

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographique.

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

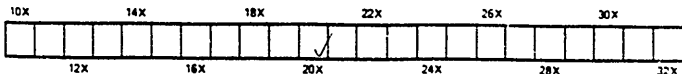
- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from./  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.





THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTRIM.

The advent of the twelfth in Belfast was attended by a terrible tragedy. Between two and three o'clock this morning an Orange arch was erected by brethren connected with the L. O. L. 338, at the corner of Montrose street, off the Albert Bridge road. A large and noisy crowd of the usual description collected, and rapping at the doors was indulged in by a number of children. Amongst the houses treated in this way was that of Robert Hendon, 3 Montrose street. Hendon, annoyed at this disturbance in the small hours of the morning, armed himself with a revolver of the bulldog pattern, thinking that his house was about to be wrecked. As he was coming to the door, as some say in his nightgown, he seized the firearm with which he had armed himself and presented it at the crowd. Five chambers of the weapon were loaded, and without further notice he fired at the crowd of children. A scream told that the bullet had taken effect, and in a moment it was found that the victim was a girl named Magdalen Atkinson, who resides on the opposite side of the street from Hendon.

A alarming railway accident occurred at Larne railway station, by which thirteen persons were severely injured. It appears that the ten o'clock train from Belfast missed the points and ran into the carriages of a special at the return platform.

CHLARE.

During the progress of a hurling match between the Tulla and Bridgetown Hurling Clubs, as Tulla was just outside the village of Galbally, Co. Limerick, and close to the confines of the town of Aherlow. His father was a blacksmith at the place mentioned, and at the present day traces of the forge are to be seen where his brawny arm wielded the hammer. He emigrated to the land of the Stars and Stripes to better his fortune, while his son, the Admiral, was a mere child.

DONEGAL.

The magistrates assembled at the Donegal Petty Sessions held a consultation regarding the Orange procession which was announced to take place on the 14th of July. The magistrates present were:—Mr. Crane, R.M.; General White, Rev. Charles Stubbs, and Mr. Jerome Doyle. Mr. Milling, D.L., was also present. Having carefully considered the situation of affairs in connection with the proposed demonstration, they unanimously agreed that the only way to secure the peace of the town was to prevent the Orange procession from entering it under any circumstances, and that there were different other convenient highways by which the Orangemen could reach their hall without passing through the town of Donegal. Notwithstanding this influential expression of opinion, which was left before the Dublin Castle authorities, the Orangemen were allowed to march through Donegal.

DERRY.

The Rev. James Nunan, D.D., has succeeded in winning the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the recent examination held at Rome. He is the second son of the late John Nunan, National Teacher, Ardlett, Kerry.

DUBLIN.

Dr. Kenny, M.P., and Mr. F. M. Harrington, M.P., have been exchanging compliments. The latter replies to an attack made upon him by the doctor at the Independent League. Mr. Harrington says his assailants think themselves all sufficient to safeguard the interests of national politics in Dublin. I do not, and I venture to say I only share an apprehension which is in the minds of nine-tenths of the citizens. The gang in the Municipal Council who have handed themselves over to the Tory party, and sought to deliver the city to them as well, have been supported and encouraged by Dr. Kenny, the Independent League, and the "Independent" newspaper. I challenge him to deny that when Mr. Thomas Doyle was being opposed by me in the Rotunda he cast his vote in my favour, though promising to do so. On the same occasion the Independent League passed a resolution in favour of Mr. Doyle, and its members canvassed for him. Later on, when he was honoured with the commission of peace, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Sexton, in return for his Tory votes, the "Independent" went into ecstasies over the favour which was conferred on so genuine a Nationalist.

While I am on the question of challenging the doctor for a denial, I may ask him at the same time whether he will deny that as far back as two years ago Mr. John Redmond, in his "aring, expressed himself in favour of Sir Robert Sexton's election as Lord Mayor. Dr. Kenny tells his select audience in the Independent League that I am an anti-Farnellite. I tell him that I am now as staunch a Farnellite as I was

when he was balancing in Committee-room 16, and whipping up a meeting to take Gladstone's letter into consideration. I stand where I did by Parnell's policy and Farnell's programme. I refuse to accept as a substitute for it something which is a cross between Irish Toryism and sham advanced Nationalism.

Irish musicians will be interested in the details of the programme just issued in connection with the Fels Cello for 1898. Sixteen prizes are offered for composers' competitors, that for the best cantata dealing with an Irish subject, or set to words by an Irish author, being the most valuable. Thirty pounds is the prize allotted for this competition. A prize of ten pounds is assigned for the best concert overture for full orchestra, a similar sum being set aside for the best arrangement of Irish airs for brass and reed bands.

The Most Reverend Doctor Donnelly and the parishioners of Bray are congratulated on the success of their efforts to provide so important a parish with a church suited to its growing requirements.

Mr. Anstall, Professor of Arabic and Hindustani in Dublin University, was found dead in bed at his house, 129 Leinster road. The report of the Commission on Manual Education, which has been issued, recommends that some form of more advanced manual instruction should be introduced as far as possible in the higher classes of schools for boys, the most suitable form of instruction for this purpose being, in the opinion of the commissioners, that relating to the principles and practice of woodwork, treated educationally. Drawing should be made compulsory as far as possible in all National schools. A simple course of elementary science should form a part of ordinary education in National schools, and the course of elementary science to be taught in rural schools should be so framed as to illustrate the more simple scientific principles that underlie the art and industry of agriculture. The cookery, laundry-work, and domestic science should be taught, as far as may be found practicable, in girls' schools; and needle-work should continue to form an important element in all schools for girls.

The Provincial Committee charged with the establishment of "The Dublin Orchestral Society," are taking the most simple scientific principles that underlie the art and industry of agriculture. The cookery, laundry-work, and domestic science should be taught, as far as may be found practicable, in girls' schools; and needle-work should continue to form an important element in all schools for girls. The Provincial Committee charged with the establishment of "The Dublin Orchestral Society," are taking the most simple scientific principles that underlie the art and industry of agriculture. The cookery, laundry-work, and domestic science should be taught, as far as may be found practicable, in girls' schools; and needle-work should continue to form an important element in all schools for girls.

The following Redmondites voted for the stigma put on the priests by the pious clause in the New County Bill:—Mr. John Redmond, P. O'Brien, W. Field, J. P. Hayden, J. L. Carey, J. H. Parnell, J. J. Clancy. The Redmondites had the following Orangemen in the Lobby with them:—Messrs. Waring, Sanderson, General McCallmont, T. W. Russell, Sir J. Haslett, Mr. Smith Barry, and Mr. Lecky.

GALWAY.

At a public meeting held in Galway in support of the claims of the National teachers with reference to the pensions and arrears question, the equalization of salaries with those of the teachers in Britain, and the classification of assistant teachers, the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway, occupied the chair. There was a full attendance of members of the county, with sympathizers from the outside districts, and there was a considerable muster of lady teachers from different parts of the county. The proceedings were characterized by unanimity and enthusiasm.

KERRY.

Addressing the grand jury at the opening of the Tralee assizes, Mr. Justice O'Brien, who has a craze for fastening crime upon his countrymen, said:—"I find that there is an entire concurrence in reference to one element in this list of crime, namely, that in all these cases which represent agrarian disturbances of any kind, hardly one person has been made amenable for offence against property, for incendiarism, or wilful injury to property, for the offence of maiming or mutilating dumb animals, or the offence of threatening letters or notices. Not that I consider, or would be so unjust as to say that the fact of no person being made amenable for these offences necessarily demonstrates to its full extent the existence of sympathy with crime, because all these offences are in their own nature secret. Incendiarism, threatening letters, and notices are in their own nature secret, and therefore do not always warrant the conclusion that the fact that no person has been made amenable necessarily establishes sympathy with the crime. Turning to other evidence connected with the state of this county from information so far as I can possess it, and which you possess no doubt, in a greater degree of exactness, it occurs to me that upon the whole there is evidence of considerable improvement."

IRELAND.

MAYO.

At the Mayo Assizes at Castlebar, before Mr. Justice Murphy, Allan Sutherland, who had described himself as belonging to the Ayrshire and Highland Highlanders, pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny, fraud, and obtaining goods by worthless cheques. The accused had carried on a series of the most elaborate frauds. He had circulated the statement that he purchased Rosport B. use as the representative or agent of Lord Charles Bessborough, obtained possession of horses and sold them in Dublin, and paid with bogus cheques. He was sentenced to seven years.

WICKLOW.

The death is announced of Mr. Laurence William Bryne, J.P., of Crooney Bryne, Co. Wicklow, whose death took place at Mullingar, on Tuesday. Mr. Bryne was the head of one of the oldest and most respected of the Catholic families of the beautiful county in which the greater part of his too short life was spent.

ENGLAND.

MASS IN THE OPEN AIR.

A special military service has taken place in the open air at Strensall Camp, in the presence of a large number of troops. Long before the appointed time a service was held in the parish church, and non-Catholics from York and the surrounding districts had arrived on the ground. On the arrival of St. George's choir from York a long procession was formed of school-children in white, altar boys, and military bearing banners, and marched to a small tent in which the altar had been erected. The priests taking part were the Rev. Fr. Canon Wells (York), Rev. T. Van Zon, and Rev. B. Kelly (York). During the procession the band of the Black Watch played the "War March of the Priests."

LORD ROSEBERY ON EDMUND BURKE.

The Earl of Rosebery unveiled a memorial to Edmund Burke, placed in the parish church of St. Mary and All Saints, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Later in the day Sir Edward Lawson gave a luncheon party to meet Lord Rosebery at Hall Barn. Lord Curzon proposed the health of Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery, in the course of his reply, said:—"I think we have had a most interesting ceremony today. It has been interesting in the past, because of its simplicity, not because of the grandeur or the celebrity of those who have attended it, though I confess I was very glad to see a detachment of Irishmen here present to do honour to the greatest Irishman, but I think some of you stood in the church today must have felt the wrong of one's own life to right the wrong of one's country, and to assert its liberties. Michael Dwyer had not lost his life in the cause of his country, but he had bravely faced every peril, and gave abundant proof of heroic patriotism in his efforts to redress his country's wrongs. He loved Ireland, and Ireland was a country worth dying for. He loved his country, and he loved his traditions, and her laws. And, coming to Australia, he loved Australia with the same devoted love, and served it with the same heroic patriotism. We needed patriots at the present day; and it was to be hoped that the example set by this true patriot might excite amongst us the true spirit and raise up men who would be true in their love of country, and no less in their love of religion. Such men would be a blessing to Australia, a blessing to their families, and a blessing to themselves."

At the head of the procession rode the marshals, Mr. William Walsh and Mr. Eugene Ryan. After them walked the Australian Holy Catholic Guild, 600 strong. They followed by the G. B. Society, more than 600 strong, followed by the Irish National Foresters, over 400 men walking. The vehicles in the cortege numbered nearly 400. The members of the Catholic societies, in full regalia, had been arranged four deep along the centre of College street, and their ranks were completely broken up by the arrival of the regalia of the societies, the jockeying of the funeral cars, and the various-coloured resettes that were pretty generally worn, there was a marked absence of colour. Even among the sightseers, at least 200,000, who might have had no sympathy with the objects for which Dwyer had struggled, there was a genuine feeling of respect to follow to the remains of a man who was a romping child when the people of Boston threw the East India Company's tea into their harbor, who was a fairly grown boy when Gibraltar was besieged, and before the independence of the American colonies was recognised, was an untried experience. A hundred years ago Dwyer took an element of romance present, too, for the remains of the wife who had succored him as a fugitive, and subsequently shared his distant exile, were being borne in the same casket to their final resting-place.

SCOTLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RIVAL AND THE GLADSTONE.

That distinguished officer, Colonel Wauchop, has been sent to the front to take command of one of the brigades to advance on Khartoum. It is reported that Messrs. Messrs. Henry and Herbert Gladstone were present at the Colonel's send-off, an act of friendship to a gallant adversary for Colonel Wauchop fought Mr. Gladstone for Midlothian.

A SCOTTISH CARDINALATE.

The rumour that the Vatican has been urged to appoint a Scottish Cardinal has awakened great interest amongst the Catholic communities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland. It is understood that the matter has been under the consideration of the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome for years past.

IRELAND.

Tralee Firemen Trellis.

M. McCarthy, Lombard Street Fire Hall, Toronto, dated March 4th, 1897, states:—"Am subjected to very painful conditions of coarseness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

A '98 Demonstration in Sydney.

Exhumation of the Body of M. Dwyer.

On Sunday last, reports the Sydney "Freeman's Journal" of Saturday, May 28, the Ninety-Eight Commemoration Committee had their "day out" in Sydney. Even regarded as a spectacle it eclipsed the O'Connell centenary. The Remains of Michael Dwyer (the Wicklow Rebel Chieftain) and his wife (Mary Doyle) were exhumed on Thursday last and taken from the Devonshire-street Catholic Cemetery to St. Mary's Cathedral on Saturday evening. While the High Mass was being celebrated on Sunday, the casket holding the remains of Michael Dwyer and his wife rested in front of the Lady Altar at the rear of the sanctuary. By one o'clock fully 6,000 were assembled in College-street and in Hyde Park facing the Cathedral.

At half-past one there was a solemn ceremony in the Cathedral. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney officiated, assisted by the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien (Rector of St. John's College), the Rev. Fr. O'Haran (Administrator of the Cathedral), Rev. J. Phelan, Rev. Fr. Whyte, Rev. Fr. P. O'Connell, Rev. Fr. C. O'Connell, Mr. J. Delany (Cathedral Organist) played the Dead March (Saul). His Eminence Cardinal Moran said he had no intention of detaining them at that ceremony, as he knew that further proceedings awaited them. But he would avail himself of that opportunity of congratulating the friends of the distinguished patriot on whose remains had just been proffered to the Holy Church on the special honour which had been today decreed on him. For he was a genuine patriot—a good man and true. His patriotism was not of that class so common nowadays—patriotism of words; it was a patriotism of heart and deeds. Every man who was faithful to his domestic and social duties might well be styled a patriot; but the notion of patriotism was to extend one's life to right the wrong of one's country, and to assert its liberties. Michael Dwyer had not lost his life in the cause of his country, but he had bravely faced every peril, and gave abundant proof of heroic patriotism in his efforts to redress his country's wrongs. He loved Ireland, and Ireland was a country worth dying for. He loved his country, and he loved his traditions, and her laws. And, coming to Australia, he loved Australia with the same devoted love, and served it with the same heroic patriotism. We needed patriots at the present day; and it was to be hoped that the example set by this true patriot might excite amongst us the true spirit and raise up men who would be true in their love of country, and no less in their love of religion. Such men would be a blessing to Australia, a blessing to their families, and a blessing to themselves."

At the head of the procession rode the marshals, Mr. William Walsh and Mr. Eugene Ryan. After them walked the Australian Holy Catholic Guild, 600 strong. They followed by the G. B. Society, more than 600 strong, followed by the Irish National Foresters, over 400 men walking. The vehicles in the cortege numbered nearly 400. The members of the Catholic societies, in full regalia, had been arranged four deep along the centre of College street, and their ranks were completely broken up by the arrival of the regalia of the societies, the jockeying of the funeral cars, and the various-coloured resettes that were pretty generally worn, there was a marked absence of colour. Even among the sightseers, at least 200,000, who might have had no sympathy with the objects for which Dwyer had struggled, there was a genuine feeling of respect to follow to the remains of a man who was a romping child when the people of Boston threw the East India Company's tea into their harbor, who was a fairly grown boy when Gibraltar was besieged, and before the independence of the American colonies was recognised, was an untried experience. A hundred years ago Dwyer took an element of romance present, too, for the remains of the wife who had succored him as a fugitive, and subsequently shared his distant exile, were being borne in the same casket to their final resting-place.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?

Who blunders at the name?

On the other side:—

"When covards mock the patriot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame?"

Celtic interweavings, such as the Round Tower, Ogham Stones, etc., with suitable mottoes in the Irish language, will find a place in the monument. Ample room will be left for additional sculptural elaboration should the contract be about \$2,000. The procession having arrived at the cemetery gates, the coffin was taken out of the catafalque, and the Rev. Father Kennedy, O.S.F., and a number of acolytes headed the procession, followed by about 20 priests, who recited the prayers for the Dead. Then came the coffin, followed by the members of the Holy Catholic Guild, and Irish National Foresters. Arrived at the sepulchre, the platform near it was soon crowded, and an immense concourse gathered in front and around the grave. The burial prayers were then said, the priests joining in the responses. The coffin was then placed in the tomb, the green flag of Erin hoisted on a staff, and one of the bands played the "Adele Filles."

The Dwyer family was strongly represented. Among the descendants of Michael Dwyer present on the platform were Mrs. Chivers, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Courtney (grandchildren), Mrs. Chivers (great-grandchildren), the Misses Donnelly (3) (great-great-grandchildren), Mrs. Donohoe, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. Doyle, Miss Doyle, Mrs. Quinn. Among the members of the Dwyer family who could not attend on Sunday may be mentioned Sister Mary Walburg (Good Samaritan Order), Mr. Michael Robert Dwyer (Burke), Mrs. John Dwyer, Mr. Peter Chivers, Mr. Benedict Dwyer, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Murphy, and John and Michael Dwyer (sons of James Dwyer).

The remains of Michael Dwyer and his wife having been placed in the vault, a public meeting was held, at which eloquent and stirring speeches were delivered by Dr. C. W. McCarthy, chairman of the '98 Centenary Committee, the Hon. Daniel O'Connor, M.L.C., Dr. Kearney, of Farranmatta; and Dr. O'Malley, of Melbourne. The Guild-hall, Castlereagh-street, was crowded on the Monday evening following by guests at a banquet in connection with the Commemoration. Dr. C. W. McCarthy presided.

There was an unusual scene in the old Catholic cemetery when the remains of the Dwyers were exhumed in presence of Dr. McCarthy, Mr. John Sheehy, secretary, Mrs. Chivers (granddaughter of the Dwyers), and others. There were two small coffins in the vault, one that of a child,

and the other that of Michael Dwyer. The latter had been placed there by the late Dean Dwyer, properly known as "Father John," a grandson about 20 years ago—63 years after death at Limerick. On being opened was found to contain adult human remains, which Mrs. Chivers was perfectly satisfied was also present who had seen the coffin placed in the vault.

"I ordered the smaller coffin to be opened," said the doctor, "and it was shown to contain the remains of a very small woman in a remarkable state of preservation (of 35 years). The features and hair were perfectly recognisable. There was white fluff cap on the head, and a white shroud, with garters at the neck. This body, Mrs. Chivers was perfectly satisfied was that of her grandmother. She and others recollected distinctly that it was interred with a white shroud, and the other body had a brown shroud of the Carmelite Order. By permission of the police, a photograph was taken of the face by Mr. H. J. McGuire. Particular interest attaches to the name of Mrs. Dwyer, owing to her romantic marriage. Dwyer, when under arms on Wicklow Hills, went by stealth to her house, and carried her off on horse-back (aided by some of his men, to prevent arrest), and they were married by a priest after which Mrs. Doyle shared his perils on the hills and his exile afterwards."

"How do I account for the remarkable preservation? First, the exclusion of the air, owing to the perfect sealing of the lead coffin; second, the bodily tissues not containing much fluid (Mrs. Dwyer being very old, the body was semi-mummified); third, the dryness, owing to the sandy soil."

"The remains were each left in their respective caskets, but enclosed in another outer one, which was inscribed as follows:— 'Herein are deposited the remains of the well-known Insurgent Chief, Michael Dwyer, who died August 23, 1828, aged 63 years. Also the remains of his wife, Mary Doyle, nee Doyle, who shared in his perils and exile, and who died on June 12, 1860, aged 55—R.I.P.'"

HONOUR, NOT HONOURS.

Denser and mightier hour by hour Sweals the throng upon life's highway— Flerce the struggle for place and power, For the giants of old were as babes to-day, And the heart of the novice with child dismay Grows faint at the sight of the hopeless race; For how shall he soar if there be no wings to play?

True, there may be many that throng the start, And eagerly locate a place to win; But only the patient and stout of heart Go on as bravely as they begin. And the ranks of the runners are straggling thin. When the road grows steep and the pathway rough; And each will find there is room enough. As he nears the goal where the race comes in.

'Tis not to all is the lot assigned To win the laurel and wear the crown; For Fate's fickle and Fortune blind, And sheds unseeing her smile or frown. And the foremost runner is smitten down. When the bay-brid summits are well nigh scaled; What then? Dr a truth to have striven? Is a nobler thing than unearned renown.

For the deafening roar of the cheering crowd Falls sweetly on victor's eager ear, And the foot is flattered if praise be loud; And discerner not the true from the false; But the still small voice that the wise holds dear, Is the voice that whispers within the breast; 'Thou hast fought thy battles and done thy best; When thy Captain calls thou hast sought to fear.

Then work while the blood in your veins runs strong, While limbs are supple and hearts are light; While life is summer and days are long. Ere winter comes with its sunless night, While the deed that is done be slight— Feebly wrought and with lack of skill! Not the work itself, but the worker's will. Availeth aught in the Master's sight. False and hollow the voice of Fame, Fades the gilt on her glittering scrolls; Nor shall she any with all acclaim, Till she hears the knell of his passing toll. Then seek not a place on the heroes' roll; But take for your guide, in the world's despite, Not 'What shall it profit?' but 'God and Right?' Honour not 'Honour,' shall be your goal. C. E. J., in the Spectator.

there were green wreaths, and from these hung garlands of green. The Irish flag was used in forming the canopy, and the white and blue colours, representing Australia, were blended with the green. The casket containing the remains was mounted with gold-plate handles, and the shields with the inscriptions were of polished brass. There were no wreaths on the casket—only sprigs of laurel. The monument is of white marble, the length and breadth, respectively, 30 by 24 feet; the height, from the top of the Celtic cross to the ground level, 30 feet. On the base appears the inscription—"Remember '88," done monogramatically, and it is interwoven with sprigs of laurel and shamrock. On the lower panel will be the following:—"Underneath lie the remains of the noble Chief, Michael Dwyer. (Other names follow.) On the sub-base—"In loving memory of all who dared and suffered for Ireland in 1798." The cross is flanked with walls "stepped" at the sides and carrying along the top a frieze for further inscription, to consist simply of a prayer for the patriots. Names of many appear, such as Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Brothers Skidmore (Protestants), the Rev. William Jackson (Anglican), William Orr (Presbyterian), Michael Dwyer (Catholic), the insurgent priests, Fathers John and Michael Murphy, Fathers Quigley, Roche, and Keenan. Beneath the frieze panels for bas-relief head-models in bronze of the principal patriots, also medals of historical events of the '98 period. On the terminal part of the wall, each side of the entrance, carved in Irish wolf-dogs, and beneath, on one side, the words:—

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blunders at the name?"

On the other side:— "When covards mock the patriot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame?"

Celtic interweavings, such as the Round Tower, Ogham Stones, etc., with suitable mottoes in the Irish language, will find a place in the monument. Ample room will be left for additional sculptural elaboration should the contract be about \$2,000. The procession having arrived at the cemetery gates, the coffin was taken out of the catafalque, and the Rev. Father Kennedy, O.S.F., and a number of acolytes headed the procession, followed by about 20 priests, who recited the prayers for the Dead. Then came the coffin, followed by the members of the Holy Catholic Guild, and Irish National Foresters. Arrived at the sepulchre, the platform near it was soon crowded, and an immense concourse gathered in front and around the grave. The burial prayers were then said, the priests joining in the responses. The coffin was then placed in the tomb, the green flag of Erin hoisted on a staff, and one of the bands played the "Adele Filles."

The Dwyer family was strongly represented. Among the descendants of Michael Dwyer present on the platform were Mrs. Chivers, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Courtney (grandchildren), Mrs. Chivers (great-grandchildren), the Misses Donnelly (3) (great-great-grandchildren), Mrs. Donohoe, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. Doyle, Miss Doyle, Mrs. Quinn. Among the members of the Dwyer family who could not attend on Sunday may be mentioned Sister Mary Walburg (Good Samaritan Order), Mr. Michael Robert Dwyer (Burke), Mrs. John Dwyer, Mr. Peter Chivers, Mr. Benedict Dwyer, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Murphy, and John and Michael Dwyer (sons of James Dwyer).

The remains of Michael Dwyer and his wife having been placed in the vault, a public meeting was held, at which eloquent and stirring speeches were delivered by Dr. C. W. McCarthy, chairman of the '98 Centenary Committee, the Hon. Daniel O'Connor, M.L.C., Dr. Kearney, of Farranmatta; and Dr. O'Malley, of Melbourne. The Guild-hall, Castlereagh-street, was crowded on the Monday evening following by guests at a banquet in connection with the Commemoration. Dr. C. W. McCarthy presided.

There was an unusual scene in the old Catholic cemetery when the remains of the Dwyers were exhumed in presence of Dr. McCarthy, Mr. John Sheehy, secretary, Mrs. Chivers (granddaughter of the Dwyers), and others. There were two small coffins in the vault, one that of a child,

and the other that of Michael Dwyer. The latter had been placed there by the late Dean Dwyer, properly known as "Father John," a grandson about 20 years ago—63 years after death at Limerick. On being opened was found to contain adult human remains, which Mrs. Chivers was perfectly satisfied was also present who had seen the coffin placed in the vault.

"I ordered the smaller coffin to be opened," said the doctor, "and it was shown to contain the remains of a very small woman in a remarkable state of preservation (of 35 years). The features and hair were perfectly recognisable. There was white fluff cap on the head, and a white shroud, with garters at the neck. This body, Mrs. Chivers was perfectly satisfied was that of her grandmother. She and others recollected distinctly that it was interred with a white shroud, and the other body had a brown shroud of the Carmelite Order. By permission of the police, a photograph was taken of the face by Mr. H. J. McGuire. Particular interest attaches to the name of Mrs. Dwyer, owing to her romantic marriage. Dwyer, when under arms on Wicklow Hills, went by stealth to her house, and carried her off on horse-back (aided by some of his men, to prevent arrest), and they were married by a priest after which Mrs. Doyle shared his perils on the hills and his exile afterwards."

"How do I account for the remarkable preservation? First, the exclusion of the air, owing to the perfect sealing of the lead coffin; second, the bodily tissues not containing much fluid (Mrs. Dwyer being very old, the body was semi-mummified); third, the dryness, owing to the sandy soil."

"The remains were each left in their respective caskets, but enclosed in another outer one, which was inscribed as follows:— 'Herein are deposited the remains of the well-known Insurgent Chief, Michael Dwyer, who died August 23, 1828, aged 63 years. Also the remains of his wife, Mary Doyle, nee Doyle, who shared in his perils and exile, and who died on June 12, 1860, aged 55—R.I.P.'"

HONOUR, NOT HONOURS. Denser and mightier hour by hour Sweals the throng upon life's highway— Flerce the struggle for place and power, For the giants of old were as babes to-day, And the heart of the novice with child dismay Grows faint at the sight of the hopeless race; For how shall he soar if there be no wings to play?

True, there may be many that throng the start, And eagerly locate a place to win; But only the patient and stout of heart Go on as bravely as they begin. And the ranks of the runners are straggling thin. When the road grows steep and the pathway rough; And each will find there is room enough. As he nears the goal where the race comes in.

'Tis not to all is the lot assigned To win the laurel and wear the crown; For Fate's fickle and Fortune blind, And sheds unseeing her smile or frown. And the foremost runner is smitten down. When the bay-brid summits are well nigh scaled; What then? Dr a truth to have striven? Is a nobler thing than unearned renown.

For the deafening roar of the cheering crowd Falls sweetly on victor's eager ear, And the foot is flattered if praise be loud; And discerner not the true from the false; But the still small voice that the wise holds dear, Is the voice that whispers within the breast; 'Thou hast fought thy battles and done thy best; When thy Captain calls thou hast sought to fear.

Then work while the blood in your veins runs strong, While limbs are supple and hearts are light; While life is summer and days are long. Ere winter comes with its sunless night, While the deed that is done be slight— Feebly wrought and with lack of skill! Not the work itself, but the worker's will. Availeth aught in the Master's sight. False and hollow the voice of Fame, Fades the gilt on her glittering scrolls; Nor shall she any with all acclaim, Till she hears the knell of his passing toll. Then seek not a place on the heroes' roll; But take for your guide, in the world's despite, Not 'What shall it profit?' but 'God and Right?' Honour not 'Honour,' shall be your goal. C. E. J., in the Spectator.

ALWAY ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Pryor, L. F. Ireland, P. Q., writes:—"My son, 18 months old, had scurvy so bad that nothing gave him relief until I brought him some of Dr. Thomas' Kidney-Liver Pills, which I gave him in 15 or 16 hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Test the KIDNEYS They are the Great Feeders of our Bodies The Purity of the Blood is Dependent on their Cleansing Powers There's a time to all, old and young, man or woman, when poor health betrays the body, and burdens build up under, and one's efforts to rid himself or herself seem only to be baffled at every step. This is no time to give up—but the time for action. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the best, and act as your best judgment and the experience of others will help you, by giving aid in various ways. Do not delay, for your physical ailments. MR. GEORGE BANNER, WILSON, ONTARIO, says:— As a life saver, I mention, I hereby state that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cured me. For nearly four years I was greatly troubled with Constipation and general weakness in the kidneys, and in my serious condition was strongly advised to use Chase's Pills, and to-day I can safely and truthfully state they have saved my life. DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS are the only Combined Kidney and Liver Pills—What they have Accomplished is a Live Guarantee of what they will do . . .

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

In an interview with the novelist Marie Correll published in the August number of The Strand Magazine...

It has been urged that Marie Correll is something of a mystic, one of those who have risen in these latter days armed with a mission...

Speaking from the point of view of one who utterly detests all of the above errors as now rampant, it may be questioned whether such works as "Vandetta," "The Mighty Atom," etc., are calculated to do much good in that direction...

Marie Correll does not present human nature as it really is, but a distorted version of it with all the un-human qualities brought into strong prominence...

The child Lionel in "The Mighty Atom" is an almost impossible creation viewed from the standpoint of ordinary common sense and normal childhood...

My readers are requested not to forget St. Paul's Picnic in the House of Providence grounds on August 8th. It is intended to make this one of the most enjoyable functions of the holiday...

It is understood that at the last meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia the holding of a Catholic Congress on the lines of those held in Fribourg (Switzerland), Brussels, and other Continental cities, was suggested...

The microbe has been after the scorcher for a long while, and the latter never guessed it until "The Lancet" said that the sore and inflamed throat, headache, and depression often experienced by cyclists are brought about in this way...

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medicinal science combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man...

Some interesting observations made by M. Fatio on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought before the Physical Society of Geneva. In these it was established that the snipe had often been observed in regaining damages with its beak...

Speaking of the critics, or rather, of her fight with those leaders of literature, Miss Correll says "They began it." Just so, they generally do; few authors with any pretensions to common sense would put themselves out to stir up the mud of literary criticism...

Indifference never wrote great works. The greatest architect, and the one most needed, is hope. A good deed is better than gold, but not nearly so negotiable.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" TALKS BY "THERESA"

combat are perhaps best described in Marvell's epigram: "Thus, when a barber and a collier fight, The barber beats the luckless collier white; Straightway the collier heaves his ponderous sack, And, with ill-tongued boasts the barber black."

That is to say Miss Correll's adversaries are; she, herself, has emerged triumphant, and is now basking in the smiles of an appreciative public, while the miserable fate of her opponents is just what she foresaw...

Well, that sounds complimentary certainly, but it is scarcely in accordance with strict logic. A mimic is a person who takes all some other living person; imitates speech, voice, appearance and gestures. An actor who creates the part he plays can scarcely be called a mimic, in fact he stands on the same plane as the novelist, he creates a person and presents them in his own person living and breathing...

It is formed backwards and looks more like the figure 2 than anything I can compare it to; it is always entirely separate from the letters contiguous to them. There is no character on the hand, but as I am not a graphologist I cannot define it.

My readers are requested not to forget St. Paul's Picnic in the House of Providence grounds on August 8th. It is intended to make this one of the most enjoyable functions of the holiday, and the price of admission being only one cent, all the family can go at very small expense...

It is understood that at the last meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia the holding of a Catholic Congress on the lines of those held in Fribourg (Switzerland), Brussels, and other Continental cities, was suggested. Since then, prominent laymen, Hon. Dr. Grace, New Zealand, and Dr. Leo Kenny, of Melbourne, among the number, have expressed a desire to see the excellent idea put into practical shape...

The microbe has been after the scorcher for a long while, and the latter never guessed it until "The Lancet" said that the sore and inflamed throat, headache, and depression often experienced by cyclists are brought about in this way. Their machines raise a dust, and in the dust are many undetectable things. Thus says the "Lancet"—"Hundreds of millions of bacteria, according to the nature of the locality, are found in a grumme weight of dust, and the species isolated have included well-known pathogenic organisms. Indeed there can be no reason for doubting the infective power of dust when it is known that amongst the microbes encountered in it are the microbes of pus, malignant oedema, tetanus, tubercle, and septicaemia."

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medicinal science combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For DELICATE and DELIBERATE CONSTITUTIONS Parmelee Pills act like a charm. Taken in accordance with the directions on the wrapper, they mildly excite the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Some interesting observations made by M. Fatio on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently brought before the Physical Society of Geneva. In these it was established that the snipe had often been observed in regaining damages with its beak. In fact, it makes a very creditable dressing, and has even been known to secure a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion M. Fatio killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the body by means of coagulated blood. Twice he had done so with later even feathers strapped on to the site of a fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered it on the following day, when he found that the wounded bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled round the beak, and, not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, the poor creature was almost dead from hunger when found.

A little paper down in Georgia relates this laughable story:—"The preacher had baptized Jerry Davis, and was raising him up when in some unaccountable way both were tripped and thrown in a very deep hole, where they disappeared. It took two or three weeks for the men from the store to save them." "Th above recalls an incident at a Georgia baptizing some time ago, says the "Atlanta Constitution." A colored preacher held a candidate under the water somewhat longer than the usual time. When the latter regained his feet he spluttered:—"Wnat do devil you hol' me under so long for?" "WV, you livin' scoundrel, you!" exclaimed the preacher, "an't you got the devil outen you yet?" And down the fellow went again! But in struggling, he got the best of the preacher, holding him under until he was nearly strangled. When the preacher finally "got his balance," he stood up and said:—"Brouder Williams, please, save, wade out, no wid dem life preservers. Some er dese niggers is so strong dey'll drown me for I gits the wid 'em!"

Among the watches owned by Mrs. Stuart was a coffin-shaped watch in a case of crystal. Probably the most remarkable one in her collection was the one which was bequeathed to Mary Seaton, her maid of honor. It was in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull was the symbol of death, a scythe and the skull was time, and at the top of the head was the Garden of Eden and the Crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull. Inside was a representation of the Holy Family surrounded by angels, while the shepherds and their flocks were worshipping the new-born Christ. The works formed the brain, while the dial plate was the palate. She also possessed another skull-shaped watch, but it is not known what became of it—"Ladies' Home Journal."

The church of the Most Holy Trinity, Bologna, was recently crowded with a large congregation on the occasion of an interesting ritual ceremony, the baptism, communion, and marriage of a Jew. Mrs. Carpanella, the parish priest, addressed to the new woman whom the Church had received into its fold, an address touching in its simplicity, and which drew tears of emotion from many eyes. Count Pio Ranuzzi de Bismantova stood godfather to the convert.

Trains proceed, and passenger relates tales of his various triumphs over railway officials. Scene 2—A dark and lonely railway platform. One melancholy figure brooding. Passenger (thoughtfully)—I wonder if that collector only meant to tell me I was in the wrong train—Tid Bits.

ST. SWITHIN AND THE HAIN. According to tradition, if it rained on St. Swithin's Day, we might expect rain for the forty days following. St. Swithin, it is interesting to recall, lived in the ninth century, was Precursor to King Ethelwulf, was made Bishop of Winchester in 852, and died a decade later. The story goes that it rained forty days in consequence of the proposed removal of his remains from the churchyard to the cathedral.

CREATURES WHICH CANNOT SHUT THEIR EYES. Snakes are unable to close their eyes; for the reason that they have no eyelids. Lizards, too, are in the same list, and all the vast tribe of fishes are quite eyelidless. But, as in the case of snakes, a horny yet transparent skin protects the eyeballs from injury. Whether fish sleep is rather an open question. They have been noticed quite motionless, just touching the floor of their tank for hours together so possibly they do.

WHORE NOAH KEPT HIS BEES. Dr. James K. Hooper, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new Public Library. As he went up the steps he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," said Doctor Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?" "No," answered Hooper. "In the ark hive," said the venerable preacher as he passed out of earshot—Ladies Home Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. Love turns the crank and wealth lubricates the axle. It is easier to fall in love than it is to crawl out of it. It's an impressive moment in the life of a girl when a masculine arm first encircles her waist. The man who sits around and brags of his bravery is the first man to break for the woods in time of danger—Chicago News.

A SUITABLE RESPONSE. A somewhat reckless youth who had enlisted for the war, and had spent his time in camp in writing home for money, finally sent this telegram as a "clinch"—"Father—Leg shot off in sham battle. Send all the money you can. To this the old man replied:—"Son—Don't know your number, but wooden leg goes to you by express. If it doesn't fit, get cainy carpenter to plane it. Best-love. All well here.—"Atlanta Constitution."

PARSON IN DANGER OF DROWN-ING. A little paper down in Georgia relates this laughable story:—"The preacher had baptized Jerry Davis, and was raising him up when in some unaccountable way both were tripped and thrown in a very deep hole, where they disappeared. It took two or three weeks for the men from the store to save them."

JEWISH COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE. The new movement for the founding of a Jewish political State in Palestine, has had a stronger impetus among Jews in Europe than in the United States. This is doubtless due to the restrictions placed upon them as a race in other countries, which have created a longing for any change that gave promise of an improvement in their condition.

MRS. HODGES' FAULT. In a thriving village on the western coast of the old Bay State is located a Jewellery shop of high standard, its sole proprietor being Joseph Hodges, a business man on no small scale. His wife, Marian, is a faithful life partner, and does all she can to make his home one of peace and comfort.

OTHER NIGHT. Here Hodges cast a quick glance at his wife, but she would not notice it, for she must correct her husband's mistake—"for I heard him tell about it, and if I was Jim I'd have no more to do with such people."

A CONVERTED JEW. The church of the Most Holy Trinity, Bologna, was recently crowded with a large congregation on the occasion of an interesting ritual ceremony, the baptism, communion, and marriage of a Jew. Mrs. Carpanella, the parish priest, addressed to the new woman whom the Church had received into its fold, an address touching in its simplicity, and which drew tears of emotion from many eyes.

A RAILWAY DRAMA. Scene 1—Train stopping at a big junction. Ticket Collector (examining passenger's ticket)—This won't do, sir. You'll have to get out and— Passenger—I shall not get out. I refuse to be bullied by you. Here is my card. You have your remedy, etc., etc. Ticket Collector—I only wanted to say, sir— Passenger—Don't talk to me. You're only a menial. Fetch the station master. Ticket Collector—It's all right, sir.

FREE AND EASY expectoration immediately relieved across the throat and lungs from viscous phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Eick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

In this world a man must either be a hammer or an anvil.

MEDICAL Science Startled. THE NEW INGREDIENT IN RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE Cures Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Diseases 4000 Canadians testify to its Merits. Physicians use it daily in their practice Clergymen of all denominations endorse it. THE S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, ONT. PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE; 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00

MRS. HODGES' FAULT. In a thriving village on the western coast of the old Bay State is located a Jewellery shop of high standard, its sole proprietor being Joseph Hodges, a business man on no small scale. His wife, Marian, is a faithful life partner, and does all she can to make his home one of peace and comfort. "What's the matter, Joseph?" she asked, having removed her jacket and bonnet and taken a seat by the fire. They had just returned from an evening party. "What's the matter?" she repeated, drawing nearer the fire. "You have been so sober and torpid all my life long." "I'll tell you, Marjan," he replied, "but don't be offended at what I'm about to say. Were I to recite a volume of small talk, I couldn't tell you how you have wounded my feelings tonight."

other night—here Hodges cast a quick glance at his wife, but she would not notice it, for she must correct her husband's mistake—"for I heard him tell about it, and if I was Jim I'd have no more to do with such people." "Well, I guess I know," quickly retorted his wife "for I heard him tell about it, and if I was Jim I'd have no more to do with such people." "Joseph Hodges could say no more. His face showed his feelings as he cast meaning glances towards his wife. About ten o'clock the following evening as Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were thinking of retiring, the door opened and Jim Thomas entered. "For Heaven's sake, Jim, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Hodges, perceiving his death-like countenance. "I am ruined," he said; "yes, a ruined man." "Is it that Western firm?" asked Marjan. "No," he said sadly; "but the people here have come down on me." "Do you mean all is lost, Jim?" returned Joseph. "Yes, everything," he returned heartily. "Somehow Edmunds has discovered that I feared the Western firm, and, owing him a large sum, he has demanded it immediately. Just another month and all would be safe, but it's too late now; he's placed an officer over my goods."

ST. SWITHIN AND THE HAIN. According to tradition, if it rained on St. Swithin's Day, we might expect rain for the forty days following. St. Swithin, it is interesting to recall, lived in the ninth century, was Precursor to King Ethelwulf, was made Bishop of Winchester in 852, and died a decade later. The story goes that it rained forty days in consequence of the proposed removal of his remains from the churchyard to the cathedral.

CREATURES WHICH CANNOT SHUT THEIR EYES. Snakes are unable to close their eyes; for the reason that they have no eyelids. Lizards, too, are in the same list, and all the vast tribe of fishes are quite eyelidless. But, as in the case of snakes, a horny yet transparent skin protects the eyeballs from injury. Whether fish sleep is rather an open question. They have been noticed quite motionless, just touching the floor of their tank for hours together so possibly they do.

WHORE NOAH KEPT HIS BEES. Dr. James K. Hooper, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new Public Library. As he went up the steps he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," said Doctor Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?" "No," answered Hooper. "In the ark hive," said the venerable preacher as he passed out of earshot—Ladies Home Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. Love turns the crank and wealth lubricates the axle. It is easier to fall in love than it is to crawl out of it. It's an impressive moment in the life of a girl when a masculine arm first encircles her waist. The man who sits around and brags of his bravery is the first man to break for the woods in time of danger—Chicago News.

A SUITABLE RESPONSE. A somewhat reckless youth who had enlisted for the war, and had spent his time in camp in writing home for money, finally sent this telegram as a "clinch"—"Father—Leg shot off in sham battle. Send all the money you can. To this the old man replied:—"Son—Don't know your number, but wooden leg goes to you by express. If it doesn't fit, get cainy carpenter to plane it. Best-love. All well here.—"Atlanta Constitution."

FREE AND EASY expectoration immediately relieved across the throat and lungs from viscous phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Eick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

In this world a man must either be a hammer or an anvil.

Indifference never wrote great works. The greatest architect, and the one most needed, is hope. A good deed is better than gold, but not nearly so negotiable.



with a very complimentary address by the citizens of London and the substantial gift of \$1,000, "as a voluntary testimony of esteem."

In the fall of 1881, Bishop Walsh, by special invitation, assisted at the third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

While Bishop Walsh was on his way back to his country, he fell down in the crozier which for twenty-eight years he carried with him.

On November 27th, 1889, Archbishop Walsh preached his last official sermon in London cathedral.

On November 27th, 1889, Archbishop Walsh preached his last official sermon in London cathedral.

On November 27th, 1889, Archbishop Walsh preached his last official sermon in London cathedral.

On November 27th, 1889, Archbishop Walsh preached his last official sermon in London cathedral.

On November 27th, 1889, Archbishop Walsh preached his last official sermon in London cathedral.

muscle, testifying their loyalty and respect. His Grace, having received their many addresses, spoke to them upon the interest he had ever taken in the Catholic societies, upon the dignity of labour, and the Catholic Church as guardian of the working man.

The influence and character of Archbishop Walsh was very soon felt, combining as he does to a wonderful degree, severity of manner and firmness of character.

On September the 18th of this year his Grace administered confirmation in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and in a letter from Rome, dated August 27th, 1889, was closed his last brilliant and successful career as Bishop of London.

On September the 18th of this year his Grace administered confirmation in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and in a letter from Rome, dated August 27th, 1889, was closed his last brilliant and successful career as Bishop of London.

On September the 18th of this year his Grace administered confirmation in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and in a letter from Rome, dated August 27th, 1889, was closed his last brilliant and successful career as Bishop of London.

On September the 18th of this year his Grace administered confirmation in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and in a letter from Rome, dated August 27th, 1889, was closed his last brilliant and successful career as Bishop of London.

On September the 18th of this year his Grace administered confirmation in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and in a letter from Rome, dated August 27th, 1889, was closed his last brilliant and successful career as Bishop of London.

On September the 18th of this year his Grace administered confirmation in St. Mary's Church, Toronto, and in a letter from Rome, dated August 27th, 1889, was closed his last brilliant and successful career as Bishop of London.

tion among all classes in works of charity. On the 14th of that month also the Irish Parliamentary Party had unanimously decided to act upon the suggestion of Dr. Walsh with regard to calling a convention representative of the Irish Race at home and abroad to heal, if possible, the personal differences that had split the parliamentary force into factions.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

On Monday morning the Archbishop was laid out in state at St. John's Grove with all the magnificence of the Archdiocese office.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

ingress, Ont., I am really heartbroken, -REV. JOHN CONNELLY. London, Ont.: Accept deepest sympathy at sad separation from loving uncle our dearly cherished A. C. Bishop, -REV. M. S. BRADY.

Extended Insurance

One of the many liberal features contained in the Unconditional Accumulative Policy issued by the Confederation Life Association is the provision for extended insurance.

Confederation Life Association, Toronto or to any of the Association's Agents. W. C. MACDONALD, J. K. MACDONALD, HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

P. BURNS & COY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN COAL AND WOOD Head Office—95 King St. East, Toronto, Telephone No 131.

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING GIFTS are among the things that most clearly indicate cultured and refined taste. Fancy Papeteries made of cellulose and plush, filled with the most beautiful Note Paper, with Envelopes to match.

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited Nos. 43, 45, 47 and 49 BAY ST. TORONTO

Established 1848 State University 1860 Created a Catholic University By Pope Leo XIII. 1889

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate. Terms: \$160 a Year

A FREE SCHOLARSHIP STRICKEN WITH A GRIPPE, FOLLOWED BY RHEUMATISM. Suffered a Great Deal and For Two Months Was Bedridden by the Grippe.

Central Business College OF TORONTO atating name, address, teacher, school, and which examination, all information will be cheerfully furnished.

LOYOLA COLLEGE. Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. 68 Drummond St., Montreal.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS KINGSTON, ONTARIO DEPARTMENT: Collegiate, University, and Business and Shorthand.

Metropolitan Railway POPULAR EXCURSIONS Every Evening cars leave O. & B. Crossing at 8:30 p.m. for RICHMOND HILL.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE. 4 TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS) On and After Monday, May 30th

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY. The following telegraphic messages have been received at the Palace:

Calgary, N. W. Aug. 1. Deeply moved by the sad and sudden intelligence. We are heartsick at the news of the death of a truly valued friend.

Montreal, Que.: Very sorry to hear of the sudden death of Archbishop Walsh. I sympathize with you all. Will attend the funeral.—PAUL BRUNESI.

Halifax, N. S.: With presets and people of Toronto I mourn the death of a great prelate, unavoidably prevented from attending funeral.—ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

St. John's, Nfld.: Accept my sympathy at the death of Archbishop Walsh. I will attend the funeral.—M. A. CURRY.

St. John's, Nfld.: Accept my sympathy at the death of Archbishop Walsh. I will attend the funeral.—M. A. CURRY.

St. John's, Nfld.: Accept my sympathy at the death of Archbishop Walsh. I will attend the funeral.—M. A. CURRY.

St. John's, Nfld.: Accept my sympathy at the death of Archbishop Walsh. I will attend the funeral.—M. A. CURRY.

Chats with the children

POEM COMPETITION.

BITTY'S LOSS. You've heard of tailless cats that come from far across the sea...

MY LITTLE BABY BROTHER.

LITTLE blue-eyed Baby Brother, Just as sweet as he can be...

Oh if we could only catch on To all he's got to say...

There he's off to chase the chickens, Mother hens are in a fright...

Here comes papa, how he loves him, Claps his little hands in glee...

A poor shoemaker, Martin by name, had a great longing to behold the Lord Jesus...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

When all these puzzles were made, When all these puzzles were made...

done it unto one of the least of those My brethren, you have done it unto Me.

PUZZLER.

- HIDDEN VEGETABLES. 1. Cook, put them in the pot at once. 2. Gaspar, a gust of wind blow my hat off.

CHARADES.

Pray, is there a lovelier flower that grows Than the one we all know as a fair rose? Or is there a trustier weapon o'er man's side Than the one men approve as a good blade?

ADDED HEADS.

- 1. Add a head to part of the head and have a wild animal. 2. Add a head to a large tame animal and have a small wild animal.

Answers to puzzles of July 31st.

WORD LETTERS.

- A. Bee. B. Sea-See. C. Dan (river). G. Cue. I. Jay. J. Ell. L. Em. M. Pen. O. Quo. P. Tea. R. Are. U. You. X. Yaw. Y. Wye. Rivers.

QUANDED WORDS.

Hate, have, lave, love. Year, wear, waik, weok. Give, live, line, lend. Cune, bunk, bank, bane, bake, cake.

DIAMOND.

S P A E N S P A I N S I T N

MARKS.

Bello Mather, 11; B Boland, 4; T. Matthews, 2; S. J. Murphy, 5; B. S. Doyle, 5; M. Smith, 6; F. McCarthy, Hamilton, 6.

A CRY FOR REST.

When shall cease this mystery? Sin and pain on all I see. Wading thro' a stream of tears, Deceived by the roar of years;

When shall I see the light? When shall I see the light? When shall I see the light? When shall I see the light?

Christ who on the waters slept! Christ who o'er the water went! Take from my back this cross—Thine mercy, mine the loss.

To no kingdom I aspire, No Eternal Realm desire; Let me be free from pain for flight, Hurt I waver down the night;

When shall I see the light? When shall I see the light? When shall I see the light? When shall I see the light?

CARDS AND THEATRES.

In the course of a sermon a well-known English Jesuit recently said: "Some found their recreation in going to a theatre. Some found it in society, others would rather be left alone; some wanted to be invited everywhere and go nowhere, they wished to be free and to be quiet; others only wanted to be left to their prayers, and to have communion with God. Every one must use what best suited him. Some people said, but surely a man must not go to a theatre. No one heard such rubbish spoken from a Catholic pulpit. It man thought the theatre helped to recreate him, let him go; but if he found it poisoned the wells, and let loose his passions, it was not recreation, and he must not go. Again, some played at cards. Some people said there should be no pack of cards used in their house. Well, let them keep them out. But if others found help, let them use them, but as a recreation, not as a means to free their fortunes and tempers. They should go nowhere and do nothing that if they were struck down dead they should meet the frown of Christ. But let them be reasonable and look at these things from God's point of view."

Farm and Garden

John Gilmer Speed, writing on "How to Have Good Country Roads," in the August Leader in which country there is a road improvement association...

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

Ready for the Fry—a bundle of shirts delivered to the laundry? Why a slight boot like an oak tree?

Why should not the number 238 be mentioned? Because it is too gross. Why is a lodging on the ground floor a degradation? Because it's a basement.

Teacher: "Spell kitten." Bobby: "Poo! I'm too blir to spell kitten. Try me on cat."

Young Father: "What's the baby crying for?" Young Mother: "Because I told him he looked like you."

A little girl asked her brother what was capital punishment, and he said he thought it was being locked up in the jam cupboard.

Critic: "Where did you get the idea for that picture?" Painter: "Out of my head." Critic: "You must be glad that it is out."

"How much whiskey have you been drinking per day?" "Before I answer, doctor, just see if the old lady is listening at the keyhole."

A servant girl, writing home to her parents, said: "I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for the letter."

"I will put two on the next." "My dear papa, my doctor. 'What shall I do?'" asked the patient. "I'm sure I don't know. I have no way of improving your looks."

"Papa, what is a financial forecast?" "It's the way your mother looks through my pockets at night before she asks me for money next morning."

A Jersey man lost an axe more than twenty years ago, which he has just found in a tomato plant. The man had been very unhappy by house-cleaning.

Miss Washburn (of Chicago): "Waiter, you may bring me some devilled crabs." Miss Emerson (of Boston): "I'll have some satanized crustaceans also."

Critic (to an artist): "Your uniform is not so striking as that of the Lanciers." Artilleryman: "No; maybe but what about our cannon balls?"

Carrollan: "The foreman down at the new place where Mr. Furmenkin is putty kind. He told me to tek me chicee as any tools 't wurk wid, and Ot tuk me pick."

On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

German Professor (in his lecture on water): "And then, gentlemen, do not forget, if we had no water we could never learn to swim—and how many people would be drowned!"

Farmer Hayrick (trying to be city-fied): "Waal, waal I s'pose, now, yo' had ter put them glass things yonder ther gate fer keep gnatmen pusses from blowing it out?"

Perry Patette: "Oh, well, they say that fortune knocks once at every guy's door." Wayworn Watson: "That's a great lot of consolation for a guy that ain't got no door."

"Well, little boy, what's your name?" "Snick." "Nebuchadnezzar? Yooks!" "Who gave you that name?" "I don't know, but if I find out when I gets older they'll be sorry for it."

"Poverty," said the plattitudinous boarder, "is the cause of 'most crime.'" "Strange, isn't it?" commented the Cheerful Idiot. "How straitened circumstances will make a man crooked?"

Mrs. Peck (reading): "Every man gets the wife that Heaven intended for him." Mr. Peck (musingly): "It that's true, it strengthens the theory that men are punished for their sins here on earth."

"If you have any last wish," said the clergyman to the convicted man on the scaffold, "tell me, and I will try to carry it out." "Yes," replied the poor wretch, "I want to learn to play the piano."

Father: "You have been calling on my daughter rather frequently of late. Are you intentions serious?" Youth: "Yes, indeed; I'm trying to persuade her to buy the make of wheel 'n agent for."

"One big trouble 'bout runnin' dis here world," said Uncle Eben. "Is dat it's do man who lonerly realises de full importhance of a responsibility dat is most likely to be a little shy ob acceptin' it."

"What are you doing, Freddie?" asked his uncle. "Drawin' pictures on my plate." "What is this meat for?" "An engine." "Why don't you draw the cars?" "Why—the engine draws them."

FARMER'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse the blood, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell Carwell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Paroloz's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Domestic Reading

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion. A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

One would rather have the hatred than the indifference of a wife. "Love stands staidest on a shaky pedestal," remarked an old coquette.

Hope is such a poor virtue that Disappointment usually pays her debts. Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories.

"I learned of my existence," said innocence, "only when I ceased to be." When we fall from happiness we traverse a greater distance than its height.

"I always offer my prop," said the world, "to those who can stand alone." While silent consider your own faults, and while speaking spare those of others.

Thorns last in wreaths while the roses die, yet few regret having been crowned. "Papa: "The honey-moon, the storm?"

The person who is afflicted with kleptomania always feels that he ought to take something for it. "Take your time," said the judge, as he sentenced a prisoner who seemed in a hurry to get off.

Young Father: "What's the baby crying for?" Young Mother: "Because I told him he looked like you."

A little girl asked her brother what was capital punishment, and he said he thought it was being locked up in the jam cupboard.

Critic: "Where did you get the idea for that picture?" Painter: "Out of my head." Critic: "You must be glad that it is out."

"How much whiskey have you been drinking per day?" "Before I answer, doctor, just see if the old lady is listening at the keyhole."

A servant girl, writing home to her parents, said: "I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for the letter."

"I will put two on the next." "My dear papa, my doctor. 'What shall I do?'" asked the patient. "I'm sure I don't know. I have no way of improving your looks."

"Papa, what is a financial forecast?" "It's the way your mother looks through my pockets at night before she asks me for money next morning."

A Jersey man lost an axe more than twenty years ago, which he has just found in a tomato plant. The man had been very unhappy by house-cleaning.

Miss Washburn (of Chicago): "Waiter, you may bring me some devilled crabs." Miss Emerson (of Boston): "I'll have some satanized crustaceans also."

Critic (to an artist): "Your uniform is not so striking as that of the Lanciers." Artilleryman: "No; maybe but what about our cannon balls?"

Carrollan: "The foreman down at the new place where Mr. Furmenkin is putty kind. He told me to tek me chicee as any tools 't wurk wid, and Ot tuk me pick."

On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

German Professor (in his lecture on water): "And then, gentlemen, do not forget, if we had no water we could never learn to swim—and how many people would be drowned!"

Farmer Hayrick (trying to be city-fied): "Waal, waal I s'pose, now, yo' had ter put them glass things yonder ther gate fer keep gnatmen pusses from blowing it out?"

Perry Patette: "Oh, well, they say that fortune knocks once at every guy's door." Wayworn Watson: "That's a great lot of consolation for a guy that ain't got no door."

"Well, little boy, what's your name?" "Snick." "Nebuchadnezzar? Yooks!" "Who gave you that name?" "I don't know, but if I find out when I gets older they'll be sorry for it."

"Poverty," said the plattitudinous boarder, "is the cause of 'most crime.'" "Strange, isn't it?" commented the Cheerful Idiot. "How straitened circumstances will make a man crooked?"

Mrs. Peck (reading): "Every man gets the wife that Heaven intended for him." Mr. Peck (musingly): "It that's true, it strengthens the theory that men are punished for their sins here on earth."

"If you have any last wish," said the clergyman to the convicted man on the scaffold, "tell me, and I will try to carry it out." "Yes," replied the poor wretch, "I want to learn to play the piano."

Father: "You have been calling on my daughter rather frequently of late. Are you intentions serious?" Youth: "Yes, indeed; I'm trying to persuade her to buy the make of wheel 'n agent for."

"One big trouble 'bout runnin' dis here world," said Uncle Eben. "Is dat it's do man who lonerly realises de full importhance of a responsibility dat is most likely to be a little shy ob acceptin' it."

"What are you doing, Freddie?" asked his uncle. "Drawin' pictures on my plate." "What is this meat for?" "An engine." "Why don't you draw the cars?" "Why—the engine draws them."

FARMER'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse the blood, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell Carwell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Paroloz's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

self-denial and self-sacrifice. It is not indulgence, but self-restraint, duty, and the joys of duty—neither enough extolled—that round a life, make the glory of its heyday, the music of its evening, the peace of its decline.—Sarah Grand.

The law of human helpfulness asks each man to carry himself so as to bless and not blight men; to make and not mar them. Besides the great ends of attaining character here and immortality hereafter, we are bound to so administer our talents as to make them living easy and smooth for others.

And this ambition, to be universally helpful, must not be a transient and occasional one—here and there an hour's friendship, a passing hint of sympathy, a transient gleam of kindness. Heart-helpfulness is to enter into the fundamental conceptions of our living. With vigilant care we are to expel every element that vexes or irritates or chafes, just as husbandmen expel nettles and serpents and poison ivy from the fruitful ground.

What is it that the sincerely religious man believes? That this present life is transitory—a time of trial—a mere prelude to the true life. That, however real the world of sense may be, there is a higher reality upon which the elect will one day look, and of which we may obtain glimpses even under present conditions. The soul whose faith is ardent and profound is then lifted well-nigh clear of ordinary existence. It is detached from the world and already admitted to eternity. The pains of this life are felt as in a dream; the ephemeral joys of the senses have their power.

The visible universe pales before the splendour of that which we are beginning to discern. The soul is feeling itself by degrees from the dream in which men have been so long and so vainly trying to take their bearings and recognize themselves. What is the soul of a saint or a martyr if it be not one thoroughly awakened from the dream of earth?—Camille Melland.

REAL IRISH LACE.

A New York Sun reporter has been interviewing an Irish lace maker in New York, an old lady who makes and mends the finest webs that can be bought, and what she says of Irish point will be in the line of information to many women who think they know something about the Irish stuff. She learned to make Irish point in the Presentation convent at Xougalt, in the County Cork, and says:—

"It is made only in Ireland, and can be obtained only through the convents or certain merchants who have contracts with the convents to dispose of their lace. Every Irish girl or woman who knows how to make this lace learned it in a convent, and after the pupils leave the convent, they engage in lace-making they still dispose of their goods through the convent, for they work almost entirely on orders given by the Sisters. Irish point is made entirely by hand, and only the finest of needles and thread so fine that it is softer than baby hair, and skill and patience are required. A piece six or seven inches long and scarcely three lines wide commands a yard easily. A person could not make more than three little scoops in a day if her life depended on it. The Sisters get from eight to twelve shillings an inch for their best lace. The idea of those big sales of Irish point curtains at \$5 or \$6 is ridiculous. A pair of real Irish curtains could not be made for \$1,000.

"If making Irish point is so tedious, how do they ever get a big order, say for a founce, finished in the convent?" "Oh, it is divided and given to sometimes as many as fifty girls," was the reply. "Each piece is numbered, and it is put together by the numbers."

Limerick lace is another very beautiful Irish lace. It is made in the Limerick convents, and is worked by putting very fine hand-made net on a pattern and darned flowers, principally roses, on it with a very fine needle. The Irish gutture is a very heavy lace, and is made with a crochet needle in separate pieces and then put together on a pattern. These three are the Irish mesh work, which is made on meshing needles, and the Irish crocheted lace. Real Irish point cannot be bought in New York; it cannot be bought in London, Paris, or anywhere else. Of course a person might buy a bit of it in any of these places, but if one wishes to buy Irish lace one should go to Ireland for it, or get an agent in the place who is going over, to get it in the best to go direct to a convent for it. How much one should pay for it depends upon the kind, the design, the width. It is not cheap, though, and one needn't expect to pick it up for a song.

MOTHER O' MINE.

If I were hang'd on the highest hill, I'd have a mother o' mine! Mother o' mine! I know whose love would follow me still. Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drownded in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine! I know whose tears would come down to me. Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were condemn'd of body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole. Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine! —Rudyard Kipling.

MISSRS NORRIS & LYMAN Co. are the proprietors of DR THOMAS' ECLETTIC TABLETS, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is the most powerful remedy for all the ailments of the human system, and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, is valued by the sufferer as more precious than any gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wretched creature. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

**A True Love Story**

It was a beautiful spring morning towards the end of the seventeenth century in the scene Germany. In a meadow thickly carpeted with flowers a boy and girl were strolling hand-in-hand. He was about fourteen years old, and his dress betokened him of high birth. She was about a year younger, and wore the attire of a girl of the middle class. Her face was one of the loveliest ever seen, with her gentle blue eyes and the bright, fair hair, which fell in two long plaits down her back, and the boy's eyes rested upon her with an expression of love and admiration, which softened down his usually laughing and defiant cast of countenance. He had twisted a handful of field flowers into a wreath, and placing it upon her head, he sprang away laughing to survey the effect of his adornment.

"How pretty thou art, Anna Liese!" he cried. "There is no other like thee anywhere in the wide world. When thou art older thou should'st wear a crown of jewels instead of one of flowers, for thou art born to be a little queen!"

The little girl laughed gently and shook her head. The apothecary's daughter cannot become a great lady, much less a queen," she said, "so I shall have to do without a crown and be content with my mother's trinkets when I grow up."

The boy drew her to him and bending his head so as to be on a level with hers, whispered:

"Thou shalt be a great lady, little Anna Liese, for I mean when I'm a man to marry thee, and then thou'll be princess of this province and have as many fine jewels as my lady mother does that please thee?"

"It sounds a pretty tale," laughed the little girl, smiling, "but thou knowest it is nothing but a dream. They let us play together and be friends because we are only children. But when thou art a man we shall have to be strangers, and thou wilt marry a noble lady, who will bring thee more wealth and lands."

"What prizes have to do, I know," said the boy. "I mean what I say, and will even now care to cross my will? Thou and no other shall be my wife and my princess; so now thou knowest thy fate."

But the little girl shook her lovely head incredulously, and at that moment a man's figure appeared at the further end of the field.

"See," said Anna Liese, "they come from the castle to look for thee." "We must say good-bye for to-day," said the boy, looking angrily in the direction of the richly attired servant.

"I shall not go," he said, defiantly. "I wish to remain where I am."

"To her entered her cousin, Doctor Wilhelm, with some curious old coins and other articles amassed on his foreign travels."

"See, cousin," he said, "I have brought the things I promised to show you."

Anna Liese put down her work and drew near to the young man. Their heads were bent very close together over the curiosities, and she had chanced to look up; their attitude might very well pass for that of lovers.

As misfortune would have it, it so happened that the Princess and her son rode past on their way to the castle. Leopold's eye, of course sought his loved one's dwelling, and his mother's also. He did not believe that the little girl would be so goodly and well brought up, his mother placed no obstacle in the way of their meeting together, and so they grew up, as one may say, side by side, loving each other devotedly.

But as the months and years passed on and Leopold grew into a tall youth, and Anna Liese into the Princess Henriette, he went to the castle in this constant companionship. And her fears proved ones too well founded. The affection of the boy for the little child merged imperceptibly into the passionate love of man for maid, and Leonard displayed an open admiration for Anna Liese which appalled his mother. He spoke of marriage—marriage with an apothecary's daughter! He, the reigning Prince of the province, for his father had been dead some years. At any rate he told herself, a step must be put to this youthful folly. In those days the "grand tour" was considered to give the finishing touch to a young gentleman's education. The Princess decided that Leopold should travel; he should go to Italy, and amid the ceremonies and splendours of the Italian courts to which he could have access, how could he fail to get over his mad infatuation for a girl so far beneath him?

The Princess protested against the decision; he did not want to leave Germany and Anna Liese; but his mother managed very skillfully to overrule his objections, and, in company with a young nobleman, he set forth on the tour planned for him.

His absence lasted nearly two years, during which his mother hoped and believed that her specific had been successful—that Leopold among the fair and high-born ladies of other lands had forgotten his simple German first love.

The road to the castle was gaily decorated with floral arches and waving banners, and a host of retainers and servants were assembled to welcome back the young Prince.

His mother stood in the great hall anxiously listening for the sound of horses' feet which should tell of her loved one's approach. Already the time when his arrival was expected was past, and still he came not. Slowly the minutes crept on, anxiously the mother waited. No princely son appeared. In front of the apothecary's house in the little town below a party of riders had drawn up, and the most brilliantly dressed among them was leaning from his horse, speaking words of passionate love and joyous greeting to a beautiful girl who stood with flushed face and downcast eye before him.

It was Prince Leopold, whose first thought upon reaching home was for his Anna Liese.

"I have seen no one to prefer to thee," he whispered. "Tell me, Wiesgen, dost thou still love me best of all?"

And Anna Liese's sweet blue eyes answered for her as she raised them a moment to his eyes.

When the Princess heard the reason of her son's tardy arrival, she was in despair. If nearly two years of absence among novel and brilliant scenes could not cure her son, the case was hopeless. Bitterly she rued her blindness in having allowed the old childish friendship to continue so long. But she was a woman of resources. She did not give up the battle; she only changed her tactics. Previously she had been loath to mention Anna Liese if she could help it; now of her own accord she often spoke of her and Leopold had long accounts of his loved one. The Princess, indeed, resorted to means she would otherwise have despised. She collected what gossip she could concerning Anna Liese and retailed it in a very garbled form to her son. Thus the girl, according to these accounts, had become a practised coquette, she was bested and admired and laughed at by all around her. Latterly there was one whom she had seemed to favour more than the others—a cousin, a young doctor, who had just returned from lengthy travels.

To him, everyone said, Anna Liese was sure to be betrothed before very long.

The lady's tactics succeeded in their primary object. Leopold became furious with his mother. He did not believe that part about Anna Liese's coquetry (which was indeed an utter fabrication), but the idea of any man daring to look with covetous eyes upon his treasure made him wild with anger.

Very Anna Liese, the innocent cause of all these heartburnings, was sitting one day at work beside one of the other girls in the window of her father's house. It was in the front of the dwelling and looked out into the street, for which reason it was a favourite place with the girl, who liked to watch the passers-by.

To her entered her cousin, Doctor Wilhelm, with some curious old coins and other articles amassed on his foreign travels.

"See, cousin," he said, "I have brought the things I promised to show you."

Anna Liese put down her work and drew near to the young man. Their heads were bent very close together over the curiosities, and she had chanced to look up; their attitude might very well pass for that of lovers.

As misfortune would have it, it so happened that the Princess and her son rode past on their way to the castle. Leopold's eye, of course sought his loved one's dwelling, and his mother's also. He did not believe that the little girl would be so goodly and well brought up, his mother placed no obstacle in the way of their meeting together, and so they grew up, as one may say, side by side, loving each other devotedly.

But as the months and years passed on and Leopold grew into a tall youth, and Anna Liese into the Princess Henriette, he went to the castle in this constant companionship. And her fears proved ones too well founded. The affection of the boy for the little child merged imperceptibly into the passionate love of man for maid, and Leonard displayed an open admiration for Anna Liese which appalled his mother. He spoke of marriage—marriage with an apothecary's daughter! He, the reigning Prince of the province, for his father had been dead some years. At any rate he told herself, a step must be put to this youthful folly. In those days the "grand tour" was considered to give the finishing touch to a young gentleman's education. The Princess decided that Leopold should travel; he should go to Italy, and amid the ceremonies and splendours of the Italian courts to which he could have access, how could he fail to get over his mad infatuation for a girl so far beneath him?

The Princess protested against the decision; he did not want to leave Germany and Anna Liese; but his mother managed very skillfully to overrule his objections, and, in company with a young nobleman, he set forth on the tour planned for him.

His absence lasted nearly two years, during which his mother hoped and believed that her specific had been successful—that Leopold among the fair and high-born ladies of other lands had forgotten his simple German first love.

The road to the castle was gaily decorated with floral arches and waving banners, and a host of retainers and servants were assembled to welcome back the young Prince.

His mother stood in the great hall anxiously listening for the sound of horses' feet which should tell of her loved one's approach. Already the time when his arrival was expected was past, and still he came not. Slowly the minutes crept on, anxiously the mother waited. No princely son appeared. In front of the apothecary's house in the little town below a party of riders had drawn up, and the most brilliantly dressed among them was leaning from his horse, speaking words of passionate love and joyous greeting to a beautiful girl who stood with flushed face and downcast eye before him.

concerned knew all the facts of the case. What affected the Princess most deeply was the bitter reflection that the whole terrible episode was of her own bringing about. She had known so well her son's passionate, undisciplined nature, and notwithstanding that, had played upon it in so dangerous a style. Too late she realized the tremendous power of the love against which she had tried to battle, and now her dearest wish was to bring about that marriage which she had hitherto striven with all her might to prevent; for it seemed to her now that in that alone lay her son's salvation.

It was a matter which required some delicate handling. The apothecary's family, firm and deep as was their loyalty and affection for their Prince, could not fail to feel that both these sentiments had been deeply shaken by his fatal act; and to give Anna Liese in marriage to the very man who had slain her could seem no doubt seem to them too dreadful a thing to contemplate.

As for the pretty maid herself, she was very much in Juliet's predicament. She had loved her cousin and mourned him deeply, but she loved his destroyer still more, and that love nothing was powerful enough to kill. How could she forget that his fury had all been born of his love for her, and who knew better than she, his playmate of old, that terrible side of his character, which, once brought into play, led him into acts for which he was hardly responsible.

Many were the tears poor Anna Liese shed in the solitude and silence of her little chamber, both for the dead cousin and that still dearer one whom she had not seen since the fatal day, and whom she knew would be now suffering at the agonies of unavailing remorse.

She was sitting thus, some weeks later, with her sad thoughts for sole companions, when the door opened and her mother, with tear-stained eyes, stood before her.

"Daughter, I have come to fetch thee," she said in tones that trembled all. "The Princess is down below with thy father and thou art wanted."

Anna Liese turned pale.

"The Princess' mother?"

"Yes, my child." And then the mother took the girl to her arms and heaved a sigh of relief.

"She comes to ask thee of us for her son's wife," she murmured. "She says she was to blame for all his jealousy, and beseeches us to consent to the marriage. She told us that she sees now that thou alone canst guide him as he needs to be led and make him a good man—that his life, for good or evil is in thy hands to make or mar."

And you and my father—what did you say?" faltered Anna Liese.

Her mother gently stroked her hair as she answered:

"Thy father said at last that thine own heart should decide, my child. It may be that the Princess is right and that thou art the one pointed out by heaven to be this man's good angel. If that is so, we have no right to withhold his salvation. God, who has so kindly shown what is for the best, and if He will guide thee the right way, my child."

Leopold meanwhile was sitting brooding all alone in one of the great massively furnished rooms of the castle. It was getting dark very rapidly, but he did not notice the increasing gloom; it accorded but too well with the darkness of his mind. His head was sunk forward on his breast, his eyes were fixed on vacancy, while all manner of sad and gloomy reflections were surging through his brain. And the chief of these, which had kept ever recurring, was that with his own hand he had placed a barrier between his love and himself forever; for she, the gentle, peace-loving maiden, would surely never forgive such an act as his! No, his pretty Anna Liese, his darling Wiesgen, as he had been wont to call her, was lost to him forever. Bitter tears welled to his eyes, and he cursed his mad and fatal impulse for the thousandth time.

At that moment the door behind him opened noiselessly, light footsteps glided across the polished floor, and some one came and stood beside him. And looking up he saw with wondering eyes his love, his Anna Liese, more beautiful than he had ever seen her, with wild tears, half of sadness, half of joy, in the tender eyes that gazed upon him. Then, even as he sat, speechless and bewildered, half doubting his own eyes, his mother glided up to him, and placed his sweetheart's hand in his.

Though this true story happened in times far from idyllic, and the Prince was by nature far from an ideal hero of romance, one might well end the tale with the wedding, and the final finale of the fairy tale. "They lived happily ever after," for Leopold and his wife from the time they were wedded till Anna Liese's death, forty-seven years later, were lovers to the last.

Nearly two hundred years have passed since the day when pretty Anna Liese became the great lady of her native land, but her name lives in the hearts and lives still live in the pages of German history; for the Prince was Leopold, Prince of Prussia, the great Elector, and the general who fought as a young man under Frederick Wilhelm of Brandenburg, the great Elector, and as an old one under Frederick the Great himself, and who for a period of nearly half a century stood out conspicuously as one of the greatest soldiers of that day.

The memory of Anna Liese Pose is still held in honour in her native province; for she showed herself well

worthy to fill the exalted position to which she was raised. She knew just how to manage her rough and self-willed lord, and to use her influence for the good of the people. Well acquainted with the wants and necessities of the Dessau province, she held the reins of Government during the Prince's enforced absence in the wars wisely and well, and, like a true woman of the people, succeeded in winning in the highest degree their loyalty and love.

And thus across the rough soldier's life of the old Dessauer, with its constant turmoil and its clash of arms, there shines one ray of pure golden light—his love for Anna Liese.—Argosy.

**THE PROFESSOR'S CAT.**

Last Monday morning, says the San Francisco Post, as a lot of up-towners were waiting on the wharf for the China steamer to get in, old Professor Guffey drove up in the office buggy and solemnly lifted out an apparently heavily-weighted bag, securely tied at the mouth.

"What have you got there, professor?" asked a friend.

"A cat fennel," replied the professor, gravely.

"A cat fish?"

"No, gentlemen, I said a cat fennel," explained Guffey. "That sack contains four cobble stones and a cat that has made my life a burden to me for three years. She steals everything in the house all day and yells like a pirate watching the gang plank on the back shed all night. I've made one attempt after another to assassinate the beast, but failed every time."

"You know that cats have nine lives, professor?"

"Nine? Nineteen times have I given that creature poisoned meat. I threw her off the roof twice, and I've shot at her four times—just filled her plum full of quail shot, and the next day she's round on schedule time, drinking the milk as soon as it's left by the milkman. Last week I borrowed a hundred-dollar bill tender to eat her up, and she killed him in eleven seconds. Why, I blew her clean into the next street with a dynamite cartridge yesterday, and I hope to do it if she wasn't on deck reaching for the canary this morning without a hair singed."

"Going to fix her this time, eh?"

"You bet, I am," said Professor Guffey, emphatically. "I'm going to throw her off into forty feet of water, and if that don't finish her she's the devil himself."

"Come take a drink first," said his friend Boggs, and a crowd followed into a saloon on the corner. While the beer was being drawn Boggs slipped quietly back and untied the bag. As soon as the indestructible cat had skipped up the street, Boggs retied the bag and hurried back to the saloon. Pretty soon the crowd emerged, and helped Guffey to carry his heavy load to the extreme edge of the wharf, where it was solemnly dumped.

"I hate to kill even a cat," said the old professor sadly, "but the fact is I haven't had a square night's sleep in two years."

Yesterday Boggs was coming off the ferry-boat when he beheld the professor coming on, atop of a four-horse load of furniture.

"Why, you are not moving, are you, Guffey?"

The professor moodily descended from his perch, and, drawing Boggs aside, whispered huskily in his ear:—

"Yes, I am, Boggs—I'm moving over to Alameda. That cat's come back."

**THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN.**

If mothers only knew how to prepare their children for the hardships of life these conditions might be easily avoided," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer. "At a very early age they should be taught to eat food to build muscle, brain, and nerve, and to give force and heat—not simply to satisfy appetite, a scientific rather than a haphazard operation. It is not necessary, however, to hold long fast resolutions with the child as to what she should and should not eat. As a rule, the first dish of oatmeal the mother gives to her first child is simply covered with sugar. A little while the health gives out, and the child has indigestion."

"Then, too, the child thus trained from infancy feels that fat is objectionable, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen, when a man is growing, if he comes over her, fat, the one necessary article to her salvation, is the most difficult to take, and it is frequently necessary to resort to oil baths or oil injections. You will no doubt call to mind that cod liver oil is the first thing added to the ordinary dietary. Butter and cream may be used in as large quantities as the patient can conveniently digest."

"All fried foods must be strictly avoided. Potatoes may be eaten twice a week, and should always be baked. Baked rice may be taken once a day, but all bulk foods, such as turnips, cabbage, carrots, and parsnips, should be avoided. I fully believe that special feeding in any disease will bring about a cure unobtainable by medicine alone. By special feeding for different diseases I mean a living, constantly fresh food as the patient in that condition can, thoroughly digest and assimilate, or upon the best foods to repair the diseased tissues, rejecting all others."

**DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE.** BLOWZ Jacobs' 25 c. acts magically and cures quickly. One application affords relief, clears the passage, reduces inflammation and gives comfort. Cures cold in the head, Hay Fever, Runny Ears, Catarrh of Sinuses and all head and throat affections that are not taken in time will lead to Chronic Catarrh and later consumption. It is sure, pure and harmless, easily applied.

**The Cross-Roads Store.**

Julia Tuttt Bishop, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Put me in mind of ole man Freeman," said Mr. Teakwood, reflectively, as he snatched a keener edge on the wooden sword he was making, and sighted along the blade with a discerning eye.

A slight movement went through the group in the cross-roads store. Old man Bolivar lifted his chair back at a more reassuring angle, and clasped his hands about his knees in an easy attitude for listening. George Smith ceased the soft drawl which he had been dropping into the ears of the store-keeper, and Bolivar's brought in his buggy cushions and muddled himself comfortable on the cracker-box. But even these very obvious preparations did not awaken the story-telling mood as they should have done. A broad shaft of light from the large lamp suspended in the centre of the store streamed across the room and lit itself in the undergrowth beyond.

"Well, what about ole man Freeman?" asked George Smith at last, in an exasperated way; and "ole man Bolivar," surreptitiously removed one of his large shoes and shook out of it a stone as large as a hazel-nut.

"Blamo that thing!" he remarked in an undertone of indignation. "I been a-thinking somethin' was in my shoe all day long!"

"Ole man Freeman, he's back on the ole place," the story-teller finally began, "an' that boy of his'n that Jim, he's in the little cabin on the HI Waters place, that cabin where the galtry's done fell in."

"What me 'n' mine 'n' mine?" asked George Smith, whose meekness it was to try to help along with fatuous questions.

"I been a-knowin' ole man Freeman for nigh onto a real long time," pursued Mr. Teakwood, meditatively, "an' it looks to me like he could do a mighty good job now if he could go back an' bring up his boys over again. It's a powerful pity, it seems to me, that a man can't but one chance to raise his children, an' if they don't seem to pan out right that time there ain't no more show for him. When they're raised they're raised, an' done with."

"They was any rules for raisin' 'em, now, like two tyme two is four, it would be different, but it ain't that way, not by a long shot. The most of us is experimentin' anyhow, like tryin' to raise a cotton crop 'n't in a whill; it comes through all right; but sometimes they's too much rain an' the cotton all runs to rain; an' then again, they's no rain at all, an' a bumble-bee could stand on the ground on his hind legs an' pick the cotton out of the top bolls. An' I reckon, it was a mighty bad year when ole man Freeman's boys begin to grow up."

"They was a plenty of 'em sech as they was," remarked old man Bolivar, with quite unusual and unexpected candour.

"The ole man had seven boys," Mr. Teakwood went on, as if dry inward chuckle at some memory. "An' if the ole folks had a raised 'em right he could 'a' set back in his easy-chair an' never done no more work as long as he lived. He did try the easy-chair game, but it was everlastin'ly too late. Them boys had grew up to think that the airth was pretty much made so's they could have a good time an' nothin' to do."

"Tain't everbody knows how to raise boys," said old man Bolivar reflectively. "I tell ye, the way my father bring us up was a terror fer—"

"Well, the ole man's crop was bumble-bee cotton, if ever they was any," pursued the narrator, ignoring the interruption. "They ain't one of them seven boys that's worth killin' to-day, an' the ole man's workin' harder to-day than he did twenty-five year ago. But I reckon he thought Jim was goin' to be somethin'. 'Long las' winter, Jim begin to shine up to one of them Forrestal girls—the one with the turn-up nose—an' it would 'a' made any body else sick to have saw the way the ole man taken on."

"I tell you, they's outcome to that boy of mine, that Jim," he says to me, rubbin' his hands together, pleased as pie. "You wouldn't 'a' thought they was that much spunk in Jim, would ye?—an' there he is, sparkin' up to that girl, an' her gran'pa was a member of the legislature—an' shore as you're born, Jim'll be in the legislature hisself some day, for he's got the nerve to try it."

"An' nerve's what gits there, when it comes to politics," said George Smith gloomily, with an irritable memory of the last disastrous campaign, in which he had "run" for the position of road overseer.

"Well, it may take nerve to git a man into the legislature," replied the narrator cheerfully, "but it the nerve in the country don't git elected to the legislature, you hear me, sonny. They's oil in 'em 'round 'em 'round, you may no' know. 'It 'pears like I seen some one that's about this Freeman business kinder accidental like. You see, 'long midder airly las' spring I got on ole Nance one day an' rode over to ole man Freeman's for to borrow his harrow. It was a gittin' my garden ready, an' it was that grassy it was plum bound for to be harrowed. When I got over there, 'Squire Diggs an' some other men was set hidin' away, an' the ole man met me in the galtry lookin' like he'd been a-cryin', an' says he:—'I'm a-fixin' for a change, life,' says he. 'Jim's a-goin' to git married Sunday, an' me an' the ole woman is 'fix'ed to have a good place, an' him an' his wife is goin' to take keer of 'em the balance of our days. You don't know how happy it makes me feel. I'm a-goin' to have me a big cheer an' set out here in the galtry, where I kin watch the cows go to pasture, an' Jim plow in the fur field, an' where the ole woman kin listen to Jim's wife potterin' round the house, you know, an' I kin kinder oversee an' tell him how to do things, for Jim don't know no pesky much about farmin'."

"You better hol' on to that deed till you die," says 'I in a warnin' voice, an' let the inklin' keer come first; an' bless grasses the ole man was so mad he come mighty nigh not lettin' 'em have the harrow."

"Well, shore enough, Jim he married, an' bring his wife home, an' got his deed safe an' sound, an' for a good while ever'thin' was as nice as pie. Jim's wife couldn't do enough for 'pa an' 'ma, an' you'd 'a' thought they was all a-slidin' down hill with all the wheels greased, things went so easy. Ever' time I passed there the ole man and ole woman was 'settin' up in the galtry in two big chairs, lookin' like they owned the earth an' a good-sized chunk of the moon. The ole man used to snicker when he seen me comin', an' say, 'Well, life, I'm a-havin' a middlin' good time, ye see!'"

"'Stid ol' fadin' away an' dyin' as anvody'd 'a' thought they'd 'a' done, the ole man an' ole woman begin to peaten up an' sit fat. When I went over there along in June for to take the harrow, the ole man said he believed he was good for fifteen more years yet. Jim an' his wife, heerd it, an' twan't long after that before Jim's wife befin to fix for settlin' the ole folks' hash. She got awful mad because the ole man chawed tobacco, and she just couldn't stan' it, nohow; an' she couldn't eat at the table with neither of 'em because they e't with silver knives, an' she made 'em move into one of them back shed rooms because their smokin' disturbed her; when about a month ago, she ole woman got sick, she just tipped an' she snorted, Jim's wife did, an' she'd better botter home some other quarters, for she was plum tired of waitin' on 'em."

"When the ole man heerd that, he naturally chimed in, an' twan't long before she was a-screamin' an' goin' into hysterics, an' says that she was insulted in her own house, an' she says things like that, Jim, he heerd the row, an' he couldn't stan' it, an' says, 'Dad, I can't stand this no longer. You 'n' ma'll better git out of my back yardway feller. Jim was. Always seemed like he couldn't take no pollysh."

"'Git out? We'll hafter git out, will we?' yells the ole man, an' before you could more'n wink he jumps onto Jim an' throws 'im down, an' reht up along the wall, for the waggin wheel that was hangin' up under the gun, 'lowin' to use the handle on Jim's whip was outen reach, but he grabbed the tongs that was hangin' up at the end of the chimney board, an' he give that boy sech a larrupin' with them tongs as ain't never been heerd on in this part of the moral heritage. He beat Jim, the ole man did, till he promised to feed the place back, an' then he set on 'im an' hold 'im down, until one of the hands went for 'Squire Diggs an' some witnesses, an' one of 'em says, 'The minute the deed was made, the ole man says to Jim:—'Now, bring the waggin 'roun', an' be quick about it, too, for you're goin' to light out tonight. The ole woman an' me's gittin' nervous, an' anxious to have the place to ourselves. Step lively, now!'"

"An' Jim, he moved into that little cabin on the HI Waters place."

"'It 'pears to me like it was all the fault of Jim's wife,' said old man Bolivar, reflectively. "If a man once begins to allow his wife to boss, there ain't no help for him after that. Jim never had no spirit, nohow."

"That's the way it trickles me," rejoined Mr. Teakwood, meditatively. "These things is got to be done right in the first place, or you might as well let 'em alone. Women's queer cretters, the best you can do with 'em, 'an' if you orter let 'em git the upper hand they're agoin' to keep it, you hear me. If I had 'a' ben me that married that bewiddered Jim's, I would 'a' let up befor the very first day, an' say, 'I, 'Now, Vangylen,—that's the name she goes by, an' as fool a name as I ever he saw—'Now, Vangylen, I'd 'a' said, 'I'm willin' to be accomyadin' on all occasions, but when I set my foot down, it's got, an' it ain't no use to try to make me go any other way. I'm the head of thisser family, you kin depend on that. An' one time, they understandin' they won't be no trouble."

Into the silence that fell as the soft drizzle ceased, came the cry of the whippoorwill, sent back in softer echoes from the distant hills. Then a head was thrust into sight at the doorway, its unbarred countenance all one wide grin; and the boy accompanying the grin suggested, as he came into full view:

"Pa, they was a-lookin' for you up at the house."

"Is that so?" cried the stern disciplinarian, rising with such celerity he had stepped on the cat, "I reckon I'd better be a-actin', I'd 'a' gone before now if I'd a' knowed that Ellen was a-lookin' for me."

"I reckon I'd better be a-goin', too," said old man Bolivar, glancing apprehensively along the shadowy road. "I didn't let Mandy know where I was a-comin', an' she might be uneasy."

And a flood of merriment laughter swept through the place, and sent the trumpet down down in a crimson drift at the door.

Texas man (on a visit East): "Hullo, Jake! Glad I see ye. When 'd ye leave Texas?" Jake: "I left 'em week." Texas man: "When I was 'fraid they was two claimants for the office of Mayor in our town. Is the question settled?" Jake: "Yes", Texas Man: "Which one is dead?"



Irish Local Government Bill Becomes Law.

The Irish reform measure which Orangemen call "Home Rule in disguise" and Nationalists "the first course of the banquet of self-government," now wants only the royal assent to become law.

The Death of Bismarck.

The death of Prince Bismarck, announced on Saturday last was not unexpected. We are obliged to hold over till next week a lengthy review of the dead statesman's career.

Protecting Canadian Goods.

The issue of The Advertiser (South Australia) Advertiser for June 14th, just received, gives the particulars of a trial which proves that even in that far away country the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. is as active in defending its rights and protecting the public against the schemes of the substituters and counterfeiters as it is here at home in Canada.

Stammerers!

Address Church's Auto-Voice Institute, 9 Pembroke Street. Established 1890. Only institute in Canada for the cure of every phase of defective speech.

Teachers Wanted.

FOR ST. MARY'S SEPARATE SCHOOL, KINGSTON, Male Teacher, Second Class Professional Certificate. Application, stating salary required, to be forwarded to J. J. HILLAN, Secretary, R.C.S.S., Board, Kingston.

A Principal (male) for the Peterborough Separate School (Boys' Department). Duties to begin immediately after the mid-summer holidays. Address, W. H. QUINLAN, Chairman Sep. School Bd., Peterborough, Box 338.

Medical.

DR. EDWARD ADAMS, "HOMOEOPATHIST," 157 Yonge Street, N.E. Cor. Wellesley Street, Specialists: Diseases and Surgery, Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, etc. Hours—9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Telephone 5160.

Professional.

THOMAS MULVEY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, PROCTOR in Admiralty, 11 Quebec Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St., Toronto. OFFICE TELEPHONE 2280.

FOY & KELLY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Offices: Home Savings and Loan Company's Buildings, 40 Church Street, Toronto. J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY. Telephone 798.

M. BRADY & O'CONNOR, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Brokers in Admiralty, Rooms 67, 68, Canada Life Building, 43 King St. West, Toronto. L. V. L. BRADY. T. J. W. O'CONNOR. Telephone 2625.

J. T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY. Co-Spencer, Etc. Offices: Rooms 78, Canada Life Building, 40 to 46 King Street West, Toronto. Telephone 2410.

HIRAN & LAMONT, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROCTORS in Admiralty, Notaries, Etc. Offices: Toronto and Tottenham, 47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. W., Toronto; Bond's Block, Tottenham. EDWARD J. HIRAN, JOHN LAMONT, B.A. Residence, 255 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. Telephone 1048.

ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Offices: 100 Queen Street West, Toronto. F. A. ANGLIN. JAS. W. MALLON, LL.B. Telephone 1988.

TYTLER & McCABE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Offices: 9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Money to Loan. J. TYTLER. O. J. McCABE. Telephone 3036.

MACDONELL, BOLAND & THOMPSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc. Money to Loan at lowest rates of interest. Quebec Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St. Toronto. A. G. MACDONELL. W. J. BOLAND. Telephone No. 1076.

CASAVANT BROS. Established 1879. Church Organ Builders. St. Hyacinthe, P.Q. Organ built with all the latest improvements. Electric Organ a specialty. Builders of the Organ in Notre Dame Church, Montreal (largest organ in Canada); St. Louis Cathedral, Montreal; Ottawa and Pembroke Cathedrals; St. Patrick's, Montreal; Halifax and Ottawa, etc., etc.

Good! Better!! Best!!! Why pay 12 and 14 cts. for poor bread, when you can get Weston's Best Real Home-made Bread, which is made in 3 lb. loaves, for 12 cts. only? This bread is so good that it has been tried by thousands of the best people in Toronto, and this is the result: "It is the best bread I ever ate; it is the best I ever had; it is the best I ever saw; it is the best I ever tasted; it is the best I ever bought; it is the best I ever used; it is the best I ever had; it is the best I ever saw; it is the best I ever tasted; it is the best I ever bought; it is the best I ever used." Address all orders to GEO. WESTON, Model Bakery, 707 Robt and Phoebe Streets.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, BARRISTER, President; EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President; WM. T. KIELLY, JOHN FOY, EDWARD STOCK. SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C. Deposits Received from 20c. upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures, Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for inspeeting property. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, BARRISTER, President; EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President; WM. T. KIELLY, JOHN FOY, EDWARD STOCK. SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C. Deposits Received from 20c. upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures, Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for inspeeting property. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited. Entrances—Yonge St., Queen St., Richmond St.

New Black Satins. You've only to read the lists—examine the goods if possible, or if out of town, send for samples—to understand the exceptional offerings for early August.

- 24 in. Black Satins, 25 pieces, reg. value 65c, clearing at 50c.
25 in. Black Satins, beautiful rich appearance, a full 75c grade, selling at 55c.
25 in. Black Satins, all high grades, at 65c, 75c, \$1 and 1.25.
25 in. Black Satin Duchesse, all pure silk, extra weight, guaranteed for wear, special, 1.00.
25 in. Black Satin Duchesse, all silk fabrics, most beautiful satins shown in the city, at unusually prices, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and 2.50.

Colored Dress Goods. 44-in. Silk and Wool French Fancies, very desirable goods, reg. 75c, for 50c.
French and German Dress Patterns, all new coloring and designs, reg. \$7, \$8 and \$10, your choice for 5c.
44-in. Scotch Tweed, just the thing for fall bicycle suit, reg. 85c, for 50c.

The SIMPSON Co. Limited. Section 32, Toronto.

The Best PIANO In the World. of Music, and according to the most eminent musical authorities, the Genuine Heintzman & Co. Piano is in all points the peer of any instrument made. It is perfect in tone, touch and action. Its singing qualities are supreme, and as for durability it has no equal. TORONTO WAREHOUSES: 117 King St. W., Toronto.

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA AND PERFECTION COCOA. St. Jerome's College. BERLIN, ONTARIO. Thorough courses in Philosophy, Sciences, Modern and Ancient Languages and the Commercial Branches. \$148.00 pays all necessary expenses, except books. Write to Rev. THO. STYR, Pres.

\$100 REWARD. One Hundred Dollars will be cheerfully and promptly paid for any case of Drunkenness (the Liger Habit) or Tobacco Habit that "Ryan's Alcohol and Tobacco Cure" will not cure in two weeks. The same remedy cures both the Liger Habit and Tobacco Habit at the same time. Send today, your silver five cent or make one hundred dollars. Post by mail, postage paid to any part of the world for One Dollar. Address all orders to R. RYAN, R.A.C., Gerrits Point, Ont.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL - 2,000,000. FIRE and MARINE. HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. DIRECTORS: Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. McArthur, Esq., J. H. Bell, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., W. R. Brock, Esq., Geo. R. Cockburn, J. G. Deane, C. C. Foster, Secretary. SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, Oler, Hoekin and Cveteman. Insurance effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation. On Cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces by sail or steam. On Cargoes by steamer to British Ports.

WM. A. LEE & SON GENERAL AGENTS. 10 ADELAIDE STREET EAST. TELEPHONES 592 AND 507E.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF ONTARIO, LTD. HEAD OFFICE—Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - \$354,900.00. Issues most attractive and liberal Policies. Vacancies for good, reliable Agents. E. MARSHALL, Secretary. M. F. CLARKE, Manag. Director.

THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OFFERS THE— Best Plans and Rates and the Most Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable. For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company, or to H. SUTHERLAND, Manager. HON. G. W. ROSS, President. HEAD OFFICE: "Globe" Building, corner Jordan and Millina Sts., Toronto.

THE PROMOTION OF THRIFT AND INDUSTRY IS WHAT THE YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS COY. IS DONE. It has an army of thirty thousand systematic savers. It aids the whole family, men, women and children. It loans upon homes on the sinking fund plan. LITERATURE FREE. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President. Ontario Life Building, Toronto.

Rheumatic Slavery Abolished! Release at last from the racking tortures, some pains of rheumatism, lumbago, and neuralgia! POLYNICE OIL comes to you to free the fetters. The real and genuine discovery of a French scientist, gladly sought for, and has been used in such hospitals as the Bellevue, of New York; Howard of Philadelphia; and Mary and Joseph, of Baltimore! Class this not among the numerous cure-alls—its mission begins and ends with RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia and inflammatory diseases. Polynice Oil Imported from Paris, fifty cents per bottle. Sent upon receipt of price in a money order. DR. A. ALEXANDRE Specialist from Paris, 1216 G. St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

..IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties. JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER. THEY are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good, TRY THEM. FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS. TORONTO - James Good & Co., cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL - P. L. N. Beaudry, 127 De La Motte Ave. QUEBEC - N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul St.

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

Premier Brewery of Canada. One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne refrigerating machine, 75 horse-power, with water tower in connection—a 35 horse power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors—a large water filter, capacity 2000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewing, and our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American exports have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large malt house and storage in connection.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. Tel. 2936 338 QUEEN STREET EAST TORONTO.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER. Telephone 1054 140 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer. 859 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE 679.

M. McCABE UNDERTAKER. EMBALMING A SPECIALTY. 319 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 1408.

MONUMENTS. Now is the time to select. TRY J. HAZLETT, 454 YONGE STREET. For Latest Designs, Best Material and Workmanship at Lowest Living Prices. Telephone 4529.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tablets, Mausoleums, Statues and Sculpture. All kinds of Cemetery Work, Marble and Granite Cutting, Etc. For 21 years on "Cor. of Church and Lombard streets, N.W." 740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of Bloor street. Phone 4088.

MONUMENTS. For best work at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Fonta, etc., call on or write to The McIntosh Granite and Marble Co., Limited. Office and Showroom, 224 Yonge St., City. Factory—Yonge St., Opp. St. Michael's Cemetery. High class work at low prices a specialty.

CHURCH WINDOWS MEMORIALS. THE Robert McEwen Ltd. Stained Glass Co., Limited. 87 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

DOMINION LINE STEAMSHIPS. RATES OF PASSAGE—First Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or Londonderry, \$60.00 to \$80.00, single; \$120.00 to \$160.00, round. Second Cabin—\$40.00 to \$50.00, single; \$80.00 to \$100.00, round. Third Cabin—\$20.00 to \$30.00, single; \$40.00 to \$60.00, round. For all information apply at Toronto to A. F. Webster, corner King and Yonge Streets, or G. W. Torrance, 18 Front Street East.

DAVID TORRANCE & CO. General Agents, Montreal 17 St. Sacramento Street. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK. Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 Maitland Street, Toronto. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. Telephone 8598.

DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST. Cor. Queen and Bathurst Sts., Toronto. Telephone 5378.

