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The Catholic Register.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Maronite Antiquity

Interesting Discourse by Bishop Howley of St. John's, Newfoundland.

St. John's, Nfld., July 22.—On yesterday (Sunday, July 21st.) the last Mass was chanted by the Rev. Jos. K. Yazbek, Maronite missionary of the Church of Our Lady of the Cedars of Lebanon, Boston, with all the imposing liturgy of the Maronite rite. Before the Mass His Lordship Bishop Howley ascended the pulpit and delivered a few words of explanation of the origin, meaning and antiquity of the Maronite "use." He spoke in part as follows: The Maronites are Syrians, who take their name from St. Maron, the founder of their principal Monasteries. They own a large territory in the northwest portion of Palestine, and while they pay suzerainty to the Sultan they are practically independent, and are a striking example of the blessings of "Home Rule" among an industrious, moral and religious people. It is their proud boast (though it is stated to the contrary in some writers) that they

HAVE NEVER FALLEN AWAY, like the rest of the Oriental peoples, into heresy or schism, but have always retained the full and true beliefs in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and have remained in firm and loyal adhesion to the Pope and the Roman See. In fact they boast, and with truth, that their Patriarch is the successor of St. Peter in his See of Antioch, as Leo XIII. is in that of Rome. They have, however, retained the peculiar ceremonies and uses of the very ancient liturgy known as the Jacobite, and supposed to have been composed by St. James the Apostle, the first Bishop of Jerusalem. The principal feature of difference between this and the Roman rite is that of language. When St. Peter came to Rome he abandoned many of the more ancient Oriental customs and took up the more advanced Roman or Western style, particularly adopting the Latin language, which was then the common tongue of Europe and the western countries. Changes were also made in the cut and fashion of the vestments to suit them to the

TASTE OF THE SURROUNDINGS. It is these minor and unimportant differences which constitute what are called the various rites; such as Coptic, Chaldean, Armenian, Greek, etc. But in all these the great fundamental truths of the priesthood, the sacrifice of the Mass, the mystery of Transubstantiation, etc., are identically the same; and indeed, even the Oriental sects who have separated from the Pope and refused to own his supremacy, and are hence called schismatics, all these have preserved the doctrine of the priesthood and the sac-

trifice of the Mass, thus they differ from the denomination of Western Europe, who, at the time of the Reformation, separated in Rome. Not only by rejecting the sacraments and language of the Latin rite, not only by rejecting the authority of the Pope of Rome; but by the fundamental denial of the priesthood, the Mass, the real presence, etc. Of this we have a confirmation at the present moment, when the King of England is made to take the Coronation Oath, and swear that these doctrines

ARE NO PART of the Protestant religion. This, of course, is true; and though we Catholics may regret that there should be any need of such a declaration at all, yet we must be thankful that the opprobrious terms of "idolatrious and superstitious" have been eliminated from the Oath. As an example of the universality of the Catholic Church, His Lordship instanced the fact that in his recent tour in Palestine he had the happiness of passing a night at the Palace of the Maronite Patriarch at Bekorki, Mount Lebanon, and of recognizing in him a former fellow-student who had sat beside him in the classic halls of the University of Propaganda in Rome, in the sixties. The Bishop finished with a glowing tribute to the noble and upright, moral and industrious character of the Maronite people; and he hoped our people would respect those inoffensive strangers who have come to live and do an honest business amongst us. He regretted to hear that some of our young street idlers are in the habit of molesting and annoying the Maronites, and he hoped he would not hear

ANY MORE SUCH COMPLAINTS. The Mass, which, owing to the novelty of the ceremonies and the peculiar intonation of the music, was followed with rapt attention by the large congregation, was attended by the whole of the Maronite colony now in the city, some thirty or forty, who all received the Holy Communion from the hands of the celebrant, Father Yazbek, who had been among this flock for the past few days, hearing their confessions and preparing them for the reception of the Sacrament, for the graces of the Jubilee, etc. Also, addressed a few words to them in Arabic, their common language, encouraging them in their religious duties and attendance at church. The Syriac or Syro-Chaldaic language in which the Mass was sung (the Epistle and Gospel being read in the vernacular Arabic by the server) is a Classical or dead Language. It is the identical

LANGUAGE SPOKEN BY OUR LORD when on earth, as appears from the few words given in the Gospels in the original, as for example, "Golgotha, Gabbatha, Hacedama," and the striking words uttered by the Saviour when dying on the cross "Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani." The whole function was most edifying. There are about 200,000 Maronite Catholics in Syria, about 1,000 priests and monks, and 15 Bishops. In America there are about 20,000. Their spiritual wants are attended to by two priests who live in Boston and travel over the whole extent of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Father Yazbek is a guest at the palace and will remain a day or two longer. If any person be inclined to extend their charity in helping this poor, struggling mission, their generosity will be sure to reap a thousandfold reward in that heavenly plenary where no thieves enter to plunder, and no moths to destroy.—Com.

Cardinal Gibbons in Ireland. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has been visiting the pretty Wexford seaside resort, Rosslare, and staying with his old friend, Mr. P. J. Roche, J. P. The Cardinal was in Derry, and at the invitation of the Mayor attended a garden party given by His Worship at the opening of Brook Park. The Duke of Abercorn, the Duchess, and other ladies were presented to His Eminence, who was attired in Cardinal's robes. The Cardinal met and conversed with Dr. Alexander, the Protestant Primate of a-magh.

Pope Leo in Excellent Health. Rome, Aug. 18.—To-day, being St. Joachim's Day, the Pope held a reception, which was attended by 20 cardinals and some 150 archbishops and bishops. He seemed to be in excellent health. In the course of an address he referred to the constant progress of the Roman Catholic Church, especially in the United States and Great Britain. He conversed in an animated way with the cardinals.

EDITORIAL

THE IMPORTANCE OF QUOTATION MARKS

The editor of The Register can afford very little time for talking about himself or indulging in comparisons with his neighbor. But perhaps it is as well now as at another time that he should state his position. He is not unknown either to the readers of The Register or of The Irish Canadian. He fully and without the right of interference on the part of the directorate shaped the policy of The Register for years during the connection of the late Mr. Boyle with this paper. He has also written whole pages of The Canadian editorial matter for Mr. Boyle. He resigned his position on The Register for no other reason than that his editorial freedom was restricted when the title of the paper was the subject of litigation which followed from the utter neglect of their duty and responsibility by the late directors. He returned to his former position after having received the counsel and approval of the highest, most respected and most independent Catholic authority in Ontario, and after the complete control had been restored to his hands as well as personal interest supporting that control.

The editor of The Catholic Register accordingly thinks that he is not under the necessity of learning journalistic independence from any unknown person or persons.

The direction of this paper must speak for itself in the future as in the past; and indeed the Catholic people of Canada are at all times sensitive enough in guarding their own self-respect and intelligence by giving or refraining from giving to Catholic journals that support upon which the very existence of the Catholic press depends.

When returning to the control of The Register the editor made no new announcement of policy, knowing very well that the support of the Catholic body throughout the country goes only to the paper that proves itself week after week and year after year deserving of the confidence of a high-spirited and independent people. The Register, we are glad to say, enjoys the full measure of that support. Our circulation books are open to all legitimate inquirers. There is no mystery about our business methods, or about the ownership of the paper, if anyone should be seeking information on that head, the nicest curiosity may be completely satisfied by inquiring through the usual business channels. And behind the proprietorship we have the cordial good will of the Catholic body both clerical and lay. The Register has no call whatever to lean upon the people who hide their faces from the Catholic public. There are neither Liberal nor Conservative politicians whose interests we must take account of for any cause past, present or prospective. There is not one dollar of interest in or pertaining to The Catholic Register Publishing Company, held or influenced directly or indirectly by any political party, party agent or party dependent. There is not the shadow of a particle of exterior influence of any kind possible of being brought to bear upon us. The editor is not now, and never has been, a member of either political party. He does not owe fear, favor or affection to one party more than the other, or to any member or members of either party. And having said this once for all, he proposes to go on attending to his ordinary business of making a good Catholic paper for the family that will have a welcome in every corner of Canada.

Taken to Task by Father Lambert

William E. Curtis, a correspondent of The Chicago Record-Herald, traveling in Europe and supplying information to the readers of that paper, says in one of his letters:

"This reminds me that St. Peter had two skulls, which are kept among the relics of two churches in the Eternal City and are shown to strangers. One of the skulls is much larger than the other, which suggested an amicable arrangement to the Cardinal at a time when there was a fierce dispute between the rival churches as to which had the genuine skull. Since then each has been perfectly contented with its own, the smaller skull having been officially determined to be that of St. Peter when he was a boy and the larger when he was a man."

When we first heard this story it was St. Patrick who supplied the skulls to a Dublin museum. "Whose skull is that?" asked a visitor. The attendant, who wished to give him the full worth of his money, in astonishment said, "That is the skull of St. Patrick." After a time another visitor, pointing to another skull, asked whose it was. "That," said the attendant, "is the skull of St. Patrick." "But," said the first visitor, "you told me that this large skull here was St. Patrick's, and now you say that small one is." "Certainly I did," said the roguish attendant. "You see, that small one there was taken before he was a bishop, and this big one here was taken afterward, when he was a bishop and needed a big head. Do you think a man with that small skull there could run a diocese? Why, just look into it, man, and see how small the vacuum is."

The joke, as illustrative of Irish wit and ability to get out of an awkward situation, serves its purpose. But when Mr. Curtis plagiarized and transports it to Rome, and tells it seriously as a historical fact for the information of his readers, it is quite another thing. He is the first, so far as we know, who gave the joke a Roman frame and background, the first to rob it of its innocent Irish drollery and give it a sinister meaning. We have given his transported version for the purpose of asking him for more particulars. In what churches in the Eternal

City are these two skulls shown to strangers?

1. When did the fierce dispute between the rival churches take place?
2. Who was the Cardinal who settled the dispute?
3. When and by whom was it "officially determined" that the two skulls were those of Peter at different ages?

Editor Apologised

London, Aug. 16.—In the House of Commons to-day G. E. Armstrong (a former lieutenant of the British navy), editor of The Globe, and W. T. Madge, manager of that paper, attended the Bar in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, in accordance with the summons of the House, for gross breach of the privileges of the House, in accusing the Nationalist members of corruption in connection with private bill legislation. After the Speaker, Mr. William Court Gully, had notified them of the cause of the summons, both Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Madge expressed regret at the appearance of the article, and apologized to the House. The Speaker then ordered the delinquents to withdraw, while the House considered the matter. Both the editor and the manager backed out, bowing low at each step, amidst the derisive cheers of the Nationalists.

After a protest from John Hammond, the Nationalist leader, against the inadequacy of the apology, the offenders were recalled and asked if they were prepared to withdraw the allegations. This they did, in somewhat nervous tones. The Speaker then severely reprimanded the two newspaper men, who were permitted to depart, the members of the House jeering congratulating them on their escape from imprisonment in the Tower.

Asked For A Priest

(From The Philadelphia North American.)
Mary Britt, a twelve-year-old girl, of 3714 Pulaski avenue, is likely to die without receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church, because the police of the Twenty-second district refused to send for a priest. A few days

ago her mother, Mrs. Thomas Britt, became ill from smallpox, which she contracted while nursing the girl, and was taken to the Municipal Hospital.

The House was then quarantined, and for that reason the police said that no one could enter it without remaining there, according to the rules of the Board of Health. The dying girl's father, Thomas Britt, who is a trolley conductor, has been living with a neighbor during the quarantine. Hearing the child's moans last night, he could bear the suspense no longer, and went in to her. Now he will have to stay there until the quarantine is raised. The child begged her father to send for Father Kane of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, at Broad and Butler streets, as she thought she would not live through the night.

With tears in his eyes the father asked the policeman who was on guard to grant her last request. The policeman telephoned to the station house, and was told that it would be against the rules to do as Britt wished.

A Disaster On The Pacific Coast

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 19.—Fuller details of the wreck of S.S. Islander have been received showing that the disaster is the most serious one in the history of the passenger traffic between this city and the Yukon.

It is now estimated that between 75 and 80 passengers were lost. The Islander was the flagship of the fleet owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Steamship and navigation Company of Victoria, and plied between this port and Skaguay. She was a well-equipped twin-screw steamer, divided into seven watertight compartments. There were on board 107 passengers and a crew of 71.

DROWNED.

- Mrs. Ross, wife of the Governor of Yukon Territory, her child and niece.
- Dr. John Duncan, Victoria.
- W. G. Preston and bride of Seattle.
- F. Mills, Victoria.
- Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Victoria.
- W. H. Keating and two sons, Los Angeles.
- J. V. Douglas, Vancouver.
- Mrs. Phillips and child, Seattle.
- P. W. Bell, Victoria.
- Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Captain Nicholson.
- Mrs. W. Smith, Vancouver.
- J. J. Betham, Vancouver.

Story Of Scottish Chivalry

Here is a story told by Mr. Andrew Lang in the August number of Longman's Magazine. Roderick MacCulloch of Glasgullie sided with the young Pretender. "He was taken," writes Mr. Lang, "and was being brought to the Tower with Kilmarnock and Balmerino. A block stopped the sad cortege and a lady, looking from a window, cried, 'You tall rebel!' (Mr. M. was 6 feet 4 inches) 'you will soon be shorter by a head!' 'Does that give you pleasure, madame?' said Mr. M. 'Yes, it does.' 'Then, madam,' said Mr. M., taking off his hat and making a low bow, 'I do not die in vain.' Lady — was moved. She made interest for Mr. M. There exists a paper in the hands of George II. to this effect: 'Let Lady — (the name is obliterated) have access to her tall rebel, and be damned to her.' The royal clemency was extended to Mr. M. I saw his pardon, beautifully engrossed within a decorated border, and framed, on the wall of his descendant's study. It is fair to add that practically the whole County of Ross, and also the Earl of Sutherland, petitioned for the life of the courteous Mr. M.' And the incident occurred only half a century before Burke declared that the age of chivalry was gone.

Religion In Mexico

The Mexican Minister to England in The Humanitarian.
We have no State religion. The overwhelming majority of our people are Catholics, but the country contains a fair number of Protestants. The State recognizes all religions, or none, if you prefer it. Monastic orders are not tolerated, and no ecclesiastical body is allowed to acquire real estate. The Catholic Church is governed by three Archbishops, 18 Bishops and an Apostolic Vicar. To give you an idea of the proportion of Catholics and Protestants, let me cite the case of the capital. In our beautiful city there are eighty-four Catholics and nineteen Protestant churches.

English Catholics and the Oath

Important Letter from the Duke of Norfolk Defining the Position in the Lords

The following letter has been addressed by the Duke of Norfolk to the editor of The London Times:
Sir—In the debate in the House of Lords on the third reading of the Royal Declaration Bill expressions were used which are calculated to cause serious misunderstanding on two important points.
It was suggested that during the progress of the measure the Roman Catholic peers had put forward demands in excess of representations made by us to the committee-appointed early in the session, and it was further suggested that we had inferred that nothing would satisfy us but the abolition of any declaration of any kind. Both these assertions are in absolute contradiction to the facts in the case.

In regard to the last point, it is quite true that the Roman Catholic peers fully agree with those who urge that the Protestant succession is rendered so secure by legal enactment and by the Coronation Oath that no declaration is needed, but so far are we from insisting upon this view that, as a matter of fact, Lord Lansdowne, when the bill was in committee, himself moved a form of declaration which would have ensured the Protestant succession.

In regard to the first point, we have not departed from any early expression of our hopes. The committee for some reason did not make the least attempt to ascertain what our hopes or wishes might be. It is not our fault if in their self-imposed ignorance of our anticipations they leapt to conclusions for which there was no justification. So far as I am aware, not one single effort was made by the committee, either directly or indirectly, to ascertain what were the points in the declaration to which we objected, or what were the alterations for which we prayed. When it is remembered that we had fully endorsed the arrangement by which no Roman Catholic Peer was to be on the committee, this course of action on the part of that body appears all the more inexplicable. I feel it incumbent on us to put on record that we have not departed from any of our earlier statements on this subject, and that not only have we not declined to accept any declaration assuring the Protestant succession, but that we ourselves submitted such a declaration to the House.

We feel keenly the generous consideration shown by so many peers and by so many organs of public opinion to what we look upon as our just claim. We are very sorry that, when the opportunity was afforded of setting right what we cannot but believe must be most offensive both to Sovereign and to subject, that opportunity should have been strangely mismanaged; but we are convinced that just man will regard the result as being due to a course of action on our part which we have never adopted, or to statements of ours which we never made. I remain, your obedient servant,
NORFOLK,
Arundel Castle, Arundel.



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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

The celebrated painting by Sassetto, known as the "Madonna of the Rosary," in the Dominican Church of Santa Sabina, in Rome, has been stolen from its place.

The "Madonna of the Rosary," perhaps the most beautiful of all Sassetto's works, is one of the best known pictures in the world.

THE ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE DIVORCE.

In Italy there are many indications that a war upon the religious orders, such as has taken place in France, is imminent.

IRELAND

ON SUNDAY DANCING IN LICENCED HOUSES.

The following letter from His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, in reference to dancing saloons at Blackrock, near Dundalk, was read to-day at all the Masses in this and adjoining parishes:

Rev. Dear Sir—I am deeply pained to learn that an abuse has grown up in the seaside village of Blackrock, which amounts to a crying scandal.

There are not wanting evidences of the evils to which these irregularities tend. It is horrible to see decent respectable young girls dragged into the police courts, even to give evidence in

those cases of Sunday drinking. Yet I see by the public press that this has lately happened. From the same source I learn that as late as 1st Sunday, an occurrence has taken place at Blackrock, which has placed the life of a young man in imminent danger.

On the occasion of my last visitation of the parish I spoke strongly on this scandal, and gave fair warning that, if it were not abated, it might become necessary for me to resort to extreme measures for the purpose of putting an end to an obstinate abuse.

Hence it becomes a serious question for me, whether I am justified in permitting any place in my archdiocese to be turned into a plague spot and the people for whom I am responsible to be demoralized without exercising the authority with which the Church has invested me to put an end to the scandal.

It is quite useless to allege, as I believe it is alleged, that the action I find myself bound to take interferes with trade, or is hostile to the prosperity of an attractive watering place.

I have a very deep interest in the progress and prosperity of the watering place, as I should have in every-thing which contributes to the temporal as well as to the spiritual interests of my flock.

Therefore, to put an end to this abuse, as far as in me lies, I declare as follows:

1st. Anyone who, after the publication of this letter, opens or keeps open a public dancing saloon, or ballroom, in Blackrock on Sundays, during the bathing season, incurs, by the very fact, the great excommunication.

2nd. Any subject of this Archdiocese who goes to a public dancing saloon or ballroom in Blackrock on Sundays during the bathing season incurs by the very fact the same penalty.

3rd. Though many sojourners at Blackrock may not be subjects of the Archdiocese, in accordance with a well-known rule of Canon Law, they become subjects by transgression as far as penalties are concerned.

4th. I reserve to myself any my Vicars-General the power of absolving from this censure anyone who may have the misfortune of incurring it.

I am, dear sir, Yours faithfully, MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE.

Armagh, 1st August, 1901

PROTECTION OF CATHOLIC GIRLS

From many Catholic centres complaints rise louder and louder of the terrible dangers, both moral and religious, that beset the paths of Irish girls who, in order to gain their livelihood, leave Ireland and travel from one town to another in other countries.

into white slavery, deceitful advertisements are inserted in the press, which dazzle the girls of the working classes by their promises, and draw many into dangers of which they know nothing.

The Association already has centres in most of the capitals of Europe, and if one existed in Dublin, Catholic girls coming down from the country en route for other lands could be met at the railway station by one wearing the official badge of the Society.

UNITED STATES

MASS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

The first Mass was said Sunday before last in the chapel of the Philippine village on the exposition grounds in Buffalo. Mass will be said every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock in the chapel by two of the Jesuit Fathers from Canisius' College, who will administer to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants until the close of the exposition.

Last Sunday the attendance was about eighty, comprising Indians, Mexicans, Filipinos and Arabians.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

We are so accustomed, says The Literary Digest, to regard our population as steadily and swiftly increasing that it is with something of a shock that we learn of the constantly growing reduction in the birth rate of the country during recent years.

"A century ago the sterility of American women was but 2 per cent., the lowest of any population in the civilized world, and the average number of children to a marriage was six. At present the national sterility is said to have risen to the alarming figure of 20 per cent., and the average number of children to a marriage is but two.

But, aside from actual numerical decrease of native inhabitants, a misfortune that already stares France in the face and is perhaps not far distant for the United States, certain ethical considerations are called to our attention by the writer, in this connection.

development rather than for the race," and adds. "If we take a narrow and aristocratic section of contemporary humanity, the result seems disastrous. It has been estimated that if fifteen consecutive blocks on upper Fifth Avenue there are but fifteen children. And, taking a more general view, we cannot but consider the denial of motherhood to so many women, whether it be voluntary or involuntary, the saddest tragedy of our modern life."

Canadian Seats of Learning

A Trip to Point-aux-Trembles. (Written for The Register) Montreal, July 10.—A thirty-minute ride through the sweet smelling fields crossed by the Montreal Terminal Railway (Bout de l'Isle), brought the writer, on a glorious June morning, to the beautiful spot where is situated one of the best and least known of Canada's educational establishments.

After a pleasant chat, I was invited to visit the building. No words can express my admiration at seeing the large and comfortable parlors; the lofty and magnificent music hall, with its wealth of pianos, harps and every kind of musical instruments; the sweet and heavenly chapel, just the place to forget the outside world; the well-provided refectory, where the pupils enjoy their excellent fare amid pleasant surroundings and the spacious dormitories, where particular attention is given to proper ventilation.

It is a place where everything speaks of comfort, kindness and happiness. The good sisters of Notre Dame have there a charming locality, on a sloping hill by the banks of the St. Lawrence where, in the shaded avenues facing the river, the smaller children play or swing, while their more sedate companions, grouped together, give free vent to the young tongues held in check during "that dreadful class time."

It would be impossible to mention, in a newspaper article, the advantages offered by this institution as regards healthy locality, thorough and practical teaching, beautiful surroundings and the motherly care bestowed on the pupils by the good sisters. The music tuition is under the care of Sister Ste Heloise, considered one of the best musicians in Canada; the French course, by Sister Ste. Bernard, has formed excellent French scholars out of many an American girl; while the paintings under the supervision of Sister Ste. Aimée would not be out of place in any art gallery.

ONE WHO HAS SEEN. Some Irishmen of the Day. The three supplementary volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography," which are to appear in September, will contain a great many notices of Irish worthies who were either inadvertently omitted from the work itself or died after their names had been printed.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P.Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel St. Luke xviii. 11-19

- Sa. 25 | St. Louis King of France
M. 26 | St. Zophyrius, P.M.
T. 27 | St. Joseph Calanctus
W. 28 | St. Aust. B.D.
Th. 29 | Beheading of John Baptist
F. 30 | St. Rose of Lima V.
S. 31 | St. Raymond Nounatus

THE UNSPOKEN WORD.

The story is not a new one of the man, of New England descent and education, who had been married for a long time, and who was devotedly attached to his wife.

"You are not as melancholy as you used to be," said an old acquaintance to this happy married man.

"Melancholy! I should say not!" he replied with emphasis. "How could a man be sad with such a wife as I have? Why, sometimes when I think of what she has been to me it is as much as I can do to keep from showing right out what I think of her."

The man who lacks emotional expression is not confined to New England. He is to be found in all climes and places. This strange reserve, this fear of having the appearance of "gushing" has sometimes been the cause of marital unhappiness that has ended in the divorce courts.

I remember hearing a little story a good many years ago of a poor woman in a western town who worked beyond her strength in keeping her home in a state of exquisite order and cleanliness. One day a neighbor found her giving the finishing touches to a stove she had polished until it shone in every part.

"Why do you go on working so hard in order to have everything just so when you are tired out?" asked the outspoken caller.

"Oh, I shan't mind it when my husband gets home, for he will say how nice everything looks and that will rest me right up."

There are many tired wives who would be "rested right up" by a few words of praise, so strong is their craving for appreciation of their efforts to please the husbands they love. I was once sitting in a railroad car when two women came in and took the seat directly behind me.

"What are you going to give to your husband for a Christmas present this year?"

"I hardly know yet. Somehow, it is so hard to get presents for a man. I'd like to make something myself" so that my husband can't throw up to me that I bought the present with his money.

"And maybe he wouldn't!" exclaimed the other woman, with explosive emphasis. "Now I felt just that way last year about my husband's present, and I'll tell you what I did. I'd often heard him say that these ready-made shirts never wore nor fit like good hand-made shirts. Well, I've made hundreds of shirts before I was married, and I am a born seamstress, but I have had so much to do, sewing for my five children in recent years, that I have had to give up shirt making, but I thought that I would make my husband half a dozen shirts with my own hands, and have them all done up nice for his Christmas present."

"He ought to have gone down on his knees and thanked you for them."

"Well, I told him how I had made them with my own hands and all that, and he just glanced at them and said: 'What did you do that for when you could have bought them already made for a dollar each?' and then he went on smoking his cigar. It was the last time I ever tried to do anything to please him!"

This last time comes in many homes in which the husband carefully represses every look or expression of appreciation or gratitude.

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

If devotion to the most Holy Virgin Mary is necessary to all men, simply for working out their salvation, it is still more so for those who are called to any particular perfection;

and I do not think any one can acquire an intimate union with our Lord and a perfect fidelity to the Holy Ghost without a very great union with the most Holy Virgin and a great dependence on her succor.

The devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the true imitation of Jesus; for, next to the glory of His Father, it was the devotion nearest and dearest to His sacred heart. It is a peculiarly solid devotion, because it is perpetually occupied with the hatred of sin and the acquisition of virtue.

THE GREATNESS OF A CHRISTIAN

Behold, my dearest friends, how great we are if we are Christians! The sublime character of a child of God is displayed in our whole conduct; we are princess of the blood royal of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the greatness of our extraction should be manifest in all our acts and all our inclinations.

FIVE RULES OF LIFE.

First—If possible, be well and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours the battle of life is already half won.

Second—Be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your troubles.

Third—Forget yourself. You never will be happy if your thoughts constantly dwell upon yourself.

Fourth—Expect little. Expect little of life, nor too much of your friends.

THE LIVING FAITH.

Long centuries have come and gone. The world has plunged forward through many revolutions. Almost all things have changed. Time moves, but eternity stands still, and thus, amid perpetual change of faith, which is the representative of eternity on earth, remains and is at rest, and its unchangeableness is our repose.

THE ART OF DRESS

I wonder why every woman cannot see what is becoming to her," said the well-dressed woman, who had dropped into her best friend's after a morning's shopping and was sipping a tall, thin glass of iced lemonade with evident appreciation.

"I saw a woman enter the trolley car this morning and that thought came with her," the first speaker went on.

"There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if you had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup."

has always laid great stress on her method of hair-dressing. Nobody understands better than she the importance of softening the features by means of the hair.

"Then a woman who was fat wore a plaid gingham dress and a woman who was very tall and very thin wore the plainest kind of a gown, striped up and down at that. A loose-fitting waist with frills, would have been infinitely more becoming. But the feature which more than anything else detracted from her personal appearance was the collar of her waist, which was not more than two-thirds as high as it should be.

Some Examination Answers

O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as ither—see us!

"If," said an Albany examiner recently, "some of the immortals of literature and history could see themselves as the public school children of New York State can see them, a cold shudder would start in Westminster Abbey and sweep around the earth until it lost itself in the corridors of our own Hall of Fame."

"Boadicea was a lady who had trouble with the Pope."

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was written by R. W. Emerson, and its general plan is to produce perfect etiquette at table.

"Persephone was the goddess of the gates of Tartarus. She is said to have been girded with a mantle gored with blood.

"Medieval chivalry developed this way. First the knight was any one who wanted to perform military service. Then chivalry was a Brotherhood of Knight formed of strong men who wished to do patrol service. They were model policemen.

"Puritans were a class of people that came into existence and wanted the church's sweeping done more rapidly.

"The Pilgrims were a religious sect that did not believe in the doctoring of the Church of England.

"The only means of communication the Colonist had was by horseback, and in this way it took quite a long time for a letter to go to Europe.

"The Five Nations were the Senecas, Onondagos, Mohawks and Tomahawks.

"The Habeas Corpus Act was an act compelling the relatives of a dead person to produce his corpse in court should a dispute arise.

"Italy embraces the Po and the Island of Sicily."—Literary Digest.

FROM FAR-OFF BELGIUM

Come Orders for Dr. Chase's Receipt Book and Famous Family Remedies—Colonel Butler's Appreciation of the Grand Old Author and Physician.

Dr. A. W. Chase is becoming so well known as a physician and author throughout the civilized world that it is no longer surprising to receive orders from any quarter of the globe.

Colonel F. W. Butler, writing from the Grand Hotel de Bruges, Heyst-Sur-Mer, Belgium, orders a copy of Dr. Chase's last and complete Receipt Book, saying that he gave the last one to a friend, and was unable to procure another in London, Eng., or in Heyst, Belgium.

He also tells of his trouble in procuring Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, Ointment and Kidney-Liver Pills in London. Knowing the value of these remedies from past experience, he even went to the expense of hiring a cab for the express purpose of obtaining them.

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It scarcely seems wise to trifle with health and life itself by experimenting with new and untried remedies, when you know from past experience and from the experience of your friends and neighbors that Dr. Chase's Family Remedies are certain to prove beneficial and bring about the best results that it is possible to obtain.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if you had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup.

Children's Corner

A WISE LITTLE MOUSE.

A wise little mouse Came out of his house Through a snug round hole for a door; His little eyes blinked, And he winked and winked, And he winked and he blinked some more.

DOGS THAT FISH.

"An Esquimaux dog is the most versatile canine in existence," declared R. G. Tabor, concessionaire of the Esquimaux Village, at the Pan-American Exposition, "and he is indispensable to the Esquimaux, for without the seal they'd starve, and he couldn't find the seal in the winter without the dog."

"The Esquimaux dog is not only good for draft purposes, but he is a splendid hunter, and, unlike our dogs here, of which each breed is good for some particular kind of game, the Esquimaux dog is good at all kinds, large or small, and varies his methods to suit the kind of game he has in chase."

"He is the only dog that I ever heard of that would fish. In the summer time no Esquimaux ever thinks of feeding his dog, and one of the prettiest sights in the far north is to get up on a summer morning and see the Esquimaux dogs standing in the wash of the ocean watching for fish."

"The dogs do not like the water, because it is extremely cold and nothing but hunger will drive them into it. But in the morning you will see them wade out breast deep in the ocean and stand as motionless as statues. When a fish comes within range a dog will dive just as a seal would do, and come up ten or fifteen feet farther out with the fish in his mouth."

A TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN NATAL.

Very few people are aware of the fact that had Louis Botha, when he invaded Natal, got as far as Durban, a great Trappist Monastery would have been included in the war region.

The establishment is situated some 15 miles from that town, and a writer in The Natal Mercury has just been giving his impressions of a visit to it. The property embraces 12,000 acres, and was bought by the monks 18 years ago.

Among other things it provides that an association is the agreement by which two or more persons unite their knowledge or activity for some other object than pecuniary profit. For validity it comes under the general principles of law applicable to contracts and obligations. You will see from this quotation, which is the first article of the law that the very definition of association, shows that the measure is directed against the religious congregations. These in France are, generally speaking, the Jesuits and the Assumptionists.

Jesuits to Stay in France

(From The New York Sun, Aug. 2.) A Paris despatch to The Sun gave The Figaro as authority for the statement that the Jesuits have decided to leave France, rather than observe the requirements of the association law, which became operative on June 29.

It was learned here that, while The Figaro's statement is a little too sweeping, yet there will be, between now and Oct. 1, an exodus of Jesuits from France comparable only to that which followed the enactment of the decree expelling them from the country in 1876. The twenty-nine Jesuit colleges in France, in which there are about 16,000 students, will be temporarily abandoned and the 1,000 young men distributed among them, who are preparing to join the order, will continue their studies at Exaetin in Holland. The teachers in the colleges will find other work, and the order will in appearance at least, go out of existence in France. The members will for the most part, however, remain in the country to watch the trend of French politics and keep an eye out for the interests of the order.

These statements are made upon the authority of the Rev. John J. Wynne, editor of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, a monthly magazine of the Jesuits, published at 27 West Sixteenth street, in this city. Father Wynne is regarded as one of the best-informed persons in this country on matters pertaining to the order in all parts of the world. When asked if the statement accredited to The Figaro was true, Father Wynne said: THE LAW WAS AIMED AT THE JESUITS.

"I read The Sun's dispatch this morning and was not surprised that The Figaro was given as the authority. That paper has made its particular business for some time to get the first news as to the intentions of the French Jesuits regarding the associations law. This is the first public statement that has been made, and it is partly true. Our brethren in France, as recent advices inform me, have become convinced that it will be of no use to apply for authorization under the new law, and it has been practically decided that they will not do so. The majority of the students in our twenty-nine colleges will go to Exaetin in Holland, and continue their work there. The institutions will be closed and the members of the faculty will find other work. The majority of them will remain, however, within the confines of France. Just what they will do they do not care to publicly declare just yet. They are not showing their hands at this time, any more than the French Government is showing its hand.

THE LAW BORN OF FRENCH FREE MASONRY.

"In order that the situation may be made perfectly plain, you should know what the law of associations is, what its history is and the animus behind it. It is really the child of Free Masonry and French Socialism. The Free Masons of France originated it and the Socialists kept the agitation in its favor alive until it became a law. The bill was first introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies in 1884 by M. Brisson, one of the leaders of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons in France. The Free Masons of France are quite different from the order in this country. They are like the Free Masons of Italy, in that they have no place for the Deity in their ritual. They want no religion mixed with the education of the youth in France.

COVETED RELIGIOUS PROPERTY.

"Brisson's bill died a natural death, but in 1899 it was brought up again in the Deputies, and referred to a committee. Last January, Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Prime Minister, came forward, declared himself to be in favor of the measure and got M. Trouillot to reintroduce it. It passed the Deputies in January and was sent to the Senate, which passed it in June, and it became a law on June 29.

"Rousseau took up the measure because he wanted the support of the Socialists, who have long asserted that the French Jesuits held too much property. They wanted some of our possessions for the State. Besides they, as well as others in France, wanted no other system of education in the Republic than that provided by the State. So, by a combination of Free Masons and Socialists sponsored by the Prime Minister, the measure became a law.

ANIMUS OF THE LAW PLAINLY REVEALED.

"Among other things it provides that an association is the agreement by which two or more persons unite their knowledge or activity for some other object than pecuniary profit. For validity it comes under the general principles of law applicable to contracts and obligations. You will see from this quotation, which is the first article of the law that the very definition of association, shows that the measure is directed against the religious congregations. These in France are, generally speaking, the Jesuits and the Assumptionists. But the real animus of the law is shown in Article XIV, which reads: 'No one is permitted to conduct, either directly or through an intermediate person, an institution of learning, let it be of whatsoever order, or to give instructions, if it pertains to, or issues from, a religious congregation not authorized.'

"Since the Jesuits are a teaching and preaching order only, it is easy to see that the law was intended to affect us especially. That we may become authorized, we must give the sources and extent of our income, our membership and all the information there is to give to the proper authorities. Then they may or may not authorize us to continue our work. It has been decided that there will be little use in making any application. We shall, of course, hold our property, and our teachers may undertake tutoring. If it should be necessary, Jesuits of some other country than France might acquire title to our property, and as for living together in our houses, we might find a way to continue to live there as individuals. One must use his wits when fighting for existence."

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THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1901.

THE LESSON OF THE CENSUS

The first general census bulletin of Canada has been issued, and from it we take the following table showing the population of the provinces now and ten years ago.

	1891.	1901.
British Columbia.....	98,175	190,000
Manitoba	152,506	246,464
New Brunswick	321,263	331,093
Nova Scotia	450,396	457,116
Ontario	2,114,326	2,167,978
P. E. Island	109,078	103,258
Quebec	1,488,535	1,620,974
The Territories	66,799	145,000
The unorganized territories	32,168	75,000

It will thus be seen that the changes of the populations of the provinces are: Increases—British Columbia, 91,827; Manitoba, 83,858; New Brunswick, 9,830; Nova Scotia, 8,720; Ontario, 53,657; Quebec, 132,439; the Territories, 78,201, and the unorganized territories, 42,832.

There is one decrease, Prince Edward Island, which has decreased 5,820.

The only growth worth talking about has been in the west. This is as had been expected, though not as much as expected. The increase of population in Quebec is also less than was anticipated. The emigration of the French-Canadians has evidently not been stopped, but there is some reason to suppose that a large share of it has been diverted to Ontario and the West.

The old English-speaking provinces appear to have been saved off twenty years ago. They present a melancholy spectacle in a young country of vast resources. If immigration were as active in Canada as in the United States, what is taking place in New England would be paralleled in Ontario, the Maritime Provinces and Prince Edward Island.

In the New England States the old stock will soon be as extinct as the dodo family; and the cities there are expanding to the vigorous pulsation of new blood coming in from European countries, the Irish leading. It seems an inevitable conclusion that the two great colonizing races of the world to-day, the Germans and the Irish, cannot be induced to come to non-archaeological colonies for a new start in life.

They have had a peculiar experience, enough to last them for a life time, and they wish to give their children an opportunity under a different form of government. Perhaps by the time the children grow up the United States will have been transformed into an empire by the Republican party, and it will have been lost labor for the Democratic recruits of the present day.

A GENTLE HINT

The Dominion Educational Association did well to turn down the self-styled "Daughters of the Empire," who wanted patriotism taught in the schools of Ontario for half an hour a week. Canada is being overrun by female faddists, who form associations around this or that or the other idea, anything likely to catch on with the crowd, and then ask someone else to do the work while they walk off with the cheap popularity. They ran the war cry into the ground. The people got tired of hearing it. Now they imagine they have discovered something new, and that they will save the country by "teaching patriotism" half an hour a week in the schools. The best thing these women can do for their country is to stay at home and look after their families. What Canada needs most to-day is families, and as long as the women go trailing their skirts after every street crowd, families will remain at a premium.

A USELESS PARLIAMENT

Another session of the British Parliament has been prorogued without the accomplishment of a single result other than the advertisement of the representative institution as a useless machine. The programme of money voting as cut and dried by the Cabinet was almost invariably put through by a margin of the Government's vast majority. One night the House experienced a defeat, but accepted the verdict of the House. On all other occasions, when the stalwarts were on hand, Mr. Balfour walked in, listened for a minute or so, and moved the wholesale closure, with which the majority had secured the Government by special re-

quest. The Irish members occasionally scored in a slim House, and had the satisfaction of bringing a brace of Tory journalists to the bar, where they offered an abject apology for slandering the Nationalists as corrupt. At the close of the session, the British exchequer can be likened to nothing else than a barrel with the bung out, from which war money is flowing in an increasing stream. This is the "Unionist" idea of good government. And it is an alarming idea even to the strongest Unionists in the Kingdom. That extremely conservative financial journal, The Statist, says there is a mistaken belief abroad about the resources of the country, that Great Britain is not so rich as imputed, and that belief in the almost inexhaustible resources of Great Britain has been heretofore one of the great guarantees of peace. Great Britain will certainly be a poorer and a wiser nation by the time the people have beaten off Chamberlain and Company from the wicket chest.



THE POPE ON WOMAN'S CLOTHES

The Pope has recently manifested a preference in regard to ladies' apparel over and above the strict regulation in regard to ladies who are received by the Holy Father at the Vatican. A niece of the Pope was about to be married, and her distinguished relative took so great an interest in her trousseau as to stipulate that the young lady should only have white, blue or black gowns, adding that these were the three colors most becoming to young girls. "Gray and brown," remarked His Holiness, "are only suitable for old women, and I do not like any other colors." Possibly the Pope prescribed white because it is the symbol of purity, blue because it is the color dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and black because it is the time-honored dress for out-door wear for Spain and Italy. — Pall Mall Gazette.



FRANCE AND TURKEY.

A small dispute which has been dragging on for a long time between Turkey and France has taken a decidedly serious turn. It is reported that the French Ambassador has been insulted by the Sultan. On Wednesday (yesterday) diplomatic relations between the two nations were broken off.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Cork Daily Herald has ceased publication, the concern having been purchased by the proprietors of The Cork Examiner. The last vestige of Healyism has gone by the board.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the English Hierarchy on the occasion of his sending the relics of St. Edmund for the Cathedral at Westminster.

The last rumblings of the "Jesuit Oath" discussion are dying away in England. They will now get into the law courts, where the action which has been commenced by the Jesuits against The Methodist Weekly will be watched by the public with lively interest. The Humanitarian, which gave in its July issue the so-called "Monita Secreta" of the Jesuits, now publishes a letter from Father Gerard, S.J., stating that the document is an acknowledged fabrication, and relating its history.

The following is the reference which appears in The Tablet to the action for libel against The Methodist Weekly. "A few weeks since The Methodist Weekly, having published the so-called 'Jesuits' Oath' and consequent repudiation of the same by Father John ment charging Father Gerard with mendacity in his denial. Also The Rochester and Chatham News about the same time admitted a statement that Father Bernard Vaughan had taken the Oath. Father Gerard and Father Vaughan at once put the matter into the hands of their lawyers, and we understand that The Rochester and Chatham News is publishing a full apology, whilst The Methodist Weekly will attempt to hold their heads up, and so, we are sure, must be Father John Gerard himself, who will at last have the opportunity of repudiating this odious calumny against himself and his religious brethren in the witness-box. It will be interesting to see how The Methodist Weekly will attempt to hold their position, but at least it is in their favor that by fixing the charge on a definite person they have made it possible to repel it."

The visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York to New Zealand has been marked by the investiture of two notable men with the Order of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George—Sir John McKenzie and Sir Joseph Ward. Both have been prominently identified with the era of democratic progress initiated by the late John Ballance, and so successfully carried out by Premier Seddon's Government in New Zealand. Sir Joseph Ward, in the probable event of Mr. Seddon's appointment to a Crown Colony Governorship, is the most like-

ly man to succeed to the Maoriland Premiership. To his splendid political equipment Sir Joseph, who is a Catholic, adds the force and fluency of a fine speaker.

Again has Christian Science been publicly indicted by a Coroner's Jury in Toronto. The jury in the case of Roy Lewis of 18 North Markham street, a six-year-old boy, who died on Aug. 13 from diphtheria while being treated by a Christian Scientist named Richard Perry, brought in a strong verdict on Tuesday night. The boy's father and mother, as well as the demonstrator Perry, at the previous session of the inquest had maintained that they relied on nothing but Christian Science to restore the boy's health, and that no measures were taken to isolate the child or to prevent contagion.

Tuesday night the jury handed Coroner Cotton the following verdict:

"That the said Roy Lewis came to his death on Tuesday, August 13, at the home of his parents, 18 Markham street, from diphtheria, and we find that Andrew Lewis, the father of the deceased, showed culpable criminal negligence in not providing medical assistance, medicine, nursing and comforts, and that Richard Perry, the Christian Science demonstrator, was an accessory after the fact, inasmuch as he undertook to advise and treat a dangerous and contagious disease, which he admitted he was totally ignorant of. The teaching of the sect known as the Christian Scientists, as brought out in the evidence, is a danger to the community, and the jury would recommend that the law should make it a criminal offence for a demonstrator of this peculiar sect to attend or treat a case which is not being attended by a duly qualified practitioner."

By a concerted movement the Irish members inflicted a bitter snub on Mr. Attorney-General Atkinson during the closing week of the British Parliament. Mr. Atkinson is the Irish defender of jury packing. The Chief Secretary was absent from the House, but Mr. Atkinson was prepared to reply for him. However, as each Irish question was called the member concerned declined to be answered by the Attorney-General. When Mr. O'Shaughnessy's turn came he gave added force and point to the demonstration, which was already sufficiently galling to a very superior person of Mr. Atkinson's stamp, by declaring that the Irish Party "directed the Attorney-General to stand by." The happy phrase was vociferously cheered, and Irish jurors who have had this insulting command addressed to them, under the instruction of the Attorney-General, can feel satisfied that they were never so humiliated as he was at this moment in the sight of the House.

Lord Salisbury, says The Manchester Guardian, seems clearly to be preparing against the Irish attack on the title "Defender of the Faith" by stating that the English Crown does not owe it to Pope Leo X. Those who take this view rely on the argument that after King Henry was deprived of the title by the Papacy it was conferred on him by Parliament. As a matter of fact the statute on which they rely, an Act for the "ratification of the King's style" (35 Henry VIII.), distinctly states that the King was justly and notoriously known as Defender of the Faith before it passed into law, thus making it perfectly clear that Henry's aim in getting the act passed was not to obtain a fresh grant of the title from his Parliament, but to have it declared, so far as a statute could effect this, that his right to the title given to him by the Pope was not lost. The origin of the title is therefore without doubt a Papal grant.

Paul Alexis, Parisian novelist, dramatist and journalist, who died suddenly a few weeks ago, was buried in the little churchyard of Triel. Mass was said by the parish priest, and there was present on the occasion M. Emile Zola, who has done his best to destroy the influence of the Church in France. His pupil, Paul Alexis, died, nevertheless, a repentant Catholic, and another pupil, Huysmans, is a member of the Benedictine Third Order. Alexis was born in the South, at Aix in Provence, also Zola's natal town. When Zola was beginning to rise as a writer he helped Alexis to get on. The latter, with four other aspiring authors, who were Guy de Maupassant, J. K. Huysman, Henry Cœuvres and Hennique, started to write a series of tales to be issued in one volume. They asked Zola to help, and the result was the appearance of the famous "Evenings at Medan" which became a tremendous literary success.

An incident of the recent discussion in the House of Lords on the King's Declaration Bill, now dead and interred, illustrated Lord Salisbury's attitude towards Catholic doctrines, which some of his Catholic admirers allege to be so sympathetic. Lord Bray, who speaks with a courage be-

coming in English Catholic, observed that he saw with gratification that when on the last occasion Lord Salisbury was speaking of the invocation of the Blessed Virgin he did so with bent head and in reverent tones. This showed, Lord Bray thought, that he did not regard Catholic doctrines with the rabid commonness found among Protestants. Lord Salisbury, with such activity as is now possible to him, denied that he had inclined his head when speaking of the Blessed Virgin. He was keenly apprehensive, apparently, of the effect of that stigma upon his orthodoxy. Lord Bray, not to be put down, said he could still compliment him on the reverent tones in which he dealt with that sacred topic, upon which Lord Salisbury rather angrily retorted that it was better not to pursue the matter. It was plain to see that he was thoroughly frightened.

OBITUARY.

Kingston, Aug. 19. — Mrs. Higgins, widow of the late Major Moore A. Higgins, is dead, aged 76. The deceased was a sister of the late Bishop Moran. She is survived by one sister, Sister St. Paula of the Ursuline convent, Quebec, and one daughter, Mrs. De Phelan.

LATE MRS. J. O'CONNOR

Ottawa, Aug. 13. — Mrs. J. O'Connor, the wife of Mr. James O'Connor, chairman of the license board, died at the family residence, 246 Theodore street, after a long illness. She was a member of St. Joseph's Church, and was beloved by all who knew her. She leaves a large family to mourn her loss. The sons are: Messrs. James, jr., of Nelson street, engineer No. 3 fire engine; Henry, agent for Christian & Co., of Montreal; Edward and Walter, farmers in Gloucester township, and George, a fireman on the C. A. R. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. J. J. Heney of this city, and a sister of charity in St. Joseph's Hospital, Buffalo. Before her marriage she was Miss Julia White, and was a Canadian by birth. Mrs. O'Connor was 61 years of age, and during her residence in Ottawa had contracted hosts of friends, all of whom will be sorry to hear of her death.

MICHAEL COFFEY.

Arthur, Ont., Aug. 15. — After about six months' illness Michael Coffey passed away on Monday at the early age of 43 years, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph. The cause of death was an abscess of the lungs. All that was possible was done for him, but not getting any permanent benefit, he was removed to Guelph Hospital, where he underwent an operation, but this gave him little relief, and he passed away as related on Monday. The deceased was universally respected, and was known as a hard-working, industrious, upright man, being raised in this locality. He was born in Peel township, and had resided for the past five years in Luther. Besides his wife he leaves a young family of seven children—three boys and four girls. The funeral on Wednesday to St. John's Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated, and thence to the Catholic Cemetery, was very largely attended. In fact, it was the largest funeral seen here in many years. The pallbearers were Michael Heffernan, Richard Callaghan, Thos. Raftis, John Riordan, Thos. Bunyan and Jas. Farrell. Michael Coffey was a man who had the respect of all who knew him. What more can be said. The family have the universal sympathy of the community in the great loss they have met with.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER P. W. CONDON.

(Watertown, Wis., Gazette.) One of the most sorrowful messages that has ever been conveyed to the people of Watertown, and especially to the members of Bernard's congregation, was the telegram received here shortly before noon, last Friday, announcing the death of Rev. Father Patrick W. Condon, which sad event took place at 11 o'clock p.m., on Thursday, July 25th, 1901, at Notre Dame, Ind., to which place Father Condon had been taken from this city a few weeks ago in a very feeble condition, having been a great sufferer for several years past. Physicians disagreed in regard to his ailment, some claiming he was a sufferer from Bright's Disease, others that he was suffering from Paralysis, and others that his stomach and liver were affected. Father Condon was born at Peterborough, Ontario, Canada, February 2nd, 1838, hence was in his 64th year when death claimed him. His parents were Michael and Margaret (O'Leary) Condon, natives of Mitchellstown, County Cork, Ireland. He was educated in the schools of Montreal, and graduated from St. Lawrence College in 1864, and soon after was ordained a priest, and was sent to New Orleans, La., being on the first boat that plied the waters of the Mississippi between St. Louis and New Orleans after the close of the civil-war. Five years were spent by

him in that city, where he had charge of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum for Boys, and he also had charge of Jackson Barracks during the yellow fever epidemic of 1867. He was taken down with yellow fever while there, but recovered, and was called back to Montreal, where he was made Vice-President of his old Alma Mater, St. Lawrence College, a position he occupied for five years. From there he went to Notre Dame, and was prefect of discipline there for two years, then going to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was president of St. Joseph's College for a year, in 1874 he came to Watertown and served five years as prefect of the Sacred Heart College, being then recalled to Notre Dame, and served as prefect of discipline until 1881, returning in that year to this city as assistant pastor of St. Bernard's Church, serving in that position until 1886, when he was made pastor. He was pastor of that church for nine years, and in the latter part of July, 1895, he left here for Paris, France, where he was stationed at College de Sainte Croix, having been appointed assistant to the Father General of the order. While abroad he lost his health, and returned here in July, 1898, as pastor of St. Bernard's, since which time his health has been very poor, and on Tuesday, May 14, 1901, it was found necessary to take him to the infirmary of the Holy Cross Order, at Notre Dame, where he received the very best of care until death relieved him.

LAI'D AT REST.

Ottawa, Aug. 13. — The funeral of the late Mrs. James Bergin was held this morning, from her late residence, 20 George Almond street. A large number of friends were present and a large number of floral offerings were received. Divisions 1 and 2 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians attended in a body. Among the floral offerings received were: Wreath, employees topographical branch, Department of Interior; spray, Mr. and Mrs. Auger; wreath, P. S. Dodd; cut flowers, Miss Heath; pillow, Mrs. T. Rice, cross, Mr. Anable; spiritual offering, Miss Brennan.

The chief mourners were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howe, father and mother, Messrs. T. Howe and M. Howe, brothers, and Mr. J. Bergin. The service was conducted at St. Patrick's Church by Rev. Father Whelan, after which the interment took place in the family plot in Notre Dame Cemetery.

THE LATE MRS. O'CONNOR.

The announcement concerning the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Doherty O'Connor, which appeared in last week's paper, calls for a more extended notice than that given. Mrs. O'Connor was born in the County of Peel in the year 1850, where she resided some 32 years, when with her husband, Mr. John O'Connor, and their very small family, came to Toronto in the year 1882, in which city they have had a very successful business career. The deceased lady had been ill many months, till on the 10th inst. she passed quietly away at her home 197-9 King street east, leaving a husband, five boys and four girls to mourn her loss. Her many friends extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved husband and family, who feel the loss most keenly, for she was a cheerful loving wife and tender mother and a kind and faithful friend to all who sought her aid.

The funeral, which took place on the following Monday, was an extremely large one, as she was widely known, and had won the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. The funeral service took place at St. Michael's Cathedral, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Treacy, assisted by Father Minehan of St. Peter's. The singing by the choir was most beautiful and executed with such feeling that scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in the church, the soloists being Miss A. Foley and Mr. Anglin. The remains were then taken to St. Michael's Cemetery, where they were laid at rest amid the tender outbursts of feeling by a family who had always shown the affection due to a mother who had been so kind to them. The services at the grave were conducted by Rev. Father Treacy.

The pallbearers were the deceased's four sons, Joseph, Thomas, Patrick, Cornelius, and two nephews, John and Edward O'Connor, sons of Mr. Patrick O'Connor, Toronto.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

A sad gloom has again been cast over the people of this parish by the death of William Brophy, eldest son of Edward Brophy.

This young man had for many years been suffering from that dread disease, consumption. About six years ago, cherishing the hope that he would regain health by a change of climate, he left on a trip to California, Arizona and other Western States, at the same time seeking the aid of the most skilled physicians. But all in vain, the trip had only the effect of prolonging his life. The deceased was an exemplary Christian and though his sufferings at times were intense, he bore all with manliness and forbearance characteristic of a true soldier of Christ,

and as such passed peacefully away on the 8th inst. having received the last sad rites of our Holy Mother Church.

The funeral services on the 10th inst. were attended by a cousin of the deceased, Rev. F. Murray of Toronto, who sang Requiem High Mass and preached the funeral oration, Rev. Father Corcoran of Teeswater, and Rev. J. Hanlon, P.P., after which his remains were interred in the R. C. Cemetery.

The bereaved parents, sisters and brothers have the sympathy of the parish in this their affliction. May his soul rest in peace.

BURIED AT NOTRE DAME.

Ottawa, Aug. 8. — The funeral of the late James Gallagher, who was fatally injured by a train at South Indian, took place this morning and was largely attended. A large number of floral offerings were placed on the coffin. Among them were: Pillow, family, cross, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lunny, cross, Miss E. Coleman, pillow, E. Devlin, cut flowers, Miss Casey; cut flowers, Miss Gannon; wreath, G. Thornton, pillow, W. A. Cole; cut flowers, Mrs. Dr. Chabot; cut flowers, A. Devlin; wreath, Miss Brock, cross, Mr. R. Cousineau, spiritual offerings, Mr. A. B. Hayes.

The pallbearers were Messrs. E. Gleeson, J. Gleeson, Dr. Proderick, H. Elliott, E. Coleman and J. Lyons.

The chief mourners were the deceased's two brothers, Michael and Patrick. The cortege proceeded to St. Bridget's Church, where the funeral ceremony was conducted by Father McCarthy, assisted by Father Prudhomme. The interment took place at Notre Dame.

DEATH OF MR. M. BRIENNAN.

Montreal, Aug. 19. — Mr. Martin Brennan, one of the oldest residents of the city, passed away on Sunday morning. Deceased was known and highly respected by a great number of business men and others in all parts of the city, in which he had lived for the last eighty-one years. Born at Tullamore, King's County, Ireland, nearly 88 years ago, he came to this country in 1820, with his mother and two younger brothers. His father, the late Patrick Brennan, had come over a year previous. The deceased was well known to the business section of the city, having been connected up to within a few years ago with the Harbor Commission. He leaves a sister, the widow of M. P. Ryan, and four children, Mrs. A. J. Whitton, of New York, Mrs. Hayes, widow of the late J. J. Hayes, of this city, P. J. Brennan, of the Civil Service, Ottawa, and Miss Lizzie Brennan, of this city.

THE LATE JOS. MCBRIDE.

Ottawa, Aug. 6. — A large number of friends attended the funeral of the late Joseph McBride, which took place Sunday afternoon from his late residence, Queen street, to Notre Dame Cemetery. Emerald Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, of which Mr. McBride was a member, attended in full strength. The cortege proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, where Rev. Father Whelan officiated. The pallbearers were Messrs. M. J. Dodd, Toronto; H. Cregan, L. N. Poulton, R. Grimes, S. Starrs and J. McVeigh. Among the floral tributes were: Mr. R. Blacomb, wreath; Miss Shannon, spray, Miss Annie Hayes, wreath; Mr. W. Goodwin, cut flowers; D. A. Grant, wreath.

DEATH OF MR. J. TIERNEY.

Montreal, Aug. 19. — Mr. James Tierney, a native of Red Hill, County Cavan, Ireland, died yesterday at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. P. O'Neill, 665 Sangunet street, in this city. For many years deceased was connected with the wholesale clothing firm of James O'Brien & Co. The funeral will take place on Wednesday morning from his son-in-law's residence to St. Jean Baptiste Church. The members of C. M. B. A. branch No. 1, No. 6 Division A. O. H., and St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society are particularly requested to attend the last rites over the body of deceased, who was a member of those organizations.

GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.

Ottawa, Aug. 20. — It is stated that the father of the late Mr. Kimber, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who has been living in Paris for some years, died in the French capital on Friday, the same day that his son passed away. This is a remarkable coincidence. The son's funeral took place this afternoon from his late residence in the Senate, and was largely attended by friends of the deceased. The service over the remains was chanted in St. Bridget's Church by Rev. Canon McCarthy, and the choir under Prof. D'Aufay rendered appropriate music. Interment was made at Notre Dame Cemetery.

DEATH OF MR. CRISPI.

Naples, Aug. 11. — Signor Crispi died at 7:45 o'clock this evening. He was surrounded by the members of his family and several intimate friends. The news was immediately telegraphed to King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena. The evening papers assert that the body will be conveyed by steamer to Palermo, where the municipality will arrange for a great public funeral. It is rumored that Signor Crispi will authorize a prominent Italian politician to examine his papers and to publish his memoirs.

Canadian News

HAMILTON SCHOOL PUPILS.

Hamilton, Aug. 15. — The pupils of the separate schools of this city, accompanied by their parents and many other friends, enjoyed their annual picnic yesterday at Grimshy Park.

The train accommodation was good. Six cars left the H., G. and B. station during the forenoon laden with merry picnicers, and four more left for the park early in the afternoon.

Others present on the ground were: John Flynn, Nelson; Ald. Birrell, M. Malone, J. Kennedy, George Knappman, James Keating, James Blake, T. O'Dowd, P. Arland, M. P. Shine, W. Kelley, James Wall.

A RECEPTION TO ROYALTY.

Montreal, Aug. 14. — One of the unique receptions to be tendered the Duke and Duchess of York on the occasion of their coming visit will be that of the Sisters of the Congregation at the Ville Marie Convent.

All former visits of members of the Royal family to Canada they have always made a point to visit the convent. On the present occasion the sisters intend leaving nothing undone to make the reception surpass anything of the kind yet given by them.

The large gardens will also be carefully arranged. The entire programme has not yet been completed. Arrangements have already been made to present the Duke and Duchess with beautifully illuminated addresses, both on the part of the pupils, and the Congregation Order.

The ceremony will take place in the hall formerly used as the reception room by the Governor-General.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS CAJETS.

Montreal, Aug. 10. — The Civic Reception Committee was notified today by the officials of the Mount St. Louis College, that the Mount St. Louis Cadets would be willing to publicly take part in the reception to the royal visitors in September.

It is proposed that the cadets take part in the procession. It is also proposed that the scholars of the college should gather on a big platform outside the college and help in the demonstration in that manner. It was asked that some slight aid be given to the college so that it might be suitably decorated. This request will be granted.

The Christian Brothers have also expressed their willingness to mass school children in the public squares. This offer will be gladly accepted, and a small sum will be given by the civic committee for decorations.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

Montreal, Aug. 9. — The International Convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters opens at Detroit on Tuesday next, August 13. Among the delegates going from Montreal are Messrs. F. O'Connell, J. J. Ryan, Dr. J. Laviolette, Rev. J. Poulin, F. X. Bilodeau, Dr. J. E. A. Gavlin, Thos. O'Farrell, T. J. Holland, W. J. Proulx, C. E. Olivier, Dr. J. W. Leonard, R. Leclerc, Rev. J. Chatelain, Z. Renaud and A. A. Gibeault. The Quebec delegates are Mr. A. Talbot, M. J. Brophy, L. J. Koberge, A. Talbot,

Dr. J. F. Demers, J. A. Comeau, Sr. S. H. Deland, St. George Lemoyne, District of Sherbrooke, Rev. P. D. D'Arche, Dr. P. Pelletier, A. P. Vanasse, O. C. Moussette, Dr. J. A. Fortier, M. E. Plante, Dr. S. H. Brosseau.

FATHER LACOMBE'S MISSIONS.

Montreal, Aug. 10. — Rev. Father Lacombe, the veteran missionary, who is at present visiting his reverend confreres of the Oblat Order on Visitation street, in an interview states that the missions in the Northwest have become most important, from the fact that a great many immigrants are coming into the country, and, although the Protestants are greatly in the majority, quite a number of Catholics are found among Germans, French and Galicians.

SISTERS IN CONVENTION.

London, Aug. 16. — The Sisters of St. Joseph held their annual convention at Mount St. Joseph on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The programme was conducted by Mr. R. M. Graham, principal of the London Normal Training School, and Mr. S. J. Latta, principal of the Colborne street school.

The following topics were dealt with by Mr. Graham: "The elements of the science of education and their application to the art of teaching;" "The art of study as an instrument to be acquired by the student through the proper adjustment of the relations of teacher and pupils;" "Rational methods and co-operation as a means of eliminating the present defects of class teaching;" "Correlation in English illustrated by the inductive method of teaching grammar, the logical structure of the English paragraph, the ethical element in literature;"

A Great Irish Jumper.

New York, Aug. 10. — P. S. O'Connor, the Irish champion broad jumper, who is shortly coming to this country, has again beaten the world's record at his specialty. According to The Waterford Mail at the annual Kilkenny sports on July 25, O'Connor won the broad jump handicap with the wonderful leap of 24 feet 11 1/4 inches.

The best thing to do is to do well whatever God gives us to do. If nobody took calumny in and gave it lodging, it would starve and die of itself.

An evil heart puts the worst interpretation on all it sees, and turns to its own hurt.

He alone who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage, is a man.

True merriment may be distinguished from false by the fact that it bears reflection; we can think of it with pleasure next day and next week.

The few great men who make epochs in history, who boldly charge its currents, are themselves first of all conscious of that which the whole world soon comes to recognize, that they are the instruments of a Power wiser and mightier than their own.

Mary Star of the Sea you are that Flower of the Heavenly fields which is to produce the mysterious Lily of the valleys. Through you the fate of the whole human race is to be changed, its crime repaired. A new Eve, more beautiful and glorious than the first, you will open a new life to the earth.

A Christian hand must by no means be lifted up in resistance, for Christ will not have His disciples like the rest of the world, but orders them to shine with a distinguishing patience and meekness and to win men over from their sins by such gentle arts of conversion. And I could give you a proof of the influence of such bright examples from many converts amongst us, who from men of violence and oppression were transformed into quite another nature perfectly overcome by the passive courage of their Christian neighbors or by observing the new astonishing patience of such injured Christians as they chanced to travel with or the experience they had of their fidelity in their dealings.

"Apology" of Justin Martyr. Yes, thank God! — there is rest — many an interval of saddest, sweetest rest — even here, when it seems as if the evening breezes from that other land, laden with fragrance, played upon the cheeks and lulled the heart. There are times, even on the stormy sea, when a gentle whisper breathes softly as of Heaven, and sends into the soul a dream of ecstasy which can never again wholly die, even amidst the jar and whirl of daily life. How such whispers make the blood stop and the flesh creep with a sense of mysterious communion! How singularly such moments are the epochs of life — the few points that stand out prominently in the recollection after the flood of years has buried all the rest, as all the low shore disappears, leaving only a few rock points visible at high tide.

WARMLY WELCOMED HOME. St. Catharines, Aug. 19. — Yesterday on his return from a visit to his friends in New Brunswick, immediately after mass, Rev. Father Alain was presented by his congregation in Port Dalhousie with a beautifully worded address, couched in the choicest expressions of filial loyalty and of gratitude for his unrelenting devotion to them and earnest zeal during his twelve years' charge of that parish. Special mention was made of his recent gift to the parish of an expensive iron fence which surrounds the grounds of the pretty stone church, "Star of the Sea." The address was read by Mr. M. J. Hart. The reverend father responded in his usual easy, happy style, after which he dismissed the congregation.

DOMINION EDUCATION ASSOCIATION. Ottawa, Aug. 14. — To-day educators from many parts of Canada are meeting here. The occasion is the triennial meeting of the Dominion Educational Association. The meeting is taking place in the Normal school.

To-night the Mayor and Rev. Dr. Constantineau, rector of Ottawa University, will give addresses of welcome to the delegates. Replies will be made by Dr. MacCabe, as president, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of Education, and other prominent educationalists.

Many came in on early trains this morning, and registration went briskly on to-day.

FAREWELL TO FATHER O'MALLEY. Markham, Aug. 19. — Some fifty parishioners of St. Patrick's Church and other friends met at the residence of Mr. D. McCaffrey, Church street, to-night to bid farewell to their beloved pastor, the Rev. Father O'Malley. Mr. John Blakey expressed the regret of St. Patrick's congregation at losing their beloved priest and friend, and called on Mr. D. McCaffrey, who read and address, and presented, on behalf of the congregation, the reverend father with a beautiful gold-headed cane bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Father O'Malley by the Catholics of Markham, Aug. 16, 1901."

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Catholics in British Public Life.

There are 77 Catholic members in the British House of Commons and 33 Catholic peers in the House of Lords. A Catholic nobleman is in the highest post in the Navy. There is hardly a family of position and title throughout the Kingdom but can claim a Catholic relative or connection.

These are facts stated recently by the Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen (Scotland) in an oration delivered at the funeral of an Edinburgh priest, Mr. Clapperton, who died at the age of 88. But it ought to be added that of the 77 Catholics in the House of Commons, 74 are from Ireland, the liberality and toleration of Great Britain being equal only to the election of three members of the Commons in a total of 567 for all England and Scotland.

A Great Irish Jumper.

New York, Aug. 10. — P. S. O'Connor, the Irish champion broad jumper, who is shortly coming to this country, has again beaten the world's record at his specialty. According to The Waterford Mail at the annual Kilkenny sports on July 25, O'Connor won the broad jump handicap with the wonderful leap of 24 feet 11 1/4 inches. The Kilkenny meeting is one of the great fixtures of Ireland. Maurice Davin, the old all-round athlete, is generally referee and the other officials are selected from the most competent men in the country. After O'Connor's big jump, in order that there should be no question as to the validity of the record, W. H. Powers, a government engineer, tested the ground and found it absolutely level. He also examined the steel tape, with which the record was measured and found it correct. The best previous world's record was 24 feet 9 inches, made on May 27 last, by O'Connor.

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A. F. Teefy Resigns.

(Chicago American, July 10, 1901.) Armand F. Teefy, for four years Assistant Corporation Counsel and for the last two years chief assistant and in charge of the special assessment work, yesterday tendered his resignation to Mr. Walker.

Mr. Teefy gave as his reason the fact that he wished to take up the private practice of law again, as he had enough of working for the city. Mr. Walker accepted the resignation and appointed in his place Major Edgar B. Tolman, known as a special assessment attorney and last fall a candidate for Circuit Court Judge on the Democratic ticket.

Major Tolman will be assigned to the Board of Local Improvements and will have charge of that work. Mr. Teefy retires with the credit of having won more victories in special assessment cases than any other assistant who ever occupied that office. He will devote his entire time to his private practice.

Armand F. Teefy, the prominent Twenty-first Ward lawyer, would make a strong candidate for Judge. Mr. Teefy made a splendid record as attorney for the Local Board of Improvements.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Anna Hinds, widow of the late Bernard Hinds, of Barrie, and her daughter Viola B. Hinds left last week on an extended tour through the Western and Southern States. Mrs. Hinds will visit her brother, Thomas Leonard, of Cameron, Missouri, and her brother Frank, of Erath, Texas, editor of The Erath News.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Arnprior, Ont., Aug. 18, 1901. Dear Sir—On Friday last I received the very handsome picture, along with the papers you were so kind as to send me, for which accept my most sincere thanks.

THOMAS IANE.

DEATHS

JAMIESON—At his late residence, 407 Macnab street north, Hamilton, Monday, Aug. 12, 1901, William H. Jamieson, aged 42 years.

SULLIVAN—In Guelph, on August 10th, Mary Monica Evelyn, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Sullivan.

MAHONY—At West Toronto Junction, on August 16th, Patrick Mahony, aged 53 years.

McENIRY—At Cornwall, Ont., on Thursday, August 15th, Ann, beloved wife of Michael D. McEniry, aged 62 years.

FARRELL—In Montreal, on the 11th inst., William Farrell, son of Thomas Farrell, glassblower.

TWISS—In London, on Aug. 12, 1901, Ellen M., beloved wife of James M. Twiss, New York City, and third daughter of Robert and Mary Keefe, of Lucan, aged 42 years.

O'CONNOR—On Aug. 10, 1901, the beloved wife of John O'Connor, at her late residence, Nealon House, 197 King street east.

Funeral Monday, 12th inst., to St. Michael's Cemetery, at 10 o'clock.

REIDY—In London, on Aug. 10, 1901, Annie Reidy, beloved daughter of John and Jane Reidy.

KEARNEY—On Saturday, Aug. 10, 1901, at her son, David James Kearney's, residence, 34 Golden avenue, Mrs. Kearney.

NOLAN—At the Water Street Hospital, Montreal, on Wednesday, 7th Aug. 1901, the beloved wife of Wm. Nolan, aged 26 years.

STOCK—At her late residence, 624 Church street, on Thursday morning, August 8, 1901, Mary, eldest daughter of the late James Stock.

Teachers Wanted.

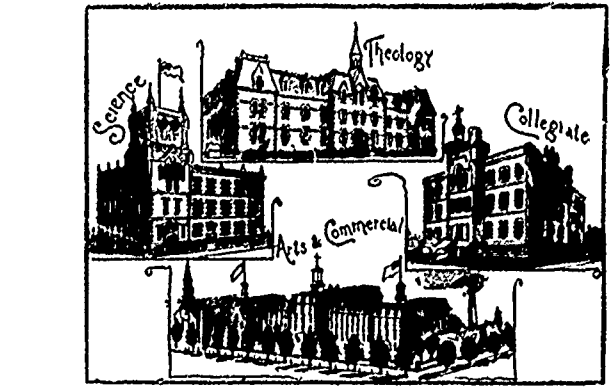
WANTED—A PRINCIPAL FOR THE boys' department of the Peterboro' Separate Schools; duties to begin September 1st next; applications received up to the 31st inst. John Corkery, Secretary Sep. Sch. Bd., Peterboro', July 22, 1901.

TEACHER WANTED—FOR S. S. No. 16, Cramahc — male; holding second-class professional preferred; duties to commence Aug. 19th. State experience and salary wanted to Thomas O'Grady, Morganston, Ont.

WANTED—CATHOLIC MALE teacher for Separate School; teach English and German; 50 pupils. Address, Rev. Jos. E. Wey, Carlsruhe, Ont.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED female teacher holding a professional second-class certificate, for one of the junior departments of the Murray Street Separate School, Peterboro'. Applications may be sent to the undersigned up to August 20th. State salary. Thos. J. Moher, M. D.

TEACHER WANTED—FOR THE Roman Catholic Separate School, Chespotow, Ont.; male or female; as principal, holding first or second-class certificate; capable of teaching the German language; duties to begin October 1st, 1901; send recommendations, if any; state salary from Oct. 1st to Dec. 31st; applications will be received to Sept. 20th next. Address M. M. Schutter, Secretary, Chespotow, Ontario.



Catholic University of Ottawa

Theological, Philosophical, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Fully equipped Laboratories. A practical Business Department. Board, Tuition, etc., per session of five months \$30. Calendar sent on application.

Financial

MONEY TO LOAN on City and Farm Properties; builders' loans, lowest rates. R. W. WHITEMAN, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

Legal

ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c. Offices: Land Security Chambers, 8, W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. F. A. ANGLIN, JAS. W. MALLON, I.L.B. Telephone Main 288.

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By Rev. A. Belanger, S. J., in Messenger of Sacred Heart.)

THE ENIGMA

The Sphinx fixed upon me his great, mocking eyes, and in their cruel, stony gaze seemed concentrated all the irony that forty centuries of contemplated human comedy can produce in the heart of a sphinx.

"You like psychological enigmas," he said; "therefore, listen to this one, and solve it if you dare."

And, while I sat between his enormous stone paws and felt the hot wind of the desert sweep across my brow, a story, beautiful as heaven and horrible as hell, fell from the heavy lips of the implacable poser of problems.

"There was once a society all dried up with egotism, like the gray sands of the Sahara which are parched by the sun, when, lo! in its midst there appeared, as the green oases in the desert, groups of men and women attacked by a strange, sublime madness.

"Where did they find followers? Wherever a mysterious breath called the passion for sacrifice made itself felt; wherever a heavenly zephyr murmured gently, yet distinctly: 'Love God, love thy brethren and sacrificed thyself for them;' in the family circle of the rich and at the hearthside of the laborer; in great universities and in primary schools, in the open field, in the army, in the counting-house—in fact, wherever there were those so smitten with the spirit of immolation that they dreamed only of self-denial, of tears to dry and sufferings to mitigate.

"Among these were young girls, radiant with her youth and youth, who could have been proudly led to the altar amid the delicate fragrance of orange blossoms and to the inspiring strains of the organ. Instead, they turned toward the sick—the groaning, coughing, whimpering—who sometimes swore and even dared to strike; washed their ulcers and dressed their wounds, using an angelic smile while cheerfully doing the work of the most menial attendant. Moreover, from out the abundance of their compassionate hearts, they gave most hopeful consolation, addressing the sick man as 'brother,' and eliciting from him in return, the well-earned title of 'sister.'

"Others there were, who devoted themselves to youth and, though virgins through their purity, proved themselves mothers by their love. Into their infant asylums and primary schools they received innocent little children whom they taught to abhor falsehood, respect their parents, obey their masters, and to hate theft, blasphemy and lewdness. In addition to that smattering of human science, now so indispensable, they provided their young proteges with far more precious equipments for life's journey, by revealing to these little ones, so beloved by Christ, the beatitudes, the nobility of poverty, and by disclosing to them that heavenly hope which furnishes the key to the human problem and the pacifying solution of its cruel enigmas.

"Some gathered in the orphan, fed them, clothed them and taught them a trade. Others turned their attention to a less attractive childhood—that which comes with graceless, whimsical old age. Endowed with superhuman cheerfulness which stunned the lookers-on, they cared for the aged poor with a tenderness theretofore unknown to these old people, begging bread for them and even sleeping on the hard floor in order to provide them with beds, till at length these old warrior's in life's battle became so happy as to believe themselves at the very threshold of heaven.

"Some there were who sought to uplift the fallen, others hastened to the missions, braving the dangers of burning fever and of contact with barbarous blacks; while others still, to the mystification of the world at large, shut themselves up in the cloister and prayed for sinners with the fervor of a mother praying for the soul of her child.

"And, side by side with this multitude of virgins, was another army, brusque and masculine, hurrying with

great strides toward that strange career of absolute sacrifice wherein 'the love of others overwhelms the love of self.' (1)

"These men were of all ages and from all parts. Already they wore epaulettes and commanded troops, or else were doctors, lawyers, engineers or architects. One was business manager, another a tradesman. Some had early retired from the world, others had roamed it over and contracted more than one stain, had, perhaps, been persecutors and convicted some day, like Saul on the road to Damascus. However, all had united themselves to love God and their neighbor.

"These, too, cared for the sick, even the insane, and the kindly attention they bestowed made up for their lack of feminine delicacy.

"And still more numerous were they who turned to souls. Being men of learning, they sought to communicate knowledge to the young and that at the cost of exhausting labor which brought them no remuneration. But I am mistaken, they considered themselves amply paid when they had inspired these young souls with a proper regard for duty, with respect for God and an inclination toward good.

"Among these men were some still more strongly imbued with the spirit of the apostolate, which goaded them on to infidel countries, compelling them to face the killing frosts of Alaska as well as the scorching rays of an equatorial sun. They had to speak in rude idioms, trade through virgin forests, and, perhaps, while consumed with fever, be neglected in the bottom of a boat upon the damp ground floor of a miserable hut, and die without the last sacraments or even the pressure of a friendly hand.

"And others made known the word of God among the still more thankless people of the Old World, preaching it from the pulpit alike to the great and lowly, the rich and the poor. They willingly confined themselves in the polluted atmosphere of the confessional in order to give peace to troubled souls, to uplift life's wounded and pour heavenly balm on endless sorrows. They were called 'father,' and fathers they were in very truth—fathers by their tireless charity, unflinching patience, sweet indulgence. . . ."

Here my mysterious interlocutor paused an instant.

"And," said I, "all this galleyslave work to gain—?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "Result: zero. Food often detestable and sometimes insufficient, garments of drugged or serge requiring to be patched in twenty places; a few hours' sleep, taken by many on the ground or on the bare floor. . . . And this for a lifetime, till death would call a halt and open to these charitable mannae the gate of Heaven."

"But," I cried, bounding to my feet, "it is incredible that this earth, all dried up with egotism and self-love, could have produced so many oases, such myriads of devoted souls. At most, they could have numbered but a few."

"There were thousands, hundreds of thousands."

"You lie, Sphinx, you lie!"

"Wait," said the cruel lips, "the equilibrium will be re-established, thus far you have only drunk of the glory of your race, but you will soon taste its ignominy. Listen!"

"Against those self-denying, devoted, charitable men, against those women, angels of consolation, who sacrificed youth and fortune in order to do good to the needy, there rose a cry of hate, demanding their proscription, their spoliation, their exile!"

"Their goods must be directly and ruinously taxed."

"They must be forbidden to come together unless under the supervision of the police—otherwise, let prison await them."

"The right to freely communicate with one another must belong to all save them; to socialists, that they might destroy society; to rebellious, striking workmen, that capital might be ruined and labor prevented, to financiers, that they might fatten their purses through speculation; above all, to the Free Masons, that they might impose upon all their sectarian caprices."

"But, in order to pray, to be pure, to be poor, to care for youth and old

age, the sick and the indigent, to teach the great lesson of the Gospel and prepare missionaries, men must not freely unite. Moreover, those mutilated and stammering creatures whom neither nature nor society could recognize (2) must all be held responsible for the fault of one.

"If a religious slap a child, one and all must be reputed butchers."

"If one monk utter a violent word, all the others must be muzzled."

"If one be accused of a crime, the often imaginary offense must blot out thousands and thousands of acts of heroic charity."

"Briefly, this legion of devoted ones must be made the bete noir which is kept in reserve and held up to taunt the people in times of fanaticism, when over-excited evil passions require something upon which to feed their hatred, something to tear to shreds."

"It must be a danger menacing the public good, and therefore denounced in ministerial harangues and decried by unscrupulous power-holders with a view to securing votes."

"And all this in France, in the classic land of devotedness and chivalry, where hearts are ablaze with heroism and beat for everything that is great! Do you understand?"

"But, at least, accursed Sphinx, this horrible death-knell to virtue and charity is sounded only by a band of malicious fanatics who would stop at nothing that would glut their rancor or insure their power."

"Oh, if that were all, wherefore give you enigmas? The foregoing is but the perpetual history of your vile race, O proud man! Here is the real enigma."

"In France, which, despite its helplessness, is still beloved of the land of the Pharaohs, the majority remained good because they were so by nature. There was but a handful of sectarians. Men of probity, they who want liberty for all, who respect the religion of others, who admire devotedness and whose eyes grow moist at sight of a Sister of Charity or a Little Sister of the Poor, such could be counted by the million."

"Nevertheless, they tolerated the persecution of religious."

"They allowed the sisters to be banished from the hospitals."

"They let iniquitous taxes be imposed upon those whose beneficence and good works in the East they had applauded."

"They permitted the disturbance, restraint and prohibition of Catholic teaching."

"They allowed parents to be robbed of the right to choose educators for their sons."

"And, though ashamed in their hearts, they muttered: 'After all, these religious are dangerous; they are too rich; they conspire against the State. It's sad to have to admit it, but those who seek to banish them are right; the liberty promised to all must not be for them!'"

Here the Sphinx laughed outright: "Ha! ha! My proud little man, solve my enigma! How is it that so many good men have become the playthings of a hand of spiteful sectarians or of the unscrupulous ambitious? Playthings did I say? Accomplices, rather; for, without their tacit approval, such things could not be. Ha! ha!"

And his sardonic laugh rang out through the silence of the desert like that of the hyena upon scenting its prey. Beneath its fixed gaze I remained pensive and distressed, while the stony stare penetrated and searched the depths of my soul, as if in defiance of a reply. The sirocco blew hot upon my clammy brow and I wanted to wipe from it the great beads of perspiration. . . . Suddenly I felt a newspaper in my pocket, a wretched sheet purchased that morning in one of the streets of Cairo, and containing frightful calumnies against religious, calls to anti-clerical persecution, the discourses of sectarian deputies, the orders enjoined by Masonic lodges upon the Government. . . . It was, in fact, the printed embodiment of hatred and lies, selling for five centimes.

I held up my head in triumph. "This is the key to the enigma," I cried, brandishing the miserable sheet. "Each morning, like a swarm of ancient Harpies, the holdest lies take flight upon these wings of paper and whisper to upright men that religious communities are scandalously rich, greedy for power and inimical to the Republic. They invent the crimes which they attribute to these religious, and either ignore or distort their virtues and the good they do. At first, these accusations are hardly believed; a secret instinct detects in them the false note of calumny. But each day the everlasting complaint is howled out, driven first into the ear and then into the intellect, till at length the honest man becomes troubled in his heart and, though sensible and keenly alive to the justice and gratitude, he is finally overwhelmed by the flood of distrust inundating his mind."

"But, if he would only look into it himself; if, closing his ears, for a time to cries of malice, he would go forward boldly and resolutely to

meet the pharisee and ask those who know them the truth concerning these religious he could not but see the inanity of his fears; he would be delighted, yet awed, to find naught save self-denial, charity, devotedness and virtue where egotism, self-interest, stupidity and vice has been claimed to exist.

"Then, furious at having been instrumental in perpetrating so monstrous an iniquity, he would vote down sectarians, the malicious and the heartless, and cry out: 'Leave in peace these communities that befriend the sick, the poor, and little children and are an honor to the France which you dishonor.'"

"There is the answer, insolent Sphinx. If these good men are persecutors, they are such merely because they have been basely deceived."

"Very well," replied the enormous creature, with something akin to condescension, "and what will you do?"

"I shall go and cry out to these brave hearts. 'You are being deceived, deluded. In pity, learn something of religious from those who are not their enemies. There is nothing to conceal. Come and go through their houses, examine their writings, observe their work, their fatigue, the services they render, and cease to persecute those who would only be of use to you.'"

"Alas!" sighed the Sphinx, casting a lingering look toward dear France, "will they be willing to listen to you?"

"I hope so."

(1) Taine.
(2) Words of Geyer at Masonic Convention in 1898.

Rosary Seventeen Hundred Years Ago.

Amid the ruins of the ancient Egyptian city, Antioch, in which a French archaeologist, Gayet, has recently been making investigations, were examined the remains of a Christian martyr named Thais. Proofs exist that she was put to death in the Third Century of the Christian Era, and, following the Egyptian custom of that day, many familiar objects which she cherished in life were placed in the sarcophagus beside her.

Here comes the remarkable part of the story. Among these objects was a mold used for making the Sacred Host received in Holy Communion, a primitive Rosary, the beads of which were pierced with holes into which tiny pins were placed to mark the number of the prayers, as do the beads of the Rosary nowadays, together with a metal cross, a faded bouquet of immortelles, a vase and woven palms, attestations of her martyrdom. Thus, with her rude Rosary by her side, Thais, the martyr, has lain for seventeen centuries.

One of the striking things with regard to the discovery is that it carries the antiquity of the Rosary back two or three centuries farther than any record previously existing. The earliest, hitherto, has been the account given by Palladius, a Fifth Century writer. The find furnishes irrefutable evidence, also, that the early Christians cherished the Sacred Host used at Mass. For several other reasons the discovery will yet prove of great service to the Church.

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Catholic Musical Festival.

Following on the colossal Wagnerian cycles at Bayreuth and Munich, there was held a Catholic Musical Festival at Ratishon, on Aug. 19th, 20th, and 21st, being the 16th annual re-union of the votaries of St. Cecilia for the performance of genuine liturgical Church music. The principal features of the festival was Palestrina's magnificent Mass "Assumpta est Maria" (which was first performed on August 15th, 1585) and some motets by Marenzio, on August 20th, 1901. Few are aware that the latter eminent composer, Luca Marenzio (1536-1599) was an admirer and correspondent of our Irish John Dowland, the friend of Shakespeare, and the greatest lutenist in Europe. Moreover, as Burney admits, it is to the genius of Marenzio that we owe the perfection of the Madrigal, as may be evidenced by Watson's "First Set of Italian Madrigals Englished," published by Est. of London, in 1590, which contains 23 out of the 28 Madrigals in that remarkable collection.

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ASSUMPTION DAY EVENING HYMN.

Now is the day declining,
Our Lady's holy day;
I join my hands and view it
In silence pass away.
The sun, in sinking, kisses
Once more the wood and mere,
It seems a sign of parting
Of our own Lady dear.

Their evensong are singing
The birds, so low with glee;
The lovely tune is sounding
So sweet, so dreamily;
The tree tops rustle softly,
And as I upward peer,
Methinks I hear a whisper
Of our own Lady dear.

From the mead and from the forest
The mist ascends in view;
The flowers bow so lowly
Beneath the pearly dew.
The stars, e'er shining brighter,
On azure shies appear;
To me it seems a radiance
Of our own Lady dear.

And thus the day's declining,
Our Lady's holy day;
I join my hands and see it,
While praying, pass away.
Sleep well until the morrow
Ye forest, plain and mere;
We all are resting safely
With our own Lady dear.

—Beauties of Mary.

Melinda's Smile

I let the reins fall idly across Bluebell's sleek brown neck and gave way to a flood of useless regrets and vain imaginings of what might have been, till a voice from the footpath brought back my wandering thoughts with a rush. I raised my head to find Melinda — dazzling vision in blue cloth and white fur, by my side, with the same irresistible smile and her face and voice as fresh and sweet as spring itself.

"Good-morning," she said, gayly enough, but somewhere behind her smile I caught a glimpse of anxiety and—could it be?—apprehension.

"Good-morning," I knew that if I stopped the little—very little—peace of mind I had gained in my long, lonely ride would vanish like smoke; but Bluebell, from long habits, took the matter upon herself and dropped her head to graze by the roadside.

Melinda drew a small, bare hand from her white muff and stroked the sleek skin. I noticed how cunningly the bunch of violets nestled in the soft brown of her hair and wished that I were dead.

"Is it true?" I asked, knowing well enough that it was.

Melinda's head was still bent; perhaps that was why her voice was muffled.

"Yes," she said, "it is true."
"Do you care for him?" I went on, and at this Melinda raised her head indignantly.

"You have no right to ask," she said, with flaming cheeks. "I—I am very fond of him, indeed."

"No," I said, bitterly, "I have no right — no right beyond the promise made so glibly, broken so lightly. I will ask no more questions. It must be easy indeed to be fond of such an income as Leonard's—with good looks into the bargain. Good-bye. I wish you luck, Melinda."

She caught my rein and Bluebell stopped again. She knew me and she knew Melinda. I had hired her many times before I went away, and we had always, somehow, met Melinda.

"You are very unkind," Melinda said, quickly. "It isn't the money — at least not much. You know how hard it is at home, with no money for anything nice — I'm sure we couldn't be much worse off if we were beggars — and mother grumbling and grumbling because Lisette and I were both engaged to poor people and Margaret and Mabel both growing out of their things as fast as old nurse makes them, and rather worried awfully with beastly bills."

I glanced at Melinda's tailor-made costume with a smile.

She flushed again. Her complexion is like pink and white apple blossoms. "I had to have some decent things when I was a gaged," she explained, hurriedly, "because of Leonard's relations and things calling; but they aren't paid for yet, so you needn't smile in that horrid, unbelieving way. . . . And then," she went on, "you went away all that time in South Africa about those wretched railways, and everybody said you would never make any money, and they said I was selfish and horrid and cruel, and Lisette would get engaged to the curate and Margaret was always crying because she couldn't go to parties and things. . . . and Leonard was always here, kind and nice to everybody and always doing generous things till at last I got quite fond of him. . . . You know I am very affectionate by nature."

"Evidently," said I.

" . . . And when you said you might be out for years and years more."

"Two years was what I said."

"And everybody kept bothering and bothering, and Leonard was so kind and patient, till I thought and thought and made up my mind at last to write and break it off. And I did."

"Yes," I said quietly, "you did. I

found your letter waiting for me directly I got back. It was a pleasant welcome home. The woman at my rooms knew I was coming, so she did not forward it. There is nothing more to be said, is there?"

"Wait a minute," said Melinda. "When you were away, I—er—wrote to you."

"You did," said I—"once a week for two years. I have got all your letters. They began with vows of eternal constancy, and they ended in—this!"

Her eyes were filled with tears. They were almost the color of the violets in her hat, and I wished she would finish what she had to say and let me go.

"I didn't think you'd mind so much," she said wistfully.

"I don't want to be rude," I replied, "but that is a lie—and you know it! Will you say what you have to say and get it done?"

"I want you to send back all my letters—that is all."

"All?" said I.

"Yes. I have sent back yours and your ring and the little turquoise bangle with the nuggest — and—oh! everything you gave me."

"Why should I send them back at all?" I asked. "They can't be pleasant reading to you now."

"It isn't that," she said; "it's because of Leonard. He doesn't know we were engaged, and he has such ridiculous ideas about broken engagements. He has a sort of theory that he won't marry a girl unless he is her first love."

"You are very foolish. There is not likely to be much happiness for you in the future if you begin to deceive him already. How can he help knowing we were engaged?"

"There is no reason why he should," said Melinda quickly. "I haven't told anybody outside—mother said there was no telling what might happen. Mabel and Margaret are too anxious for me to marry him, to let that out."

"But," said I, "while I have the letters you know they are quite safe."
"I suppose so," she said, doubtfully; "but I should never be quite sure, and I should be so uneasy always, and you might die or something, and then just think how dreadful it would be for me if Leonard found it out."

"Ye—s," I said slowly. "But, on the other hand, I don't see why you should expect me to mind that. Why should I have any consideration for you? You had little enough for me!"

"Oh!" cried Melinda, "you are never going to be so cruel. You can't mean—you—"

"Yes," I replied, "I am — I can — I do. The letters were written to me, and at the time they were written I believe you meant what you said. All your pretty protestations of faith and constancy and undying love were as real then, I suppose, to you as, most unhappily, they seemed to me. They are all I can have now. You belong to Leonard. I will keep the letters."

Then I saw Melinda was getting frightened. She was really crying now, and I knew that immediately flight was the only thing for me. With Melinda happy and smiling I could be stern and unyielding, but I knew too well the power of Melinda in tears.

"Good-bye," I said, in a tone of gentle melancholy, and rode away, leaving her weeping pitifully by the roadside.

That night I dined with Melinda's uncle, the rector, and Melinda and her Leonard were there.

She had a sweet little voice and relied for effect on many small tricks of expression, and Leonard, who was big and bald and jolly, would listen to her by the hour with an expression of rapt ecstasy. She sang the "Tin Gee-gee," which seemed to me, under the circumstances, to be peculiarly appropriate.

Presently, about 0 o'clock, Melinda rose to go. She had a bad headache and would be so glad if dear auntie would excuse her.

"I am awfully tired, auntie," she said. "I hope everybody won't think I am very rude. No, Leonard, you really mustn't come with me. It is only a run across the orchard, and I can slip through the side gate in the kitchen garden, and be in the house in five minutes."

Melinda crossed the room to me and held out her hand. Her face was almost as white as her dress, and when I took her hand I found that it was burning.

"Good-night," she said, and I noticed that for once she had forgotten the irresistible smile; "I suppose you won't be going yet?"

She spoke in a low voice and I started. Surely she didn't mean—

"I am going by the gate in the orchard," she went on, recklessly, with her eyes on the ground, and I was speechless.

"You ought to know it," she said, rather sadly.

I could hardly believe my ears. It could not be possible that she meant to ask me to meet her there. Even Melinda could not behave so badly so very soon. And then I remembered

the letters. Of course she only wanted to make another attempt to regain that tell-tale packet.

I let her hand fall—I had forgotten for the moment that I was holding it. It was from force of habit, I suppose.

"Yes," I said, "I ought to know it — I did once. But I have forgotten it now. Perhaps Leonard Crewe knows it better. You might ask him."

Again those violet eyes filled with tears.

"How can you be so unkind?" she whispered. "Good-night. Then you won't be going for a long time yet, I suppose?"

"Probably not," I said, calmly; and with a last glance of wistful appeal Melinda went into the hall to be carefully cloaked by the devoted Leonard. I heard his hoisterous voice for at least five minutes begging to be allowed to take her home, but as usual Melinda triumphed, for he came back presently with a glum look on his jolly face.

"Melinda seemed pretty well knocked up," he remarked, gloomily.

"She hasn't looked at all well the last week or two," said the rector, "I'm afraid the poor child has rather a tough time of it at home."

My heart pricked me. Perhaps I had been too harsh. Melinda had behaved very badly to me—she was an inconstant and mercenary little flirt—but, all the same, I loved her better than any one else in the world, and would have done anything to prevent her from being really unhappy.

"Come and have a game of solo," said the rector.

We played a hand or two, but my thoughts were not on the game. Was it possible that Melinda was still waiting at the gate? I felt that at all costs I must go and see.

"I'm afraid you must excuse me," I said. "I have a letter which simply must go by the 10 o'clock post. I will come in again for an hour, if you will allow me, when I have posted it."

So I left them and they settled down happily to three-handed nap — Leonard liked nap better than solo — and I slipped through the orchard to the lane at the other end which I knew so well. There was a little old worm-eaten gate in the lane leading into the kitchen garden of Melinda's home, and this was where I half hoped, half feared to find her.

When I found that she was not there, I was ashamed to own that I felt a little pang of disappointment. I had spent many pleasant half hours with Melinda at that gate. I felt almost sentimental, and a tender parting scene in the proper stage manner would have been, in my present frame of mind, rather pleasant than otherwise. I turned with a sigh to go home.

"It was too good to last," I told myself, dolefully. "Melinda is the most charming person in the world, but I ought to have known that pretty little mouth of hers meant weakness and inconstancy. I wish I had never gone away. I was a fool to trust to her promises. What mercenary beats her people must be! Poor little thing! No doubt she had an awful lot to put up with. I suppose I might as well be generous and burn those letters. It is all I can do for her now. I will have a tragic bonfire of all my hopes and happiness in the sitting-room grate when I get in and say good-bye to love for once and all."

I was staying in the end cottage of the long red row which made up the village, and my sitting-room was a pleasant little place with a lattice window. I pulled up the blind and drew my basket chair to the fading light.

"I might as well do the thing properly," I said, gloomily, "and make myself thoroughly miserable while I am about it. I will read them all through before I burn them; there must be quite a hundred. I can't go back to the rectory to-night. They will forget all about me if they are playing cards." I knew the rector and I knew Leonard.

I flung my hat viciously into a corner and went to my desk to get the letters. It was unlocked—nobody ever locks things in Pettover — and I lifted the lid and put my hand into the corner in which I had placed them. It was quite empty—the packet had gone!

I could hardly believe my eyes. I must have put them somewhere else in my sleep, and hastily I began to search the few drawers and cupboards my rooms contained. No; they had vanished as completely as if they had never been. I went to the door and called my landlady to tell her of my loss, though I had no hope of getting any information from her. One had only to look in her face to see that in that mass of vacant stupidity there was no room for curiosity or even common intelligence.

"Has any one been in?" I asked, "while I've been out?"

"Not nobody as I knows on," she replied, with her mouth open.

"Have you been in all the evening?" I went on, in desperation.

"Me? Lor', no, sir. I've been up at the Red 'Ouse 'avin' a bit o' supper with out Martha Alice."

"Did you lock the door when you went out?"

"Me? Lor', no, sir. We never lock the doors afore bedtime. There's no one as 'ud break in ' Pettover — let alone there bein' nothin' to take."

"Well, they've found something at last," I said. "But what they want with a parcel of old letters beats me. Do you suppose they took them for banknotes?" And then I stopped suddenly, for I remembered some one who did want those letters.

Mrs. Leach stopped and picked up a large sheet of paper from under a chair by the door and handed it to me with a grunt.

"Is this something o' yours?" she asked; and I took it in my hand. It was the last page of a song. I read the words of the refrain:

"And a girl never looks at one-and-nine
With a possible two-and-three."

Oh, Melinda, Melinda!

"Yes," I said, hurriedly; "it's — it's a part of a hymn I was singing to myself—a kind of requiem. Mrs. Leach, don't bother any more about the letters; it doesn't really matter; they were worth nothing." This was true in more senses than one.

Mrs. Leach went heavily down the passage and I was left alone.

I had ample time for reflection during the long hours before morning, and soon made up my mind what to do. It seemed to me that I owed a duty to myself. I had resolved much upon my will to be generous to Melinda, but she had forestalled me with a little plan of her own.

"Now," I said to myself, "I shall play for my own hand."

I walked boldly up to the Red House and asked for Melinda. I noticed as I went through the hall that the linoleum was worn threadbare and that the stair carpets were in the same woeful plight, otherwise the place was much as it had been two years ago. Melinda's twin sister met me in the hall. They were seventeen and almost as pretty as she was herself. Margaret was surprised to see me, and held out a plump, unwilling hand.

"John!" she cried—"you?"

"Yes," I said, "it's John. You needn't try to hide the extreme pleasure you feel at my presence. I quite understand your feelings. Will you tell Melinda that I wish to see her alone?"

Margaret gathered her scattered wits.

"Melinda is out," she said, sweetly, and my heart sank. I am afraid I was lounging for the fray. I turned to go, but I was wise enough at this moment to look over my head. Melinda was hanging over the banisters, listening with evident interest to our lively conversation.

"I think you must be mistaken," I murmured, politely. "Melinda is just coming down."

She descended with a hanging head and burning cheeks, and after a short but animated discussion I found myself alone with her in the dilapidated old school-room. I shut the door and crossed to where she stood by the window.

"I congratulate you on your success," I said.

Melinda evidently expected more.

"What—what do you mean?" she faltered. "What success?"

I smiled. "Your success in getting rid of your headache, of course. You look wonderfully well this morning."

She didn't quite understand whether she was safe or not. She looked up inquiringly. Had I found out yet? Did I suspect? She didn't venture to speak, but she turned on the irresistible smile.

"I am glad you are quite well," I said coolly, "for I am afraid you will find what I have to say a little trying. You had better sit down."

Melinda looked frightened. She seated herself on the arm of the big, untidy sofa and kicked nervously at the floor. She had small feet and always wore such pretty shoes.

"Listen to me," I said, gravely. "Before we leave this room we have got to come to terms."

She groaned. "I know you're going to be horrid," she said, nervously rolling a sheet of music she held in her hand.

That sheet of music reminded me of something. I pulled the last page of the "Tin Gee-gee" out of my pocket and handed it to her.

"I think that is your property," I said.

The scarlet of her cheeks faded and she stared at me with wide open eyes.

"Where did you find it?" she asked. "I will tell you that later on. First of all, Melinda, do you think you have treated me well?"

"I couldn't help it," she murmured. "You know it wasn't me."

"Perhaps not," I said. "At any rate, you cannot deny that you have broken your promise and, for anything you know to the contrary, ruined my life."

"I did it for the sake of the others," she whispered, in a voice that was almost inaudible.

"I don't believe it," I said, calmly.

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"I don't believe it! You have never thought of any one but yourself all your life. It's no good coming the noble self-sacrificing motive over me, Melinda, because it won't wash. You have thrown me over for Leonard, partly because he had a lot of money to buy you expensive dresses and diamonds and things, and could give you a big house, with a lot of servants to boss over, and partly because you are always influenced by the person who is nearest to you. I ought to have known you were as weak as water. You have made a jolly mess of a man's life, and yet you can be perfectly happy and comfortable."

Melinda sighed. "There never was a more unhappy girl than me," she said.

I laughed. "That's all nonsense. You are as pleased as you can be because two men are making themselves miserable about you. I don't know why we do—you certainly are not worth it. I wish to heaven, you weren't so confoundedly pretty!"

This encouraged Melinda to try the smile.

"So you still think me pretty, do you?" she said, softly.

Pretty! I groaned inwardly, for I knew that however plainly I saw Melinda's faults and however disgusted I was with her behavior, there was no mistaking the fact that I was more in love with her than ever. Pretty!

"Besides," she went on, "you are mistaken. There is only one man miserable about me, and that is you. Leonard isn't miserable. He is very happy, as indeed he ought to be."

"Yes," I said, grimly, "he ought indeed! But he won't be for long."

Poor Melinda! the thunderbolt had fallen at last.

"You—you—" she gasped — "you are going to tell him?"

"Yes," said I, "I am, unless—"

"Unless what?" eagerly snatching at any chance.

"Unless"—I spoke very slowly — "unless you break off the engagement and marry me."

Melinda gasped.

"John!" she cried, "you are mad! Marry you? After all this?"

"Yes," I said, trying to speak with a calmness I did not feel, "marry me. I dare say you are surprised that I should want to marry you now that I have found out your true character, but in spite of everything I care for you more than anything in the world, and I mean to have you in the end."

Melinda laughed defiantly and rose to go. "This is too much," she said. "You have gone a little too far, my dear John. I am engaged to Leonard. You are perfectly ridiculous! I have promised to marry him."

"Promises," said I, "are easily broken."

Melinda laughed again. "This promise will be kept," she said. "Good heavens! marry you, after all the trouble I had about it before. You are certainly mad. You had a situation then, with a small salary, while now — you are simply doing nothing. What do you propose to do to earn your living?"

"As you say," said I, "nothing."

"Ah!" said Melinda, "I thought so. No, thank you. If you think my ideal of happiness is bread and cheese and kisses, and not even a certainty about that, you are mistaken."

I smiled. "There might be a doubt about the bread and cheese," I said. Melinda stamped her foot. "Oh!" she said, "you are perfectly ridiculous! I don't care what you do—tell Leonard if you like. He won't believe you; you have no proof."

"Leonard will believe me," I replied, calmly. "He has known me as long, as he has known you, and he knows that I at least am to be trusted. Besides, you have forgotten one little thing, or perhaps you didn't know it. I have still the last letter you wrote to me — the letter breaking off our engagement. That was not among the others; I carry it about with me. And another thing, Leonard has some pretty distinct notions about honor. I don't think he would marry a girl who — well, to say the least of it, is unscrupulous enough to rifle a man's private desk. That sheet of music found in my room — with Mrs. Leach as witness — is proof enough."

And then Melinda saw that the game was up. She sank into the corner of the shabby sofa and began to cry; and, as I said before, I can resist Melinda in any mood but this one. I sat down beside her and slipped my arm round her waist.

"Melinda," I said, "don't cry. The game is certainly up, but there's no reason why we shouldn't have a fresh shuffle and deal again. It will be all the easier for a full knowledge of each other's cards."

There was no answer but a sob. I tried to see her face, but it was buried in the red sofa cushion.

"You know, Melinda," I said, gravely, "how much I have always cared for you. You know that if you don't have me my whole life is ruined. I made up my mind to be generous last night and to burn all your letters, and when I got in and found that you had taken them, I registered a vow that for the future I would play for my own hand alone. You shall never marry Leonard Crewe — that I swear! I can't force you to marry me against your will, but I can and will prevent you deceiving him. You don't play fair, Melinda."

Melinda moved a little. I could see one eye and a little pink ear.

"I am not really half as horrid as you think," she said, "but, oh! John, I do so hate being poor!"

I tried to turn her face.

"I believe you like me better than Leonard, after all," said I, smiling a little.

The sobbing had stopped. Melinda was evidently considering.

"Tell the truth for once," I persisted. "Is it Leonard you are crying for?"

Still no answer.

"Melinda!"

Still silence.

"Darling Melinda!"

There was a choking sound from the cushion. It couldn't be that she was laughing!

"It is nothing to laugh at," I said, sternly.

"I wish you weren't poor," whispered Melinda.

I took the little white hand and touched Leonard's gorgeous diamond ring.

"I am going to take this off," I said.

Melinda sighed deeply, but made no objection. I gently slipped it away from her finger.

"I am not poor," I said. "I have plenty of money for both of us. The South African railways were a success, after all, and I think I can even go so far as a diamond ring, Melinda."

Then at last she raised her head, and once more the irresistible smile was for me alone.

"Dear," she whispered, tenderly, "I have loved you all my life. I have been very foolish, I know, but if you will forgive me, I will never, never deceive you again."

I smiled. Melinda did not impose upon me.

"No," said I, "I'll take jolly good care you don't." — Pall Mall Gazette.

