attain perfection is not the question; it ought to be the object aimed at and every thing likely to further the attainment of such a desirable result should be encouraged.

"I think, on the whole," said the Optimist, "most people would prefer \$25 at 21 to a possible \$200 at 75; you see they could enjoy it more at the former age."

There was in England a few years ago a Catholic Musical Society formed for the purpose of encouraging the study of and love for music amongst the young people of the different congregations.

"I never mind," said the Optimist, "He enjoys it, and it helps to pay the salaries of hundreds of people who would otherwise be destitute, let's look at it from every side before we condemn."

The various choirs of the city were encouraged to amalgamate whenever possible and compare notes; the young people of a musical turn of mind, but not choir members were admitted as "lay brethren" so to speak, and their work lay in the direction of cultivating a purer and more classical tone in secular music.

"I should think you would find no difficulty in securing suitable accommodation near the church. I hope I have answered your questions satisfactorily."

For more reasons than one I should like to see a Catholic Musical Society established in Toronto. We have some of the finest choir in Canada, but at present, the music performed is apt to run into folk and somewhat meretricious styles; there is a noticeable straining after effect instead of a desire to cultivate the more grand and solid harmonies which have been in the past such a glorious distinction of the services of the Catholic Church.

A lecture has been delivered by Dr. Michael F. Cox, M.D., F.R.C.P., M.R.I.A., Member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland, at the opening of the Session 1898-99, of the Gaelic League in Dublin, of which the following is a condensed report.

Speaking of societies, a friend remarked recently that an acquaintance of hers was saying she thought the idea of a "Catholic Needwork Guild," about which I spoke some time ago was an exceedingly good one, and wished to know whether any steps were likely to be taken for establishing a similar society in Toronto.

The subject chosen, and most ably and eloquently dealt with by the learned lecturer, was the influence of the Gaelic League in the Civilization of Europe.

Four of them were sitting on the steps of the club, smoking. There was the Cynic, who could never see any good in anything; except himself; the Optimist who thought this the best of all possible worlds; the Ploygoer, who was rather weak minded, and couldn't argue, and the Peripatetic Philosopher.

The Peripatetic Philosopher, who was rather weak minded, and couldn't argue, and the Peripatetic Philosopher.

"I was reading in the paper," he remarked, "that nine men out of every ten spend half of their incomes on drink and cigars."

"I am glad to hear that," said the Optimist, "I am glad to hear that."

"I can't see why a man shouldn't be allowed to make himself happy in his own way. If that way takes the form of wine and cigars, or beer and pipes why shouldn't he be allowed to indulge it without having a parcel of old women incessantly shouting at him?"

"I am glad to hear that," said the Optimist, "I am glad to hear that."

"What a good god of saving up to buy what you don't want?" interrupted the Optimist.

"Believe it would all go to extra taxation," growled the Cynic.

hard and Roman and Greek and Egyptian—the dust of some of those mingled with this has earth—others turned to their own homes, carrying with them the gifts of learning and of culture.

"The Ploygoer growled the Cynic, "I never mind," said the Optimist, "He enjoys it, and it helps to pay the salaries of hundreds of people who would otherwise be destitute, let's look at it from every side before we condemn."

"Great Scott!" said the Optimist, "I think, on the whole," said the Optimist, "most people would prefer \$25 at 21 to a possible \$200 at 75; you see they could enjoy it more at the former age."

"I never mind," said the Optimist, "He enjoys it, and it helps to pay the salaries of hundreds of people who would otherwise be destitute, let's look at it from every side before we condemn."

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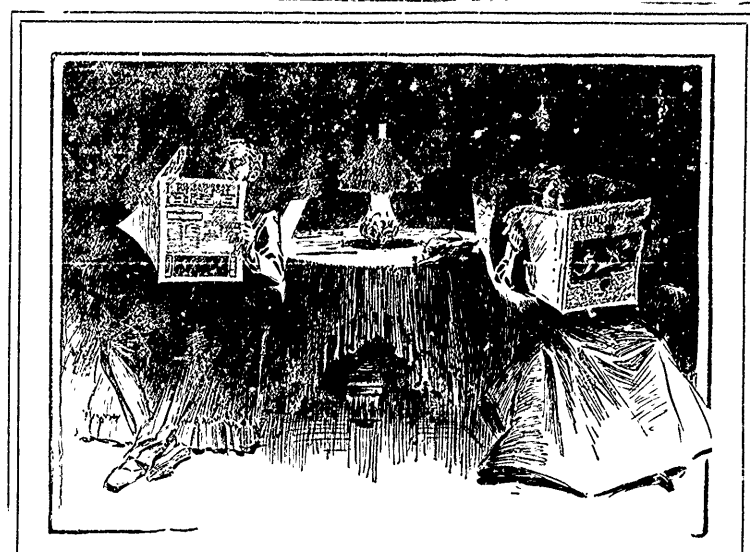
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IN THE OCTOBER LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, author of "A Minister of the World," begins a new story called "THE MINISTER OF CARTHAGE," depicting a young clergyman's high sense of duty battling with love and something akin to ambition.

Josiah Allen's Wife

Has written another story for the JOURNAL reader. She tells in it about a sickly society girl who brought her to her senses and good health.

In Mary E. Wilkins'

Capital new story a metropolitan woman does some very funny things, and in trying to elevate the villagers she learns a thing or two.

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Irish-Norse colony which, landing at the mouth of the Seine, founded the colony of Normandy, which dominated France, conquered England, and afterwards Ireland itself, and thus we see that from farthest Iceland to southernmost Italy, from Britain to Bulgaria, the influence of Irishmen and Irish mind was felt in the distant past, and contributed in no small measure to the civilization of Europe at a time when, owing to the barbarian invasions, all culture and refinement would otherwise have been submerged.

was the knowledge of this fact which set all the alarming reports in motion yesterday morning, and caused so serious a trouble to the Catholics of Rome. Another sign of the good health of the Pope is the fact that several of the Cardinals, and of those members of the Pontifical Court who are nearest to the person of the Pontiff have left Rome on their vacation.

made to increase the amount of Peter's Pence, the same Italian journals described the Pope as abounding in riches, and as having no need for the contribution of the faithful.

The Medical Profession pronounced Dr. A. W. Case Great.

Dr. C. M. Harlan, writing in the American Journal of Health, February 10th, says:—"Among the proprietary medicines deserving recognition is Dr. Case's Ointment, as a remedy for Piles, Eczematous skin eruptions of all kinds, for which it has been used with marked success and has effected remarkable cures in many obstinate cases which seem to baffle the skillful medical attendant."

The discourse in which reference was made at the Krefeld Congress to Peter's Pence was that delivered by Bishop Schmitz, and it has much interest for all Catholics. He says this question should occupy the attention of the Catholic world, as it has a character of unusual gravity. The fact is undoubtedly that it has diminished considerably.

The Condition of the Pope.

The Condition of the Pope.

The Rome correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, writes:—"Alarmingly reports were spread abroad yesterday morning concerning the health of Leo XIII. It was said that although he had passed a fairly good night on Saturday, he was quite incapable of saying Mass on Sunday, and that he was almost at the last extremity. The usual story about his fainting, which has done duty so frequently, was brought forward again."

praise he bestowed upon them. He was speaking of Italy and of the devotion which the Italian Catholics paid to the Blessed Virgin. Then, turning from Italy, he began to speak of Belgium, where a Eucharistic Congress was lately held, and in which he was represented by his special delegate, his Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli.

The Pope's decline, according to Mr. Schmitz, is to be sought for in the various political events of late years. From America and from Spain, since the outbreak of the war, he says the most important offerings have ceased. France for almost ten years past has withheld her hand, and Austria is the next misery of all Catholic nations towards Peter's Pence.

On that occasion Leo XIII. was indeed considerably shaken; on as one of his attendants expressed, he was "much depressed physically." The consequences of that illness have not yet quite disappeared, and the fatigue which Leo XIII. underwent on the 21st of August, the Feast of Saint Joachim, his patron saint, would, it was feared, tax his physical strength more than usual.

It is evident that in the mind of Leo XIII. the "constancy and fidelity" of the Catholics of Ireland are regarded as standards to which other well-deserving Catholics may be justly and fittingly compared when something specially laudatory is to be said of them.

It is a fact well known in Rome, and one which Leo XIII. has frequently drawn attention to, that Ireland is most generous in her contributions to Peter's Pence; and, in proportion to her wealth, probably stands on an equality with the best in this respect.

These reports were at first believed. There was a disposition in the minds of the people in Rome to accept them as true, for since the illness that came upon the Pontiff in the Vatican Gardens during the very hot afternoons that prevailed a couple of weeks ago it was natural to anticipate a relapse. On that occasion Leo XIII. was indeed considerably shaken; on as one of his attendants expressed, he was "much depressed physically." The consequences of that illness have not yet quite disappeared, and the fatigue which Leo XIII. underwent on the 21st of August, the Feast of Saint Joachim, his patron saint, would, it was feared, tax his physical strength more than usual.

When the necessity for the Pope's temporal power, as a guarantee for his spiritual liberty and independence, was declared last week by the Congress of German Catholics, held at Krefeld, the Italian Liberal and Monarchist journals treated the declaration with contempt and ridicule. When the Congress proposed that greater efforts should be

made to increase the amount of Peter's Pence, the same Italian journals described the Pope as abounding in riches, and as having no need for the contribution of the faithful.

Chats with the Children

There is an old story, that those whom we have helped on earth will be the first to welcome us in heaven. Are there any there waiting for us? There are little ones glaucing about on my path. In need of a friend and a guide; There are dim little eyes looking up into mine...

PUZZLES.

- 1. My first is a part of the body; my second is a deep hole; my whole is also a part of the body. 2. My first is a small digit; my second is a carpenter's implement; my whole is a piece of horn. 3. My first is on the hand; my second is a wrough; my whole is an instrument of tort...

CONSIDER

- 1. If you give a boy a plate of mullus, what will he do with them? 2. When is a sailor not a sailor? 3. How many points would there be in a cat's argument?

Farm and Garden

About one third of an egg is solid nutriment. A rood egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty yolk. The white of an egg contains 65 per cent. water, and the yolk 52 per cent. An egg, if cooked hard, is difficult of digestion, except by those persons possessed of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread, and masticated very finely. Fried eggs are much less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome, but a delicious moral-egg. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing.

The horse is, or should be, the most valuable animal on the farm. When we speak of the most valuable animal, we do not mean his intrinsic value, but what he does for the farmer and his family in adding to their comfort and pleasure. To endeavor to farm, at the present time, without a family horse for driving to town or elsewhere is to make life a drudgery, and to separate oneself, very often, from the outside world. On the average farm the horse that works in the field every day cannot always be spared when a trial to town or elsewhere is desired, and is usually of a type that is totally unfit for light driving. Where the farm is small and there is not so much work for the farm horse he may be able to do both, but otherwise every farmer should keep a good roadster for driving when necessary.

If a farmer lives several miles from the post-office or store a family horse is almost invaluable. If he is a quiet animal any member of the family can hitch him up, and go for the mail or necessities for the household without disturbing the farming operations in the least. Then he will come in handy on Sunday for taking the family to church. Even if it is only a mile or so to church, it is better to drive there after a week's hard toil in the fields than to walk. But it is surprising how many farmers trudge along to church or elsewhere on foot, when they could just as well have a horse and buggy to carry them as not. These are the ones who talk most of the farmer's hard life. And is it a wonder?—Farming.

It is the heart which will not have its affection degraded, knowing that to exchange legal marriage for mere voluntary unions, mere temporary partnerships, would be not to set love free, but to give it its death-blow by divorcing it from the higher human element, which is the note of marriage rightly understood, and which places regard for order, regard for offspring, regard for the common weal, above personal interest, and the mere selfish gratification of the moment.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "I am 40 years of age. I was attacked by rheumatism in the month of May, 1897. I was unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, kept a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Trouble in Prospect.—"This war will cause much suffering next winter." In what way? The women read so much news that they aren't making half the usual quantity of jam.

The Maid and the Blade

SHORT STORIES.

Over two centuries ago Virginia, fair Virginia, in her most rugged, uncouth state, yet queen of all the colonies, rich in the dignity of an advanced civilization, shone in her progress and ambition, the favoured ward of England's royal sovereigns, the paradise of her loyal vassals, the birthplace of American freedom. Jamestown was in the throes of a savage struggle, confined not to herself alone, but spreading to the farthest ends of the apparently unbounded State. The capital fight was on, the contest raging between the town in which grew Bacon's rebellion and Williamsburg, which was to be the seat of the new government. The Governor had just been elected, and had in the white robes of his office, in the name of the King, proclaimed a state of insurrection against the Governor, and was beginning to look upon himself as the undisputed monarch of the wilderness. The impudence of Williamsburg, with her feudal, scholastic claims, was not even mentioned. It was ignored.

The crude fort at Jamestown held a merry garrison, the Governor having impressed upon royalty across the sea the importance of troops in a land where unexpected rebellions against authority might succeed the partially triumphant uprising against Sir William in 1676. Bacon's death in the October of that year had lost the fight which had been fairly won, and it was wisdom which told the new Governor that troops were essential even in time of peace. The commander of the garrison was Colonel Fortune. The number and quality of his troops are not important factors in this tale. Among the men were a dozen or more young subalterns, fresh from England, undergoing their first rough work in the forests of Virginia. In this fledgling crowd were young Grafton, afterwards a general; Moody, Velder, Howard, and others, whose names, with those of their Virginia companions, went into colonial history.

Near the fort were the homes of the officers, the Governor's residence being but a short distance down the rough, winding lane, which was dignified by the name of street. Colonel Fortune's home was the handsomest, the merriest of them all, a typical frontier mansion. A mansion of those days could be set in the country, and the house of the Colonel was far brighter, gay, or than the palace of to-day. In his house gathered chivalrous subalterns from English homes, stalwart Virginians of inherited gallantry, the men and women from whom sprung the first families of that blue blood which all Americans cherish ovigly and proudly.

His board was more hospitable than that of the Governor, his favours were coveted more eagerly than those of his superior. Stern, exacting, yet affable and courteous, he was the idol of the people whose hatred for those who ruled them had wrought ruin more than once. Mrs. Fortune, a lady of gentle birth, closely related, in fact, to a certain branch of nobility, shared the power of her husband.

But there was a colonial queen whose reign was of more consequence than the youth of Jamestown than was that of the august person across the sea. She was queen of hearts, this daughter of theirs, airy Kate Fortune. Daintiest maid in all the land, famed for her wit, her follies, her merry loveliness, her dimples, and her sunshine, she was the wildest tempter who ever laid unconscious siege against man's indifference. The English officers called her an angel, the more detestable Virginians named her a witch, and she was a witch, yet would not have burned her for the whole universe. On the contrary, they sacrificed themselves to the worship of her craft. War and strife were forgotten, the treacheries of the Indians were minimized, for a score or more of dreamers, awake or asleep, found their minds full of dainty Kate that thought of love could work no means of entrance. In the rear of the Lord Jamestown was a veritable cauldron of rivals, the suitors all, some bold, some timid, some hopeful.

Strange as it may appear to those who live these two centuries later, there were no jealousies, no bitterness, among them. In those good days the favoured man's best friends were his beaten rivals. Kate's kingdom was not large, was not glittering, but her scepter was mighty. It was made of tenderness, beauty with discretion, with an occasional shadow of ridicule involved. It was the shadow which her subjects feared more than the rod.

For two months the Governor's nephew had been her most ardent admirer, notwithstanding the fact that he had been in Virginia but sixty days. His surrender had been instantaneous. Ordinarily the nephew of the Governor who was a lord of the realm, might be considered a superior rival, but in this instance he was not even feared. He had come to Jamestown with excellent ideas, a haughty demeanour, and what Virginians called a supercilious air. He dressed better, talked better, and lived better, and he seemed to hold every man in the colony at a distance. Friendly, courteous even to the lowest soldier, he still gave forth the impression that he was condescending, not alone to those beneath, but to those above him. That this notion, this self-ordained perfect man, should have drifted to the colonies from the drawing-rooms of London, only to fall in

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Trask's bout grew with her contention. "I cannot see why you defend the captain, Miss Fortune," ventured Farring. "Why not? He will not defend himself."

"But you surely cannot approve a coward?"

"Are you sure he is a coward?"

"I should consider myself one under the circumstances, I believe," he replied, evasively.

"Would it not be cowardly to fight Morton Trask if he knew he could kill him?"

"Bah!" came from the angry Trask. "He could at least have given Trask satisfaction for an insult," said Varney.

Kate wavered.

"That's true," she said, "he should have a chance at least. Still, that does not prove him a coward."

"I will wager that I can prove him a coward," observed Lieutenant Holmes, "and safely, too."

"I want you to do it safely," supplemented Miss Fortune.

"One time at home we exposed a boasting captain, who would have had us think him the bravest man on earth—"

"But that does not seem to be Captain Studdiford's object, interrupted Kate.

"True," went on Holmes, "but that has nothing to do with it. This captain was the mightiest of his class, with his fellow-officers dismissed as highwaymen, and despite his declarations that he had fought dozens of such men, he ran like a bound, secondarily murdering all the way. Why not test your captain's courage as we tested ours, Miss Fortune?"

In the first place, I could not be a very impressive highwayman, and in the second place, he might shoot."

"You have plenty of men at your command who would serve as Indians for such an experiment," ejaculated Varney.

"Egad! We all would!" exclaimed Holmes.

"So you might," she cried. "He would be willing to kill you if you were Indians."

"We might as well give up the plan, for we could not force him to leave town without a bodyguard," sneered Trask.

"Fie! That is easy. Miss Fortune could ask him to ride with her into the forest, and he would go blindly enough," said Holmes.

"I?" cried Kate, blushing to think of herself in that position after Studdiford's proclamation. "I could not do such a thing. Prove him a coward, but do not ask me to help you."

"Holmes is right, and Miss Fortune should be willing to make the test. She is his defender; she cannot refuse to satisfy herself of her error in this matter. I will accompany her, and I will take her into apparent captivity, while he pretends with fear and inaction. But suppose he should happen to be disappointing, and shoot somebody," objected Lucy Gaines.

"Oh, he must have no chance to do that," said Varney. "Miss Fortune can induce him to discharge his pistols in some feat of marksmanship, and we will swoop down before he can reload them."

"For shame!" cried Kate. "How could she be a fair test of bravery? An unarmed man against five brawny Indians! I'll have none of it. His pistols must remain undisturbed."

"But, good heavens! He may kill us all!" cried Trask.

"Well, how else is he to prove his courage? You must take your chances, gentlemen with your coward, if he is to show us he is a man. If he is not, then you may have to run from them."

"Allow us to capture you, and offer him the privilege of fighting for your liberty, choosing his own weapons. If he agrees to fight for you instead of taking his proffered freedom, we will leave the field to him, and you may call him hero. That is fair, is it not?" proposed Farring.

"You will not hurt him?" asked Kate doubtfully.

"Hurt him? We shall not even catch him. He will leave you, and fly for his life," cried Trask.

"I tell you now, gentlemen, if he stands the test and disproves your taunts against his valor, my respect for him will be far more than you can ever hope to inspire. Yet, after all, it will be diversion. It will be fun to see how he will act," mused the fair plotters.

"It required all of Kate's courage and a dismal sacrifice of pride to suggest the ride to Captain Studdiford, but she did it the next morning, stopping him near the ford after having walked thirty feet behind for more than two hundred yards. She was a trifle insecure as to her valor in this preliminary step.

The looseness of her cheeks might have been by others attributed to the chill of the December month, but she knew they were the flames from an inward fire.

Captain Studdiford's heart thumped unusually fast as he looked down at the pliant face and blue eyes, which for the first time since he had known them wore a gleam wavering on embarrassment. They were very soft and timid this morning, there was something appealing in their tempting depths.

"May I not walk with you? I am glad to see you," were her first words.

"Whither, pray?"

"Oh, to—and here she blushed, for in truth she had no destination, to Anna Corwin's, she concluded in relief.

"But Mistress Corwin lives back yonder. How came you to be going this way?"

"Did I say Anna Corwin?"

"It is not Anna Corwin," she said, "I am not dear to me, and I am not sure I did—how queer of me I am going to Lucy's. You cannot say, still that she does not live in this direction. I'll not walk with you if you are bound to be particular though." Her little ears were very red.

"I hear you to forgive me, and allow me to walk with you," cried the captain eagerly.

"I like that much better. No matter if I were color to Anna's and chose a foundation way, you should not be so impetuous as to remonstrate. As a rule, captain, the men prefer the foundation way."

"Be it miles I would walk it with thee," cried he, smiling at her merry words.

"Oh, would you do that?" she asked, suddenly seeing her way clear. Yet in spite of all her composure deserted her, and she blurted it out, turning red again. "I'm dying to ride to Big Fork to-morrow, but I have no one to accompany me. Would you like to go?" Then to herself: "What a fool he thinks me!"

"Gladly, but are we sure there are no stray Indians about?" he asked, rather quickly.

"He is afraid," she thought, with strange discomfiture. "If you are afraid, we will not go," she said, a trifle coldly.

"Afraid? Not for myself, but for you. We will go if you like, and I should rejoice to meet all of the Indians in Virginia if it will please you."

So they made their plans, and she was so loth to leave him that he was forced to remind her that they had passed the home of Lucy Gaines, a full furlong or more. He left her at the door, his heart exultant, hers all a-flutter.

The next afternoon the two rode forth from Jamestown and into the forest, following the well-made road which led to the westward beneath the red and yellow oaks. Half an hour previous to the arrival of the young man had ridden from the home of Lucy Gaines, strange bundles strapped to the saddles. Above all things they had cautioned Kate to demand the captain's proof of marksmanship at a point near Big Fork.

It was with some consternation, notwithstanding all the plotting, that Kate observed the big pistols at the captain's side, and the heavy sword which jangled against his leg. That jangling sword gave her the tremors, and she cast many a furtive glance toward his chain and scabbard. At last she was compelled to ask:

"How can you, I pray, use such a monstrous sword, Captain Studdiford? It must have been made for a giant!"

"It was; it was my great-grandfather's over a century ago. See! It is scabbarded, even in my weak hand." He jugged the gleaming blade, long and heavy, from its scabbard and swept it downward through the air so fiercely that it resembled a wide sheet of silver. Kate's blue eyes grew wide with apprehension, a cold chill seized upon her, and her ruddy face paled. He returned the weapon to its sheath with some forceful crash that she started violently in her saddle, her little teeth clacking in sheer fright.

"I could cleave a man's skull in twain as easily as you can cut an apple. Would that we could meet a warlike Indian that I could show you how it merits my praise."

"Goodness!" gasped Kate, hopelessly. "You would not strike a man with it, would you?"

"If he were an enemy. For you, loved one, I could cut down an army. If my horses drew more closely by side, and the fierce, strong man were gently laid upon her trembling fingers. Tenderly (rapturing the little one) the big one raised it until it touched the lips of him who leaned across to kiss it. Their eyes met as he raised his head. His were full of love, hers with a pleading dread, the uncertain quiver between love and fear. Without a word he dropped the hand, suddenly sick at heart.

"I could die for her and she deserves me," he groaned to himself.

"Oh, what have I done?" she thought, a thousand fears gathering in her heart. "He is no coward and he will kill one of them! How can I tell him—how can I save their lives? He will devote me! That awful sword! A man's skull! Oh, dear! He called me loved one! How big and strong he is! He called me—how can I keep him from using the sword? The pistols I can manage, and—perhaps they will not be there. He will kill them all—horror upon horror! What have I done? Oh!"

The last exclamation was so loud and so sudden that the pale captain turned quickly.

What is it? What is it?"

She laughed wildly, even gaily, almost in the face of her companion. "Nothing—nothing at all!" she cried.

"I am glad to have afforded you amusement, Mistress Fortune. You may rest my heart to shrive."

Her manner changed instantly. Tears flew to the blue eyes and he had crept toward him.

"Forgive me, pray, Captain Studdiford, I did not mean to hurt you—I am very foolish, very unkind. You must hate me," she faltered.

"Hate you! How could I? You do not love me—why should I have hated you? I can blame but myself. I have done no harm to you, and the cause he had not touched it."

"And it is our last afternoon together."

"Last?" she repeated, faintly.

"Yes, for I shall not see you again."

"Oh—you—do not mean that?"

"I have asked to be transferred to Williamsburg, I—I have not one friend in Jamestown, why should I stay here? He cried, bitterly.

"But you have," she exclaimed, eagerly. "You have I am your friend!"

"Friend? That is not what I ask of you," he said, almost gruffly.

"Sister," broken only by the clatter of the hoofs upon the road followed his words. In her confusion she had forgotten the terrible sword, but it came back to her with the thought which had given birth to her untimely words, the thought that was to lead her from the chief predicament into which she had been cast. She would ask the captain to turn back to Jamestown at once, avoiding the possibility of conflict.

"Captain Studdiford, I believe we had better turn back. The fever grew serious beneath his calm gaze."

"As you like. You will grant me time to adjust my saddle girth, it is slipping," he said, coolly dismounting without another word.

They were fully three miles from the village, and in a dense piece of forest. On either side of the narrow road grew the thickest of underbrush, with the great oak trees stretching above like silent sentinels. The girl's mind was chaos; her thoughts were clanging and interchanging like leaves before the whirling wind. She knew that she admired this man, and that something even sweeter was beginning to throbb in his way into her heart. A half smile came to her troubled face as she thought of the war-painted plotters two miles away waiting to mark a coward of her hero. A touch of remorse came to her as she remembered her part in the plot, and the plot would have been carried out had she not seen the great swing of that fearful sword. What havoc it would have wrought! And he was to leave Jamestown! Without a word he had said. How could he say that?

In the midst of these varying thoughts she allowed her softening eyes to wander from him toward the trees above, and the stripping brush beneath their knotty limbs. A suppressed scream called the captain's attention to her staring eyes. They were blinking in great agitation.

"Deep in the underbrush she had seen the form of an Indian warrior! Horrors! The sword!"

"What do you see?" cried he, starting toward the now deserted brush.

"Nothing—nothing!" she gasped.

"Yes—I mean, that red bird! See? Do shoot it for me—I must have it! Isn't it beautiful? It was exactly like the one with three red leaves. I wager you cannot! Quick, and then we will ride for home."

"Why are you so excited?"

"I am not the least bit excited—I never am! Why do you not shoot at that twig?"

"You try it," he surprised her by saying, pushing a pistol into her hand. Without a word she blazed away above the sky, and his firearms were useless. She handed the smoking pistol to him with a laugh.

"Would it not be awful if Indians came upon us?" she cried, with strange exultation. "But mount and race with me to the spring!"

"As the captain placed his foot in the stirrup a yell burst from the thicket, an arrow whizzed above the heads, and a half-dozen fierce warriors were dashing toward them.

"Do not use your sword!" she screamed.

Before the bewildered soldier could catch his breath an ugly brute was in the road, not ten feet away, knife in hand. Out whizzed the sword!

Keen as was agony, clasping her hand over her eyes. Do not strike!"

"But it was too late. The streak of steel cut the air. A sickening thud, a gurgling howl, and the assailant fell, his head half severed from his body. An instant later the big Englishman was in his saddle. A second slash and an Indian at his side went down beneath the angry blade!

The two horses plunged forward as a brawny redskin grasped her arm and she felt herself being dragged to the ground. Then a hand clasped her other arm, a big form leaped over behind her far across the back of the horse. She heard the hiss of something cutting the air, the crash as of splitting wood, a groan of agony, and the Indian's ruthless sword was leveled. He, horse and rider, seemed to coter beneath her, but again that arm from aloft ex-

etc! itself, and it seemed as if she were being lifted to the treetops. Almost before she could realize it she was upon another horse, clasped in the arm of its rider, and they were off like the wind.

Suddenly she felt the form of the man who held her drag forward with a knee, and then straighten again slowly. Exhaustive yells came from behind, and then a crowd of arrows whizzed past, and then another crowd, and then the thunder of horses' hoofs upon the frozen road. As her eyes opened involuntarily, terror possessing them, they fell upon the scene far behind. Two hundred yards away her own horse lay struggling in the road, two human forms stretched near it, another dragging itself to the roadside. Three feathers—Indians were some fifty yards nearer, retreating wildly. Her brain whirled and dazzled, and—consciousness was lost!

When she regained her senses she was lying upon the ground. With feeble eyes she glanced wonderingly about. A tree near by a horse was latched, beneath her body were the blankets from the horse and certain garments from the back of the man. All was a dream, she could account for nothing. She felt as if she were leaning against the big oak, coolness, and as pale as a ghost. Deep lines stretched across his brow and down his mouth his eyes were closed, as if in pain.

An involuntary moan escaped her lips, and the captain was at her side almost before it had died away. She was crying:

"Oh, what have I done? What have I done?"

"Calm yourself, dearest! You are safe, nothing so. See, we are alone, far from those devils. It is but a mile to Jamestown. Be brave and we will soon be at home," he murmured hoarsely, kneeling at her side and lifting her to a sitting posture.

"Home! I can never go home! Oh God, you do not know—you do not know!"

"There, there! Now, be quiet—"

"I've come to know I am a murderer. I am the wretch! Kill me—I cannot live!" she wailed.

"Fie!" he called, lovingly.

"You could not know—you did not know then, Captain Studdiford!" she cried, sitting bolt upright, glaring wildly about her, then shudderingly plunging her white face against his bosom. "They were not Indians!" she almost whispered.

"Not Indians?" he gasped.

"God forgive me—no! It was all a trick—to test your courage—forgive me—to test—to test—oh! and I allowed you to kill them!"

"Speak! Go! What do you mean?"

"They were our friends—not Indians! My dearest friends! Oh, how is it that I am not struck dead for this? Please Heaven, let me die!" she wailed.

"My God!" he exclaimed, after the first bewildering shock. "A trick—and I have killed—oh, it cannot be true!" He leaped to his feet, allowing her to fall from his side to the ground, where she lay, a wretched, shivering heap. With a furious oath he snatched the big sword from the ground, and turned upon her, with eyes blazing, muscles quivering.

She was looking up at him, those wide blue eyes gleaming pitiously.

"Kill me!" she murmured, and closed her eyes to await the stroke.

His big arm relaxed, the sword fell from his nerveless grasp, clanging to the ground.

When she reopened her eyes after an age of suspense she saw him leaning against the tree, his body shaking with sobs. A second glance and she started to her feet, alarmed.

"His broad back was covered with blood. Near his left shoulder the clothing was torn, and an ugly, gaping wound leered at her.

"Oh," she gasped; "you—you are hurt!"

"Hurt!" he groaned. "They have killed me. You have killed me—you and your friends. I hope you are satisfied with your work."

As he sank to the ground he pointed to the cruel arrow which he had torn from his side. It lay not far away, grim and bloody.

The horrified girl glanced at it helplessly, and then at the unconscious man, unable to realize. Then, she cried aloud in her agony and threw herself upon the prostrate form moaning:—"Dear God, forgive me—forgive me! Ralph—look up! I love you—I worship you! You shall not leave me!"

She kissed the pallid face, caressed the chilling head, sobbing:—"Forgive me! Forgive me!"

An hour afterward the clatter of hoofs upon the road aroused her from the semi-unconscious condition into which her grief had resolved itself. Through the gathering darkness she saw horsemen approaching—Indian riders. A moment later they were dismounting at her side, and well-known voices were calling to her:

"Are you hurt?"

"What has happened?"

"Killed? My God!"

It was Farring, Trask, and the other plotters, peering with excitement. Their horses were wet from the dewiness with which they had ridden.

"Do not touch him! You have killed him!" she cried, striving to shield the body from Farring's anxious touch.

"Killed him? Good God, Kate! Where did you meet them?" cried Farring, as Trask pulled her from Studdiford's side.

"Are you not dead?" she finally whispered to the men.

"We? He killed three of them—split their heads! But the wretches put an arrow into him, after all! What a dreadful thing we have done! Fairly tricked him to his death!" cried poor Trask.

"Then—then it was not you?" cried Kate.

"Heavens, no! We found the Indians dragging their dead from the road three miles back, and knew that something terrible had happened."

"Thank God! I am spared that! But he must not die—he shall not! I love him! Do you not see? I love him!"

For three weeks the victim of that ill-fated trick hung between life and death. Surgery was crude in the colonies, and the first evidence of restoration was due more to the skill of his doctors. The poor fellow rolled and tossed upon one of Mrs. Fortune's soft beds, oblivious to the kind offices of those about him. They had taken him at Kate's command, and she would never permit a shadow with anguish, love, and passion. She watched him by day and by night—in her restless dreams; her whole existence was in the tossing vigil of her folly. Every twitch of that pain-stricken body seemed to show her that he was shrinking from her in hatred. Her pretty face was white and drawn, the blue eyes dark and pitiful, and the merry mouth plaintive in its tender hos closeness.

And those jovial tricksters—those who had perched over his lack of courage, the festivity of which they had undertaken—they were smitten by their own shame, haunted by their own sin. The fiery Trask, the polished Farring, the ingenious Holmes, with all Jamestown, prayed for his recovery, and spared no pains to bring to life and health the man who had won that which they had relinquished in hope of having—Kate's love. They were tender, sympathetic, helpful—true men and good.

Kate could not forget the look of disgust she had seen upon Studdiford's face as he stood above her with the great sword in his angry hand. His first thought had been to kill her.

Sitting beside him, watching the fevered brow, caressing the ruffled hair, holding his restless hands, she could feel her heart thumping like lead, so heavy had it grown in the fear of his awakening.

Finally the doctors told her that he would recover, that the fever was broken. Then came the day when he slept, cool and quiet, no trace of fever, no sign of pain.

It was then that Kate forsook him, burying herself in her distant room, guilty and heartbroken, fearing above all things on earth the first repellent glance he would bestow upon her. Once, while he slept, she peered through the door, going back to her room and her spinning with tears blinding the plaintive blue eyes.

At last one day her mother came from the captain's room, and said to her gently:—"Kate, Captain Studdiford asks why you do not come to see him. He tells me that for three days he has suffered because you have been so unkind. Go to him, dear, he promises he will not plead his love if it is so distressful to you."

Distasteful! The girl grew faint with wonder. Her limbs trembled, her lips parted, her eyes blurred, and her ears roared with the rush of blood from her heart.

"Mother!" she whispered at last, steadying herself against the wall. "Are you sure, mother?"

"That he wants you? My child, his eyes are full with tears when he thinks of you. I have seen them moisten as he lies looking from the window—"

But Kate was gone.

When Mrs. Fortune opened the door of the sick man's room soon afterward she drew back quickly, closed it again, lifting her eyes aloft, murmured:—"God make them happy!"

"What are you laughing at?" "Put an advertisement in the paper, saying that the man who had appropriated my umbrella at the reception-room was bringing it at my house before I left this evening, and I met a messenger boy in every block on the way down."

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

MR. WM. ELLIOTT TELLS HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

He Has Been Subject to Fatalistic Spells and Cramps—Was Gradually Growing Weaker and Weaker.

From the Echo, Pittsboro, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have attained a most enviable reputation in this community. Probably no other medicine has had such a large and increasing sale here. The reason is that this medicine cures. Old and young alike are benefited by its use. Recently we printed an account of a remarkable cure of a well-known lady of this place through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since publishing that we have heard of another similar case. Mr. Wm. Elliott, a farmer living near Bright, is a well known figure there. Although he has been a long time on his walks to the village, a distance of nearly a mile, for his mail. Many years ago he came from Scotland to the farm on which he now lives and clearly it is far from a good one. Satisfied with him, he talked to an Echo reporter the following: "I am 78 years of age and strong and healthy for an old man. Mine has been a vigorous constitution and up till six years ago I hardly knew what it was to be sick a days illness. But then my health began to fail. I became subject to cramps in the stomach. I was treated by doctors, but received no benefit. I gradually grew weaker and as I was fast getting on in years I thought my time had come. Next I took fasting fits and often I would have to be carried back to the house entirely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was general weakness due to old age and advised me to eat and sleep and to take me to use when I felt a faintness coming on, but this I refused to do. I had read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought they would be specially adapted to my case. I tried one box but that did not seem to help me. In fact I thought I felt worse. I decided to continue them, however, and after taking four boxes there was a marked improvement. My strength returned and I was no longer troubled with fainting spells. In six months time with this treatment I gained fifteen pounds, taking in all eight boxes of the Pills. To-day I am a well man and I owe my complete recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. They cure and them an unrivaled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex; restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine so justly called "See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by express, prepaid. Write to the Manufacturing Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, New York.

J. M. + J. D.—Urgent Appeal.

For the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, help a poor priest whose Church of St. Denis, at Athens, Ont., is burdened with a debt of \$2,000 (two thousand dollars)—a very large sum for the pastor and people of a small parish. He has, and which they cannot pay unless aided by the charitable abroad.

My lamented predecessor, Rev. J. J. Kelly, actuated by his zeal for the sanctification and salvation of souls, within the jurisdiction of the late Archbishop of Kingston, but before his death, had collected a large sum of money among the good people there who knew and loved him. It was Father Kelly's intention to continue collecting in Quebec until the church should be paid in full. A hard work brought his death sickness upon him and hence the good work of collecting had to be abandoned. After Father Kelly's death I was appointed by the late Archbishop of Kingston to succeed him, and in my capacity as pastor it comes particularly laid upon me when I have to draw on my scanty resources to keep the interest of this debt paid. May God inspire you to aid me in this good work.

All those who will send me \$1 (or more) I promise them that they will have part in all my masses, offices, prayers and all the other good works that may be done by me until my death.

Please send your subscription in registered letter to

Rev. J. J. COLLINS,
Trevelyan P.O., Leeds County, Ont.

In connection with the above it is impossible for me to write and acknowledge every dollar that I receive. However, I beg to return my most heartfelt thanks to the good priests and people who have so generously and so promptly responded to my humble and pathetic appeal. May the God of charity bless their generous hearts and may He give them and their friends a place in His own most Sacred Heart. It is humbly hoped that beyond expression, to have to beg, but I do not beg for myself. I am in great trouble, fearing that my little church will get into the hands of the Sheriff, and which will cause a great loss to many, very many more, who cannot pay me besides those who have done so already.

Surely there are two thousand charitable people in this fair Dominion who can give the sum of one dollar in my cause and not miss it, but on the contrary will receive many blessings.

J. J. C.

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The Late John Twoboy

The Lindsay Post of Sept. 17 says: After a useful life of 71 years John Twoboy, one of the first settlers of the township of Ops, calmly passed away on Sunday evening, August 29th, 1898, at his residence in that township. He was a devoted member of the family and friends, and a man of faith and hope and love. The husband and private as well as public life had evidently been conducted by his strong constitution, his temperate habits and cheerful disposition. He was always vigorous and healthy, even in his ripe old age, until a couple of weeks before his death. On taking sick he regarded his illness as a bronchial affection—as a messenger of death, and so it proved, for the family physician could do no more than relieve his distress. He bore his sufferings with patience and Christian fortitude, sent for his confessor, and carefully prepared for death, until he breathed his last on Wednesday morning, Sept. 17th, at 8 o'clock, at the family homestead, lot 27, con. 4 at 8 o'clock, the long cortege slowly wended its way to St. Mary's church, Lindsay, where the bells tolled its approach about 9 o'clock. The remains were received into the church by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Laurent, in the usual manner, and a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by the venerable Mr. Farrelly, of Belleville, assisted by Rev. E. Spratt of Wolfe Perth, as sub-deacon. Within the sanctuary were also Very Rev. Dean Casey, of Peterboro; Rev. F. Killen, of Kingston; and Rev. E. Twoboy, of Westport, son of the deceased. Mr. Laurent and his esteemed curate, Rev. E. Twoboy, kindly assisted the choir. The singing of the final office for the dead by Mr. Laurent brought the impressive ceremony to a close, when the funeral again fell into line and proceeded to the new cemetery, where the mortal remains of the deeply lamented John Twoboy were laid to rest. The pall-bearers were Messrs. John Kennedy, Denis Fitzpatrick, Timothy Collins, Wm. Meagher, Alex. Patrie and Patrick Harrington. It may be here added that the celebrant, Mr. Farrelly, had been parish priest of Lindsay for many years, and was the patron and spiritual adviser of Rev. Fathers Twoboy, Spratt and Duffins, then studying for the priesthood.

BRIEF SKETCH OF A BUSY LIFE.

As the Twoboy families, now residing in Ops, are largely and respectfully connected, the following sketch may not be without interest:

The late John Twoboy, the subject of this sketch, was the second son of Denis Twoboy, a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, who with his wife and family emigrated to Canada in the year 1827, John being then 16 years old. The other members of the family were Patrick, Daniel, Mary, Dennis, James, Julia and Catherine; of those only Dennis and James are now living. The latter emigrated to the family reached Brockville then a mere hamlet, where they resided for a year before proceeding further west to Little York (now Toronto) where some public works were in progress. After remaining there about two years Mr. Twoboy and his son were advised to take up land, and on learning that a new township, named Ops, had been recently surveyed and opened for settlement, they struck out in a north-easterly direction, following the roads and trails then available, and after a perilous journey, via Fort Perry they landed on the banks of the Sangou at Turley's Mills (now Lindsay). The mills had just been built, and were a great boon to the scattered settlers who up to that time had to carry their goods to Peterborough and back again, following "the blaze" through the woods. Besides the mills there were only a few logs in the village, the one occupied by Mr. Culbert, the postmaster, being the best.

The Twoboy family settled on lots 18 and 19, con. 4, west of the village, in 1830, and in the following year John selected lot 27, con. 4, as his choice, and immediately began to chop and clear a few years afterwards he was married to Ellen Murphy, daughter of John Murphy, and step-sister of Edward and James Murphy. From this happy union were born three children, five boys and eight girls, all of whom attained the age of maturity. The mother died about twenty-one years ago, and three of the daughters have died since. The other members of the family survive, and well prospered, and reflect the training of their worthy parents. Two of the family entered religious orders, namely, the third son, Patrick, for several years parish priest of Westport, in Kingston diocese, and Hannah, whose name in religion is Sister Euclaria, now the Rev. Mother in the Loreto Convent, Hamilton.

With regard to social qualities John Twoboy had few equals. He was a practical Christian, always ready to respond to the call of duty, always ready to respect and good will of his neighbors, irrepresive of creed. He had a very retentive memory and was a natural joker. His manner of jesting was original and peculiar to himself. He never sought to wound, his words being to excite laughter without ridicule. Whenever the neighbors assembled together at "bee, wedding or wake," John was a central figure, and to heed his words was to heed the words of wisdom.

Among the interesting personalities at the Queen's Hotel, last week was Beckles Wilson, one of the bright writers of the London Daily Mail, and widely known for his sketches on Canadian life. He is particularly well informed on the Newfoundland question, having made many visits to the island. He wrote a book on his travels, entitled "The South Island," which had a big

sale in England, and the mention of the French question to him was like speaking of General Paoli. I could not find it in most daily papers, but the English columns are being used there, and I explained a diary. It is not probable that they should be so much interested in some other portion of the globe.

Straight Talk From a Protestant Unitarian.

In the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, the Rev. Dr. F. A. De Costa preached on "The Coming Battles for Civilization in the East and West Indies. He related his own church—the Protestant Episcopal—for proposing to engage in a "religious attack on Manila" while denials of God's Word are heard in his own pulpits.

"We are," he said, "on the eve of a great contest for the spread of civilization, one that will require wisdom, fortitude and self-restraint. It must be conducted in no spirit of contempt for the people of the vast islands that, in the providence of God, may now call our own. We must study the condition of these new peoples and find out what is best in them, carrying on the work of improvement on practical lines.

"The word here about what are called 'missions to our possessions.' Already we hear of classes of religiousists in counsel to take action, the keynote of which is pitched in accordance with the idea that in the new countries we have to do with heathens. With the Moslem population of the East, and the condition is indeed unique, but for the most part Christianity is already the law of the lands coming under our rule and care, and missionary zeal may well take care to have no aggressive and bigoted religion it does not regard as heathenism.

"In Manila the very insurgent soldier bows humbly in adoration before the cross and forms quite as good a Christian as hundreds of thousands of more pretentious and privileged people in this country. Zealous missionaries may well confine themselves to their present half-filled, suburban fields where they wrangle with one another about modern forms and debate the faith, to the confusion of honest inquirers, instead of seeking to designate existing Christianity in Manila.

"As for our own, the Episcopal, a careful study of the present conditions at home would suggest better attention to the needs of the present than more missions to the present East. It had better find out what it believes, re-establish its faith, stop the blatant denials of God's Word now echoed in pulpits and print, invigorate discipline and to insist on the Apostolic age before making any religious attack on Manila. The two houses of the coming general convention cannot attend to this matter too soon."

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Empress of Austria's Assassin a Silly Wretch.

New York, September 14.—A dispatch to the World from Geneva says that the correspondent has seen and interviewed the assassin, Lucchesi. Instead of a sullen Paganini, who killed Carter Harrison, of Chicago, or a defiant Vaillant who threw the bomb in the French Chamber of Deputies, there is a Frenchman upon the scene in the auto chamber of the Palace of Justice, a sniveling wretch, effusive, garrulous and beaming.

Lucchesi is small and gaunt but athletic with blue eyes and reddish moustache and dirty brown hair short and unperturbed.

He smiled and tilted as he talked; cheerfully answering all of the correspondent's questions. His demeanour suggested an unbigoted mind, but his remarks indicated a clear and full consciousness of his crime in which he gloried.

In answer to a query Lucchesi said: "I killed the Empress because I am an anarchist. We have not, we eat not, we drink not, we do not, we must make the rich and powerful think about us. I have simply executed a mission."

"Why did you select the Empress?" "Why not have killed a real ruler—a King or a President?" "Do you know," "Do you know her in my way," he answered simply, and with apparent truthfulness. "I was not looking for her life in particular. She was here, and I struck her. She was one of the oppressed."

"Had you any accomplices?" "My accomplices are all those who suffer. I am the executor of the oppressed."

Would you prefer life imprisonment in Geneva to death in Austria, if you had the choice?" he was then asked. "A look of annoyance passed over his face as he answered: "As you wish."

Then he made a sign as if cutting off his head and added: "I should prefer the French way."

Lucchesi declined to answer further questions and the interview ended.

Father Lefebvre Honoured.

MONTREAL, Sept. 15.—Last night a large number of parishioners met at St. Peter's Hall, corner of St. Rose and Fauteuil streets, to pay good-bye to their beloved pastor, who has served them for twenty five years. Rev. Father Joseph Lefebvre.

There are so many cough remedies in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Lung and Throat Syrup. Those who have used it think it the best of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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