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VOL. X. No. 30

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Down the St. Lawrence

Three Rivers

Take up almost any guide-book of Canada, whether published by a railway or a steamboat company, and you will discover sufficient details concerning the large cities and the most important routes of travel; but there is a lack, generally, of information regarding the smaller places, many of which are full of historical interest. It is especially so when you come to deal with the oldest of the provinces, the historic section of our Dominion that lies on either side of the Lower St. Lawrence. No doubt the cities of Montreal and Quebec are exceedingly interesting, but the general public knows all about them. Having recently had occasion to visit some of the less noted points from Montreal to the Gulf, I thought it might be of interest to the readers of *The Catholic Register* if I were to briefly record some of the things that I saw and of the matters that I learned I will, therefore, commence with the ancient and quaint city of Three Rivers. But I cannot promise to tell in one letter; all that I have to relate concerning that locality and its institutions. For this week I will simply confine my remarks to the city itself, and reserve for next week an account of the monastery and other religious establishments, as well as of the historic churches and monuments. I have, then, in reserve for the following week that which to my mind is the most interesting of all accounts—the story of what is to be seen at the now famous shrine of Cap-de-la-Madeleine. But I must not anticipate nor promise too much. We will simply go to Three Rivers in the ordinary course, upon the *Richelieu* and Ontario Navigation Company's steamer "Berthier."

Having left Montreal at 1 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the 15th July, we had a delightful sail down the river, until we came within two or three miles of Sorel. As is customary, the little steamer, "The Fly," came out from the islands on the north shore to meet the "Berthier" in mid-stream, and to take off whatever freight was intended for the town of Berthier. On this particular occasion, about four in the afternoon, the two steamers had scarcely been tied together when a veritable cyclone struck the river. At this point the St. Lawrence is about three miles wide, and lucky for us that we were far from either shore. The tempest came down from the north like a simoon on the desert or a hurricane on the Atlantic. It struck the water with steel-bright sheets of rain, that seemed to cut down into

the St. Lawrence and sweep it up in billows, casting its mighty volumes several hundred feet in the air. In a moment nothing was left on the steamers' decks—chairs, benches, railings, everything, was swept off as if cut by some huge razor, and scattered over the river like chaff. The track of the storm, as it came on, was as clearly distinct as that of a mowing machine in a meadow. Everything rolled over and boilt in the fury of the gale. Through the blinding white sheets of rain and the descending and whirling clouds, the blue lightning flashed madly, and the peals of thunder would make the dead St. Peter, seeing that we had sufficient sea-room to avoid collision with rocks or shore, turned the boat to face the hurricane, and while our steamer protected the little "Fly Fly," that smaller vessel saved us from being entirely routed over by the force of the waves. In twenty minutes the whole storm was over; but not until it had completely frightened everyone on board, and given a few a practical idea of what sea-sickness means.

Once the cyclone had left us, we continue in its path of destruction, we sailed into Sorel as calmly as if nothing exceptional had ever happened. As I will have business in Sorel later on, we will come back to that picturesque spot and tell the story of its past. For the present the "Berthier" is on its way to Three Rivers and we will have to proceed. After crossing Lake St. Peter, with its vast expanse of water and its twisting channels, we find ourselves safely landed at the wharf about ten in the evening.

Next morning one awakens to the realization that a century or more of time has been spanned during the night, and that he is suddenly walled back to the days of the old French regime, or rather that he has been transported, by some mysterious power, to some quaint old town in Normandy. If Quebec is the ancient city of historic reminiscences, and if Montreal is a commercial metropolis, Three Rivers, situated midway between the two, appears to partake of the essential characteristics of both. It is not with Three Rivers of the lumber trade, the mills, the factories or the shipping that I intend to write, rather is it of Three Rivers of the traditional memorials, of the medieval customs, of the antiquated aspect and of the historical souvenirs.

When Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence and passed the confluence of the St. Maurice, on beholding the three large sections of that swift tributary flowing around the two verdant islands at its mouth, he imagined that they were three distinct rivers, and he called the place "Trois Rivieres." Of course, the name by no means applies; but it has remained ever since attached to the locality, and around it are woven garlands of history that are as imperishable as the two great streams that meet beneath the shadows of its dooms, towers and spires. It would be no easy matter to draw a pen-picture of the city of Three Rivers. While it contains 12,000 inhabitants, still so narrow and crowded are its streets, and so full of trees in each avenue, that it looks, from any direction, like a small country village. High over the wealth of foliage the lofty tower of the Cathedral rises, and from a short distance up stream it is the only object that tells the traveller of the existence of human habitations. But on closer inspection, no behold the large structure of the Convent of the Precious Blood up the slopes of the hill that mark the northern limits of the city; then nearer still, the grand proportions of St. Joseph's College, then the Hospital of the Sisters of Providence; and finally, almost at the water's edge, the massive walls and the extensive proportions of the Ursuline monastery. It is only when you are actually in the town that the Custom House, the Court House, the City Hall, the immense market, and the scores of palatial residences can be seen.

"Buck-board," the native vehicle of Three Rivers you enjoy a keen sense of security and novelty; you feel like the proverbial "Indian in a caliche." In one of these peculiar rigs you can visit the entire city in one hour; but if you have the misfortune to leave your conveyance, even within a block of your hotel, you run the risk of spending another hour trying to find your way back. The streets of Quebec are crooked and narrow, but they have the advantage of being almost all hilly, so that you can constantly find yourself upon some elevated point from which to take your bearings; but in Three Rivers it is nearly all on a level, and the streets shoot out of each other in every direction, while some of them seem to actually twist around the others.

When we consider that street cars are unknown and that the town-crier still goes his rounds, it can easily be understood how completely transported a stranger feels from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. As you leave the wharf you see the long broad platform, or promenade, with its iron railings, dating from 1839, sloping up to the parterre of the Plateau; but you have nothing to tell you that, on ascending that delightful walk, you are actually upon fortifications erected by the famed Lavolette, whose statue before you looks modern compared to the surroundings. Every inch of ground that your feet pass on is historical, and has been trod by the feet of pioneers of Canadian civilization, as has been done with the blood of our early martyrs. All around you is an atmosphere of antiquity, as far as we can style anything in this new country ancient. The walls of the old parish church, of the venerable chapel of St. Angèle, the temple that holds the ashes of a Catholic saint, and of the grim, gray, solid old monastery, carry the mind back to the days of early French regime, and to the dawn of civilization, as well as to the morn of Christianity on this continent.

I have no intention of picturing Three Rivers, its streets, its antiquated houses, its quaint customs, its primevalness, its monotony, its attractiveness; but I will attempt to tell next week the story of some of its institutions, and above all to describe that which very few laymen or even clergymen can describe from actual observation—the interior of the monastery of St. Ursule. Having had the special exceptional episcopal permit to visit the interior of a cloister, I feel that I can tell a story that generally men attempt to write on hear say, or from the annals only of institutions.

His Holiness Sent Letter to Roosevelt

Rome, July 28.—The letter which Bishop Thomas Gorman, of Sioux Falls, S. D., who left Rome yesterday, bears from the Pope to President Roosevelt, thanks the latter for the congratulations and gifts presented by him to His Holiness, and begs him to accept in return a souvenir of the Pontiff's good will. The letter also expresses satisfaction with the result of the negotiations carried on by Judge W. H. Tall, Governor of the Philippines, which His Holiness says has augmented his affection for the U. S. The entire letter is couched in the most cordial terms.

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CENTRAL PRISON AND MERCER REFORMATORY

On Sunday morning His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto attended at the Central Prison to administer Confirmation to a number of candidates among the inmates. After the heads and usual morning prayers Mass was celebrated by the chaplain, Rev. F. Walsh, C. S. B. After Mass His Grace addressed those present for Confirmation as the great Sacrament they were about to receive. Seven men in all were then confirmed, including one who had just made his first Communion. The music was conducted by one of the prisoners, and was such as to draw forth kind expressions from His Grace.

The total number of prisoners now in the Central is 200, of whom only 60 are Catholics. This comparative rate is itself an answer to certain reflections that have lately been made by newspaper writers. We should have observed that including those confirmed 31 men, nearly half the prisoners, received Holy Communion at the hands of His Grace.

THE MERCER REFORMATORY.

His Grace on leaving the Central Prison at 9 o'clock drove over to the Mercer Reformatory. At 9.45 he celebrated Mass in the beautiful little chapel of the institution, assisted by Father Cherrier, C. S. B. Afterwards the children and women presented for Confirmation were examined. There were five children and three women. Mrs. Falconbridge, wife of the Chief Justice, acted as sponsor for those confirmed. His Grace was very much pleased by the answering of the children. Miss O'Sullivan presided at the organ and with her choir of children sang several beautiful hymns during the Holy Sacrifice.

His Grace and attendant clergy were afterwards the guests of Mrs. O'Sullivan, superintendent, at breakfast.

Of 61 women in the Mercer at the present time only 14 are Catholics, and of 72 children in the Refuge department 16 are Catholics. With the exception of 4 all the women and children received Holy Communion at His Grace's hands.

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It is not expensive. It kills Prof. Killa's Certificate and two World's Fair Gold Medals.
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UNITED IRISH LEAGUE

Wishes to William Redmond and Joseph Devlin—Mr. D'Arcy Scott Precent.

London, July 28.—On Saturday night the Irish Parliamentary party entertained William Redmond and Joseph Devlin at the Helicon restaurant, in recognition of their services in establishing branches of the United Irish League in America, Father Cronin, of Buffalo, D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, and Mr. Duffy, of Pittsburg, were present. Mr. Donelan read a cablegram from Mr. O'Callaghan, of Boston, stating that the movement organized in America would aid materially in winning Irish independence.

Col. Lynch wrote from Holloway Prison promising to drink Redmond's health in cold tea. He said he need not ask for their sympathy in his solitary cell, for most of them had been through the mill, and others might look forward to the same experience. John Redmond, who presided, in proposing "Ireland: A Nation," said the object and end of the movement was the liberation of Ireland. Remedial measures wrong from Parliament merely means that end.

Mr. Dillon, in proposing the health of the guests, said that as a result of the American mission Ireland was never stronger or in a more promising position. With the assistance of the Irish in America the people of Ireland would be too strong for their enemies. William Redmond declared that the whole American nation, from the President downwards, heartily sympathized with Ireland's battle for the restoration of the rights of a nation of Irishmen. Progress was slow, but the devotion of Ireland was unconquerable and unquestionable. No Irishman need feel dismayed at the sight of England being against them so long as they knew that millions of their race, under a free flag, were ready to stand by them. Mr. Devlin said that the convention at Boston in October showed that Irishmen had the moral and practical support and sympathy of all that was good, useful and progressive in the life of the mighty republic. What he saw there had increased his determination to fight against British law and authority in Ireland.

The issue of a writ of conspiracy by Messrs. Redmond, O'Brien, Dillon and Davitt against the trustees of the new Irish landlord trust has created a great sensation in Ireland. It is a reply to the landlords' action that it will be the biggest constitutional trial in Ireland since the great Parnell trial of 1882. It also shows that the fight of the tenants and their champions against the landlords is now about to become quite as bitter as ever it was in the days of the Land League.

Oh, what an honor! when God shall come, and all His holy angels, and all the children of the Kingdom; all who have loved, served, waited, suffered for Him—the first and the last; all in perfect sameness, recognition, bliss, and splendor; their raiment white and glistening, and their countenance as the sun shineth in his strength.

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A.O.H. Convention

Five Hundred Delegates Assemble at Denver—Progress of the Order

After a parade and Pontifical Mass, the biennial national convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians opened in Denver on July 15. The 500 delegates marched to the Sacred Heart Church, where the Mass was celebrated by Bishop Matz. At the convention welcoming speeches were made by Governor Orman and Mayor Wright.

The secretary's report showed that the membership of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America is 107,557, a net increase of 7,222 since the last meeting. The disbursements during that time have been \$930,336, and there is now in the treasury \$1,076,018.

The membership of the Ladies' Auxiliary is 31,478. The disbursements have been \$103,019, and the balance is \$111,497.

President Keating in his annual report said the order was the strongest body in the world, comprised of one nationality and belonging to one religion. He recommended that 100 officers be provided by the organization of the country into six districts, each to be under the charge of one of the national directors, thus increasing the number of directors from four to six. A generous tribute was paid to the work of the ladies' auxiliary. He urged that Irish history be taught in the parochial schools, and that the influence of the order be lent to that movement.

Bishop Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, made a statement before the convention in regard to the desiring of Dr. Richard Hennebery as professor of Gaelic at the University which practically put an end to the agitation for the professor's reinstatement. The Bishop said the fact that the most prominent churchmen in the United States were sponsors for the institution was an evidence to the Irish people that it would be conducted properly. It was the desire of the college authorities to continue the Gaelic chair, which had been established with \$50,000 donated by the Hibernians. Dr. Dunn was being educated at the Gaelic schools in Europe for the purpose of taking the chair. At present a Gaelic professor from Harvard College, who had volunteered to teach the Irish language, was at work in the University.

Bishop Conaty also made a address to the Ladies' Auxiliary, in which he urged the women to follow the example of the men in endowing a chair of Gaelic in the University, and make an appropriation to endow a chair in Trinity College, at Washington. Later the auxiliary pledged itself by resolution to raise \$10,000 for a scholarship in Trinity College.

A compromise was reached in matter of the segregation at the Ladies' Auxiliary. It provides for an Advisory Board of women, who shall sit in joint session with the national directory, and shall in reality govern the auxiliary, with the consent of the men.

The election of national officers of the order resulted as follows: James T. Dolan, Syracuse, N. Y., President; T. J. O'Sullivan, Philadelphia, Vice-President; J. P. Hree, New Haven, Conn., Secretary; M. J. O'Brien, Richmond, Ind., Treasurer. The following directors were elected: John T. Keating, Chicago; P. J. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga.; Daniel Hennebery, Butte, Mont.; W. J. Cronin, Boston.

An amendment to the constitution was adopted requiring all financial officers of the order, both national and state, to give bond in some approved company. The sum of \$2,000 was appropriated to the Gaelic League of Ireland for the cultivation of the Gaelic language in those counties of Ireland where it is spoken. The unanimous adoption of the report of the committee on foreign relations, submitted by Richard Mo-

Glion of New Jersey, bears the union and reaffiliation of the Hibernians of America, Ireland, Scotland, England and Australia after a break in 1901.

The following are among the changes made in the constitution: Changing the time of holding division elections from sixty days after national convention to the month of December, adding to the list of officers in each state division a vice-president and a chaplain, and granting these officials ex-officio seats in the national body.

A resolution introduced by the delegate from those counties in Pennsylvania which form the anthracite coal regions was adopted as follows: "Whereas, many thousand coal miners are now engaged in the righteous effort to secure from the coal operators' recognition of their rights and a fair compensation for their labor, which is now denied them; and whereas, oppression being always obnoxious to our people, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Ancient Order of Hibernians extends to them sympathy and express the hope that the existing troubles will be speedily and satisfactorily ended, and that the Biblical injunction, 'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' be vindicated."

A resolution was also adopted recommending the cultivation of a healthful public sentiment with regard to stage and newspaper caricatures, and declaring that Irishmen must not rest until the buffoon stage Irishman and prevalent newspaper caricature shall be driven from public view.

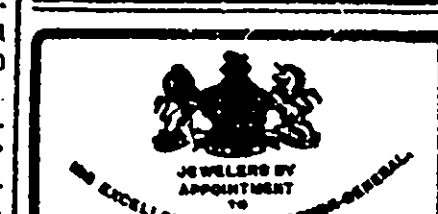
St. Louis was chosen as the place of meeting in 1904.

Knights of St. John

St. Mary's Commandery, 216, held their regular meeting on Thursday, July 24th, and it was largely attended, many visiting Knights from other city commanderies being present. Miss Lizzie O'Leary, president of Ladies' Auxiliary No. 62, was among the visitors, and gave a very interesting account of her recent visit to Buffalo as the delegate from her auxiliary, and proved to all present the great progress of the auxiliaries are making across the line, for which she received a hearty vote of thanks.

The Commandery and Auxiliary are holding their annual excursion to Oakville on Saturday, Aug 9, per steamer White Star, and the committee having the matter in hand, consisting of Bros. Jas. Kelly, John Whelan, Peter Herbert and Miss L. O'Leary, L. Fitzpatrick, Miss Curran and Mrs. Crowe, report that tickets are being disposed of rapidly and everything is in readiness for a very pleasant afternoon's outing.

The Commandery also tendered to Bro. Joseph McDermott their very sincere sympathy in the loss sustained by the death of his beloved father.



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S. Louis--King

THE mother of Louis told him she would rather see him die than commit a mortal sin, and he never forgot her words. King of France at the age of twelve, he made the defence of God's honor the aim of his life.

The death of his mother recalled him to France; but when order was re-established, he again set forth on a second crusade. In August, 1270, his army landed at Tunis, and though victorious over the enemy, succumbed to a malignant fever.

When Louis was a captive at Damietta, an Emir rushed into his tent brandishing a dagger red with the blood of the Sultan, and threatened to stab him unless he would make him a Knight, as the Emperor Frederick had Faccardin.

When his courtiers remonstrated with Louis for his law that blasphemers should be branded on the lips, he replied: "I would willingly have my own lips branded to root out blasphemy from my kingdom."

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

Mr. P. L. Connellan writes on July 19 to The Dublin Freeman's Journal: The general audience accorded by the Pope to the Romans on last Sunday afternoon was memorable even in the annals of a Pontificate memorable for great audiences.

On Sunday the Pope provided dinner for 1,500 poor persons of the City of Rome, 100 from each of the 15 "Rioni," or "Regions," of that city, corresponding to "Wards" in modern cities.

power, that condescended to juggle with a so-called "plebiscite," strove to make the world believe that Rome turned from the Pope to the dynasty of Savoy in the twinkling of an eye.

These 1,500 poor Romans, who had eaten the good dinner provided for them by the Pope and served to them by the Sisters of Charity and the young gentlemen of the Society of Catholic Interests of Rome, received each a Rosary blessed by the Pope, and then they proceeded to the Court of Belvedere to await the coming of His Holiness to give them his Pontifical Benediction.

flowers, the flow of water being stopped and the fountain being covered with roses and other brilliant flowers. About 40,000 people thronged this space and the surrounding walks and corridors.

About half-past five the Pope appeared in the great tribune suddenly a murmur of joy rose from the vast and closely packed crowd, and all eyes were directed to the tribune.

The Pontifical Hymn, which was so frequently heard in the old days of Papi rule, though played by several bands in unison, was drowned at its beginning amidst the shouts of joy and the applause of the great multitude.

opolis and Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope, is about to make a journey to Rome. Five years and a half have passed since his last visit to the Eternal City, and these have, for the most part, been anxious years in the diocese over which he rules.

DO NOT DELAY—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible.

Chats With Young Men

IT DOESN'T COST MONEY. It doesn't cost money, as many suppose, to have a good time on the earth. The best of its pleasures are free to all those who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing. The loveliest flowers grow wild. The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring—All free to man, woman, and child.

King words and glad looks and smiles cheery and brave cost nothing—no, nothing at all; And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could save Can make no such pleasures befall.

Communion with friends that are tried, true and strong, To love and be loved for love's sake—In fact, all that makes a life happy and long Are free to whoever will take.

UNFOLD YOUR NATURAL FACULTIES. There is no honest calling so humble that it may not be raised a thousandfold by unfolding one's natural faculties.

A rumor prevails that the Pontifical Delegate to the Coronation of King Edward VII., Monsignor Merry del Val, who has just returned to Rome, will soon be nominated to a much more important mission—that of Delegate Apostolic to the United States.

LOST HOURS. We have all wasted many precious minutes. Perhaps it has been over a foolish book, maybe mere indolence. A gentleman traveling in England was reminded very forcibly of his "lost hours" as passing through an old castle he saw these words on the wall of the nursery.

LOST. Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, Two golden hours, Each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered As they are gone forever.

The very uniqueness of the idea startled him. He read it again. "It is true, they are gone forever," said he sadly. "All those hours I wasted at school instead of studying are lost. The many opportunities I have had for doing good are neglected and gone."

TO ASSIST AT MASS PROPERLY

Every one who assists at Mass should offer it up for its four great ends: 1. For the honor and glory of God, to whom it is the most acceptable of all possible gifts.

A REQUISITE FOR THE RANCHER.—On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine.

A great necessity is a great opportunity. Nothing is really lost by a life of sacrifice; everything is lost by failure to obey God's call. The opportunities of generously serving Jesus Christ are few, perhaps not more than one in a lifetime.

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HAVE glorified thee on earth; I have fulfilled the work which thou gavest me to do. John VIII 4.

August THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

Calendar for August 1902 showing days of the month, feast days, and moon phases.

Indulgence paper To thee, O Virgin Mother, never touched by stain of sin...

The HOME CIRCLE

ROO LATE. Bring no vain chaplet to my grave. Once, when you might, you could have blest...

II. Shed o'er my dust no fruitless tears, Ah, once your pity had been sweet...

III. Breathe o'er me, dead, no word of praise, Once, living, I had leapt to hear...

IX. O idle tears, O wraith too late, I care not now; the need is o'er; My day is past—I feel no more...

LITTLE MEN'S CLOTHES. How sensibly children are dressed now for country living. The toddler in his bare legs and socks starts out after breakfast...

Tennis and football matches have not been neglected by the boy-funishers, as sweaters, muslin and flannel shirts, as well as the padded suits come in all sizes and are usually capital fits.

SUNSHINE AND AIR.

One of the simplest, cheapest and best sterilizers is sunshine, and it is important to allow as much sun in a sick room as possible. The same rule is applicable to the rooms of healthy people...

FOR TIRED WOMEN

Bathing the face in milk and water mixed in equal quantities, and used as hot as you can bear it, does wonders if you come home very tired and are going out to spend the evening...

THE TRUE LADY.

A true lady may stand behind the counter, be mistress in her own home, or busy all day at a desk, but no matter what her position in life is, she never swerves and unconsciously she always impresses those who are around her with the fact of her gentleness and her simplicity...

forty-eight hours, and then, if she finds you interesting, or if she thinks she can in any way be of use to you, she permits you to come gradually into her life, and between you may grow up a friendship that may last through life even unto death...

THE HINDERERS.

Every woman, like every man, has some friend—perhaps more than one—who is the destroyer of the best in her. It is that person who is forever stealing her time from the work God put in her hands to do and expects her to do it.

It may be known to that friend that the victim has a talent for literature and needs time to think and time to write. No matter how she sits and discourses of trivial things by the hour, rising to go, she expresses her wonder how the victim has a chance to do anything at all, handicapped as she is.

Other women allow their lives to drag by from day to day, reading idle books or papers or silly periodicals. Instead of doing real work themselves, as they were created to do, they spend their lives reading or pondering over the stale half-work of others.

Whenever any woman has a gift it is her positive duty to develop it by use. No one stands in her way except herself. If she hasn't time she can make it by driving out the people or the things that are destroying her opportunity.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder.

UNSCREWING HIS HEAD.

Mr. Romily, the British Commissioner for the Western Pacific, tells this story of the early days of the Fiji settlements:

"A white man, wandering over one of the islands, was taken prisoner by the natives. He had a cork leg. He didn't like the looks of his captors, and liked them still less when he noticed that they were fixing up a neighboring oven. Trying hard not to show his agitation, he called for something to eat. Food was set before him, and he used his large jack-knife to cut it.

"With every mouthful or two he stuck his jack-knife into his cork leg with such force that it stood erect. The natives looked on with great astonishment and evident alarm. After the meal was over he began to unscrew his leg. This was too much for the savages, who did not seem to have any curiosity to see what he would do next, but opened a passage and let him walk away.

"When he reached his horse, some little distance away, the natives began to gather around, but after mounting the man made a motion as if to unscrew his head, and the spectators ran away in terror—School and Home.

IT IS THE FARMER'S FRIEND.—

The farmer will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a potent remedy for wounds or pains in the body or for affections of the respiratory organs and for household use generally. He will also find it a convenient friend in treating injured horses, cattle, etc., or relieving them when attacked by colds, coughs or any kindred ailments to which they are subject.

THE TAMING OF BIRDS.

If people only knew how much amusement they could get out of taming wild birds in their native haunts, the number of caged things would be diminished. So, let us trust, would the number of birds on hats.

The main requisite for the taming of wild creatures is the ability to sit still, to sit still, and to sit still. When we cease to seem inquisitive about the birds they become inquisitive about us and indulge their curiosity quite as freely as do human beings in similar circumstances.

The hunting of birds and animals with a camera instead of a shotgun is a practice which is happily on the

MARGARET of DESMOND

(Continued from page 6.)

the purpose. The facts proved before them were those already stated, and Sir Ullick persisted in maintaining the same silence with respect to his designs or motives, as he had done before his father. It seemed impossible, under such circumstances to acquit him, and having received the verdict of the court, the Lord Deputy gave orders for the fulfillment of his dreadful vow.

On the night after the sentence, his attendant, young Thomas Butler, obtained permission to visit him in his dungeon, and received a hint from Kildare, as he granted it, that he would not fare the worst from drawing his master's secret from him. Ullick, however, was inflexible. Fearing the danger to Margaret's life, no less than to her reputation, he maintained his resolution of suffering the sentence to be executed without further question.

Disappointed and alarmed, on the eve of the morning appointed for the execution, Thomas Butler, at the hazard of his life, determined to seek the Lady Margaret herself, and acquaint her with what had occurred. The daughter of Geraldine did not hesitate long about the course she should pursue. Wrapping a man's cloak around her figure, with the hood (for in those days the gentlemen wore hoods), over her head, she descended from the window, and succeeded in reaching the boat. A few minutes' rapid rowing brought them to the shore. It was already within an hour of dawn, and the sentence was to be completed before sunrise.

Having made fast the currah in a secret place, they proceeded—among crag and cope in the direction of the Raven's Nest. The dismal chasm was secreted by a group of alder and brushwood, which concealed it from view, until the passenger approached its very brink. As they came within view of the place, the sight of gleaming spears and yellow uniforms among the trees, made the heart of Margaret sink with apprehension.

"Run on before, good Thomas!" she exclaimed, "delay thy horrid purpose but a moment. Say one approach who can give information of the whole."

The letters, designed no more to be unbound, were already fastened on the wrists and ankles of the young soldier, when the servant arrived, scarce able to speak for weariness, to stay the execution. He had discovered, he said, the whole conspiracy, and there was a witness coming on who could reveal the object and the motive of the traitors, for there were more than one. At the same instant Margaret appeared, close wrapt in her cloak, to confirm the statement of Butler. At the request of the latter the execution was delayed, while a courier was despatched to the Lord Deputy, with intelligence of the interruption that had taken place. In a few minutes he returned, bringing a summons to the whole party to appear before the Lords in Council.

They complied without delay, none being more perplexed than Sir Ullick himself at the meaning of this strange announcement. On arriving in the camp the unknown informant entrusted to be heard in private by the Council. The request was granted, and Margaret, still closely veiled, was conducted to

the hall in which the judges sat. On being commanded to uncover her head, she replied: "My lords, I trust the tale I have to tell may not require that I should make known the person of the teller. My Lord Deputy, to you the drift of my story must have the nearest concern. When you had the Geraldine to your court in Dublin, he was accompanied by an only daughter, Margaret, whom your son Ullick saw and loved. He was not without confessing his affection, and I am well assured that it was not unrequited. On the very evening, my Lord Deputy, before the most unhappy affair, which led to your disunion, and to the dissolution of our—of Sir Ullick's hopes, a mutual avowal had been made, and a mutual pledge of faith (modestly, my lords) exchanged, always under favor of our—of the noble parents of the twain. My lords, I have it under proof, that the visits of Sir Ullick were made to the Lady Margaret—that to no other individual of the castle were they known—and that no well-wisher converse ever passed between them, than such silly thoughts of youthful affection as may not be repeated before grave and reverend ears like those to which I speak."

"And what may be thy proof, stranger?" said the Lord Deputy, with a tenderness of voice, which showed the anxiety her tale had excited in his mind.

"The word of Margaret Fitzgerald," replied the witness, as he dropped the mantle from her shoulders.

The apparition of the Geraldine's daughter in the council chamber gave a wonderful turn to the proceedings. Kildare was the first to speak. He arose from his seat, and approaching the spot where the spirited young maiden stood, took her hand with kindness and affection.

"In truth, sweet kinswoman," he said, "thou hast staked a sufficient testimony. And to be sure that it is so with all as it is with Kildare, I promise thee to back it with my sword, and it shall go hard but thy honest-hearted speech shall save the Geraldine his lands and towers to boot. My lords, I think I see by your countenances that you deem the lady's tale a truth. Then summon Ullick hither, and let a flag of truce be sent to the Geraldine to let him know that his child is in safe keeping. The Raven's Nest has taught me what he feels."

The chroniclers of New Auburn conclude their story by relating that the promise of the Lord Deputy was fulfilled—the affection of the heroic pair received the sanction of their parents—and that whenever, afterwards in their wedded life, a cloud seemed gathering at their castle hearth, the recollection of the Raven's Nest was certain to bring sunshine to the hearts of both.

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Toronto, May 7, 1902. To the Advertising Manager Catholic Register: Dear Sir—In renewing my advertisement for the current year in your paper, I feel obliged to compliment you on its merit as an advertising medium. I have decided to double the space used last year, which speaks for itself. Yours, H. O. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery.

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The Catholic Register

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Approved and recommended by the Arch-Bishop of Toronto

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THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1902

IRISH PROBLEM PRESSING

The new organization of Irish landlords formed for the avowed object of breaking the United Irish League of the tenants is one of those blunders of aggression that, though they fall of other effect, insure the prominence of the Irish question on the Parliamentary stage at Westminster, and help to bring the final solution of Home Rule nearer, contrary, of course, to the intentions of their authors. This latest organization has been formed under the leadership of Lord Barrymore—the new title of the notorious Smith Barry, the foremost racker and evictor of Ireland. Some may feel disposed to say that if the Irish tenants enjoy the right of organization under the law, it is only British fair play to concede the same recourse to the landlords, just as in the case of the industrial trusts of America which are formed in opposition to the labor organizations. In the case of the Irish landlords' trust, however, the conditions are wholly different. Lord Barrymore and all his associates are Privy Counsellors, and form the dominant influence in Dublin Castle administration. They represent the administration of English law in Ireland, not formally in their organization as a pack of racker-renters but in their capacity of advisers of the Crown. It is through them the Crown moves, and if any special application of coercion or suppression of ordinary public right be undertaken in Ireland it is they who advise and their advice is taken. So that the problem of landlord and tenant at the moment in Ireland resolves itself into this simple proposition, that the landlords' organization is the Crown, for all practical purposes in the coercion of the tenants. Thus the landlords' organization suppressed the League and the right of public meeting in various districts, where the evictors are busiest, using the forces of the Crown to level the cottage walls and carry off the crops and stock. It is a conspiracy between the Crown and the landlords; a conspiracy flagrant in its operation and insolent in its corrupt influence. For the time being the evictors may succeed in devastating a great deal of the country, but in the end they will find they are blindly helping on the cause of Home Rule, as they were when they got the policemen to commit "agrarian outrages" and convict innocent peasants by perjury. They will find they are only helping Home Rule when they make a sort of a head balliff of the responsible member of the Cabinet, the Irish Chief Secretary, Mr Wyndham, who was told to his face in the House last week by Mr. T. W. Russell, a member of the former "Unionist" Government, that "he had sold himself body and soul to the landlords". The Irish party will not however, wait until the evictors tumble into the ditch of their own accord. Steps have been taken to bring the landlords' conspiracy more prominently before the world by legal proceedings. Of course the Government will be hostile to those proceedings, but the greater the hostility shown the more good must result to the public cause, which is the tenants' cause. The United Irish League is doing magnificent work, and it is a thousand pities that it is not being extended more rapidly in Canada. It is already as powerful in the United States, in England and Australia, as was ever the old Land League in the early days of the Parnell movement.

SERIOUS OUTLOOK FOR FRANCE

According to the despatches of the past week an ugly problem is developing in France. M Combes, the new Premier, has been as good as his threat to strain the Associations Law to its final letter and attach a flourish thereto. M. Waldeck-Rousseau

was a reasonable and temperate man in comparison. The intense zeal of M Combes is not to be wondered at, for the man is a renegade priest who has lost his religion, deserted his Order and made Socialism his faith. It only needed to have the real of authority placed in the hands of such a person to arouse the long-suffering people from their hypnotic sleep in which they were made to imagine that with religious teachers in the schools, Republicanism was imperilled in the land. Encounters between the military and the people have already taken place in Paris and various parts of the Provinces. The people are making preparations to take up arms against the Government and fortify the schools from which it is intended to eject the religious teachers, especially the Nuns. How far things may go in their present course it is impossible to say. Only this may be said at all times of France that when political cliques and conspiracies have developed to the extent that is now apparent, a revolution of serious proportions is at least possible.

The gravest feature of the situation as it is recorded in the cable despatches appears to be the organization of the Socialist forces on the streets. They never hesitate to attack the crowd of sympathizers with the teaching Orders. Sympathy must naturally flow to the side that stands for the traditions and interests of France. The Government cannot establish a tyranny except by the use of the army, and when the day comes that estranges the army of France from the sympathies of the nation, the Government will have passed completely out of the hands of the people. It may be that a military crisis lies outside the range of vision at the present moment. If the disorders that have occurred were the result of M Combes renegade hate, a Parliamentary crisis should settle everything. Catholic leaders are stirring up the Provinces as it is and Parliamentarians may find it expedient to check M Combes before the revolution gets beyond their control.

AN EVIL CRUSADE.

The writer of the letter to the daily papers of Toronto, which we reprint in another column, deserves the thanks of every resident of Ontario who believes in the name Canadian. When this "Prof. Villard" speech to the Methodist "Young People" was published in the newspapers last week it must have excited just such a general feeling of disgust as "A Torontonian" expresses. We don't know who "Prof. Villard" may be, and we don't care, but it was evident that he came to Toronto to arouse sectarian feeling against the French-Canadians, for no other cause than that they are French-Canadians. And the intelligent "Young People" of a religious denomination that prides itself not a little upon the patriotism of its adherents, cheered the harangue "Prof. Villard, in short, sized up his audience, and the result proved that he had diagnosed their case very accurately. Nor is it to be wondered at that "Prof. Villard" displayed this peripatetic, inasmuch as the average individual in Montreal, where he comes from, knows how "the Toronto crowd" may be "caught every time".

The only wonder is in the behavior of the press, and this is the point "A Torontonian" puts his finger upon and presses it hard. The press of Toronto will report every species of attack upon the French-Canadians, but will not dare to make any adverse comment. If, however, a French-Canadian Catholic were to sail into the English-speaking portion of the heterogeneous community enjoying the protection of the British flag in this colony, or for that matter, into the Doukhobors, or Dutch, or Hebrews, or any other element of it, there would arise at once upon the calm summer air of this "banner province" a regular howl of massed bands of patriots in the press, from the Ottawa River to the Soo. This is what has astonished "A Torontonian," and it is what astonishes a good many more of us. However, our astonished friend has given the patriots of the press a call which they have long deserved, but for all that he could not spur them into comment upon "Prof. Villard's oration, because to do so might hurt business. Timothy Eaton and many other big advertisers and leading Methodists being freakishly sensitive at times about the behavior of the press.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier entertained a large and distinguished company to dinner at the Hotel Cecil. Among the guests were Princess Louise, the Governor-General of Canada, Lady Minto and Lady Aberdeen.

A Melbourne dispatch dated June 8 says "Women franchise is at last an actual fact, as the Governor-General has assented to the Franchise Act conferring the vote on every Australian adult over twenty-one years of age."

Mr John Redmond M.P. sent the following telegram to the late Mr. William Johnston's son "Allow me as one who, though so strongly opposed to your father, yet greatly respected his transparent honesty and kindly nature, to express deep regret at his death."

Abbe Combes, the French Premier, has addressed a circular letter to the prefects, requesting them to inform all establishments managed by religious confraternities which had not received authorization when the recent law on associations was promulgated, and which have not yet applied for authorization, that they are allowed eight days in which to dissolve or disperse.

In a sympathetic tribute to the late head of the Orange organization, Mr. William Johnston, M.P., The Freeman's Journal, the great Nationalist organ, says "He (Mr. Johnston) saw the son who inherited his property become a Nationalist, and his daughter become a Catholic. It was quite usual on a Sunday morning during the recess to see him leading his convert daughter to the gate of the local little Catholic Church, and, perhaps, this is the picture which the majority of Irishmen will most wish to remember of 'Johnston of Ballykilbeg'."

It is one of the failings of Catholics that they are affected with creeping paralysis in matters which concern publicly. Let some charge be made by our enemies, and every one lays the burden of exploding it on the shoulders of somebody else. Were Catholics throughout the world to send to their own papers correct and speedy accounts of events in their neighborhood which are being dished up into reputed scandals by inimical correspondents to the secular press, half the public feeling about the Church would die away at once. Lethargy has nearly killed the French Church, and has grievously injured the Church in other lands. We are by no means free from it here. Everybody is desirous of a strong Catholic press, very few will take the trouble to strengthen it. When critics become contributors, the contributors will cease to be critics.—Catholic Times

Canadians will have reason to thank Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the plain speaking in which he indulges at meetings of an ultra-Imperialistic sort in London. At a dinner at the Trocadero, the Lord Mayor of London had proposed the toast of "The Dominion of Canada." The Dominion, he said, was never more loyal and never more Imperial than at the present moment. Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave the reason why. "The loyalty of Canada had been enhanced by the free institutions given to her. If it had not been for the charter of liberty which she had received, perhaps the condition of things would have been different. In 1837 Canada was in a state of turmoil and excitement. There was rebellion not only in the province of Quebec, but in the British province of Ontario. The rebellion, in his mind, was quite justified by the unworthy system which then obtained, and by attempting to rule what ought to have been a free people by methods which were unsuitable to them."

HIBERNIANS TO BE INCORPORATED.

Denver, Col., July 21.—It has been decided by the National Board of Directors of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, chosen at the last session of the biennial convention, to incorporate each State division of the order. President Dolan was authorized to act as the agent of the order in the United States, Canada and Mexico in arranging the details of affiliation with other continental bodies of similar character. This is the first step in the general federation of Irish Catholics throughout the world.

Monastery of Trappist Monks Destroyed by Fire

Oka, July 21.—The wonderful Trappist Monastery of Oka, which it took years to build and where ninety-seven priests and monks from all over the world were carrying out vows of perpetual labor, perpetual prayer and perpetual silence, is today a heap of crumbling ruins.

A fire started, no one knows how, fed by a strong easterly wind, which, as it swirled in between the surrounding mountains, was discovered at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon and though the priests and monks, and laymen employed about the building, headed by Father Columbin, the prior, worked with all their might to save the buildings, and though they were assisted by the thirty odd pupils of the agricultural school belonging to the monastery, and situated a mile distant therefrom, their efforts could not prevent the magnificent edifice from burning entirely to the ground.

Wonderful to relate there was no loss of life and all the ninety-seven monks and priests got out safely although two monks, Brother Seraphin, who was blind, and another brother, whose name is not known, and who was in the hospital suffering from consumption, are expected to die. They were rescued from the top story at the risk of the rescuers' lives.

A choice had to be made between the magnificent library and the beautiful church with its main altar and its two score of side altars and it was decided to first try and save the church. Father Aurelieu took charge of this work and they succeeded in saving all the holy vestments and the Eucharist and other holy vessels and a great many of the big illuminated prayer books. Part of the walls and ceilings began to fall in and the work was only accomplished at great risk to the lives of the workers.

All of a sudden it was remembered that there were half a dozen sick monks in the infirmary and a rush was made for the second story through the blinding smoke. The rescuers made chairs of their arms and one by one the sick were carried down. Just in the nick of time there were some exceedingly narrow escapes. One of the students had to jump from the third story and another only saved himself by sliding down the hose from the fourth story. Among those who distinguished themselves were the London brothers (Greeks), and Messrs. Cardinal Boivert, John Daly, Chouinard, Bourbeau, Page, Giguere and J. De St. Maurice, professor of chemistry at McGill, who is spending his vacation here.

The Sulpicians from Oka offered all possible help. The abbott, Dom Marie Antoine, was in Montreal at the time of the fire.

Nestled among the great range of Laurentian Hills, three and a half miles back of the quaint village of Oka, which is situated on the banks of the Ottawa River, was the monastery of Notre Dame du Lac des Deux Montagnes, where dwell some four-score men, who, for religion's sake, had taken the most solemn vows to devote their lives to mortifying their appetites.

The stone monastery, which was erected a few years ago, near the old wooden one, was a fine structure and formed a hollow enclosing a large courtyard. The western wing was called the hospice, and was set apart for the use of guests. The eastern and central portions were occupied by the monks.

Interesting, indeed, is the history of this order, and equally interesting was the life led by those who devoted themselves to it. Seventeen years ago, ten men, tired of the pomps and vanities of the world, were given one thousand acres of land on these wild and densely wooded hills for the purpose of forming a monastery, and by cultivating the land, to pay for the humble buildings, they purposed erecting and passing their lives in, and for the little they ate. As the years stole by their number gradually increased, and as they did, the dense wood which surrounded them began to recede back from the valley where the monks had built the little monastery, towards the vast range of hills on the north. Soon the large area of cultivated land brought forth more than their needs called for, and they sent the fruit of their labor to Montreal, where it was sold. The money thus procured was invested in farm implements, and in improving the land. Up to the breaking out of the fire, they had a fine stone structures,

scores of powerful horses, over three hundred head of cattle and hundreds of pigs and sheep, besides valuable barns, gardens, young orchards, a blacksmith shop, and a saw mill, all of which were tended by the monks, who began work long before the sun rose.

Not a man was allowed to take the life vow at the monastery at Oka he had first to spend two years in the institute preparing for the numerous novices. If he found, during this time, that his health gave out or that he had not the courage to take the life-vows, he was allowed freely to depart. The working dress of the Trappists was a white robe, looped up from the waist in order not to impede their walking.

All the monks worked in the fields from early morning to sunset, driving horses, milking cows, turning over the earth, cutting hay and making butter, cheese and cider, which was sent to Montreal and sold in large quantities.

All the monks had to take the vow of silence. The visitor to the monastery was struck by the absolute silence of the place. Only on the most important occasions were the monks allowed to converse with each other. One dining room, where the monks ate, was severe in the extreme. A narrow board ran the entire length of a long room, paved entirely in dark unattractive stone, the walls were darkened in order that the place might in no wise be attractive to the senses. Before eating the monks frequently chastised themselves.

They only had two meals a day consisting of soup, no meat was ever ate. Near the dining-room was a set of stations of the Cross. These the monks visited every day, praying on their knees at each. In order that there might not be the slightest sound in the monastery, the latches of the doors were made of wood, and even the forks and spoons were of wood.

The great aim of the monastic life was the complete annihilation of self, and in order to aid the monks of the monastery to attain this end mottoes such as these were painted on the walls and even in the stables and the cowsheds. "Think not, brothers, that you are humbling yourselves, for you are not, you are merely putting yourselves in the position to which you belong."

"This life is nothing, eternity is everything." Visitors came to the monastery from all over the United States and Canada. Very often the wing set apart for visitors was filled. Many of the visitors stayed days and even weeks to fast and pray.

The monastery of Oka, although burned to the ground, is more than ever a shrine for semi-religious pilgrimages.

Carts and wagons of all descriptions fill the road from the village of Oka to the "Valley of Silence." What the priests are going to do is as yet unknown. The writer of an article in The Montreal Star had a talk with Father Columbin, the prior, about it.

He was directing the men, who were, some in the act of picking valuable things out of the debris, and others making preparations to tear down some of the parts of the walls which were still standing, and which looked dangerous.

"It was a great calamity," he said, "and the thought that is uppermost in our minds is how severely the Abbot will feel it."

"What will you do?" he was asked. "Do what can we do? Where are we going to get the money to do anything? We will have to remain for the present in the agricultural school, and though it is not by any means fitted up to serve as a cloister, we will have to do the best we can."

"You have no intention of leaving here?" "No, we have not, but the way which we are situated we are certainly unable to build again."

"Still if people would furnish you with the necessary money, you would not hesitate to erect another building?" "Let them give us two hundred thousand dollars and we will start again at once."

The conversation was interrupted constantly by the rumbling and crackling sound of the crumbling walls. At the end there was a warning shout from some of the agricultural students to be careful, and then there came a heavy detonation, and the ruins threw up a cloud of dust, and vomited bricks and stones high up in the air, parts of one of the

chimneys which they had been trying to blow up with dynamite.

All afternoon as soon as the rumble began to cool off, the work of entirely demolishing and bringing to the ground the walls of the portions thereof which remained was gone on with, squads of students and monks dragging them down with thick long ropes, a work in which many of the former boarders participated, and which Professor de Maurie of McGill particularly distinguished himself.

"I came here for a quiet time," he said, "and you can see how well I succeeded in getting it."

They, as well as the monks and priests, lost all of their clothing except what they had on.

Although desolation inhabits it, the valley of silence is still beautiful. Upon the hills along the road still stands the little chapel from which a magnificent view is obtained over the Lake of Two Mountains. It was only spared because the wind happened to blow the other way. The agricultural school, to which the monks and priests return for the present, has sheltered them before. In fact, it was the first monastery, in which it moved in 1881, shortly after Father Bellefontaine had come from La Trappe, near Dyon, France, and had obtained from the seminary of St. Sulpice the thousand acres they now occupy, and which the Oka Indians and Chief Kenanotse claim are part of their inheritance.

In the same year the foundation stone of the new monastery was laid in the valley, a few hundred yards north of the hill where the agricultural school is situated. In 1889 the actual work on the edifice, which two days ago became a prey to the flames, was commenced, and in 1891 the late Archbishop Fabre, with great ceremony solemnly declared the monastery open. Next year it was finished.

In September, 1897, the church was solemnly consecrated by Archbishop Bruchesi, and this was again the occasion of much ceremony, in which all the heads of the Catholic Church in Canada, which could come, were present.

One of the strangest things of this great calamity to an onlooker, is the philosophical manner in which the fire is looked upon.

All sorts of articles used for ornamentation of a church were strewn around, and the road in front of what was the main building, and the ditch beyond were lined with the smaller altars. Here the relic seekers found their harvest, although a close eye was kept upon them yesterday. Yet there was many a quaintly fashioned wooden spoon, and many a quaintly carved wooden fork, and many other things that could be easily concealed, that found a way in the pockets of even the respectable looking sightseers. Some picked up almost anything they could find on the grounds, or in the ashes, and took their lives in their hands at the base of tottering walls to get a relic. Hard to believe though it may seem, one man actually picked up a white china spittoon, carefully did it up in a piece of paper, and took it with him in his carriage. This was nothing, however, to what went on during the actual fire. The visitors from the surrounding villages, at that time, were actual freebooters, and looted right and left. Nothing was sacred to them, and some of the most rapacious ones came to grief.

The priests and some of the students had managed to save the pharmacy, and they had put the bottles containing the drugs, some liquid, and some in powder form, in baskets along the roadway, just beyond the grasp of the fire. When they did not see anything else to take, the looter seized upon the bottles containing the liquid drugs, and, thinking perhaps that it was some new kind of Trappist Liqueur, several of them took good big swallows. Not very long after two or three of them lay writhing and groaning in the road, tied up in knots, and although it was impossible to find out exactly what they had taken, the priests managed to find time from their task of battling with the flames to administer something to them that eased their pains, after which they disappeared.

The quickness with which the building succumbed to the flames was perhaps the one thing that surprised the former inmates. One of them said "It was only Thursday, about noon, that I took around a young American, who had come on purpose to visit the monastery, and I called his attention to the absence of curtains and other inflammable stuff. Not five

hours afterwards the whole place was in flames. Brother Florent led the way to the back, and into the cemetery. Pieces of the statues of saints, the main body of the high altar, the flowers and vases and other attributes that adorned the minor altars were all scattered about.

The cemetery, always a cold dreary looking place to the man who lives in the warm, living, throbbing world, with its half-open grave yawning to receive the next brother who dies, looked more dreary and desolate than ever. The crosses that were not actually burned down were blistered and scorched, but there were only few, and the others were demolished. The little vegetation there was was scorched to death, and the top crust of the latest grave was actually baked. It was only two days before that they had filled it. There had been the Solemn High Mass, twenty-four hours after the brother unknown, and we wept for, had dropped out of the world in which he had only been part of a great machine.

Then there had been the procession to the grave, the brothers all carrying lighted candles following and preceding the stretcher upon which the dead man lay attired in nothing but his habit.

When the grave was reached the corpse was lowered upon the bottom layer of earth, with nothing but a brown habit between its embers, and the body of the dead. Then a father in charge of the infirmary stepped into the grave, and had taken the dead man's face in the brown cowl, and then the earth was heaped upon the body, and the new grave dug for the next to die after that for the living work and forgetfulness, and prayers through which to forget.

There were two safes. One of these was opened, and the papers it contained were found intact. The other at a late hour last evening was still hovering like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth, it having been built in the wall of the second or third story, above an arch which up to that time had resisted the flames, the ropes of the demolishing squads and even the dynamite.

A visit to the agricultural school, which has accommodation for two hundred students but nothing in the way of cloisters, showed large lofty airy apartments, turned into temporary curiosity shops, the contents of which were all objects one is accustomed to see in connection with Catholic churches.

The only heap of goods which did not recall the chapel, was that which had been saved from the shoeshop, and consisted of huge rolls of leather, and heaps of finished and partly finished boots, all of the heavy hob-nailed kind.

Amidst all the confusion, of people running hither and thither, and bringing in constantly new articles from the ruins, including a partially demolished group of Statets, and other altar pieces, the priests, whose hour it was to spend their time in contemplation of the Scriptures, and prayers, went on with their devotion as if they were in their old cloisters, and in the very midst of it all, looked just the same as they did a few months ago in the monastery.

As night began to fall, there was no change in the scene about the ruined place. Visitors still kept coming, monks and students still kept working, and the moon only served to make it all more weird, more wonderful and more apparently unreal.

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The Little Jew Girl

Sam the Jew was a most important person in a certain Slavonian village in the valley of the Waag. It was a prosperous looking little village, consisting of a long double row of houses, all with gaily-painted walls—blue and buff and pink, with here and there a white one decorated with streaks of orange and crimson. The roofs, too, were picturesque, being for the most part thatched, and glistening at the eaves with a curious sort of fringe, others were made of little slabs of wood, moss-grown and stained by the weather. The owner's name was scratched upon the beam over the lintel, and surrounded in best places by a painted cross. Before every door was an earthen mound looking rather like an ant-hill and resembling it, in fact, in more ways than one, for beneath it, in a deep hole, was contained all the owner's treasure; corn, beans, potatoes—the little store which his toil had wrung from the earth, all the sustenance of the family. That the population was industrious even the most casual observer could not doubt, the whole place was pervaded by the cheerful hum and bustle of work. Here and there a woman would be seen beating hemp, her brown face shielded from the rays of the sun by a colored handkerchief, her figure curiously alert and graceful in its week-day attire—the wide-sleeved bodice fitting into the stiff buckram corset, to which was attached a many-pleated hempen petticoat spun by her own hands. Rough embroidery on sleeves and apron lent the necessary touch of color, the blue eyes of the Slavoi flashed from beneath her brilliant headgear. Young girls might be winnowing beans a little further down by the simple expedient of shaking a sieve in a breezy corner, a man with a round flower-bedecked hat set low over her deep brown eyes—a Hungarian this, with bare feet—strutted into what were apparently Turkish slippers—would perhaps drive a team of oxen up the street—magnificent beats, milk-white, and standing sixteen hands high, with horns measuring six feet from tip to tip. A light cart made of round poles would next dash past, piled high with freshly-cut fodder, and drawn by two well-bred horses—small, finely-shaped animals, with delicate heads, that would have looked more in place in plated harness than in this rough panoply of chain and rope. The carpenter, seeming cool and at ease in his baggy canvas clothes, generally worked in front of his house, a distant "chink, chink" sounded perpetually from the forge. It was common enough to see a woman plastering her house, pausing every now and then to draw with her slender brown forefinger patterns on the wet surface—pomegranates and curving leaves—the lines wonderfully bold and sweeping, during the long cold winter months she would work out similar designs on the coarse linen, the produce of her own fields, with colored threads spun and dyed by herself. Yes, there could be no doubt that the village people worked hard enough, yet nevertheless they were far from prosperous, and they one and all attributed their lack of prosperity to Sam the Jew. A Slavonian village cannot exist, it is said, without its Jew; but many a time the rural population in this particular hamlet wished that they could shake the yoke of the Itacitic from their bowed necks. Everyone knew that Sam had wealth untold. While these poor human ants were suffering to hide away barely so much of their crops as would keep body and soul together, it was rumored that in his storerooms underground he had laid by treasures such as no one in the place had ever dreamt of. He would disappear sometimes for days together, and though he never gave any account of his journeys, everyone knew, of course, that they were undertaken solely for the purpose of adding to his ill-gotten gains. Ah! he was a wicked man, Sam the Jew, wicked, and clever and mysterious, and universally feared. The peasants hated him, but were obliged to smile, and nod faintly, not to say cringingly, when they met, for had not the cunning old fellow spread his claws over every loaf of bread, every ear of wheat, every beanstalk in the whole neighborhood? He would take his tithes of all when the harvest was reaped; he could at any moment draw in those outspiced claws of his and crush the luckless wight who had offended him. Therefore it was better to civilly nod and bearing, what things were said! What complaints, what accusations, what threats were muttered against him! Even little Rosalia, his motherless child, did not escape, but was reviled, she poor innocent, almost as frequently as her father. She was a true chip of the old block; she said, a cunning, avaticious mite. "Why, look you," one neighbor would remark to the other, "that child can count already better than so she will be helping her father to

any in the school. In another year or adrop his bill, and, who knows, perhaps urging him to stick us up yet more tightly. "Yes, indeed," the other gossily would respond, "my mind misgives me at her being so clever." The very children looked scornfully at Rosalie, and drew away their scanty little skirts when they sat next her at school. But one day Sister Magdalen, the delicate nun who was staying at the convent for the good of her health, said a strange thing about Rosalie. She had come into school for a few moments while one of the other nuns were called away, and emboldened by her feebleness the children had begun to play pranks, and one boy had rudely jostled Rosalie, calling her at the same time "a dirty little Jew." Sister Magdalen lifted up her pale face "Come here, Rosalie," she said, and took the child upon her knee; then, raising her thin white hand, she pointed to a picture on the wall. "Look yonder, children; can you tell me what that picture means?" There was a simultaneous chirping of many voices. "Pan Jezsis blessing little children!" "Very good. Well, do you know what these little children were? There were no Christians then, remember, our holy religion had not yet been established. They were little Jews like Rosalie, but Pan Jezsis said, "Sufer little children to come unto Me." The little scholars were very much astonished, and no one more so than Rosalie herself, she had heard of the Lord Jesus before, and had even learnt one or two hymns about Him, which she was careful never to sing in her father's hearing, for once when she had ignorantly mentioned that name he had struck her; but she had never supposed it possible that He could have loved Jews like her, or been kind to them. Going home that day, she offered one of her companions a share of her supper if she would tell her about Pan Jezsis, and the little girl complied, relating in who knows what garbled, childish fashion, the glory of His Life and Death, and finally drawing her Crucifix from her pocket, and pointing to the Figure. "That's Pan Jezsis," she said and kissed it. "Me, too," cried Rosalie. "Not you," returned the little girl, much scandalized. "You are a Jew—and it was the Jews who killed him!" So Rosalie went home, very sad, and finding herself alone in the garden, she cut a hazel wand and peeled it, and tied it cross-wise together with a blade of grass, and set it up against an apple tree; then she knelt down before it, and clasped her hands as she had seen the children do in school. "Pan Jezsis!" she said, "Pan Jezsis!" But her father coming up, and seeing her thus engaged, snatched away her wand and broke it into fragments, and beat her cruelly. Oh, he was a wicked man, was Sam! On July Saturday the priest went through the village, blessing every house with the Paschal Holy Water, the Jew's house was the only one on which the benison did not fall. Rosalie stood within the doorway, finger on lip, her bright eyes looking out eagerly from each side of her little hooked nose. When the priest had passed by she came out, and followed him down the street, noting how each Christian house had a cross carved or painted over the lintel of the door. "What is that for?" she asked, pausing suddenly opposite an old woman whom she knew to be more good-natured than the rest, and pointing with her sunburnt finger. "Why, that is the Blessed Cross, my little one, we keep it here to protect us from evil." "Ah," said Rosalie, and she went on her way with a drooping head, thinking wistfully how nice it would be if she could have a cross painted over her doorway to keep away all harmful things. On Sundays she used to watch the village folk hurrying to church, all dressed so finely, and looking so blithe. She was never allowed to wear an embroidered bodice, or ribbons in her hair, she was dressed in uninteresting bourgeois clothes, very ugly and badly made. Her home was not far from the church, and she could hear the organ and the people singing, once or twice a year they walked in procession through the village and right across the plain, a tall boy carrying the cross. Rosalie would have loved to follow, too, and sometimes tried to imagine herself veiled in white like one of the elder village maidens, and walking demurely with folded hands. She even pleased herself occasionally by fancying herself carrying a banner—there is no limit to dream-land, and the notion made her very happy. One day, as she stood on the doorstep gazing wistfully after the vanishing procession, her father roughly desired her to take the rocks to the pasture. Sam's Rocks were of a mixed order. There were goats and pigs, and geese, and even a lean cow or two. Rosalie collected them all, and drove them before her out of the farmyard gate, and down the village street, and along the grassy lane beneath the willows; but she conducted them in a somewhat curious fashion. Once the village was safely left behind, and she found herself in the shade of the friendly willows, she passed, drew from her pocket a limp and ragged handkerchief which she fastened crosswise upon her head; then she broke and trimmed a green branch, stripping the stem of twigs

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease. and foliage, but leaving a cluster at the top, and finally, she marshalled her flock, which had stopped when she stopped and was now dispersed about the lane. Having collected fowls and beasts, she went on again, walking very sedately, holding her green banner aloft, and singing a hymn under her breath. Poor little Rosalie she had no intention of being irreverent, but she was bent on having her own procession, and followed it with an innocent heart as any among that distant throng of worshippers. She was not quite seven years old when the great event happened which altered the whole course of her life. The village folk said they had known all along that Sam would come to a bad end, but I fancy that most of them were secretly a good deal surprised when he was taken up and led away to prison. There were quite a number of charges against him, theft, embezzlement, the receiving of stolen goods, conspiracy even. Truly Sam was a wicked fellow! The village folk stood about their doorways and collected in knots in the street, it was astonishing how virtuous they all felt. The Judge walked up and down with his hands in his pockets, as though he were not at that moment smoking smuggled tobacco. Young Ludovic, the ne'er-do-well, was loud in scorn, one almost forgot that he had removed the hinges from the Castle gates last week, besides trapping a number of hares. As for Widow Szilag, she perhaps made the greatest outcry of them all, and was particularly indignant at the notion of the Jew receiving stolen goods; no one would have guessed that at that moment three sackfuls of the best sating apples in the Schloss orchard were hidden under her bed, awaiting the moment when Yozso Knotek, who had committed them to her charge, should find it convenient to remove them. Such virtuous indignation, indeed, had not been known in the village for many a long day; a share of it was directed against little Rosalie—was she not one, as some one poetically said, of a brood of vipers? The child had run out of the house when the police came to fetch her father; had she been a few years older she would probably have been arrested, too, as an accomplice, as it was, the tyrannids of the law gave no thought of her. After having searched the house, they marched away with the culprit, leaving one officer to keep watch over Sam's ill-gotten goods. When at dusk Rosalie emerged from her hiding-place, and tremblingly made her way home, she found a big, bearded man in possession of the house, and immediately fled away again, calling her neighbors looked at her askance, in their present lofty condition of mind they would have been ashamed to speak to such a wicked little child. Rosalie wandered up and down the street, pausing every now and then before some open door, she had cried till she was sick and faint, and had eaten nothing all day. Very bright and inviting did the interior of the neighbors' houses seem, with all the little flaxen heads gathered about the stove, and the mother dealing out the evening meal. "Here, my little bird, my little love," she was saying, perhaps, to one child, when her glance would chance to fall on Rosalie, and immediately her note would change to "wretched little" and "little serpent!" then. The old woman who had spoken good-naturedly to her about the cross was, it must be owned, less lofty in her ideals than the generality of village folk, for she was actually touched by the little reprobate's piteous, tear-beslobbered face. "You must be fited out, my dear," she said quite kindly. "Run home, and go to bed." "But the strange man is there," faltered Rosalie, with a sob that almost rent her ugly dress. "Why, the strange man will not eat; he is staying in the house; to take care of it. Art thou hungry?" "Yes," said Rosalie, with the tears rolling down her poor grimy cheeks. "Here, then, is a fine piece of bread. Now, run away home." "May I not stay here?" pleaded the child, gazing wistfully in the benevolent face. "But there is a limit to benevolence. Even this kind old woman could not make up her mind actually to harbor the Jew child. Why, they might, perhaps, put her in prison. She said so in round terms to Rosalie, and finally shut the door in her face. The child went lagging up the street again, pocketing, with secretive racial instinct, the black bread which she had not the heart to eat. She would ask no one to receive her, but walked on, her little chest heaving, her eyes gazing straight in front of her, till she reached the church. Here she came to a pause, and after some cogitation sat down upon the step, and drawing her bread from her pocket, munched it slowly, watering it with the while with her tears. The nuns were singing Vespers, Rosalie could hear their voices quite plainly through the door. Had they guessed that the forlorn little creature was sitting without, they would have gladly taken her in, but the summer holidays were now in progress, and the convent was for the time severed from the outer world; it knew nothing of Rosalie's tragedy. Gradually, as she crouched there, she grew more tranquil, and by-and-by, her bread being finished, she raised her head and looked about

her. The nuns had finished their devotions, but through the key-hole of the church door a little ray of light was stealing. Rosalie knew it came from the lamp which burned night and day in the Sanctuary. Then, she got up close up to the door, as she had often seen her schoolmates do, she applied her lips to the key hole, breathing a prayer through it after the custom of the Slavonian peasants. The little Jew girl knew no prayers except those which she heard her companions repeat in school, and these she was murmuring with great fervor when suddenly she started back, perhaps Pan Jezsis would be angry; everyone was angry with her to-day! She had no right to send her voice into His Holy Place—He might come out and kill her. Terrified at the thought, she turned and ran away with all speed, never pausing to look back till she had left the village precincts behind, and stood, a mere speck, on the border of the immeasurable plain. When she stopped she caught her breath with a little gasp. She had fled from Pan Jezsis, and lo! here he was confronting her—the Figure, at least, of the Crucifix, suddenly, as it seemed, reared itself before her. In her fright she had run to the very foot of the great cross which the Lady of the Schloss had recently erected by the roadside. The Figure which hung upon it was life-size and artistically colored, so that to little Rosalie it seemed as though she were indeed gazing upon the Christ Himself could she have been afraid of Him! What a kind, kind Face He had—how loving amid all its sorrow! And the Arms were stretched out, as she had heard one of the nuns say once, to embrace the whole world, to call all to Him! Rosalie's father had never allowed her to linger by this cross, and she gazed at it now for the first time long and earnestly. Oh, the suffering Face, the pierced Hands and Feet, the Blood! What had they done to Him? "Poor Pan Jezsis!" said the little Jew girl, and she kissed the sculptured Feet with tears springing to her eyes. Then she crouched down beneath the crucifix, flinging her arms about its base. "I will stay here," said Rosalie. "The cross will keep all harm away from me, I will stay here with poor Pan Jezsis!" There was a beautiful moon that night—fine and large and glowing, a real harvest moon—and a band of harvesters set out, according to the custom of the place, to reap in the dewy coolness. They trooped along gaily, scythes and sickles glittering in the brilliant light, laughing and talking to each other gaily enough. As they drew near the great crucifix which guarded the plain, they doffed their hats, and were preparing as usual to kneel and utter simultaneously a short prayer, when one of their number suddenly cried out, and pointed with a somewhat unsteady finger. "What is that—what is that at the foot of the cross? Is it a spirit?" "An angel, perhaps," said a woman, devoutly making the sign of the cross. The leader of the party approached. "Nay, it is a child," he cried. "Neighbors, it is the little Jew girl." "The little Jew girl!" they echoed, in astonishment. "At the foot of the cross!" "Yes, poor innocent! Her arms are holding it tight, but she is fast asleep. The poor babe, who would have thought of her coming here!" They looked at one another remorsefully. "Everyone drove her away," said someone, "and so she took refuge with Pan Jezsis." They clucked their tongues and shook their heads commiseratingly, then the woman stretched out her arms. "Give her to me!" she murmured. Rosalie awoke at early dawn to find herself very warm and comfortable, but amid strange surroundings. The pattern of the feather pillows over and under her was unfamiliar, stretching out her hand, she encountered another little hand, warm and moist, and, lifting up her head, she discovered another head—a downy flaxen head nestling in the cushion on which her own had lain in the sleeping face she recognized little Milly, one of her school friends; and Milly's mother now appeared in the doorway, wreathed in smiles. "How have you slept, my little one?" she enquired. It was one of the women who had yesterday driven her from the door with so many harsh words. But now everyone, it seemed, loved Rosalie. The whole village was eager to show her kindness. They called her "the blessed child," and some again gave her the name of "Child of the Cross," for they considered the fact of her having been inspired to take refuge there as a special sign of Heaven's favor. Others took the matter more simply and naturally, and were merely touched at the notion of the poor little outcast clinging to the foot of the altar to the school children. "Did I not say well," she asked them, "when I told you it was little children like Rosalie of whom Pan Jezsis said 'Forbid them not'! Yes, and He said again 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'!" The children reported this speech to their parents, and they nodded sagely, and agreed that it was true. Shortly after his committal to prison wicked old Sam caught a fever and died; his goods were forfeited, yet nevertheless little Rosalie never knew want. When last I saw her she was gazing ducks by the big

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pond in the Schloss grounds, and lustily singing a new hymn. She knew many hymns now, and it is said that she may possibly carry a banner at the next procession.—M. E. Francis, in The Irish Monthly.

BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH AT ST ANNE'S, PENN'S POINT, MUSKOKA LAKE. Wednesday, July 23, was a great day at the pretty little church of St Anne's, Penn's Point, Muskoka Lake.

Diocese of Peterborough. Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, accompanied by Archdeacon Casey and Father Maguire, Father Kelly, of Trout Creek, and Mr. Crawley and Father Collins, of Bracebridge, paid a visit for the purpose of blessing a bell for the tower and to give Confirmation to two boys, Cornelius Carmody and Albert Whitaker. A temporary stand had been erected outside the church and the bell, which weighs upwards of 400 pounds, after being blessed by His Lordship in the presence of the assembled people, was raised to its place on the stand, and with the able assistance of the Archdeacon, who sang the first Angelus, and Father Maguire, its melodious sounds were made to resound over the waters of Lake Muskoka. For the first time in its history St. Anne's had the honor and happiness of having five Masses celebrated on the one day, and at the last Mass Father Kelly preached a beautiful discourse on the "Immediate Judgment After Death," taking for his text the words of St. Luke xxi., 1. "Give an account of thy stewardship, for now thou canst be steward no longer." After describing how each one would be judged at his death, in the very time and place of death, by an Almighty and just God, he spoke of the happiness of those, who in spite of all the troubles and trials of this life, had kept the law of God and were now to receive their eternal reward. Then of the terror and misery of those who after a life of carelessness and pleasure, died in their sins and were now to secure their sentence of eternal punishment. And in conclusion he urged all his hearers so to shape their lives that at death they might hear those consoling words of Our Lord "Come ye blessed of My Father," etc. The Bishop then in a few beautifully chosen words spoke of the ceremony he was about to perform, giving in simple plain language the reasons for and the effects of the Sacrament of Confirmation. Afterwards he spoke to the boys themselves in a kindly, fatherly manner and exacted three promises from them both to say their daily prayers, to go to confession and Communion at least once a year, and not to touch liquor of any kind till they were 21. The little church looked very beautiful, clear and bright, and His Lordship was much pleased with the Improvements made since his last visit. The priests were both surprised and pleased to find as Father Maguire said "such a perfect little gem of a church" in the wilds of Muskoka. It is, I believe, the smallest church in the diocese of Ontario, but is complete in all details, with tower, sacristy, chancel and stained windows. Father Collins deserves great praise and credit for building and beautifying such a pretty little church for the benefit of the lakes.

Next morning, as our good Bishop and his priests were leaving the wharf the new bell of St. Anne's pealed forth a parting salute in their honor.

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MARGARET OF DESMOND

OR,

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

A Romance of Kildare.

By GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

"Her sire an earl—her dame of prince's blood
In his her hue, and Geraldine she light."
—Sonnet on the Countess of Lincoln

The Fabii make not a more distinguished figure in the history of the ancient Roman, or the Medici in that of the modern Tuscan State, than do the family of the Geraldines in the troubled tale of Ireland's miseries. Whenever the annals of the island shall be treated by a competent pen, they will not fail to be classed, by all impartial judges, among the most remarkable families in history. Their errors, and, perhaps, in many instances their crimes, were great; but their undaunted courage—their natural eloquence—their vigorous genius—and their hereditary open-heartedness, are qualities which will be as certain of awakening admiration, as their misfortunes of exciting pity. The story of the Earls of Kildare committs such a piece of history as full of interest and incident, and the genius of Plutarch would have delighted in the plucky sayings, heroic actions, and touches of character, in which the annals of the family abound.

During the reign of the Tudors, a deadly feud had raged for many years between one of the Earls of Kildare and a Chieftain—a branch of the Geraldines, residing in a distant part of Munster. The Geraldine coveted his rights, as well as those of his country, invaded by the excessive rigor, and even injustice, with which Kildare (who was Lord Deputy) administered the government; and the Earl was so highly incensed by what he called the turbulence and malice of his kinsman, that he protested his determination not to lay down his arms until he had compelled him to make submission, "albeit he should leave him, as a common borderer, cut off by the knee." In this resolution he received the entire sanction of the English Government, who seldom were hard upon their deputies for an excess of zeal.

Outworn by continued defeats, and feeling deeply for the sufferings which his fruitless resistance had brought on his dependents, the gallant Geraldine testified at length his willingness to make terms, and offered to come in person to the metropolis, in order to make a formal submission to the Viceroy. He was not so despicable an enemy that even the haughty Earl was not reconciled at his proposal. He was received in Dublin with the highest testimonies of respect and joy. The Earl gave splendid entertainments, to which many, not only of the substantial citizens of the Pale, but of the native Irish Chieftains, were invited; and the public places of the city, for several days, were thronged with a motley company of revellers, mingling with a confidence as enthusiastic as if they had not been for centuries as bitter enemies, as oppression on the one side, and hate and outrage on the other, could make them.

On the second night after the arrival of the Geraldine in Dublin, a party of horse, bearing the marks of long travel in the jaded carriage both of the animals and their riders, appeared on the borders of the Pale, which they had entered by one of the northern roads. They were commanded by a young man of an appearance not once delicate and martial. The garments and humble artisans doffed their bonnets as they passed him on the road, and the peasants saluted, and sufficed him to go unquestioned. As they approached the city, the sounds of rejoicing, which were distinctly heard in the calm air, awakened the attention and curiosity of the group.

"Ride on before, Thomas," said the young officer, addressing the page who bore his shield and helmet, "and ask what feasting is toward in the city."

The page spurred in his horse, and was making inquiries at the booth of a new-looking vendor of woollen

stuffs, returned to say that the Geraldine was in the city.

"The Geraldine! What—bath he taken it, then?"

"Nay," cried the page, "if it were so, I question whether the Pale would be so orderly. He has come to make submission to the King."

"To make submission!" repeated the young man. "This seems a tale no less improbable than the other. Alas! such wisdom is rare in a Geraldine. The poor Isle has suffered deeply for the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Poor, miserable land! Give me the helmet. We must not pass the Geraldine unarmed. How long is it now since this quarrel was begun?"

"Near sixteen years, my lord."

"Thou sayest aright. I remember to have heard it on my mother's knee. I well remember how Kildare returned to the castle on an autumn evening, all black with dust and sweat, and how she flew to meet him, while I marked his rusty javelin, and puzzled my brains to comprehend its use. I am not so ignorant now. Ill-fated country! How many lives, dost thou compute, have already fallen in this feud?"

"It is thought, my lord, some seventy or eighty soldiers of the Pale, with about seventeen thousand of the Irish in various encounters; besides castles sacked, about fifty; towns and villages demolished to the number of fifteen; and private dwellings of the common sort, to the amount of some thousand roofs. The Pale, too, suffered loss of property; a woollen draper's booth destroyed, besides some twenty cabins in the suburbs laid in ashes."

"Pray you, Thomas, who might be your accompant?"

"My cousin Simmons, my lord, the city ballist—your lordship may remember him."

"Ay, I thought the computation had been made within the Pale. And what was the beginning of the strife?"

"The insolent Geraldine, my lord, had the audacity to turn a troop of the Lord Deputy's horse—"

"Out of a widow's house upon his holding, where they would have taken up their quarters for a fortnight in the scarce season. This insolent Geraldine! I long to see the disloyal knave. Know you if the Lady Margaret, his daughter, be with him in the city?"

"My lord, the woollen draper spoke not of her."

"I long to know them both. Report speaks loudly of her, no less than of the Geraldine himself. But here's the city. Good-morrow, masters! Thank you heartily, than you all! O'Neill is quiet in the North, my masters! Long live the King! Hurra!"

The last sentences were spoken as the young warrior passed the city gate, where he was recognized and hailed, by a holiday crowd of the loyal citizens, with shouts of welcome that made the houses tremble around them. Kildare forever! Long live the King, hurra!" was echoed from the city gate to the very drawbridge of the Castle. The young nobleman, who had, amid all this gallantry and gaudy, a certain air that showed him to be above the reach of party spirit, received their congratulations with spirit and cheerfulness, but without losing a moment's time either to speak or hear. The streets, as he passed, presented an appearance singular and altogether new to his eye. The Irish green bonnet (or barret) seemed as common as the cap of the Pale; kernes who spoke not a syllable of English were gazing at the splendor of the city; and citizens, standing in their booths, stared with no less amazement at the unshorn locks, wild looks and woodland attire of their new allies. Passing on to St Thomas' Court, where the Lord Deputy at that time transacted the business of the Government, Sir Ulick Fitzgerald, the young knight whose course we have been following, alighted from his horse, and sent one of the officers to inform the Lord Deputy of his arrival. He was received by Kildare in the King's

chamber, and gave an account of the state of affairs in the North, where he had, for some months past, occupied the place of the Lord Deputy himself.

"Thou art welcome, Ulick, from the North," said Kildare, reaching his hand to his son, who kissed it with reverence and affection. "And now, how hast thou done thy work, my lad?"

"Like a true soldier of the Pale, my lord," replied Sir Ulick. "I taught the rascals what it was to have to do with a friend of England. Thou and our royal master, I am sure, will love me for it."

"What said O'Neill at the conference?"

"O my good father, bid me not repeat his insolence. He said his lands and castles were in the keeping of his ancestors before the very name of Ireland had sounded in the ear of a Plantagenet;—that we used our power cruelly—(we, my lord, cruelly—and I could ever upon mine honor as a knight, we have not piked about twelve score of the rascal's Irishry, except on holidays, when we wanted exercise for the hobblers. We cruel!); he complained also of trespass on the property of his dependents (what!—had we touched their lives, my lord!); he said all men were naturally free; that he derived his possessions from his progenitors, not from the royal gift, and many things beside, for which I would have set his head upon his castle gate; but as your lordship recommended clemency, I only hanged a cousin of his, whom we caught in the camp after dark."

"Ulick," said the Earl, "thou art a bantering villain; and I warn thee, as the Geraldines stand not over well with Tudor, how thou sufferest such humors to appear, and before whom. It has been remarked, and by those who might not pierce thine irony, that thou art rather a favorer of these turbulent insurgents. Thou art over mild with the rebels."

"It is a mending fault, my lord," said Sir Ulick; "in the service of Tudor it will soon wear off."

"I tell thee," said the Earl, "it is thought by many that thine heart is less with the people of the Pale than might become the descendant of those who have grown old in the royal confidence and favor, and transmitted both as a legacy to their posterity. Thou hast learned the language of these rascally Irishry."

"I confess my crime, my lord," replied the Knight; "I know my country's tongue."

"Thou lovest their braggart poetry and villainous antiquities; and art known to keep in thy train a scoundrel harper, who sings thee to sleep at night with tales of burnings and rapines, done by their outlaw chiefs upon the honest subjects of the Crown."

"I confess my fault, my lord. I love sweet music."

"Thou hast even been heard at times," continued the Earl, "to sing a verse of their howling ditties in the very precincts of the castle."

"Nay, nay, good father," cried the Knight, "if you will impute my tuneful voice as treasonous, blame nature and not me, for I had it of her. I confess myself guilty in that point also. There is a rebel melody in my voice that I cannot well be rid of."

"Ay, banter, banter, villain," said the Lord Deputy. "I tell thee in a word, to treasure up what I have said, nor presume so far upon thy loyal deeds to excuse disloyal words. Princec are jealous of a smile, Thou must bear in mind that it is with a conquered race, thou hast to deal withal, and add a fiddle to the rod of government."

"I shall learn, my lord, I hope, as aptly as my predecessors Eric I am twice Lord Deputy I shall amend."

"And now," said the Earl, "to thy chamber, and prepare to meet the Geraldine at evening. In a few days, he makes formal submission to the King before the Lords of Council at Kilmalham Castle; and to-night he must be entertained as becomes a Geraldine of his birth and breeding. Farewell!"

CHAPTER II.

Spirited, lively, and yet filled with generous affection, the young Knight was not less calculated to attract admiration in the hall than in the field. He was early at the festival, and met the Geraldine in his father's presence. The latter was a swart stout-built man, with a brow that spoke of many dangers braved and difficulties withstood. If not overcome. Unaccustomed to the polished raffery of a court, the stubborn Chief was somewhat dis-

posed, at first, to be offended with Sir Ulick, who addressed him in a tone of ironical reproof, and upbraided him in eloquent terms with the unreasonableness and schism of his withholding from the conquerors possessions and immunities which he and his ancestors had so long enjoyed, and which it was but fair that they should yield at last to those poor adventurers whose services the Tudors had no other means of rewarding. "Did the Geraldine, or his confederates, consider what the Tudors owed those men to whom they were indebted for the subjugation of so large a province—and would they be so ungenerous as to withhold from the Sovereign the means of recompensing so pliable a public service," etc.

The Geraldine, who did not understand irony, was observed two or three times to bend his brows upon the youth, but had his ire removed by some gracious turn in the language, introduced with timely promptitude. The hall of the festival was now thrown open, and Sir Ulick, standing at the farther end, summoned to his side his favorite attendant, Thomas Butler, from whom he inquired the names of such guests as, in entering, had attracted his attention.

"I pray thee, gentle Thomas," said Sir Ulick, "what man is that with a cast in his right eye, with a coolan as thick and as bushy as a fox's tail, and as carrot-red withal, and a sword that seems at deadly feud with its owner's calves?"

"Who is he, my lord? That is O'Carroll, who thrashed MacMurrough at the Boyne, for burning his cousin's castle and piking his children in the bog."

"And who is she that hangs upon his arm?"

"His daughter, Nell, my lord, who ate the tip of MacMurrough's liver, with a flagon of wine, for dinner, on the day after the battle."

"Sweet creature! And that round, short, fleshy, merry little man with the chain?"

"That is the Mayor, my lord."

"And that lofty lady who comes after him like a grenadier behind a drummer?"

"The Lady-Maivress, my lord, who took her husband upon her shoulders and ran off with him to the city, when he would fain have fought, single-handed, with an enormous O'Toole who set upon them as they were taking a morning walk to Cullenswood."

"Her stature stood him in good stead. And who are they who follow close behind?"

"Burke, of Carricarde, and O'Moore, who hanged and quartered the four widows, in O'Hally, for speaking against the cosherings on the poor."

"And the ladies?"

"Their wives and daughters, who were by at the quartering."

"A goodly company. But, hush!"

"What is it, my lord, that you would ask?"

"Hush! Hush! Canst thou tell me, Thomas, what lady is that in yellow, as far beyond the rest in beauty of person as in the graceful simplicity of her attire?"

"That, my lord," said the attendant, "is your cousin, Margaret Fitzgerald, and the only daughter of the Geraldine."

"Fame, that exaggerates all portraitures, fell short in hers. My cousin Margaret. Away, good Thomas, I care not to learn more."

Approaching the circle of which the fair Geraldine formed a chief attraction, Sir Ulick was introduced to his young relative. The evening passed happily away in her society; and before many days they were better friends than, perhaps, themselves suspected, or the parents of either would have readily approved. Both freely communicated their thoughts and wishes on the condition of their families and country. Both mourned the divided interests that distracted the latter, and the wretched jealousies which seemed destined to keep the well wishers of the island for ever disinclined in themselves, and therefore utterly incapable of promoting her advantage. Such themes as these formed the subject of conversation, one evening, while the dance went gaily forward, and the hall of the banquet seemed more than usually thronged with brilliant dresses.

"Now, at least, cousin Margaret," said Sir Ulick, in a gentle voice, "we may promise ourselves brighter times. Our fathers seem better agreed on every interview; and so nearly do their tempers harmonize, that I am sure it need not an earlier intimacy to render them as fervent friends

as they have been strenuous enemies. Hark! What is that noise?"

While he spoke, the sounds of mirth were interrupted in a startling manner by loud and angry voices at the end of the hall, which was occupied by the Lord Deputy and other chieftains of every party. Before the time was given for question or reply, the words of the Lord Deputy were exchanged for the clash of weapons, and in an instant the scene of merriment was changed to a spectacle of horror and affright. The music ceased, and the dance was broken up, the women shrieked, while of the men, some joined the combatants, whom others sought to separate by flinging cloaks, scarfs, caps and various articles of dress across the glancing weapons. A truce was thus enforced, and then Sir Ulick learned with indignation that the hot-blooded Geraldine had struck his father. The news soon spread into the streets, where a strife began that was not so easily to be appeased. The followers of the Geraldine, whose hearts were never with the treaty of submission, seemed glad of the occasion given to break it off. They fell upon the citizens, who were not slow in flying to their weapons; and a scene of tumult ensued which made the streets re-echo from the river-side to the hills. The Geraldines were driven from the city, not without loss, and their Chieftain found himself on horseback, without the walls, and further from the royal countenance than ever. He was with difficulty able to rescue his daughter, who, on the first sound of strife, had immediately placed herself by his side.

CHAPTER III.

The war now recommenced with double fury. The Lord Deputy received orders from London to have the Geraldine taken, dead or alive, and set his head, according to the fashion of those times, upon the Castle gate. In obedience to these instructions, which needed not the concurrence of his own hearty good will, Kildare marched an army to the South, and after several engagements, laid siege to the Geraldine in one of his strongest castles. The ruins still occupy a solitary crag, surrounded by a rushy march, at a little distance from New Auburn. The place was naturally strong; and the desperation of the besieged made it altogether impregnable. After several fruitless efforts, attended by severe loss to the assailants, to possess themselves of the castle by storm, it was placed in a state of blockade, and the Lord Deputy, encamping in the neighborhood, left famine to complete the work which his arms had failed to accomplish.

With different feelings, Sir Ulick, who held a subordinate command in the army of his father, beheld the days run by, which were to end in surrender, or (as was more probable from the well-known character of the Geraldine) in the destruction and death of the besieged. Two months rolled on, and there appeared no symptom on the part of the latter that indicated a desire to come to terms. Such, likewise, was the fidelity with which those feudal chiefs were served by their followers, that not a single deserter escaped from the castle to reveal the real state of its defenders. They appeared upon the battlements as hearty and as well accoutred as on the first day of the blockade.

Meantime, there was no lack of spirit in the castle. The storehouse was well supplied for a blockade of many months; and the Geraldine depended much on a letter he had sent, beneath the wings of a carrier pigeon, to a distant part of Desmond. The days passed merrily between watching and amusement, and the frequent sounds of mirth and dancing from within showed that the besieged were thinking of something else besides giving up the fortress.

One evening Margaret, retiring to her chamber, gave orders to her woman to attend her. The latter obeyed, and was employed in assisting her lady to undress when the following conversation passed between them:

"You have not discovered by whom the letter was left in the eastern bolt-hole?"

"The woman answered in the negative."

"Take this," said Margaret, handing the maid a small wooden tablet, as white as snow, except where it was marked by her own neat characters. "Take this, and lay it exactly where the former was deposited. Yet stay! Let me compare the notes again, to be sure that I have worded

mine answer aright. Sweet Margaret.—Be persuaded by one who loves thy welfare. Let thy sweet voice urge the Geraldine to give up the fortress which he must yield perforce ere long, and with sorer loss perchance than that of life and property. Thy friendly enemy unknown." Well said, my friendly enemy—not quite perhaps so unknown as thou esteemest,—now for mine answer.—"Kind, friendly enemy—Thine eloquence will be much better spent on Kildare, in urging him to raise the siege, than my poor accents on the stubborn Geraldine. Wherefore, I commend thee to thy task, and warn thee to beware of my kinsmen's bills, which, how shrewdly they can bite, none ought to know better than the Lord Deputy and his followers. Thy thankful foe."

The tablet was laid on the window, and disappeared in the course of the night. On that which followed, while Margaret and her maid were occupied, as before, in preparing for rest, a noise at the window aroused the attention of the mistress, and struck the woman mute with terror. Dismissing the latter into the sleeping chamber, which lay adjacent, and carefully shutting the door, the daughter of the Geraldine advanced to the window, and unbarred the curtained lattice. A brilliant moon revealed the lake, in the midst of which the castle rose upon the summit of a rock, the guarded causeway by which it was connected with the shore, the distant camp of Kildare and too tranquil woods and hills extending far around. Beneath her, on the rock appeared a figure, the identity of which she could not for an instant mistake, but how it came thither, to what intent, and wherefore undetected, was more than she had the skill to penetrate. Perhaps, like a second Leander, he had braved the waves with no other oar than his own vigorous limbs! But the stern of a little curragh, peeping from beneath the overhanging rock, gave intimation that Sir Ulick (for he, indeed, it was) knew a trick worth two of Leander's. Waving his hand to Margaret, he ascended the formidable crag which still separated him from the window of her apartment, and came even within whispering distance. He did but come to be sure that she, at least, was not in want of food. It so happened that this side of the rock alone was unguarded, being supposed impregnable from the steepness of its ascent, as well as that of the opposite shore. Sir Ulick, however, gliding under the shadow of the distant cliff, and only venturing to dart for the isle when the sky was darkest, had already visited it for three successive nights, and seemed, at every new venture, more secure in his secret. The alarm of Margaret, however, was excessive. The discovery of an intercourse would be certain death to one of them—for the Geraldine, in a case of treason, whether real or apparent, would not spare his nearest blood. The same, as Sir Ulick was himself aware, was true of the Lord Deputy. Made bold, however, by impunity, he quelled the lady's fears, and without much difficulty, communicated to her mind the security of his own. His visits were continued for a week without interruption, after which period the fair Geraldine observed, with perplexity and uneasiness, that they terminated abruptly, nor did she, for an equal space of time, see or hear anything that could account for this sudden disappearance of her accomplished friend.

One night, as she sat in her window, looking out with the keenest anxiety for the little wicker skiff, she observed, with a thrill of eagerness and delight, some dark object gliding close beneath the cliffs upon the opposite shore. At length a friendly face of the "welcome satellite;" and in a few minutes the plash of oars, scarce louder than the ripple of the wavelets against the rock, gave token to the watchful ear of Margaret, of the arrival of the long-expected knight. A figure ascends the rock, the lattice is unbarred, there is sufficient light to peruse the form and features of the stranger. It is not Sir Ulick, but Thomas Butler, the fidus Achates, and only constant of the youthful knight.

"What, Thomas, is it thou? Where is thy lord?"

"Ah, lady, it is all over with Sir Ulick!"

"How sayest thou?"

"He is taken, lady, by the Lord Deputy's servants, and stands condemned in the article of treason."

"These dreadful tidings, acting on spirits already depressed, by a sul-



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den disappointment, proved too much for Margaret's strength, and she fainted away in the window. On recovering, she obtained from Thomas a full detail of the circumstances which had occurred to Sir Ulick, since his last appearance at the island, and the cause in which they had their origin.

About a week before, the Lord Deputy was sitting, at evening, in his tent, when a scout arrived to solicit a private audience. It was granted; and the man avowed that he had discovered a treasonable communication between the inhabitants of the island and the shore. In his indignation at this announcement, Kildare made a vow that the wretch, whoever he was, should be cast alive into the Raven's Nest, and appointed a party to watch on the following night on the shore beside the cliffs for the return of the traitor from the rock. Having given the men strict injunctions to bring the villain bound before him the instant he should be apprehended, he ordered a torch to be lighted in his tent, and remained up, to await the issue.

Towards morning, footsteps were heard approaching the entrance of the tent. The sentry challenged, and admitted the party. The astonishment of Kildare may be conceived, when, in the fettered and detected traitor, against whom he had been fostering his liveliest wrath, he beheld his gallant son, the gay and heroic Ulick! The latter did not deny that he had made several nightly visits to the island; but denied, with scorn, the imputation of treasonable designs, although he refused to give an account of what his real motives were. After long endeavors, no less by menace than entreaty, to induce him to reveal the truth, the Lord Deputy addressed him, with a kindness which affected him more than his severity.

"I believe thee, Ulick," he said. "I am sure thou art no traitor. Nevertheless, thy father must not be thy judge. Go, plead thy cause before the Lords of Council, and see if they will yield thee as ready a credit. I fear thou wilt find it otherwise, but thou hast thyself to blame."

A court was formed, in the course of a few days, consisting of Kildare himself, as President, and a few of the Council who were summoned for

(Continued on page 8.)

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease...

TUMULT IN FRANCE

People Object to the Closing of the Religious Schools and Fighting Has Begun.

Paris, July 28.—There were several demonstrations on Sunday in connection with the decree of the Premier ordering the closing of congregational schools...

Though many fights occurred, they never became general, nor was any person seriously injured. An imposing force of police and mounted municipal guards had much trouble in keeping the manifestants constantly moving...

A striking feature of the manifestation was the large number of women who actively participated. Nor were these all clerical in their sympathies...

The demonstrations culminated when a group of thirty ladies, some in carriages and some on foot, headed by Mesdames Reille, de Mun, Chérel and de Pommerol, attempted to reach the Ministry of the Interior...

The Church has always been the firm patron of letters, and the preserver of ancient literature. Her ancient schools of every fashion gave to letters a place almost as high as the Scriptures held.

"It gives me great pleasure to write you and congratulate you on having put upon the market such a valuable medicine in a minute form. It has done me so much good that as soon as one box is gone I purchase another."

IRON-OX TABLETS Fifty for 25 Cents. AN UNRIVALED NERVE TONIC

REVERENTIAL HOMAGE

The Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre Visited by Thousands on Saturday Last in Honor of Her Anniversary Feast

Fully 4,000 persons from all parts of Canada and the United States flocked to St. Anne de Beaupre on Saturday last to assist at the anniversary feast of this great saint...

The religious exercises in the church commenced at 4.30 o'clock in the morning by Low Masses every half hour up to nine o'clock, when a Solemn High Pontifical Mass was celebrated. Over 3,000 persons received Holy Communion at the early Masses...

The High Mass at nine o'clock was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Bégin, assisted by the Right Rev. Frederick Eis, D. D., Bishop of Marquette, Mich., and a large number of the clergy from the city and surrounding parishes.

Sunday the number who visited the shrine doubled the previous day. Fully 7,000 people went to St. Anne de Beaupre, including four pilgrimages, three from Quebec and one from Montreal...

The numbers flocking to the shrine of St. Anne are even greater this year than ever, the total organized pilgrimages to date, July 28, being one hundred, over 120,000 pilgrims visiting the shrine.

There is great need of a large hotel at St. Anne's. People of means go there every day and wonder how it is that a modern first-class hotel is not built on the top of the hill by some party or parties of enterprise.

The Church has always been the firm patron of letters, and the preserver of ancient literature. Her ancient schools of every fashion gave to letters a place almost as high as the Scriptures held.

THE LANDLORDS' TRUST.

London, July 27.—The closing days of the session of Parliament are witness to heated discussions of the ever-recurring Irish questions.

The trust was especially notable for the fierceness of the accusations and re-primandations handed across the narrow forum of the House of Commons. The resentment of the Irish members was stirred to an unusual degree by the discovery of alleged secret documents of the Land Trust...

"We shall not be surprised," said Mr. John Redmond, Chairman of the United Irish League, "if O'Brien, Dillon, Davitt, myself and other leaders are arrested at Mr. Wyndham's instance within a fortnight. In fact, we are rather expecting to be arrested on charges of unlawful assemblage and intimidation."

The following letter has been printed in the city dailies: It is humiliating to anyone with a spark of patriotic pride to find that there could be found a Toronto audience to applaud, or Toronto papers to publish, without comment, the ruffianly attack upon our French-Canadian countrymen...

Mrs. D. R. Macgillis, of St. Andrews, died at her home there on Friday, July 11, 1902, of pneumonia. She was ill but a few days and both the doctor and priest thought there was no immediate danger...

The members of the family of the deceased are: Mrs. James Curran, Misses Mary and Cassie Macgillis, of Montreal; Hugh R. Macgillis, of Fullerton, N. Y.; Maggie J. Theresa and John, who reside at home.

The Macgillis family in the Township of Cornwall are both numerous and respected. I sincerely regret the demise of this excellent woman, who was the wife of Mr. D. R. Macgillis. I heartily sympathize with Mr. Macgillis on the death of so faithful a wife and with his children on the great loss they have sustained in the death of so affectionate a mother.

Elizabeth, the 11-year-old child of Mr. M. Garlan, of Stayner, has made a really remarkable record at the recent Entrance examinations. The report in her case shows the following results: Composition, 86, history, 86, geography, 80, English literature, 120, English grammar, 90, physiology and Temp., 80, dictation, 42, reading, 42, arithmetic, 136, writing, 48, drawing, 48, making a total of 913.

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PROF. VILLARD AND FRENCH-CANADIANS.

But whilst this letter, for the reason given, does not deal with Prof. Villard, it has something to say to the papers that published his ribaldry without comment.

gratulating you on taking the highest marks in the Inspectorate. You are a clever girl. You have first class honors and stand first."

Two years ago Mr. Molloy, another daughter of Mr. Gattilua's, took the highest marks, but not with as high a record as Bessie's.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHE'S DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

Montreal, July 28.—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, accompanied by Rev. Canon Daub, editor of La Semaine Religieuse, left last evening for Rome to bear the congratulations of the Diocese of Montreal to His Holiness the Pope, on the occasion of the celebration of his Jubilee...

A CLEVER PUPIL.

Elizabeth, the 11-year-old child of Mr. M. Garlan, of Stayner, has made a really remarkable record at the recent Entrance examinations. The report in her case shows the following results: Composition, 86, history, 86, geography, 80, English literature, 120, English grammar, 90, physiology and Temp., 80, dictation, 42, reading, 42, arithmetic, 136, writing, 48, drawing, 48, making a total of 913.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat Lower in Chicago—Protestants Entered—Cheese Higher. Tuesday Evening, July 29. Toronto St. Lawrence Market. There was only one load of cattle received on the street market this morning. They sold at 110 to 112 per ton and ten loads of hay at \$10.50 to \$12 per ton.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat Lower in Chicago—Protestants Entered—Cheese Higher. Tuesday Evening, July 29.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. There was only one load of cattle received on the street market this morning. They sold at 110 to 112 per ton and ten loads of hay at \$10.50 to \$12 per ton.

There were large receipts at the Toronto Cattle Market to-day, and as the offering included a large number of only fair cattle, the market was not steady. The demand was quite good, and the market, though at earlier figures, was quite brisk.

Chicago, July 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000. Including 500 steers, 200 weaners; slow and steady; good to prime price \$10.00 to \$12.00; poor to medium \$8.00 to \$10.00; heavy and feeders \$7.00 to \$9.00; cows \$6.00 to \$8.00; calves \$5.00 to \$7.00; pigs \$4.00 to \$5.00; sheep \$3.00 to \$4.00; hogs \$2.00 to \$3.00.

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Ceylon Teas in sealed load packets only. Black for Black Tea Drinkers. Natural Green for those used to Japans. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per pound.

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INTERVIEW WITH AN IRISH PRIEST.

Montreal, July 28.—"It is now practically certain that the British Government will buy the farms from the landlords in Ireland and that the tenants will be able to buy them from the Government on easy terms. Unless this is done there will not be any peace in the country. A union has already been formed between the Presbyterian farmers in the North and the Catholic farmers in the South and when such a union has been formed the Government will have to listen to their demands."

The speaker was Rev. Father W. J. McCullagh, parish priest of St. Michael's Church, Cork, Ireland, who was at the Windsor to-day. "And once such a course was adopted by the Government," Father McCullagh went on to say, "the farmers would settle down because they would know that after a certain number of payments they would own their own farms. As a result there would be much prosperity throughout the country, but as long as affairs remain as they are at present there is bound to be discontent and trouble. There is little doubt that the Government would have taken action before now only if it had been otherwise occupied of late."

"Do you not think that the obstructive policy of the Irish members in the House of Commons will do Ireland more harm than good?" "It is bound to result in nothing but good, for it will show that the country has wrongs which must be redressed and until such time as they are attended to, the Irish members will just treat England as she is treating their country. It is certainly regrettable that it should have been necessary to adopt such a course but it was the only one left open to them. There is much union throughout the country and day by day it becomes evident that if Home Rule were granted Irishmen would be able to govern themselves even better than she is being governed. A couple of years ago the system of town councils was adopted and has proved very successful. That it has been shown that with a little more experience Irishmen would be able to solve the greater difficulties just as readily and one thing that is absolutely certain is that there would be much greater union in the country. There is not much prosperity in the country at present, nor is there likely to be until something is done to help the farmers."

CARDINAL'S 68TH BIRTHDAY.

On Wednesday of last week His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday. The Cardinal will celebrate his silver jubilee as Archbishop of Baltimore February 10th, 1903. Even now the programme for the celebration is being arranged. Solemn services, a street parade and a banquet will probably make the occasion a notable one in the history of Baltimore.

LAURIER FOR CANADIAN FREEDOM.

London, July 26.—At the Colonial Conference yesterday Premier Seddon strongly favored colonial participation in a defence scheme, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Edmund Barton made it very clearly understood that they were not prepared to ask their Parliaments to sanction any military expenditure beyond what is necessary for their own defence. They did not ask the Imperial Government to assist them in their defence, and did not propose that by any legislative form of compulsion they should assist in Imperial defence, but they were quite ready to render voluntarily in any future war the same assistance rendered in previous years in the Sudan and in South Africa.

A CATHOLIC HOME FOR INCURABLES IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 28.—Mgr. Bruchesi has issued a pastoral letter which was read in the churches of the archdiocese yesterday, appealing for aid on behalf of the Home for Incurables at Notre Dame de Grace. "In his letter Mgr. Bruchesi says: 'The sight of those poor incurables condemned to lead a life of pain and suffering, unable, on account of their infirmities, to obtain admission into any of our hospitals, abandoned by all and compelled to seek a home in the common goals and prisons, affected us more than words can express. Dearly beloved brethren, had you been beholders of the sights which we witnessed, you would have been similarly affected and deeply moved. We felt it our bounden duty not to leave those most afflicted members of Jesus Christ friendless and destitute. The much-longed-for home has sprung into existence, and the circumstances which brought it about convince us that Almighty God wished it and was pleased with its advent. There is not the faintest doubt but that He will bless it for it will be His house.'"

EXCITED STATE OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

London, July 28.—Irish affairs engaged the attention of the House of Commons last night, and there were a number of exciting passages between members. When the estimates for Ireland came up for discussion John Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, moved the reduction of the salary of the Chief Secretary, George Wyndham. Mr. Redmond maintained that Mr. Wyndham had done nothing for the country, and that the Irish problem was more dangerous to the Empire to-day than it had been for a quarter of a century. Mr. Wyndham, in relating this assertion, declared that he could at present offer no constructive policy, and maintained that there could be no revival of industry and no staunching of the flow of emigration, and the union must become intolerable to the Unionists, and the idea of home rule impossible even to those who cherish it, unless and until the desolating process of social proscription and the miasma of fear which penetrated and paralyzed every nerve of national life was repudiated by the good sense of the people and repressed by the power of the Government.

DO THE DYING NEVER WEEP?

(From The Kansas City Journal.) "I have stood by the bedside of hundreds of dying people," said an old physician at Topeka yesterday, "and I have yet to see a dying person shed a tear. No matter what the grief of the bystanders may be, the stricken person will show no signs of overpowering emotion. I have seen a circle of agonized children around a dying mother—a mother who in health would have been touched to the quick by signs of grief in a child—yet she reposed as calm and unemotional as though she had been made of stone. There is some strange and inexplicable psychological change which accompanies the act of dissolution. It is well known to all physicians that pain disappears as the end approaches. And, now, seems to have arranged itself so that mental peace shall also attend our last lingering moments."

A REQUISITE FOR THE RANCHER.

On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are fat from doctory and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine, not only for many horse ailments, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.