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THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

The Land Question in Ulster. The Bill... The Land Question in Ulster. The Bill...

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Protestant Church in Ireland at Belfast, Rev. Dr. Wilson submitted a report by the Committee on the state of the country, which contained the following:

We sympathize deeply with those suffering from the present distress... The special meeting held on May 9th last...

The counsel for the Catholics of Londonderry and Mr. James O'Doherty and Mr. Wylie, of the Irish Bar... On June 11 a man whose name was subsequently ascertained to be James J. Garry, Portlaffery, county Down, narrowly escaped drowning in the river Bann, at Coleraine, having thrown himself off opposite the stores of the Messrs. Maina, at Hanover place.

A sad drowning fatality occurred on June 11th in the River Inny, near Inny Junction, by which a young man named Burns lost his life. He was bathing in the river... The coach factory of Mr. Anthony O'Neill, North Strand, Dublin, has been destroyed by fire.

Mr. Richard Hunt, a Dublin street, an old and highly respected member of the House of Commons, died on June 22nd... Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Webb have arrived home from Boston, after a tour of some months visiting friends in Australasia and the United States.

The Irish Musical Pans Committee have fixed June 14 for a public meeting in the Mansion House to take a review of the actual position of the movement and stimulate public interest in an event that should claim national support, as it will have national significance.

Two sisters named Isabella and Christina Shea, who landed from the White Star steamer Britannia, which called off the harbor from New York en route for Liverpool, were charged at Queenstown, with attempting to smuggle 4 lbs. of foreign manufactured tobacco, on which duty had not been paid. They were fined £1 10s. 8d., being single value and duty and costs and the tobacco forfeited.

At the Millstreet Board of Guardians, Mr. Jeremiah J. Corkery presiding, the following letter was received from Mr. Dillon: 2 North Great George's street, Dublin, June 22nd, 1896.

My Dear Sir—The object for which the meeting is to be held to-morrow evening in the Madison House, as stated in your circular, has my full sympathy and interest.

At the meeting of the Coleraine Poor Law Guardians, the medical officer (Dr. O. Foran) reported that an inmate of the Idiot Ward, named George Millar had committed suicide, by cutting his throat with a razor.

Mr. Justice Bowley, Mr. Commissioner Wrench, and Mr. Commissioner Fitzgerald, Q.C., sat at Killymore to hear appeals from the County Court and Sub-Commissioner Courts of Kerry. In some judgments delivered reductions of 50 per cent. from the first judicial term were made.

We regret to record the death of Sister Mary Aloysius Conlar, which occurred after a very brief illness at the convent of Mercy, Clara. Deceased, who was the daughter of the late Mr. Stephen Conlar, of Walshestown, Newbridge, county Kildare, was in the seventeenth year of her religious profession and forty first of her age.

Mr. Michael Cusack, Nationalist, has been elected to the position of Mayor of Limerick, largely by Parnellite votes. The vacancy was created by the election of the previous Mayor, Mr. Nolan, a Parnellite, to the position of Town Clerk by the unanimous vote of Parnellite and Nationalist members of the Corporation. A virulent attempt was made to prevent any recognition of the same conciliatory spirit on the part of the Parnellites in the election of a Mayor in succession to Mr. Nolan. The Limerick men were threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties if they refused submission. Mr. Cusack's election is therefore a good omen of restored unity.

There is a prospect of prolonged debate on the Drogheda Corporation Bill that has come down from the Lords. Mr. Dillon intends to move an instruction to the committee involving the heated question of reduction of the rated occupation franchise for the municipal election of the borough.

Thunderstorms prevailed over the Longford district on June 7. In the evening a man and horse on the road to Mohill Leeburn were struck by lightning and both killed.

On June 10th the venerable Bishop of Meath, Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination as a priest. The celebration was marked by every sign of popular sympathy and affectionate veneration. Dr. Nulty's half century of priestly and episcopal labor among the people of the great diocese over which he rules, has been full of arduous trial and struggle, but full also of the encouraging signs of progress. It carries us back to the years of famine, through the years of extermination; and, says the Freeman, at every stage of their struggle out of distress and out of slavery the venerable old prelate was with his people. No aspersions and no misrepresentations can blot the memory of these years out of a grateful people's mind; nor are they forgotten either by the wider nation that witnessed their courageous fulfillment. The aged Bishop is secure in the affections of a country that does not readily forget those whom it found true in its black and bitter hours of need.

At the Claremorris petty sessions an alleged clerical impostor named O'Malley, was charged with obtaining money under false pretences and larceny of a keyring and stole, the property of the Very Rev. Dr. Kilkenny, D.D., P.P. The prisoner asked several questions to show that he received no money, but that it was given voluntarily. He stated he was a native of Westport. After some important evidence having been tendered, the prisoner was remanded for eight days.

A crowd of friends wished the Rev. M. B. Curry, of Kesh, on his voyage to the Meistic, which sailed from New York on Wednesday, the 3rd June. Father Curry has been in America for three years past soliciting aid toward the erection of the magnificent new church now completed in Neagh.

A young lad named Patrick Moloney, about seven years old, who was sitting on the battlements on the north side of the Cahir bridge, fell into the Sair. A miller named John Houlahan, who was attracted by the shouts, then came up, and without divesting himself of any of his clothing, jumped under the arch leading to the mill-wheel, and to the delight of the lookers-on, brought the young lad safely back against the strong current that flowed, as the mill of the Messrs. Going and Smith was in full working.

On June 11, while some boys were fishing in Donaghry River, three miles from Slawinstown, they saw the dead body of a man floating in a pool. When taken out the body was identified as that of Robert Dallas, a local farmer, who lived alone.

Plans for the overhauling and reconstruction of Waterford Leper Hospital, which is under the new bill converted into a County Infirmary, have been prepared by Mr. Murray, architect, Dublin. The estimated cost to be raised by personal effort is £7,000, and Mr. W. G. D. Goff, J.P., has with characteristic generosity volunteered to contribute £1,000.

England. Honoring an American Elder. There was a very noteworthy gathering last week at Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, the beautiful house that Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor and director of The New York World, has taken for the season. The occasion was the presentation to Mr. Pulitzer of an address on behalf of the four English peace societies in recognition of his efforts through his great newspaper last Christmas in calling the outbreak of anti-English feeling which followed the publication of President Cleveland's Venezuela message. The oration included his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, who made a brief, pity and most effective speech, and such well known friends of the peace movement as Mr. Passmore Edwards, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Robert Head, Mr. E. T. Cook.

The third annual dinner of the Catholic Association was held on June 10 at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet street. The Earl of Donoghue, President of the Association, presided, among others present being Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., the Very Rev. J. P. Quinn, D.D., the O'Leary, Mr. D. O'Connell, Chairman of the South London Catholic League; Mr. W. F. Comber, and Mr. George Blount. The toast of "The Pope and Queen" was proposed by the Chairman, and "The Catholic Association" was proposed by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and responded to by the Earl of Donoghue. Other toasts interspersed with an excellent musical entertainment, followed.

A young Irish poet has been discovered in London. The name of the boy bard is Edmund Curtis, and several gentlemen are offering to provide for his education and maintenance. He is to be taken away from the factory where he now works and sent to college for two or three years, and every opportunity is to be given him to expand his mind. The little Irish lad is extraordinarily clever, and not only writes stories and poems, but illustrates them. Sir Walter Besant has interested himself in the boy.

The obituary announcement appears of Mother Margaret Teresa Clapperton, born on the 19th Nov., 1811, she had attained the advanced age of 84, and had spent 63 years of her life in religion. Her early youth was passed at Lochaber. Her family belonged to an old Catholic race which, like others of the North of Scotland, helped to keep the faith alive in times when there were but few opportunities of public devotion. A great blessing attended the household; the vocation to the priesthood was given to three sons, and Mother Margaret Teresa and the late Mother Mary Bernard devoted their lives to the service of God in religion. Mother Margaret Teresa, in company with the late Sister Agnes Xavier Trail, was the pioneer of religious life in Scotland.

After a tenancy of about thirty-four years, the Marxist Brothers are about to leave the old and well known premises at 71, Charlotte street, Glasgow, for a larger and more commodious house at 41, Henrietta street.

A year ago the Community of St. Joseph's College made the first outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament that ever was made in Galloway since the Reformation. This year they celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi with still greater solemnity. At 7.30 Mass was solemnly sung, and more than one hundred and fifty communicants. At 10 o'clock a long procession was formed with the holy cross in front and many banners at intervals a hundred voices chanting the proper Canticles to the strains of the powerful but harmonious military band of the college.

A concert was held in the City Assembly Rooms, Dundee, on Tuesday, the 2nd of June, in celebration of the silver jubilee in the priesthood of the Very Rev. Canon Holder, St. Joseph's, Dundee, when occasion was taken to present the Canon with a purse of sovereigns and an illuminated address. The hall was crowded. Bishop Smith presided.

Mr. J. F. Kollock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends thro' of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen bottles by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Weston's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures swollen and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

A Trip Through Ennismore. Nothing can be pleasanter, or more exhilarating, than a drive through the country at a time when nature is decked out in her choicest garb. A series of those exquisite treats it was my privilege to enjoy quite recently, the initial feast passing away in the genial companionship of the well known and well known hunter of Hunter St., Peterborough Mr. M. H. Quinlan.

We left the latter town, or rather city, on the morning of Sunday, 14th inst., just as the clock had proclaimed that the hour was seven, our route lying due north in the direction of the moon, or, as it is sometimes falsely called "Mad Lake." Of the equine steed which danced before us, evidently delighted with the responsibility imposed upon him on that pleasant Sunday morning, I have a word to say. For a horse trained under the vile surroundings of the lively stable, he certainly contracted no very bad habits, although truth obliges me to say that, when I thought upon the measurable distance he had covered, his little scruples left him, and he deliberately violated that command which says "Thou shalt not steal." But enough of the e-ordium, and now for our narrative.

Six miles further north, after a drive through a country rich in everything, we reach the charming little village of Bridgerton. Here we step on the "Floating Bridge," which extends from this point across Chumung Lake, to the township of Ennismore, and for the purpose of the "Floating Bridge" consists of a quantity of timber of various sizes and qualities thrown on the surface of the water, and joined together through the agencies of ropes, chains and cables, and is placed in such a way that the "Floating Bridge" is steady enough, but during a rain, or wind storm, its vibrations are painfully trying to the nerves. On several occasions when the elements are in a boisterous mood, it has been observed that persons passing over it have been blown off their feet, and have fallen into the lake, or have been struck by lightning.

Upon occurrences of this character, it is drawn together, without unnecessary delay, and again made fast. The "Floating Bridge" is, in the opinion of those having to use it, almost every day, as well as in the case of the stranger who sees it only for the first time, a dangerous "trap," yet it is somewhat remarkable, as it is providential that although in length nearly a mile, that it is in existence nearly a quarter of a century, and that it has stood to such a depth, in most places, of thirty feet of water, there never has been an instance of human life being lost on its account. Some giddy horses not thoroughly understanding the motive for its swayings, have, however, tumbled overboard, and have been blown into the water. Mr. Quinlan and myself crossed the bridge without an incident to mar the pleasures we had so far experienced, and whilst I am not a warm advocate of floating bridges in general, I yet hold in high esteem the "Floating Bridge" which carries us safe over, and hence I entertain nothing but feelings of good will towards the "Floating Bridge" over Chumung Lake.

A ride of a couple of miles further on, and we are in the town of Ennismore, and in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic church of Ennismore, with the imposing presbytery adjoining. Ennismore does not appear to grow with time, yet it is not unlike "Auburn," lovely village of the plain. The population here is estimated to range between 80 and 75, with reasonable prospects of an increase before long, is evidently favored with enough, and to spare, of the good things of life. There are three stores owned by Messrs. P. J. O'Connell, J. J. O'Connell, and J. J. O'Connell, respectively. A feature of mercantile life in Ennismore is, that of each store-keeper owning and working a farm in close proximity to the village. Besides the foregoing, there are two or three small farms, each with a good office, with daily mail, a well-conducted Public school and a cheese factory. As we moved down the street, somebody shouted "Hallo Pat!" I looked around and discovered that this voice was that of the whiskey shop, "Bill Mahoney," the blacksmith. "Mau, isn't it too bad that we can't have a drop to drink?" said Mr. Mahoney as he shook my hand warmly. So it is, however. There is no whiskey sold, and very little given away from the shop, and the whiskey shop, and every other similar shop, whatsoever term designated, is a thing of the past in this village. My views of the whiskey shop when owned and controlled by the Catholic have been recently made public, and it is scarcely necessary to reiterate them here. An experience of over thirty years in all parts of the Dominion, during which I have been brought in contact with those of my own and other denominations, has, I believe, only confirmed me still more in the conviction long entertained, that no human agency, or any number of agencies combined, has administered more destructive blows to the Catholic Church than the whiskey shop. None that has blighted more brilliant prospects; none that has wrecked more homes. How many able and talented Irish Catholics could I, as I am writing, name, who have rented, sold, or mortgaged the farm, for the purpose of getting the whiskey shop into a man's hands, and educate their families! One has no difficulty in understanding the quality of the education acquired by these innocents of children within the purview of a whiskey shop in a black street.

It is to be noted that the number of persons who have developed into whiskey-sellers themselves, we realize it in the number who have been raised to the dignity of bar tenders, and we feel it in the number who have been promoted to the rank of general managers of the various taverns and tavern stables. God bless the priests of Ennismore, whom we have fought this demon, and banished it, let us hope for ever, beyond the confines of that township!

We do not get into Ennismore on Father McColl's who received us most cordially, and invited us to the hospitalities of the house. The Rev. W. J. McColl, the present pastor of Ennismore, is son of Mr. John B. McColl, of the township of Murray, in the county of North-

berland, a man remarkable for the possession of many fine gifts, prominent among which were his social sense and his unobtrusive politeness to what is termed the "lowly" classes. When I met him first, my many friends, since, he was either Rector or Deputy Rector of the township, in which he held a very large interest. I have heard it stated, although of this I am not very certain, that he subsequently filled the Warden's chair of the township of Coleraine, as well as that of the Catholic who has ever reached the high position in that county. Another son—Mr. J. B. McColl—a rising barrister of Coleraine, is now a candidate for the Dominion of Northern Ireland, in the present Irish Parliament. Father McColl is a young man, and hence it is rather early in his life to review his work, but when a task may fall to another's shoulders, it is a pleasure to predict with a useful one.

A description of an occurrence at the Ennismore, which will linger in the memory of those who were present at my visit to Ennismore, is a sketch of the early settlers of that township must form the subject of another communication.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Knights of St. John. A largely attended and very interesting meeting of St. Mary's Commandery No. 216, R.C.T., Knights of St. John, was held in Cameron Hall last Thursday evening. The officers of the Provincial Commandery were present, and a fraternal visit to No. 216 on that evening, and the large influx of visitors taxed the seating capacity of the hall. Sir Kit W. Moynan was elected to represent the Commandery at the meeting, and the Commandery decided to hold a Holy Communion in a body on Sunday morning, June 21st in St. Mary's Church. After the regular business had been disposed of the evening was devoted to songs, spiritual making, etc. Rev. Father Garberry delivered an interesting address in the course of which he expressed the great pleasure he had experienced on hearing the decision of the members to receive Holy Communion in a body and the amount of good he had derived by attending the meetings of the more edifying sight than that of young and middle aged men going to their duty together. He also heartily approved of their determination to send a representative to Dayton and hoped their example would be followed by the other commanderies. His address was also delivered by Grand President Jas. W. Mallon, Capt. Kelly, Organizers Wm. Hogan and John Hoffinger, Grand Treasurer, Wm. J. H. K. Coleman and others, while the musical part of the program was ably assisted by Sir Kit, John Talbot and Jas. Burns.

During the evening the Grand Secretary Sir Kit W. Moynan was the recipient of a handsomely bound volume of Rev. Father Ryan's poetical works from his confederates of the Provincial Commandery. Sir Kit, Jas. W. Mallon made the presentation and in a few well chosen remarks referred to the able manner in which Sir Kit Moynan had discharged the duties of his office, his unflinching courtesy and his high esteem in which he was held by his confederates. The next meeting of St. Mary's Commandery will be on June 25.

ST. PATRICK'S COMMANDERY, No. 212. At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Commandery, No. 212, held June 18th, the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas—Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has called for our ranks our late Brother, First Lieutenant Robert J. New, ten, we have with humble submission to His will, remembering that we know no day or the hour when death may come to us all; Be it therefore, Resolved—That in the death of our late Brother, First Lieutenant Robert J. New, St. Patrick's Commandery No. 212 has lost a faithful, energetic and untiring member, and a First Lieutenant in the true sense of the term, who has performed his duties imposed upon him by the Commandery, and a foremost worker in the Knights of St. John; be it further Resolved—That in the death of our late Brother, First Lieutenant Robert J. New, St. Patrick's Commandery No. 212 has lost a faithful, energetic and untiring member, and a First Lieutenant in the true sense of the term, who has performed his duties imposed upon him by the Commandery, and a foremost worker in the Knights of St. John; be it further Resolved—That in the death of our late Brother, First Lieutenant Robert J. New, St. Patrick's Commandery No. 212 has lost a faithful, energetic and untiring member, and a First Lieutenant in the true sense of the term, who has performed his duties imposed upon him by the Commandery, and a foremost worker in the Knights of St. John; be it further Resolved—That in the death of our late Brother, First Lieutenant Robert J. 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ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

welcomed home to Halifax by His Beatitude Catholic People.

On February 15 Archbishop O'Brien, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop Howley, of St. John's, Father St. John, of St. John's, and Father Kennedy of Harbor Grace, left Halifax for a visit to Rome and the Holy Land. On Saturday the Archbishop and Dr. Murphy returned, greatly to the joy of their people. His Grace was accompanied on his return to Halifax by the Rev. Fr. St. John, of St. John's, and Father Kennedy of Harbor Grace. At North street a number of carriages were waiting. In that containing His Grace and Dr. Murphy were also seated Rev. Fr. Murphy, Rev. Fr. Power, St. Mary's, and Rev. Fr. Power, St. Mary's. A carriage pulled out shortly after the place of worship had almost been reached the bells sounded forth "Home, sweet home." The cathedral was filled with a congregation glad to see His Grace back again, and to witness the remembrance of his welcome. The archbishop, accompanied by a large body of clergy, proceeded up the aisle amid the pealing of the organ. Then after a short but impressive service, an address was read to His Grace by Rev. Fr. St. John, of St. John's, and Father Kennedy of Harbor Grace, as follows:—

To the Most Reverend Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Archbishop of Halifax.

May it please your grace.—The Catholics of the City of Halifax and the town of St. John's tender to you their congratulations on your safe return to your home amongst them after an absence during which you had the great privilege of visiting the scene of our Saviour's passion and death and of receiving the eternal city the capital of the Catholic world.

They are gratified to know that you enjoyed the honor and happiness of an interview with the venerable and saintly Pontiff, Leo the thirteenth, under whose mild and paternal guidance the holy church has advanced and prospered during the past nine years and that you gave to the Holy Father assurances of the love and fealty of his children in Nova Scotia. They feel, at the same time, that your Grace's satisfaction in finding his Holiness in the enjoyment of a mental and bodily vigor most remarkable in a man of his great age, must have been much dimmed by the reflection that Pope Leo, whose earnest desire for the union, to the church, of our separated brethren, has cost him so much of his own health and energy and in a condition to render and exert his full powers in the service of his people here which is so essential to its well-being, and which it finds nowhere in a greater degree than under the shadow of the flag of England.

They were sorry to know at the time of your Grace's departure from Halifax that you suffered from impaired health, but large to your unremitting devotion to ecclesiastical and literary work, they are particularly glad to hear that all cause for anxiety upon this head has been removed, and that your Grace returns with restored health and energy and in a condition to render and exert his full powers in the service of his people here which is so essential to its well-being, and which it finds nowhere in a greater degree than under the shadow of the flag of England.

During your absence the affairs of the diocese were administered in a very acceptable manner by your vicar-general, the Very Reverend Monsignor Carmody, until that venerable prelate, who has been so long and so faithfully in the service of the diocese, was called to his rest by the angel of death.

Your vicar-general, Monsignor Carmody, has been so long and so faithfully in the service of the diocese, until that venerable prelate, who has been so long and so faithfully in the service of the diocese, was called to his rest by the angel of death.

His Grace stated that Bishop H'wley had not yet returned, being desirous of spending some time with friends in France and Ireland. When he comes back it will be by steamer direct to St. John's.

His Face was a mass of blotches. But now his skin is clear as a year old babe's.

Nothing blights existence like the knowledge that our appearance is repellant to those with whom we come in contact, nor is there any relief like that of feeling that the disfiguring causes have been removed.

My Jules Simon the eminent French orator and statesman whose death was announced the other day belonged to two races. His mother was a pure Bretonne and his father a Jew. The Jewish and the Celtic blood mixed two races of great vitality.

How to save the duty. If you buy a gold or silver watch-case stamped with the letters "A. W. Co." this you will make no mistake.

The makers, The American Watch Case Co. of Toronto, warrant the quality to be as stamped, and that they are finished by the best workmen in the world.

These cases are equal to the best made in Europe or the United States, and are sold at low prices. By buying them you save the entire duty which has to be paid on imported goods.

his administration of the affairs of the diocese would be acceptable to all; and I am pleased that so it has proved. I sincerely join in the prayer that Almighty God may spare him for some years yet to edify by his example and to aid and encourage by his advice and experience.

The trip from Halifax to Liverpool was pleasant. His Grace says. "A day was spent in London, then we went to Paris and quickly passed over via the Holy Land, the day only was spent in the Eternal City on this occasion and here we were made to catch a steamer from Brindisi for Alexandria. A very pleasant party of sixteen was made up for the trip through Egypt and the Holy Land, of which there were Presbyterian ministers, two of English and American ministers and five Roman Catholic clergy. We went by rail to Cairo, and in and around that city we spent ten days most pleasantly. Then we took out our motor to Port Said, and by steamer to Jaffa. We travelled by carriage from Jaffa to Jerusalem, about 35 miles.

Why did you not take the railway?—Halifax travelling is too modern a way for the Holy Land, and though a line of railway has been constructed we prefer to go by carriage, and besides it afforded a much more favourable opportunity for sight-seeing—over the plains of Sharon and the mountains of Judaea.

Two or three days were spent in Jerusalem. We visited the church of Holy Sepulchre, Calvary, the site of the ancient temple, Gethsemane, Jordan. We went south to Bethlehem, the place of birth of the Saviour, where I had the privilege of saying mass. Hence we continued by horse to Marsabba, a monastery founded in the 11th century by hermits. There we camped for the night in tents.

What was your reason for lodging in tents?—At all those places such is the pleasantest, or the only shelter, that can be obtained.

From there we went on through the gorges and over the mountains to the plain of the Dead Sea, and thence to the Jordan. At Jericho we camped for the night. Then we came back towards Jerusalem, passing Bethany, the tomb of Lazarus, visiting the Garden of Gethsemane. It was on the Friday of the Passover that we reached Jerusalem and the second day, and those of us who were Catholics made the Via Dolorosa with its fourteen stations. We stayed in Jerusalem for Palm Sunday.

Leaving there on Monday we proceeded towards Nazareth, and thence passed along the coast of the Sea of Galilee, and crossed to Nain. We were at Nazareth on Good Friday. At Tiborius we stopped for the night, crossing the Sea of Galilee in boats to Bothaida. Easter Sunday we sailed in Capernaum, and mass was said in the evening.

There were three religious services within our party—two Catholic, the Presbyterian and the Church of England. Damascus was visited and Mount Hermon and then we crossed the Anti-Lebanons and saw Baalbeck, with its wonderful ruins. Then we proceeded to the Lebanon and over to Beyrout on the Mediterranean.

Green our party practically disintegrated. We crossed the isthmus of Corinth to Patres, from where we took steamer to Brindisi, and thence proceeded again to Rome.

Over three weeks we spent in the Eternal City, during which business was transacted, and an audience held with the Pope, and many pleasant days spent.

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Shareholders.

Held in the Banking-house of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, 17th June, 1896.

The Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter, at the Banking-house of the Institution, 17th June, 1896. There were present:—

H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt (St. Catharines), Robert Jaffray, William Ramsay, of London; J. T. Sutherland Stayer, Hugh Ryan, Robert Beatty, William Gordon, W. B. Hamilton, R. L. Benson, Rev. E. B. Lawlor, R. Donald, R. S. Cassels, A. M. Felt (Bolton) Clark-Jones Jones, Charles Forest (Fergus), David Kidd (Hamilton), Prof. Andrew Smith, William Spry, Thomas Walmley, R. N. Gooch, J. G. Lamsey, George Maclean Ross, John (Gowans), R. Taylor, Nathaniel Merritt, J. J. Gould (Knoxville), George Robinson, H. C. Hammond, Wm. C. Fowler, W. T. Jenning, William Hendrie (Hamilton), Rev. T. A. Love (Quebec), Chas. O'Rielly, D. R. Wain, etc., etc.

The Chair was taken by the President, Mr. H. S. Howland, and the General Manager, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, was requested to act as secretary.

The General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

THE REPORT. The Directors have pleasure in meeting the Shareholders at the twenty-first Annual General Meeting, and in laying before them the Statement of Affairs of the Bank as on the 30th of May.

The Net Profits of the year, after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, maintaining the fund to cover reserve on unsecured discounted bills, and providing the annual contribution to the Officers and Employees' Guarantee Fund (authorized under or by law 15), are within a few thousand dollars of the Net Profits of the preceding year.

The Bank has benefited by the improved condition of affairs in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, being a result of the gradual development of these sections of the Dominion and of the great harvest of 1895; on the other hand, we have suffered with others from the effects of the dullness in trade covering many articles of commerce which has prevailed for the last three years.

A branch of the bank was opened during the year at Vancouver, B. C., which it is expected will prove a valuable link in the chain of Branches which now stretches from Toronto to the Pacific.

The Branches of the Bank have been carefully supervised during the year. The Officers of the bank continue to perform their respective duties to the satisfaction of your Directors.

All of which is respectfully submitted. H. S. HOWLAND, President.

STATEMENT OF PROFITS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH MAY, 1896.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like Profits at credit of account, Dividend No. 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Notes of the Bank in circulation, Deposits not bearing interest, Deposits bearing interest, etc.

Assets. Gold and silver coin, Dominion Government notes, Deposits with Dominion Government, etc.

Liabilities. Deposits with Dominion Government, Deposits with other banks, etc.

Current loans, discounts, and advances, Real estate (less provided for), etc.

The Scrutinizers subsequently reported the following Shareholders elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. H. S. Howland, T. R. Merritt, William Ramsay, Robert Jaffray, Hugh Ryan, T. Sutherland Stayer, Hon. John Fergus, etc.

By order of the Board, D. R. WILKIE, General Manager, Toronto, 17th June, 1896.

There are soaps and soaps but only one Sunlight Soap



which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort.

Makes homes brighter Makes hearts lighter Books for Wrappers

For every 10 Wrappers sent to LAMAR BROS. Ltd., 23 South St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

Executor's Notice to Creditors. In the Matter of the Estate of Cornelius P. Archbold, late of Toronto, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 1987, Chapter 110, that all persons having claims against the estate of the late Cornelius P. Archbold, who died on the 31st day of June, 1896, are required to present the same to the undersigned Executor for payment, or to the undersigned Solicitors for the Executor, in writing, their Christian and true names and addresses, with full particulars of their claims or charges against the said estate, and the amount and value of their securities, if any.

AND NOTICE is also given that after the 30th day of June 1896, the Executor will distribute the assets of the deceased regarding only the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required. And the Executor will not be liable for the distribution of the assets of the deceased to any person or persons whose claims have not been received by the undersigned on or before said date.

Dated Toronto May 23rd, 1896. J. W. KELLY, 30 Church Street, Toronto, Solicitors for C. B. Doherty, the above named Executor.

TRY Robt. Powell, 336 YONGE STREET, GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS, &c. PHONE 1627.

SMOKE THE BEST GOLD POINT 5c. BOARD OF TRADE CIGARS.

ROYAL CROWN The KING of 10c Cigars.

SPILLING BROS., SOLE MANUFACTURERS, 137 JARVIS STREET.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO.

Fred G. Steinberger & Co. DEALERS IN SCHOOL SUPPLIES 37 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

MAPS AND CHARTS OF EVERY COUNTRY. Every School and Library should have one of our famous Library Globes. Real Slate Blackboards should only be used in schools.

Church Pipe Organs. EDWARD LYE & SONS, TORONTO. SEND FOR LIST OF ORGANS AND TESTIMONIALS.

MOVING SALE... TORONTO GRANITE CO. LTD. MONUMENTS. We are now offering special inducements to in sending purchasers before moving to our new premises, 710 YONGE STREET. Call and see our work and get prices before placing orders.

THE CRUSLAND & SON'S PATENT TORONTO CHRYSLER & SON'S PATENT TORONTO

ALWAYS RELIABLE AND AS REPRESENTED. BOECK'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LTD BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter. Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Casks have our Brand on.

ROBT DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier. ESTABLISHED 1852. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. Telephone No. 190.

P. BURNS & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN COAL AND WOOD. Head Office: 23 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, TELEPHONE NO. 131. Branch Office: 381 FORT STREET, TORONTO, TELEPHONE NO. 151. 516 QUEEN ST. W. TELEPHONE NO. 129.

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, Senator, President; EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President; WM. T. KIELY, EDWARD STOCK. SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- June 25 - St. Gallinus, M. 26 - St. John and Paul, Mrs. 27 - St. John, Abb. 28 - St. Leo, H. I. 29 - St. Peter and Paul. 30 - Commemoration of St. Paul. July 1 - Octave of St. John Baptist.

The Protestant horse is a lucking broncho.

The Protestant horse has made an ass of himself this time.

Mr. Coatsworth has fallen in a good cause and without a stain on his reputation as a politician or as a man.

John Ross Robertson signalled his election to Parliament on Tuesday night by a speech of more than usual stupidity and ferocity. Toronto has not in a long time put a deeper brand of disgrace upon itself than in sending this fellow to Parliament.

Mr. Coatsworth has been trampled by the Protestant horse in East Toronto. There must have been a perfect stampede of Conservative P.P.A.'s. The same influence cut down Messrs. Cockburn and McLean.

The latest issue of the San Francisco Nation to hand is an Hibernian number. It contains an admirable report of the State convention at St. Jose, and presents us with the pictures of half a hundred Hibernians of the Pacific Coast, faces that are in themselves a guarantee of the high place the Irish hold among the intelligent people of California. The Nation is never else than an interesting messenger from the men of Irish blood by the Pacific, and we always look for it among The Register's exchanges.

We have received from Dublin vol. L. No. 1 of The Nation, being the first number in the new series of the brave old journal whose place in the history of Irish patriotic literature is cherished by every Irish man and woman living. It is the same familiar page and we welcome it almost impulsively and without looking at its contents. It is a name to conjure with; but we remember that every paper is what its conductors wish to make it, and in wishing The Nation an unlimited lease of its new life we hope it will be true to Ireland's cause in the present as it ever was in the past.

Some day we hope to see the Catholics of Toronto assert their full rights of citizenship in face of Orange domination in our civic government as the Catholics of Belfast have so successfully done. Last week we gave the particulars of the victory won by the Catholic organization; we have since learned that the hybrid committee of the House of Commons which had the Belfast Corporation Bill under its consideration ratified the terms of agreement come to in Belfast between the Orange Corporation and the representatives of the Catholics.

Six hundred Catholic blue jackets of the British Mediterranean Squadron visited Rome on Sunday 14th, and attended Mass in the Pauline Chapel where Pope Leo himself offered up the Holy Sacrifice. The Catholic sailors were composed of 400 Irishmen and 200 Englishmen; and a braver body never wore the Queen's uniform. They were attended by the Pope's domestic prelates and the demonstration they made of loyalty to God and Queen may have impressed some miserable Italian doctrinaires who say that men cannot be religious men and good fighting men at the same time. This is the sort of thing that has produced its baleful fruit in Italian performances in Abyssinia.

If the judgment of woman be inferior to the judgment of man in dealing with matters of state, the rule certainly does not apply to the English Women's Liberal Federation and the rev. Nonconformist Liberals of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes' stamp. The latter have renounced Home Rule because the Irish members voted for better Catholic schools in England. The women at

their annual council passed a resolution declaring that...

Here the women are clearly superior to the preachers. But it is urged in a statement that Nonconformist clerical positions are only 25 per cent of the...

Freemasonry was born in the dark, lives in the dark and loves the darkness; but since the Italian defests in Africa under the Masonic regime clouds are gathering around the parent of all the secret societies that must make the darkness rather unpleasant for it.

The statute book made no allusion to secret societies which in his opinion did no good. Associations which had ceased to be secret were no better than they formerly were. Freemasonry, continued the Premier, would serve its object if it were public.

When the Italian, or any other Government strikes a blow at Freemasonry it will strike at secret societies in general.

Last week George B. Canfield, one of a gang of A.P.A. conspirators, was tried at Buffalo, N.Y., for kidnaping a girl of the name of Josephine O'Loughlin from her father's home and sending her into the house of an Orange friend at Port Robinson on the Canadian side, where she was detained for eleven months.

The question of the hour is how are the new parties likely to work in the session that must open in a little while? Well may Mr. Laurier be asked: Knowest thou with equal hand to hold the scale? He finds himself returned to power with a following of French-Canadians rallied upon the French National cry, and with a following of Ontario Liberals rallied on the anti-Remedial cry.

The Result of the Elections.

The Government suffered defeat at the general elections of Tuesday in all the Provinces of the Dominion with the exception of New Brunswick and Manitoba. The Conservative cause found its Waterloo in French-Catholic Quebec, and it had the most loyal support in Manitoba. If we are to assume that the question of Remedial Legislation, or as the Liberals represented it, the coercion of Manitoba, dominated the public mind the result of the appeal to the Quebec and Manitoban electorates is entirely inexplicable.

sacrificed. Quebec's voluntary hostages for the fulfillment of Conservative pledges to the French Catholic minority in Manitoba have been slaughtered by their own people the moment they return to them with convincing proofs that the Conservatives were to be trusted. And the fate that the leaders have met has likewise befallen many prominent Remedialists in the rank and file of the French Conservative wing. This was not expected; that it should happen is one of those surprises of an election that stagger everybody. The verdict of the Protestant people of Manitoba is a counter surprise to what has happened in Quebec. In the city of Winnipeg, the centre of the outcry against Catholic schools, Mr. Joseph Martin, the author of all the mischief, was laid low, although the Liberal party from one end of Canada to the other left nothing undone or unsaid to secure his election. He is defeated by Hugh John Macdonald, a Remedialist. If the elections in Manitoba turned solely upon the School issue the fact that two Conservatives have been elected to one Liberal, and that Joseph Martin lies numbered with the slain is something that even the election of Dalton McCarthy in Brandon cannot explain satisfactorily to those who have crying "Hands off Manitoba."

The Province of Ontario has also helped to verify the old saying concerning the uncertainty of elections. Dalton McCarthy has been dethroned by Clarke-Wallace, who by the result of Tuesday's verdict on the Protestant ticket becomes leader of the Third party. Poor Mr. McCarthy has lost his faithful follower, O'Brien, of Shanty Bay, and unless the Brandon seat be handed over to the redoubtable Colonel the old Third Party has lost just half its strength. Unless Mr. McCarthy agree to follow Mr. Clarke-Wallace or Mr. Laurier in the new parliament he will stand alone in the legislative halls of his country.

The question of the hour is how are the new parties likely to work in the session that must open in a little while? Well may Mr. Laurier be asked: Knowest thou with equal hand to hold the scale?

He finds himself returned to power with a following of French-Canadians rallied upon the French National cry, and with a following of Ontario Liberals rallied on the anti-Remedial cry. Mr. Lount, one of his victors in the heart of Protestant Toronto, is pledged to vote "no confidences" in his leader should any bill, good, bad or indifferent, looking to the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba be introduced. Are his French Nationalists likely to sit down with Mr. Lount and the great majority of the successful Liberals in Ontario who stand on exactly similar ground? Of course if the verdict of the Quebec constituencies and the slaughter of the Remedialists in all parts of that province be taken to mean that the French-Canadians are opposed to Catholic schools in Manitoba, there is a prospect of preserving peace in the fold. But anyone who imagines that the new French Canadian representation will be satisfied with any measure of justice to their compatriots in Manitoba less than the Conservative Bill was designed to give must be very credulous. Mr. Laurier's policy it must be remembered is investigation and conciliation. That is all well and good, but Premier Greenway is pledged in the strongest manner to deny the re-establishment of the Catholic schools in any form whatever. Conciliation may alter his mind, but Mr. Laurier's prayer of conciliation to Greenway, Sifton, Martin & Co., we would expect to be modeled on the lines of Ovid:

Ye gods from whom these miracles do spring Assist me in this arduous task.

Another leader with whom the impartial mind must deeply sympathize is Mr. Clarke-Wallace. Counting his outside following of McCarthyites, Patrons and the rest he has not even a baker's dozen of followers. They are exactly twelve. That number represents the entire force of Canadian Patronism and P.P.A.ism combined. Surely this is the very irony of fate for Mr. Clarke-Wallace; the French Nationalists in possession of the field and none so poor as to do reverence to the busted Ultra-Protestant dictator. Ah! Mr. Wallace you are out of your fat birth, you are in the cold shades of

obscurity with Mr. Dalton McCarthy, you are a veritable Maboeth for the part you have played, and: Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Protestant Toronto has done its worst. It has returned to power in East Toronto a man who has in a few short weeks made a record for political blackguardism without parallel. Toronto Conservative Orangism stamped from East York, but it has not done more than prove its blind impotency.

The Irish National Convention.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the work of appointing delegates to the National Convention at Dublin on September 1 will be taken up earnestly and without delay in our Canadian cities. The foremost Irishmen in the United States are being chosen, Australia is sending her most successful and honored citizens of Irish birth or parentage, South Africa will be similarly represented, and from England and Scotland, no doubt, will come a representation equal in position, public esteem and wealth to any group of the American or Colonial visitors. All will attest that under free institutions, whether enjoyed beneath the Imperial flag, or in the great republic of the United States, Irishmen hold their own in attaining to distinction, public trust and affluence; that Irish citizens take a foremost part in all the interests of commerce, government and social progress; that in every free land under the sun Irishmen are able to make their mark. And in the name of all they have accomplished for Britain in her scattered colonies, in the name of Irish influence upon the grand destiny of the Anglo-Saxon people in America which has become so important a consideration in Imperial policy, they are entitled to say to England that the Irish race shall enjoy at home the same opportunities for making the beloved old land as prosperous and progressive as they have helped to make the waste places of the world. That undoubtedly in the eyes of England and of Europe will be the foremost lesson of the convention. Immediately confined to Ireland the object of the visitors from over the seas will be to impress upon the people and their parliamentary representatives that all experience in free countries must teach the citizen, no matter whether his position be among the people or among the politicians, that without unity nothing can be accomplished, and without the proper acceptance of the principles of leadership and majority rule unity cannot possibly exist. The visitors will come as brothers, to advise only. With past quarrels they have nothing to do; no reference shall be made to old grievances or contentions; there are to be no factionists among the delegates from abroad. Had the Irish people in the United States, in Australia or in Canada been ever divided amongst themselves where would they be to-day? They are outnumbered in their adopted lands both in the national and religious sense, yet they have nothing to fear. By following the upright principle of respecting others rights they retain their own and preserve their traits of race, their love of native land and the inherited virtues of the old stock. They change their skies but not their love for the old speech, the old country or old friends. Every condition of their lives impresses upon them the necessity of loyal unity among themselves and loyal respect for democratic institutions under which all men are equally free. Although majorities and minorities there must be, there is no reason why the minority should not be as loyal as the majority.

In Ireland the Home Rule representatives and electors are in the overwhelming majority, and the anti-Home Rule minority have ever been treated with respect and fair play. No country in the whole world offers such another shining example of respect for minority rights and toleration of minority convictions as Home Rule Ireland. And this is but another reason why the existence of an irreconcilable minority within the Home Rule party itself should be simply incomprehensible to Irishmen abroad who have to respect majority rule themselves and who admire in the men of their race at home the just and fair exercise of majority powers towards those of a different way of thinking. Every delegate who goes to Dublin will go with but one conviction, and

burying the old trouble completely and manfully will insist on unity in the future, as the only way out of the present unhappy dissonances.

In a convention called for so great an object and amid the pook of Ireland's representative sons beyond the seas, Canada will be creditably represented, Toronto will send a fine delegation. The venerable author of the anonymous, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, has consented to the wish of our representative Irish citizens to be one of the delegation. His conferees are to be chosen on Monday evening next at a convention representative of every parish in the city and of all the Irish societies in the city. Let the Toronto delegation be joined by equally representative men from Halifax to Hamilton, and Canada and Ireland may well be proud of such a body of men going on such a mission.

Who Did This?

When this issue of The Register reaches the hands of its readers the excitement of the elections will have disappeared. We have not the slightest wish that any residuum of irritation should be left in the minds of our friends when public feeling shall have subsided to the average level of common sense; but there are some outrageous methods of vote trapping that at any time cannot be permitted to escape denunciation. Here is one low-down instance of campaign rascality: The last delivery of letters on Monday afternoon brought into the homes of the Catholic electors of West Toronto long circulars enclosed in envelopes addressed to the street and house number, but without the name of the resident in the superscription. These letters were received only in Catholic houses as enquiry made of Protestant neighbors established. On opening the envelope you found the circular addressed in extra large letters: "To the Protestant electors West Toronto." The preamble of the document went on to say that it been circulated in the West End by Mr. E. F. Clarke's enemies that his hatred of Catholics had lately abated. This in justice to his Protestant friends should be denied. Then followed a long list of scurrilous statements attributed to Mr. Clarke as evidence that his hatred of Catholics burns with thorough going P.P.A. ferocity or stupidity. The screed wound by calling upon the Protestant electors to vote for E. F. Clarke and the destruction of "Romanism."

We have been informed that some Catholics were trapped by this green-card trick. We are slow to credit it. The author of the circular should be exposed. This article is being written before anything is known of the election results and without any regard to what the result in West Toronto or in the whole of Canada may be. The author of the circular can be found. His work had the approval either of the candidate Hunter, or of the candidate Preston, or of both. At the present we have no means of putting the blame on one of them or of apportioning it between the two. If we would go by the inspired writer in The Globe of Tuesday we would apportion it equally between the two. Here is what The Globe said:

In West Toronto Mr. Preston has made a splendid campaign, developing a strength that is a surprise even to his own friends and bringing to the surface a remarkable feeling of dissatisfaction with the Government among the masses of the people. He will get every Liberal vote in the West and no doubt the second vote of many West Toronto Liberals will go to Mr. A. T. Hunter. He does not see eye to eye with the Liberals on some questions, but he is against coercion and Tupperism, and it would be a pity to waste votes while there is any candidate in sight who can be depended on to turn Tupper out.

We hope no stone will be left unturned to trace the authorship of the circular, and to hold him and his employer, or employers, up to the contempt they deserve.

English School Bill Withdrawn.

A cable despatch on Tuesday announced that Mr. Balfour had withdrawn the English Education Bill in face of the obstructive tactics of the Liberals. He promised, however, that the Government would fulfil its pledge to the voluntary schools early in 1897. Mr. Balfour made this announcement although realizing that he had the greatest majority at his back known in recent history of British parties. The Times denounces Mr. Balfour as a

oward afraid to use his strength, and as a bungler unable to use it. *Probably many Tories are of the same mind as The Times; and taking into account the keen disappointment that the supporters of the Anglican Church schools and the Catholic schools all over England must feel, the unwieldy coalition Government undoubtedly falls into no small public discredit. For help the most blame will attach to Mr. Balfour, who is not only the leader of the House of Commons, but has been the principal advocate of the closure as a proper means of carrying the Education Bill through.

It is interesting to observe how exactly alike have been the parliamentary records of the two great measures asserting the free principle of religious primary education that have drawn the attention of the world to the parliaments of England and Canada in 1896. The object of the Remedial Bill (Manitoba) and the English Education Bill was the same viz: fair play for the state for voluntary schools. It happened that both were brought in by Conservative governments, and both were opposed by Liberal parties in opposition. The methods of obstruction resorted to were also as similar as the parliamentary practice at Ottawa and Westminster could allow. In Canadian legislation, no matter of what character, the closure is practically unknown, and the right of debate is granted to absurd and unprofitable lengths as the pages of Hansard can testify. In Westminster where the Hansard is compiled by The Times' staff, and where members have to be content with curtailed records of their dreary verbosity, the application of the closure is not regarded as seriously as if every member of the House had the right to occupy as many pages of Hansard as the leaders. The practice at Ottawa resulted in the longest parliamentary session on record; the practice at Westminster resulted in resistance to the closure to such a degree that Mr. Balfour found himself compelled to give way. He had the majority, but he would not use it, and in acknowledging the triumph of obstruction he only regretted that it gave evidence of parliamentary decay. When we consider the theory of majority government the practical defeat of the Government measures at Ottawa and Westminster, even temporarily, goes apparently in direction of discrediting the science of parliamentary opposition. In both cases the Government measures were supported by majorities that easily could have carried them through. Why, then, did they not go forward unobtrusively? For the true cause we have to look not so much to the strength or to the merit of the opposition as to the internal weakness of the unwieldy government majorities, even to weakness within the cabinets. At Ottawa a public exhibition of cabinet dissension was made that amounted to a scandal, until Sir Charles Tupper came and put an end to it; at Westminster the ambitious schemes of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, even though they have not been washed and aired in public, are matters of political gossip quite sufficient to establish the existence of a "nest of traitors" in the Imperial as well as in the Colonial dovecot. Here then we have the true cause of parliamentary mismanagement and the postponement of just and crying measures of relief. The lesson, that men should be as loyal and unselfish in their political parties as they are in any other cause, need hardly be pointed out.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

The "Imperial" held its annual meeting at the head office in this city on the 17th instant. A look at this Bank, both inside and out, would incline to the belief that its affairs are in a prosperous condition, and this belief is strengthened by the statement of the year's business, which we give in another column of this edition of the Register. Dividends tell somewhat accurately as to successful investments or the reverse; and when the shareholder makes in a handsome percentage on his paid up capital, it is safe to say that his cash has not been misplaced or wasted. Eight per cent. per annum—with a bonus of one per cent.—is the return yielded the Imperial's investors for the year just ended, and the enlargement of the Bank's operations by its connection with the Province of British Columbia promises still further increases in the volume of its business and profits. For twenty years the Imperial Bank of Canada has been known as one of the soundest of our financial institutions. From the beginning its management has been remarkably able, and the outcome has been an uninterrupted success.

Summer Clothing.

Oak Hall contains all that is neat in summer clothing. It is the proper place in which to buy of this article—if a saving in cost be a consideration.

REGISTER JOTTINGS.

The Saturday Review says it is not a good sign that Lord Menelik will succeed in his mission in Paris.

Some time since the Pope addressed a letter to Menelik asking the Emperor to liberate the Italian prisoners captured at Adowa.

Replying to a letter from the Rev. Dr. Preston, of Runcorn, on Turkish misgovernment, Mr. Gladstone writes as follows: "My opinion of the Turkish government as now exhibited to the world is that it is the greatest scourge to mankind and the greatest scandal and disgrace to religion including the religion of Mahomet, to be found on the face of the earth."

Nov. Patrick Cronin, editor of The Catholic Union and Times, announces the publication on June 23 of "The Life and Labors of Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, late Bishop of Buffalo. The work will be copiously illustrated. Bishop Ryan was a Canadian by birth and the story of his life ought to have much in it of interest to Canadian readers.

At a meeting of Irishmen of Johannesburg convened by public notice, which was held there lately, it was resolved to cable to the Home Secretary requesting that their countrymen now imprisoned for political offences should be released, on the ground that, guilty or otherwise, they had already suffered sufficient punishment. The telegram adds: "Right-minded men admit that the prisoners were galled to offences by oppressive laws towards the Irish race, and justice and equity demand that the clemency showed by the President of the Transvaal in liberating the Reformers should be extended to the Irish prisoners."

Having lately presented the eighth volume of "Lives of the Irish Saints" to the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, the following autograph letter was received from that illustrious statesman by Canon O'Hanlon, Dublin:—

DEAR MR. O'HANLON—I thank you much for your kindness in adding to the stores I am endeavoring to accumulate, and I sincerely hope that the Ireland of the future may emulate the Ireland of the past in all that belongs to national ennoblement, not least, therefore, in the production of characters marked like those whom you commemorate by special accounts to the praise of God.—Believe me, your very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE, Rev. Canon O'Hanlon.

The Observatore Romano publishes a note announcing that the Pope has addressed a letter to the Emperor Menelik, making an earnest appeal for the restitution of the Italian prisoners of war. The organ organizes the fact that in 1878, on the occasion of the Pope's election, Menelik, then King of Shoa, sent to His Holiness, through Cardinal Massara and subsequently on the occasion of the Papal Jubilee, a number of Abyssinian Captives to Rome. The Pope returned thanks for this manifestation of friendly feeling in a letter to the Negus. The Observatore Romano adds, that the present letter of the Pope is being conveyed by the Coptic Patriarchal Vicar, Cyril Macaire, who left for Shoa some days ago.

The famous crown which was given by the Pope to Stephen I. of Hungary, saint and king, and which forms the central attraction of the millennial fete now in progress in Buda-Pesth, has had a wonderful history. The development of the kingdom of Hungary was such that the crown of the sun over Europe, signified that the kingdom had been received into the community of Christians. Crowns received from German or Byzantine Emperors were but symbols of dependence on those Sovereigns. Hungary was independent of all but spiritual power. The Bull by which the Crown was conferred bears the date 27th March, in the year one thousand. In the nine hundred years of its existence St. Stephen's crown has seen stormy times. It has been lost and found again, pawned and redeemed, buried and dug out of the earth. It has wandered from place to place through half Europe until it came into safe custody at Buda.

Following are some of the more notable conversions to Catholicism within the last three months: Robert Janus, brother of Professor James, of Harvard University, and Henry James, the novelist. He was received from the Protestant Episcopal Church in Arlington, a suburb of Boston; Alice English, daughter of the post, Thomas Dunn English, Newark, N. J.; A. F. Du Pont Coleman, a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church and son of the Right Rev. Leighton Coleman, D.D., Bishop of Delaware; the Rev. F. W. Parley, of the North American Episcopal Church, formerly an English Consul at Montreal; Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, of Yorkers, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. George D. Mackey, the former having been a member of the Christian Industrial Alliance; the Rev. Frederick Sherman, chaplain of the United States navy; M. Zola, Grand Master of Masons, who followed his predecessor in office by renouncing Masonry and entering the Catholic Church. His predecessor was the Marquis of Ripon. Other notable conversions are those of Mrs. J. B. Dorel, wife of a prominent member of the English

Church Union; Constance Fletcher, niece of Dr. Pusey; Miss Bayless and two members of an Anglican Sisterhood in Exeter, England.

The London Daily News says: Mr. Bodkin, Q. C.'s historical romance, "Lord Edward Fitzgerald," will appear in a few weeks. Fitzgerald's history was all romance. For the historical romance Lord Edward's error is as prominent as any that Ireland offers. It is just a hundred years since he joined the United Irishmen in his enthusiasm for an Irish Republic. How characteristic of the age was young Fitzgerald's romantic trip northwards through the American Continent to Quebec, and his adoption in 1792 of the tribe of Red Indians! Owing to Rousseau's influence, Europe then was sentimental over the noble savage and his primitive virtues uncorrupted by civilization. It is worthy of remembrance that grim old Cobbett was Sergeant-Major of the 6th Regiment in America while Lord Edward was Major; and that Cobbett described him to Pitt as the only really honest officer whom he had known. Lord Edward was cashiered for having taken part in an anti-British dinner. The United Irishmen's plans for a rising in 1798, in conjunction with a French invasion, is full of excellent material for a historical romance. We imagine that few people nowadays read Moore's Life of him. The least romantic event in Lord Edward's career was his dying quietly in bed, and not on the scaffold or the battlefield; though his death was caused by a wound received in his desperate scuffle with the armed band which arrested him.

Fashionable Wedding at St. Catharines

On Tuesday, June the 10th, at high noon, a fashionable wedding took place at St. Catharines church, when Mr. Patrick Luke Fay, of the Tigo Guarantee and Trust Co., Chicago, was united in marriage to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas C. Dawson, Esq., Sheriff of the county of Lincoln. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father O'Donohue, assisted by the Dean of St. Catharines and the Rev. Father Smyth. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white duchess satin, trimmed with muslin de soie, a spray of orange blossoms catching her tulle veil and carried a white and silver prayer book. She was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Dawson, as maid of honor, who made a dainty picture in white organdie, dotted with forget-me-nots, and whose large white hat gave the finishing touch to an altogether lovely costume. Two little bridesmaids, Mildred Cox and Francis Davidson, wore the admiral's cut of the future, with swaying frocks and large picture hats of point d'esprit not as they preceded the maid of honor carrying huge bunches of roses. The groomsmen was Mr. J. C. Dawson, Jr., and the ushers Messrs. G. W. Hamann, E. N. Dale, C. J. May and Dr. A. F. Ryker. The beautiful church was looking its best, the high marble altar being one mass of flowers and gleaming lights and the music in perfect keeping with the solemn service. Miss Winifred Carman sang magnificently in their white an aria from the Cavalleria Rusticana. At the close of the Musical Mass the bride party left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 192 Ontario street, where a costly array of flowers and friends offered their heartiest congratulations to the newly wedded pair. The house was decorated most artistically, the mantel at the end of the large drawing room being banked high with palms, roses and maiden-hair ferns, before which the young bride and her bridesmaids, assisted by their maids and ushers, received on their return from the church. Dainty refreshments were served in the airy dining room, and while drinking the bride's health many congratulatory letters were received from absent friends. The costly array of gifts bespoke the warm hearts of the bride's many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Fay left on the 2:50 train for the West amidst a shower of rice and good wishes.

MAGAZINE.

North American Review. The Hon. Hannis Taylor, United States Minister to Spain, furnishes an elaborate review of "England's Colonial Empire" in the June number of The North American Review. The varied forms of government exercised by Great Britain towards her dependencies, and the distinguishing features of each, are analyzed by Mr. Taylor in a most attractive style. In an unique essay by Professor Rodolphe Lanciani, having for its title "The Sky Scrapers of Rome," the height of the architectural creations of ancient Rome, and our own, in the light of the well known archeologist food for speculation thought. "Dreams and their Mysteries," and the scant attention bestowed by science upon the wonderful phenomena of sleep, forms the theme of an able and thoughtful paper by Elizabeth Bialaud. The sixth and concluding instalment of "The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is given. The course of these papers in the pages of The Review has been attended with marked appreciation from the press of both continents. Severe colds are easily cured the use of Dr. Clark's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

Straw Hats.

Jamieson has a line of straw hats which he sells at exceedingly low prices. Call at the rounded corner, Yonge and Queen streets, if you are in need of something light and cool, whether in russia, tyro, tuscan or bamboo.

Money Saved In Summer Clothing

Is an important item. You can easily save quite a few cents on every dollar you spend by looking at our Men's and Boys' Summer Coats, Suits and Coats and Vests. We only have the best qualities of goods and they are marked at the very lowest cash prices—in most cases far below actual worth. Do you want to save money?

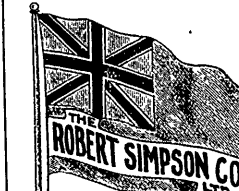
Oak Hall

One-Price Clothiers, 115 to 121 King St. E., TORONTO.

Trent Canal.

SIMCOE AND BALSAK LAKE DIVISION.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under signed, and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this Office until noon on Monday, Seventeenth day of August, 1896, for the construction of about fourteen miles of Canal on the Simcoe and Balsak Lake Division. Plans specifications of the work and forms of Contract can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, at Ottawa, or at the Superintending Engineer's Office, Peterboro', where forms of tender can be obtained on and after Monday, July 15th, 1896. In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$10,000 must accompany the tender; this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for work at the rates and terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque must be in full and will be returned to the respective parties who tenders are not accepted. The lowest or lowest not necessarily accepted. By Order, J. H. BALDERSOHN, Secretary, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, June, 1896.



Wash Goods.

Nothing is more suited to the warm weather, and there is no line of goods the store is selling that is creating so great a sensation. We have bought wash goods almost from day to day with the strongest leanings in the shopper's favor. Take the following specimens:

- White Duck for Gullings, a special line, reg. 1.50 for 1.00. Black French Lawns, with colored flowers, very fine quality, reg. 20 for 10. White check Muslin, small checks, reg. 10 for 5. Ladies' Neckties, light colors, detachable collars and cuffs, reg. 25 for 15. Ladies' Print Blouses, light and dark colors, detachable collars and cuffs, reg. 25 for 15. Special clearing off all fine Swiss and French patterns, fine Swiss spots in all white or white with colored spots, reg. 50 to 60, for 25c.

Two Specials in Blouses.

In our June programme some remarkable bargains are going in blouses. Here are two special lines: Ladies' Neckties, light colors, detachable collars and cuffs, reg. 25 for 15 for 10c. Ladies' Print Blouses, light and dark colors, detachable collars and cuffs, reg. 25 for 15 for 10c. Out of town shoppers should keep in closest touch with the mail order business these bargain days. There is nothing advertised that cannot be ordered by mail if you are prompt. Don't order these specials a week or two after you have seen them advertised.

The ROBT. SIMPSON CO. LTD. N. W. COR. YONGE & QUEEN STS. 170-2-4-6 YONGE STREET. 1 and 2 QUEEN ST. W.

THE MIE FLESH IN AGONY. "I was troubled with blind itching piles for 20 years; was unable to work and tore my flesh in agony. United States and Canadian doctors failed to relieve. Chase's Ointment was a God send. I am a better man than in 20 years, and am able to work every day." Philip Wallace, blacksmith, Ironville, Ont. Chase's Ointment cures piles, hemorrhoids, all venereal diseases. All druggists, 60c. per box.

Professional. FOY & KELLY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Offices: Home Savings and Loan Company's Buildings, 80 Church Street Toronto. J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY. Telephone 724.

MULVEY & McBRADY. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 2 Professors in Admiralty. Rooms 7th, Canada Life Building, 40 King Street West, Toronto. THOMAS MULVEY, L. V. McBRADY. Telephone 700.

MACDONELL & BOLAND. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARY PUBLICS, ETC. Offices: Quebec Bank Chambers, No. 2 Toronto Street, Toronto. Money to Loan. A. C. MACDONELL, D.C.L. W. J. BOLAND.

J. T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY. Conveyancer, Etc. Offices: Room 61, Canada Life Building, 40 to 40 King Street West, Toronto. Telephone 2088.

HEARN & LAMONT, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROCTORS IN Admiralty, Notaries, Etc. Offices: Toronto and Peterborough, 47 Canada Life Building, 40 King St. W., Toronto; Bond's Block, Tottenham. EDWARD J. HEARN, JOHN LAMONT, B.A. Residence, 255 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. Telephone 1010.

ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Offices: Land Security Chambers, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. F. A. ANGLIN. JAS. W. MALLON, LL.B. Telephone 1208.

TYTLER & McCABE. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Office: 9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Money to Loan. J. TYTLER. C. J. McCABE. Telephone 2090.

WILLOUGHBY, CAMERON & LEE BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. Offices: Equity Chambers, cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. Bolton and Oakville, Ont. Telephone 1533. W. T. WILLOUGHBY, J. A. L. CAMERON, S.A. W. T. LEE, B.C.L.

CHARLES J. MURPHY (UNWRIT & CO., ESTAB. 1852) Ontario Land Surveyor, &c. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Properties, Disputed Boundaries, Adjacent Lands, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Cor. Richmond & Bay Sts. TORONTO.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D. Eye and Ear Surgeon To St. Michael's Hospital. 62 Queen Street East, TORONTO.

25c. OAKVILLE 25c. AND RETURN STR. GREYHOUND From Yonge Street Wharf, east side, daily, except Saturdays. Leave OAKVILLE, 7:15 a.m., 12 noon and 6:30 p.m. Leave TORONTO, 10:30 a.m., 4 p.m. and 8:15 p.m. SATURDAYS. Leave OAKVILLE, 7:15 a.m., 12 noon and 6:30 p.m. Leave TORONTO, 10:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.

The Staunch Sidewheel Steamer Eurydice... is now open for charter for excursions to any port on Lake Ontario or Thousand Islands. This steamer is newly painted and put in thorough repair, and lighted by 40 incandescent electric lights. For further information apply to W. E. SLAUGHTER, 155 Major street, Toronto.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. LIVERPOOL SERVICE. Steamers: From Montreal, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From Vancouver, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From London, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From Liverpool, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From Glasgow, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From London, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From Liverpool, June 7, 14, 21, 28. From Glasgow, June 7, 14, 21, 28.

DAVID TORRANCE & CO. General Agents, Montreal. 17 St. Sacrament street.

Don't Give Up Hope. If you have been carrying a burden of Biliousness, Dyspepsia and Indigestion and have tried Remedy after Remedy without relief, don't despair. St. Leon Mineral Water. Eradicates all those troubles, regulates and tones up the whole system. TELEPHONE 1321. St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (LIMITED).

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT. MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES

"83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

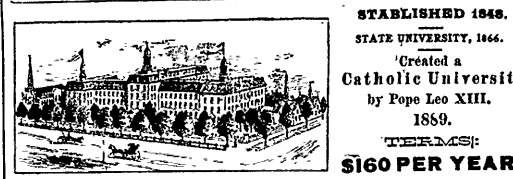
Get Under Our Straw Hats.

They're light and cool. They look and fit easy. They cost next to nothing. We've more different new styles to show you than you'll see anywhere else and—just look at the qualities we sell at these prices:

- Men's Russet Straws, regular 35c hats, special... 10 cts. Boys' Straw Yachters, regular 25c hats, special... 15 cts. Men's English Pleated Straws, regular 75c hats, special... 35 cts. Men's Rye Straws, Palm Straws, Swiss Straws, English Chip, Fibre, Tuscan and Bamboo Straws, Mackinaws, Duck Straws—all cool as cucumbers, and all new styles... 50c to \$1.50. They are regular \$2 and \$2.50 hats. Children's Straw Sailor Hats, regular 25c, special... 9 cts. Children's Finest Straw Sailors, regular 50c, special... 25 cts.

You never saw so many Straw Hats in your life—or such good hats and good styles at such prices.

Philip Jamieson Yonge and Queen Streets.



ESTABLISHED 1848. STATE UNIVERSITY, 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1869. TERMS: \$160 PER YEAR. CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. PREPARATORY CLASSICAL COURSE FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS. COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE. Fully Equipped Laboratory. Private Rooms for Senior Students. PRACTICAL BUSINESS DEPARTMENT. SEND FOR CALENDAR.

What Sally Says. It shines so bright which is my delight the pride of the kitchen, that is the stove. I have used all the Blacklacks and Polishes, but there was always something wrong. It was that they would make so much dirt, would not polish, but burn off just as fast as I would put it on. I have got it now, it is so easy; no trouble, no labor, no dirt and a lasting polish. It is the "GEM." It is a Gem by name and a Gem to you. Try the Gem Stove Polish and you will always use it.

Madame Palmira Bonvini (MRS. PROF. O'BRIEN). Studio: 219 JARVIS ST. ARTISTS COLORS. Every Art Store has a complete assortment of HENKEL & NEWTON'S colors. These colors are the best in the world and they cannot get along without them. Insist upon having them. They are low enough in price for anybody and always insure happy results.

Niagara River Line NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO. FOUR TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY). On and after MONDAY, JUNE 23rd, steamers "CHAMPLAIN" and "CHICAGO" will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. for NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO and NEWCASTLE, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Niagara Falls & Lewiston R.R., Michigan Central R.R. and Niagara Falls Park & River Railway. JOHN F. OY, Manager.

F.B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Baptismal Font, Crosses, Headstones and Scrolls. All kinds of Cemetery Work. Marble and Granite Work, Etc. For 21 years on Cor. of Church and Lombard streets. 740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of St. James. Telephone 408. TEACHER WANTED: WANTED—A Teacher for Roman Catholic Separate School, Whitchurch, duties to commence after summer vacation. State qualifications and salary expected. Address all communications to J. J. BAIRD, Sec. R. C. S. S., Whitchurch, Ont.

TORONTO RAILWAY CO. Service of Cars into the Parks. Victoria and Metro Parks—Open Cars on King Street run every six minutes. Connections are made at the junction of Queen Street and the Bimston Road with the Toronto and Scarboro Railway cars which run direct to the Park gates. High Park—College and Yonge and Carlton and College cars run every five minutes direct into the Park. Long Branch—Open cars leave immediately by the Toronto and Metro Parks every 30 minutes. Special rates from any part of the city to the park may be had for school and other parties. Private cars and Moulding etc. can be arranged for on reasonable terms. JAMES BURN, Superintendent.

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

The flowers in the garden are the young of the cabbage and turnip...

A little girl in Aberdeen brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning...

To read for instruction is commendable, and to read for amusement is, under certain conditions, of mind or body, almost equally so...

Late in life, after his fortune had been made, Mr. S. took a young man into partnership. Entering the office on a dull day in the dull season...

DUTCH POLITENESS.

A visitor to the Netherlands, as soon as he walks out, is attracted by the street salutations, which reveal the formal politeness of the Dutch.

Everybody bows, nobody nods, and mere touching of the hat is unknown. The gentleman bows first; but although he may have bowed for ten years, he is denied the privilege of addressing the lady.

A Dutchman gives an order to a workman, and takes off his hat with a bow that would not bring discredit to a duke.

Every one bows on passing a house where acquaintances reside; and it is amusing to see men go by and take off their hats at the windows...

FOXES AND FOOTBALL.

Football matches attract great crowds in England and Scotland, but there is only one town where they have as yet drawn foxes.

A GHOSTLY CAT.

An invention calculated to terrify mice and rats is described in Popular Science News. It consists of a metallic cat, which, being covered with luminous paint, shines in a dark room with a mysterious radiance...

IF THE SUN WENT OUT?

What would happen? The majority of our Knowledge Hunters make the very safe statement that "we should in the dark."

FARM AND GARDEN.

The small worms in the roots of the cabbage and turnip are the young of the cabbage and turnip...

Unless the flowers of any plant or tree are fertilized by the pollen of some other tree or by its own, there will be no fruit.

A farmer is a business man who should manage his business on safe methods. After counting every expense, charging the farm with due interest on the capital invested...

Cottonteed meal is quite different now from what it was a few years ago. This is due to the improvement in machinery and methods for extracting the oil...

Every one knows that the little weeds are the most easily killed, and that the time to get rid of them is when they are first to be seen or even before that.

It is hardly worth while to keep any cow that will not eat, and pay for ten pounds of grain food a day, even while on fairly good pasture.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach."

FIRESIDE FUN.

"I suppose it's all understood between George and Clara?" "It's as well understood as ever will be."

"You know, Miss Olotode, how deeply I love and respect you. Will you be mine?" "But I have already told you no, a week ago."

Teacher: "Can you give me an example of a toothless animal of the mammalian group?" Small Boy (promptly): "Yes, sir." Teacher: "Indeed. What is it?" Small Boy: "My grandma."

Cybble: "As the chicken left the table at my boarding-house yesterday, I broke into a snatch of song and shook them all." Stone: "What was it?" Cybble: "Say an evener, but not good-bye."

The Cannibal Chief: "We will open the ceremonies by stabbing the victim, then each in turn will drink his life's blood as it pours forth." The Victim: "It looks as if I'm to be stuck for the drinks."

Why do we always meet our most critical friend when we have on our shabbiest coat? Why does a woman with a new sea-skin jacket declare that she feels chilly after her friends declare that spring has come?

Why Did They Laugh? "Well," said Snags, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters."

"Your daughter loves me," insisted the impetuous youth, "and you refuse to let her have a husband of her own choosing. Yet you say you would deny her nothing." "That," said the old man, grimly, "is exactly what I am doing."

The distinction between a good preacher and a bad preacher has not changed much since Archbishop Whately declared that "a good preacher preached because he had something to say, and a bad preacher because he had to say something."

"Can I get anything on this watch?" asked the society burglar, as he presented a stolen chronometer at the sign of the Three Balls.

The Wrong Word: "You refer to Jopkins as an amateur painter." "Yes," "Well, it's a mistake. An amateur is one who pursues art for the love of it."

Anxious Mother (to doctor): "I can't think what's the matter with my son, doctor: he does nothing but sneeze, sneeze, sneeze. I don't know what to do with him."

A provincial preceptor received the following answers from one of his boys the other day:—The examination paper had on it these questions: Who were (a) Disraeli? (b) Stephenson? (c) Blucher? (a) Was a great judge. (b) Makes lots of ink. (c) Was a great painter.

The departing Croesus was one who paid more attention to the laying up of treasure on earth than in Heaven. In his last days he was carefully tended by a faithful body-servant.

Röntgen Anticipated: "How fallacious some of these proverbs are," remarked the sagacious man. "Take for example, that one about there being nothing new under the sun."

Kootenay Spring. IT CURES DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS. And every form of bad blood, from a pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and we challenge Canada to produce a case of Eczema that Kootenay will not cure. Medicine.

DOMESTIC READING.

Do not make life hard to any. Worship when deepest is often in silence.

The man who is not a friend will offend you sooner.

Old men are drunkards, because young men drink.

Turn a thinker loose, and you will shake the world.

When the church is awake, the devil is afraid to sleep.

The cry of a widening civilization has been: "Repent!"

The hardest wound to heal is the one inflicted by a friend.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.

We rob God when we rob our neighbor light weight.

To cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.

The Cross gathers unto itself the whole tragedy of life.

The sin we have mercy on will soon have no mercy on us.

This world is a bad world only for those who have bad hearts.

A golden opportunity never knocks at the same door twice.

Life is larger than understanding; life is grander than logic.

Treasure laid up in Heaven always enriches somebody on earth.

If good seed is put in good ground some of it will be sure to grow.

Everyone of us has an angel-self, to be seen only with the eyes of the soul's inspired imagination.

When we are thoroughly convinced of the love of God, the thought of the cross and suffering will have no power to disturb us.

The conquests of force exhaust themselves and perish in an ignominious failure: the conquests of love grow and increase with the process of time.

A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on the temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those we live with.

Never was there a more acceptable player, never was there an hour more blessed than that of triumph in which we gain a victory over ourselves. It is a triumph upon earth and it is a triumph in Heaven.

The solitude of grove and mountain, mid-night, sky, the sea, and dawn, cannot make him blessed who does not bring with him the Sabbath of the heart, that elevation of the spirit without which idleness and storms and dangerous temptations attend every solitude.

When the fight thickens the captain says "Steady, boys," and it is their steadiness which pulls the soldiers through. Fifteen soldiers are rarely useful ones. That is our great need to-day—steady Christians; men and women you can count on.

Supposing a lover of art were to discover amongst a number of daubs and sketches one painting stamped with the mark of genius, what happens for him? He seizes his treasure, hides it, cleans it, repairs it, and then, when a beautiful picture discloses itself, how grandly he frames it, how proud he is to display it!

Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? To feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memories can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present in one unspeakable vibration?

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. [The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system.]

Things That Never Die.

The pure the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth: The impulses that warm us now: The dreams of love and truth: The longings after something lost: The spirit's yearning cry: The strivings after better hopes: These things can never die.

The trust had stretched forth to aid A brother in his need: The kindly word in grief's dull hour, That proves a friend indeed: The plea for mercy soft and hushed: When justice threatens high: The saviour of a contrite heart: These things can never die.

The memory of a clasped hand: The pressure of a kiss, And all the tender light, and frail Which makes up love's first ties: If with a firm unchanging faith: And holy trust and high: These things can never die.

The smile and better word: Which wounded as it sympathized: The chilling want of sympathy: We feel it it never told: The heart's repulse that chills the heart: Whose hopes were once so high: In an unfulfilling record kept: Are things that never die.

Let nothing pass; for every hand Must find some work to do; Love not a chance to waken love: Be firm and just and true. So shall a light that cannot fade, Be seen from the firm on high: And angel-voices say to thee: "These things can never die!"

CORSICAN'S VENGEANCE.

It was a wild and windy afternoon, and the clouds hung heavily, portending rain, over the rough crags and peaks of a wild Corsican landscape.

Never was there a more acceptable player, never was there an hour more blessed than that of triumph in which we gain a victory over ourselves. It is a triumph upon earth and it is a triumph in Heaven.

The solitude of grove and mountain, mid-night, sky, the sea, and dawn, cannot make him blessed who does not bring with him the Sabbath of the heart, that elevation of the spirit without which idleness and storms and dangerous temptations attend every solitude.

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A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. [The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system.]

"To-morrow was to have been thy wedding day?" "Was to have been I" echoed the impatient young man. "Is it not to be? You yourself promised to bless our union."

"Calm thyself and listen to me. I there a lamb upon those wild hills that the wolf not to devour? Maria was thy pet lamb—Vincentio Martelli—the wolf."

"Vincentio Martelli!" "He came hither—the way thy lot trod," continued the old man: "her beauty fired him; he said that charms like hers were not to be wasted on a peasant churl. He offered to make her his bride. Maria spurned the offer. Then he resorted to menace: 'I give you,' said he, 'tonight for reflection. If on the morrow you are not prepared to grant my suit, my men at arms shall drag you from the roof to the safe security of my castle, and there my almoner, who dare not refuse obedience to my commands shall unite us at the altar's fow.'"

"And she was compelled to assent," cried Antonio in a voice of agony. "Not so; she was proof against temptation and menace. She declared that she would never permit—scoffed—dashed herself to pieces on those wild rocks, than be false to her plighted vow. With a reputation of his turban, Martelli left her."

"And I met the villain on his return, and know not this!" exclaimed Antonio. "We stood together on a narrow pass, where one motion of my arm would have hurled him to perdition. But he shall not escape me. Where is Maria now?"

"She is safe with her father at my hermitage. Protected by the cross, no one dares molest her. But, alas, this is but temporary shelter. Martelli is capable of starving her in her retreat, by beleaguering the sanctuary, even if, bold, bad man as he is, he does not resolve to commit the crime of sacrilege, violate my threshold, and carry his menace into execution. What, then, is left you ultimately but submission?"

"Revenge!" answered the Corsican in a deep and hollow voice. "O, my son," cried the hermit, "remember it is written—'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' Remember that submission is the duty of a Christian."

"Not submission to tyranny, father," cried the young man impatiently. "Our tenets teach not that. Know you not that this Martelli is an usurper, to whose yoke we Corsicans have too long bowed? This last act has over-fitted his cup. Farewell, father. We shall meet each other on the plains to-morrow. Till then, watch over Maria with a father's care. Once more, farewell."

On the following day the broad green plain at the foot of the mountains presented a gay and animating spectacle. A large assemblage of spectators, and these were filled with gaily attired peasants and mountaineers of both sexes at an early hour. A sort of throne, richly ornamented and canopied, arose upon the side of the lists, and here was seated Vincentio Martelli, in his most splendid robes, surrounded by his mercenary satellites.

The sports of the day consisted in the capture and taming of a number of half wild horses, which were turned into a ring and pursued by men on foot, provided with lassos, which they threw around the neck or legs of the horses. After the animals were thrown down upon their backs, and endeavored to reduce them to obedience in spite of their frantic efforts to regain their liberty.

One noble black horse, well fitted to be the champion of his race, attracted universal attention, and seemed destined by his fire, speed and ferocity, to baffle every attempt to master him. When first admitted to the ring he dashed round it with the speed of light, looking wildly for an outlet. Finding none he attempted to leap the barricade. Failing in this, he leaped out with his hind legs till the massive stanchions that sustained the gate threatened to give way.

More than one adventurer in vain endeavored to fix the lasso on his limbs. One or two succeeded in noosing him, but he snapped the cords as if they had been packthread, and then stood at bay, snorting defiance at his foes. Martelli decreed the silver cross to the man who should succeed in taming the black horse. At last Antonio entered the arena. He was clad as we have described him on the day proceeding, except that he had east aside his cloak, and besides his lasso carried a light, but strong blade, a powerful bit in his belt, and wore boots furnished with several spurs.

After one or two unsuccessful casts, he threw the noose dexterously round the fore legs of the furious horse, and, forcibly jerking the rope backward, threw him to the ground with such violence as to stun him for a moment. In that brief space of time the daring youth slipped on the headstall, placed the bit in the mouth of the uncooled animal, and sprang upon his back. Recovering himself in a moment the wild horse sprang into the air with the ferocious bound of a panther. As he came to the ground, Antonio gave him both spurs and

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"Patience, patience; my son," said the hermit. "Hast thou the courage to bear ill news?" "I have a heart for everything out of suspense."

deep. Then the frantic creature reared upon his hind legs and shook himself violently. As he toppled down from his dangerous attitude, again he flung the coil deep within his "banks." Then he dashed for the barricade, seeking to crush his rival's limbs against the pillars, but the firm hand of Antonio held him to the wall, while the revels played their part again. The furious struggle at last ended in submission on the part of the wild horse. The white foam stood upon his glossy hide; he trembled with a new-born fear. Then rang the air with deafening bravos, while the victor calm and imperturbable compelled the vanquished animal to move round the arena, now stepping slowly, now dashing forward at a trot, and now moving onward in a gallop. At a word from his master, the black horse halted motionless before the chair of state, and Antonio sat gazing sternly at Martelli.

"Antonio," said the signor, rising, "we declare you the victor of the day, and herewith present you with the silver cross."

Antonio leaned forward over his horse's neck and taking the bauble, raised it to his lips.

"As a symbol of our faith," he said, "I do it this reverence. As the gift of a perjured villain, I cast it at his feet."

With these words, he threw the cross contemptuously at the feet of Martelli.

"Dog!" cried the foudal lord, "die in thy treason!" And drawing his sword, aimed a thrust at the heart of his vassal.

Antonio swerved, and the blade grazed his side without inflicting a wound. Before Martelli could recover himself the horseman had cast his lasso, and with the noise around the neck of his foudal lord, wheeled his horse, and striking him with the spurs, dashed at full gallop into the centre of the ring.

A dozen men at arms rushed upon him at once, but at Antonio's cry of "Corsica to the rescue!" a band of armed mountaineers sprang into the arena and gave battle to the myrmidons of Martelli. The struggle was short and decisive—victory remained with the Corsicans. As the last soldier laid down his arms, a man of venerable aspect advanced and ascended the throne of Martelli.

"Corsicans," cried Antonio, flinging himself from his horse, and kneeling at the foot of the throne, "behold your rightful Lord, whose place you deride villain had too long usurped. Homage to the noble Visconti, your rightful suzerain!"

The plaudits of the assembled multitude testified their joy.

"Thanks, friends," said Visconti, smiling graciously. "And thou, Antonio, rise. Thou shalt be my friend rather than my vassal. It shall be my care to recompense thy fealty. Meanwhile, yonder stands the bride thou has so nobly won. In her arms forget the perils of thy day."

The bravo Antonio needed no second bidding to send him to the side of the beautiful maiden; and that night their fortunes were united in the chapel of their feudal lord.

AT STITTSVILLE!

The Town's Leading Merchant Laid Up

Rheumatism in various forms is one of the most common diseases there is. It arises generally from impure blood and a broken-down system. In the limbs it is painful; in most of the internal organs dangerous, and in the heart usually fatal.

The experience of Mr. S. Mann, the well known general merchant of Stittsville, is interesting.

"Last winter I was badly afflicted with rheumatism. I decided to try Dr. Chas. S. Pills. To my surprise, I got immediate relief, and before I had used one box my affliction was gone."

"I was also troubled with biliousness for years, and at intervals of three or four weeks would be laid up with a severe headache and sick stomach. Since using Chas. S. Pills I have not had an attack of either."

"All dealers and Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto, Ont."

Chas. S. Pills and Turpentine for colds, bronchitis and consumption. Sure cure, 25 cents.

Every preacher who deeply moves his age is a fulfillment of prophecy.

God may seem slow, but He is building men's characters for eternal life.

A Dream. (Written for the Register.) Methought the mountain-top attained; And I, when a - - - I found to see what height was gained And - - - of the awesome brink, The moon caused my head to reel, Till one false step and I could feel My footing gone! Down, down I sink, And oh, the appalling horror! How I grasped each ledge of earth to stay My headlong course! But each gave way; And swift, over swift now From mount peak and - - - I felt to depths I had not seen Nor dreamt of, on the hill-side green, Deed hid within the valley, far. - - -

JOHN'S DISCOMFITURE.

Since sunrise on the 10th August day Farmer Walton and his hired men had been swinging their scythes in unison, and laying the grass in heavy swaths. Behind them John "hired boy," Zeke Waterhouse, was spreading the down-turned rows to dry, and doing their best to keep up with the mowers. This was before the days of mowing-machines and horse-rakes.

Mr. Walton's farm lay among the western foot hills of the Green Mountains in Vermont. When the mowers stopped to wipe their scythes and wipe the sweat from their faces, they cast longing glances northward at the mighty forehead of Mount Mansfield cool in the upper air, and shadowed now and then by a silvery cloud sailing slowly past on its eastward journey.

To the west, through openings in the hills, they caught glimpses of the bright water of Lake Champlain, and beyond swelled upward the hazy purple of the Adirondack forests.

John had for some time to make the grass dry as fast as Zeke; but John was only twelve years old, while Zeke was sixteen, he was unable to keep up the pace very long.

"I say, Zeke?" "Wal, what now?" "I wish I was over at the lake there fishing. Wouldn't it be fun to-day? I just believe I could catch a fish as long as my arm if I was out there on a boat."

"Seems as if you wished you was any-where but speaking this 'ere hay," replied Zeke.

"I don't care! I'm going to ask pa to let me go gumming up to the mountain. It's too hot to work, and besides I've worked lots already. I guess he'll let me go."

"I wouldn't," said he, and valued up at the price of a turkey. "Why wouldn't you, Zeke?" "Cause there's bears up there that wouldn't like anything better's broiled beef for dinner." Zeke did not greatly believe in bears, but he did not wish to lose the company of the good-natured Johnny.

"Huh!" said Johnny, contemptuously; "there ain't any bears up there. Guess I've been up there times enough to know that."

"Well, if there ain't bears, there's hedgehogs! How'd you like to run across a whopping big hedgehog, and have him come at you and shoot you chock full of quills?" Zeke shook his head slowly, closed one eye, and looked as if the other were fixed on some awful tragedy.

"Do you suppose I'm afraid of a hedgehog?" "I'd fetch him a wiper across the snout that 'd settle him. Don't you recollect the time when the two hedgehogs come down to eat the salt when pa had eated the cows, and the white shouldered calf went up to smell of 'em, and one of 'em struck her on the nose with 'is tail, and she run round blattin' with 'er nose full of quills?" And I just went up with a club and killed both of 'em. Who cares for a hedgehog?"

"Ye don't know all about hedgehogs, yet, Johnny."

"But Johnny, with a scornful "Bah!" deserted Zeke, and ran forward to where the mowers were whetting their scythes.

"Say, pa," said he, eagerly. "Wal, what is it, sonny?" "This 'ere is a getting monotonous. Mayn't I go gummin'?"

"Monotonous is a large word for such a small boy," said his father, smiling. "Where did you pick it up, Johnny?"

"Oh, I guess it's a good word. I heard the minister say it when he was telling me about the prayer meeting. Say, mayn't I go?"

"So haying is getting monotonous, is it? Well, you've had a pretty long spell at it lately, that's a fact. I guess I can spare you; but don't go too far, Johnny, and be back in time to get the cows," and the kindly farmer patted the boy's shookey head.

"All right, I'll get home real early."

At such a time late in August, the short, soft mountain grass becomes remarkably slippery. Several times Johnny slid downward quite a distance before he could stop himself.

He found plenty of sum. Sometimes in single lumps projecting from the rough, scaly bark, sometimes collected in a "pocket" or groove running up the side of a tree. His pockets were soon filled, and it was yet early.

He decided to climb to a series of barren ledges some distance above, from which, over the tops of the trees, a fine outlook over a broad landscape was afforded Johnny did not care particularly for the landscape; but from those high ledges a wide stretch of Lake Champlain was visible, and Johnny hoped to see that wonderful thing—the steamboat which made daily trips between Burlington and Plattsburg. From those ledges he had once seen it and its heavy trail of smoke.

The ascent was steep and difficult, over rocks and fallen trees, but in half an hour he reached the desired outlook. Yes, there was the wonderful steamboat out in the sparkling waters beyond the islands. Not a large or fast object did it appear, so many miles away; but Johnny knew that it was much larger than his father's barn, and faster than his father's fastest horse, for his father had told him so.

While he sat eating his lunch and watching the long, black ribbon of smoke in the still, hot air, he heard a queer little shrieking noise above him. He looked up, and soon detected a dark, hairy mass lying motionless in a narrow cleft over a narrow shelf about fifteen feet above where he sat.

At first he was uncertain what it was; but quickly he noticed long, white quills scattered in the black hair, and he recognised it as a hedgehog—as he and every one else knew called the Canada porcupine.

Johnny's hunting instincts were aroused. He forgot the steamboat; he wanted some fun with the porcupine.

It was not easy to get at it. The wall to be scaled was quite perpendicular on its front, but to one side a few crevices and projections offered a means, difficult and somewhat hazardous, of climbing to it. He looked around for a weapon, and found a branch, which his former experience with hedgehogs satisfied him would be sufficient.

Twisting this into the back of his suspender, in order to have his hands free, he succeeded after much effort in reaching the shelf. This was a narrow platform not over two feet in width, and affording footing for about four yards, being merely a projection in the front of the cliff, which, almost perpendicular, extended perhaps a hundred feet higher.

Near the end of this shelf was the shallow cleft in which he had seen the porcupine. It was still there. Johnny began to tease it with his stick. At first it tried to draw back; but finding no shelter from its tormentor, it uncoiled itself suddenly and rushed out at him with open jaws. Now Johnny had little respect for the martial qualities of the porcupine, so it is not to be wondered at this aggressive movement completely surprised him.

The porcupine was a very large one—twice as large as any Johnny had ever before seen. Its eyes were sparkling with rage; its lips were drawn back in a hideous snarl, disclosing four chisel-like, cruel incisors. Its strong quills were erected, swelling it to a really formidable size. Its whole aspect was of such ferocity that the boy was appalled.

Before he could collect himself, the animal was on the point of fastening its teeth in his leg; and having neither time nor room to swing his club, all he could do was to interpose himself in front of his assailant and endeavor to crush the creature off the ledge.

If the porcupine were not a clumsy, slow beast, the battle must have ended at once in utter disaster for the boy.

The enraged animal followed Johnny closely to the end of the shelf, only his stick shielding the boy from the dreadful jaws. Having no room for further retreat, and none to pass by the creature, he instantly did the only thing left for him, which was to spring over his back.

The porcupine turned instantly and followed him to the other end, where the jump was repeated. For a long time this performance continued, the creature dogging Johnny with deadly pertinacity, its visage growing more frightful and demoniac. All that the boy could do was poke defensively with his stick, and wish he could get a chance to swing it and bring it down upon his enemy's head.

His attempt would have given the porcupine time to bite, and a grip from those terrible jaws was something Johnny felt that he could not endure. He had all he could do to keep beyond their reach.

His enthusiasm for hunting hedgehogs was quite gone. That a hedgehog should hunt a boy thoroughly disgusted him. He thought of his mother, and how sorry she would be to see him in this danger. He thought of the haymakers down there, nearly two miles away, and was amazed that he should have been willing to exchange the dear, delightful amusement of pitching and raking hay for his present laborious and profitless employment. He wished that his father or the teasing Zeke were at hand to

make a flank movement upon his tireless enemy.

At last, just as Johnny, exhausted and breathless, had resolved to risk the dangerous leap downward as his only salvation, the porcupine, following him as he was preparing to jump, ran upon a smooth and somewhat sloping portion of the rock near the edge. The boy at once saw and took advantage of his adversary's error.

Quickly putting his stick against its shoulder, he thrust with all his might, and succeeded in pushing it off the edge.

But alas! Johnny had no chance to exult over his victory. With the last thrust, just as the porcupine went over, the very stick snapped short off, and Johnny lost his balance. He bent and tried to grasp at some hold, but only succeeded in delaying his fall an instant.

Instinctively pushing himself from the rock so as to fall clear of its rough face beneath, he glanced downward, and to his horror saw that the porcupine, with its quills bristling out in fury, occupied the exact spot where he must land. With creditable presence of mind, he spread his feet apart so as to straddle the animal and avoid contact with it.

Unfortunately that particular spot was covered with the slippery grass. Johnny's feet shot from under him, and he set down heavily upon his hind parts, where the quills are most plentiful. The plump body of the creature probably saved him from broken bones, yet not a thought of gratitude thrilled Johnny's soul, for the quills of the porcupine's fore parts are highly offensive.

With a yell, Johnny tore down the mountain toward home, grabbing with his hands at the cruel spurs which urged him forward. His speed was remarkable, and his expressions energetic in the extreme. In less than half an hour the haymakers, engaged in raking the hay inside windows, heard and saw him bounding down the field toward the house.

"Why, what in the world is the matter with Johnny?" asked Mr. Walton, anxiously, as all started rapidly for the house.

"Shouldn't wonder if he'd seen a bear," said Zeke.

Mrs. Walton, hearing the unmarital sounds of Johnny's approach, ran out as he, panting and breathless, pulled up in the dooryard.

"Why, Johnny!" said she frightened at his wolf aspect. "What is the trouble? Come right in and sit down; you are all out of breath."

"Don't want to sit down!" sobbed Johnny.

Mr. Walton and his men now arrived.

"Johnny, are you hurt? What has happened to you?" asked his father.

"Sat down on a hedgehog!" Johnny roared and dashed again.

"Creek all headlock!" gasped Zeke. "What did you want to set down on a hedgehog for?"

"Meroy!" exclaimed the horrified mother, as she inspected the results of Johnny's encounter. "He's stuck full of quills! Get them out quick, father!"

Mr. Walton laid the boy across his knees.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, after testing two or three of the quills with his fingers, while Johnny still shrieked. "They're just as if they were driven into him with a hammer! Zeke, run to the tool box and get the pliers."

With this surgical instrument and some help from a sharp penknife, he succeeded in pulling an hour in removing Johnny's trophies, with the exception of several barbed and brittle points which had broken off and were destined to remain in a long time before they finally worked themselves out. Zeke, meanwhile, stood bent over with his hands upon his knees, gravely watching the operation.

"Like pulling pin feathers out of a goose, ain't it?" said he.

"I'd just like to see you sit on a hedgehog, just once, and see how you'd like it!" roared Johnny, angrily.

"Why, Johnny," said Zeke, with an air of venerable experience, "when a fellow is as old as I am, he knows enough to pick out some other kind of a seat. I'm 'sried at ye."

equal and prance anew, but in a little while he felt better. It was several days, however, before he began to resume his usual cheerful view of life, and more than two weeks before he had the least use for chairs.

Johnny killed roany a porcupine after this adventure, but never did he attack one without assuring himself of plenty of room for retreat in case of need.

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.

THE BOY HAVILIAN NEWS INTERVIEWS MR. JULIUS HAYDEN

And it gives particulars of a New York sufferer from Asthma, from which he has been restored to health. His Case has Looked On as Hopeless on the News, Bostonville.

During the past five years that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from so many cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life, when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. To-day he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John

Havens, who resides in the township of Darlington, some ten miles north of Bismarck, and whose post office is Ensisville, came to the county from Cornwall, England, some 45 years ago, and he was a hard worker, and had always been a hard-working man. One day, however, while attending his work, he got wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed, which finally developed to asthma. During the preceding nine years he was a terrible sufferer from that distressing disease and gradually grew so bad that he could not work, frequently spent sleepless nights, and had little or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk across his room without panting for breath, and would sit all day with his elbows resting on his knees—the only position which seemed to give him ease, and at one time he never laid down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for him to talk, all he asked was to be let alone. During this time he had been doctoring and had tried nearly everything, and spent over \$100, but got no relief. Finally some one recommended him take Pink Pills. He thought they could do him no harm at any rate, and procuring supply he commenced taking them. After he had taken three boxes he found that he was improving, and after taking two more boxes, to the astonishment of all, he walked across the field to the wood and cut up a cord of wood. He continued the pills and took two more boxes, making seven in all, and to-day is as well as he ever was, but always keeps a box of Pink Pills in the house. This neighbor has been so well, what he had done, as the asthma had left him, and they never expected to hear of him being well again. So one and all he tells that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and has recommended them to scores of men since his recovery.



With such wonderful cures as these occurring in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a greater reputation than any other remedy. This is the reason that is asked for them is a fair trial and the results are rarely disappointing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In case of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Sciencetown, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The statement has been published that Dr. Tanner, M.P., the well known member of the Irish party has joined the Catholic Church. The announcement is premature, but it will be verified before long. Dr. Tanner has for some time been accustomed to attend Mass, which probably accounts for the report that he has already become a Catholic.

SKETCHES.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the strictest logic, namely, medicine. This is Ecclesius. It is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

The good have everything to hope from time; the bad have everything to fear from it. Wisdom is always reticent of speech. It is the fool who chatters; the wise man thinks.

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Bright's Disease CAN BE CURED WITH WARNER'S SAFE Cure.

COMMEMORATIONS.

Larkin French—First prize in junior division of 6th class, equally merited by the Misses Claret, Kuntz and McCreedy, awarded by Miss McCreedy.

merited by the Misses G. Knox, E. Heron, S. Heron, K. Murray, J. Knox, M. Power, M. Foy, F. Foy, B. Brower, Lottio Rosar and Annie O'Connor. Obtained by K. Murray.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Kneip's Water Cure Institution. I deem it my duty to state the following facts...

THE ALE AND PORTER JOHN LABATT, LONDON, CAN. MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS AWARDED AT THIS CONTINENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893.

The Dunlop. It is not cemented to the rim and is detachable—can be repaired in five minutes.

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Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars. 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO. PLUMBERS' AND WIFEING SOLDER HARRIS.

ELECTION RETURNS. The following are the general results of Tuesday's general elections, with Algoma to hear from:

Table with columns: Province, Con., Lib., Ind. Ontario, 41, 43, 7. Quebec, 20, 44, 1. Nova Scotia, 10, 10, 1.

SEATS CHANGED. The following were Liberal gains and Conservative losses in the elections:

Table with columns: Location, Party. Kingston, Britton. Ottawa, Belcourt. Hamilton, Hutcheon.

CONSERVATIVE GAINS. North Waterloo, Ont., Songram. Stantead, Que., Moore.

Majority for the Liberals, independent of and not including Patrons and McCarthys, elected as such, 26.

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