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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. VII.—NO. 27.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

RELIGION AND ENQUIRY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

"I am indeed a mere proper myself, as indeed we all are, waiting, earnest, eager to grasp the weakest straw that floats down the stream of Truth."

This is a sentence from a lady writer who under the pseudonym of "Kit" has earned a wide popularity; and, most deservedly I think. She is modest, womanly, (and, of course, therefore a little gushing at times), with a teasing imagination, and a Sheridan-like capacity to weave words and sentences into pictures that stick in the mind without any effort of memory. Natural, too, she is in the right sense of that word, and so refused that though dealing with all kinds of topics, now with deep gravity, and again in the lightest of veils, she never, or at least hardly ever, has a word one would care to change. But her most admirable feature is that though bright as a diamond when handling matters proper to her own "Kingdom," and besides, as they used to put it in Queen Anne's time, conversant in a wide range of things, she is never afraid to admit ignorance where she feels she has not knowledge.

The sentence quoted above is an illustration of this. Somebody seems to have asked the question "What is the proper attitude towards science, religion and enquiry?" and she answers it in an attitude of "toleration and enquiry" and refuses to be more precise for the reason given in the sentence we have picked out. There is something touchingly modest and humble in this reply, and yet, somehow, we don't like it. Without any intention, we are sure, on the writer's part, it nevertheless produces a bad impression, leaves an ugly taste, so to say, in the mouth of the Christian reader.

This putting of Religion and Science upon the same footing is not fair to either. Science deals with the things of the visible creation, according to the saying in Ecclesiastes, "He (that is, God) hath made all things good in their time; and hath delivered the world to their hands; and he hath set the world in its motion, and he hath made the man not find out the work which God hath made from the beginning to the end." (Cap. III, ver. 2.)

Here is on the one hand the limit of science, and on the other a very wide field for the investigation of the things that are in its boundless domain. Beyond the visible, we call the things of the heavens and earth. The invisible home of the Creator it cannot reach. Yet it is from this invisible, through the streaming rays of revelation made at sundry times, and in various manners, that we have all our knowledge of religion. What competence has science for even opening its mouth upon such a subject. The finite cannot give us organ music, nor a silk thread more than the man-of-war, nor aether effect, nor less inconceivably than that man should bridge the gulf between himself and the eternal Creator; and until he has done this his science has, of course, not a word to utter about the infinite Being, and our relations and duties towards Him; our religious and duties, in their full sense, constitute what we call religion.

Religion, then, is not and indeed never was thought to be a mere reference or conclusion, but a message, or rather messenger, from the great beyond, from God Himself, an demands listening to, obedience, submission, and not at all enquiry. So far forth as the stage of enquiry lasts, and man is waiting to determine for himself by his own reasonings and sympathies what view of God and Providence he is going to call subjective, springing from what he can see to have any religion at all.

There is not room here to enquire into the difficulties and perplexities that beset the practice of religion in the individual. These are at most what is called subjective, springing from the weakness of our minds, and in no wise affect the truth of what we have said that religion rests not upon reasonings but an authoritative command delivered to us by a messenger who alone is able to authenticate and explain and enforce it.

Who this messenger is we Catholics have no doubt about. It is the Church or body of Christ, in which He remains to the end teaching all truth which is necessary for our justification. Enquiry with us is simply justification as to the foundations of religion. We accept, we faith, what the divine messenger tells us, and strive to conform our lives to the model thus furnished.

And if it is answered to this that it is a kind of slavery, one may say we can't help that. The duty of the creature is to submit to his Creator, a something he cannot begin to do until he knows what the Creator requires, and this knowledge is gained neither by reasoning nor inquiry, but simply by faith. Faith is by having the accredited messenger. This is our freedom and our victory over every doubt. It would not be worth while to state such elementary truths if we were not convinced that this talk about inquiry, free investigation, research, and all the rest, is little more than a form of vulgar prejudice. It sounds so big, and gives us such importance in our own eyes, and would it dared, express itself somewhat like

this: When we have settled with the Almighty, and got to understand Him, if He shows due consideration for our rights of enquiry, we shall be ready to accept His commands! The outcome of which state of mind—alas all too common—is that we have a thousand wrongs, jabbering out the results of their "enquiries" and filling the air with the din of their cry "let hero be Christ, lo there!" (St. Matt.), and so on, grossing attention by the eagerness of their disputes that there is neither time nor opportunity left to poor mortals to go and do the things that are commanded, and so earn the promised blessing. If you know these things you shall be blessed (not by mere knowing but) if you do them.

Go for this knowledge, we should say, not to your own enquiries, which can never yield it, but to God's appointed messenger, and you shall scoop what this brilliant lady elsewhere calls the "nauseous professions, hypocrisies and inconsistencies" of many, and have leisure left to follow the direct, simple road, the real road that would bind the whole world together, by its precept, love one another, help one another.

PROFANITY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

What an astonishing amount of profanity one hears whosoever one goes! Everywhere the air may be said to resound with it. How nonsensical and, worst of all, unprofitable a practice it is! The old and the young alike are addicted to it. And why? One naturally asks. An explanation is not easily given. Why anyone should blaspheme and profane the sacred name of his Creator and Redeemer—that God who endured the torments of the cross that He might prepare a heaven for him, and who prepares him with all that is good for soul and body—sustains his life even; and what is too often lost sight of, can destroy that life in the twinkling of an eye, is difficult to understand. How thoughtlessly and recklessly and for what a trivial purpose do people use God's name!

All such should remember that to sin in the whole catalogue is more offensive to God and so often suddenly punished in this world as the sin of profanity. Many instances are recorded of the visitation of God's anger in the striking death of those at the moment of their sin. There is nothing nearly about swearing, as some foolishly suppose; on the contrary the practice is a most vulgar and sinful one, showing the ignorance or ingratitude or both of those who indulge in it. He who swears, if he swears, is already given to it, stop at once, for like all other bad habits, the sooner, the easier overcome. Let parents, teachers, employers—all those who have the care and supervision of others—do all they possibly can, both by precept and example, to prevent, or where it already exists, if not entirely to remove, at least to lessen, this detestable and highly sinful habit.

Diocese of Kingston Annual Pilgrimage.

The rev. clergy of the Diocese of Kingston have arranged to conduct their annual pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Tuesday, 25th July, in order that pilgrims may be enabled to be present at the shrine and to invoke the intercession of La Bonne Ste. Anne on Wednesday, 26th July—the very day which the Catholic Church has consecrated to the honor of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. The pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of the Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., and the Rev. Father Stanton, of Brockville, who has so successfully organized the pilgrimages of past years, will give his invaluable assistance on this occasion also. Return ticket to Toronto, good for ten days, is placed at the rate of \$3.75. Tickets at the low rates can be obtained at all stations of the G.T.R. and C.P.R. as far as the eastern limits of Ontario. Tickets will be good to go on special and regular trains on the morning of the 26th July, and to return on any regular train within the time-limit. Special G. T. R. train will leave Lindsay at 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 25th July. For further particulars apply to Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont.

Fortifications in Halifax and Bermuda

LONDON, July 8.—During the debate today in the House of Commons on the second reading of the military works bill, John Dillon, Nationalist member for East Mayo, objected to the proposed expenditure on the defenses at Halifax and Bermuda, adding that he firmly believed all the Indian Islands would soon belong to the United States as the inevitable result of the recent war. The inhabitants of the British India, Mr. Dillon said, would find they must, of necessity, join the United States. "The islands will ultimately say so," declared the Irish statesman, "and England would not be so foolish as to resist. If they did they would have to advance more loans to the islands, and they would soon tire of that. Do believers in an Anglo-American alliance imagine that they are promoting good feeling by erecting these fortifications?"

The Ontario Magistracy.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

We Canadians are proud of our Superior Court judges. To them the honor of being the trustees, custodians and defenders of the liberties, the rights and the property of their fellow-citizens is confided with the utmost confidence that has had and will have a sure resting place so long as the constitution of Canada exists.

Under our constitution we can challenge the world, even Britain herself to compare their judiciary with ours as to the honest, upright, intelligent, conscientious and able performance of the duties cast upon them. Cast upon them? Yes, for the honor of bearing their responsible duties was not solicited by them or as far as we know by any of them.

But there is a different phase in our judicial appointments—Do minima non curat lex. Why does not the law and the administration of the law look after the little—the most little—ones who are appointed to administer justice to the little, common, every day people who may have a necessity of appealing to the laws of our country for redress against wrong?

It costs a good deal of money to the poor man to travel to the spring from which wells out the pure unadulterated waters of justice and law. Therefore the persons who for the time being are entrusted by the people (and among those people the little ones are strong) with the appointment of the little judges should pay due attention to the appointment of justices of the peace and non-professional police magistrates, should such non-professional police magistrates or be appointed taking into consideration the great powers vested in them by the summary trial-by-consent act.

By this act, on the consent of the accused, a police magistrate has the same power to try and determine any offence charged on a Court of General Sessions and jury. What an anomaly! The Court of General Sessions is presided over by the county judge as chairman, and this county judge must have been a barrister of at least ten years practice before he could be appointed to his position, so careful is the law that justice shall be done to an accused person. Yet by this summary trial-by-consent act a stone mason, an undertaker, a tailor, or in fact any one who has been appointed by the Ontario Government (even for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the Dunkin, Scott or Liquor Acts of Ontario) and taken from his trade for that purpose and emmently mercantile in his trade, interprets the law, lays it down, tries and determines cases which are of the ignorance of the accused in his selection of the tribunal for his trial, would be tried by the Court of General Sessions.

The late Sir Matthew O. Cameron had a supreme contempt for the justice of the peace appointed to his position in Parliament when leader of the opposition but afterwards when he adorned the bench and was strictly a non-political judge he scored these would-be justices who trifled with the money and liberty of the citizen by appointing to his position the honor of being called "squire," others for the filthy little pickings they pilfered from the unfortunates brought before them, and pocketed because the law awarded them the fees.

There were, and are, now, honorable exceptions to this class of persons who by political services and not fitness have been honored with an appointment to the bench. There were men, and there are men placed in this position who have a proper respect to their duty, and who are not ashamed to be called "squires," some for the honor of being called "squire," others for the filthy little pickings they pilfered from the unfortunates brought before them, and pocketed because the law awarded them the fees.

There were, and are, men who when appointed to the position gained by their own solicitation retain the service of a jackal in the form of a county constable anxious for fees, who prowl round fostering disagreements between neighbors, sends the aggrieved party to his employer who issues a summons and subpoenas on the issuing of which fees are payable to the justice. The justice issues the summons and copy (for every mile travelled the county constable is entitled to his fee). The case comes on for hearing and the justice hears and determines the case, (for which another fee is payable both to the justice and the constable) fines the defendant a dollar and costs which the defendant proceeds to pay. He is then directed to find that while the fine for the offence he has committed amounts to a dollar the costs amount to twelve or fourteen dollars, a small amount of which is to be distributed among the witnesses. He

protests, refuses to pay and a distress warrant issues increasing the costs by some dollars; and when at last the defendant under pressure settles up, he thinks his neighbor not only a scoundrel but a hypocrite, or how could he have been deceived for so many years as to his character, vows he will never speak to him again, and keeps his word but does not forget to let his neighbor know, what he thinks of him. He meets him breaks his vow and tells him what he thinks of him, and the result is another case before the magistrate either for assault or abusive language or a report of fines and fees to the great benefit of the justice and his friend the constable and to the great damage of the people's respect for the Bench. The late Sir M. O. Cameron as a politician or as a judge is not alone in his opinion as to the duty of the administration in making the appointment of such little judges.

Sir Wm. Meredith as a politician and the successor of Sir M. O. Cameron as leader of Her Majesty's loyal opposition had the same opinion as to the duty of the administration in making the appointment of such little judges, and as Chief Justice expressed that opinion in scathing terms in his Cochrane on the 20th January, 1896, at the Toronto Assizes.

"In his charge to the grand jury to-day Chief Justice Meredith roared the officials concerning Cochrane's arrest. If common sense had been used alone in his opinion as to the Cochrane would have been a great deal of trouble and annoyance. Magistrates, he said, should look into the merits of cases and act accordingly before issuing summonses or warrants. Graham should have been advised not to go on. The magistrates are not there to endorse every complaint that is brought to them. They should use discretion and a restraining influence where it is made possible. If the constable had been thought of and he had seen that a mistake had been made there would have been a sensible way of ending the matter. Officials have an idea that when a case is started it must go on in the same old way that they have been used to. His Lordship wishes to see the law to the contrary to take notice of his remarks."

Against justices of peace who commit a wrong R. S. O. cap. 88 affords some protection to the people. Sec. 8 requires that the persons appointed shall be of the most sufficient persons in the county; while sec. 9 enforces a property qualification of \$200 free from tax. Sec. 87 enacts that no property qualification shall be required from a police magistrate. An impetuous justice of the peace who has claims on the Government can, and has been, appointed police magistrate in certain districts. Immediately his appointment not only does the impetuous objection cease, but he has a monopoly of all the business and fees of his district, for by sec. 7 of the act where such an appointment is made no justice of the peace can admit to take or adjudicate upon any case within the police magistrate's district.

The opposition during last session called the attention of the Government to the disgraceful state of the lower bench but as yet no change has been made nor will it be made until public opinion shall speak out and visit the sins of these petty tyrants upon the heads of their political masters.

St. Peter's Church Pic-Nic.

A picnic in aid of St. Peter's church will be held on next Saturday afternoon and evening, July 8th, in the spacious and beautiful shaded grounds at the south-west corner of Bloor and Dufferin Sts. Bloor and Macdonell cars pass the ground. The I. C. B. U. brass band and the Neapolitan String Band will be in attendance.

A varied and interesting series of games has been arranged for the afternoon. A baseball match between teams representing Branch No. 1, I. C. B. U., St. Peter's Parish and St. Mary's Junior Branch of the Literary and Athletic Society being expected to take part.

A concert with highlights of Irish song by Mr. Callaghan will be given at 8 p.m. Mr. Callaghan's program here always been noted for their excellent programmes, first-class refreshments and freedom from all annoying canvassing, and the committee in charge have determined that this reputation will be maintained on the present occasion.

A Change of Rectorship.

MONTREAL, July 4.—Rev. William J. Doherty, S.J., of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., has been appointed rector of Loyola College in place of Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, who returns to mission work. The appointment will take place at once.

Resolution of Condolence.

At a meeting of the officers and members of St. Michael's Branch, 85, O. M. B. A., held on July 8th, 1899, a resolution was unanimously adopted expressing the sincere sympathy of the members of Branch 85, with the family of our late brother, Mr. William J. Callaghan, Organizer for Ontario, whose death occurred at Windsor, June 30th. Rev. Callaghan was one of the best known and respected members of the Association in Canada, and his work as organizer for Ontario was a source of great strength to the Association. It was further resolved that a copy of this resolution of condolence be sent to The Catholic Register, H. J. Winterberry, Sec. Branch 85. May his soul rest in peace.

Catholics and Judicial Appointments.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

ERRON REGISTER: It was repeatedly stated in the Ottawa papers last week that it was the intention of the government to appoint the late Martin O'Garra to a high court judgeship very soon. With singular unanimity the press, the bar and the general public, conceded that by his legal acumen and learning, by his experience as a magistrate and as a lawyer, by the possession of all the qualities natural and acquired that go to make a wise and upright judge, the late Mr. O'Garra was eminently fitted to fill the position. I am very far from dissenting to all this. But I find it difficult to repress the doubt that if Mr. O'Garra were still alive and well there would not be notes of discord in this harmonious chorus. The fact of being an Irish Catholic would outweigh many qualifications for a judgeship, and if Mr. O'Garra had lived many years longer he might still have died without wearing the ermine. There are those who think it a very cheap way for showing consideration for the rights of Irish Catholics to profess that but for Mr. O'Garra's unexpected death we should soon have had another Irish Catholic judge. The government would make it easier for us to believe that we may expect fair treatment at their hands if they actually appoint a real, live Irish Catholic.

I once heard a sarcastic old gentleman remark: "People around here are extremely sensitive, I declare some of them would fool hurt—if you gives them a kick." Irish Catholics are not so sensitive as all that; we have been getting far more kicks than judgeships, and the powers that be evidently think we have come to the philosophic Irishman's conclusion "it's nothing when we get used to it."

Look here upon this picture and on this:

ONTARIO.	Pro. Cath.
Supreme Court (from Ont.)	2 0 0
High Court of Justice	9 1 0
Exchequer Court	1 0 0
Proportion of Catholics to Protestants	1:17.

QUEBEC.	Pro. Cath.
Superior Court Judges in	29 8
and Chief Justice	

The acting Chief Justice for the district of Montreal is a Protestant.

Proportion of Protestants to Catholics 1:84.

The constitution of the courts in the two provinces differs considerably, but the foregoing table affords a fair comparison of the representation of the minority in each province in the higher courts of justice. Quebec, unlike Ontario, has no county judges, but the Ontario list of county judges does not materially affect the case. There are 67 county judges of those not more than seven, and six, are Catholics.

The Ontario judiciary is enlightened, broad-minded, just and generous; the majority in Quebec is narrow, ignorant, bigoted, and priest-ridden; so it must be that our Protestant friends, from a noble sense of duty and generosity take upon themselves the responsibilities attaching to high judicial positions, instead of selfishly insisting that we bear our share. Or are we in the position of Mr. Dooley's "furniners" who were strongly urged to perform the patriotic duty of voting democratic, but sternly discouraged from the immortal pursuit of office.

The Irish at home have asserted their manhood and citizenship, and at the recent elections have given the death blow to the ascendancy of class and creed that obtained so long in Ireland. Had this happened two or three generations ago the Irish in Canada would not so tamely submit to the treatment accorded them by governments. I note, with pleasure, however, that there is a growing feeling of dissatisfaction amongst the Irish Catholics of Ontario, that will no doubt culminate in a sharp lesson, when the opportunity offers, that P. P. A. instances are the only consideration that should weigh with our political rulers. The appointment of one or two or even three more Irish Catholic judges to the higher courts of Ontario would not infringe on the Equal Rights principle.

The convention it is proposed to hold in September would meet not in the interest of a political party, but in the interest of the people in whose name and on whose behalf it is called, some useful truths might be impressed on the minds of politicians. If those useful truths had been embodied in the circular calling this convention the widespread publicity given their proceedings would have accomplished much. If Irish Catholic Liberals have no grievances, they have no reason to meet as Irish Catholics in the interest of party; if they have grievances they have no right to allow the convention to be manipulated for party advantage.

The gifted author, Father Sheehan, said lately in Limerick: "We are neither mendicants nor

almshouses, when we demand for our young Catholics the right to positions in the emolumentary offices of their country, if in other ways they are qualified. This is not asking a favor it is demanding a right. Again let us learn from our opponents." Some Irish Catholic politicians ought to learn this by heart.

If it is true that Mr. O'Garra was to have been appointed to a high court judgeship, then anti-Catholic influences are not so strong with this government as to entirely block the advancement of able Irish Catholic lawyers. If it is true—I for one shall suspend judgment. All the capable and qualified Irish Catholic lawyers are not dead.

I. O. LIMERICK.

"Americanism" in the North American Review.

The controversy over what is called "Americanism" having been settled by the letter of Pope Leo has now sought attention from the outside world. To the July number of the "North American Review," Dr. William Barry, the well known Catholic writer, contributes an article of extreme lucidity and force, in which he tells the history of the controversy, explains the question at issue and defines the situation resulting from the final decisions of the Head of the Church. Dr. Barry explains how the false Americanism was fabricated as has been constructed by men like M. Malgou, according to a simple but effective recipe, which consists in taking words apart from their drift and context, reading into them the maximum of false interpretation, "cherry-picking" mingling therewith any extravagances which have been uttered by persons who have no sort of connection with the parties accused, and then crying sentimentally: "Behold the latest plot against Rome!"

Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland express their admiration for Isaac Hecker as an exemplary priest and sound American. It follows, by the rules of his peculiar logic, that they agree in every particular with Hecker's mysticism, to which they make no exception. Cardinal Gibbons, with the assent of his colleagues, the American Archbishops, is present at the Congress of Religions in Chicago, and opens it with prayer. It follows that he is "indifferent" to the fact that he holds every religion to be as good as his own. Archbishop Keane reads a philosophical essay on the same occasion, in which he traces the idea of the incarnation through various imperfect phases of "higher criticism," until he reaches and wins the homage of mankind in the Person of Christ. At once he is set down as preaching a monstrous form of "evolution"; he becomes the confederate of a certain "Romanism" whose articles are unknown to him, and whose temper and tendency he would be loath to regulate. No matter; by dexterous—or shall we say, unscrupulous?—dovetailing one of all these scattered elements, an "American" theology is built up, which Catholic doctrine, as the sacrifice of the Mass, and the habergeon of Antichrist.

Major Jameson, M.P. in Canada.

Major Eustace Jameson, M.P. for West Clare Ireland and a personal friend of Sir Thomas Lipton, challenger for the America's Cup, is a visitor to Canada. He was in Montreal this week, and was at Malabar, died at that place. The honourable gentleman will return home without visiting Toronto.

Rev. Father Lecomte Dead.

Rev. Father Philirius Lecomte, one of the best known members of the Oblate Order, who was struck with paralysis last week at Malabar, died at that place. He was 61 years of age. For twenty years he had been a missionary and in 1896 Superior of the Oblate residence at Hill. He had spent the last two years previous to his going to Malabar at the residence of the Oblate on "Visitation street, Montreal."

"Our Boys and Girls' Own."

The new Illustrated Catholic monthly, contains original stories by the foremost Catholic writers, and has 25 to 30 fine half-tone illustrations in each issue. 76 cents in postage stamps, sent to Benziger Brothers, 86 Barclay St. New York, is the easiest way to pay for a year's subscription. Write for sample copy.

The return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. McCrear, for the East Division of Edinburgh is not only a sharp and stinging blow to the Salisbury Government but is a direct and signal victory for the Irish cause. Mr. McCrear was opposed on account of his Home Rule views. The following extract from the report of one of his meetings as it appeared in The Scotsman: Questions being invited, the following was sent in writing:—"If Mr. McCrear were returned to Parliament, and a measure of Home Rule were introduced similar to that of 1896, would he vote for it?"

Mr. McCrear will vote for any measure which gives effect to the principle of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, either of 1896 or 1893; but as neither of those Bills will be introduced again in their present form, I do not think there is any use in a member of Parliament, or even a candidate for Parliamentary honours, committing himself as to details. I approve of the principle of those Bills, and I will vote for that principle again (cheers)."

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THE PAINFUL PENTH.

People May Farewell to Father Duffus—An Address and Reply.

Perth, July 3.—Sunday, July 2nd had, was a day long to be remembered by the Roman Catholic congregation of St. John the Baptist, Perth, because it was on that day that their pastor, Rev. Father Duffus, made them adieu before leaving to take charge of the parish of Guelph, whither he had been recently appointed by his Grace Archbishop Guizer.

Long before the hour at which Mass was celebrated the sacred edifice was crowded by an anxious and expectant congregation, all eagerly awaiting and desiring to hear words that would be addressed to them for the last time by their beloved pastor, Rev. Father Duffus.

Immediately after the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice a committee composed of Messrs. Daniel Walsh, Bernard Byrne, and William Doyle, of Drummoyne; J. P. Nagle, of Elmistrey North; Peter Noonan and Edward Keane, of Bathurst; T. H. Noonan, James Hartney, P. J. O'Connell, and Chas. J. Foy, of Perth, proceeded to the altar rail and after the announcements for the Sunday had been made the following address was read by Mr. Chas. J. Foy, while Mr. James Hartney made the presentation.

THE ADDRESS. To the Reverend Charles J. Duffus:—Dear Reverend Father,—Words at any time portray but feebly the sentiments of the heart, but on this occasion we find them entirely inadequate to give expression to the feelings of deep regret with which our hearts are filled to-day.

From the moment we heard that you would likely be called away from us we were unable to hope that you would still be left with us, but your presence here to-day speaks only too plainly of how vain our hopes were. We have come with all the reverence and affection which can bind a congregation to their pastor to say in the simple language of the heart "Good-bye," though we fain would leave that tender word unspoken. It seems hard, dear father, to part with you to whom we have been devotedly bound for so many years, and raising our hearts to a higher plane and following the dictates of our Holy Mother the Church, we bow our heads in humble submission to the commands of higher authority.

Yes, dear father, since you came to our parish, we perceived that we were blessed by a pious and holy priest, one that was ever ready to sacrifice himself for both the spiritual and corporal goods of the people over whom our late beloved Archbishop had placed you. Everyone amongst us in this hour of trial and sorrow following the departure of our dear pastor, and like a good Samaritan to comfort them as far as possible. Again, no one ever approached you for either advice or consolation but went away rejoicing and begging God to bless and protect Father Duffus.

Since you came amongst us you have laboured with that untiring zeal which has over been a marked characteristic of your work in the past, even though at times you endangered your life by venturing from your bed of sickness. It only requires a superficial glance around to see evidence of your labours. Our beautiful convent and grounds wherein are installed the good Sisters of Charity who under your paternal guidance have done and are doing such meritorious work in our midst; our Separate school built by you and taught by these good sisters, and standing second to none in Ontario; our cemetery, the beautiful resting place for the dead of the parish, with its spacious vault, all bear evidence of the pious and masterly hand which guided a people so as to accomplish all that has been done. Furthermore, when you came amongst us you found us heavily in debt, but notwithstanding all the improvements that have been made and all the property that has been purchased, to-day, for the first time in the history of the old enlightened and religious parish of St. John the Baptist, Perth, there is a cash surplus to the credit of the congregation.

But no, this is not all, while our temporal and worldly affairs were being looked after you were ever watchful of our spiritual needs. Missionaries were brought, missions and renewals thereof were preached, and it must have been an edifying occasion to you when the missionary, Rev. Father McFadden, standing before the altar and in the presence of yourself and the vast congregation, congratulated the parishioners of St. John the Baptist on being the most religious and most fervent in the faith of any congregation he had ever preached a mission to. This, in itself, speaks volumes and requires no further comment to show to whom is due the honour of such a state of spiritual perfection.

Yes, dear father, if you have removed our worldly debts you have also removed our spiritual debt, so far as it lies in the power of any pastor to do; you have laboured hard at the most meritorious work on earth, that of keeping our holy faith alive, and saving souls, and it is with pleasure that we acknowledge that your efforts have been crowned with success. How well do we remember that Friday evening, nearly nine years ago, when our late lamented Archbishop Cleary, seated on this very altar, in the presence of yourself and your fellow-pastors addressing the vast congregation with which this sacred edifice was crowded, told them that "he had come to place over them as their pastor Rev. Father Duffus, one of the best priests in the diocese of Kingston." Such an eulogy, coming as it did from one of the greatest nuncios that ever adorned the Church in Canada, and from a prelate who adhered strictly to the principle, "Honour to whom honour is due," can only be recalled

ized by a retrospective glance at your work as a priest. Ordained at Kingston in 1872, you were then appointed as vicar of the parish of Perth, and in 1874 appointed as pastor over the parish of Guelph and Mosses Creek, then in one. Your next appointment was to the parish of Kempenfelt, but ill-health necessitated your going south, when on your return you were appointed to the parish of St. Raphael's, where you laboured for seven years, and then you were called to take charge of the parish of Morickville, which was your last appointment previous to your installation here. Each parish in turn bears evidence of your zeal and piety, whether in the erection of churches or improvements of those already built, or further still in some cases, the redemption of the debt with which the various parishes were burdened. In this the erection of new presbyteries or remodeling of the old, in that the formation and erection of separate schools or convents, wherein the youth of the parish would have imprinted into their young minds the ground-work of their holy faith, which would enable them to withstand the trials and temptations of life. Most of this work was done in the midst of intense bodily suffering, which was borne with that Christian fortitude which characterizes the priest of God; and then you were appointed to our own parish, and, though we are sorry to part with you, yet we console ourselves by the thought that our loss will be another's gain. As a slight token of the filial devotedness in which you are held, and as the offering of a grateful people, we ask you to accept this purse, not for its intrinsic value, but rather as a slight token of the love and esteem in which you are held. If our gratitude to you could be measured by earthly treasures, and this purse was multiplied a hundredfold, we feel that we would still be indebted to you. In your prayers and at the altar we ask a remembrance for ourselves and our families. And now, dear father, farewell, and hoping that God may spare you for many years as a faithful labourer in His vineyard, that He may give you abundant grace to fulfil all the duties of your vocation, and that your labours faithfully devoted to His services in this world, may one day be crowned with glory in the next, is the earnest and sincere prayer of your old parishioners.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. John the Baptist, Perth, July 2, 1899.

FATHER DUFFUS' REPLY. On the reading of the address the Rev. Father was visibly affected, and his grief was intensified by the sighs and tears of the congregation which became more audible as the reading progressed, but he bore up bravely until it was finished, and then he said, "I have been very glad to hear of the love and friendship with which pastor and people were bound in a greater degree than perhaps any other pastor that has ever been in charge of the Parish of Perth, when frail nature could no longer bear up, the Rev. Father completely broke down, and gave vent to his feelings of grief by tears which he had tried so hard to suppress. This was a signal for general rejoicing and tangible present. He said there were times in each man's life when it was impossible to find words to suitably express the feelings of his heart, and to him this was one of them. Never in his life did he feel a task laid so hard upon him as to say "Good-bye" to the good dear people of Perth. He said he would not attempt to answer all of the various eulogies which had been bestowed upon him in their very beautiful address, but there was one, namely, that in which mention is made of the placing of him as their pastor nearly nine years ago by their late lamented Archbishop Cleary, which he could not allow to go unnoticed. The illusion which the great Prelate had made of his standing as a priest in the diocese of Kingston was made, not only out of respect to himself as a pastor, but also out of respect to the congregation of St. John the Baptist, Perth. He said he would be remiss in his duties as a pastor if he did not publicly thank his separated brethren of Perth for their kindness and courteous treatment of him since he had been in their midst, and he laid particular stress on the harmony and good feeling existing between all classes of the people in the good old town of Perth. He earnestly exhorted his hearers to continue to cultivate that friendship, and by every means in their power to frown down anything that would tend to disunite Protestants and Catholics, and sow the seeds of religious strife, which he was happy to say were being surely trodden out. He next spoke of the installation of the Good Sisters of Charity during his pastorate. He eulogized in glowing language the meritorious work they were doing, and the education both religious and secular that lay in the grasp of the Catholic children of Perth. He earnestly requested the children to take advantage of the great opportunities offered in this direction, and called upon the parents to assist the good sisters in their laudatory work. The various committees connected with the Church, the Altar Boys, the Choir, the Children of Mary, and the Altar Society were each in turn thanked for the assistance they

had given him. He again and again thanked the congregation for the hearty co-operation which they had always given him during his pastorate, and he said no matter what reserves he might be placed upon would have always remembered the co-operation of Perth for their spontaneous co-operation and their steadfast and zealous practice of their Holy religion. He bespoke for his successors a continuance of that support which was so essential between pastor and people. He then requested the congregation to kneel down when he asked Almighty God to bless them and their families, after which he gave them his blessing, and as he turned towards the altar he closed an address which was throughout a masterpiece of the simple, yet touching, word "Farewell."

The Rev. Father was also waited upon by the Altar Boys and presented with a beautiful cut-glass fruit dish, set in silver, by the children of the Separate School, who presented him with a handsome silver fish knife and fork. By the Children of Mary, who presented him with an elaborate silk umbrella, and came combined, while the Altar Society presented him with a magnificent fur-lined beaver cloak, in each case suitable addresses were read and recited to music.

On Tuesday the Rev. Father took the boat at Oliver's Ferry, for his new parish, and he was escorted thither by a vast concourse of his congregation and the people of Perth in general. The illumination of the address was done by the Rev. Superiors in charge of the Convent here, and was indeed a work of art. Father Duffus has been pastor of Perth for over eight and one-half years, and during that time he has endeared himself to the congregation both old and young in a greater degree perhaps than almost any other priest who has ever been in charge here, and from his gentleness and liberal bearing he made hosts of friends throughout the town and country, and the best wishes of all for his future health and success go with him to his new parish.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough unattended in tubercular constitution, gives heed to a cough, there is always danger in a cough, a bottle of Eick's Anti-Congestive Syrup, and care yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

RUSSELL DEFIES THE ORANGE-MEN.

Mr. T. W. Russell, in a further public letter to his constituents, defying the Orangemen who are attacking him, says:—And what is most of the rumour about now? A Catholic University, forsooth! It is nothing of the kind. The real object now is to pay me out for my action on the Land Bill of 1898. When the Land Bill of the year was about to be enacted I stood out against my own party, risked my seat in the Government, told everybody concerned that I would vote against the Government amendments and oppose the further progress of the Bill if they were proceeded with. I won the fight and the bill was saved. Of course the Orange men, who are anxious to put either themselves or their party in power, are not to be deterred by the education of the Roman Catholic youth of the country in the way their Church and their parents desire. This, then, is the real issue. My real offence, and Mr. Adelerly has made it clear, is the action I have taken on the land. Let the South Tyrone tenants note this. And let them take note also where they stand to-day. At the beginning of the Parliament there were four Ulster Unionists who stood for the tenants, Sir Thomas Lee, Mr. Dane, Mr. Bennett, and myself. Some of the officers ostentatiously announced that they did not represent and did not care for tenants. Mr. Dane has gone. A landlord against whom I have not a word to say here has taken his place. The same game will be played against the tenants. And are the Ulster tenants quite sure that if the next Parliament they will need no help? Do they not see attempts to deny, to down, and minimize the Ulster custom at every sitting of the Land Commission? Do they not see the action of the landlords in the House of Lords? Have they forgotten the Fry Commission and its definition of a fair rent? Are they not aware that the procedure of the Land Commission causes the greatest anxiety in every district throughout the land? Are all the land questions of Law to be left to Irish Nationalist members? Is Ulster to oppose amendment reform by her representatives, and then quietly and feebly take all the advantages gained by others—"mere Papists"? If I know the South Tyrone farmers they will fall into it such trap. But it is well that it should know where they are being led, and what underlies the struggle now beginning.

I had almost forgotten it, but I have

Every Woman Understands.

It isn't necessary to name over the symptoms of disorders which come under the heading of "female troubles." Every woman understands the meaning of the terrible headaches, backaches, pains in the shoulders and limbs, bearing down feelings, irritability, nervousness, despondency and gloomy forebodings. The irregular menstrual functions which cause these sufferings are due to an exhausted condition of the nerves which is entirely overcome by the use of

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quite recently committed another grave offence. I have had the audacity as a Presbyter to claim equal rights for the members of that Church. It is a dreadful crime, no doubt, and I suppose I ought to go down on my knees and invoke forgiveness for my sin. But the people who charge me with being the author of the policy that has so many numbers on the County and District Councils and that has secured for them reasonable recognition during the past six or nine months in the conferring of Government appointments, do me too much honour. The policy is not mine—although I approve it. The policy springs from the long pent-up indignation of the Presbyterian people. I made my views on this question quite clear in St. Knoch's church last September. I refused to budge an inch on it when consulted in the highest quarters not a month ago, and if a Presbyterian is to be punished for this enormous offence—good and well. I shall now, however, take my licking lying down, and probably retaliation may follow in other parts of Ulster, where Presbyterianism is a more potent force than it is in South Tyrone. But even in South Tyrone it is an electoral force. We shall see, when the field is cleared for action, what the Presbyterian people have to say. They have been very patient in the past. They have been willing to be more lenient for other people. Even now they are capable of great insanities. We shall see what they are made of by and by in South Tyrone.

Finally, on the University question, I am not going to re-argue it in this letter. Let us understand the Unionist feeling in South Tyrone. It is this—(a) There is a large body of my constituents bitterly hostile to anything that savours of a concession to what they regard as Popery; (b) there are others who think that there is a real educational grievance affecting Roman Catholics and Presbyterians alike, but that Mr. Balfour has adopted the wrong remedy. They would prefer one national university, with affiliated colleges. (c) There are large numbers of people who say that the subject is one they are not well fitted to discuss, and they are prepared to trust the Unionist leaders to settle it. These are the views expressed to me, I have no doubt, taken a street line. I have looked at the question from the education and Unionist standpoint, and I am prepared to stand or fall by the views I have expressed. I believe most thoroughly and sincerely that if the Imperial Parliament will not meet a real grievance such as this, the right of the Imperial Parliament to govern Ireland will be seriously impaired.

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THE CENTURY. The July Century has a large amount of original matter, by ten living story-writers, as well as articles on some of the world's most famous makers of action. "The Making of a Robinson Crusoe," gives the true story of Alexander Selkirk and his sojourn on Juan Fernandez, with reproductions of his gun, his trunk, and other relics, and clears up the charge of having stolen his literary material from the original Robinson Crusoe. "The Piano of Killymar," by Seumas MacManus, and new chapters in the life of Mr. Crockett, by ten living story-writers, as well as articles on some of the world's most famous makers of action. "The Making of a Robinson Crusoe," gives the true story of Alexander Selkirk and his sojourn on Juan Fernandez, with reproductions of his gun, his trunk, and other relics, and clears up the charge of having stolen his literary material from the original Robinson Crusoe. "The Piano of Killymar," by Seumas MacManus, and new chapters in the life of Mr. Crockett, by ten living story-writers, as well as articles on some of the world's most famous makers of action.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "Please send us two boxes of Eick's Pills as we are suffering from indigestion. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her."

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THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1899.

July 6—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.

7—S. Benedict XI.

8—S. Eugene III.

9—Festivities of the R.V.M.

10—Seven Brothers.

11—S. Pius I.

12—S. John Gualbert.

Official.

The following letter has been addressed to the clergy of the Archdiocese:

Toronto, June 28th, 1899.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—I beg to notify you that the annual retreat of the clergy of the Archdiocese will take place in the Hospice of Mount Carmel, Niagara Falls, and will begin on the evening of July 24th, prox., to end the following Saturday. All the clergy are expected to attend unless leave of absence be previously obtained.

Be good enough to fill up the enclosed Report carefully and return the same to me before or during the retreat.

By order of His Grace the Archbishop.

J. M. CRUISE, Secretary.

Cauced an Apostolic Delegation.

Some weeks ago the newspapers here published reports that had already appeared in the press of the United States and England concerning the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate to Canada. These reports were brought under the notice of the Government at Ottawa, as if the subject were of a political nature; and it was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, we believe, answered that he had no information to give the country. Subsequently the reports were denied altogether, although the name of the Apostolic Delegate for the "East Indies, now in Rome, had been mentioned with some positiveness as the Holy Father's selection for Canada in a like capacity.

It would appear, however, that the newspaper rumors, although premature and inaccurate were only wide of the mark as guesses at the actual facts. The Rome correspondents of the English Catholic press now repeat the reports with every appearance of accuracy. The correspondent of The New Era, a very well-informed journal, says: "It is reported that Mgr. Dionese Falconio, of the Order of Friars Minor, Bishop of Aserenza and Matera, in the province of Basilicata (Italy), has been appointed to the newly-created Apostolic Delegation in Canada." This Delegation has been created quite recently by His Holiness Leo XIII.

The correspondent of The Catholic Times, of Liverpool, gives fuller particulars and with more assurance. He writes:

For some time it was rumored that the Holy Father intended to establish an Apostolic Delegation in Canada similar to that already existing in the United States, but as nothing definite was known and the Vatican organs maintained a discreet silence on the subject, I thought it better to wait, before announcing this new proof of the Holy Father's far-reaching wisdom in the United States, until the rumor should have ripened into something more substantial and trustworthy. And now, although the organs of the Vatican still observe the Sphinx-like silence mentioned above, I am in a position to inform you that the Apostolic Delegation to Canada is a "fait accompli," and that the Fratelli destined to fill that post of exceptional importance is Mgr. Dionese Falconio, O.F.M., Archbishop of Aserenza and Matera. Those who know the Fr. Falconio, and they are not a few in the United States, where Mgr. Falconio, although an Italian by birth and nationality, has passed many years of his boy life, cannot help admiring once more the Holy Father's singular felicity in always appointing the "right man in the right

place." Leo XIII, who appreciates energetic men at their full value, immovably singled out Mgr. Falconio, who he had decided upon founding an Apostolic Delegation in the Dominion, and for this purpose summoned that prelate to Rome a fortnight ago. In a most cordial audience, which lasted over an hour, His Holiness acquainted Mgr. Falconio with his decision, and the latter who possesses among his other gifts all the humility and obedience of the Franciscan, promptly expressed his willingness to accept the post, only asking as a favor that he be allowed to remain one month in his archdiocese, in order to take leave of his beloved flock. Needless to say that the request was granted, and Mgr. Falconio is now at Matera, where he confirmed a large number of children the other day, for like a father he wished to leave his little ones, the Archbishop, who is universally beloved, redoubles in zeal toward his flock as the moment of his departure approaches. Toward the end of July his Grace will return to Rome in order to receive final instructions from the hands of the Holy Father. Mgr. Falconio is now fifty-seven years old, although he looks much younger. He is one of the most distinguished members of the Order of Minors, and a very learned theologian. Appropos, does not the fact that both Mgr. Martini (who is an Augustinian), and Mgr. Falconio, also a monk, have been especially chosen by Leo XIII. for important missions in North America tend to prove that the Holy Father wishes to check the disfavor with which the Order is now with in some parts of that country, where some prominent members of the hierarchy openly discourage them?

Assuming the correctness of the foregoing messages, it is not likely that the anticipation of the Apostolic Delegation establishing itself here can much longer await accomplishment.

Corruption in Canadian Politics.

Even when judged by the Canadian standard the West Elgin election scandal must be declared extremely shocking. Wholesale bribery, if not a common or invariable feature of elections in Ontario, is at least usual; and speaking without regard for one party or the other it is true of both that a protest follows an election as naturally as grand jury trial follows a grand jury's true bill. Indeed it is the generally accepted popular belief that a contested election in this province can be won only by the golden rule of bribery. The belief is certainly well founded in regard to bye elections where the government can simply deride the people.

In the West Elgin case Mr. McNish who sat for the constituency all through the last session of the Legislature, frankly admitted and signed his confession that the election was carried by corrupt means. Mr. McNish confessed all the common methods of corruption; and as if that were not sufficient he confessed some extraordinarily nefarious and corrupt practices. We use the words of the man's own signed declaration. Of course he denied any personal blame.

The disclosure of these extraordinary operations would appear at last to have aroused the people from their spell-bound condition of partisanship, so that there now seems to be some faint glimmer of hope that out of the evil revealed in West Elgin some good may come.

Mr. McNish confessed that after the purchasable portion of the electorate had been bribed, the "party machine" in order to make assurance doubly sure was substituted for the regular election machinery. To accomplish this it was necessary for hired agents of the "machine" to perorate deputy returning officers; and some of those bogus officials calling themselves by false names and giving false addresses were recommended by letter to the sheriff by Mr. McNish himself over his own confessed signature. And of course Mr. McNish and the sheriff denied guilty knowledge of the fraud. They said they had been imposed upon.

If these things were to happen in any other country under the sun where free institutions are enjoyed, we would long ago have heard of public indignation meetings. But the only outcome so far as West Elgin is concerned, is that the ex-employee of the Ontario Government, who had charge of the "machine," and who telegraphed to Mr. McNish "Hug the machine for me," when it had done its work, was rewarded by the Ottawa Government with a most lucrative position in Great Britain. This is the way in which the Canadian Liberal Government's Trust works. Old officials, if they happen to be friendly, are dismissed for "offensive partisanship"; the man who conducts an criminal conspiracy for the Ontario Government is rewarded by the head office of the syndicate at Ottawa with one of the best positions in the name of Canada and its people going.

But as long as there is any stir or uneasiness in the public body results

of a very different kind are possible. At the instance of the judges who heard the successive trials for corruption in South Ontario, practised in turn in the interests of Conservative and Liberal candidates, the Attorney General is reported as having set the law in motion. But legal prosecution will be a mere farce if the small fry and the victims of greed are only proceeded against and the principals let off. The West Elgin scandal cannot be hushed up if there is to be a legal cleaning up in South Ontario.

The public interest is deeply at stake in the nature of the proposed prosecution. Corrupt elections are not only an unnecessary expense to the people, but the small of them kills any high public ideal. What hope of a high ambition, of national pride or pure patriotism is there for the Canadian youth who never hear of honesty in politics? A government in Canada can by the widespread exercise of corrupt influences entrench itself in power for a whole generation, while history is being made in the outside world. Five years is long enough for any party in the Dominion or Province to have had hold power which is generally abused; and the sooner Canadians follow the general example of nations in this respect the better for our hope of a national life.

Mr. A. J. Balfour on Protestant Ignorance and Bigotry.

A notable debate was heard in the British House of Commons on June 28, when Mr. Dillon brought up the Irish Catholic University question with references to certain very plain declarations that had been made the day before by the Irish Bishops assembled at the Maynooth Union.

Mr. Dillon's address was forcible, and directed against the Government with all the oomph that distinguishes the member for East Mayo; but Mr. A. J. Balfour, whose duty it was to reply, found himself compelled to confess that in the main he agreed with Mr. Dillon's argument.

Continuing Mr. Balfour said: I regret the views that do prevail on this side of the Channel, but the cause of the difficulty is not a want of desire to help Ireland. If there is a desire, as I think there is, to remedy this grievance, how is it so difficult to get the question settled one way or for all? I attribute it to three causes—first to the want of a realization on the part of public opinion of how essential higher education is to the true development of any community. That may seem a commonplace, but the truth has not come home, as a matter of earnest conviction, to the great body of people, that an education that must necessarily be restricted relatively to a few, is nevertheless an essential part of all well organized national life (cheers). If that was held, I am sure there would be a great consensus of opinion in all schools of thought that somehow or other this wretched condition of higher education in Ireland, so far as a large part of the public was concerned, must be remedied without long delay. The second reason may be roughly, though not very accurately, described as the strong Protestant objection to anything which is deemed to promote the cause of a religion with which they do not agree. I agree with the hon. gentleman (Mr. Dillon) that the great difficulty was really due to the ignorance of what we are at this moment doing in Ireland on the question of denominational education.

So that in a few words Mr. Balfour's acknowledgement means that the government is powerless to help Ireland in the matter of university education, because English Protestant bigotry and ignorance will not listen to reason or allow right to be done. "The want of a realization on the part of public opinion of how essential higher education is to the true development of any community." Such is Mr. Balfour's own definition. Shortened and simplified it spells national ignorance. His second reason is thus stated: "The strong Protestant objection to anything which seems to promote the cause of a religion with which they do not agree." This is bigotry in all its ugliness. Mr. Balfour's third reason is part and parcel of the first.

Is it not a creditable thing that at the close of the great Victorian era, when the twentieth century dawned upon the "greater empire than has been," the leader of one of the great parties in the state feels himself forced on the floor of the Imperial Parliament to confess that the intellectual growth of the conquered nation at Great Britain's side is smothered and begun down by Protestant ignorance and bigotry? We do not at all intend to exaggerate the import of Mr. Balfour's remarks. Other sentences that dropped from him were more hopeless and bitter than the formal confession above

quoted. He deplored the hostility which honest opinion aroused when a politician of his standing rose to sanction the principle of religious freedom. "My life," he said, "has not been made easier or pleasanter on the lines I have taken."

This may be true enough; but the Catholic people of Ireland would be altogether too obliging if they were to be silent out of respect for Mr. Balfour's case and the density of the bigotry who disturb and harass him. The Bishops at Maynooth declared: "We cannot give up the struggle. We had to fight for all our rights, civil and religious, in the past; and we mean to continue to fight for this turning to our own countrymen, we appeal to fair-minded Irishmen of every creed and party to aid us in compelling the predominant partner to remedy this admitted grievance. If the Catholics of Ireland would hope to overcome the stolid prejudices of religious bigotry, whether English or Irish, they have to show that they are in earnest, and they should exclude from every representative position in their gift every man who will not put this question of educational equality for Catholics in the forefront of his political programme, and our honesty to secure it. No one will then venture to repeat the calumny that this is more of a clerical question than of a national grievance. It will convince the British Parliament that justice must be done."

The return of Dreyfus to France was unattended by any of the over-predicted revolutionary disturbances. The republic is now enjoying "profound calm," according to the press despatches. The royalists and socialists are unable to stir the emotions of the people. The Pope's letter which we publish elsewhere expresses the mind of the nation.

Major domo Mgr. Della Volpe is known to be one of the new cardinals reserved by the Pope in petto at the conclave on June 19. Our readers who saw the biograph pictures of Pope Leo will remember the ecclesiastic with the merry smile who with Mgr. Merry del Val always attended His Holiness. That was Major domo Mgr. Della Volpe.

The cardinals now numbers thirty-five Italians and thirty of other nationalities, not counting the two cardinals reserved in petto. Mgr. Della Volpe is an Italian. The other Italian Archbishop recently made cardinals are Mgr. Riboldi, Archbishop of Turin; Mgr. Portanova, Archbishop of Reggio in Calabria; and Mgr. Reopigli, Archbishop of Ferrara. Two of the new Italian Cardinals are of the Curia, that is paid directly by the Vatican, but have renounced this revenue.

On another page will be found a report of the proceedings of the National Trust held in London in connection with the sale of Killarney. It will be observed that the only outcome of the meeting was a vote of thanks to the "Bloomington Duke of Westminster" for presiding. The National Trust was not seriously alarmed when an individual present declared plans are on foot for the purchase of the most lovely scenery in the British Islands. I, a fact worth notice that Tintern Abbey is also for sale, but the British Government is itself prepared to purchase from the Duke of Beaufort. The difference is that Killarney is in Ireland and Tintern Abbey in England. England treats Ireland like a foreign country in all respects, the Act of Union to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was a motive in adding to the postscriptaries Blue Book of the year Mr. Charles Murphy's amazing report on the charges preferred against Mr. James Devlin, late engineer of Kingston penitentiary. The report has about the same value as one of Mr. Sifton's factory editorials, written by a hired partisan. We have already shown in Mr. Murphy's own words that he failed to find one tithe of evidence against Mr. Devlin. He did not abide by the ordinary laws of evidence in his efforts to obtain anything that might be made use of; but try as he would he failed utterly. He had therefore to earn his remuneration by formulating suspicious against the man whose official conduct defied the most malignant investigation. Mr. Murphy's method of formulating a suspicion is curious and interesting. Here is an instance of it. A witness for the government before Mr. Murphy alleged that at one time Mr. Devlin had said something or other of a trivial nature to him. Mr. Devlin was then questioned under oath about this conversation and gave a slightly different version of it from that furnished by the government witness. Whereupon Mr. Murphy concluded that Mr. Devlin's assertions were "devoid of credibility"; and this preposterous conclusion he tortured out until he presumed to call Mr. Devlin a liar; because his version of a trifling freight charge of 60 cents seven years

old did not agree with another man's second hand story. Mr. Murphy wrote over twenty pages of this piffle-puff rubbish to make up for the evidence that he failed to get. A Kingston paper is now reprinting all the wretched stuff, and it must have very little regard for its space if it is doing so for nothing. Here then is the motive. It looks like a conspiracy carried out under the privilege of parliament to injure Mr. Devlin's character among his neighbors who have always held him in the utmost respect. Mr. Fitzpatrick will have a great deal to answer for if he is mixed up in this persecution against a man who is defending his personal honor and the good name of his family; and it looks as if Mr. Fitzpatrick were the head and front of all of it.

Considerable light was let in upon the politics of the Dublin Independent, the organ of the so-called "Parnellite" party in Ireland, at the meeting of the shareholders on June 22. Mr. John Redmond presided and moved the adoption of the annual report and statement of accounts. Mr. Clinton moved, and Mr. O'Connor seconded—"That the shareholders present at this meeting are not satisfied with the report, and that it be not adopted."

Dr. Kenny, ex-M.P., said the balance sheet, if issued, would undoubtedly get into the hands of hostile people. Dr. Kenny's remark gave rise to several cries that the paper was in the hands of hostile people.

Mr. Lambert said the paper had been founded to support a principle, but it had now apparently abandoned that principle.

A long and angry discussion followed. Mr. Birmingham said the shareholders would be prepared to meet the directors if the directors would give an undertaking that the services of the Englishmen on the staff of the "Independent" would be dispensed with.

Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., spoke at some length in reference to the statements of the Chairman and Mr. Field, M.P. He said that if the paper was not making progress, and if in consequence changes had been necessary, then the statements made to the shareholders by the directors at previous meetings must be absolutely false. He wished to know why it was that Mr. James O'Kelly, M.P., who had acted as London correspondent, had been dismissed, and an Englishman employed in his place.

After some further angry discussion the amendment moved by Mr. Clinton was put to the meeting, and the Chairman declared it rejected by 45 votes to 30.

Mr. Birmingham pointed out that the 48 majority included no less than 22 members of the "Independent" staff. He protested against others than shareholders being allowed to be present. "This spirit which supports the Independent is the sort of thing that passes for discussion in the Irish parliamentary party."

Hon. Edward Blake has addressed to his constituents in South Longford a pamphlet containing the great speech he delivered at Glasgow in December last. In that deliverance Mr. Blake went fully into the particulars of the Home Rule case; and the facts as he stated them have in no way been altered by anything that may have since occurred. There is, however, a glow on the horizon which is due to the rising star of English Liberalism. And in this connection it is of interest to recall Mr. Blake's words on the attitude of the Irish Nationalists towards English Liberalism; "sorry, indeed," said Mr. Blake, "would I be to speak one hard word of some leaders, or of the rank and file of British Home Rulers. They fought faithfully and well. I hope, and believe, they are still true. I am grateful for their past; I am resolved to be hopeful for their future. But it is necessary to say plainly that some leaders are now making demands with which Irish Nationalists cannot comply. We, at any rate, cannot agree to set aside Home Rule; and our policy must be to secure its restoration at the earliest day to its pre-eminent place. Then, on what lines should Irishmen in Britain act? On two, mainly—first, to secure the return of as many genuine, active, earnest Home Rulers as we may, regardless wholly of their other views or their party camp; and, secondly, save where the punishment of some apostate may be to a balance, and thus to give Home Rulers their full power to sway, in the interest of Home Rule, the party politics of the Empire. One word of warning I may be allowed to give to British Home Rulers now wavering. It is this. I know no greater weight of political responsibility than that which must crush the souls and consciences of men, who might once, indeed, have erred blindly, and in ignorance, but if they now fall back, will be blinding against light and knowledge. They, more than any other men, will be responsible, should the unhappy people, whose hearts they once soothed with hope to gratitude and affection, be now by their abandonment driven to discouragement, hatred, and despair. Remember these are essential. We must show that Ireland is not a negligible quantity; that she is to be counted with in the Imperial Council; I repeat the phrase, that she block the way."

APPOINTMENT.

OTTAWA, July 3.—Mr. George O'Keefe, ex-M.P., was on Friday afternoon appointed police magistrate for Ottawa to succeed the late Martin O'Garra, Esq., Q.C.

As soon as his warrant for the office arrives Mr. O'Keefe will begin his new duties.

The new police magistrate came to Ottawa in 1868 from Franklin County, New York, where he was born in 1848. He graduated from Middlebury College, Vermont. For five years Mr. O'Keefe studied law under the late Mr. O'Garra, and passed his intermediate exams, but never went up for the finals. He has been engaged principally in the real estate business, principally looking after his own large holdings. Latterly he has taken up insurance. From 1876 until 1880 Mr. O'Keefe represented by Ward in the City Council, and was also alderman between 1885 and 1889. He held important chairmanships while in the Council. In 1888 he ran in the Liberal interest for election to the House, but was unsuccessful. In 1894 he was elected, however, and suffered defeat by a narrow majority at the last general election.

Mr. O'Keefe is unmarried, and lives at 60 Russell avenue. His brothers are Deputy Chief of Police O'Keefe and Mr. J. C. O'Keefe, contractor. He is a prominent member of St. Joseph's church.

The appointment is very favorably commented upon by Liberals and others who know Mr. O'Keefe.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The following is a translation of the Holy Father's letter to the Archbishop of Paris:—

"Monsieur le Cardinal.—After the numerous testimonies of goodwill that we have given to France during all our Pontificate, it was particularly pleasant to us to learn that the French Catholics had united more closely as the National Catholic Congress of Paris in 1897. In order to work in harmony for the welfare of the Catholic religion and the country.

"But the result has not corresponded with the general expectation. Yielding, then, to the requests of a great number of French Catholics and without examining the manifold causes of the present situation, we desire to draw your attention to the efficacious influence exercised by the Catholic societies and groups. These, whilst preserving autonomy and freedom of action which belongs to them, ought to labor with common accord for what interests all good Catholics—the supreme well-being of France."

"This welfare of the nation, as we have several times repeated, Catholics are bound to procure for the country, and none are better able to do so. Let them, then, resolutely take the stand on the existing institutions which France has acquired in order to labor for the common interest of religion and Fatherland, with that spirit of unity and concord which every good Catholic should be animated. Such has always been in all ages the role of the true sons of every Christian nation. We are, therefore, firmly convinced, will be their mission in the future. In this hope, whilst calling down upon you the favors of Heaven, we grant you our full approbation with all our heart to you, and the clergy and faithful of your diocese.

"LEO XIII. Pope."

CLOSING EXERCISES AT ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL, (BOYS).

It has been our good fortune to attend several of the closing exercises during the past week, but none has afforded us so much pleasure or proved so great a surprise as that held Thursday last at St. Michael's school. Rev. Father Ryan presided in his usual amiable manner, and a large and representative audience bestowed unstinted applause on almost every number of the programme. But it was the creditable manner in which every number was rendered, as well as the "manly bearing of the boys, that left a lasting impression on the audience. Napolitano's orchestra assisted, and rendered several very pretty selections.

The programme was opened by a neatly worded welcome, eloquently delivered by Fr. Leary, but the event of the evening was undoubtedly afforded by the junior pupils and physical drill by the seniors. The little lads showed remarkable energy in every movement, and would have done credit to any military corps. After going through fancy marching and physical drill with a perfection that attracted the attention of many military students, the senior pupils, by several very skillful manoeuvres, formed the letters F. RYAN. As each letter was formed, the boys in the rear of the stage was dropped, displaying the letter handsomely decorated. The character work of a high standing and very pretty selection. In all, these exercises were of remarkable interest, and such as we would like to see imitated by other city schools. The good brothers in charge deserve much credit for the proficiency displayed by the pupils, and the pastor and people of the cathedral parish have very great reason to feel proud of the high standing which their school has attained.

At the close speeches were delivered by the Rev. Father Ryan, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, and J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P. Among the gentlemen present, besides the above-mentioned, were Mr. J. H. Healy, J. Bonner, J. O'Hara, J. Herson, J. O'Leary, E. Kelly, F. E. Callan.

The following is the programme:—Overture, "Aurora," orchestra; opening word, F. O'Leary; chorus, "Dance Ye the Father," Boys' Choir; recitation, "Prize Oration," J. Kenny; vocal solo, "Dear Little Mother," R. Dowling; free gymnastics, Junior pupils; instrumental duet, "The Heart's Emotions," D. Kennedy and F. O'Leary; ear exercises, "The Boys' Choir," Boys' Choir; selection, "Camp on the Stream," orchestra; recitation, "The King's Resolve," G. Kelly and R. Dowling; chorus, "Meeting of the Waters," vocal duet, "Merry Birds of Spring," E. McMillan and F. O'Brien; physical drill, senior pupils; recitation, "Zenda," orchestra; awarding of prizes; farewell song, Boys' Choir.

Mount Carmel New Hospice.

Falls View, Ont., July 1.—Some eighty years ago the Fathers of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel established themselves here and founded a monastery and hospice. In a modest way they commenced their work in this district, erecting a little chapel or shrine, and in this holy place Catholics from all countries have worshipped. Twenty years ago the idea was conceived of the erection of a great hospice and chapel, in keeping with the importance and growth of the work which the Fathers were doing. At that time Archbishop Lynch, who strongly approved of the erection of such a place of worship and retreat, issued a pastoral letter, explaining the nature of the task undertaken, urging Catholics to support it, and saying:—

"The Fathers of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the most ancient in the Church and dear to the heart of our Blessed Mother, have commenced this good work. Our holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little Church plenary indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient places of the old world. The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive prelates and clergy of the Church as well as laymen to make retreats; and to provide priests worn out in the service of their Divine Master with a home where they can quietly prepare for eternity.

"Missions will also be given in parishes by the religious at the request of the Bishops. A place more fitting for such an institution could hardly be found. God Himself has made the selection. It is easy of approach from all parts of the country, and on the confines of two great nations. We have full confidence that God will finish His own good work by inspiring the hearts that love Him and His Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel to contribute to the erection of a church and monastery there."

NEW HOSPICE NOW COMPLETED.

Five years ago the corner-stone of the hospice was laid by Archbishop Walsh; two years ago the building was formally opened by Archbishop O'Connor, and the Hospice of Mount Carmel now stands completed.

To-day, on the invitation of Father A. J. Kredt, O.C.C., who is in charge of the hospice, a party of visitors inspected the buildings, and took dinner with the Superior. In the party were: Fr. M. German, M.P.P. for Wainfleet; Rev. Canon Mackenzie, Chippawa; Rev. J. Crayford, Niagara Falls; Messrs. A. C. Hastings, Mayor of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; W. P. Slater, Mayor of Niagara Falls, Ont.; T. Berriman, Reeve of Stamford; A. F. Crow, Niagara Falls, Ont.; T. F. Brown, Welland; Arthur Boyle, Collector of Customs, Niagara Falls, Ont.; James A. Lovell, Niagara Falls South; Charles C. Cole, Alexander Fraser, G. Le Meseurier, Henry Symmes, H. M. O'Reilly, J. W. Cadham, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Geo. S. Macklem, Chippawa; A. C. Macdonell, Toronto; Dr. Charles Murray, Toronto; David Innes, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; and Dr. James A. Lanigan, Niagara Falls, N.Y. Letters of regret were received from Premier Hardy, Hon. Mr. Hart, Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Rev. Canon Bull, of Niagara Falls South; Rev. Canon Houston, Niagara Falls; James Battle, Mayor of Thorold; W. B. Rankin, manager of the Power Company, Niagara Falls, N.Y., and a number of other gentlemen.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is intended as a retreat for pilgrims and members both of the laity and Church who wish to retire from the world for a short period, and rest and meditate upon religious subjects. It is said that it is the only hospice in Canada where all classes can be received, but it was specially built with this intention, and has accommodation for some fifty guests.

The Fathers have certainly chosen a very charming spot upon which to erect their hospice. The house stands on an elevation overlooking the falls, and from it can be seen some of the grandest scenery around Niagara. It is surrounded by one hundred acres of land, the property of the Order of Mount Carmel, and is on the line of the Michigan Central railway. The old monastery, which for so many years has served the Fathers of Mount Carmel, will now be torn down, and when it is removed it will still further improve the view of the falls from the hospice. The extensive grounds afford the ample accommodation required for the thousands of those who make pilgrimages to the shrine.

ITCHING PILLS.

False modesty causes many people to endure in silence the greatest misery imaginable from itching piles. One application of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment will soothe and cure the itching, one box will completely cure the worst case of blind, itching, bleeding or protruding piles. You have no risk to run for Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles.

COLD WATER TONIC FOR THE FEET.

There is no better tonic for sensitive feet than to plunge them daily into cold, decidedly cold, water. Nearly all trouble with the feet can be indirectly traced to lack of circulation. There is no surer method of bettering the circulation than the application of cold water for, say, a few seconds followed by a brisk rub with a crash towel.

After a hot bath it is an excellent plan to plunge the feet into cold water just before retiring. It not only keeps them from swelling, but is a pretty sure preventive of colds. Feet that swell easily or are particularly sensitive to the pressure of new shoes should be subjected to a deal of cold water, and a brisk rubbing with a crash towel every morning. —Demerol's Magazine.

A MARVEL LOUS TALK. In the July number of "Little Folks," Quilliam, in one of his moral and marvellous tales, relates a story which may

be taken to heart in hot weather. He begins:— If you are fond of ginger-beer, Or date or luscious beer, I think you really ought to hear This story once or twice. It tells about the awful price For disregarding good advice. That little Humphrey said. Now Humphrey got an awful throat From playing with his top; He went to Wilkinson's—and first He ordered ginger-pop. It really would have made you stare To see the way he acted there; He took the label for his share, And drank it every drop.

When all the lemonade was done The Humphrey found to do. He went and sat him in the sun, Which warmed him through and through.

Now fizzy drink, the chemist says, When warmed beneath the solar rays, With loys he very mischievous plays, With corks and bottles too.

And so, as Humphrey, full of drink, Sat cooking in the heat, Came with a bottle of ginger-pop— Swift, silent, and complete. The other fellows with surprise, He took his little hero prize, Distended towards the cure skies— A most uncommon feat.

And never more was Humphrey seen By his distracted friends, And never on the cricket-green His bloated form descends.

But when the cure, from May to June, Whirls madly this unhappy loon, In short, he is a finished coon— And here the story ends."

A Child's Suffering.

MR. WM. MCKAY, CLIFFORD N.S., TELLS OF HIS DAUGHTER'S CURE.

She Was First Attacked With Acute Rheumatism Followed by St. Vitis' Dance in a Severe Form—Her Parents Thought She Could not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Wm. McKay, Esq., a well-known and much respected farmer and mill man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N.S., relates the following interesting case effected in his family by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:—"About three years ago my little daughter Ella, then a child of ten years, was attacked with acute rheumatism. It was a terribly bad case; for over a month she was confined to her bed, and during most of the time was utterly helpless, being unable to turn in bed, or in fact to move at all without help. She could not even hold anything in her hand. All power or use of her limbs had entirely gone and she said she suffered was for ever. By constant attention after a month or so she began to gain a little strength, and after a while improved enough to be taken out of bed and even walked around a bit after a fashion by means of a support. But now she was seized with worse ailment than the rheumatism. Her nervous system gave way, appeared completely shattered. She shook violently all the time, would tumble down in trying to walk, and according to the doctor's advice she had to be kept in bed. The contents all over herself. She was a pitiable object. The doctors were called to her again and said she had St. Vitis' dance in the worst form. She took the medicine prescribed and I called on the best physician for some time, but without apparent benefit. She wasted away almost to a skeleton and we gave her up for lost.

About this time I read in a paper an account of a great cure of nervousness effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try them. I bought six boxes and the little girl began using them. The good effects of the first box were quite apparent and when four boxes were used, she seemed so much improved that I was encouraged to keep her on improving, and after a few weeks was as well as ever. We were told that the cure would not last, that it was only some powerful ingredient in the pills which was deceiving us and that after a time the child would be as bad as she was. All this has proved false, for now nearly three years she has had unbroken good health, nerves as strong as they are made, and stands school work and household work as well as a mature person. We have no doubt about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restoring to us our little girl, whom we looked upon as doomed to an early grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or shattered nervous system, such as St. Vitis' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, headache, dizziness, erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building up the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sorrow cheeks. Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid, at a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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THE SUBURBAN BURGLARIES.

"It was my luck," so Mr. Beck always said. "The whole thing might have happened to any man."

But no person who had heard the story quite agreed with him. It was luck, of course, that he found the silver spoon in the hansom cab. Prying about keenly, as was his wont, he saw the thin, white edge shining behind one of the cushions, and fished out the curious-looking teaspoon and put it in his pocket.

He had a good look at the number of the hansom and the driver when he got out. The hansom was one of the neatest in London, with a sweet little 12-mile-an-hour mare between the shafts. The driver was a stout-built, jaunty fellow, with mottled face and a big red nose. He was smartly dressed, with nasegay in his button-hole and a cigar between his teeth.

Mr. Beck dismissed his cab and walked to the shop of Mr. Ophir, the famous jeweller and silversmith, whose name was on the spoon.

He was received by Mr. Ophir himself—a special mark of distinction—in the little glass pavilion in the centre of the glittering warehouse.

"Yes," Mr. Ophir knew the spoon well. It was one of a set made by his house in imitation of the old apostle pattern. Very creditable imitation, he should say. It would need a skilled eye to tell the difference.

"Who got them?" asked Mr. Beck, going straight to the point. "Who got them? Let me see, just one moment. It is in the books, of course, but I ought to be able—" He tapped his forehead that was smooth and round and polished as an ostrich egg. "Oh, yes, of course, they were part of a teaset made as a wedding present for Lord Worston. Now, I remember—they were stolen about a month ago."

"The suburban burglaries," interrupted Mr. Beck, and he slapped his big thigh excitedly with broad palm, an unusual lapse on the part of this most staid of men.

But his excitement was surely pardonable. The London police had for the last few months been startled, amazed, bewildered by a rapid series of brilliant burglaries, all within a fifteen to twenty miles' radius outside London.

"The crib had been cracked" in the highest style of art, and the artists, with their rich boots, had vanished into space, leaving a little trail as a sign through the water. They were gentlemen who did not stick at trifles. Three times, it would appear, they had been interrupted at their work, and three people had been left for dead behind them, and one—a woman—had died.

No wonder, then, that Mr. Beck was excited for a moment at the hope that his "luck" had put him on the track of the suburban burglaries at last. But his excitement was quenched instantly. Like a spark fallen in water, it died in the hansom, and he got going impetuously. Mr. Beck had walked home to his cozy lodging, to puzzle his plan out.

He plunged into a great easy chair, with a pipestem between his teeth and the spoon before him on the table as a saint sets a skull to concentrate his meditations. It would be worse than useless, he determined, to arrest, or even question, the driver. If he knew anything he wouldn't tell it, and plainly he could not be held responsible for a silver spoon dropped behind the cushion of his hansom. If the man were guilty, and Mr. Beck fondly hoped he was guilty—a hint of suspicion would ruin all. So Mr. Beck sat and smoked and thought, and as the smoke grew denser, his thoughts cleared.

"If I could only get quietly inside that fellow's skin," he thought, and with the thought came his plan of campaign. Then he put by his little silver spoon, and smoked his pipe out in vacuous enjoyment.

The result of his meditations was that Mr. Beck—this time a simple-looking farmer up for the cattle show—had a drive in the same hansom next day, and came faster than he imagined. He got in talk with the driver, whose name he discovered to be Jim Blunt. The Cockney driver "smoked" the simple-minded yokel and made game of him. They had several drinks together, and Mr. Beck noted that the spirited little mare was trained to stand quietly as a lamb when the driver was away.

Next day Mr. Beck was a portly clergyman on a shopping expedition. He took Mr. Blunt's hansom here, the man and everywhence, and acquired a multitude of parcels. A most genial and affable clergyman was Mr. Beck, and particularly affable was his driver, with whom he talked a great deal, and whom he talked into the best of good humour. That was at first. Towards evening the zealous clergyman broached the temperance question, with a distinct personal application, and Mr. Blunt got sullen. In parting the Rev. Mr. Beck presented his driver with his exact legal fare, and Mr. Blunt was furious. He spoke his views fully and freely, and the other looked and listened, noting every trick of face and hand, in his retentive memory. Then, when a policeman loomed in sight at last, the meek Mr. Beck turned away with a Christian benediction, and meditatively mounted the steps of his hotel. He had seen and heard enough of his model.

For two days after this Mr. Beck was a shop messenger in uniform, with a light tricycle parcel cart, quite empty, and wherever Mr. Blunt drove

his handsome tricycle cart unobtrusively followed, faithful as the little lamb of Mary in the nursery rhyme. In this way the patient Mr. Beck found out many things. He found that Mr. Blunt was not keen on fares, and was keen on sport and drink. He spent his leisure moments—often all day—in the sanctum of a certain sporting public-house at the East end, called the Ram's Horn. There he met a convivial commercial traveller named Fulham, and a bookmaker named Grimes, and the three drank and played cards, while a tricycle cart, with a heavy, stupid-looking rider, went past the door occasionally.

Then there was another change; a startling one this time. Mr. Paul Beck became Mr. James Blunt. In clothes and figure and face, and voice, in all his tricks and ways, the counterfeit was perfect. Mr. Blunt's wife or mother could not have found a difference.

The translated Mr. Beck took to dropping into the Ram's Horn on his own account at odd times, when he had reason to believe that Mr. Blunt was elsewhere with a fare. He was made free of the sanctum, and the unoppressed commercial traveller Fulham and genial bookmaker Grimes received him as "Jim," with rough, unsuspecting cordiality.

They were both big strong men, active and sleek, who spent money freely. They were full of sly, chuckling jokes about business when the three were drinking together. A very little time was needed to convince Mr. Beck, by a hundred trivial hints, that he was on the straight track of the suburban burglaries. A dozen times in an hour he seemed on the point of surprising some definite proof. But, lead the talk as cunningly as he might, he could get no further, for the others assumed he knew as much as themselves, and he dare not appear too curious.

It was a dangerous game. An indiscreet question might arouse suspicion, and suspicion meant death. Besides, it was a ticklish thing playing Box and Cox with the real Mr. Blunt, who had a knack of throwing up his engagements and turning up at unexpected times. Twice Mr. Beck had barely time to slip away quietly before his double appeared.

It was in truth a difficult and a dangerous game, but he played it out coolly and warily to the close.

Insidiously he felt that things grew suddenly to a climax. A new burglary was on foot; so much he could gather from stray hints. Unfortunately, it had been planned with the real Jim Blunt, and so the knowledge of the false Jim Blunt was taken for granted. He only learned that a crib was to be cracked some distance outside of London, and that the three were to take part in it. Even the night of the burglary he could not make sure of.

He determined to make a final effort at any cost to get hold of the secret.

An appointment was made by Mr. Beck with the real Mr. Blunt to call on him early at the theatre at eleven o'clock. He was actually the real Mr. Blunt strolled into the inner parlour of the Ram's Horn, with his driving whip under his arm, as though he had just stepped down from the driver's seat of his hansom. He had a ball of whiplcord in his hand, and was plaiting a new cracker for his whiplcord, as was the habit of the real Mr. Blunt.

Both of his friends were there, smoking cigars and drinking champagne out of a powder.

"Hello, Jim!" cried Fulham. "Up to time and before it. What that for to-night?" pointing to the whiplcord; "Susie must put her best leg foremost."

Susie was the sweet little mare. "Have a touch of the whiplcord yourself," he added, pushing towards him a bright tankard, crowned with white foam. "That will put courage into you."

Mr. Beck blew off the foam and had a deep pull of the foaming liquor that surged golden in the glass-bottomed tankard.

"Zee!" he said, shortly, as he put the vessel down half empty. Mr. Blunt was inclined to become silent—not to say sullen—in his cups, and he for the once was Mr. Blunt.

"Got the tools all right?" he said, pointing to the pocket of Mr. Grimes, which bulged and dragged a little as with a hidden weight.

"You bet," said Mr. Grimes, and he exhibited with pardonable professional pride, a jimmy, a revolver, and an electric lamp, all of the latest and neatest pattern.

"Nasty job and nasty night," Mr. Blunt understood grumbled hoarsely, in the recesses of his power.

window open and the key in the plate closet before he went to bed. "Blimey!" and the wink to gave was full of expression. "The pace is chock full of silver, a regular Peruvian mine—the wedding presents alone made a column in the Times—all waiting peacefully to be carried away. If that's a nasty job I'd feel obliged," with elaborate politeness—"for your notion of a nice one?"

"It's a long way to get to," objected the gambler, half apologetically. "A long way! I don't know what's come of you to-night, Jim. A long way. It's fifteen miles, not an inch more."

"I make it better now twenty." "Do you think it's an old lady fare you're jawing. It's under fifteen if anything. You goes out by Kensington, you see, and then you turns round to the left."

Mr. Beck was listening with both his ears, but at this moment the shock head of the portboy was thrust in at the door.

"Hansom's waiting, gents, and—" Then he caught sight of the mock Mr. Blunt, and stood with eyes and mouth extended to the uttermost—a grotesque statue of amazement. He had been honoured with a kick and a curse by the real Mr. Blunt a moment before.

But Mr. Beck gave him no time for thought or speech. "Come along!" he shouted to the other; "time's up!"

He bundled the bewildered boy out before him into the street, and discreetly disappeared in the shadow beside the door.

The others only waited to polish off their pewter pints of champagne, and came grumbling out after him, and climbed into their places in the hansom. The genuine Mr. Blunt was in the driver's seat, with a huge portmanteau in front of him on the roof.

"Know the way now, Jim?" Mr. Beck heard Mr. Fulham say to the driver.

"Do you tak' me for a fool?" was the gruff response.

The trap-door on the roof was slipped back, and the driver's whip cracked, and the hansom sped away swiftly.

For a short second Mr. Beck stood hopeless and helpless.

But his eye lit upon a bicycle that leaned against a wall while the owner had gone into the Ram's Horn for a drink.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," he muttered, between his teeth. "I'll qualify."

The next second he was astride the machine, scorching down the street in full pursuit of the vanishing hansom.

For what he had done with it he scarcely enough, slipping in and out through the traffic like an eel. But gradually, as they drew clear of the town, the long road stretched open before them and the mare flew.

Mr. Beck settled himself on his hard saddle. The bicycle did not suit him. It was heavy, and the stretch was too short, and the pedals brought his knees within an inch of the handle-bar as they rose. But he struggled on bravely, keeping the shadowy outline of the hansom well in view. The road turned sharply, and the rush of the strong wind came straight against him like a broad hand on his breast holding him back. But he was a powerful rider, and he put his weight and strength into each drive of the pedal, whowing his way through the wind like a steamer through a current.

It was cruel work. The wind whistled and tore past; his muscles ached, and the sweat fell from his bent face in big drops on the road; but he still kept the flying shadow of the hansom in view. The strain grew "nasty still. He felt the pedals push back against his feet as he drove them down. The road sloped abruptly, and the vague outline of the hansom gradually merged in the darkness.

"This game is up," Mr. Beck muttered through his clenched teeth, but at the same moment came the remembrance of that ball of whiplcord in his pocket and a use for it.

Slacking speed for an instant, with hand and head of the cord, and tied the other to the handle bar. Then he grasped the handle-bar tight in the middle, bent head and body over it, and put all the strength of his body into one mad spurt up the hill. It was agony while it lasted. His felt the veins in his forehead swell, his heart thumped fiercely against his ribs, and his breath came in labouring sobs, but still the bicycle leaped on through the wind. Slowly the hansom came back to him. The outline grew clearer and clearer, and at last his fingers neared it, crept, and at last his sturdy fingers slipped the noose over the curl of the back rail. He had shot his bolt; he could not leave kept the terrible strain for ten yards more. So he let the cord slip till it came tight with a jerk that almost whipped the bicycle from under him. But he steadied himself for a moment, then, with a fresh wind blowing cool against his burning face, he felt his bicycle glide smoothly and swiftly uphill of its own accord in the wake of the flying hansom. He straightened his chest and drew deep breaths of the cool air into his labouring lungs, and still the bicycle flew as smoothly and as nimbly as a bird.

of a long hill, and the fast-following bicycle almost ran into it. "But Mr. Beck, who had been expecting a halt, saved and steeled himself with a firm grip on the back rail, and waited and listened.

He heard the trap-door open, and Fulham's voice say: "Take it easy now, Jim; the house is on the slope of the hill, not a quarter of a mile off. We must get round by the back way and leave the horse and trap in the lane. The middle window at the back is open and ready for us."

Mr. Beck waited to hear no more. He unloosed the cord from the rail, gathered it up in a loose fistful, then, when the shadow was blackest, all silently past the hansom, down the incline.

In a moment the hansom began to move again, slowly and cautiously. It would almost cease as if the wheel-trained little mare knew silence was needed, so lightly she stepped.

All things went well with the three brave burglars. At the bottom of the lane a convenient stand was found for the docile little mare, and she was left with her nose buried in a bag of old oats. The window opened at a touch, and one after another the three dark forms crept stealthily in, the last pushing the big portmanteau through to the others.

"I have a gim ready," Grimes whispered, and the gleam of the electric lantern lay along the black passage.

In this way they stole along past the kitchen and wine cellars to a strong oak door with the key stuck in it. It opened on tiled steps, and the light glittered on piles of silver.

"Cracky!" was Fulham's expressive comment as he and Grimes passed through with lantern and portmanteau, while Blunt waited in the passage with revolver ready.

The gaping mouth of the portmanteau seemed to open of its own accord to engulf the glittering treasure. It was wonderful how quickly and how noiselessly salvers and cups and bowls and jugs with double handfuls of silver spoons for pinking, were crammed into its capacious stomach. In ten minutes it lay on the floor, locked and strapped and gored with heavy metal.

"I could do with a drink," said Fulham, straightening his back and wiping his hot face.

"I'll get one," said Grimes. "I know the way to the place." He came back with a bottle of champagne in each hand and one under his arm. "Friend in court," he explained. They got the corks out in a trice and drank the foaming liquor out of silver.

"Nasty job, this," said Fulham, with a wink to Grimes. "Oh, Jim."

"Awful night!" replied Grimes, with responsive wink. "Sorry you came Jim."

"Who are you coming at?" growled Blunt. "I see nothing wrong with the night or the job, or the drink either for the matter of that."

"Who are we coming at? We are coming at you. You don't like this and you don't like that. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Miss Molly?"

"Just listen to him, Fulham, will you?" cried the justly indignant Grimes. "If you was as ready as I was—"

"Ay, and readier!" "Then why did you come whining about—"

Blunt's big fist was clenched and the prudent Fulham thought it time to interpose in the interest of peace.

"You're a brace of bally idlers," said the peaceable Mr. Blunt, "and I'm a pleasure afterwards. You may back each other into small bits when we have got the swag safe. Here, lend a hand with the portmanteau, Grimes; it's time to be rambling."

"What about upstairs?" said Blunt, returning to business, the more anxious to show pluck and gumption from Grimes' sneers. "There will be whips of twelv' where there is so much plate."

"Have a try while Grimes and I bring this load out to the trap," said Fulham; "here's a second lantern."

"Heavy!" grunted Grimes, as they lugged the portmanteau along the passage.

"You'd like it light, would you?" chuckled Fulham.

Positively and Unquestionably the finest Tea in the world, that's all there is about it.

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out in a brilliant glow of a dozen electric lights.

Turning round sharply he saw a lady fronting him, not five yards away. She was graceful and beautiful as a statue in her long white night robe, fastened with a knot of blue ribbons at her throat. Her naked feet peeped from under the white lace trimmings, pure white on the rich carpet. Down to her waist her hair fell in a tangle of ripples and curls. Her face was white, even to the lips, but her blue eyes shone big and bright, and she held in her right hand a revolver, grasped tight by the barrel, the muzzle pointing at herself and the butt at the burglar, which was her crude notion of shooting.

Jim Blunt was not in the least affected by this vision of pale beauty. To him she was merely an unwelcome interruption of business.

"Drop it!" he growled, referring to the inverted revolver.

She dropped it obediently, and it exploded as it fell, and a shrill shriek followed the report. The room was full of the stinging smoke of gunpowder.

The woman screamed and Jim Blunt cursed volubly.

"Shut your blooming mouth!" he cried. "Quit squealing, or I'll put a bullet in you!"

A second shriek answered, and the lady opened her lovely lips wide for a third.

Blunt whipped out his revolver and pointed it right side forward straight at her breast.

The scream was frozen on the lady's lips by sheer amazement, when, straight behind the ruffian, she saw his own counterfeit suddenly appear, moving swiftly and silently as a shadow.

The revolver in Jim's hand went up with a sudden jerk, boring a round black hole in the white ceiling. A strong arm gripped Blunt's bull neck from behind, and brought him choking and sprawling back on the carpet. The next moment he lay with handcuffs on his wrists and a gag between his teeth prone and helpless.

Again the lady screamed shrilly.

"Not any more, please, Mrs. Meredith," said a familiar voice, persuasively.

"Mr. Beck!" she gasped out in utter amazement.

"Take it coolly, my dear lady; the surprise is nearly as great on my part as it is on yours. I will explain everything later on. Just now I have a lot to do that won't wait. I am afraid I must leave this brute here with you. Don't look frightened! He's quite harmless now. I'll tie his feet and kick him into the bathroom."

He drew the serviceable ball of whiplcord from his pocket, and strained it tight coil after coil round Blunt's legs and arms till he lay paralled up, stiff and helpless as a log.

Mr. Blunt. "Stow your noise; it's all right; I'm coming."

He joined them on the landing opposite the drawing-room door.

"Why that devil did you use the barbers?" growled Grimes.

"Cause I had to; she was squealing like a mad steam engine. I laid her out safe the second shot. She'll tell no tales, but it's about time to be off. I've got the swag safe enough," and he showed the heap of trinkets that poor Blunt had so industriously collected.

"Right you are," answered Fulham; "the luggage is up and the mare ready."

There was a pounding noise on the floor of the bathroom over their heads.

"Listen!" said Grimes; "there's someone kicking. You haven't made a clean job of it, Jim; she wants another dose of lead. I'll quiet her."

He turned to go up the stairs, but Beck's strong hand dragged him back. He knew whose hob-nailed boots were kicking. "Let 'er, I tell you; it's her last kick. She's got a brace of bullets in her skull. I can do my work without your helping."

He pushed Grimes roughly down the stairs before him, Fulham following. So through the window they passed, and down the laneway, where the hansom stood and the mare ready waiting, with ears cocked.

Grimes and Fulham got to their places and Beck climbed to the driver's seat, with the big portmanteau tied in front of him.

He closed the wooden apron across their knees, and let the plate-glass shutter down half way to meet it.

The gallant little mare started as fresh as ever, and they bowed swiftly back on noiseless, rubber-tired wheels to town.

Grimes and Fulham had carried a couple of bottles of champagne with them, and the noise of popping corks was heard presently in the interior of the hansom. After a brief interval a bottle's neck was protruded through the trap-door at the top.

"I'm not taking any," said the driver; "I have the mare to look after, and you."

"Good old Jim," said Grimes enthusiastically, elated at the prospect of more drink to share; "we can trust Jim to see us safely through. He knows where we are bound for better nor ourselves." Which was truer than he thought.

The two bottles were duly emptied and the two inside passengers were pleasantly drowsy, though not in the least drunk. They leaned back on either side on the comfortable cushions, while the hansom sped on its smooth, noiseless way to London.

Now they are sweeping through the silent town in the gray light of the early dawn. The streets seemed a little unfamiliar to their sleepy, half-obliterated eyes. But they had the most perfect confidence in Jim.

Their confidence was rudely shattered. The hansom took a sharp turn and drew up with a screech at the entrance to Scotland Yard station. The plate-glass shutter was let slip down with a crash on the wooden apron, and Mr. Beck himself once more leapt from his seat to the pavement.

"Hurry up! hurry up!" he shouted, as for 'em five men came rushing out, while the two figures trapped in the hansom struggled madly like wild beasts in a cage. Here are two of the suburban burglars, with their luggage, come to stay. Kindly help the gentlemen out and make them comfortable. I must go back for the third.—M. McDonnell Backin, in St. Peter's.

His Has Tamed It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF A HALIFAX CONV. NT.

The Conv. of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, founded fifty years ago for the purpose of affording a solid religious and technical education...

At the conclusion of the mass, Rev. Father Cassidy, S.J., preached the jubilee sermon, during which he portrayed some of the blessings the members of a religious community bestow on those who come within the sphere of their influence...

The Halifax Mail publishes the following ode, appropriate to the occasion:—

J. M. J. To Reverend Mother Lewis and the Community of the Sacred Heart, at Halifax, on the happy occasion of their Golden Jubilee...

From young steps are trained to tread, Young hearts are taught the holy fear of God, and the love of God...

Halifax, June 14, 1899.

THE FORUM.

The Forum has a number of interesting articles this month. Among them are:—The Trust Problem and its Solution, by Ex-Senator W. A. Peffer...

the first question. He has expelled himself from the Front Opposition Bench in the House of Commons...

From time to time, records have been made of the fact that this branch of education is carefully taught and proficiency acquired.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Bishops of Ireland assembled at Maynooth College, on June 21st:

Resolved,—That we feel it our duty to protest once more, on our own part and on behalf of our flocks, against the continued refusal of the Government to do justice to the Catholics of Ireland...

THE WOOD-THRUSH AT EVE.

At the wood-edge, what time the sun Was lingering speechless, being loath to leave The cool, the calm, the quiet touch of twilight...

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BISHOP MACDONELL IN ST. ALEXANDER.

His Lordship, Bishop Macdonell, of Alexandria, visited St. Alexander parish on Sunday before last, when an address was presented to him signed by Alexander R. McMillan, Hugh McDonald, Owen Teuty, John N. McMillan, Edward Dadey, George Sabourin, John B. McDonald, Alexander McGillivray, Francis Trotter, Alexander McCullough, Michael Morris, Donald A. McDonnell, Daniel Routhier...

MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE.

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JAMES, Bishop of Ossory.

EDWARD THOMAS, Bishop of Limerick.

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JOHN, Bishop of Acheryn.

EDWARD, Bishop of Kilmore.

JOHN, Bishop of Down.

EDWARD, Bishop of Down and Connor.

DENIS, Bishop of Ross.

NICHOLAS, Bishop of Canea.

GEORGETOWN MAKES SCHLEY AN L.L.D.

Washington, June 22.—For the eighty-second time in its history, Georgetown University to-day conferred scholastic degrees on its students. The exercises were held in Gaston hall, and to some extent were in the nature of an ovation to Admiral Schley...

W. Bourke Cockran, New York; Samuel Clark, Albany, N.Y.; M.D. District of Columbia; Lewis Roberts, M.D. Illinois; Hon. Thomas F. Ryan, United States of Columbia.

American flags and the college colors of blue and gray were hung about the front of the platform...

The visitors were nearly all seated when Father Whitney led the students to the altar for the offering...

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Philip F. Smith, of 135 Davidson street, passed away to his heavenly home on the 22nd inst. The little girl played with matches unknown to her parents, and set fire to her dress...

THE JULY ATLANTIC.

Professor William Cunningham, of Cambridge, England, opens the July Atlantic with a valuable paper on English Imperialism.

Jacob A. Rills continues his Tenement House studies with a paper on Curbing the Blight, showing how by certain measures the most recalcitrant landlords have been driven into decency...

Charles Johnston discusses The True American Spirit in Literature, analyzing and comparing the work of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Miss Willing, and others...

Leon H. Vincent's Virtuosity of the Old School is a lively and entertaining sketch of one of the literary and social lions of the first half of this century...

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Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Hay, Straw, Butter, Eggs, etc.

PAINT PRODUCE WHOLESALE.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Oil, Paint, etc.

HIDES AND WOOL.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Hides, Wool, etc.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, Grain, etc.

LATEST MARKETS.

Friday Evening, July 6. Today being a holiday, there were no American markets open...

BRITISH MARKETS.

Liverpool, July 4.—(12.30) No. 1 North, 3 1/2; No. 2, 3 1/4; No. 3, 3 1/4; No. 4, 3 1/4; No. 5, 3 1/4; No. 6, 3 1/4; No. 7, 3 1/4; No. 8, 3 1/4; No. 9, 3 1/4; No. 10, 3 1/4...

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

Several exchanges have been published to the effect that the receipts of wheat for remainder of the calendar year are estimated at 12,000,000 bushels...

ARGENTINE EXPORTS.

Several exchanges have been published to the effect that the receipts of wheat for remainder of the calendar year are estimated at 12,000,000 bushels...

TORONTO FRUIT MARKET.

Receipts large—300 packages. Trade fairly good, with prices a little easier in most lines...

LOCAL LIVE STOCK.

Receipts of live stock at the Cattle Market to-day were 100 head of cattle, 100 head of sheep, 100 head of pigs...

lowa, Iowa 4 to \$3.40, and unweat at \$2.75 to \$3.00 per cwt. Spring Lambs—Price steady at \$3 to \$3.50 per cwt.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Archbishop, clergy, and congregation retired to the large class-room, where the bulls gave a short entertainment in the way of a reception to the archbishop.

The Halifax Mail publishes the following ode, appropriate to the occasion:—

J. M. J. To Reverend Mother Lewis and the Community of the Sacred Heart, at Halifax, on the happy occasion of their Golden Jubilee...

THE FORUM.

The Forum has a number of interesting articles this month. Among them are:—The Trust Problem and its Solution, by Ex-Senator W. A. Peffer...

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Bishops of Ireland assembled at Maynooth College, on June 21st:

Resolved,—That we feel it our duty to protest once more, on our own part and on behalf of our flocks, against the continued refusal of the Government to do justice to the Catholics of Ireland...

THE WOOD-THRUSH AT EVE.

At the wood-edge, what time the sun Was lingering speechless, being loath to leave The cool, the calm, the quiet touch of twilight...

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BISHOP MACDONELL IN ST. ALEXANDER.

His Lordship, Bishop Macdonell, of Alexandria, visited St. Alexander parish on Sunday before last, when an address was presented to him signed by Alexander R. McMillan, Hugh McDonald, Owen Teuty, John N. McMillan, Edward Dadey, George Sabourin, John B. McDonald, Alexander McGillivray, Francis Trotter, Alexander McCullough, Michael Morris, Donald A. McDonnell, Daniel Routhier...

MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE.

WILLIAM, Archbishop of Dublin.

THOMAS WILLIAM, Archbishop of Toronto.

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh.

THOMAS ALPHONSUS, Bishop of Cork.

JOHN, Bishop of Confront.

JAMES, Bishop of Ossory.

EDWARD THOMAS, Bishop of Limerick.

THOMAS, Bishop of Dromore.

PATRICK, Bishop of Raphoe.

JOHN, Bishop of Acheryn.

EDWARD, Bishop of Kilmore.

JOHN, Bishop of Down.

EDWARD, Bishop of Down and Connor.

DENIS, Bishop of Ross.

NICHOLAS, Bishop of Canea.

GEORGETOWN MAKES SCHLEY AN L.L.D.

Washington, June 22.—For the eighty-second time in its history, Georgetown University to-day conferred scholastic degrees on its students. The exercises were held in Gaston hall, and to some extent were in the nature of an ovation to Admiral Schley...

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.