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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

On June 5 the Nationalists of Belfast celebrated the centenary of the Battle of Antrim. The celebration was a most imposing one. Nothing could have been more orderly and dignified than the Nationalist display, and its significance was only heightened by an attempt on the part of the Orange Society to mar the celebration.

There will be deep and genuine public sympathy with Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., in the sad bereavement he has sustained by the death of his son, Dr. Thomas T. Sullivan, from typhus fever, caught when attending a family suffering from that most infectious and fatal disease.

At a meeting of the Corporation of Limerick Councillor Kivelinhan proposed a resolution which he was sure would meet with the unanimous approval of the council. He believed that the Council, and indeed all Limerick, were favorable to some fitting recognition of the memorable year of '08. He begged to propose: "That the Council of the Corporation of Limerick, the oldest Corporation in Ireland, hereby record our admiration and appreciation of the efforts made by the United Irishmen and patriots in the insurrection of 1798 for civil and religious liberty and towards the freedom of this country from unjust, oppressive and tyrannical laws, and that same be recorded on our minutes.

On June 2 John O'Donnell, organizer of the West Mayo League, was liberated from Mayo prison, after undergoing three months incarceration for alleged denunciation of landlordism and hoisting the landgrabber near Westport. The Castlebar band and a large number of friends and admirers met him at the prison and gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. O'Donnell was escorted to the residence of Mr. J. Daly.

On June 5th a great demonstration took place in New Ross in commemoration of the great victory over the English troops won by the Wexford insurgents one hundred years ago. It was remarkable with what whole-hearted enthusiasm the people of the town entered into the spirit of the celebration. Everywhere appropriate mottoes were displayed, "Remember '98" being the leading legend. A special train was run from Dublin, which brought a deputation from the Wexfordmen's Association of the city, with a splendid banner on which there was a portrait of Father Murphy. Large contingents with bands and banners came from Ennisorthy, and other places along the line by the same train. There was also a crowded train from Wexford, while a large body of people came up from Waterford by special steamer. A platform was erected on the open space at Irishtown, but before the proceedings at the public meeting started there was a procession through the streets, in which all the bands took part. As the procession paraded the streets a great deal of enthusiasm was shown, and when the people massed together in the square at Irishtown the gathering was certainly a splendid one.

The principal speakers at the meeting were Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. There were no allegorical parades on the platform, but several were present in the crowd.

ENGLAND. Convert to Catholicism. The Tablet states that Rev. A. B. Sharpe, late Vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Catholic Year-Apostle of Wales. The Right Rev. Francis Mostyn, D.D., Titular Bishop of Aesalon, has received a brief from His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. raising the Welsh Vicariate to the position of a diocese, under the name of Menavia. Dr. Mostyn becomes first bishop of the diocese, which embraces the whole of Wales, with the exception of Glamorganshire.

Formation of Catholic League. A Catholic League for the Tower Hamlets Parliamentary Division of London, has been formed on the same lines as the Catholic League of South London. A complete register of all the Catholic voters in the districts

will be made, and being united under one organization, an effort will be made to return at all the elections, whether Parliamentary, County Council, School Board, Vestry or Guardians, only candidates pledged to protect the Catholic interests.

Indignation Against the Government. Mr. W. R. M. Fitzpatrick writes "as a Protestant Irishman and a loyalist" to The Manchester Guardian to call attention to "the feeling of deep indignation which has been aroused in Ireland by the heartless refusal of the Government to take efficient and immediate means to relieve the deplorable distress now prevailing in certain districts in Ireland." Mr. Fitzpatrick protests against "the jeers and sneers" with which the appeal made by the great majority of the Irish members, "the representatives of the Irish people," was received in "the British House of Commons." "Some people," he writes, "are surprised to find so great a majority of the Irish people are dissatisfied to England. It is in this and such like proceedings that the cause is to be found. The English had great sympathy for other suffering nationalities, but prejudice prevented them from helping nearer homes. They trusted too much to those interested in deceiving them—to the Irish landlord, whose wish was to get as much as he could out of Ireland, and spend it anywhere but in Ireland; to the bigoted Orangeman whose patriotism was outbalanced by his hatred of his Roman Catholic brethren; to the Government officials who derived their information from the least trustworthy sources. To say that Ireland has a representative Government is a mockery. Has anything of importance ever been conceded to the majority of Ireland's representatives?"

SCOTLAND.

Death of the Bishop of Aberdeen.

We learn with deep regret that the Right Rev. Dr. Hugh Macdonald, Bishop of Aberdeen, died on Sunday, May 20 at the residence of his brother, the Archbishop of Edinburgh. Educated at Ushaw, he joined the Redemptorists soon after having entered on the mission. For a time he was rector of the House at Kinrosshill, Perth, and subsequently he became Provincial for the United Kingdom in 1880. He was appointed Bishop of Aberdeen in succession to Dr. Grant, and in that position showed great zeal and energy.

Precious Blood Nuns at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, June 16.—The Sisters of the Precious Blood intend making a number of temporary improvements to the McKay property, Bank street, which they recently purchased. A chapel will be built, the dimensions of which are 62x80. A new wing also on to the building, and this wing will be 35x25 feet. The chapel will be two storeys high.



MR. MONTAGUE, DURNVILLE, ONT.

Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment.

HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING FLEAS IN THE EAR. He says: "I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful and much to that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used it for some time, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used it in tin boxes, and am now completely cured. Every remedy given by Dr. Chase costs years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detected cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on Iodine, and the best physicians prescribe it."

MR. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.

Cured of Itching Piles in 22 Years' Suffering.

Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used Immediately. M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 22 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that he became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the name of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a tin of the same, and from the first application got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The tin box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

Another Word on Rev. Dyson Hague.

The following has appeared in The Globe.

Allow me to thank Mr. Dyson Hague for his courteous letter which appeared in last Saturday's Globe, and to beg permission to criticize this letter as much as his sermon. I was quite aware at the time that Mr. Hague's course of sermons was to treat—not of the Catholic—but of the English Church; however, even in speaking one's own church, it is hardly the thing to calumniate another's. And the dirt of these sermons certainly dealt with the Catholic Church in England before the lamentable departure from it of the Protestants in the fifteenth century. Charity forbids Catholic preachers to paint the awful picture of the Anglican schism in its entirety, or with all its concomitant evils. When they are forced to allude to it it is with sorrow. Even then the cases are different—for the Catholic represents a church which has continued in uninterrupted existence since the days of her Founder, Christ, which Christianized England and from which Protestants, trusting in their private opinions and unaided judgment, seceded. Nor did they leave nor peacefully. It required armed force, coercion and calumnies to wear the mass of English people from the ancient faith. Consequently the Catholic Church has a right to deprecate a system that falls away from the Divine truth of which she is the sole accredited guardian—that, in falling away, uses such despicable weapons against the church to whom under God, it owes everything of truth it still possesses. With the Anglican Church (and Protestantism generally) it is different. As it began by denial of Catholic doctrine it must perpetuate its life by the same means, for its consists of negation; but it has no right, after year after year arguments that are so palpably false as those urged by Mr. Hague in justification of the work of defilement carried on by those whom he styles "great reformers raised up by God." And this the majority of Anglican divines have very sensibly recognized.

Mr. Erasmus does not attempt to answer mine of May 14th, except by advising me to read his work on "The Church of England before the Reformation," by two transparent quibbles, and by a quotation from that Prayer Book which was thrice changed and modified—and each time under the guidance of the Holy Ghost! I shall take these answers (sic) up separately.

The learned writer begins his quibble by saying that we do not agree in the premises. Now I am quite aware that in mathematics and metaphysics one cannot argue to certain conclusions without absolute premises, but historical facts are not premises—absolute or otherwise. They are facts, not deducible from other facts; admitting only of the proof of testimony. But when Mr. Hague goes on to state the premises (sic) upon which we do not agree I must deny the one and disqualify the other.

(1) We admit absolutely and unconditionally that the ministers of the Anglican body are ministers—precisely ministers, and nothing more. We certainly do not admit that they are priests with any commission from Christ or any power such as Catholic priests receive in the sacrament of order. The plain meaning of the word "minister" is "servant," and as, as well as Mr. Hague, give to the Protestant preachers indiscriminately the title of servants of God and of their people. For we do not doubt that, according to their light, they serve God to the best of their ability; and they certainly minister to their respective congregations.

(2) Their Mass is not the Holy Communion to us. This is not a denial. I do not want your opinion of the Holy Mass, or your opinion of it with your Communion service. I want proof that the Catholics of the fifteenth century had no Holy Communion. That I believe, was the statement I challenged. As your present sentence reads, you are perfectly right. A Catholic Mass is not the same thing as a Protestant Communion. In the one the body and blood of Christ are present, in the other bread and wine. The Mass was instituted by our Lord; the "Communion service" is a travesty of the Mass made by men. And men, even though they be reformers, cannot make sacraments or mend them. A sacrament is "ordained by Christ." The Mass is said by a priest, who receives his power from God. The "Communion service" is said by laymen, whose power is derived from the Queen. Of course the Holy Communion is not the Mass to you or anyone else. Still this is hardly to the point. I am not concerned with what the Mass may or may not be "to you." I merely repeat my denial of the calumny that Catholics of the fifteenth century had no Holy Communion.

(3) Mr. Hague now quotes a part of one of the articles from the Prayer Book—a mere statement lacking proof and from a most interested party. This may be a criterion of truth for him but it is not for us. It may be, indeed, that the more uneducated did not comprehend the individual words of the canonical hours and the Mass. They understood the meaning of these

services perhaps better than the uneducated Anglican of to-day understands his "dearly beloved brethren" or the "Athanasian Creed," or the "communion service." But the Latin offices were not the only services used, nor were they studied, with the devotion and accuracy in English "performed" on Sundays alone. The daily worship of God in the church of the fifteenth century was understood by those who said it. Those who assisted at the Latin services wore their own petitions into the text of the holy office when it was not verbally intelligible to them. Thus they were enabled to be personal in their devotions and to avoid the formalism which the slavish repetition of "morning" and "evening prayer" entails.

(4) Lastly, Mr. Hague advises me to read his book "If I really desire proof." I write, not in my own interest, but in that of truth. Every one cannot read his book, and yet his statements go broadcast over Ontario in the columns of The Globe. Moreover, I could get information of neither "the Church of England before the Reformation" nor "the Protestantism of the Prayer Book" in the Public Library, in which he stated I should find it, though I asked for both in the reference and lending departments. But, seriously, Mr. Hague, did you expect me to read a whole book; to search for proof of the six propositions which I emphatically challenged you to prove, knowing you could not do so? That is why, Mr. Hague, I begged you to withdraw your slanderous statements.

The Rev. Dyson Hague has done nothing to prove his position with regard to the Catholic Church in the fifteenth century. His statements, as far as the general public are concerned, are still contradicted statements; for the general public cannot have easier access to the book he offers in support of his position than I. He has merely gone on to make further assertions—one with regard to us, which is false; one comparing the Mass and Communion, which is a mere quibble; one extracted from a book at a decided discount with us, and not to the point, as proof, and one recommendation to read Froude's "Erasmus."

Nor Erasmus was not a good Catholic, nor a good type of the Catholics of his age. Erasmus is not a standard author amongst us; nor do we acknowledge him as of any authority. Erasmus will always be a faithful subject to the Roman See, and still it is true that nature's gifts and endowments have fallen thicker upon High Park than upon any in the above named.

A visitor to Toronto and its interesting suburbs, even though he may have revelled in the matchless scenery of Quebec province, should not presume to speak of the Queen City and its surroundings until he has scrutinized every point of note within its borders, because bountiful nature herself is fair and just in the distribution of her prizes and gifts, and it is in the well-ordered decrees of Providence that all of His creatures, no matter of what clime or locality, should have evidences of His favors and goodness, and that they should make grateful acknowledgment accordingly. In this sense the city of Toronto has much to be thankful for.

While in the city I was made aware of the splendid facilities for visiting Niagara Falls, and I determined to see that product of nature; and I took the good steamer Corvus of the Niagara River Line, from Yonge street wharf. It is needless to say that the trip across the lake was cool, beautiful and enjoyable, or that the same conditions held good on the rail up the river from Niagara-on-the-Lake to Queenston and Lewiston, N.Y. From the latter place the passengers are carried to the town of Niagara, N.Y., either by the electric car or by the railway train. By the former conveyance the gorge route is taken, thus affording a magnificent view of the great Niagara River, whose volume comes pouring down between the high bluffs on the Canadian and American sides. It takes the name of the "gorge" because the dense flow of waters is hampered by the enclosing high banks on either side, and the boiling flood does not find natural relief until it reaches the broad bottom of the lake below. Of the great Falls themselves, words are but a feeble instrument to describe the sensations one feels on looking for the first time at the great volume of swirling, foaming and contorted water as it takes its mad plunge to the mysterious chasm below. The great Horse Shoe Fall on the Canadian side of the river, was the first visited. The scene is thrilling, and it takes one some time to recover his composure after coming face to face with such a spectacle of nature's making. As far as I could see up the rock-bed river above the falls the water is in a very tumultuous state of agitation as if by way of preparation for its final plunge over the great cataract itself. But the curious phase of it is the variety of forms it takes in its descent; it assumes all sorts of fantastic and artistic shapes, resembling in some degree finely wrought lace. Then the cloud of spray that rises from the bottom scatters in all directions and leaves its impress on the faces of the spectators. A little way down, the great Central American Fall is situated, and the mass of

A Tourist's Impressions of the Queen City

And of a Side Trip to Niagara Falls.

Every traveller entering the City of Toronto must be favorably impressed with its fine situation, its noble public buildings and its broad busy streets, which seem from morning till night with moving bustling throngs which indicate the push, progress and industrial activity of a great commercial centre.

Montreal and other cities on the continent claim an inherent right to the title of "the city of churches"; in this respect, I think, Toronto has claims as strong as any of them, for, as I proceeded on my way, I could see church spires in every direction, and suitable charitable and educational establishments affiliated with them. In this regard I noted with keenest interest the progress and upbuilding of my fellow Irish-Catholic co-religionists, and the immense strides they have made forward within the past decade. I considered the meaning of the onward movement which speaks so well for the industry and faith and integrity of the Celtic race. Among the very attractive spots of the city I visited the Queen's Park and the new parliament buildings, both of which must be a cause of pride to the citizens at large; and at a later date, through the courtesy of a city friend, I enjoyed the superb scenery of High Park, which seemed to me to be one of the most delightful spots I had seen anywhere on my travels. The casual visitor would hardly think that Toronto possessed such a place of rare beauty and charm, wherein birds, daisies, trees, shrubs, plants and flowers mingle in such natural proportions to form a cool and picturesque retreat where tired and heated citizens can refresh their eyes and senses and inhale strength and inspiration with every breath. In my mental vision I have an image of Queen's Park, Munro, Victoria and the varied breathing spaces in the heart of the city, as well as some idea of the beauties of Rosedale, Balmora and East Beaver's Island, Riverdale and the rest, and still it is true that nature's gifts and endowments have fallen thicker upon High Park than upon any in the above named.

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water that tumbles over this precipice is really awe-inspiring and magnificent, and directly behind the sheet is the Cave of the Winds, a weird and fascinating spot that produces rainbows in circular shape, and as many as three at once. It is a freak of nature that puzzles scientists to make out. If the visitor wants to view the Falls from the Canadian side, he can cross the great bridges, and a tariff charge of fifteen cents, and one who will be privileged to see the beautiful Lovett Convent which is situated on the heights directly above the cataract, a site than which there can be none more picturesque on this continent. But the points specified do not by any means exhaust the variety of notable objects in and around the famed locality, because it fairly abounds in spots of natural beauty the least of which would well repay a visit.

When I grouped all the incidents of the trip and visit together, I began to realize how much the people of Toronto have to be thankful for, because the voyage across the lake is easy, cheap and comfortable, and the same may be said of the journey to and from the Falls. Nor is it considered a mere run to and fro, for once at Niagara, N.Y., you are at the threshold of the great highway that leads to all parts of the United States. Then, again, the Corvus, Chippewa and Chippewa are fine passenger boats to travel by, and the attention and courtesy of the officials and employees are unquestioned. From Mr. John Foy, Manager, and Mr. McBride, auditor of the Niagara Navigation Co., down to the youngest message boy, the motto and purpose of each one is civility and accommodation to the travelling public. And such is the case too among the American officials as far as my own experience goes. The State Reservation laws have done away entirely with the fencing process used to be in vogue around the falls, when greedy haughty men tried to extort unearned money from unwary tourists.

If your purse is light and your ideas economic you can view Goat Island, Luna Island, the three Sister Islands, and the Falls from different standpoints without spending a single cent. If you are footsore and tired the electric cars will carry you to many very interesting places for a five cent fare; and to Buffalo and back for fifty cents.

In my progress through the city I visited the old and reliable establishment of Messrs. Mason & Birch. I had heard of the good reputation of the veteran firm long before I came to Toronto, and I desired to make a closer acquaintance with the means and methods that raised the firm to a foremost place among the piano makers of the Dominion. Under the courteous guidance of Mr. Louis Gardner, late of Berlin, and present superintendent of the factory, I was conducted through the large establishment, and given an idea of the infinite amount of labor required to produce such high class piano. As we went from room to room and saw the different stages and component parts and heard explained the artistic phases of the work, I understood clearer than before why ladies prize so highly the first of musical instruments, a piano, and why they are particular to deal with an honorable firm, who use only the best mechanical skill. As we began at the bottom it was interesting to note the gradual progress in construction until we got to the floors where the instruments stood in mahogany dress, polished like a mirror, and ready for delicate fingers to draw harmonious melodies. As we went along, the practical superintendent, by those puns foot upon the pedals, and the fourth sweet sounds, I noticed many useful and economical improvements lately started, and in every branch I could detect an air of progress and prosperity which is the surest test of a thriving business. Messrs. Mason & Birch occupy a wide degree of popularity in the musical world as well as a well-earned name for uprightness in all their dealings. It is such firms that build up and sustain the reputation of great cities. Wm. ELLISON.

INQUEST NOT NECESSARY.

Investigation May Be Made. Should any doubt exist as to the substantiation of the sworn statement of James Muir, Grand Truck Baggage Master at Hamilton, an inquiry may be made and the facts of the case proven.

SWORN STATEMENT BY JAMES MUIR.

"I was cured of Lumbago, after 20 years suffering, by Ryckman's KOOFTON CURE." At times it could not walk, and for ten years could not stand straight for over 15 minutes at a time. Five medical men treated me without success, and had I listened to them I would have become a hopeless invalid. I have now been cured for over a year. I conscientiously consider KOOFTON CURE a great remedy for back and kidney troubles, and I give this sworn declaration without solicitation. This testimonial and many others free on application. Write for chart book of sworn evidence. KOOFTON CURE \$1.00 per bottle, or 6 for \$5.00, from your druggist, or The S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, Ont.

"Yes," said the man, "I realize that cycling is a great thing. I used to be sluggish before the cycle craze, but now I'm spry and energetic." "I didn't know you rode." "I don't," I dodged.

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On the opening day; but the Synod was quick to extricate itself from the commonplace. On the second day what proved to be most successful dramatization of the story of Job was put upon the boards. Hereafter at Methodist and Presbyterian conferences and assemblies nothing so bold has been attempted in this line. It has merely been the practice for some prominent minister to make an assertion of incredulity as to an actual Job, this statement being the necessary preliminary of a heavy trial, one of the most popular modern forms of sensational religious entertainment. But the Diocesan Synod of the Anglican Church in Toronto brought Job himself, instead of some minister who was prepared to deny him, upon the carpet. Bishop Swinburn filled the part with marked ability. The Synod and general public saw in him the actual embodiment of religious patience. Treated for long years with derision, often insulted in the hour in which he should have been respected as a father, his salary in arrears, his missionary zeal cooled for want of proper sustenance, and his grand cathedral site regarded as the very dregs of his episcopal incompetency—such was the story he unfolded.

The effect produced upon so notorious a sympathetic audience was little short of edifying. The Bishop—or Job—had retired from the stage, resigned, humiliated, broken-hearted, a candidate for exile. After a brief intermission the curtain went up on the second act, revealing the penitent Synod at prayer. Mr. S. H. Blake rose and delivered a stirring exhortation which brought tears to the most callous eyes in the gathering. A resolution was passed, a funeral was organized, and the climax of the story reached. It was only natural to look for the bishop's own funeral after his most pitiful exit. But here occurred a most surprising and happy situation. The Bishop did not die after all; and the funeral was not held to bury his long suffering Lordship, but the synodical hatchet with which his now repentant foes had so long lashed and mangled his episcopal dignity. There was a joyful termination: re-entrance of the Bishop, no longer Job-like but now smiling all over his face, to be greeted by Mr. Blake with a cheque for arrears of salary and these words: "To-day, we elect you afresh to the high office of Bishop of the Synod, and swear to you again our allegiance and earnest desire to aid and help you."

After the conclusion of this edifying entertainment the Synod gave the poor Bishop a rest, and took up the affairs of divorced church members and clergymen who the such people to second mates. It appears there had been a very fashionable marriage of a divorced person in one of the Anglican churches of Toronto a little while before. The pastors of most of the other Anglican congregations in the city did not like it; and Dr. Langtry came to the Synod prepared to move for the penalty of deprivation upon any minister who would perform such a ceremony. The Doctor held the indissolubility of the marriage bond to be "a law of the church." Principal Sheraton, on the other hand held it to be a law of "Popery"; and the Synod thereupon engaged in a wrangle almost as shocking to the best conscience of the public, we believe, as the fashionable marriage ceremony which Rev. Septimus Jones had performed. The Bishop endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters by suggestions of compromise and delay; but the merry war went on without cessation until the hour of adjournment was reached. This was fortunate for many of the clerical members, and they took care not to turn up at the next day's session when the subject was reopened. Mr. S. H. Blake declared that the clergyman in the case had made up his mind that there was nothing in the law of the church of England to justify him in refusing to perform the ceremony for the fashionable divorced woman who came to him to be married again. This brought Mr. Blake and Dr. Langtry into direct conflict: "He did not take the Church of Rome as his guide," said Mr. Blake to Dr. Langtry. "Nor do I. I take the Church of England."

After a great deal of this sort of thing a motion was adopted, on a division, asking the provincial synod to give an authoritative deliverance on the subject for the guidance of the Anglican clergy. This mock parliament cannot fail to further demoralize the false public notion of the character of the marriage tie. When Dr. Langtry brought the matter up he must have known that the Synod was divided, and that if half the members condemned divorce the other half would be sure to declare in favor of it. And only half the evil is done, for when the matter comes before the Provincial Synod there will be another division, and though there may be another declaration against the marriage of divorced persons, a mere majority in favor of it cannot make it "a law of the church," because the minority will not care three straws for the opinion of the majority. Divorce is one of the most

appalling evils of modern social life, the analogy of divorced persons by alleged exalted persons is but the subterfuge of empty religious formality to the power and influence of wealth; and if anything else was needed to extend the consequences of this state of things, the Synods and the assemblies amply provide it by their popular and undignified wranglings.

The German Election—A Lesson.

It is five years since the German people last reported progress at a general election. The lesson which the empire learned from the ballots of 1893 was so full of meaning, so expressive of intense, though disordered, political activity, that not only the confederacy itself but the whole of Europe looked forward to the contest of German parties in June 1898, as to an event foreshadowing whatever fate the 20th century holds in store for the most important political experiment of the 19th. The German union founded on the constitution of 1871 has well stood the test of fierce internal religious war, provoked by the deliberate act of the state against the Catholic Church. But it was the constitution itself provided the ready for this trouble. The outraged Catholics saw that by political organization they had a patriotic way open to redress, if redress was to be obtained at all for such a terrible national evil. The Centre Party in the Reichstag then came into life, and its successful history has fully vindicated its grand spirit and its pure patriotism. It has beaten at all points the enemies of the church within the state, and has asserted the religious liberty of a great nation.

But anyone who has studied the political history of Germany since 1878 cannot fail to be struck by one fact that looms into nearer and more distinct sight year after year. It is this, that although the children of the church in Germany have seen the hostility and persecution of the state gradually withdrawn, they still have plenty of reason for realizing the constant need of vigilance, if they would preserve that liberty which their political organization alone guarantees them.

In the new German parliament of 1878 the chief parties stood as follows: National Liberals 128; Conservatives (including Imperialists) 110; Catholics (Centrists) 106. Now, mark the change that had taken place in 1898. The National Liberals were then only 68; the Conservatives and Imperialists 98 and Centrists 96. Half a dozen new groups had come into existence, the most important being the Social Democrats who numbered 54. The general election held last week told a still more significant story. The National Liberal party has been all but wiped out, only ten members in the new parliament saluting its banner. The Conservatives and Imperialists have been reduced to 49, and the Centrists to 86.

What is the meaning of these figures? He who runs may read. In twenty years the three parties that formerly divided the Reichstag membership of 397 between them have so fallen out of touch with the popular pulse that they cannot now master among them anything like half the political strength of the empire. The energy they have wasted has run into the formation of discordant factions of all kinds, Radical Unionists, Populists, Agrarians, Peasant Leaguers, Independents, Poles, Danes and Social Democrats. And to-day the Social Democrats alone claim to have enrolled under their flag 2,000,000 voters; and what is more, the ballot shows their claim to be valid.

The experience of Germany will not be lost upon England and the British Colonies. In British as in German states the only opposing parties upon clearly defined political lines are Conservatives and Liberals. Catholic opinion must hold at all times certain independence of both sides, although all the experience of our democratic institutions goes to show that Catholic opinion is very quick to respond to an intelligent alliance or understanding with Liberalism. But where Liberalism antagonizes, insults or assails the Catholic position, as it has done in Germany and in Canada, the probability, nay the certainty, is that the Liberal party will feel the effects of such a mistake itself quickly and sorely enough. Patriotism is not confined to one political party or another; and Catholic opinion in all nations being essentially patriotic, there is no reason why Catholic electors should

not ally themselves with the party that adopts a patriotic policy, whether the party be called Conservative or Liberal. In Germany there has never been any marked tendency whatever under the new constitution, (either on the part of Conservatives or Liberals to invite the friendship of the Centrists; and accordingly the Catholics have stood alone, holding—as they still hold—the balance of power in the Reichstag. But as one of a dozen parties they have steadily lost strength, whilst the Liberal Party has drifted to hopeless shipwreck, and the Conservatives have fallen from a proud and magnificent position. Let things but continue to drift along in the same way, and by and by, amid the confusion of warring factions in the legislature, the Catholics will find themselves facing a horde of the raw and eager recruits of Socialism and burdened with the responsibility of defending the Constitution against doctrines that strike at the base of all established social order. Thinking men have long foreseen such a contest of Catholic and Socialist forces; and now it looms up almost within the view of this generation.

More of the "Anglo-Saxons."

The Hamilton Herald seems grieved over The Register's general lack of appreciation for "Anglo-Saxon" sentiment. Our valued contemporary, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, it says, has of late been indulging in a good deal of polite sarcasm about the talk of "Anglo-Saxon reunion" and "Anglo-Saxon civilization" and "the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race," and Anglo-Saxonism in general. Well, perhaps we have. But we can honestly say that there was no intention to hurt anyone's feelings, because we felt assured that on this continent, and in this generation, no one—not even Hon. David Mills—could stand up and say, "I am an Anglo-Saxon." The Herald does us the honor of quoting our remarks on Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, and it asks:

Suppose the Irishman Lord Wolseley be appointed Governor-General, and suppose he be succeeded as commander-in-chief by that other fine Irishman, Lord Roberts, known to the world as Lord Roberts, how can these facts be cited as evidence against Anglo-Saxon ascendancy? Wolseley and Roberts are Irishmen because they are natives of Ireland; but both of them belong to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Irishmen of the "Anglo-Saxon" race! The Herald must be joking. Now, there is Mr. Cochen who might have been a Rooshian, or a Frenchman, Turk or Prooshian, or an Italian; but where is the other man in all the world, except, perhaps, it be Mr. Chamberlain, who may belong to two or more races at once? Neither Lord Wolseley nor Lord Roberts ever made any such impossible pretensions. They see both very proud of being Irishmen. But The Herald goes on to say: "Swift, Goldsmith, Flood, Grattan, Emmet, Plunket, John Mitchell, Butt, Parnell, and many more famous ones were Irishmen and Anglo-Saxons too, and the same may be said of many eminent living Irishmen who are ardent Nationalists."

This is almost too much. How can the intelligent and erudite editor of The Herald deceive himself so? A Scotchman may be a Briton; but he never allows himself to be called an Englishman. The Irish are even more particular. It is not necessary, we hope, to explain to the editor of The Herald that an Englishman alone can pretend with any sort of grace to call himself an "Anglo-Saxon." The name he is proud of, the name he usually wishes to be called, is an Englishman, of course. He only suffers himself to be dubbed an "Anglo-Saxon" when he falls to toadying to his rich American customer. The word "Anglo-Saxon" is also used by Englishmen resident in the United States who have never taken the oath of allegiance, and who would proclaim themselves Englishmen all the time if it did not interfere with their business. The root of the word "Anglo-Saxon" spells English and nothing more. The Anglo and the Saxons were the same people; and they called themselves English—Latinized Angles, badly re-translated Angles. Other people called them Saxons. They were Saxons; but they were entitled to call themselves what they pleased. Asser, the biographer of King Alfred, called them "Anglo-Saxons," in order to discriminate between the English part of the Teutonic people and the Saxon family at

large. That is the whole history of the name "Anglo-Saxon." Again The Herald says: "The fact is, there is no such race as a pure Anglo-Saxon race. . . . 'Anglo-Celtic' would probably be a better term than 'Anglo-Saxon' for the great though mongrel race which was cradled in the British islands, which has played so large a part in the world's history and is destined to play a still larger part."

There is no doubt as to the existence of an Anglo-Celtic element in our population, because there is a great and increasing rate of intermarriage of English and Celts. At the same time there is still left a distinct Celtic race as well as an English race. But it is a fraud to style the Celt, the Anglo-Celt, or the Englishman an "Anglo-Saxon," in the sense in which the term is used. The Wolseley, the Sleight, Swifts, Goldsmiths, Floods, Grattan, Emmets, Plunkets, Mitchells, Butts, Parnells, etc., were Norman-Irish, who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." They were not "Anglo-Saxon"; nor are the aristocracy of England to-day "Anglo-Saxons," because their ancestors made easy conquest of the First English; and the First English had received the name of "Anglo-Saxon," two hundred years before the time of William the Conqueror. But the Anglo-Normans are quite entitled to call themselves English, as the Irish Normans are right in calling themselves Irish. For these reasons we must regard as a joke the following conclusions at which the editor of The Herald has arrived:

"Anglo-Saxon" is not a term which should be regarded by Irishmen with jealousy. It has come to be only a convenient name for the English-speaking peoples. Probably the editor of The Herald has more right to claim Anglo-Saxon ancestry than have many thousands of Englishmen who proudly boast of their connection with the imperial race.

Ireland's Sad Condition.

Chevalier John Henry is asking subscriptions in Ottawa for the relief of the famine in the West and South of Ireland. The Free Press has given him valuable assistance; but it would be desirable to have many more men and newspapers of the spirit of Mr. Henry and The Free Press in the Dominion, in order that the Canadian contribution to the famine fund should be made a success. There are some politic English reasons why the stress of the present Irish famine should be minimized. The subservient English press is willing to go to considerable expense to make it appear that the distress is an Irish political cry; and some newspapers in Canada are not averse to falling into the same line of policy. The Ottawa Journal for instance, copies the articles of G. W. Stevens, a correspondent of The Daily Mail, London, whose letters in that paper have been denounced as mere perfunctory lying by every responsible journal in Ireland. Stevens was sent to Ireland to deny the existence of famine; but his denials have been carelessly and lightly made. Still the stuff penned by such writers is preferred in Canada to the truth. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Solicitor-General, has gone to the trouble of asking Hon. Edward Blake for his personal evidence, and the following has been published in the Ottawa papers during the week as the result of this inquiry:

Chevalier Honey has received the following letter from Hon. John Costigan, respecting the Irish famine: "The Hon. Solicitor-General showed me a telegram he received from Hon. Edward Blake at destination in the south and west of Ireland, and I assure you that Mr. Blake confirms the reports of extreme destitution there. Knowing that many friends would be anxious to see the truth, I used an answer to the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick's cablegram had been received, he authorized me to assure you and all sympathizing friends that Hon. Mr. Blake's answer removes all doubt as to the utter destitution of the people in the south and west of Ireland."

It is to be hoped that this grave statement by Mr. Blake will leave no room for spabby on the part of Irish-Canadian towards the famine sufferers. The best among the English papers do not deny the crying need of immediate and generous relief from the Government; but the Government keeps English interests in the front all the time, and it is not in the interest of England at this juncture to admit the shameful condition of Ireland. The editor of The Mark Lane Express, a journal of the highest standing, has been visiting Ireland and this is what he says:

There are few people in England who have not heard of the pitiful condition of

the Irish poor in the South and West, but not many are able to realize the dreadful state of affairs which exist. It is only necessary to visit the distressed parts of Ireland to see examples of "man's inhumanity to man," and how the men who profess (read) have neglected their duty towards the suffering thousands. . . . I never realized how bad it was until I looked upon it with my own eyes, and I consider that no words could be too strong to denounce it. . . . I must say, for myself, that I felt ashamed of the British Government, which is such a disgraceful state of affairs to permit. . . . Men, women, boys and girls labor cheerily enough on the red-iron works which I saw being carried on with a grant from some money raised in Manchester and elsewhere. . . . The people, though poor, are honest, and the girls are remarkable for their virtue. . . . The parents are generally healthy, though being out of doors so much; but they are old and decrepit to be found, and children who are falling all around, want of nourishing food and better surroundings. All these circumstances combine to make a case which should have more attention from the governing powers.

Mr. S. H. Blake Once More.

During the unseemly wrangle on the divorce question that took place last week in the Anglican Synod of Toronto, Mr. S. H. Blake is reported in The Globe to have delivered himself of the following amazing statement:

Mr. Blake replied that the Church of Rome adopted a rule on the subject, and that its enforcement depended on the quantity of money that a person—Henry VIII., for instance—was willing to pay. All history shows us that a period of six years elapsed from the first commencement of the divorce proceedings until the time when Henry tyrannically decided to get rid of the Pope's authority

St. Michael's College Annual Closing.

The Archbishop of Toronto presided at the forty-sixth annual distribution of prizes in St. Michael's College on Tuesday morning. The college theatre was filled with representative audience. There were the customary decorations in which a union of the Canadian and American flags had prominent place.

After the distribution of medals and scholarships Mr. Ross delivered a short address. He paid a tribute to the independent work of St. Michael's, which he said he always watched with interest. These closing exercises which he had attended for many years showed the solidity and breadth of the education imparted under Dr. Toefy and his staff.

The second part of the programme was as follows: Selection, (Bonoovita) Frank Foy, J. V. Foy, J. Hurley, F. A. Rafferty, J. T. Noonan, W. Fannon and the Orchestra; Speech, "Thomas D'Arcy McGee," Mr. A. H. Walsh; Solo, "An Irish Recessional" (McCarthy) Mr. A. Rafferty; Waltz, (Bennett) The Orchestra; Chorus, "Hunting Song" (Giebel), The College Glee Club; Distribution of Prizes; Quickstep, "Capitulum," (Tulloch) The Orchestra; God Save the Queen.

Mr. J. Lynch in the Shakespearean dialogue, and Mr. Walsh in his speech on McGee made the most favorable impression upon the audience, and were both warmly applauded.

At the conclusion of the distribution Mr. Grace addressed the students briefly. He gave them three points to remember: honesty, industry and perseverance. Honesty included every requirement of Christian morality, character, honest man is honest in all things to God. Industry and perseverance are essential to true success in the world.

He complimented the graduates of St. Michael's on the equipment they had received for the battle of life. Mr. Toefy, Father Toefy and the College staff, for the work they are accomplishing, to the value of which no higher tribute could be given than had been paid by the Minister of Education. The following is the list of medals and prizes:

CAMPBELL MEDAL—Classics—(The late Very Rev. Father Campbell)—T. Moylan, Honors—J. P. Brennan. O'CONNOR MEDAL—Mathematics—(His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough)—H. Carr. GORDON MEDAL—Literary Association—(His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton)—Not awarded. GOLD MEDAL—Essay on Irish History—(The Toronto Divisions of the A.O.H.)—A. H. Walsh. COMMERCIAL MEDAL—(Rev. Father Madden)—E. Nealon, Honors—D. Matthews.

SCHOLARSHIPS. NATURAL THEOLOGY—(His Grace the Archbishop)—J. E. Kelly and C. D. McRae, ex. eq. Honors—1. P. J. Kelly, 2. S. H. O'Boyle; 3. P. Loughney. NATURAL SCIENCE—(His Grace the Archbishop)—C. D. McRae, Honors—1. J. E. Kelly, 2. P. J. Kelly; 3. J. R. Lynch; 4. P. Loughney; 5. S. H. O'Boyle; 6. G. Doherty; 7. D. X. McDermott; 8. J. E. Lynch; 9. F. J. Powers. SPECIAL PRIZES. GOOD CONDUCT. SENIOR DIVISION—Boards—(Very Rev. Father Provincial)—F. P. Connelly, Honors—P. J. McCue. DAY SCHOLARS—(Rev. Father McMahon)—R. Drohan, Honors—T. Moylan and J. Kelly. JUNIOR DIVISION—Boards—(Mgr. Heenan)—J. Dooley and B. Tighe, Ex. Eq. Honors—T. McDermott. DAY SCHOLARS—(Rev. Father Rochey)—J. Murphy, Honors—J. V. Foy. ST. MICHAEL'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION—(Very Rev. Dean Egan)—A. H. Walsh, Honors—F. X. McDermott. ST. CHARLES LITERARY ASSOCIATION—(Rev. Father Fogarty)—F. J. McCue, Honors—J. Hurley and D. J. O'Connor.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE—(Rev. Father Suprenant)—A. P. Walsh, Honors—M. F. Creedon and A. P. Hart, ex. eq. CATHOLIC HISTORY—(Rev. Father Fochon)—J. E. Kelly, Honors—1. C. D. McRae, 2. P. Loughney; 3. J. E. Kelly, 4. F. Doherty. LATIN—(Rev. Father Ryan)—J. E. Kelly and J. E. Lynch, ex. eq. Honors—J. Lynch. CLASS PRIZES. METRIC. EXCELLENCE—(Very Rev. Father McMahon, V.G.)—1. T. Moylan; 2. M. F. Creedon, Honors—J. P. McCue. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION—A. H. Walsh, Honors—T. Moylan. LATIN—T. Moylan, Honors—J. P. Brennan, Honors—M. F. Creedon, Honors—T. Moylan. ENGLISH—A. H. Walsh, Honors—M. F. Creedon. HISTORY—J. P. McCue, Honors—F. P. Connelly. BELLES-LETTRES. EXCELLENCE—(Rev. Father Walsh)—1. R. Drohan, 2. W. Torpey, Honors—1. P. Hart, 2. E. Lapp. RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION—J. Cunningham, Honors—1. P. Hart, 2. R. Drohan. LATIN—R. Drohan, Honors—1. E. Lapp, 2. J. McCue. GREEK—F. McCarthy, Honors—P. Hart. ENGLISH—R. Drohan, Honors—1. J. T. Noonan, 2. W. Torpey. HISTORY—E. Lapp, Honors—1. R. Drohan, 2. W. Torpey. FIRST LATIN. EXCELLENCE—(Rev. Father McCree)—1. L. Monahan, 2. P. J. McCue, Honors—H. Martin. CATECHISM—L. Staley, Honors—M. Gibbons. LATIN—H. Martin, Honors—L. Monahan. GREEK—L. Monahan, Honors—H. Martin. ENGLISH—P. J. McCue, Honors—L. Monahan and H. Martin, Ex. Eq. HISTORY—P. J. McCue, Honors—L. Monahan and L. Staley, Ex. Eq. SECOND LATIN. EXCELLENCE—(Rev. Father Kennedy)—1. P. Hopkins, 2. J. Callaghan, 3. W. Crow, Honors—1. J. McKenna, 2. S. Mahady. CATECHISM—J. Callaghan, Honors—P. Hopkins. LATIN—P. Hopkins, Honors—W. Crow. GREEK—P. Hopkins, Honors—O. Givvin. ENGLISH—J. Savago, Honors—J. Callaghan. HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY—H. McCrosson, Honors—J. Callaghan. FLEMMENTARY LATIN. EXCELLENCE—(Rev. Fathers Hand and Jeftoot)—1. F. Crohan; 2. T. Rodmond; 3. J. Jordan, Honors—T. Spratt. CATECHISM—F. Crohan, Honors—H. Sheridan. LATIN—F. Crohan, Honors—T. Rodmond. ENGLISH—F. Crohan, Honors—J. Sheridan. HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY—J. Shanahan, Honors—H. Sheridan. FIRST COMMERCIAL. EXCELLENCE—(Rev. Fathers Scollard and Phelan)—1. E. Nealon, 2. J. Murphy, Honors—J. J. O'Connell, 3. T. O'Connor. CATECHISM—F. Gagnon and D. Matthews, ex. eq. Honors—G. Foy. ENGLISH—E. Nealon, Honors—G. Foy. HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY—E. Nealon, Honors—D. Matthews. BOOK-KEEPING—First Division—J. A. Duffy, Honors—1. E. Nealon; 2. F. Gagnon. Second Division—J. Hurley, Honors—M. De la Bruere. PHYSICS—J. Murphy, Honors—E. Nealon and D. Matthews. PHONOGRAPHY—E. Nealon, Honors—J. A. Duffy. TYPE-WRITING—J. Murphy, Honors—E. Nealon. SECOND COMMERCIAL. EXCELLENCE—(Rev. Fathers Collins and Finnegan)—1. Du Quenoey de Bellefeuille, 2. Eddie O'Dea, Honors—Russell Purdie. CATECHISM—Du Quenoey de Bellefeuille, Honors—S. C. Gagnon. ENGLISH GRAMMAR—Eddie O'Connor, Honors—Eddie O'Dea. HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY—Eddie O'Dea, Honors—Du Quenoey de Bellefeuille. SCIENCE AND MENTAL ARITHMETIC—E. O'Dea, Honors—E. Purdie. DICTATION AND READING—R. Purdie, Honors—E. O'Connor. BOOK-KEEPING—R. Purdie, Honors—E. O'Dea. ELEMENTARY ENGLISH. EXCELLENCE—(M. Toefy, Esq.)—First Division—1. T. McDermott, 2. T. O'Connor, Honors—1. F. Doherty, 2. W. Stormont. CATECHISM—T. O'Connor, Honors—T. McDermott. GERMANY—T. O'Connor, Honors—F. Doherty. SPELLING—T. McDermott, Honors—F. Doherty. HISTORY—F. Doherty, Honors—T. O'Connor. GEOGRAPHY—F. Doherty, Honors—T. McDermott. READING—T. McDermott, Honors—F. Doherty. COMPOSITION—T. McDermott, Honors—F. Doherty. SECOND DIVISION. EXCELLENCE—1. B. Tighe; 2. C. McDermott, Honors—T. Parkes. MATHEMATICS. FIRST CLASS—(Rev. Father Minehan) ALGEBRA—First Division—R. Drohan and W. Torpey. Second Division—L. Monahan and P. J. McCue, ex. eq. SECOND DIVISION—First Division—R. Drohan, Honors—W. Torpey. Second Division—W. Torpey. GREEK—L. Monahan. SECOND CLASS—(A. Friend). ALGEBRA—1. M. F. Creedon; 2. J. Shanahan, Honors—P. Hart. GEOMETRY—1. L. Staley; 2. E. Lapp, Honors—M. F. Creedon. THIRD CLASS—(Rev. Father Carberry) ALGEBRA—1. P. Hopkins; 2. L. Duro, Honors—W. Crow. GEOMETRY—1. J. Shanahan; 2. D. O'Connor, Honors—W. Crow. ARITHMETIC. FIRST CLASS. FIRST DIVISION—1. E. Nealon, 2. E. Shannon, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. T. Spratt. SECOND CLASS. 1. J. Murphy, 2. W. Boucher, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. Crocker. THIRD CLASS. 1. T. Rodmond, 2. E. Cryno, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. Sullivan. FOURTH CLASS. FIRST DIVISION—W. Stormont, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. T. McDermott. SECOND DIVISION—B. Tighe, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. McDermott. FRENCH. FIRST CLASS. EXCELLENCE—1. T. Moylan; 2. J. P. Brennan, P. P. Connelly, H. McCrosson, ex. eq. SECOND CLASS. EXCELLENCE—J. P. McCue, Honors—W. Torpey. ELEMENTARY CLASS. EXCELLENCE—1. P. J. McCue; 2. J. Hayes, Honors—H. Martin. PENMANSHIP. FIRST DIVISION—G. J. Foy, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. T. Spratt. SECOND DIVISION—E. O'Dea, Honors—L. Hopp. THIRD DIVISION—T. McDermott, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. Tighe. MUSIC. FIRST DIVISION—Frank Foy and J. Hurley, ex. eq. Honors—R. Drohan, 2. J. Noonan. SECOND DIVISION—F. Gagnon and J. P. Savago, ex. eq. Honors—R. Drohan, 3. W. Kelly. PLAIN CHANT. Louis Staley, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. F. McCarthy. UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS. FIRST PART OF JUNIOR MATRICULATION, July, 1897—1. O'Sullivan, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. J. Noonan. SECOND DIVISION—F. Gagnon and J. P. Savago, ex. eq. Honors—R. Drohan, 3. W. Kelly. ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP. ASSOCIATION CUP, 1898—F. McCarthy. HONOR LIST. NOTE: The Honor List contains the names of all who gained an average of sixty per cent. in the weekly competitions of classical, mathematical and English classes. RHETORIC. 1. T. Moylan, 2. M. F. Creedon, 3. J. P. McCue, 4. J. P. Brennan, 6. F. P. Connelly. BELLES-LETTRES. 1. R. Drohan, 2. W. Torpey, 3. P. Hart, E. Lapp. FIRST LATIN. 1. L. Monahan, 2. P. J. McCue, 3. Henry Martin, 4. Louis Staley, 5. D. O'Connor, 6. Michael Martin, 7. M. W. Liddell, 8. Joseph Golden. SECOND LATIN. 1. P. Hopkins, 2. Joe Callaghan, 3. W. Crow, 4. John McKenna, 5. S. Mahady. ELEMENTARY LATIN. 1. F. Crohan, 2. H. Sheridan, 3. J. Jordan, 4. T. Rodmond, 5. R. Nallin, 6. T. Spratt, 7. E. Cryno, 8. J. Shanahan. FIRST COMMERCIAL. 1. E. Nealon, 2. D. Matthews, 3. J. Murphy. SECOND COMMERCIAL. 1. Du Quenoey de Bellefeuille, 2. Eddie O'Dea, 3. Russell Purdie, 4. Lou Hopp, 6. Henry Rogan, 6. Eddie O'Connor, 7. Charles Guy. FIRST MATHEMATICS. FIRST DIVISION—1. R. Drohan, 2. W. Torpey, 3. Callaghan, 4. L. Monahan. SECOND DIVISION—1. P. J. McCue, 2. L. Monahan. SECOND MATHEMATICS. 1. M. F. Creedon, 2. P. Hart, 3. J. McCue, 4. L. Staley, 5. E. Lapp, 6. Joe Golden. THIRD MATHEMATICS. 1. J. Shanahan, 2. P. Hopkins, 3. R. Burds, 4. D. O'Connor, 5. W. Crow. There should be a Law to prevent the publication of "fake" advertisements which claim to have made wonderful cures and by this means steal not only your money but your health. SWORN TESTIMONY NEEDED. Any statement you need for a recovery being made by Dr. Ryan's Kootenay Cure given under oath and the person who gave it is after and with. This is testimony that cannot be contradicted, and we have hundreds of such in our possession—Rheumatism; Inflammation of the Lungs; Sciatica; Kidney Disease of all forms, including Bright's, Blood and Skin Diseases; Eczema, Salt Rheum, Rash, or Pimples;—All are cured. SWORN TESTIMONY. "I had Rheumatism seven years which was followed by a stroke of Paralysis. Four physicians pronounced my case hopeless. I lost my hearing and eyesight, also the use of my limbs. These blessings have been restored to me since I took a treatment of Kootenay Cure. I do not have any more fits or fainting spells. All this is due to KOOTENAY CURE. I am 62 years of age, and make this solemn declaration before a Justice of the Peace. MARGARET PATTERSON, 91 Vine St., Hamilton, Ont. Send for chart book of sworn testimonials, free. KOOTENAY CURE, \$1.00 per bottle, or \$5.00, from your druggist, or direct from The S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, Ont.

THIRD CLASS—(Rev. Father Carberry) ALGEBRA—1. P. Hopkins; 2. L. Duro, Honors—W. Crow. GEOMETRY—1. J. Shanahan; 2. D. O'Connor, Honors—W. Crow. ARITHMETIC. FIRST CLASS. FIRST DIVISION—1. E. Nealon, 2. E. Shannon, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. T. Spratt. SECOND CLASS. 1. J. Murphy, 2. W. Boucher, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. Crocker. THIRD CLASS. 1. T. Rodmond, 2. E. Cryno, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. Sullivan. FOURTH CLASS. FIRST DIVISION—W. Stormont, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. T. McDermott. SECOND DIVISION—B. Tighe, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. McDermott. FRENCH. FIRST CLASS. EXCELLENCE—1. T. Moylan; 2. J. P. Brennan, P. P. Connelly, H. McCrosson, ex. eq. SECOND CLASS. EXCELLENCE—J. P. McCue, Honors—W. Torpey. ELEMENTARY CLASS. EXCELLENCE—1. P. J. McCue; 2. J. Hayes, Honors—H. Martin. PENMANSHIP. FIRST DIVISION—G. J. Foy, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. T. Spratt. SECOND DIVISION—E. O'Dea, Honors—L. Hopp. THIRD DIVISION—T. McDermott, Honors—R. Drohan, 3. Tighe. MUSIC. FIRST DIVISION—Frank Foy and J. Hurley, ex. eq. Honors—R. Drohan, 2. J. Noonan. SECOND DIVISION—F. Gagnon and J. P. Savago, ex. eq. Honors—R. Drohan, 3. W. Kelly. PLAIN CHANT. Louis Staley, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. F. McCarthy. UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS. FIRST PART OF JUNIOR MATRICULATION, July, 1897—1. O'Sullivan, Honors—R. Drohan, 2. J. Noonan. SECOND DIVISION—F. Gagnon and J. P. Savago, ex. eq. Honors—R. Drohan, 3. W. Kelly. ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP. ASSOCIATION CUP, 1898—F. McCarthy. HONOR LIST. NOTE: The Honor List contains the names of all who gained an average of sixty per cent. in the weekly competitions of classical, mathematical and English classes. RHETORIC. 1. T. Moylan, 2. M. F. Creedon, 3. J. P. McCue, 4. J. P. Brennan, 6. F. P. Connelly. BELLES-LETTRES. 1. R. Drohan, 2. W. Torpey, 3. P. Hart, E. Lapp. FIRST LATIN. 1. L. Monahan, 2. P. J. McCue, 3. Henry Martin, 4. Louis Staley, 5. D. O'Connor, 6. Michael Martin, 7. M. W. Liddell, 8. Joseph Golden. SECOND LATIN. 1. P. Hopkins, 2. Joe Callaghan, 3. W. Crow, 4. John McKenna, 5. S. Mahady. ELEMENTARY LATIN. 1. F. Crohan, 2. H. Sheridan, 3. J. Jordan, 4. T. Rodmond, 5. R. Nallin, 6. T. Spratt, 7. E. Cryno, 8. J. Shanahan. FIRST COMMERCIAL. 1. E. Nealon, 2. D. Matthews, 3. J. Murphy. SECOND COMMERCIAL. 1. Du Quenoey de Bellefeuille, 2. Eddie O'Dea, 3. Russell Purdie, 4. Lou Hopp, 6. Henry Rogan, 6. Eddie O'Connor, 7. Charles Guy. FIRST MATHEMATICS. FIRST DIVISION—1. R. Drohan, 2. W. Torpey, 3. Callaghan, 4. L. Monahan. SECOND DIVISION—1. P. J. McCue, 2. L. Monahan. SECOND MATHEMATICS. 1. M. F. Creedon, 2. P. Hart, 3. J. McCue, 4. L. Staley, 5. E. Lapp, 6. Joe Golden. THIRD MATHEMATICS. 1. J. Shanahan, 2. P. Hopkins, 3. R. Burds, 4. D. O'Connor, 5. W. Crow.

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Advertisement for 'NIAGARA RIVER LINE'. 4 TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS) On and After Monday, May 30th ST. CHICORA and CORONA Will leave Yonge at Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m., connecting with the New York Central & Hudson River Railway, Niagara Falls Park & River Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls & Lewiston Railway. JOHN FOY, Manager.

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Mr. Wm. Warren's Charity. A very interesting function took place in the office of the Trust Corporation of Ontario, King Street west, when Mr. William Warren, a retired merchant, late of Montreal, met representatives from various churches and advised them that he had placed certain securities in the hands of the Trust Corporation of Ontario in trust for the following charities: The Toronto General Hospital, bond for \$1000. The Sisters of St. Joseph, for St. Michael's Hospital, bond for \$1000. The Sisters of St. John the Divine, bond for \$1000. The Methodist Church, for the benefit of the church in Toronto, two bonds of \$500 each. The Hospital for Sick Children, bond for \$1000. The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society at Toronto, bond for \$1000. The St. George's Society at Toronto, bond for \$600. Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust, bond for \$600. The Young Men's Christian Association at Toronto, bond for \$600. The bonds donated are all of a very high class order, and we congratulate the charitable institutions on the very generous gift of Mr. Warren, and hope that his example will be followed by many more of our citizens. It is worthy of note that Mr. Warren, although comparatively a stranger to Toronto, should make such beneficent gifts to our charities, and especially as the gifts are without regard to the sectarian character of the organizations. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. Mat. O'Connor and Hugh T. Kelly representing St. Michael's Hospital and the Toronto Savings Bank Charitable Trust. It may not be generally known that the last mentioned charity is in the position to receive and administer donations independently; but such is the case. The generous and impartial distribution of Mr. Warren's money should be an example to all.

Mason-Haines. At St. Mary's Church, Toronto, on Wednesday last, June 15th, Mary the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Haines of Palmerston avenue, Toronto, was joined in wedlock with Mr. Thomas William Mason. The bride was attended by her four sisters Misses Emily, Kate, Lillie and little Miss Floesia. The groom was attended by Mr. D. Haines. The wedding was indeed a very pretty one. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G. A very pleasant feature was the attendance in a body of the members of the Sodality who rendered in a manner a mass music suitable to the occasion. The presents received were many, both costly and beautiful. After the ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast was served at the family residence. The Very Rev. Vicar General graded the occasion by his presence. Following the breakfast came the reception, both functions being attended by about one hundred guests. G. O. F.

St. Leo's Court 581 held a well attended meeting on last Wednesday night. The question of the reserve fund was discussed, and after a spirited debate it was decided in favor of its adoption. The high court report was read, showing that sixteen new courts were organized during the month of May, and that the net increase in membership was over eleven hundred members during the month. An ice-cream social will be held in society hall on Queen and McLeod streets on Wednesday, June 25th. J. J. NIGHTINGALE, P. O. F.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT—Mr. Thomas Sabio, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing it with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which was procured in a large quantity, and was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency." Dean Egan's Silver Jubilee.

Very Rev. Dean Egan of Barrio, will celebrate his silver jubilee of priesthood on Wednesday, the 6th July. Solemn mass will begin at 10 o'clock. Hosts of friends both of the clergy and laity from all parts of the province will, no doubt, attend. Special arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk railway looking to the number of visitors to Barrio on the jubilee day. A single ticket can be purchased to Barrio from any point by visitors, who returning can again purchase a single ticket for a one-third fare. This is the convention rate. A Good Dictionary for Three Cents: A dictionary containing the definitions of 10,000 of the most useful and important words in the English language, is published by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockton, Ont. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary concise and accurate. In compiling this book care has been taken to omit those common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give a complete list of words as possible in a limited space. With this in view, the volume has been so arranged that it is a complete dictionary in itself, and one that is of great value in the home. It is a complete dictionary concise and accurate. In compiling this book care has been taken to omit those common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give a complete list of words as possible in a limited space. With this in view, the volume has been so arranged that it is a complete dictionary in itself, and one that is of great value in the home. It is a complete dictionary concise and accurate.

THE INCENDIARY

RAY STANNARD BAKER IN THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Uncle Norman Collins was set in his opinion that the modern boy doesn't amount to much, and this opinion applied particularly to Robert Moffat, his sister's son. He didn't like the way that Robert had been brought up, and he never missed an opportunity of letting his sister Sarah know it.

"Coddling isn't what makes men," he would say, wrinkling his big shaggy brows and scowling over his black-rimmed glasses. "When I was young, boys didn't expect to be supported until they came of age and spend their time dawdling 'round colleges and learning Latin and Greek and football. At the time I was as old as your boy I was spending twenty thousand dollars a year and working four hundred men every winter. That's what I was doing. The Indians have the right idea. If they want a young one to swim, they chuck him into the water, and if he's good for anything he'll strike out for himself. College—ugh!"

Robert's education was a subject on which Mrs. Moffat and Uncle Norman Collins had never agreed. Uncle Norman was one of the wealthiest owners of pine lands and sawmills in northern Wisconsin. After John Moffat's death he had offered Robert a place in his office. But it had been the dearest ambition of Mrs. Moffat's heart to give her boy a college training, and so, in spite of Uncle Norman's objections, Robert had gone away to school.

Uncle Norman fumbled and grumbled, but in his crusty old heart there was a tenderness for his only sister, and each month when he called at the little house where Mrs. Moffat and Robert lived, he "forgot" a roll of bills containing fifty dollars—no more, no less. Of this money he had spoken only once. The first time he left it his sister ran after him with the bills in her hand.

"I forgot 'em," he said, shortly; "keep 'em."

And he never even asked how this money was used; and he did not know of the pinching and saving and struggling that even with its aid both mother and son had to go through in order that Robert might be maintained in college.

One June day, at the close of his third year in college, Robert Moffat walked into Uncle Norman Collins's office. He stood at the door, fingering his hat, until Uncle Norman turned in his chair and said gruffly, "Well?"

"Uncle Norman, I'm just out of college for a three months' vacation. I can go back in the fall unless I earn some money this summer, and it will be a great disappointment to me as well as to my mother if I don't finish the course. Can you give me some work to do?"

Robert had prepared this little speech and recited it to his mother with many misgivings. While he was reciting it now Uncle Norman drummed testily on his desk with a metallic letter-opener.

"Don't need any Latin or Greek translated—don't have 'em in my business," he said. "You play football, too, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Well, I haven't got any football playing to do, either—can't afford it," said his uncle, tartly.

The color crept up in Robert's face, and he bit his lip.

"What can you do?" Uncle Norman Collins questioned, fixing his keen, grey eyes on Robert's face.

"I—I—hardly know—" stammered Robert.

"So I thought," drily.

"But if you'll try, even if you'll find that I can work hard, even if it's only chopping logs."

Uncle Norman smiled grimly and looked at Robert's white hands.

"Well, sit down there and wait," he said.

Much humiliated, and with an angry consciousness that he had not been treated with proper consideration, Robert dropped into a chair. If it had not been for the thought of his mother and his keen desire to return to college, he had left the room without a word.

As Robert sat there he saw men come and go, and heard his uncle decide important business matters with a directness and clear-sightedness that gave the boy a new idea of what business may mean. Uncle Norman was the driver of the Yellow River Logging Company, which owned whole townships of pine land and half a dozen big sawmills. Thirty-five years before he had gone into the woods, penniless, a common lumberman, but as hard as a flint and as tough as a jack-pine root, and he had literally fought his way to the top.

"Now, I'll see you," Uncle Norman Collins went on; he had never called Robert by his given name. "There have been a good many mysterious fires in our pine this spring. Some reason is setting them, he's got to be brought up with a round turn. You go up there and find out who's doing it, and get the evidence to land him in the peniten-

tiary. I've got to put a stop to that sort of thing. Mellin!"

A dapper little man with a pen behind his ear darted noiselessly forward.

"Give this young man fifty dollars and start him out."

"I'm ever so much obliged," faltered Robert, but Uncle Norman Collins cut him short.

"You'll probably make a failure of it," he said. "It takes gumption for that kind of work, and gumption isn't in your college course. And it'll be lucky if you don't get a bullet through you. In four weeks I'll be up there myself to find out what you're doing."

Robert was glad to escape. He went out on the street with his cheeks burning and his teeth set.

"It's a wonder I didn't explode in there," he said to himself. "I shouldn't have stood it from him, if he wasn't mother's brother."

The next morning Robert received detailed instructions from Mellin, and the following afternoon he stepped from the train at the little flag station of Gregg's, a few miles north of Sunderland, on the Omaha Railroad. The only building in sight was the little one-story depot, freshly painted a railroad red.

Stretching away in every direction was a weary wilderness of scrub-pine, pine stumps, and gaunt and blackened staves, broken here and there with patches of barren yellow sand. Fire had followed the lumbermen and left the country desolate. Out from the corner of the depot a country road, heavy with sand, crooked away among the stumps. Where it crossed the railroad track a big, now sign warned the public in fine sarcasm to look out for the cars.

Only two persons were to be seen. One was the station-agent—a thin, sour-looking man with bloodless lips, who apparently regarded the arrival of a train as a personal affront. The other stood leaning one shoulder against the freight-room. His hands were buried deep in his pockets, and he had not moved a muscle since Robert left the train.

"Is there any hotel around here?" asked Robert of the station agent.

"Don't see any; do you?"

"Or any farmhouse where I can get some supper?"

"Might try Mindy's stopping-place."

"Yes, Mindy," came the voice of the other man, who had glided up noiselessly in moonbeamed feet. "I show you; I go there."

Robert looked at him—a wiry, square-shouldered man of uncertain age, with that unmistakable mark of the half-breed, a peculiar swarthy complexion through which the red seems to glow, and piercing black eyes.

"Sam'll show you," said the station-agent.

"Sam, what's your other name?"

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. "Sam," he said.

"Well, Sam, you lead and I'll follow," said Robert, good naturedly.

A few moments later the half-breed was striding down a well-worn pathway among the stumps with the sliding step and steady gait peculiar to those of Indian blood.

Mindy looked log level on the bank of a little stream not far from the Sunderland road. A slovenly-looking woman served Robert with supper, after which he made inquiries of Sam about the location of the Yellow River pine and the forest fire. Although hard to make talk, the half-breed seemed well informed on almost everything pertaining to the pine country.

"I show you," he said, confidentially; "I know fire—plenty big fire."

"Well, I'll see that you are well paid for your trouble," responded Robert, gratefully.

The next morning Sam was nowhere to be seen. About noon, however, he returned, dusty and somewhat travel-worn.

"I go hunt fire," he said. "Big fire up Yellow River."

Then he led Robert to the top of a little hill and pointed to the west. In the distance a faint line of brownish green showed where the Yellow River pine was, and over it hung a narrow grey cloud.

"Are you sure that's a forest fire?" Robert inquired anxiously, not a little surprised that the half-breed should have accepted his offer so promptly.

The long yellow finger was withdrawn slowly, and the half-breed glanced at Robert with two little wrinkles deepening at the corners of his eyes. "I find him," he said.

Robert was all energy in a moment. He felt that the time had come for him to vindicate himself before his uncle.

"Do you know the way up there?" he asked.

"Yes, I go—I know all land. I show you."

Miles and miles they tramped through a desolate wilderness of burned-over "outings" and sandy side-hills without a sign of animal life except the occasional dismal shriek of a woodpecker. The half-breed never turned or rested or offered to say a word until they reached the burning forest. Here the ground was blackened and smoking, licked clean of

every vestige of green foliage. In a few hollow trees the flames still roared, and the smoke belched out from the tops as if from factory chimneys. Robert strode from some distance over the smoking land. Then he stopped.

"How far do you suppose this fire will run?" he asked.

"Little fire—no count," and Sam shook his head in a deprecatory way. "Go Yellow River m'ebbe, m'ebbe not."

"How are fires like this set?"

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you suppose some hunter let his camp-fire get away from him?"

"Or did some rascal set it on purpose?"

A still more expressive shrug. Although Robert tramped through the burned forest until it was dark, choking with smoke and perspiring with heat, he could not find the least evidence as to how the fire originated.

"How much shall I pay you for your trip to-day?" asked Robert, when they returned to Gregg's that evening.

"You say," was the answer.

Robert gave him two dollars and without a word he turned and disappeared.

"That half-breed seems to know the country pretty well," Robert remarked to the station agent the next day.

"Yer," was the drawing reply; "he knows it well enough—pr'aps too well."

During the next week Robert busied himself in exploring each of the company's land as lay nearest to Gregg's. Within that time two other fires broke out, one of which swept over a valuable tract of land. Each time Sam brought the earliest information and led Robert straight to the spot where the fire was fiercest, afterward receiving his pay without a word.

And with each investigation Robert grew more and more discouraged because he could not discover how the fires originated. They were certainly not accidental, but who set them?

"Sam," he said one day, "do you want to make a trip with me? I'm going right up into the country where those fires break out and see if I can't catch the rascals that way."

"I go; I know land," was the prompt reply.

Early the next morning they set out with a tent, a canoe and a complete pack. They crossed Yellow Lake and camped on the farther shore. It was a wild, desolate country, wholly uninhabited, and in the midst of the company's lands. There were no roads through it except the logging roads, and they were passable only in the winter when frozen.

Here for two weeks they lived quite comfortably, for there wasn't a single fire to trouble them. Robert told Sam that the rascals who set the fires knew they were being watched and kept out of sight; at which the half-breed shrugged his shoulders expressively.

But on the very day that Robert announced his intention of returning to Gregg's, Sam came running in from a hunting-trip with the information that he had discovered a fire. An investigation was promptly made, with the usual result of finding the fire without any difficulty at all and entirely missing the incendiary or any evidence of his presence.

"I don't see how Sam finds these things so much more easily than I do," he puzzled, "and I can't understand how he can lead me straight to them through the woods."

Then he stopped suddenly, slapped his knee and sprang to his feet. The implied warning of the station agent in regard to the half-breed came to him. What if Sam—and then Robert recalled swiftly the series of fires and the remarkable way in which Sam had discovered them? He also remembered how Sam had found a fire the moment he had suggested that it was time to break camp, which would throw the half-breed out of a job.

The blood surged hotly into Robert's face and he restrained himself with difficulty from springing upon the half-breed, doring in the sunshine, and shaking the truth out of him.

"Well, Sam," he said, as calmly as he could, "if there's no fire to-morrow, I guess we'll break camp and go back to Gregg's. It's about time for my uncle to come."

Before daybreak the next morning the half-breed crawled stealthily out of the tent.

"Where are you going?" inquired Robert, sleepily, although every sense was on the alert.

"Oh, go look round. Be back soon."

Robert rolled over as if he were going to sleep again. But no sooner had Sam left the tent than he sprang to his feet and slid into his clothing. Then he peeped out. The half-breed had stopped a moment to get something to eat, and was now swinging easily up the hill from the lake.

Robert quickly hid the rifle and the canoe paddles—no camper in the lumber country leaves his tent without taking this precaution—and then he examined the loads in his revolver, thrust it quickly into his pocket and followed. For ten minutes he ran steadily at a jog-trot of the kind that football players use when in training. Then he stopped, bent close to the ground and listened for a moment.

There was no sound! except the sizzling chatter of a frightened ground squirrel. So he ran on again until he

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came to the brow of a little hill, and there within a dozen yards of him the half-breed was kneeling at a spring and scooping up the water in his hands.

For an instant Robert was sure that Sam had seen him, and his mind grasped for some excuse that would explain his presence. But the half-breed did not turn, and Robert dropped silently on his hands and knees and wriggled a few paces back. And there, hugging the ground, he watched the half-breed spring up, and, after tightening his belt, set off up the trail at the peculiar pace, half walk, half run, that reminded Robert of the steady swing of a deerhound in full cry.

He knew well that the half-breed could keep it up all day, and his heart sank as he thought of following him. But he set his teeth and ran, up hill and down, over logs, across little patches of poplar brush that had come out in the opening and clutched at him as he passed. When the half-breed paused, he paused, and when the half-breed started again, he started.

Two or three times he came dangerously near to being discovered on account of a croaking twig or the swish of bushes, and once, after a seemingly endless run, he was so short of breath that he feared his gasps might reveal his presence. But he only clenched his hands and resolved that he would never be beaten. He had been shamed and humiliated enough.

When the trail turned at the entrance of a deep ravine the half-breed stopped and narrowly examined the downhill, as if looking for something. He then retraced his steps, with his eyes on the weedy pathway. Robert felt that he must surely be discovered, although he concealed himself as well as he could behind a punky log. Closer and closer Sam came, until he was only a few yards away, and then he seemed suddenly to discover what he was seeking. He gave a grunt of satisfaction and plunged into the woods again.

For a mile or so, as well as Robert could judge, he ran with even greater speed than before. At last, just as his pursuer felt that he could not follow another step, he stopped on the edge of a dry meadow, waving with crisp weeds and marsh grass.

Here he stopped over, and a fore Robert could realize what he was doing, or just how he had done it, he had kindled a fire. Then he crouched back and watched it eat out in all directions, the little flames leaping from hummock to hummock and sending up spirals of dense brown smoke.

Robert's eyes were fastened for a moment on the spreading fire. His suspicions were confirmed. He had been out-witted and imposed upon by a half-breed, and his visit had not only been in vain, but there had been more fires because he was searching for the incendiary; and he actually had paid the incendiary for setting them. His temples burned with anger and humiliation.

The half-breed, who had been sitting like a bit of brood stately, watching the fire eat and creep the long spear of marsh-grass, now slowly arose. Robert whipped out his revolver, clicked the trigger, and crept slowly forward. When just behind the half-breed he said, as calmly as he could: "So you're the man who's doing the burning?"

Like a flash the half-breed turned, his black eyes burning.

Robert raised his revolver and levelled it at him. "Don't you try to

get away," he said, "or you may get a hole through—" "Build campfire; he get away," said the half-breed, shrugging his shoulders, and glancing around at the fire, which now roared and crackled all over the little meadow.

"Yes, I've heard that story before," said Robert. "Now we're going back to camp; mind that you don't make any trouble."

"Go back to camp? Oh, I show you; I know land."

"Yes, and I know half-breeds," said Robert; "and I've had all the showing I want from you."

The fire ran on; it could not have spread very far, for Robert heard and saw no more of it. He and the half-breed were now moving rapidly through the woods, the half-breed a few paces ahead and Robert, with his revolver cocked, following. Mile after mile they travelled and not a word was spoken. They were rapidly nearing the camp and Robert was wondering how he would get his captive into Gregg's, when the half-breed, in passing a huge pine tree, suddenly darted behind it, ran a few steps, and disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up.

At first Robert was too much astonished to move and he never once thought of firing his revolver. But it was only for a moment. Tearing his way through the brush he discovered the ledge of rocks almost hidden with a thick growth of young pines. Frantically he jumped over it, a distance of eight or ten feet, and rushed wildly hither and thither trying to find his captive, but all in vain. The half-breed plainly had known the land much better than he knew it.

After ten minutes of excited beating through the bushes, Robert gave up in despair. He knew that he could never hope to find the cunning half-breed in such a place as this, and so, warm and weary and discouraged, he started for the camp. Indeed, in his disappointment and humiliation, the tears came into Robert's eyes. What would he ever say to his uncle?

By this time the tent came into view, and then the cool water of the lake. He was very thirsty. As he ran down the shore he was surprised to see his canoe floating on the water. He could not understand how it had slipped away from the moorings, for he had a very distinct recollection of pulling it up an unusual distance on the shore. It was hardly possible that any one could have been there in his absence, and if any one had, he could have had no use for the canoe without the paddles.

"I'll have to catch that canoe," he said to himself, suddenly, "or I'll never get out of this place alive," and he remembered how far it was to Gregg's, and how the half-breed had told him that in summer it was almost impossible to make the trip by land, owing to the marshes.

All this time the canoe had been drifting slowly out into the lake. "I'll swim for it," Robert said, aloud, and without more ado he stripped off his clothing. He liked the idea of a plunge in the cool water.

A moment later there was a flash of white shoulders in the sunshine, a running splash, and Robert was swimming easily out into the big, quiet lake. He plunged his heated face beneath the surface of the water and drank deep and long. He felt parched and dusky from his long run.

"It isn't much of a swim out there," he said to himself, "but I'll

have a sorry time getting her back without any paddle."

Then he laid his head dead in the water and with long, powerful under-strokes set the ripples running about his shoulders. He had always been a roddy, fearless swimmer, and he knew how to tread water and float and rest almost as well as he knew how to walk.

As he swam, the shores seem to unfold slowly and stretch away in longer lines. From beyond the furthest headland other headlands reached out and grew above the curve of the water. The pine forest on one side of the lake swarled slowly, the tallest staves silhouetted in black against the sky, like church steeples; and on the other side it grew larger and larger. Above, a few fleecy clouds floated high, and an osprey or two was wheeling lazily about. All these things the swimmer saw half-consciously.

Presently Robert paused in the water. He was a long distance from shore. He should have reached the canoe. Yet he saw with a plunge of the heart that it was almost as far away from him as ever. What could it mean?

Raising himself as high in the water as he could, he looked at it keenly. At the prow he saw a faint tinkle ripple. If it were merely drifting there could be no ripple. And the prow nosed several inches deeper in the water than the stern. He remembered positively that it had been empty when he left camp that morning.

Then he noticed suddenly with vague terror. The canoe had begun to rock and pitch as if some huge creature of the lake was tossing it about. Then a long, bare, brown arm with grasping fingers slid around the gunwale, and there appeared the dripping head and bronzed shoulders of the swimmer.

Instantly Robert recognized the half-breed. "Stop there?" he shouted, angrily.

But across the water came a mocking cry, half laugh, half imprecation, and the half-breed, with his hand on the stern of the canoe, began to drive it calmly through the water.

For a moment a feeling of fear and hopelessness such as comes only to a swimmer in desperate straits all but overwhelmed Robert. Like a flash he saw the whole of the half-breed's cunning and cruel plan.

Sam had known that if Robert came down and saw him making off with the canoe he would open fire with the rifle—so fortunately hidden and that his chance to escape would be small. So he swam ahead and pulled the canoe gently after him to give the impression that it was drifting. He had undoubtedly known, too, that Robert would follow and be lured to his death in mid-lake.

Now there was no longer any necessity that the half-breed should swim ahead in a cramped position. His pursuer was far enough out in the lake to be harmless, and he could drift boldly behind and push.

For a moment Robert wavered. It was a long swim back—he could just see the white of his tent—and yet he felt that he could make it. But could he stand the disgrace and humiliation of being tripped and beaten by the half-breed?

At the very thought he set his teeth, plowed his head deeper into the water and followed. It was to be white man against red man to the bitter end. He did not stop to think of what might happen if he failed to catch his enemy, or of what might happen if he did catch him. He did not think of any-

thing or see anything but the black spot at the end of the canoe. That spot was the half-breed's head.

At first he was exhausted with the fierce exertion of the chase, but in his excitement he soon forgot his aching legs and arms. Nor was he breathless any longer. When he inhaled, the air seemed to press upon a vast new compartment in his breast, and he knew, with a throbbing exaltation, that it was his "second wind."

Nearer and nearer he crept until he could see the ripples break and play on the bronze shoulders a head of him. Occasionally the half-breed turned his head. But he said nothing. He knew now that he needed all the breath that was in him to escape the white, drawn face behind him.

Gradually the feeling went out of Robert's arms and legs entirely, although he knew that they were still beating steadily, and he found it harder and harder to keep the little waves that lapped his cheeks from getting into his nose and choking him. His eyes blurred to all else but the half-breed's head, and something hard and heavy settled in his chest just over his heart, and throbbed and crowded there as if it were trying to burst through.

The swimmers were struggling eastward, and with the coming of evening a fresh breeze had sprung up and was blowing almost in their faces. It had little or no effect on Robert except to make the waves higher, but it caught the light canoe and twitched and swung it about like a cockleshell. Many times the half-breed was forced to raise himself in the water and kick it around into place.

When he sank back he would glance over his shoulder at the swimmer, now close upon him; then he would slide back deep into the water and dive ahead resolutely.

He, too, was wearing out. The end must come soon—the white shoulders strained steadily nearer, and the white man was trying to think what he would do when he caught the red man.

About that time two men pushed their way through the jingle bushes that fringed the lake shore and looked across the wide stretch of water.

"There's a canoe adrift," spoke up the younger of the two—a grey, quiet man, with a wind-scorched face. "I saw a moment of loose inspection the older man answered, gruffly: 'Not drifting, Ball; it's coming this way square in the teeth of the wind. It can't be the boy's canoe.'" There was an odd sinking in the older man's voice.

"Something is swimming behind it," exclaimed Ball, with a note of excitement in his voice.

"Too small for a bear and too large for a muskrat. But what is driving a canoe?"

Just then the dark spot in the water with the crescent ripple in front of it flashed white—the white of a face as the swimmer shifted in the water.

"It's a man!" For many minutes the two stood watching breathlessly. There was not a sound from the water, not even the splash of a swimmer's feet. Steadily the mysterious canoe crept nearer, with the head behind following doggedly.

Suddenly its prow leaped out of water and from behind it the bare, brown body of the half-breed shot upward. The canoe pitched and rolled like a nervous horse under its burden. It is not easy to board a canoe from the water.

The head of the swimmer behind glowed through the water. There was a sudden splash and a brown body and a white body struggling and gasping in the water. The released canoe bounded forward and listed idly to the wind. Then the white man, with a smooth again, with the exception of a few widening ripples where the struggling swimmer had gone down.

The spell that bound the two spectators was broken. The younger man ran splashing into the water up to his knees, up to his waist, up to his shoulders. The canoe was out of reach, but after a seemingly endless time two grappling, naked forms came up, and the men caught them by the hair and dragged them into shallower water. Reeling, staggering, choking, the two still struggled for supremacy.

"Uncle Norman!" gasped Robert, with a sudden look of recognition flashing into his bloodshot eyes. "I've got him—the incendiary!" and then he pitched forward into his uncle's arms. Bell, who was the company's explorer, had the half-breed by his throat, and was dragging his burden after Uncle Norman Collins out of the water.

As they chafed Robert's blue, pinched hands by the side of the little fire—each of the two had lent him some article of their own clothing—Bell said: "That's what I call grit."

"Grit!" snorted Uncle Norman Collins, and there was a husky note in his harsh voice: "grit—I should say so!"

After a moment's vigorous rubbing he said, explosively: "And he can go to college as long as he wants to. I'll pay the bills."

For a moment he was silent, and then, as the boy quivered under their touch, he glared at Bell menacingly, as if he meant to make trouble for him if he was opposed.

"And what's more, he can play football or tennis or—tiddledy-winks, for all I care."

Chats with the Children

A SONG FOR EVERY DAY.
The weary world's a cheery place
For those with hearts to win it;
Thank God there's not a human face
But has some laughter in it!
The soul that comes with honest mirth,
Though health and fortune vary,
Brings back the childhood of the earth,
And keeps it sound and merry.
The plodding world's an eager place
For those with wit to use it!
Whom all are bidden to the race
Let him who dares refuse it!
The simplest task the hand can try,
The dustiest road of duty,
Knowledge can amply glorify,
And art can crown with beauty.
A busy, bony, kindly place
Is this rough world of ours,
For those who love and work space,
And all health and fortune theirs.
To klud and just and grateful hearts
The present grace is given
To find a heaven in themselves,
And find themselves in heaven!

THE MAY-DAY CELEBRATIONS IN WALES.

In a small town in Wales there is a regular May Day festival every year. It was at first intended to amuse the school children, but the grown up people were so delighted with it that it was at length decided to hold the feast every first of May and to make it more gorgeous and attractive every year.

One of the little girls is chosen by the vote of her school fellows to be the May Queen, and a committee of ladies arranges all the details of the festival, chooses the Queen and the other costumes for the court; maids of honour, etc., for everything is done as well as possible.

When the great day arrives, the Queen is dressed in a lovely white silk or satin frock with a long train, and trimmed with flowers, and the maids of honour all dressed in silks and satins hold up her majesty's train.

Then the procession starts, all the trades people contribute something to it by sending gaily decorated carts and carriages, the firemen, and policemen all go in uniform, and the Queen's carriage is followed by all the school children of the city. When they come to the Guildhall as the city hall is called, the Queen enters in state followed by her court, and is seated upon a dais at one end of the hall, after which it is crowned. Then follows a may-pole dance, and other games, winding up with a grand parade and march past the throne.

Then there is dancing on the lawn in the evening.

It would be nice if we could have something like that in Toronto would not it?

The little girls would all be vying with one another as to which should become the most popular. The queen is always chosen from amongst the little girls under 12 years old. It must be very nice to play at being queen even if it is only for one day; and as for wearing a white satin gown with a real train, which of the little girl cousins has not longed to do that?

Perhaps we may have a May Day celebration in Toronto one of these days.
Cousin Flo.

HE KNEW HOW MAY GROW.

Those who have chaperoned a company of young ladies sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Assurance:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney maid was staying at a farm-house, and soon made her mark at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced around in the paddock. He stood at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charley?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack!"

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

As I was walking through a country lane in England some years ago I saw a group of children coming towards me. It was a procession of school children out for an airing, and did not at first seem any different to the majority of such gatherings. The children were just ordinary children, and I should have passed them without noticing them particularly excepting for the peculiar gestures they were making, and the utter absence of the usual laughter and chatter. As they approached I could see some of them making strange motions with their hands, which were never still a moment. One of them would point to something that had attracted his attention, and then the rapid working of the fingers of both hands would begin again.

Some of them placed their fingers on their lips, or eyes, and the companion to whom they were making the signs would nod and laugh, evidently understanding in a moment what was meant.

only understanding in a moment what was meant.

Domestic Reading

I spoke to one of the teachers and she told me it was the deaf and dumb school.

Poor little children! and yet they were perfectly happy; and noticed everything around them, and the scurrying of a rabbit across the road was the signal for a chorus—if it may be called such—of excited gestures. They were being taught to speak, but deaf mutes very seldom exercise the gift of talking and lip-reading even when they have learnt it; they always prefer signs, and the deaf and dumb alphabet.

When they do speak their voices are very peculiar; they are always pitched in one monotonous key; they pronounce words very slowly and distinctly, with a decided accent on all the vowels. Some of them can understand lip reading so well that no one would think they were stone deaf. When one little boy went home, his sister used to forget that he could not hear her, and call to him when he could not see her face, and when he did not answer she would suddenly recollect that he must watch her lips to understand what she was saying.

Cousin Flo.

PUZZLES.

SYNOCATS.

Example—Synocate bo(a)st leaves best.

Synocate a word meaning truths and leave a word meaning greases.

Synocate a word meaning wares and leave a word meaning delites.

Synocate a word meaning a part of the face and leave a word meaning an insect.

Synocate a word meaning hurry and leave a word meaning to dislike.

Synocate a word meaning to scold and leave a word meaning to gasp.

Synocate a word meaning strokes and leave a word meaning untruths.

Synocate a word meaning attics and leave a word meaning plenty.

Synocate a word meaning heaps and leave a word meaning pastry.

Synocate a word meaning parts of plants and leave a word meaning deays.

The synocated letters placed one below the other in the order given will spell the name of the cousins' friend.
Tom Matthews.

MISSING WORDS.

The dog . . . at he boy who jumped . . . and caught up his . . . which he threw with all his . . . at the dog, who ran away . . .

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Three young men came to their father and told him they wanted money to pay their debts; he asked how much they required.

"Thomas," said James, "owes \$25, John \$75, and I owe \$90."

"Here is the whole amount," said their father, handing James \$190, "I pay your debts, and do not come to me for money again."

The young men went away, and returned in a few hours; Thomas had a new \$10 coat, John a watch costing \$30, while James had given \$30 for a horse, and yet they had received for all the money they owed and had paid cash for their purchases all out of the \$190.

How did they do it?

Answer to puzzles of June 9th.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Brook—rook, 2. helm—elm, 3. chat—hat—at.

SQUARE.

I O S T
O T T O
S T A R
T O R Y

MISSING WORDS.

She caught up her train and walked rapidly across the lawn in front of the house. But her father opened the French window and called to her, so she went back with her train trailing after her.

MARKS.

Bertha Boland 8; S. J. Murphy, 4; Mary & Kearney, 4; J. E. Thomson, 3; T. McArthur, 2; Berenice Gordon 2; F. McOrthy, 7.

Cousin Tom Matthews has sent a very good puzzle for us to solve; cannot some of the other cousins invent some "think-knots" as well? They must not be too difficult, or the younger cousins will have no chance.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process; it does not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing, can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directious to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail a sample of fruit and complete directions to any of our readers for nineteen (19) two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. I am going to begin work at once to catch the spring trade.
FRANCOIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

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There is nothing in one world of any importance at all except the favour of God.

The only important thing in good works is the amount of love which we put into them.

The value of everything in life depends on its power to lead us to God by the shortest road.

To know God and to understand His ways is the great end of life, and to walk in His presence is all sanctity.

The habit of working for God only, of doing our good for Him, and caring little about its success, and of doing it secretly, is the royal road to confidence in Him.

Without recollection we cannot acquire the habit of walking constantly in the presence of God. Nothing in the whole of the spiritual life, love excepted, is more necessary. The habit of recollection is only to be acquired by degrees. There is no royal road to it.

There is room for the best to be better, and they can become so only through struggle and failure. The ideal seems to recede as we advance, and height to rise over height till we would faint rest rather than climb.

Two natures wrestle in our breast, and at no age more fiercely in our youth. As it is dark then, it, as a rule, continues, both light and darkness. Love seeks victory to report to Heaven; sin seeks a slave, to be at her will for ever. Truth and falsehood, love and hate, Heaven and hell, the devil and God, meet in the dawning man as they do nowhere else.

Love is always building up. It puts a line of beauty on every life it touches, gives us hope to discourage ones, new strength to those who are weak, new joys to those who are sorrowing, thus enabling them to go on in life's ways, when, without the cheer, they must have sunk down in their disheartenment. It helps the despairing to rise and start again. It makes life seem more worth while to everyone into whose eyes it looks. Its words are benedictions. It does good and never evil all its days. It is like God, Whose name is Love. It carries in its influence a perpetual revealing of God. It goes through the world like an angel of joy and peace, singing into human hearts the song of Heaven, scattering every where good seeds which shall yield a harvest of righteousness.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely to be trusted, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do procreate, as in a vial, the purest effluency and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills a reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embodied and stored up on paper in them, beyond life. We should be wary, therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spite that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books.—Milton.

Goldwin Smith on the "Anglo-Saxon"

Writing in The Weekly Sun, Dr. Goldwin Smith says: "To say, with any approach to exactness, how much of Anglo-Saxon blood, and how much of the blood of other races there is in the mixture now called Anglo-Saxon, is absolutely beyond our power. The increase of a dominant race is less than that of a subject race because its members are more restrained from marrying and having children by economic and social considerations. Anglo-Saxon alliance, therefore, if it rested on pedigree, would have a sandy foundation."

The Archbishop of Montreal.


MONTREAL, June 11.—The pallium will be imposed upon Mgr. Bruchet by the Church of Notre Dame, on Monday, August 9th next. Mgr. Dubreuil, Archbishop of Ottawa, will officiate at the imposing ceremony, and Mgr. Larocque will preach the sermon. The date chosen is that of the first anniversary of the Archbishop's consecration.

SLEEPINESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to sleep, cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatin coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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ST. JOSEPH'S FORTIETH CLOSING.

The busy pleasing season of commencement is here, or perhaps we should say of the closings, and delighted students over our broad Dominion are hastening to their wished for homes after separation from loved ones for the year or half year as may be. Among those who shut up books and packed valises and gaily wended their way to wharf or station with many farewells and good wishes to parting friends, were the young lady pupils of St. Joseph's Academy, to enjoy their well earned vacation after laborious school work, whose brilliant results were in part given to the public at the reception tendered the Governor-General at the convent, December last, when Lord and Lady Aberdeen graciously distributed the University and Education Department awards won by St. Joseph's fair graduates at the examinations of 1897; what the public have accomplished from the period till the present the honor and prize lists will best tell, and the July examinations of 98 will probably confirm.

'Twas a bright and cultured closing, though private, the Fortieth Annual Distribution, and the programme which daintily made conspicuous the numeral, caused one to think of the rapid flight of time, and the many bright winsome maidens that appeared in other days on the pretty platform; many, also have crossed the dark river, all the better fitted however for the perilous voyage, for the spiritual guidance received within convent walls; and others of the erstwhile school girls now struggle fiercely perhaps on life's ocean, though with joy be it said they have the compass of faith to guide them and the pole star of religion to lead them on.

But no such thoughts as these seemed to fill the minds of the happy pupils gathered together on the festive 21st; past and future for them were blended together in one blissful present and bright eyes shone merrily, and youthful voices sang blithely and cheerily and all the more musically as the prospect of home-going now at last became a pleasing reality.

The closing exercises opened with the crowning of Miss Mary Josephine Downey of Brockville, Ont., graduate of '98, who having passed Departmental Examinations some two years ago, receives St. Joseph's honor to enhance her past successes. Then followed one of Sofya's airy choruses beautifully rendered, its parts being admirably taken; one might well have imagined oneself in woodland scenes so blithely did the hunter's call fall upon the ear. An instrumental grand duo by Brahms was brilliantly executed by the Misses Clavet, Curtis, B. Curtis, Daly, Hughes and Powers who showed throughout their knowledge of technique and delicate skilful touches of light and shade. A pretty scene was the distribution of prizes to the little ones, who crowded the large stage, forming a numerous group of themselves and looking like rich clusters of bright-colored blossoms as thickly crowding the platform they sang their happy song to the "summer winds" like the gentle zephyrs they so ideally portrayed. A violin duo from Mascagni by the Misses Downey and Falconbridge was excellently rendered, one of the performers especially seeming to touch the bow with a master's hand; while Miss Clavet showed her faultless taste and perfect execution in her admirable solo "Rhapsodie Hongroise" No. 2.—List. Of the rendering and the skilful rendering too of other pieces on the programme, space does not permit us to speak. On their completion the honors were conferred and premiums presented by His Grace the Archbishop and the reverend clergy present among whom were noted Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rev. Dr. Teefy, LL.D., Rev. Fathers Hand, F. Ryan, McEntee, Minehan, McBrady, O'Donoghue, Miller, Stuhl, Fraehon, Robleider, Walsh, Reath, Maddigan, McDevry, Murray, Le Marche, Dollard, W. McCann.

Dr. May represented the Education Department, whose awards he distributed. When the fortunate prize winners had returned to their places His Grace in addressing the public pointed out in an emphatic manner the solidity of the training received at St. Joseph's; he was always deeply pleased, he said to see the academy filled with pupils for the excellent education imparted. He counselled the young ladies to remember the beautiful lesson of holiness taught, and to bear with them from the Convent those pure memories of happy days. He wished one and all a most happy vacation, and in a particular manner hoped that peace and joy be the portion of those whose last year at St. Joseph's had arrived.

The Reverend guests then retired to the Reception Hall, where fine specimens of painting and needlework designs for exhibitions were on exhibition. Among the beautiful ones being exhibited were the fine china painting for which she received the Provincial Art Medal. As only one medal for China Painting is awarded by the Education Department, St. Joseph's is to be congratulated on her pupils' success. The

Misses Konny, Partridge, Willmott in this department also showed some good work, exhibiting rare delicacy of touch and finish. In needlework the Misses Rosar and Irwin showed some beautiful lake and forest scenes in delicately wrought, turquoise and Kermocin embroidery that prettily harmonized with the delicate lace and drawn work of the Misses Downey, Curtis, Falconbridge, Burks and Power. The Misses Blanche Murphy and Marjori Partridge displayed the best specimen of that most necessary of all needlework plain sewing; their exhibits were much admired.

Considering the school record of '97 '98, St. Joseph's scholastic results prove that Convent education is indeed keeping abreast of the times. What would strike a discriminating observer at this grand educational institution is the spirit and love of work displayed by the pupils; the academy teaching staff does its full and conscientious part, and their principal duties as teachers, namely, not alone to conduct their pupils along the path of knowledge but to teach their disciples how to labor for themselves; by suggestion to set reason and imagination to work and thus make their pupils think; soon the will is educated and character developed, and if from their position in the universe women make or mar God-given character how much must the world owe, though it knows it not, to Convent training. Let us hope that St. Joseph's will continue to add to its laurels year by year and steadily retain its present foremost place among Canadian Educational Institutions.

LIST OF HONORS.

Bronze Medal—Presented by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., for Christian Doctrine and Church History. Competed for by the pupils of the First Course—obtained by Miss McGoy.

Graduating Medal—Awarded to Miss Mary Josephine Downey, E. de M., Brookville, Ont., for lady-like deportment, superiority in English, Mathematics and Natural Science; excellence in English grade instrumental music, awarded a distinction in French, German and Latin; honorable mention in Eloquence, Violin and Needlework.

Gold Medal—Presented by the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, for superiority in English, equally merited by the Misses Casseley and B. Curtis—obtained by Miss Isabelle Curtis.

Governor General's Medal—Presented by His Excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen, for excellence in English Literature—obtained by Miss Rose Casseley.

Gold Medal—Presented by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., for excellence in six grade instrumental music—awarded to Miss M. Daly.

Gold Medal—Presented by the Rev. F. Ryan, for excellence in French—awarded to Miss Falconbridge.

Gold Medal—Presented by the Rev. L. Minehan for superiority in Mathematics, awarded to Miss McCormack.

Bronze Medal and Teacher's Certificate—awarded by the Education Department at the Provincial Art Examinations, for china painting, to Miss Farr.

Gold Medal—Presented by Sir Frank Smith for superiority in Natural Science—awarded to Miss Carmel Sullivan.

Gold Medal—Presented by Hugh Ryan, Esq. for excellence in commercial department, obtained by Miss Rowena Reath.

Gold Medal—Presented by A. Elliott, Esq. for excellence in plain and fancy needlework, equally merited by the Misses B. Murphy and Partridge, obtained by Miss Partridge.

Gold Bracelet—Presented by Mrs. J. J. Kenny, for lady-like deportment, fidelity to duty and observance of rule, equally merited by the Misses Downey, Doran, Casseley, Hughes, Burke, Daly, Mulcahy, Rheaume, O'Keefe, Coyle, Partridge and Willmott—obtained by Miss Burke.

Gold Medal—Presented by a friend, for excellence in counterpoint, harmony and history of music—awarded to Miss Hughes.

Silver Medal—Presented by the Rev. F. R. Eschbar for Christian Doctrine in Junior department—awarded to Miss Maguire.

Gold Pin for the greatest improvement in Fennanship in senior department—awarded to Miss Patton.

Crown for Charity in conversation, awarded to Miss Hamilton.

Crown for Amiability in first course by vote of teachers and companions, awarded to Miss Patton.

Crown for Amiability in second course, Miss Werry.

Crown for Amiability in third course Miss Mary Ryan.

Crown for satisfaction in St. Cecilia's choir, equally merited by the Misses Downey, Doran, Curtis, B. Curtis, Casseley, McGoy, Hughes, Patton, Daly, Rheaume, Reath, Mehan, K. O'Keefe, Partridge, Willmott, J. Murphy, Q. Murphy, Mulcahy, O'Connor, Powers, Kearns, Willson, E. Wilson, Eringo, Kow, Maguire, Werry, Welsh, Healy, obtained by Miss Kathleen Healy.

Heinrich, obtained by Miss Beatrice Fogg.

Crown in day school for lady-like deportment and fidelity to duty, equally merited by the Misses Murphy, McCormack, Falconbridge, Lawrence, O'Byrne, L. Murphy, E. Gillies, Mc Mahon, obtained by Miss McMahon.

Crown for application in day school, equally merited by the Misses Falconbridge, Murphy, B. Murphy, McCormack, O'Byrne, Miller, Sedgewick, and A. Marner, obtained by Miss Falconbridge.

Prizes in senior department awarded to those pupils who obtained 60 per cent on the final examinations.

SENIOR "A" CLASS.

English—The Misses O'Meara, Murphy, Doran, Hamilton, McGoy, McCormack, Sullivan, Mehan, Fitzgerald, Egan, Falconbridge, Wilson, Matheson.—The Misses McGoy, O'Meara, Hamilton and B. Curtis.

Latin—Special prize, Miss McGoy. First prize, the Misses Doran and McGoy.

French—The Misses McCormack, Murphy, McGoy, O'Meara and Doran. German—Special prize, Miss McCormack. First prize, the Misses Doran and McGoy.

Natural Science—The Misses Murphy, O'Meara, McCormack, McGoy, Doran, Hamilton and B. Curtis.

Eloquence—Merited by the Misses Downey, Doran, Falconbridge, Willson, Casseley, Sullivan and B. Curtis, obtained by Miss Willson.

Music—Second prize, fourth grade, instrumental music, awarded to Miss B. Curtis. First prize, fifth grade, awarded to Miss Casseley. Honorable mention for violin, first prize in fourth grade, Miss Willson.

Needlework—Special prize for lace work, Miss B. Curtis.

Prize for plain sewing, Miss Willson.

JUNIOR "A" CLASS.

English—The Misses Reath, Mulcahy, Curtis, May Power, Adele Falconbridge, Miller, Lawrence, O'Keefe, K. O'Keefe, Partridge.

Mathematics—The Misses Reath, Mulcahy, Miller, A. O'Keefe, K. O'Keefe, Adele Falconbridge, May Power.

French—The Misses Irene Murphy and Egan.

Music—Special prize in instrumental music, awarded to Miss Powers.

First prize, seventh grade, Miss Curtis.

First prize, sixth grade, Miss Burke. First prize, fifth grade, Miss Mulcahy.

First prize, fourth grade, merited by the Misses Lawrence and May Power. First prize, third grade, merited by the Misses O'Keefe.

First prize, fourth grade theory, Miss Partridge.

First prize, fifth grade theory, Miss May Power.

ART CERTIFICATES.

Awarded by the Education Department for model memory, freeland and perspective drawing to the Misses O'Keefe, K. O'Keefe, Reath, Willmott, Miller, Partridge, Lawrence, Mulcahy, Fitzgerald and Somers.

Prize for water color painting, Miss Partridge.

Second prize for Drawing, the Misses O'Keefe and Lawrence, obtained by Miss Lawrence.

Photography—Prize equally merited by the Misses J. Murphy and M. O'Byrne—obtained by Miss O'Byrne.

PROMOTED.

To Junior "A," Senior Division.—The Misses Power, Adele Falconbridge, Whalen and Partridge.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Prizes in Junior Department awarded to the pupils who obtained the highest marks in English and Mathematics.

First prize in Senior "B," Class awarded to Miss Sedgewick.

Second prize awarded to Miss Werry.

First prize in Junior Division awarded to Miss I. McMahon.

Second prize awarded to Miss Kathleen Healy.

Prize for Christian Doctrine in Day School, awarded to Miss Pauline Foy.

Music—First prize, fifth grade instrumental music, merited by the Misses Patton and Q. Murphy.

First prize in fourth grade, merited by the Misses O'Connor, O. Murphy, Pringle and Rosar.

Second prize, awarded to Miss A. O'Connor.

Prize for French, awarded to Miss Sedgewick.

Music—First prize in fourth grade instrumental music, merited by the Misses E. Wilson, M. Kow and A. Fogg.

First prize in third grade, merited by the Misses G. Fox, L. Alberti and K. Clark, obtained by Miss Fox.

Honorable mention, violin, Miss E. Wilson.

Honorable mention, guitar, Miss J. Coyle.

Prize for observance of rule, Miss A. O'Connor.

PROMOTED.

To Senior "B," Junior Division.—The Misses F. Crooker, E. B. Crooker, A. O'Connor, E. Wilson, M. Foy, M. Kearns, A. Fogg and Rheaume.

To Senior "C," Senior Division.—The Misses Chamberlain, A. Power, and Marner.

SENIOR SECOND.

Prizes awarded to the Misses Mary Ryan, B. Fogg, Hazel Dean, L. Alberti, M. Lee, G. Fox, K. Clark, H. Leonard and N. O. Sullivan.

JUNIOR SECOND.

Prizes awarded to the Misses Vera Belton, N. Ward, F. O'Connor, V. Oulliton, M. Barnes, Gladys O'Leigh.

PREPARATORY CLASS.

Prize awarded to the Misses Myram Elmsley, J. O'Sullivan, K. Foy and B. Kelly.

Prizes for improvement in the Kindergarten class, awarded to Marguerite Clark, Marjorie O'Leigh, Clara Murphy and Violet Edwards.

Prizes for being good little girls, awarded to Mario McIntosh, Gladys Foy, Florry Foy, A. Mason, Madeline Oulliton, Isabel Alberti and Marie Curtis.

Prize for observance of Rule, awarded to Miss Marguerite Clark.

Prize for sewing obtained by Nano Ward.

PROMOTED.

To Senior "G" Junior Division.—The Misses M. Ryan, Lee, Fogg, Alberti, O'Sullivan, Leonard, Dean, Clark and Fox.

To Senior second—V. Belton, N. Ward, M. Barnes, V. Oulliton.

ST ALOYSIUS' SCHOOL.

Prizes in third class awarded to the Masters Norman Zaninera and Allan Crooker.

Prizes in second class, awarded to Masters E. Foy, Miller, Kelly, Higgins and O. Sullivan.

Prizes in part second class, awarded to Masters W. Falby, F. Leonard, Newman, McIntosh, Ernest Moncrief, Howard Moncrief, George Madden, John Napolitano and Fred. Foy.

Prizes in part first class, awarded to Masters Joseph Muto, J. Fox, Frank O'hanna and Edmund Clark.

Prizes for observance of rule merited by Masters O'Sullivan, Leonard, Miller and Madden—obtained by Frank Leonard.

Hon. John Costigan as an Explorer.

OTTAWA, JUNE 15.—Hon. John Costigan leaves on Saturday on an extended exploratory tour to the Canadian North West. Mr. Costigan will travel by canoe principally and expects to be absent until October and may not get back until January or February, 1899. Mr. Costigan will go first to Edmonton and will there hire three men. They will travel across country to the Athabaska river and go thence to the Lesser Slave river and afterwards to the Lesser Slave lake. From there he will travel up the Peace river to the junction of the Finlay and Parsnip rivers. He expects to reach the Omicron district by the time winter sets in, and returning he will come by way of Smoky river. Mr. Costigan goes prepared to stand a hard winter, but if caught he will come out by the Smoky river trail to Edmonton. Mr. Costigan and a number of friends are interested in the country through which he proposes to travel. While away he will prospect and examine the country. The timber, mineral and agricultural resources and available water powers will be noted and upon his return Mr. Costigan will report to his friends. He is taking two specially constructed canoes.

What I want are these three things; a very copious spirit of prayer, a tremendous humility, and a great sweetness of temper.

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To Senior "B," Senior Division.—The Misses Healy, H. McMahon, O. Murphy, Willmott, Maguire, Clark, Walsh, Murray and O'Connor.

First prize in Senior "C," Senior Division. Awarded to Miss Florence Crooker.

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