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THE MOTHER LAND

Latest Mails from England Ireland and Scotland

Limerick Market Trustees to a General Meeting...

Mr. A. Wilson, M.P., of the Liverpool Courier, made an offer at the Institute of Journalists at Belfast...

The Belfast Street Tramways Company are introducing a new style of tramcar...

The eighth annual meeting of the Catholic Ladies' Charity Association was held at Belfast on Sept. 3 in St. Mary's Hall...

The Limerick Market Trustees have summoned a special meeting to consider their financial position...

Reynolds, the champion cyclist, received a great welcome in Dublin on Sept. 4, on arriving home from Copenhagen...

An extraordinary incident has come to light in connection with the recent outbreak of fever at Little Island, Cork...

On Monday, Sept. 7, the father of a young man named John Shanahan, fisherman, living at Knockdoon, came to Tougal and swore informations to the effect that his son was a violent lunatic...

A marriage has been arranged between Captain Murray, 14th Hussars, second son of Mr. Maurice Murray, D.L., of Beech Hill, Cork...

The following Irish prelates and priests left Cork to attend the religious exercises in connection with the beatification of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy...

P. Hartley P.P., the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, who is accompanied by the Very Rev. Canon Kuller, P.S., Youlgall, and the Rev. James Pike and the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross...

The Most Rev. Dr. Henry Bishop of Down and Connor, preached on Sunday, Sept. 6, in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Drumcondra...

During the month of August the number of Irish emigrants was 7,797, as against 5,226 during August, 1895...

The Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria has completed her tour of Ireland, which she greatly enjoyed, and gone to Scotland...

The Limerick Market Trustees have summoned a special meeting to consider their financial position, a crisis of not altogether unexpected nature having occurred...

Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the Catholic poet, has written an interesting article giving recollections of Cardinal Newman, and relates how the "Dream of Gerontius" owes its preservation to an accident...

Replying to an address from the Monaghan Town Commissioners, his Eminence Cardinal Logue said he did not believe that people could ever be forced into union...

On Sunday, Sept. 6, the Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, dedicated the new Church of the Sacred Heart, Stradally...

The Pope has made the admittance of Catholic undergraduates to Oxford and Cambridge dependent on the residence of an experienced chaplain, whose duty will be to advise and look after the Catholics in the university...

Mr. R. W. Moran, Sub-sheriff for county Leitrim, has been assaulted at Garriek-on-Shannon by a crowd of countrymen returning from a fair...

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has, during the last recorded month, investigated 2185 complaints of neglect, starvation, ill-treatment, and other wrongs...

St. Andrew's Pro-Cathedral, Dundee, is about to be redecored and repaired, and the Right Rev. Provost O'Connell has issued an appeal for subscriptions for the purpose...

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The Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent, who completed his Sacredotal Golden Jubilee Sunday, Aug. 31, on that day sang High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool...

His Eminence Cardinal Logue solemnly dedicated the Church of St. Treas, Newbridge, on Sunday, Sept. 6. The Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, preached on the occasion...

preparation of his lifelong service in behalf of the poor and suffering in the city. For many years Monsignor Nugent was the late Cardinal Manning's assistant in the temperance crusade...

SCOTLAND

An interesting relic of a celebrated Scottish saint, St. Fillan, has been presented by Colonel Stewart, of Ardvorlich, to the new parish church of St. Fillan...

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PAST IRISH CONVENTIONS

Mr. Swift MacNeill, K.P., Second Historical Paper of the Subject.

The second of Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill, M.P.'s, articles on former Irish Conventions in the Freeman's Journal is as interesting as the first which appeared lately in these columns...

When, in 1809, a new and practically representative Catholic Committee was formed, O'Connell foiled the Castle lawyers, who intended to put the provisions of the Convention Act in operation against the Committee...

In 1811, however, a proclamation from Dublin Castle required every sheriff and Magistrate throughout Ireland in pursuance of the Convention Act to arrest all persons concerned either actively or passively in the late elections for members or delegates to the General Committee of the Catholic Church of Ireland...

The Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent, who completed his Sacredotal Golden Jubilee Sunday, Aug. 31, on that day sang High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, in presence of a very large congregation, including several leading citizens and representatives of the various organizations he founded or was associated with...

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and ...?

Washington Irving said he suspected a certain Mill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in rattlesnakes. The "rule of contrivance" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of... well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla...

the characters of the Irish leaders—when the Irish National Council of 1848 announced its intention of summoning a Convention to be elected by various local national councils in Ireland, the Convention Act was again called into operation to prevent the proposed representative assembly...

It is instructive to know that the Convention Act was only utilized by the English Government against the Irish people at large. The loyal minority were, of course, allowed to drive a coach and six through the provisions. Thus when the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was before the House of Commons a Convention in opposition to that measure, summoned by the Protestant Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, of delegates chosen and elected from every parish in Ireland, sat day after day in Dublin...

"A National Convention would," he said, "purport to represent the National will and feeling of the Irish people more completely and fully than Parliament itself, and there would be no doubt that such a council would be regarded by large numbers of the people of Ireland as possessing a superior weight to that of the Parliament of England."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a secret preparation. Any physician may use the formula on application. The secret of its success as a medicine lies in the extraordinary power to cleanse the blood of impurities and cure the most deep-seated cases of blood-disease.

The Catholics of Piedmont will celebrate in 1898 the fifteenth century of the establishment of the hierarchy in that region, the fourth centenary of the rebuilding of the Cathedral of Turin, and the third centenary of the public veneration given in that city to the Holy Winding Sheet which, after the Cross, is the most precious relic of the Passion.

A LIFE SAVER.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined by my bed with inflammation of the Lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Cameron's Emulsion Oil, stating that his wife had used it for three months with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

There has just passed away at Percy Lodge, Sheltonham, Mrs. Hoaly Thompson, widow of the distinguished Catholic author and compiler of so many interesting biographies of saints and people of saintly lives, the late Mr. Edward Hoaly Thompson, M.A. Mrs. Thompson was, like her husband, a convert to the Catholic faith.

A POET'S EMERGENCY.

(COLUMBIAN'S STORY.)

It was a happy moment for Abner Bassett when the committee asked him to write a poem for the dedication of the new schoolhouse.

That's all right, he said, confidently. "I'll be on hand."

He hastened away from the post office as soon as the arrangements were completed, his dreamy face radiant with delight.

There were now only these two in the home nest now, and they held staunchly to each other.

It seemed an interminable time to him before he reached the little, weather-beaten old house at the foot of the hill.

Martha was in the kitchen getting supper, but she paused in her work as he entered temptuously, and then she listened to his rapid sentences.

"O Abner!" she interposed, breathlessly, "what is the poetry to be about?"

"About the children and school and life generally. They left it to me."

"Do you think you can do it?"

"Think! I know I can."

Martha turned back to her cake, all her doubts swept aside by that cheery assertion.

Porterville, on the whole, shared these feelings; it was a special glory to the little village to have so wonderful a being as a poet.

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appetite, and kept every annoyance at bay. But her efforts were unavailing; a dark conviction settled gradually upon her—the poet was congenial!

Each morning she studied his face for some encouragement, and she lay awake through the long hours of the night listening to him as he moved about his room.

There was a vague feeling of apprehension in the air that affected her in spite of her implicit belief in his abilities.

He had never been so long over any composition, and none had ever moved him so deeply.

His face was haggard, his eyes burned strangely.

"Do give it up," she pleaded once, breaking in upon his solitude.

He was counting abstractedly upon his fingers, and started at the sound of her voice.

"I'll make you sick, Abner. Please give it up."

He flashed an angry glance in her direction.

"I wish you'd be more considerate, and leave me alone," he exclaimed, petulantly; "you've frightened away two rhymes."

Martha choked down the lump in her throat and returned to the kitchen.

"It's hardest for him, poor boy!" she murmured. "Suppose the committee had asked me to make a now-fangled cake, and hadn't given any rhyme, and I only knew I must use butter and sugar and eggs, and so on. I guess the mixing would have bothered me, and after all it mightn't have turned out to their taste!

It's pretty much the same with this poetry, and yet people think it just bubbles right up."

She paused in dismay; her figure of speech had suggested an idea that filled her with nervous dread.

What if the spring of Abner's fancy had gone dry? In that event it would be useless to cast down the buckets—they would only come up empty!

And Porterville—what would Porterville say?

The horror of the situation benumbed her faculties, but in proportion as her spirits sank her brother's Thursday he strolled out on the porch, whistling lightly heartily.

Martha looked up from the doorstep, where she was resting after an unusually trying day, when everything had gone at cross-purposes.

There was a mute question in her eyes.

"Yes," said Abner, "the poem's done. Do you want to hear it?"

The delight on her upturned face was his only answer.

He took a paper from his pocket and opened it diffidently; he seemed ill at ease, though it was nothing new for him to submit his verses at first-hand to this gentlest of critics.

It was a simple poem, but in many respects a good one.

There was something helpful in the idea that life is a school where the lessons are set by a gracious Master, who knows the capability of each scholar.

Judged by certain standards the verses might not have passed the test, but the girl's loving sense detected no flaw in metre or rhyme.

Some of the lines struck a vibrant chord in her breast.

"Why, Abner," she cried, softly; "why, Abner—"

"Well, what's your honest opinion?"

Martha rose and went to his side. She put her hand lightly on his arm; the touch was like a caress.

"It's beautiful—beautiful! You've never written like that before!"

methods did not seem ridiculous to the eyes of affection.

Martha arranged everything with deft fingers, humming gaily as she moved about.

As she finished her work a bit of yellowish paper on the floor, stirred by the breeze from the open window, fluttered to her feet.

She stooped and picked it up. It was a newspaper clipping, old and crumpled.

On one side was some shipping intelligence, on the other a little poem. She looked at the verses carelessly at first, but something familiar in the lines riveted her glance in spite of herself.

The next moment she gave a sharp cry the color surged into her face; then it receded, leaving her as pale as death.

There was a strange buzzing in her ears; her room went round and round—she put out her hand and clung to the table to keep from falling.

"O Abner!" she said, below her breath.

Everything was wrapped in a mist—the sweet, damp air from the sleeping garden chilled her.

She shivered slightly, she felt so bruised and unlike herself.

There was a dull ache in her heart for which she could not account; it seemed to her that something had gone out of her life—that something beautiful and holy lay dead in the little room.

By degrees she realized what had happened. Abner, her brother, was a thief! He had stolen another's work and called it his own!

It was hard to believe, and yet the little poem in her hand was a silent witness of his guilt.

On the moment she remembered his evasive glances and trumpling tones in the earlier evening.

He was conscious of his ill-doing; he knew it was stealing to take another's idea; as much so, in fact, though not so punishable, as to rob a bank.

What was wrong in one instance was surely wrong in the other.

Then her mood changed, and in her great love for him she began to make excuses.

After all, perhaps, it wasn't so wrong; she was overfamiliar and tired, and exaggerated what he had done; he had really tried hard, and it was such a temptation!

His head had been turned a little by the honor conferred upon him.

She stirred nervously. Honor? Ah! to gain a little applause he had sacrificed the honor of his soul!

He would never forfeit the sweets of public approval, for which he had been willing to pay so high a price.

And she could not denounce him; she could not upbraid him. This was a seal placed upon her lips. She stretched out her hands with a little sob.

"O mother! mother!" she cried, "I'm glad you are not here to know this—and it's the first time in my life I've been willing to be without you."

She leaned forward and extinguished the light, then she groped her way to her own room.

The schoolhouse was crowded to overflowing the next day; all Porterville was there to honor the dedication.

The opening hymn had been sung, the short address had been given, and then Abner Bassett, in the midst of hearty applause, stepped upon the platform.

He looked down at the upturned faces with a faint smile, and his eyes wandered momentarily to the corner where he caught a glimpse of Martha's face; its pallor and expression of suffering struck him like an unexpected blow.

He wondered if it were possible that she was working too hard; he had been so absorbed in his own plans that he had not thought of her.

How faithful she was! A deep flush burnt in his thin cheeks; he squared his shoulders resolutely, then he glanced at the paper in his hands for a moment before he raised his head.

"I'd like to say a few words," he began, in a voice which was oddly broken; "I won't keep you very long. When the committee asked me for a poem I don't think there was a prouder man in all Porterville than I was—no, nor a happier one. I felt sure I could do what was wanted, but when I set to work the ideas wouldn't come. I could make the words rhyme fast enough, but there wasn't any heart in what I wrote."

the poetry you had asked for, you would turn from me in contempt, and never care for my little verses again, and I wasn't strong enough to bear that thought. I meant to deceive you, but you see I couldn't do it, after all."

There was a continual struggle going on within me, one minute I felt I'd do anything rather than have your scorn; the next minute that scorn seemed nothing compared to the loss of my own self respect and honesty.

And those better feelings conquered! That's why I've come to you to lay, the first one in the schoolhouse to have 'unprepared written against his name. I'd wanted to have the perfect mark, but thank God! I couldn't take it for what was not my own.

No, please don't clap like that—it hurts me. Let me read this old poem to you, and then you may applaud, for it's worth your praise."

Martha Bassett's heart gave a great throb of joy as the faith in her brother, which had died overnight, thrilled into new life.

She leaned her head against the wall and sobbed softly. And that night she said, among many other things, to her brother, "Abner, I'm so proud of you! I think, now, it's better to be so honest and brave as you were than to be a great poet."

SUNLIGHT SOAP advertisement with image of soap box and text: 'The Twin Bar WITH ITS Twin Benefits Less Labor Greater Comfort'.

THESE TINS advertisement: 'are found everywhere. They're on the pantry shelves of nearly every household, and in every grocery. They contain Pure Baking Powder'.

Excelsior Life Insurance Company of Ontario advertisement: 'INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL - \$3,000,000. Fire and Marine. Headquarters, Toronto, Ont.'

WESTERN Assurance Company advertisement: 'INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL - \$3,000,000. Fire and Marine. Headquarters, Toronto, Ont.'

MONUMENTS advertisement: 'D. MCINTOSH & SONS, 524 Yonge Street. GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS'.

WEDDING CAKES advertisement: 'WILLIS advertisement with logo and text: 'ARE AS GOOD AS THE BEST MEN AND THE BEST MATERIALS CAN MAKE THEM'.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER advertisement: 'Telephone 1084. 346 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.'

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer advertisement: '859 YONGE STREET. Telephone 308.'.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., LTD. BREWERS AND MALTSTERS. QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter.

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

E.B. EDDY'S MATCHES advertisement with map of Canada and text: 'MADE IN CANADA. SOLD ALL OVER THE DOMINION OF CANADA'.

THE Reliance System Annuity Re-Payments advertisement: '600 per month or \$720 per year—paid for 91 years with thereafter return to shareholder'.

JAS. J. O'HEARN, PAINTING advertisement: 'Painting, Kalsomine and Paper Hanging. Shop, 181 Queen Street West'.

TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO. RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS advertisement: 'Corporate and Lodge Seals of Every Description. 10 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.'

GAS STOVES advertisement: 'RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.'

BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS advertisement: 'Always Reliable and as Represented.'

P. J. BROWN, M.D. advertisement: 'Cor. Queen St. East and Carlaw Ave. Office hours—10 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.'

DR. JAS. LOFTUS, DENTIST advertisement: 'Cor. Queen and Bathurst Sts., Toronto.'

F. B. GULLETT & SONS advertisement: 'Monumental and Architectural Sculptures and Designers of Memorials, Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Busts, Fontaines, Fountains, and Statues and Scrolls. All kinds of Cemetery Work. Marble and Granite Tiling, Etc. For 21 years on Cor. of Church and Lombard streets, New York City'.

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Advertisement for a business or service: 'THE HARRY WEBB CO. LTD. TORONTO. THE LARGEST CLOTHING DEPARTMENT AND WEDDING GOWN MANUFACTURER IN CANADA'.

The Catholic Register.

Published by J. J. O'Connell, at the Catholic Register Office, 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop of Toronto, 1892.

Subscription price \$2.00 per annum in advance.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Sept. 21—Our Lady de Mercede. 23—St. Anastasia and Companions. 25—St. Eusebius, P. 27—Eighteenth after Pentecost (of the Sunday).

There is likely to be some rivalry between Toronto and Montreal over which city shall hold a big exhibition next year.

At a banquet given to him at the Rideau Club, Ottawa, before his departure for the United States, Lord Russell of Killowen referred in warm terms of praise to Canada and its fine scenery.

The Globe comes out against Chinese labor in Canada with considerable decision. That is the view taken by the majority of people in Canada.

The cable states briefly that His Holiness the Pope has given an opinion regarding Anglican orders. The report says that Anglican orders are invalid, and that the Anglicans are invited to return to the Catholic faith.

Mr. Dobell, who captured Quebec West, a seat formerly held by a Catholic Irishman for many years, has got into hot water with his constituents already.

The next Papal Consistory is fixed for the beginning of November, when it is said the Pope will raise the following Italian Prelates to the Cardinalate.

For an English view of the present condition of the Irish Parliamentary Party, the following, from the London Speaker, is to the point: "Do the Irish people want Home Rule or do they not?"

The object which they all profess to desire, if the present condition of internal affairs is maintained, then Home Rule will hardly enter the range of practical politics within the next twenty years.

Ulster Farmers and the Land Act.

That the recent Land Act which passed the Imperial Parliament was merely an instalment of needed legislation is sufficiently proved by the action of Ulster tenant farmers who are likely to make the most favorable view of the policy of the Unionist Government.

Dr. R. H. Todd, solicitor, then went thoroughly into the provisions of the new law, from the standpoint of Ulster tenants, and said: "Hitherto the courts acting secretly deprived the Ulster tenant of a large part of this benefit."

And as with the employed, so with the employer. Heads of families who require help will have little difficulty in securing it—and that of the best character. All that they need do is to send a message to Mr. Hynes, or call at his office, as above.

The Dynamite Sensation.

It is impossible to discover the truth from the sensational reports cabled from France and England regarding the arrests of a man supposed to be P. J. Tynan, another named Bell, at Glasgow, and others charged with complicity in an alleged dynamite plot.

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Resolutions were then proposed thanking Dr. Todd, urging tenants to have their rents fixed without delay, and calling upon the Government to appoint to the sub-commission courts in Ulster only those familiar with Ulster custom.

In supporting the resolutions, Rev. Mr. Marks, a Protestant minister, said "the battle was not ended, nor would it be till the tenants went in for compulsory purchase (hear, hear)."

A Praiseworthy Undertaking.

In addition to its many other excellent works, the St. Vincent de Paul Society has opened a free intelligence office for female servants in the hall, corner of Victoria and Shuter streets. The office hours are from 9 to 10 a.m., and from 1 to 4 p.m.

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ators fairly quiet, although it has always been the opinion that the Nihilists were simply waiting another opportunity of carrying out their schemes of vengeance. The plotters at home would naturally be more fearful of discovery than those abroad, and it may be that the Car's journey was selected as a good opportunity to act.

Dr. Bergin's Illness.

Our readers will learn with regret of the painful and serious accident which happened to Dr. Bergin, M.P., at his residence in Cornwall last Friday night. Dr. Bergin had been at a St. Patrick's Society meeting in the town hall that evening with Mr. Devlin, M.P., of Ottawa.

The Manitoba Question.

A fair inference from the conflicting reports now current regarding the school question is that so far nothing but talk has resulted. No doubt preliminary talk may have its uses.

circus—a little time, more or less, is neither here nor there. The onus of speaking undoubtedly rests with the Government. They took over the question, and promised to solve it. They have a remedy somewhere up their sleeves, but have asked until next session of Parliament before exhibiting it to an admiring public.

The Irish Fisheries.

Every country that has a fishing population should do all that is possible to encourage it. The toilers of the sea are a hardy race of folk and they increase national riches by great personal courage and hardships in gathering the wealth of the ocean.

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places the Irishmen report that season was also worse than they remember. It is difficult to assign a cause for the decline, although it is possible that the exceptionally long and cold winter may have had something to say to it.

A Practical Conference.

The Irish Gardeners' Association is preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of the potato in Ireland. They are going about it in a practical way. Their idea is not only to hold an exhibition of potatoes in Dublin, but to have a conference of Irish, Scotch and English growers, who can compare notes and experiences, and give their ideas as to the best means of meeting the diseases which have developed in modern times in the cultivation of this food.

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CERTITUDE OF HISTORY.

By THOMAS SWAIN. The certitude of ancient history... depends upon the reliability of the sources from which the historian derives his information or material.

and easier to understand script or print than to explain monuments. Moreover, the contemporaries of the writer of ancient history who are also acquainted with the utilized sources...

Reminiscences. A few weeks ago, whilst pacing one of the pleasant streets which adorn the city of Quebec, I found myself involuntarily in that mood when one is calling past events to the mind.

A. O. H. For some time past the Provincial Officers of the A. O. H. Ontario have been preparing for the introduction of the Order of St. Catharines...

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JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT. CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

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Death of Mrs. Wall.

The parishioners of St. Gabriel's, Montreal, were profoundly shocked when, on the morning of Wednesday, the 16th inst., the mournful intelligence flew from lip to lip that the wife of the popular Manager of the Ville Marie Bank—Mr. W. J. E. Wall—was no more.

Confirmation at Georgian.

On Thursday morning, the 17th inst., his Grace Archbishop Walsh administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the children of the Parishes of Brock, Thorah and Georgian—in all sixty-two candidates.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. LIVERPOOL SERVICE. Steamer... From Quebec, Sept. 19, daylight, Sept. 20, 9 a.m. Steamer... From Montreal, Oct. 1, daylight, Oct. 2, 9 a.m.

A Great Misology Gene. Rev. Father Point of the Society of Jesus, Dean of the Regular and Secular Catholic clergy of Canada, is dead at the age of 96.

WANTED. or Public School, Penstangishene, 2nd rd class female teacher for 2nd division, or or senior teacher for 1st class the same of the year. Duties to commence at once. Apply, stating experience etc., and specify at the rate per year, to REV. FATHER LABOURNAU, P.P., Penstangishene, Ont.

FARM AND GARDEN.

In every work of the farm it is necessary to study the principles under which it is to be done, so that it may be done in the most effective manner.

The soil is not only the resting place for the seed, but it is the feeding place, and also supplies the food, which consists of everything needed for the growth and perfection of the crops.

The lap furrow method of plowing is evidently preferable for the growth of the majority if not of all the farm crops.

Then the seed falls in the small furrows lying between the upper edges of these lapped furrows, and is evenly covered with the harrow, which levels down these small ridges, leaving the seed well covered and in such a position that the moist soil insures quick germination and abundance of ready food right where it is wanted at the first start of the roots.

In spreading manure on the land that too common and wasteful practice of leaving it in heaps for a length of time should be avoided. It wastes the manure and spoils the land.

When the crop is growing these spots appear repeated in the field in green rich masses of highly manured vegetation. Every here leaves its distinct mark on the field, and in time the unwholesome overstimulated growth becomes diseased, rust attacks the grain and destroys it, while the rest of the crop is starved for want of what has been wasted elsewhere.

In draining a swamp it is advisable to begin at the outlet, and by damming out the water of this by leaving a strip of ground the muck may be taken out dry for a space of ten or twelve feet.

This process of working taps the springs at the bottom, and so changes the reeking swamp into dry land, with an ever flowing stream flowing through it.

If the baby is cutting teeth Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Did Mabel promise to marry her photographer lover?" "No. She developed a negative."

Honoree: "Ever drink any of these substitutes for coffee?" Day-board: "I haven't drunk anything else for seven years."

Whooshman: "Isn't this an ideal bicycle road?" Novice: "No. It's good enough while you ride, but it's too hard when you fall."

"I want to take a quinine capaulo this morning, and just as I got it in my mouth it came apart." "Ah, that was a bitter parting, indeed!"

Mr. Briggs, I should like to ask you for a small rise in my wages. I have just been married," said the workman. "Very sorry," said the employer, "but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to workmen outside the factory the company is not responsible."

The blushing bride-elect was re-hearing the ceremony about to take place. "If course you will give me away, papa," said "I am afraid I have done it already, Carolus," replied the old gentleman, nervously.

"My dear, you have an irritating habit of asking 'Why?' after every statement I make. Now, won't you try to break yourself off the habit?" asked Mrs. Bloombumper. "Why, certainly, my love. I am sure I didn't know I did. I'll certainly try to break myself off the habit, as you suggest."

He had taken an unwarranted liberty in criticising her new hat. It provoked her. She was about to say that she didn't propose to be dictated to by any man. But she didn't say it. All she said was "I do not propose..." Then he interrupted her. "If you did," he smilingly murmured, "I should certainly say 'yes.' And that seemed to settle it."

The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led up to it by asking them who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last a little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence: "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

A young man in London went into a betting-club to back a horse. While he was in the police made a raid on the house, all getting away but the young man. On being tried the magistrate said: "What is your name?" He said "Smith." "What is your trade?" "Looksmith."

In his early days Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, had a good deal to put up with from older men and judges, who thought to run down his exhortance. One day Sir Digby Seymour, Q.C., kept up a flow of small talk when Russell was speaking. "I wish you would be quiet, Seymour," said Russell, with his Irish accent. "My name is Seymour, if you please," replied the learned gentleman, with mock dignity. "Then I wish you would see more and say less," was the rejoinder.

On one occasion a Trinity House officer, while examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp belonging to a lighthouse, wished to see how many seconds would elapse before it completed a revolution. It took a half crown piece from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework. Watch in hand, he patiently waited for the coin to come around again to where he was standing, but no half-crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half-crown! "Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the meaning of it?" In order to ascertain the cause of the strange phenomenon, he walked around to the other side of the lamp, and in doing so encountered one of the lighthouse men, who touched his hat and said, "Thank you, sir," in an undertone. The man, seeing the coin coming towards him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip.

A celebrated pianist, now deceased, was once performing at a certain mining town in the West Riding. His playing, although keenly enjoyed by the people in the better-class seats, was not much appreciated by the occupants of the gallery, most of whom showed their lack of interest by stubborn silence. When the night was well on, however, an incident occurred which put the "gods" in a very good humour. The applause after a particularly impressive piece of playing was being subsiding when there was a metallic click on the stage, and four pennies rolled in different directions across the boards. At the same time a hoarse voice from the gallery called out: "Ere you are there. Give it to 't' piano-player, and tell him to get his hair cut at 't' twice!" In spite of the insulting nature of this sally, the audience roared, and the celebrated pianist himself picked up the coins, put them in his pocket, and smilingly bowed his acknowledgments. "Thank you, my friends," he said. "I will keep your money, but I shan't cut my hair. I mean to have that job done by contract."

DOMESTIC READING.

A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

The secret of success lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but what is forced upon us.—Right Rev. J. I. Spalding.

Ah! she is only half mother who does not see her own child in every child—her own child's grief in every pain which makes another child weep.

"Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the allotted beloved, the poor waited, the work of piety accomplished?"—Massillon.

If you consider that you are both a rational and a mortal being, your mortal condition will express the pride of your reason, and your reason will fortify you in your mortal condition.—St. Bernard.

The snows of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule, and above the high water mark of contempt.—F. Marion Crawford.

A heart memory is better than a head-memory. Better to carry away a little of the love of Christ in our souls than if we were able to repeat every word of every sermon we ever heard.—St. Francis de Sales.

There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over: no matter what else changes, that which I have made my life is gone forever." All our thoughts ring back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore."

The present moment runs away into eternity, and eternity is affected by our use of the present moment. It is of everlasting importance whether we rightly use it or not. Let us here grasp at the eternal now and wisely make it ours.

There is a universe between "I wished" and "I will." Many a good wish remains fruitless because it never passes into the stage of firm action. Many who wish to be better will be bad. One strong "I will" can paralyse a million wishes.

Act up to your convictions, make your faith vivid, love God and truth, for love will make you strong and kindle your nobler nature into heroic activity. Have the courage to be your best self to-day, and Heaven will have a warm welcome for you to-morrow.

Be assured that we shall obtain more grace and merit in one day by suffering patiently the afflictions which come to us from God or from our neighbor than we could acquire in ten years by mortifications and other exercises which are of our own choice.—St. Francis de Sales.

All systems of morality are fine. The Gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of absurdity. It is not composed of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

If men could only realize the importance of the passing moment, much of the sorrow and regret that many experience in their declining years might be averted, and old age crowned with honor and blessings. The most important part of life is now. If our life has been a waste, we may still do something towards making our future a blessing, by a wise use of the present moment.

We believe justly that all the periods and generations of the human family are bound together by a sublime connection, and the wisdom of each age is chiefly a derivation from all preceding ages, not excepting the most ancient, just as a noble stream, through its whole extent and its widest overflows, still holds communication with its infant springs, gushing out perhaps in the depths of distant forests, or on the heights of solitary mountains.

If acts were simultaneous with resolves, we should accomplish very much more, but most of us resolve to-day, and intend to carry that resolve into practice to-morrow. If we could be sure of remaining in the same frame of mind so long, there would not be so much danger in delay, but with each hour new thoughts present themselves, and the aspect of things changes. What appealed earnestly to us yesterday may affect us but little to-day, and so we never accomplish some of our best designs.

Adversity is a school in which many valuable lessons are learned, which can scarcely be gained in any other. (One of the greatest advantages derived from adversity is that elevated and spiritual state of mind which prepares us cheerfully to relinquish the present transient scene, and enter a world of refined and unending blessedness. Though the good things of this life ought ever to be duly estimated, and gratefully acknowledged, they always become injurious when they engross the affections of heart.

Chats With the Children.

There's a snug little barn down under the leaves In the heart of the old oak tree. From the deep, dark floor to the mossy eaves It is full as full can be.

And the jolly farmer chuckles with laughter He sits above on the roopmost rafter. He wears a fur coat and a little fur hat. No wagon nor horse has he. But not a whit does he care for that. For he brings home his corn, you see, In his own little mouth, now 'n't that funny?

And his name, did I tell you? 's Farmer Bunny.

The professional storyteller still exists in Turkey. In that land books are not in every home, as in this, the newspapers are few and far between and never the interesting sheets they are here. It follows that a person who has a fund of bright stories which he can tell well is in great demand. These storytellers are usually found in the large public restaurants, where they attract customers, and after a story collect their fees from the crowd.

In the month of Ramadan, when night is turned into a carnival of revelry, the storyteller is at his best. Gayly dressed, in jacket waistcoat, and full, baggy trousers of gaudy colors, riously "unbroided in gold," he sits, cross-legged, on a raised dais above his audience. Quick witted, fertile in imagination, he speaks with animated action, accompanying his description of every scene with all the accessories of protruding tongue, changing expression, eloquent shrug, and gesticulation that his subject demands—gestures and signs whose full significance can be appreciated only by a native-born Oriental.

Sometimes the storytellers go in pairs, like Karaghaz and Hadji-savat, who are the acknowledged princes of storytellers in Constantinople—adopting the question-and-answer style, after the fashion of the endmen in the old time minstrel entertainments. Probably the cleverest and brightest storyteller of them all is Nasaritin Hodja.

Nasaritin is always represented as an elderly man, with flowing white beard and innocent expression, dressed in a long gown and turban and holding a cane in his hand. His stories are numbered, like those of Aesop, and comprise 136 in the original. The language is Turkish and the style pithy and concise.

Among his stories are: THE RICH MAN AND HIS DONKEY. One day a wealthy man called upon Nasaritin Hodja to ask him how much he would charge to educate his son. "Three hundred piasters," said the Hodja. "What are you talking about?" exclaimed the man. "That is too much. I can buy six donkeys for 300 piasters." "That is well said," answered Nasaritin, "but if you buy six donkeys with your 300 piasters instead of educating your son you will be master of seven donkeys, including your son."

NASARITIN AS A MUSICIAN. One day Nasaritin Hodja went to the Turkish bath, and, finding no one there, seized the favorable opportunity and began to sing. As his voice was very shrill, and the vacancy of the bath added to its effect, a sound that echoed and re-echoed was the result. At this exhibition of his voice Nasaritin became very much pleased with himself and said: "I really had no idea that my voice had been so highly cultivated." As soon, therefore, as he finished his bath he rushed out, and, going to the tower of the mosque, began to exhibit his new-found accomplishment by repeating Mohammed's prayer. But the Muezzin, started by this unexpected and inharmonious voice, seized a stick and rushing after him to the tower, began to beat him vigorously, saying: "Be quiet, you donkey! What are you shouting like this for? What an inharmonious voice you have!" Then Nasaritin fell to weeping loudly and said: "Isn't there a merciful man anywhere who will build a Turkish bath on top of this tower, wherein I can sing, so that this evil man will be forced to appreciate my fine voice?" The lesson this teaches is that surroundings do not of necessity make ability.

The boys will be delighted to hear that Robinson Crusoe's musket is still in existence, and has been offered for sale in an Edinburgh paper. It is described in the advertisement as "a fine old specimen, with long barrel, flint lock, and beautifully balanced." Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, left the weapon to his grandniece, and through her it came into possession of the present owner. What boy would refuse to pay "money if he could" and carry off

demand a workman of Solomon Shloock, a tailor in the East End. "No, my friend." "You did. I bought them on your warrant not to fade." "My friend, keep cool. You was in dor wrong shop. I was dor man who warrant do cloth not to shrink. It was my brother, two doors away, who goes dor dor no fade posess, and ho failed last night."

It is well known that some of the most famous and popular of literary and musical compositions have brought their authors little or no compensation. The case of Alphonse's "Paradise Lost," which the author sold for five pounds, is frequently cited as an example of this fact, but it is not necessary to go so far back for equally striking examples.

A story to this point has been told, on good authority, in Paris. Some years ago three young men, all highly gifted but improvident and unfortunate, were walking the streets of Paris together penniless and hungry.

"What wouldn't I give for a nice breakfast?" said one of them. "What wouldn't I give for a breakfast even if it weren't nice?" said another.

"Any kind of a breakfast would do me, provided it was a breakfast," said the third. "How much must we have with which to get our breakfast?" asked the first.

"We ought to have ten francs," said another. "Ten francs, or two dollars, would have provided the three youths with an excellent breakfast."

"I have an idea! Here's a music publisher's. Come along!" said one. "Sir," said he to the publisher, "we wish to sell you a song, of which one of us has written the words and another the air: and I will sing it, and I am the only one of the three who has any voice."

The music publisher made a grimace. "Well, go. We'll see if your song is good for anything."

One of the young men sang. "Hum!" said the publisher. "It isn't much of a song—a simple little thing. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you fifteen francs for it."

The three young men looked significantly at each other. They had not expected as much. They handed the publisher the manuscript, took the three dollars, and went and ate them all up at a neighboring restaurant.

The author of the words was Alfred de Musset, the composer, Hippolyte Mousson, and the singer, Gilbert Duprez. The song, which was entitled "Omnisiez-vous dans Barcelone," had an immense popularity, and brought the publisher forty thousand francs. The breakfast which these three young men ate was, therefore, perhaps the most expensive one that was ever eaten.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court, which used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne, was once the occasion for a display of cool audacity.

In the last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal, and directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so.

On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the ambassador turned around and entered backward, and thus, according to his own conception of etiquette, saved the dignity of his country from outrage.

The following story of a lawyer and a simple-hearted client is borrowed from Scottish Nights, which professes to have had it from the lawyer himself: An Irishman sent for the lawyer in great haste. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said: "Mr. B., O! want ye to get a continuance for me by Jimmie." "Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?" "Shure, ye can just tell the court that O! want a continuance till O! can get a better lawyer to spake for the by."

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Mr. Phunny: "Do you know that Mrs. Ransom ohwa, my dear?" "Yes, P.": "The disgusting creature!" "What?" "My dear," said Mr. P., with usual grin; "she's obliged to do in order to maintain her food."

The Flower of Fines.

From the first day of my temporary sojourn at 14, Transome Terrace, Westville-by-Sea, I became aware that someone was ill next door.

THE DEAD HAND.

From the first day of my temporary sojourn at 14, Transome Terrace, Westville-by-Sea, I became aware that someone was ill next door.

then settled myself for a comfortable pluck upon the day's paper. As I lit up I could not help wondering how many visits the doctor had paid to No. 13.

My conductor introduced me briefly The General merely acknowledged my presence by a courteous inclination of the head—a movement which he repeated when Mr. Pierpoint asked him affectionately if he was ready to go through the usual formalities.

Dr. Lorrimer drew a long breath. "Well, I must at last, if you saw him sign his will at half-past eight he signed it with a dead hand."

From 1816 to 1844 Rev. Father Gibney had charge of St. Joseph's Church, and during his administration the first church was built here.

Murphy family had to undergo the often told-of privations of pioneer life. As time wore on they overcame these difficulties and made for themselves a comfortable home out of what was a howling wilderness when they went upon the settlement.

