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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

CORK.

For the future the rails between Cork and Youghal are to be carried by motor car...

DUBLIN.

The death is announced of the Very Reverend Francis O'Carroll, the saintly and venerated parish priest of Inch.

"A development very interesting to Irish nationalists is that which has taken place in the policy and principles of the old Dublin Tory Journal, the 'Daily Express'...

The Cottiers' Agricultural, Horticultural, and Poultry Show, held in the Covent grounds at Foxford, amazed many of the visitors.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Corbett, retired Catholic Army Chaplain, died last evening at Beech Villa, Blyr, after a brief illness...

Six Marxist Brothers arrived in Sligo to be in charge of the boys' schools in quay streets...

minus, and extended to the Brothers a cordial welcome.

ENGLAND.

A BISHOP'S DAUGHTER CONVICTED. It is announced that Miss Sybil Thore...

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY. The inaugural meeting of the annual Conference under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society...

The Right Rev. Dr. Bagshaw, in his presidential address, said he had great pleasure in welcoming to Nottingham for the first time that illustrious society which was called the Catholic Truth Society...

PROTESTANT ALLIANCE ON THE LAMPAGE

The Protestant Alliance is still in existence. It has a Parliamentary Committee, and according to the London correspondent of the Birmingham Post...

Globe Loan & Savings Co., cor. Victoria and St. John St., Toronto.

E. W. Day, Manager Globe Loan & Savings Co., says: "I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment invaluable..."

In summer whitewashing is especially necessary on the farm, where poultry is raised. Buildings and coops should be whitewashed inside and out...

MEATH. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Corbett, retired Catholic Army Chaplain, died last evening at Beech Villa, Blyr, after a brief illness...

PATRICIA.

I could never make out why, in the name of wonder, you were christened Patricia. "It was supposed to be feminine for Patrick, I think. But please don't waste your time in worrying over my name, Mr. Shove."

"And please always be careful, Miss O'Neill, to pronounce my name with the 'o' long and not as though I rhymed with 'love'..." "Well, said she, 'there'll be plenty of time for you to make up your mind.'"

"I don't mind in the least." "You're a very indifferent person, Miss O'Neill." "But," said she, "you can't expect me to be interested in my own name."

"I should like to suppose it, Patricia." "Would you, indeed?" said she, and swept me a courteous glance. "Then she sat down to the piano and turning her face toward me, sang: 'O Larry, my dear, you're the nicest man I ever saw...'"

Mars raised a small covey of partridges, and by unusual good luck for me I killed with both barrels. This I did in good humour with myself, and on we went.

"Oh, Mr. Shove," said a voice, "Shame on you to swear at the poor doggie because he goes to meet a friend."

"Well," I said, "a dog shouldn't run away from his duty even for you. I could forgive a man for it. What do you want out here, Patricia?" "Oh, I just heard the dogs, and thought I'd come to see whether you could shoot."

"I can shoot you, know," she said. "Indeed?" said I. "Perhaps you could like to show me how well you do it now."

"You don't believe me, but I can," she said. "I'll believe anything you tell me, Patricia."

"Ah, Larry," she said, "you're a good creature, and I wouldn't deceive you for the world. Give me the gun."

"How could I forget with you standing there before me? If I live to be as old as Bally Maguire I'll remember how you look at this moment, Patricia. Ah, child, I added (I felt that I might call her child, being four years her senior)...

"You're a nice sportswoman," said I. "You should have loaded it for me." "Well, I admit that. But what made you miss? It was an easier shot than the other."

"You could make me happy forever, Patricia, if you liked." "Indeed!" said she. Then she turned her face to me and laughed softly.

"I do love you, Larry." "That's not the way I mean; you must love me as I love you." "So much that the sight of you makes me sick with happiness..."

"I don't think I love you like that. But you may kiss me, Larry, if you like. You used to kiss me when I was a little girl, and now I'm only a little girl grown up."

"You must kiss me as well." "Yes," she said. "So we kissed, and for a moment I had my arm about her. Then she was on her feet, crimson as some of the dead leaves under her."

"We'll drive there," she said, "and have luncheon in the ruins." "Beautiful!" said I. "But it may be too cold."

"The mooning was fine, and at 11 o'clock the car was ready, and we set out. The country through which we drove was beautiful, but all my eyes were for Patricia; only now and then did I realize how fair a hand it was...

"I will, Larry, with all my heart." "Do you mean that?" "I do," she said, and drank with a very pretty inclination toward me. Then she filled again, and handed the glass to me.

"Your health, Patricia," said I, "with all my love, and you may see what a jewel I am and secure me while you have the chance!"

"I'll give you, Patricia," said I, "and I'll not look back." "I don't think I love you like that. But you may kiss me, Larry, if you like. You used to kiss me when I was a little girl, and now I'm only a little girl grown up."

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"Wait a moment, Larry," she said, as I fumbled with the lock. "You must wait!" I said. "We are ill-used, the things we lock." "Locked!" she said. "Then she laughed, and took my hand."

"I think I love you a little, Larry." "I believe that, but a little's no credit to a play with me, Patricia." "She drew herself up and took my face between her hands and kissed me. All the blood in my body seemed to run to meet that kiss."

"I'll rather see the caretaker," I said, and with that I started at the top of my voice. After a few minutes of this exercise we heard a shuffling of feet, and saw the swaying light of a lantern. A frightened gasp appeared at the other side of the grating.

"What's that at all?" asked a shuffling voice. "What do you mean by knocking folks in like this?" "Ah, sure, I didn't know ye were there."

"You might have looked, anyway." "Sure I did look, but devil a soul could I see." He opened the door and let us forth, full of eloquent apologies.

"There's a car waitin' at the bottom of the hill; maybe that's yours, or?" "Maybe it is," I said, and made him happy with half a crown.

"I'll give you, Patricia," said I, "and I'll not look back." "I don't think I love you like that. But you may kiss me, Larry, if you like. You used to kiss me when I was a little girl, and now I'm only a little girl grown up."

"I do love you, Larry." "That's not the way I mean; you must love me as I love you." "So much that the sight of you makes me sick with happiness..."

"I don't think I love you like that. But you may kiss me, Larry, if you like. You used to kiss me when I was a little girl, and now I'm only a little girl grown up."

Chats with the Children

THE REAL THING.

I did not take it. Indeed not I.
I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why.
I passed on the ladder, all by myself;
I saw a fowl on the ladder shelf.
I peered through the door, and said to myself,
Don't you think that's a fowl on the ladder shelf?
There's not the least doubt of it, answered myself;
It's a very fat fowl on the ladder shelf.
Well there, never mind it, said I to myself;
Come away and don't look at the ladder shelf.
So I ran off at once, Miss; but somehow myself,
When I wasn't looking climbed up to the shelf;
But I caught him, and scolded the wicked myself;
Come down, sir, I told him, come down from the shelf.
But he would not obey me, that wicked myself.
For he ate all the fowl on the ladder shelf.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE TORONTO FAIR.

Children, big and little, grave and gay, merry and wise, and all intent upon the grand treat in store for them. How they laughed and chattered and joked and danced about while they waited for the long train of cars that was to take them to the Eldorado of their dreams. Even the grown up people caught the enthusiasm, and laughed at everything. Guiting and chattering crowds were collected at every street corner, waiting for the cars; boys yelled at the motor-men, and girls waved frantically about looking for seats. At last everyone was safely stowed away, every inch of space being utilized, even the narrow lanes between the back of seats, and the knees of honorable old gentlemen, while the steps along the sides were ornamented with a fringe of boys who hung on in the best way they could, occasionally dipping their feet down on the road with a placid disregard of danger that usually marks the small boy out for a howler. The conductor had some difficulty in making his way to the front past the tightly wedged youngsters, but he took it all good naturedly, as indeed did everyone else. As soon as the cars opened the terminals everybody jumped out either skelter and made for the entrance, where the ticket sellers were calmly calculating the number of youngsters, distributing tickets, and ohivying the excited small men and women through the turnstiles like a flock of sheep being driven through a gate. Everyone got in at last, however, with- out any mishap, and was soon hurrying through the ground towards the pavilions and the wonders that were to be seen there. The trip was unalike crowded with youngsters jostling each other in their efforts to obtain the souvenirs given away at the gaily decorated stalls.

The Music Pavilion received a large share of attention, one of the attractions being the playing of a real Red Indian, dressed in buckskin and feathers, who performed upon the piano like a clever artist, and made the children's eyes open wide with wonder to see a savage gentleman playing the piano. Of course Flying Eagle is not really a savage, he is an educated man and a first rate musician. The pieces of music given away at Williams' were much in demand, and the music was unalike what happened to be standing near the tall when the gentleman appeared with a large bundle of copies for distribution, for the wild rush of children backwardly and forwardly with hands eagerly stretched out to grasp the coveted souvenir was nearly enough to sweep on of their feet. And the amount of pushing and scuffling was wonderful considering the size of the visitors. Small people about these feet high would easily dig their elbows into your ribs, while others, a size smaller, would run themselves into a crowd like wages in a vain endeavour to bore a hole large enough to get through.

Outside in the grounds groups were sitting about in the shade, and eating lunch. Most of the children, however, preferred to take their snacking during about or running races, and as soon as they had finished one bun or piece of cake would come back and clamour for another. One small boy caused much amusement by walking about with a huge wedge of watermelon nearly as broad as he was long into which he occasionally inserted his countenance, for the purpose of taking a bite that looked exceedingly small compared to the size of the melon. The grounds that looked so neat at first, were soon thickly strewn with pieces of paper, cardboard boxes and other debris, and the men brought out out their brooms and baskets and began to sweep up, regardless of the glare of visitors who were sitting about on the grass.

A loud report from the bay startled everybody, and a wild rush was made to see the submarine mines being exploded. A dull boom would burst suddenly on the air, and a column of water shot up several feet high. But the great grand night was blowing up of the ship, and gasps of wonder and terror were heard on all sides as the big vessel was shivered to atoms, and blown up, to fall again into the bay a shower of debris. Some of the men were beginning to feel weary after so much running about, and when duck came, small groups began to make for the cars tired but happy, and soon slightly shut eyes and nodding heads gave evidence of the need for bed, which was certainly welcome that night at any rate.

TO COUSIN FLO.
My return home from the rocks.
It's nearly a month
Since we left Penzance, Bay.
So I asked permission
To go back, one day.

I was told I might, 's
If while there I was very good
And did a wheel about to Milland
As I had planned, I should.
I intended to have
Such a fine time on my wheel speed-
ing;
Calling on my friends;
And how I'd enjoy my wheeling.
But the tire of my wheel was burst I
found,
Then my spirits began to come
down.
I found the pony was out
When I reached town.
Aged 12 BREVETIC GENON.

I'm afraid cousin Beronice won't make a poetess just yet. The first two verses are passable, but the two last contain very little reason and less rhyme. It is difficult to see how she could speed on her wheel calling on her friends and weed her garden at the same time. Incidents that have no connection should not be described in the same verse. "Speeding" is a very difficult word to rhyme.

Did her spirits come down because her tire burst, or because the pony was out? I should suggest the following as a slight improvement on the last verses. I meant to go round and visit my friends
On my wheel of lightning speed,
For when I came in at the end of my spin,
Some rest and grub I did need.
But, O! the tire of my bike blew up,
And all the air came out;
As it went up, my spirits came down,
And my plans were put to rout.

However, everything comes after a little practice, even writing verses.
Writing nonsense verses is good exercise for getting a jingle.
The grampus and the gimblewock
They went for a sail one day,
In the wabbywock, but they struck a rock,
And the grampus was washed away.

Poetry is very much like the little girl who had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead; when it is good it is very, very good but when it is bad it is horrid.
— COUSIN FLO.

PUZZLES—NEW SERIES.
HIDDEN ACROSTIC.
In silver not in lead,
In face but not in head,
In crown not in people,
In evil but not in stepple,
In liston not in beard;
If these you find you'll surely know
A place where children all should go.
S. J. MURPHY.

CHARADES.
My first make a noise in the garden at night,
Till most people wish they had fled;
My second, with coverings all snowy white,
Is a nest for a tidy bald head;
My whole, with a string on a long winter night,
Makes a game in which hours are lost.
And the children who play it are full of delight,
Till bedtime deth and it at last.

CONUNDRUMS.
1. Where did Noah keep his bees?
2. What is that which everybody must have and nobody can keep?
TOTALS.
1. S. J. Murphy, 63.
2. B. S. Doyle, 64.
3. F. Duggan, 62.
Belle Mater, 40; the other competitors remain to be announced.

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.
The miner's dream of life is—ore.
There was a man who had a cock and he called it Robinson because it crew so (Crusoe).
It's hard to tell cowskin from calf-skin, for the calf's the cow's kin and the cow's the calf's kin.
Aunt-Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up? Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—An orphan.

Not Mitch.—**HO (Indignantly)**—I hope I know my own mind. She (wearily)—Yes; you surely ought to know as much as that.
A Blanket Tax.—"This war is dreadfully wild-spreading, isn't it?" "Yes. It's going to cost a man money every time he stamps his feet."
Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Thames on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but ice cream since.
An old man in Kansas is said to have placed above the grave of his son, who had a roving disposition, the inscription:—"Here is where he stopped last."
An Irish clerk being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement:—"Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must leave the court."
Tommy-Faw, what is "woman's intuition"? Mr. Flig-It is that quality of her mind that enables her to say:—"Well, I don't care; it ought to be so, anyhow."
Counsel for the defendant (sarcastically)—"You're a nice fellow, aren't you?" Witness for the plaintiff (cordially)—"I am, sir; and if I were not on my oath, I'd say the same of you."
You are Mr. Queequee, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?" "Yes, sir," replied the dejected, hollow-eyed man. "I'm the man she tries her new dishes on."
Mark Twain has fully described a type of character in a single line in saying of a woman—"She was neither intelligent nor unintelligent. She was the kind of a woman who keeps a parrot."
Weeks—I'll wager a new hat that runs over there's a schoolmaster. Pops—Nonsense. How do you know?
Weeks—Oh, he's tried his hand on the seat of the chair before he sat down on it.

Farm and Garden

A bulletin of the Ontario Experimental Farm tells of co-operative experiments with winter wheat. From among the varieties of winter wheat which have been tested in the Experimental Department of the College, several of the most successful kinds have been selected, and distributed over Ontario within the past six years. These have been sent out in sets of from three to five varieties in each set. Fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty-five packages of winter wheat have been distributed during the past six years, and comparative tests have been made upon fully thirty-eight hundred Ontario farms.

This system of co-operative experimental work was established by the students of the Agricultural College, but, through repeated requests from other farmers, an invitation is extended to all interested persons to join in the work. The results have, on the whole, been very gratifying, and the numerous experimenters have become much interested in the different experiments undertaken. For detailed results of these experiments, the reader is referred to the reports of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union, which are published annually.

From among the conclusion given in the report of last year regarding these co-operative experiments with winter wheat for 1897, the three following are quoted as being of interest in connection with the results in this bulletin—(1.) "In average yield of winter wheat per acre the Dawson's Golden Chaff stood highest among eleven varieties tested over Ontario in 1893, nine varieties in 1894, 1895, and 1896, and seven varieties in 1897." (2.) "Three varieties of winter wheat have been tested over Ontario for four years in succession with the following yields of grain per acre: Dawson's Golden Chaff, thirty-one and a half bushels; Early Red Clover, per acre, twenty-nine and one-eighth bushels; and Early Genesee Giant, twenty-nine and one-tenth bushels." (3.) "Dawson's Golden Chaff was the most popular variety with the experimenters in each of the past four years."

The Dawson's Golden Chaff is an Ontario variety, and it has certainly made a name for itself at the Agricultural College and throughout Ontario. The results of the experiment with different varieties of winter wheat conducted at the Michigan Agricultural College are reported by the Agriculturist in the following language:—"We have just finished the threshing of some of our variety tests of winter wheat, the most promising of which are as follows:—Dawson's Golden Chaff, 42 bushels per acre; Russian Chaff, 42 bushels per acre; Russian 31; Carroll, 28; Rudy, 25; and Chaplin, 26.

The average results of winter wheat growing on the experimental plots for nine years in succession are as follows: weight of grain per measured bushel, 60.2 pounds; yield of straw per acre, 25 tons; and yield of grain per acre, 35.5 bushels.
Dawson's Golden Chaff has given the largest average yield of grain per acre among seventy varieties of winter wheat grown at the Ontario Agricultural College for five years; also among eleven leading varieties tested over Ontario in 1893, nine varieties in 1894, in '95, and in 1896, and seven varieties in 1897.

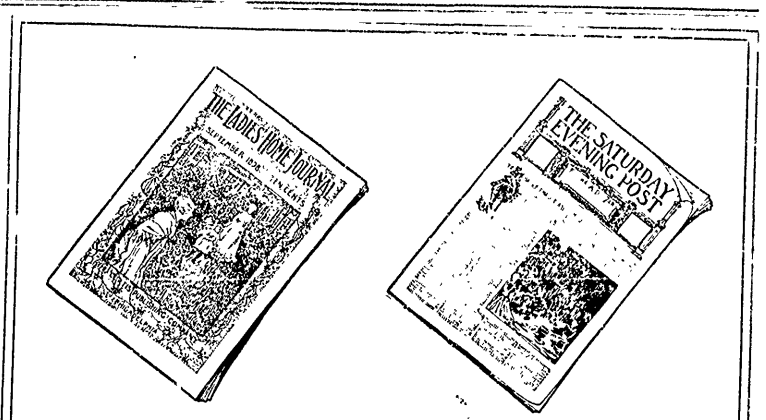
The Early Genesee Giant variety of winter wheat is a close rival of the Dawson's Golden Chaff variety in the small plots in the experimental department and in the large fields in the farm department of the Agricultural College, and also in the co-operative experiments conducted throughout Ontario.

Winter wheat which did not lodge until about a crop more than double the value of the wheat became lodged before it was ripe.
In five years' experiments with varieties of winter wheat, the American Bronze, Dawson's Golden Chaff, and Early Genesee Giant varieties possessed the stiffest straw of all the large yielders of grain.

Large plump kernels of winter wheat gave much better results than those which were small, plump, shrunken, or broken.
In the average of six years' experiments in sowing winter wheat at different dates, it was found that when the wheat was sown later than September 9th, the crop was usually much poorer than when the seeding took place on or before that date.

As a crop, to use a green manure to plow under in preparation for winter wheat, peas have given the best, and buckwheat has given the poorest results.
In an experiment in cutting winter wheat at different stages of maturity for several years in succession, it was found that the largest yield of grain, and the best quality of seed were produced from the crop which was allowed to fully ripen before cutting.
Winter wheat, badly infested with "stinking smut," has been very effectively treated in three different years by the use of either copper sulphate, or hot water as briefly described in this bulletin.

Marital Aid.—When a man helps his wife with her work she has to depend upon who is doing to wait for him.
Tea of Kineph.—"Are you going to Aunt Maria's this summer?" "No, dear. I am full of a better cook."
Father (sharply): "Lucy, stop pulling the cat's tail." Lucy: "I'm only holding the tail, pa; pussy is pulling it."



We will mail THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, beginning with the October number, to January 1, 1899, also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, every week, from the time subscription is received to January 1, 1899, on receipt of only Twenty-five Cents.

In The Ladies' Home Journal
Mrs. Rorer, who writes exclusively for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will continue her cooking and domestic lessons. In the October number she tells what should, and what should not, be eaten by men following certain occupations. Twenty-five desserts are given for all sorts of stomachs.
SOME SPECIAL FEATURES include churches decorated for Christmas, Easter, Fairs and Weddings, photographed and described.
Interiors of tasteful and inexpensive homes pictured and described, showing pretty corners, tables set for dinners, luncheons and teas, etc.

Some Special Features of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Resides the General Departments—Serials, Short Stories and Sketches—
Men and Women of the Hour
Brief biographic sketches, and characteristic stories of people prominently before the public, with portrait illustrations.
The Post's Series of Practical Sermons
Each week is given a strong sermon, simple, direct and unsectarian, on vital topics, by one of the best religious thinkers of the world.
The Best Poems of the World
Beautifully illustrated by the best American artists, are accompanied by a portrait of the poet, a biographic sketch and the interesting story of how each poem was written.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Domestic Reading

Men—and young men—seldom look ahead as women do.
To preach to sufferers one needs to have suffered oneself.
No house goes well unless the mistress is early in the morning.
The extremes of human emotion are not so far apart as they seem.
What would become of many a miserable woman if it were not for a baby?

On women who themselves can stand alone others always come and lean especially.
Woe unto every slanderer and back-biter; who heapech up riches, and preyeth upon the human emotion are not so far apart as they seem.
Heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their inevitable cares.
Children have a Heavenly instinct in finding good people and people that love them, in whom they may safely trust.

No one can be altogether wretched for long together, who has the change of a healthy, happy, loving little child.
Wise men are shy of human emotion: for the profuse are brethren of the devils; and the devil was ungrateful unto his Lord.
A perfect love, even when lost, is still an eternal possession—a pain so sacred that its deep peace often grows into an absolute content.

It is one of the greatest of mysteries—the influence one human being has upon another. Oftener than not because of extreme dissimilarity.
Be constant in prayer, and give words; and what good you have sent before your souls, you shall find it, with God; surely God seeth that which ye do.
Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her.
A child's soul begins to grow almost as soon as it is born. Within three months—mothers know—you can almost see it growing. At least, in most children.
Did the Almighty, holding in His right hand Truth, and in His left search after Truth, ask me to select one, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should select search after Truth.

Love comes, we know not how. It begins—just a little seed, as it were—and grows and grows, till all of a sudden we find it, a full-crown plant, and we can't see it up, however we try.
Knowledge may not be as courteous, for pleasure and vanity only; nor as a bondswoman, to acquire and gain for her master's use, but as a spouse, for generation, fruit, and comfort.
The tree of knowledge is grafted upon the tree of life; and that fruit which brings the fear of death into the world, budding on an immortal

stock, becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality.
It is the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it, to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know the more it knows.
Early knowledge is very valuable capital with which to set forth in life. It gives one an advantageous start. If the possession of knowledge has a given value at fifty, it has a much greater value at twenty-five.

A man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; every body is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—C. Lamb.
Knowledge has been deemed long enough an argand lamp to illuminate a drawing-room; it is time it should be known as a sun, whose beams, resting upon the mountain-tops, penetrate into the profoundest valleys.
He that hath no knowledge of that which he ought to know is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth more than he hath need of is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known is a god among men.

Let us do our duty and pray that we may do our duty here, now, to-day; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active exertion, not in the green east of the future, but in the dusty desert of the present; not in the imaginations of otherworld, but in the realities of now.
We have among mankind in general the three orders of being; the lowest, sorrow and selfish, which neither sees nor feels; the second, noble and sympathetic, but which neither sees nor feels without concluding or acting; and the third and highest, which loses sight in resolution and feeling I work.
"How much greater," says Cicero, "would the greatest man appear, if anyone about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at who discretion lies the felicity of nations!"
People talk of open jealousies; but the secret heart-burnings that arise from misunderstanding, half-understood, or wholly false positions between men and women are much worse. 'Tis the unuttered sorrows, the unadmitted and impossible-to-be-avenged wrongs, which cause the slowest pangs of existence.

Music is only a sweet sound, but in that sound, like unto the ray of the sun, seven notes lie hidden un-revealed to our ears. The eighth note is but a repetition of the first and the beginning of another seven. So truth has but one sound, and that is the sound of the voice of Christ; but in that sound sleep countless sons of truth unheard until the voice of authority wakes them into the sweet words of Divine Faith.—Rev. A. J. Ryan.
Fidelity is the burial of a living

man, an idle person being so useless to any purpose of God and man that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth, like a vermin or a wolf. When their time comes, they die and go down. They neither plough nor carry burdens; and that they do is either unprofitable or miscellaneous. Idleness, indeed, is the strictest prodigality in the world.
No man is genuine who is for ever trying to pattern his life after the lives of other people—unless, indeed, he be a genuine dolt. But individuality is in no means the same as genuineness. For individuality may be associated with the most extreme and even ridiculous conceit, while genuineness we conceive to be always wholesome, balanced and touched with dignity. It is a quality that goes with good sense and self-respect. It is a sort of robust moral sanity, mixed of elements both moral and intellectual.—Woodrow Wilson.

It is easier to model or draw an old man, with the passion and experience of a long generation graven in furrows across his face, than to portray a strong and well-poised soul that finds a subtler outward expression in the more-flowing outlines of youth or middle life.
To make a simple transcript after nature, caught in a moment of violent action, is easier than to create after nature, from a profound and sympathetic comprehension of a man's moments, a work that shall embody their essence—a work full of their passionate life, yet maintaining that comparative calm without which nothing can please permanently. The mere transcription tells its tale more quickly, but the artist's creation more powerfully.—Thomas Dwight Goodell.

The word "gentleman" represents an ideal. Above whatever coarseness and wildness there may be in actual life there rises the idea of a finer kind of man, with gentle manners and true speech and braver actions. In every age we shall find the real gentleman—that is, the man who in genuine fashion represents the best ideal of his time, and who shall find the mimicry of him, the vulgar, the gentleman, who copies the form while ignoring the substance. For the sake of convenience it might be well to indicate the difference by calling on the gentleman and the other the gentleman. Below the gentleman there is still another species. I do not know his scientific name, but I believe that he calls himself a "gent" —S. M. Crothers. "Evolution of a Gentleman."

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parzee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague, Malaria, Piles, Pains, Rheumatism, Headache, and all the ailments of a bilious constitution. Parzee's Vegetable Pills are sold by all druggists and grocers. Price, Six Cents. Parzee, Ind., Ind. I tried a box of Parzee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

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T. M. Mungovan, Travelling Agent, East.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- Sept. 15—St. Nicomedes. 16—St. Cornelius and Cyprian. 17—St. Ignace of St. Francis. 18—John of Pent. 19—St. Januarius. 20—St. Lawrence and Comp. 21—St. Matthew, Ap.

The deceased was a native of the County Connaught, Ireland—Augustine Freeman.

The Methodist Conference has reaffirmed its decision that card-playing and dancing are positive and grievous sins.

The election of Mr. Calder (Conservative) in South Ontario has been voided for gross corruption.

Despite the slow improvement that is taking place in the iniquitous land laws of Ireland, the land itself continues to pass from cultivation.

The city of New Westminster, the former capital of British Columbia, was practically wiped out by fire on Sunday.

Although nothing could be finer in outline than the financial statement presented to the Methodist Central Conference, it was not quite perfect in detail.

More revolting than anything recorded previously to the late war between Turkey and Greece are the reports from Crete during the past week.

Methodist property, which they were unable to manage and hold, has fallen into Catholic and other hands in several parts of Ontario as well as Quebec.

Such generous demonstrations as that which marked the departure of Rev. Dr. Flannery from St. Thomas, after eight and twenty years of continued residence in the city, are happily not the rarest in Canada.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is at present visiting the United States, has issued a manifesto to the nation in the form of an elaborate newspaper interview.

The assassination of the Empress of Austria, on Saturday last, was such a crime as the world has often heard of; but never before did mad hate select a more inoffending victim.

The Unspeakable Turk Again. More revolting than anything recorded previously to the late war between Turkey and Greece are the reports from Crete during the past week.

himself at liberty to resume his old-fashioned diversions towards his Christian subjects. England is mute; Europe is used to it.

A Canadian Musical Society.

We earnestly recommend of our readers, both clerical and lay, the important and interesting subject treated in the communication which appears in this issue from "Choir-Master."

Anarchist Assassins.

Anarchy has felt another impulse to murderous activity. Within a little more than a week the lives of the Czar and the young Queen of the Netherlands have been attempted.

The Scottish Yard, London, detectives are willing to admit that the murder was hatched in the English capital, the centre of all European anarchist conspiracies.

day evening, he saw men under the influence of liquor and was informed by a friend, who was an old Scott Act advocate, that every house in the station was trafficking in liquor.

What May be Expected from Prohibition.

We understand that the journalist who writes earnestly against the Plebiscite lays himself open to suspicion that he is co-operating with the organized liquor party.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is, as we have often taken occasion to state, a writer who deserves more impartial attention in Canada than he is accustomed to receive.

liberty of Dreyfus or killed Henry. And yet the Professor simply cannot help jumbling them all up together, along with "partisans who calumniate opponents."

There were eight hotels in Walkerton before the Scott Act. While it was in operation there were 80 places trading in drink.

Mr. Goldwin Smith.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is, as we have often taken occasion to state, a writer who deserves more impartial attention in Canada than he is accustomed to receive.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this earthly sphere the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the County of York, in regular meeting assembled, desire to express profound sorrow for the irreparable loss thus sustained by the clergy and laity of this archdiocese.

liberty of Dreyfus or killed Henry. And yet the Professor simply cannot help jumbling them all up together, along with "partisans who calumniate opponents."

New Diocese of Pembroke.

The official documents from Rome have been received in Pembroke announcing the erection of the Vicariate of Pontiac into a Diocese, and the appointment of Rt. Rev. Narcisse Zephirin Lorrain, D.D., the present Vicar-Apostolic as first Bishop of the new Diocese.

The Vicariate of Pontiac was erected in 1882 and during the past sixteen years of its existence has progressed rapidly under the able guidance of Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain, who is highly esteemed by all who know him.

Resolution of Concurrence.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from this earthly sphere the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the County of York, in regular meeting assembled, desire to express profound sorrow for the irreparable loss thus sustained by the clergy and laity of this archdiocese.

Do it therefore resolved that this expression of our intense grief at the death of our venerated and illustrious Archbishop be placed in the minutes of the County Board of the County of York; that a copy of it be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased prelate; to the Administrator of the Archdiocese and for publication to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THE Catholic Record and The Kingston Freeman.

A Gallant Irishman. Mr. Pitts, chief officer of the Allan S.S. Lacombe, saved the life of a Montreal doctor named Walsh at the Montreal docks on Monday night under peculiar circumstances.

Observe how he goes off at a tangent. Start him upon the religious topic at any point, Methodism, Salvationism, or what you please: and presently he ever dreamed that the Jesuits wrote the B.C. decessu, swore away the

TRUE HEROINES.

A PAGE OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

(Written by The Register.)

Some of the grandest passages in history are those that chronicle the deeds of bravery, heroism and self-sacrifice of women.

Every nation has had its heroines, every war adds new names to the already long list.

The Franco-Prussian war was no exception to this; and while the world to day is paying homage to Clara Barton and her Red Cross army of noble women, it is well that we forget not our dear Sisters of Mercy, who, whether on battle-field or in fever-infested hospital wards, have never thought of danger to themselves while the suffering of others demanded their time and care.

What follows is but one of the innumerable incidents in which our Sisters have endangered and lost their lives in responding to duty's call. The story was related to the writer by a lieutenant of a regiment of Prussian Uhlans. My informant was not a Catholic but a staunch Lutheran; and accordingly what he said in praise of our Sisters should carry great weight, coming as it did from one whose religion is so pervaded with opposition to Catholicism as sometimes to blind its members to even the grandest virtues and greatest beauties of the true Church.

We were camped near Melante, a village twenty miles east of Gravelotte, and were working out from forced marches, many lay ill with fever due to exposure and wounds. We had halted at Melante to give our men a much needed rest, and to await the arrival of additional surgeons, nurses, and hospital supplies, as we expected to join Molke and give battle to the French at Gravelotte. Our course through France having been marked by ruin and devastation to the enemy, we could not, of course, expect any quarters from the people of the country for our sick and wounded, so were obliged to care them with us. A week before we broke camp, one evening we received a visitor, a delicate young Sister of Mercy, who, hearing of our ill and wounded, came to tender the services of her order as nurses and to request that herself and six others be allowed to accompany our regiment to Gravelotte and thus be ready to administer to the needs of the wounded and dying on the battle-field, it being no longer a question of doubt as to our fighting the French there. Our captain, not a little surprised to receive a visitor from the enemy's lines, said to the young Sister:

"I could you and your Sisters, nurse and attend those who are your country's enemies?"

The Sister smiled sadly and in a tremulous voice replied: "To minister to the wants of those in distress is our duty, sir."

The captain then said: "Doubtless; but my men are all Lutherans, avowed antagonists to your faith, would you assist such as they?"

"After the young Sister smiled sadly, and after some embarrassment said: "Mercy and pity are gifts from Heaven; if we possess and share them with our friends only, would we not be selfish, and is not selfishness a sin?"

The Sisters receiving permission came to our sick camp and later accompanied us to Gravelotte. Of the awful scenes that stamped that battle as the most terrible of the century, I shall not stop to speak. Suffice it to speak of one, as it impressed what goes to prove that only in the face of the greatest danger, the world fear is unknown to the Sisters of Mercy while the appeals of the wounded and dying summon them to duty.

The fighting at Gravelotte was hard and there was no one place safer than another. From the opening of the battle by the French artillery along the Route du Loup, until Molke flanked MacMahon and practically won the day for Prussia, the battle field was but a scene of blood and carnage, confusion and horror. My regiment unable to hold its position, began a slow retreat to the south, intending to join the Bavarian Landwehr entrenching a mile distant, when the enemy, re-inforced by five companies of Chasseurs, began encircling us.

In the front were the plains of Gravelotte, upon which the enemy had occupied two strong places. In the rear were the woods of Fautou. Our only hope lay in reaching these woods and so we started for them. We knew the trees would afford some protection and believed if we could get entrenched in the forest our chances of holding out until reinforcements arrived were excellent. Our retreat to the forest was most disastrous, still nothing to what awaited us later in the day.

The enemy opened a heavy fire upon us the instant we left our lines, and we did not get up until we reached our goal, our regiment suffering severely. For a quarter of an hour after we had entered the forest there was a lull. The enemy had ceased firing. Then there was a deafening sound as though the earth trembled; shot and shell shrieked and exploded tearing up trees and killing and wounding scores of our men.

A dense smoke enveloped us, blinding and choking us. Blazing flames seemed to burst from every quarter, the exploding shells had ignited the trees and the forest was ablaze. The enemy had opened upon us, with their heavy artillery and with terrific effect. We were encircled and nothing but death in its cruel grasp seemed to await us. Confusion reigned, our men became as though mad, and throwing aside their guns rushed wildly in the direction we had come. We passed through during these years and relief I obtained by Chassé's Ointment prompts me to give this testimonial. My physician wished me to have an operation but I felt I could be cured without the knife. Three boxes of Dr. Chassé's Ointment stopped the bleeding and effected a permanent cure.

trees, fell panting and breathless, and were soon prey to the fierce flames.

I pray I shall never witness another such scene; and whenever I think of it involuntarily I close my eyes in horror. Can heart to this day the groans and shrieks of agony of our men as the hot branches or limbs of the trees would fall upon them, or the fire reach them in its relentless spread.

It was a miracle any of us escaped. The enemy (though grateful of what awful ruin their shot and shell had wrought, ceased firing when what remained of our regiment emerged from the burning forest; and we were permitted to go unmolested to the nearest Prussian outposts.

That evening Molke by a superb piece of strategy flanked MacMahon and practically won the day for Prussia, the flower of the French army going down before the oncoming fire of the Bavarian and Wurtemberg fullers.

The din and roar of cannon had scarcely died away when the faithful Sisters of Mercy were upon the battle-field. All that night these noble women worked and prayed for the men who were dying, fatigue seeming unknown to them so long as there remained service for them to perform.

I shall not attempt to describe the awful scene that Gravelotte presented to the oncoming fire of the enemy, witnessing anything so terrible. Cruel war, monster, inhuman, had been appended. There upon the torn up fields of Gravelotte lay the sacrifices which duty, passion and love of fame and fortune had exacted upon War's shrine of agony and death. As I walked over the field, picking my way through the wounded and dead, and now and then passing before some scene of renewed agony, my heart was torn with pity. These noble women had come on the battle field during the night and remained at their posts all through it. They looked tired and worn out from their long hours of watchfulness. Yet they were here to minister to the duty, regret and resignation. They faced the awful scenes, that would make an old soldier grow faint and turn away, with a calmness and courage that was marvellous.

Company the Route du Loup. I turned and started in the direction of the forest that had been such a scene of horror to us the day preceding. I had not walked far when I saw a cortège passing over the field. It was a woman and approaching the pier I asked of the priest, who followed it, what was the matter. The reverend man stopped, told the men bearing the bier to put it down, and after crossing himself said:

"Comrades, the death of a young man and approaching the pier I asked of the priest, who followed it, what was the matter. The reverend man stopped, told the men bearing the bier to put it down, and after crossing himself said: 'The earth had not become entirely cooled from the fierce flames that had raged there yesterday, and in moving around one of the party it is supposed, overturned in contact with the hot soil ignited and exploded, killing four and wounding several others. Among the killed were the two Sisters.'"

If I had almost looked at the face. It had been spared by the cruel shell and upon it, even in death, was the smile of contentment, a smile that devotion to faith and duty bestows and which is a grand evidence of God's acceptance of their claim to respect and honor. What a sad yet glorious end. Was she not a martyr and as such worthy of our homage?

Replacing the sheet, I turned away. The men lifted the bier, the cortège moved on, and I was left alone. The earth had not become entirely cooled from the fierce flames that had raged there yesterday, and in moving around one of the party it is supposed, overturned in contact with the hot soil ignited and exploded, killing four and wounding several others. Among the killed were the two Sisters."

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So Very Inconsistent.

"So very married, Lulu—actually married! Possessed of a husband, a fine old estate, a handle to your name—and all since we three school good-bye to one another in the old sead parlor ten months ago."

"You're just the dearest darling in the world, and if Don doesn't say the same when he comes home—and has been duly introduced—well, we shall have our first quarrel."

Lulu, I rather like the prospect I love boys." "I've never had anything to do with them, so I don't know," murmured the girl.

"When do you expect him?" queried Bee, quivering between her curiosity to see her old schoolfellow's husband and a hope that they might have Lulu all to themselves for several days yet to come.

"Oh, he won't be home for a week or two," was the response. "Not until the business which demanded his presence up North is quite satisfactorily concluded. Don never leaves anything half done."

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them and waited to hear more. At that juncture the official who was being questioned applied to another for the information he himself was unable to supply.

"Two little boys, I think you said?" "Three," corrected Bee. "Sir Donald's nephews were coming, and they were bringing a friend with them. I wonder why they are staying in the station so long?"

"Why your uncle sent those Christmas presents. Surely he must know your respective ages?" "Oh, Uncle Donald has never omitted to tip us at Christmas time ever since we were infants in arms."

"Just for the moment, perhaps, but not now." "And why not now?" demanded Bee, putting coquetishly and raising her eyes with a flash of pretended indignation.

Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of printing and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary, 1140 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice, which includes 1000 whole medical library in one 100-page volume.

girls see through Cuthbert more easily and don't catch the same imposture of place so much as the rest of the party. They turned speeches and marks of affection. But Ralph can turn a woman's head and leave her lamenting as easily and as comfortably as any male first going. I only wish I could manage to put your pretty little friend on her guard without appearing to take too much for granted.

the other, or, as an alternative, excluding one unfortunate individual altogether. "You know I didn't mean that," was the grave response. "By heaven, I meant the days to come—the weeks, months, years—the dim, distant future that always seem so vague and intangible and gloomy to me until—until I met you, Bee."

class would have the courage to throw in her lot with a man whose income may never amount to more than three or four hundred a year. Indeed, Cuthbert's may never even reach the latter figure, a young doctor's prospects are so very uncertain."

"A STRANGE CASE." MR. JAS. CROSBY OF PORT HOPE TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY.

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CHAPTER IV.

Another week went by, in the course of which Sir Donald Ethieridge returned and Jocelyn Travers took his departure.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm glad he's gone," said Lulu, most respectfully, as the doctor turned and was conveying him to the station swing door, the avenue "How was ruffled me up the wrong way. I don't mean to say that he was aggressive or openly obnoxious—rather the sleek, purring, pussy-cat style than otherwise, with claws sheathed generally, and—yes, I'm very glad he's gone."

"He was great fun, though," exclaimed Naomi Duncombe, her eyes dancing with amusement and discussing sundry arguments and discussions into which she had purposely drawn Jocelyn Travers and the tricks she had played upon him. "Yes, regarded in the light of a toy—a kind of automaton from which to extract entertainment—Mr. Travers was certainly a success."

"That seemed a very cruel thing to say, and Lulu felt called upon to remonstrate.

"But you must admit he was awfully stupid," protested Naomi. "There was absolutely nothing in him."

"Yes, Yo! Ralph says that in society circles he is much sought after," rejoined Lulu, desighfully holding to her point.

"No one ought to dream of marrying for money," exclaimed Naomi Duncombe, decisively.

"Oh! I ejaculated Lulu, with quiet significance, and a low murmur of surprise came likewise from Bee Theissler.

"And then, Lulu went on, composedly, carefully selecting a fresh length of cotton from the skeins before her, "he is generally considered to be extremely handsome."

"Beauty is but skin deep," quoth Bee Theissler, dryly.

"Then, suddenly realizing that by the prompt rejoinder she, too, had somehow committed herself, she turned back to the piano and struck chords and played chromatic scales totally regardless of the effect upon her listeners.

"It does seem unfair that one man should have everything—good luck, riches, every possible chance in life—while others, who are, perhaps, just as deserving, have nothing, but their own entries to depend upon," pursued Lulu.

"Compare Jocelyn Travers with Cuthbert and Ralph, for example. The one has an income which runs into four figures, without having to stir his little finger for it, while those Elsieidge boys will probably never be beyond the necessity of struggling to make ends meet, although they may be working hard every day of their lives. As to marrying, not every girl of their own

"Appropriate—how?"

"There were such a sharp and sudden cry as if in that reckless little speech you were making. You didn't mean it, I know, any more than I meant to convey the inference you pretended to draw, but—"

"You said you wanted Naomi. You seemed to think her company preferable to mine."

"I said I thought we ought to go in search of her—to give her Lulu's message—they had dropped the 'Aunt Louisa' within about three hours of their arrival—but as to wanting her—don't you know that I shall never want any one but you?"

"Well, you've got me," returned Bee, complacently, "plan'g her back against the moss-covered tree trunk again, and drawing a long breath at the prospect of remaining undisturbed. "So you can rest satisfied until we hear the clang of the luncheon bell, at all events."

"And—afterward?"

"I suppose you would be so unreasonable, as to suggest that you and I shall have to one ourselves and endanger the lives of our people by overcrowding

"Every girl sees them in the man she loves," rejoined Bee, softly, "whether other people do or not. He may not come up to the conventional standard of manly beauty, but—he's just the one man after her own heart, and—"

"Lulu made her way on tiptoe to the piano, placed her hand on Bee's shoulder and looked down into her bushy face.

"How—how'd you convert, then?"

"How—how'd you mean?" stammered Bee, confusedly.

"Lulu imprisoned her friend's small hand in one of her own and proceeded to beat a gentle note with it on the palm of the other, while she continued, "There was once a bewitching maiden who vowed that she would never marry a man who wasn't beautiful as a young Greek god, and yet—"

"Don't!" whispered Bee, withdrawing her hand as if a shadow fell across the window. "Here he comes."

"No! Who? The young Greek god?"

"Oh! We call him Ralph, do we?"

"Of course," with a little touch of dignity. Then, as the steps on the gravel passed on and no Ralph appeared, Bee made an effort to recover her composure.

"Lulu—I'm going to tell you something."

"Tell on, dear," urged Lulu, with a little pout of encouragement. "Though I really suspect your news will prove to be in reality no news at all."

"It's about Ralph. He—he's asked me to marry him."

"But you won't, of course—or taking into consideration those altered views, is it possible that you seriously contemplate such a rash step?"

"Yes, I'm going to marry Ralph Ethieridge," announced Bee proudly. "So please forget all the nonsensical things I said about—about him."

"Young Greek gods?" suggested Lulu.

"I don't think I ever mentioned them. It was you who brought forward that simile."

"It was Jocelyn Travers who caused me to retain it in my mind," rejoined Lulu. "He considered it so applicable to his own particular charms, I believe. Yes, you're a traitress to your own good name, that's what's married that handsome young Travers—he was head over heels in love with you, and yet you've given the preference to about as plain a man as one would meet in a long day's march. After this I'm prepared for anything—even to hear that Nummy has matrimonial thoughts in connection with some out-at-elbows tramp or impecunious oil-boiler."

"A shadow fell across the window again. Cuthbert Ethieridge had returned and was entering the room even while Lulu was speaking. He made straight for Naomi, without appearing to notice either of the others, and her dark eyes, glowing with something that she leaned to see in her chair and looked up at him with a welcoming smile."

"Did you hear what Lulu was saying as you came in? She half expects me to marry a tramp or a penniless oil-boiler."

"Lulu does?" turning to her with his quick, bright smile. "Oh, though I wish I had something ten thousand times better to offer you, my darling."

"Hush!" Naomi looked startled. "They don't know—I haven't told them."

"Then I should say the sooner they are enlightened the better," cried Cuthbert gaily. "Uncle Donald knows, by the way, and he is as pleased as anything. Shall we tell them, Naomi?"

"Self-evident facts need no telling," chimed in Lulu, with a comical glance. "I suppose you mean that you are engaged, and think yourselves the two most fortunate individuals on the face of the earth?"

"We are—we do"—Lulu stopped and looked slyly over Naomi's shoulder, while Cuthbert turned to receive Bee Theissler's prettily spoken congratulations—"wasn't there once upon a time a girl who fully intended to make wealth an indispensable condition—"

"But Naomi only laughed and looked toward her lover with a glance that said she had found in him all the wealth she needed.—Household Words.

Lulu looked at her with a smile and said, "He is not?" flashed Bee, letting the music slip through her fingers with a noisy chatter.

"Oh, Bee, he is, we all think so, even Donald. And Ralph himself is perfectly sensible of his own shortcomings."

"We—well, perhaps he is not exactly handsome," admitted Bee. "In fact, the first time I saw him I—yes, I did think him rather plain; not ugly, you know, but plain."

"Very plain!" declared Lulu. "And every girl likes the man she would choose for her life companion to be possessed of some personal charms."

"Every girl sees them in the man she loves," rejoined Bee, softly, "whether other people do or not. He may not come up to the conventional standard of manly beauty, but—he's just the one man after her own heart, and—"

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Three Years in Bed. This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the time for three years with kidney disease. I took several boxes of pills from different kinds—and a great many other kinds of patent medicines; besides that I was under treatment from four different doctors during the time and not able to work. I began to feel better when I took Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and since that time have been working every day, although I am nearly 70 years of age. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me.

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THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY "TIRREX"

Once upon a time, in a mighty city, there lived a woman who was a tailor, and the work she toiled was called journalism.

cast envious glances at her, even those women who had the bonnets of three months back in their rubbish boxes, for they knew not that these were again worn.

A Bravo Printer.

Insurance and Finance Chronicle, published in Montreal, has the following. Without knowing aught of the Lord Mayor of Belfast, it would be safe to say he realizes how great is the danger to any one engaged in the rescue of a drowning.

Resolution of Condolence.

Whereas it has seemed fit to an all-wise Providence, to call to his reward from our midst our much esteemed Archbishop the Most Rev. John Walsh, the grand Spiritual Adviser of our beloved association and a distinguished member of our Branch.

That we, further convey to Very Rev. J. McCann, Administrator, our sentiments of sincere sorrow in the affliction that has come upon the Archdiocese by the sudden taking away of its venerable and beloved chief pastor.

That our charter be draped in mourning for the ensuing three months out of respect to his memory and that a copy of these resolutions be spread in full on our minutes and a copy of same be sent to The Catholic Register for publication.

R. BAIGENT, President. JNO R LEE, Sec.-Secretary.

A Strong Christian Faith.

After the receipt of the shocking news of his wife's assassination at Geneva the Emperor of Austria and his daughter attended Mass in the private chapel of the Schoenbrunn Palace.

During the day the Emperor re-read, with much emotion, a passage in the last letter he received from the Empress, in which she expressed herself as being pleased at the prospect of returning to Vienna for good days in order to witness the jubilee festival.

His Majesty discharged state duties to-day with his usual earnestness and

SUMMERING ON STONY LAKE.

September has come, and with it indubitable signs that our all-too-short summer has fled. On every side remarks are heard concerning the shortness of the days, and behind these observations is the unpleasant feeling that the shortening days will produce the very opposite condition on the gas bills.

How many of our readers have heard of Stony Lake? Yet it is quite a large sheet of water, much larger, indeed, than most of the celebrated lakes of the British Isles. It forms one of that chain of lakes stretching from Lake Simcoe to Lake Ontario, which when linked together by the Trent Valley canal, are supposed to give a great water way from Georgian Bay to the eastern portion of Lake Ontario.

Not for the first time this canal has proved a will-o-the-wisp, and has led us away from the inviting waters of Stony Lake. A run of some eight or ten miles to the north of Toronto, during which a fine view can be obtained of the rushing waters of the Ontario River brings the tourist to Lakefield. There he embarks on one of the trim steamers which ply daily between that port and the summer resorts on Clear and Stony lakes.

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

Rev. J. J. COLLINS, Trevelyan P.O., Leeds County, Ont. In connection with the above it is impossible for me to write and acknowledge every dollar that I receive. However, I beg to return my most heartfelt thanks to the good priests and people who have so generously and so promptly responded to my humble and pathetic appeal.

Save, CHESTNUT, PROMPT, ECONOMIC—These few words apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lar cinces and physical pain.

Souvenir's Distinctive Feature ITS AERATED OVEN. The one worry of the good housewife in the cooking. All skill is exercised in the preparation of the food—the best recipe of a wide experience has been used—and everything is ready for the oven.

Gentlemen of refined taste are well pleased with our new fall suits and overcoats. The quality, style, fit and finish leave nothing to be desired, while the moderate prices—eight, ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen dollars—represent a saving of nearly half merchant tailors' prices.

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

Stammerers! Address Church's Auto-Voice Institute, 9 Pembroke Street. Established 1890. Only just time in Canada for the cure of every phase of defective speech. Open continually. CHURCH & BYRNE, Principals.

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