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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Death of a Famous Elected Tenant—Frictions in Various Parts of the Country—A Noted Harriet—Death of the Father of a Famous Scottish Convert.

The contest still rages between the public and the syndicate in possession of the approaches to the Giant's Causeway. The public will not submit to the imposition of a six penny entrance fee to the Causeway.

An enquiry going on at Armagh shows the municipal government of that town resembles Derry very closely. The town clerk examined by Mr. Healy gave the following evidence:—
Is there a single Catholic on the board at present? No.
How many officers have you? Including the scavengers, we have eight.
Have you given a Catholic scavenger? No.

Mr. O'Shaghnessy asked would this assist Mr. Cotton to fix the boundaries. Mr. Healy said he wanted to show that the scheme was saturated with bigotry, political and religious.

Is there a Catholic official during the election? Yes; the man who dressed the flagstones was a Catholic.

Cardinal Lognon visited Queenstown on Oct. 8th and went on board H. M. S. Dreadnaught.
As a result of a local government bill pending at Skibbereen the authorities have elected a guardian named Jervis to be unseated on account of the corrupt method of election.

The magnificent new Church of the Holy Rosary at Middleton was solemnly dedicated on Oct. 4th. The ceremonies in connection with the event were presided over by the presence of his Eminence Cardinal Lognon, and his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Crooke, Archbishop of Cashel, and of their Lordships the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Bishop of Cork, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Bishop of Limerick, the Most Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Bishop of Waterford, and the Most Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Cloyne.

Mr. Donovan brought before the Malton Town Commissioners on Oct. 5 a memorial complaining the Messrs. Healy for their parliamentary services on the Land Bill. The motion was voted down by an overwhelming majority.

Parnell Bridge has been run into by a steamer and considerably damaged.

The harvest is a failure in Derry and Donegal.

An address and presentation was made to the Archbishop of Madras on Oct. 8. One hundred guineas was subscribed. On Oct. 8 the excellent Artisans' dwellings which have been erected in St. Joseph's place—formerly White's Quay—adjacent to Upper Dorset street, Blackhall place, and North King street were formally opened. Most of them had been previously occupied by tenants. The ceremony was by the High Sheriff.

At the meeting of the Corporation on Oct. 5 Councillor Clinch protested against a forged circular that had been issued in his name with reference to the forthcoming meeting of the Corporation.

A new wing of the Meath hospital has been opened.

Whitton proceedings are pending against the lord Hughes and her children who live at Cullyhauna. Father Kerley and others have appealed for mercy to the landwards, the ball estate will be sold.

At the great Ballinacree fair the price of sheep was still on the down grade.

Whitton are proceeding on the estate of Samuel Alexander in the townland of Loughanagh, near Lullamore.

In May, 1895, the foundation stone of a new Catholic Church at Coolmore, some three miles south of Callan, Co. Kilkenny, was laid by the Most Rev. Abraham Brownrigg, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ossory. On Oct. 4 his lordship had the gratification of consecrating the newly completed edifice to the service of God under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Bridget. This is almost a record in church building, but apart from that the occasion was one of unusual interest. Coolmore is a town land in the parish of Callan.

Mrs. Duan, Ballyspellan House is dead.

A civic banquet was tendered Mr. John Daly on Oct. 3. Mayor Cusack presided. Speeches were made by John Daly and Mr. Anthony Mackey Castellan.

Judge Adams says there would be no good in Limerick and it is a gross scandal to increase the number.

The tenants of Col. Moore Brabazon at Tullyhauna are considering the advisability of purchasing the estate.

A proposal to carry the sword and mace of the Douglas Corporation to Dublin on the occasion of the Parnell anniversary was voted down by an overwhelming majority. The councillors put on record their determination to do nothing that would bear the appearance of opposition to the great Irish Race Convention.

Rev. Dr. O'Donoghue, P.P., Ballina is dead.

Whitton are threatened at Ballygar.

Henry Meagher of Kilberry Hill, near Mullinahone the tenant whose eviction started the Land League in 1879 is dead.

At a meeting of the Clanwilliam Branch of the Irish National Amenity Association held in Ripperary on Oct. 4 Mr. Michael Dalton, P.P., G., presided, presiding, the question of last

Sunday's great demonstration there was under discussion as well as the conduct of the Amenity Association. The feeling of the meeting was decidedly in favour of unanimous action on the Amenity platform.

Exciting scenes took place on Inch Turk Island in the Shannon on Oct. 7th when an attempt was made to evict the inhabitants. Finally a settlement was arrived at.

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BEARS IN THE CATSKILLS.

Wild-eyed and almost breathless men rushed into the little hamlet of Samsonville, Ulster County, on a recent afternoon and sank down exhausted on a bench in front of the Village Post Office. The men were Phelan Du Bois of Samsonville and "Jim" Dautcher, a well known old mountain guide of the Catskills. This man, when they had recovered their breath, related to the villagers a thrilling tale of an encounter they had had with bears at Samsonville.

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at the foot of a waterfall that joined its rushing waters with those of a mountain brook.

Exhausted with their encounter with the bear, the two men returned to Samsonville, and after hearing their story, a party of hunters met for the second time at the encounter heavily armed, in the hope of meeting papa bear. The two cubs were found in the tree top and were shot, and afterward the party went to the foot of the cliff and skinned the huge dead bear.

As Heard in Court.

The young lawyer was determined that if vigilance could accomplish anything the case should be decided in favor of his client, and so when the careful old man went upon the stand for the defense the attorney leaped forward, prepared to fight every inch of the way.

"Mr. Johnson, the plaintiff," said the careful old man, "said that if I would buy the house he would get Mr. Gimpson to relinquish his lease. No thought Mr. Gimpson would agree to go. I guess—"

"Never mind what you guess. We don't want any hearsay or guessing. Your Honor," (to the Court), "I object to this witness's testimony. He is guessing at what he says. We wait facts."

"Excuse me," said the careful old man: "I was about to say I guess at nothing, and insisted on the under standing being established in my pro pos." So the two men got together, with one hand to aston to what they said. I understand—"

"Objected to as incompetent. Your Honor, we don't want to know what this man understands was done. We want what he knows was done. We wait—"

"One moment," said the careful old man. "I was about to say that I understand ordinary conversation with some difficulty, and so that there might be no error. I insisted that they yell out their propositions in loud tones, which they did until you could hear them to the middle of town. I am informed—"

"Your Honor!" cried the young attorney, "is our time to be taken up in the listening of hearsay evidence? He does not know. He was informed that such and such was so and so. What we must have is what he knows about the trade, and whether or not he—"

"I am informed on real estate values, having been a real estate agent all my life," the careful old man said, "and I know what the worth of that loss was to the holder of it. Knowing the facts, I would fix his damages at \$78.82. I believe—"

"Objected to as a conclusion and as incompetent. What any man believes is not necessarily good proof. I don't want to know what you believe, but what you know. We must insist on your telling what you know, and not what you surmise, or what you conjecture, or what you think, or what you imagine. A courtroom is not a place for exploiting what a man believes, but what he is sure of. I think the court will support me in saying that we don't want to know what this man believes." And the young lawyer looked confidently at the Justice.

"Was going to say," said the witness, "that I believe that is all."—Chicago Record

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—removes all kinds of pain, rheumatic affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

The London Daily Mail will tomorrow say that Michael Davitt, M.P., will aid a movement among the Parnellites, Dillonites and Healyites to unite under the leadership of John Howard Parnoll, M.P., brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnoll.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and relief to all who suffer from these ailments. It is a powerful diuretic and cathartic, and is entirely safe and reliable. It is sold in all good drug stores.

The Tablo announces that the Rev. David Lloyd Thomas, rector of Grainsby, near Grays, has resigned his living, and is about to be assigned to a new Catholic Church. Mr. Lloyd Thomas is also about to become a Catholic.

Hay Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 20 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It is sold in all good drug stores.

The Revue Anglo-Romaine, the organ of Abbé Portal, Abbe Duchesne, Lord Halifax and others in the discussion of the Anglican ordinations makes no further protest on the subject now that Romo has spoken.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a powerful remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spasms, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of Disease. One dose convinces.

Our I's and Other Eyes. Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes: "I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

At a meeting at Peterborough. On Wednesday, 11th, at St. Peter's cathedral, Peterborough, the marriage of Miss Charlotte J. Nicholls Raymond, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Raymond, grand-daughter of the late Mrs. P. V. Hurley, was celebrated.

A large gathering of friends and acquaintances of the contracting parties assembled in the cathedral. The bride entered the church on the arm of Mr. Geo. K. Martin. The groom was attended by Mr. W. H. Bradburn. The bride was charmingly attired. She wore an elegant costume of Duchesse satin, on trains with trimmings of Irish point lace that had been in the family for generations. The only ornament worn by the bride was a diamond star, the gift of her mother. The bridesmaid was Miss Helen Haggarty, of Bay City, Michigan. She was most becomingly dressed in a costume of white organdie, over white silk, and wore a Gainsborough hat, trimmed with pink roses. The bride carried a handsome bouquet of white bridal roses, while the bridesmaid's bouquet was one of pink roses. Messrs. Ed. McFadden and A. J. Terrill were the ushers. Ven Arch deacon Casey officiated. At the residence of the bride's mother, 600 Water-st., the wedding breakfast was served.

Geoph Catholic Union. A representative meeting of this Union was held on the evening of Tuesday, 19th, in their rooms, Upper Wyndham street, the purpose being the reorganization of the Society. The chair was occupied by Mr. E. Nunan. The following were elected officers for the year: President, E. J. Doyle; 1st Vice, G. L. Higgins; 2nd Vice, Edward Carroll; Secretary, Chas. Keogh; Treasurer, John Tracy.

After the election speeches were given by the newly-elected officers and others. Much interest and enthusiasm was manifested by all. Rev. Father O'Leane, S. J., the spiritual director, was present and addressed the meeting.

St. Michael's College. Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers. FULL CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board tuition, \$160 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to L. REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. Hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The pills are sold in full trade mark only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the full notice my case and get relief as I did.

Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers. FULL CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board tuition, \$160 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to L. REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

UNABLE TO WORK THOUGH STRONG AND WILLING. The Sufferings of a Well Known Geoph Citizen—Could Not Move About Without the Aid of a Stick—Ain as Strong and Healthy as Ever.

There is perhaps no business or occupation that any man could follow that is more trying to the health—particularly in the winter—than that of a workman. A workman leaves the shop with his clothing wringing wet from perspiration, and a cold wind chills him to the marrow, making him a ready mark for lung and rheumatic and kindred troubles. A delicate nervous system is thus rendered unable to continue to do his work, and he is in danger of becoming a victim of sciatica.

Canada Business College. HAMILTON, ONT. 25th Year Now in Session. There is a best in everything. Thousands of our students in responsible positions. Try this school. Apply to R. E. GALLAGHER, Principal.

British American Business College. Co., (Incl.) Confederation Life Building, APPLICABLE WITH INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS. Owned and controlled by leading Toronto business men. Graduates receive high commendations. Prospectus free. Students may enter any month. EDW. TRIDUP, President. DAVID HOSKIN, Secretary.

Every one who knows anything about Business Education or anything about this school.

The Central Business College. GERRARD & YONGE STREETS, TORONTO. In the most reliable school for work in Canada. It is properly located in a large commercial city, and gives the student the best of both worlds. The school is conducted on a business basis, and is the only school of its kind in the city. It is a well known fact here that Mr. Waldron had to quit work in January, 1896, on account of a severe attack of sciatica, and for eleven weeks was unable to do a step. A meeting was called again at work. A meeting was called at his residence on evening to learn the exact facts of the case. Mr. Waldron, when spoken to on the subject, replied quite freely, and had no hesitation in crediting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with his remarkable recovery. "I am not one of those people who are seeking newspaper notoriety," said Mr. Waldron, "neither have I been snatched from

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. Suffering from weakness, indigestion, or any other ailment, you should attend this College. Get full particulars. Address W. H. SHAW, Principal.

DELEGATES WELCOMED.

Messrs. Costigan and Heney Honored by Friends.

Banquet in the Russell House, Ottawa—Interesting Speeches on the Recent Convention.

The Ottawa Delegates to the Irish Home Convention were tendered a formal reception, on the 18th, in St. Patrick's Hall on Sussex street, Ottawa. Although Hon. John Costigan had been hono for two weeks it was decided by the reception committee to tender the reception to the delegates together and therefore they awaited the arrival of Mr. John Heney. On the platform along with the delegates were Dr. J. J. McCabo, chairman; Father Whelan, Canon McCarthy, Hon. R. W. Scott, E. P. Stanton, and F. B. Hayes. Among the many prominent people present were W. McKeown, P. A. Egleson, M. F. Walsh, J. P. Dunne, E. P. Stanton, Joseph Kavanagh, M. J. Cleary, M. O. McCormack, Dr. Freeman, Jas. Barrett, H. F. Sims, J. P. Eameson, John O'Reilly, James Mundy, W. H. Barry, M. F. Clarke, James White, F. Mac Dougal, John Gorman, John Heney, J. R. Slattery, M. Battle, W. D. O'Brien, J. P. Smith and D'Arcy Scott.

Dr. McCabo in a few words of welcome congratulated the Irishmen of Ottawa on the choice of two such tried and trusted men as their representatives in Dublin. That we are privileged here to night to express our pride and pleasure in our representatives. He then read an eloquently worded address of welcome to the two delegates expressing appreciation of their conduct at the Convention and assuring them on behalf of the Irish people of the capital city of Canada of respect and gratitude. The address was signed by Mr. McCabo, Chairman, and Mr. John P. Dunne, Secretary.

Hon. John Costigan on rising was greeted with great applause. He expressed himself as being deeply grateful to the Irishmen of Ottawa who had entrusted Mr. Heney and himself with so important a mission. It was not the first evidence he had received from the citizens of Ottawa of their appreciation of his efforts on behalf of Home Rule. He said he considered it the greatest honor that he had ever received as delegate. He was going to have deprived him of his seat in parliament he would still have gone. He said in all his experience he never attended a Convention that was conducted in so orderly and so business like a manner. Reports had been spread broadcast by the news papers that the meeting was a continuous wrangle. This was not the case. There was only one amendment submitted in the three days session and that was one by the Rev. Father Flynn that a committee should wait on Redmond and Healy to effect a compromise. But as this would necessarily delay the work of the Convention the reverend father withdrew his motion.

Throughout the trip among the many sections that he mingled with, the greatest harmony prevailed. They were fortunate in their journey across the ocean to be upon the same ship as the other Canadian delegates at the utmost cordiality was displayed.

In the Convention they had the honor of having the Bishop of Raphoe (Bishop O'Donnell) as chairman; and he discharged his duties in a becoming manner, and did much to unite the Irishmen interested in Ireland's cause. The Convention appealed to Irishmen to sink any differences that they had and allow the majority to rule and thereby give strength to the party.

He was glad to say that if he and many of his friends had differed in Canadian politics they did not do so on the question of Home Rule. He was proud to say that he stood on the same platform with Hon. Edward Blake, who had been his political opponent in Canada for many years, to aid and forward Ireland's cause.

Mr. John Heney received a warm reception. He said that he had travelled through many of the counties of Ireland and he found a feeling towards united action. They were all decided to stand together and fight the good battle. Belfast was the most liberal city he had ever visited. The delegates had been received there by all the leading Protestants who vied with their Catholic friends to do them honor. The Irish people were united and when they go to parliament they will present a more united front than ever. He thanked the Irishmen of the city heartily for the honor they had done him in sending him to represent them.

The gathering then adjourned and most of those present went to the banquet in the Russell House. It was a great success. There was a large number of representative Irishmen present. The toast list was very short and the speechmaking was over before 12 o'clock.

Dr. J. A. McCabo presided with Hon. John Costigan on his right and Mr. John Heney on the left. Letters of regret were read from Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor General, and F. R. Latchford. The following attend

ed: Hon. R. W. Scott, Mayor Brevinwick, R. v. Father Whelan, Rev. Canon McCarthy, Messrs. Brant McDougall, P. Baskerville, Wm. Cowan, J. J. McLoon, James White, O. H. Myers, J. Foley, Geo. Goodwin, John Byrne, J. Freeman, M. D., P. A. Egleson, A. A. Taillon, John P. Dunne, M. F. Walsh, W. H. Barry, D'Arcy Scott, J. Clarke, R. Slattery, M. Battle, P. Clarke, P. Burke, P. Drankin, A. F. Sims, F. O'Rilly, E. P. Stanton, Wm. McKeay, W. Dymock, John Brown, Wm. Foran, Chas. O'Brien, John Gorman, J. R. Eameson, M. Ryan, Wm. F. Kehoe, M. O. McCormack, J. Mundy, A. Devine, M. Cleary, D. McNamara, Aid. Paymont and Lieut. Col. McMillan. The toast of the "Queen" was proposed by Dr. McCabo and was received with hearty honors. Mr. Jack Clarke, who was in capital voice, favored the audience with a song, which was heartily applauded and encored. Canon McCarthy in a speech proposed "Ireland a Nation," which was responded to by Hon. R. W. Scott and Col. McMillan. Hon. Mr. Scott in the course of his remarks said that Ireland had already got a majority vote in the British house. That in a slow moving body like that institution, where there was so much business to be looked after, was a sign of the ultimate success of the question.

Col. McMillan followed in a rattling speech in which he referred to the brotherhood that existed between all subjects in England and expressed his hearty wish for the success of the cause of Home Rule.

The toast of "Our Guests," proposed by the chairman, was replied to by Hon. John Costigan and Chevalier Heney. Mr. Costigan in his remarks stated that all true Irishmen believe in the fulfillment of Home Rule by constitutional means and not by force of arms or other means.

Mr. Heney replying to the toast stated his positive opinion that Home Rule would soon be realized and that when it was he would no doubt return to the "Old Sod."

Mr. Taillon and Mr. McDougall followed in short speeches, in which they assured those present that all nation allies were in sympathy with the Irish cause.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the national anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

A GERRYMAN'S PRAISE

Of Hyekman's Kootenay Cure.

Mr. S. S. Hyekman, Hamilton, Ont. Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in giving you a statement regarding my case of rheumatism, with which I afflicted for over thirty years. For the past five or six years the pain had gradually approached my breast and affected me so that I could not sleep on my left side. Another trouble I had was a kind of dyspepsia, known as gastric indigestion, from which I suffered considerably. I had to be very guarded as to what I ate, otherwise I paid the penalty. At present, since taking your valuable remedy known as Hyekman's Kootenay Cure, I am able to eat my meals without any hindrance and sleep all night without any pain or bad feeling.

In addition, let me add that my rheumatism was so bad at times that I could not move myself. I am now like a different man and conscientiously recommend your Kootenay Cure to anyone suffering from rheumatism or stomach trouble. I am glad to have found the remedy and willingly furnish you with this information that it may help others who are similarly afflicted. Wishing you success. I remain, yours truly, GYOROK BRAUN, Pastor of the Evangelical Association, Hamilton, Aug. 10th, 1896.

Residence, No. 140 Market street. For sale by Geo. A. Moore, Samuel Watters, W. H. Huber, Druggists, Canadian Drug Co., wholesale agents.

Devote Their Lives to God.

KINGSTON Oct. 16.—At the House of Providence this morning two sisters took perpetual vows after four years' novitiate. They were Miss A. Crowley, Brockville, who in religion takes the name of Sister Mary John the Evangelist, and Miss Mary McCunly, Springfield, Mass., who takes the name of Sister Mary of Mount Carmel. The following young ladies made profession of perpetual vows after two years' novitiate:—Miss Euzemlene Lshy, Ottawa, Sister Mary of the Visitation; Miss Maud Denpe, Bath, Sister Mary Veronica; Miss Katharine McDonnell, St. Raphael, Clearygarry Convent, Sister Mary of Nazareth; Miss Mary J. McDonnell, St. Raphael, Sister Mary of the Assumption; Miss Ann Horigan, Deseronto, Sister Mary Ida. The second ceremony, reception of the holy habit, was also performed, Miss Foley, Chateaufort, and Miss Murray, Marmora, being advanced.

PARMELO'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that disease will be driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Carswell P.O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelo's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will suit you."

Will Practice in New York.

Mr. Joseph Hughes, barrister, son of Mr. Patrick Hughes Toronto, has gone to New York to enter into the practice of the law there. He will be missed by a host of friends in Toronto.

Sunlight Soap advertisement. Text: 'There are soaps and soaps but only one Sunlight Soap which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort.' Includes an image of a woman washing clothes.

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT Pure Gold Baking Powder advertisement. Text: 'PURE, WHOLESOME PASTRY, CAKE, BISCUIT, ETC., baked with Pure Gold Baking Powder.'

PURE WATER advertisement. Text: 'In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter, created by the New York Filter Co., having a capacity of two thousand gallons per hour, and rendering the water absolutely pure before being used in their Ales, Porter and Lager.'

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LTD.) advertisement. Text: 'TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO. MANUFACTURERS OF RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS Corporate and Lodge Seals of Every Description. 10 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.'

BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS advertisement. Text: 'Always Reliable and as Represented.'

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS advertisement. Text: 'LIVERPOOL SERVICE. Steamers: From Montreal, From Quebec. Scotia, Oct. 21, daylight, Oct. 23, 10 a.m. Ontario, Oct. 21, daylight, Oct. 23, 10 a.m. Labrador, Nov. 1, daylight, Nov. 3, 10 a.m. Angouleme, Nov. 1, daylight, Nov. 3, 10 a.m. Canada, Nov. 1, daylight, Nov. 3, 10 a.m. Vancouver, Nov. 1, daylight, Nov. 3, 10 a.m.'

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER advertisement. Text: '156 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. Telephone 1084.'

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer advertisement. Text: '359 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE 678.'

MUSIC advertisement. Text: 'We shall be pleased to forward Catalogues on application, if goods required are mentioned, and should you require anything in the music line, write us at once.' Includes an image of a gramophone.

TORONTO GRANITE CO. LTD. MONUMENTS advertisement. Text: 'We are now offering special inducements to intending purchasers before moving to our new premises, 150 YONGE ST., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.'

HASLETT & CO., Plumbers' and Wiping Solder advertisement. Text: 'GRANITE and Marble (Dealers, 525 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Monuments, Headstones, Fonts, Markers, Tablets, etc. Imported and Canadian Granite and Marble. Superior work at lowest prices. Latest Designs. All Monuments set up under the special supervision of our S. JAMIESON.'

Excelsior Life Insurance Company of Ontario advertisement. Text: 'HEAD OFFICE—Oor, Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - \$354,900.00. Issues most attractive and liberal Policies. Foremost in desirable features. Vaccines for every reliable Agency. E. MARSHALL, Secretary. E. F. CLARKE, Manager, Director.'

WESTERN Assurance Company advertisement. Text: 'INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL - \$3,000,000. Fire and Marine. Head Office, Toronto, Ont. President: Geo. A. Cox, Esq. Vice-President: J. J. KENNY, Esq. Directors: Hon. S. O. Wood, Esq., W. R. Brock, Esq., W. H. McKeay, Esq., J. K. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., H. H. Baird, Esq., J. K. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., Managing Director, G. O. Foster, Secretary.'

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, 10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephone 592 & 2075. THE TEMPERANCE AND General Life Assurance Co OFFERS THE Best Plans and Rates And the Most Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable. For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company or to H. SUTHERLAND, Manager. HON. G. W. KOSS, President. HEAD OFFICE: "Globe" Building, corner Jordan and Melinda streets, Toronto.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. Telephone 3593.

EPPS'S COCOA ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA advertisement. Text: 'Possesses the following Pictographic Merit: DELICIOUS FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY. GRATIFYING AND COMFORTING TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALED. In Quarter-Pound Tins & Packets only. Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Bldg., London, England.'

McCAUSLAND & SON advertisement. Text: 'McCAUSLAND & SON, 150 YONGE ST., TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1858. STAINED GLASS.'

Catholic Home Annual advertisement. Text: 'Bright, Entertaining Reading Matter. Beautiful Illustrations. FOR 1897. With 7 fine full-page Insert Illustrations, and 70 Illustrations in the Text. Price 25 CENTS.'

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS. HON. EMBREW CARDINAL GIBBONS—A GOOD BOOK. MARION AMES TAGGART—The Prince of Wales. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN—A Tale of the Past. CLARA MULHOLLAND—For Her Own Sake. A Treasury Irish Story. JOSEPH SCHAEFER—An Account of the Voyage of Father Knapp and his wonderful treatment. A. R. BENNETT-GLADSTONE—The Story of a Man. MARION J. BRUNOWE—Sixty Years. A Sketch of My Life and Work. REV. D. CANON O'CONNOR—The Pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Priesthood. ELLA MCMAHON—THE INFANT JESUS OF PRAGUE. DR. ROENTGEN—A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF THE X-RAYS. And Many other Illustrated Stories. As: "Under the Snow," "The Snow of Seregn," "The Fool of the Wood," "Sailing," Etc., Etc.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL advertisement. Text: 'FOR 1897. AN ENTIRELY NEW ANNUAL FOR LITTLE CATHOLICS. CONTAINS A NEW STORY BY FATHER FINE, And other Stories, Games, Puzzles, Tricks, Interesting Items, etc., with a large number of Pretty Pictures. Price, 5 CENTS. Sold at all Catholic Bookstores and Agents, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers. BENZIGER BROTHERS. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: 36-38 Barclay Street, 333 Main Street, 179 Monroe Street.'

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LTD. BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter. Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on. ROBT DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier.

Those famous household necessities: E. B. EDDY'S Matches appreciated by every one who can tell a superior article among a legion of bad. "Here since 1851."

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, Senator, President, EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President, WM. T. KIELY, EDWARD STOOCK. SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C. Deposits Received from \$100 upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate and on Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures. Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for inspecting property. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MARON, Manager. Telephone 5087.

The Reliance Loan and Savings Co. DR. JAS. LOFTUS, DENTIST. 80, Queen and Bathurst sts. F. B. CULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Busts, Fountains, Crosses, Headstones and Scrolls. All kinds of Ornamental Work, Marble and Granite Cutting, Etc. For full catalogue of our work and prices, apply to our office, 740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of St. Charles and Lombard streets. New. PHONE 4083. TELEPHONE 2596.

P. J. BROWN, M.D. Cor. Queen St. East and Carlaw Ave. Office hours—10 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. YORK COUNTY Loan & Savings Co. of Toronto. Offers until further notice, its 6 Per Cent. Coupon Stock. Certificates with Coupons attached. Dividends payable semi-annually. Certificates redeemable after three years at par. This Company's funds are loaned only on first mortgages. MONUMENTS D. McINTOSH & SONS, 324 Yonge Street. Granite and Marble Monuments. Workmanship best. Also low. Cattle and other Owners a Specialty. Show room and office, 521 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont. Opp. St. Michael's Cemetery. Tel. 498.

The Catholic Register.

OFFICE: 40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO. Published and owned by the Rev. Archbishop, at No. 40 Lombard Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. SUBSCRIPTIONS \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Oct. 22—Of the Feels. 23—The Most Holy Redeemer. 24—St. Raphael, Archangel. 25—St. Boniface, P. 26—St. Vincent, P. and St. 27—Feast of St. Simons and Jude. 21—St. Simons and Jude, Ap.

To Welcome the Delegates.

We are glad to announce the decision to hold in Toronto a grand reception to the gentlemen who represented the Dominion of Canada at the recent Irish Race Convention in Dublin. In the various cities which elected them the Canadian delegates have already received cordial congratulations upon the result of their mission and hearty welcome.

Not Settled Yet.

The conference between representatives of the Manitoba and Federal Governments has not after all finally settled the School question. We were to have had the definite announcement of the settlement before to-day; but an unexpected delay has come in the way.

Gladstone Won't Be Silenced.

Lord Rosebery's polite complaint that Mr. Gladstone has not been minding his own business is not taken much to heart by the Grand Old Man. He will not be snubbed by his juniors and made to hold his tongue about Armenia. This week he is out in another letter to the British public in which he declares:

vention, Bishop O'Donnell, when he said it did his heart good to meet and speak with such representatives of the scattered Gael.

The Anti Masonic Movement.

Some of the secular papers in Canada have been poking fun at a French Canadian contemporary for its constant indictments of Freemasonry. One journal asks its Quebec brother for proof that certain prominent public men whom it mentions are worshippers of Satan.

The Catholic University at Washington.

The newspapers profess to have discovered a startling Catholic cleavage in connection with the resignation of Bishop Keane as rector of the Catholic University at Washington.

Evidence of Unity in Ireland.

Reliable proof of the effect produced in Ireland by the Irish Race Convention was given by Mr. John Dillon on the 7th inst. at the quarterly meeting of the Irish National Federation.

Archbishop Ireland on the Money Question.

Last week a telegram to The London Daily News from Rome referring to Archbishop Ireland's utterances on the presidential campaign was cabled to America. The Daily News despatch declares that:

In Government Employment.

An esteemed contemporary is determined to create a new Catholic question because The Globe advocates a non-partisan civil service, provincial as well as federal. There is hardly sufficient occasion for this. It is quite true that the Ontario civil service has in the past been partisan to the last degree.

emply mean that Catholics in all the provinces will stand up and fight for their rights more vigorously than ever. It is not a contest we can grow tired of by any means.

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the same view of the matter as himself. They have not made war upon England whenever she forced savages to respect treaties they probably never understood; they cannot make war upon her if she reads the same rule of righteousness to the Sultan.

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gathering accurate information on Catholic matters in Rome elsewhere. The despatch above bristlers with absurdity. It says Archbishop Ireland has "mixed religion with politics."

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work for their salaries. But as long as the other class of foudal labor was exacted how could the public have been satisfied? The Kingston Freeman says that raising the cry for reform now is hypocritical.

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...Lorraine by name. She fully com- prehends her importance, her father having impressed upon her before his death that wealth is a great responsibility because it is a great power. She is attracted to Paris by the Vicomte de Verac, a former American girl whose money and manners have secured her a place in an exclusively aristocratic circle of French society. Her former lover to France determined to give up wealth a secret from the world, and an Atlantic steamer ship meets a young Irish landlord with whom she half falls in love. In France she falls in love with the man and the social position of the Vicomte de Verac, but he is attracted to her. Her matrimonial intentions being guarded by considerations of convenience about this estimable aristocrat cannot ascertain what dot the American girl has. Had such information not been kept from the American hotel, she would not in the end have married the Irish landlord after he had been shot by moonlighters. There is the plot, explained in nine and twenty chapters. It is not in the least a book to be read in a situation that appeals to the heart. The characters are stiff, artificial, all on the outside. Probably the author has made as much copy out of such people as was to be made. What could not be extracted from an aggregation of persons was familiar to French writers of the nineteenth century. We do not hesitate to say that Christian Reid's people are not the best stuff Catholics are made of. The Catholic religion, and Catholic ideas are not absolutely barren of poetry, of the touch of another nature of the living familiarities of pure love, that soften the heart and rejoice the mind. On the contrary all these glowing feelings are the very truths of life in all Catholic countries and communities. The novelist who misses them, misses, as far as the novel is concerned, all that is worth writing about.

COHEN'S EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. With an Appendix containing devotions for Mass, Confession and for Communion. With a preface by Right Rev. Camillus P. Mac, D. D., Bishop of Covington, N. Y. New York, Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

There is no need to praise a translation of Father von Cochem's explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a work that has filled a most useful place for nearly two hundred years; but we find it in English by an American publisher now for the first time. The translation was suggested by the Bishop of Covington, Kentucky, by whom the preface has been written. The learned Father Cochem was a member of the Capuchin Order, born on the Moselle in 1626. His explanation of the Mass may be best described as a connecting link between a earnest Christian faith of the middle ages and our own times. Here we have preserved an account of many of the miracles performed in connection with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from the early days of the Christian Church. Reading of this character is most wholesome even apart from the luminous instructions of the writer, because we have vividly called to our minds the potent consolation with which the early Christians found the Mass, and the joy with which they gave up even their lives for its inexpressible comfort. The exhaustive quotations from the Fathers are also very salutary. Every chapter of the work is of absorbing interest.

GORPINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EXISTENCE AND GOALS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS; with the lives of many of God, explanations of Christian faith and unity and of Church ceremonies, etc. With a preface by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. New York, Benziger Bros. \$1.00.

Cardinal Gibbons in his preface to this handsome book says: "The solid worth and undoubted usefulness of Goffin's Manual appeal strongly to the learned hierarchy of Gorman and elicited their warmest expressions of approval. Gladly do we proffer the opportunity to affirm all that has been said in its favor, and to wish for it that measure of success which its singular excellence deserves." This striking commendation of the book should invite it into every Catholic home as an aid to family devotions. We cannot, however, omit to compliment the publishers on the rich illustrations of this edition, and to speak of the large, clear type in which it is printed. The low price has surprised us taking everything into consideration. There are no fewer than 140 handsome illustrations, including illustrations of a beautiful description of the Holy Land. A large sale for the book is certain, and this alone would justify the publishers in offering it at the price stated. Special prices are made for quantities.

A LOVER IN HONORS, and other stories; by E. Clifford Smith. Toronto, William Briggs.

There is too much praise, and nothing to criticize in the stories of this work, which we would suppose, is still on the threshold of a literary career. With the exception of a few western railway tales he has made Quebec his field of observation; and if he does not attempt to reveal its people to us altogether as they spontaneously with them. The best of these stories is decidedly that which gives the book its title. The writer describes people as he knows and they were worth knowing and writing about. He handles the French Canadian patois in a humorous way without disturbing the deeper undertone of feeling which runs through the story. In the other stories, "The Faith that Removes Mountains" and "A Daughter of the Church," the author has himself failed to discern the fulness that would have given the story the impression of passion and death—the impressions he desired to convey. But he is not to be criticised on this account. It is altogether his loss that he has failed to grasp the simple, comprehensive religious motive which would have given the story a grandeur and a old woman praying to a church at midnight. This is all the more apparent from the absolute freedom of Mr. Smith's pages from any sort of prejudice. There are other stories in the collection in a lighter vein. Most of them will be appreciated, and these will appear to be a most welcome literary acquaintance rich in promise.

The Exile of Erlin.
(FOR THE HOSTESS.)
My heart was sore at partin'.
Acushla gra machroo!
An' still the wound is smartin'.
At each foud thought av thoo.
Thou' far away I've wandered
O'er miles av land and sea
I've no'er forgot, and never shall,
Acushla gra machroo!
I've ben mistid niny people
An' many homes I've seen;
But ah! I've found no hearts so true
As those that wear the green.
An' tho' I've roamed o'er half the earth
Yet all the world for me,
Holds not a country half as fair,
Acushla gra machroo!
O! long the time, and dreary,
Since I that partin' day
Stood on the dock, and sawm homo,
Fado in the distance grey.
The hope that lights my wand'ring steps
Is that my fate may be
To see thy green shores wane again
Acushla gra machroo!
TERESA.

Toronto, Oct. 16th 1895.

To Erlin.
(FOR THE HOSTESS.)
Thought toil and pain, through many
woes and long
Hast thou, my country, struggled to-
wards thy rest,
Till now the sun has nearly reached
the west;
Bravo be thou still and strong.
Fight bravely on; surely the end is
soon,
So many griefs and dangers hast thou
past,
Facing alike the biting wintry blast
The burning sun of noon.
Though sorrow, toil and pain have been
thy lot
Though many and many a length of
weary years,
Though all thy path is watered with
thy tears,
Thy honor has no blot.
And still thy children, face to face with
death,
(Through loving life) meet it right cheer-
fully,
Fully contented for thy sake to die,
Thy name their dying breath.
"Erein forever!" still their accents ring
Throughout all ages, and still fresh and
green
Through all the change that is and that
has been
Thy memory doth spring.
Ah, dear lost land! thy shamrock wreath
shall twine
Round hearts more brave and armer
more strong than these
Throughout the happier future cen-
turies,
And brows more blest than mine.
Yet still my dream shall be ore life to
past
To set my foot upon thy soil once more,
My dying eyes upon thy holy shore,
Loving thee to the last.

NOAH HOLLAND,
64 Colborne Rd.

AT ST. CATHERINES.
Dean Harris and Mr. McKewen, Q.C., Welcomed
Back from the Irish Rice Convention.

St. Catherines, Oct. 16.—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held this evening in St. Nicholas Hall, St. Catherines, to greet Rev. Dean Harris and Mr. John McKewen, Q.C., the delegates from this district to the Irish National Convention held lately in Dublin. Mr. M. Y. Keating occupied the chair, and associated with him on the platform were some of the most prominent citizens of the city including:—Rev. Father Sullivan, Thorold; Rev. Father Allain, Rev. Father Whelan, M. J. McCarron, T. O'Donnell, J. E. Lawrence, Robt. McLaren, F. J. Timmons, M. Brennan, Rev. Father Smyth, Rev. Robt. Ker, H. E. McSloy, Rev. Dean Harris and Mr. John McKewen, Q.C., the latter two as the guests of the evening occupying seats of honor on either side of the chairman. Philat's orchestra played a choice programme of music while the audience was being seated, and promptly at 8 o'clock Mr. Keating arose to open the proceedings.

He referred to the visit of the Dean and Mr. McKewen to Ireland on a mission of peace, and eulogized the Dean for his magnificent speeches made before the convention. He said that his admirers in St. Catherines took this means of testifying their appreciation of the course outlined by the Dean in that convention, and an invitation was extended to the public to be present. He was glad that so many turned out, and he then called upon the secretary of the reception committee, Mr. J. E. Lawrence to read an address to the delegates. Mr. Lawrence read the following: "To the Very Rev. W. R. Harris and John McKewen, Esq., Q.C.:

Very Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your many friends in this city beg to take advantage of this opportunity of expressing to you their congratulations on your safe return from your visit to the Old World and are pleased your voyage and relaxation from arduous labors have brought to you a renewal of health and vigor.

We were much pleased to learn from the published reports of the great convention of the Irish race held in Dublin that your talents were appreciated at their true worth by the members and it is a source of pride to us that the Doctor of St. Catharines took a place second to none of the other great and intellectual orators there assembled together. It is indeed a satisfaction for us to know that through you a city of St. Catharines has become better known throughout the world.

We sincerely hope that your labors at the convention will not have been in vain, but that sooner or later the Irish people will recognize that the course marked out by the resolutions passed will be for their lasting benefit and that the result of the convention will be a real and lasting union of the people.

To you Mr. McKewen we beg to say that we also congratulate you on your improved health resulting from your sea voyage and trip abroad. We do not think you at all underrated you in not placing your stand in the convention on the same level as that of Dean Harris, as we are aware that the impaired state of your health prevented your doing what your eminent abilities would otherwise have enabled you to have done. We are however sure that the pointed expressions of the desirability of the complete union of the Irish people coming from one of their race who has by force of his abilities attained the standing in your profession that you possess, must have had the weight and influence they justly deserve.

With these expressions of our regard and appreciation of both of our able champions of the Canadian people, we trust that you may be long spared to exercise amongst us in your several spheres of life all that great good of which you are both so capable and well fitted.

We are, gentlemen, your true friends and well wishers.
On behalf of the committee,
M. Y. KEATING,
Chairman.
J. E. LAWRENCE,
Secretary.

The Chairman then called upon Rev. Dean Harris, who after thanking the audience for the hearty welcome offered him, referred to the causes which led to the convention of the great assemblage of Irishmen from all parts of the world, which, to his mind, was a convention unequalled in the annals of Irish history. He referred to the efforts of the enemies of the convention to belittle the men who were there assembled, and described the person's characteristics of many of Ireland's great patriots. If it was not apparent that good work was done it would be found that, like the grain that is dropped into the soil taking time to germinate, the convention will undoubtedly bear fruit in due time. The Canadian delegates went there unpledged, and they were there to solve the problem of the best means to alleviate the condition of the Irish race. They were there to stand by the will of the majority, and if any refuse to yield to the authority of the majority they deserve to be relegated to obscurity and crushed out of political life. John Redmond thought to assail the delegates as a compact body of nobodies representing nobody. If the convention was to be a success John Redmond and his paper, the Independent, would be ruined, but the imputation was hurled back at him. If Mr Redmond had been possessed of the political tact and acumen that is requisite in this country he would have welcomed them in Dublin, but would have said: "Gentlemen, do not have any thing to do with the convention." At the suggestion of Mr. M. Davitt the delegates were invited to make a tour of the country, which they did, and met with an enthusiastic welcome wherever they appeared in public. In conclusion he expressed his belief that a brighter day was dawning for Ireland.

He was followed by his co-delegate, Mr. McKewen, whose remarks were well received and cheered. He said when he was offered the commission to go to Ireland to represent the Irishmen of this city at the National Convention, he had doubts that he would be able to accept. He had just left a bed of sickness, but he felt proud that he was permitted to go to Ireland for the cause of union. All through his life he had been desirous of doing what he could for his country. In travelling through the island he came to the conclusion that the Irish can be united, and if they are united their voice will be heard in the House of Commons. He pointed out, while in Ireland, that the Irishmen in Ontario were loyal to the British Government, because they had Home Rule, and if the Irish at home had the same rights and opportunities as the people of Canada, they would be as the people of Canada. He was home proud that he was a British subject, and above all that he was a Canadian.

This patriotic sentiment was received with cheers, after which an opportunity was afforded other gentlemen to address the gathering. Rev. Mr. Ker and Father Allain made short addresses, when the meeting closed with the National Anthem.

Father O'Reilly Home Again.
Rev. Father O'Reilly returned Thursday night from his Irish trip, he having been a delegate from Hamilton to the recent Convention of Irishmen in Dublin.

Father Matthew Temperance Society
Honors Chevalier Henry,
Oct. 18.—Last night Chevalier Henry attended the Father Matthew Temperance Society for the first time since his return from Ireland. The Society marked his return by presenting him with the following address:
To Chevalier Henry—
The members of the Father Matthew Temperance Society of Ottawa are happy to greet you and wish an Irish welcome on your return from the land of your birth and the land we love, old Ireland.
We were pleased when you were chosen a delegate by your Irish fellow-citizens to represent them at the grand convention in Dublin. You merited such a distinction by the interest you have ever taken in all movements that tended to the bettering of Ireland, you have often both by voice and purse proved your sincerity in the cause.
So it was a pleasure, but not a surprise, when you were chosen as a representative from our city to the Dublin convention.
We fully approve of the stand you took, and the words you spoke at that convention.
We again assure you of the pleasure it gives us to see you at our meeting and to find you as of old, ready to do more than your share in the furtherance of the cause of temperance, a cause so dear to us.
That your years may be long and happy is the wish of each and all the members of the Father Matthew Temperance Society.
Signed on behalf of the Society,
Canon McCAHRY,
President.
W. KANE,
Secretary.
Ottawa, Oct. 18, 1896.

MARRIAGES
BRIDAL—Monday Oct. 12, at St. John's Church, Arthur on Oct. 12th, by the Rev. Father Henry, Mr. John Hiramson to Miss Mary Jane Hollis, both of West Hill.
GRANT-BRIDAL—Monday Oct. 12, at St. Patrick's Church Montreal by Rev. St. Callaghan, Mr. M. F. Grant, to Miss Jane Graham, daughter of the late Samuel Graham.
HEWSON-KELLY—At the Church of Nativity, Hochelaga, Que. on the 18th inst. Miss only daughter of Patrick Kelly to James Huron, both of Montreal.
ANNE-McCAY—At St. Peter's church, St. John's, Oct. 18, by Rev. Father Kren, John Anne to Annie H. McKays, daughter of John McKays.
KELLY-ASH—In the Roman Catholic Chapel, Toronto, N.S., Oct. 14th, by Rev. Father Kinsella, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh of Acadia, Miss J. A. Kelly, of Watkinson, N.S. to Miss Minnie, daughter of Patrick Ash, I.C.H., Toronto, N.S.

DEATHS
BARRETT-HOLLS—On Sunday, 15th October at his late residence, 231 Stewart Street, Ottawa, George H. Barrett, 66, of the firm of J. Barrett & Co., aged 65 years and 7 months.
CARVELL—On the 15th inst. at his father's residence 224 Orono street, Ottawa, Francis, son of Daniel Carvell, aged 5 years and 7 months.
CUMBERBURY—At 419 James Street north Hamilton on Monday October 12, Mary, relict of the late Peter Cumbrury, aged 70 years.
McVROU—On the 10th inst., William McVrou, aged 61, Montreal.

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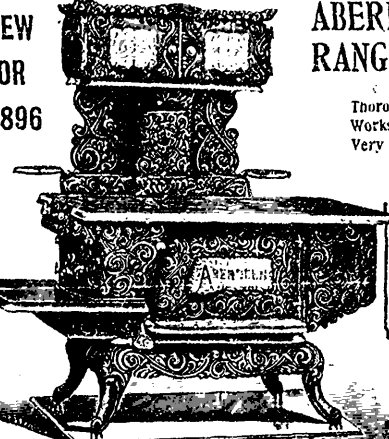
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Entirely new evening's entertainment, consisting of Recitations, Ballads and Comic Songs, National Dances, Instrumental Solos and Refrains. Comedy, Vaudeville, Music, Glee, Song, Piano and Harp. Indorsed by the Clergy. Special terms to Churches, Schools, Societies, etc. Nelligan Family, 111 St. Nicholas Street, Toronto. Can be engaged by telephone. For particulars, apply to J. H. Nelligan, 111 St. Nicholas St., Hamilton.

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A large beautifully executed Map, by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., Edinburgh, Scotland, showing the new Territories of
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FARM AND GARDEN.

Temperature is very changeable at this time of this year. Cools nights are followed by hot days. The cow is chased and irritated by flies that annoy her.

As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined. This remark of Mr. Pope, the poet, is certainly based on a good foundation, the result of experience as well as of the reasonable deduction from knowledge of the manner of growth of trees.

Let us take the pasturing of cattle or sheep, and see what is the fundamental principle at the bottom of it. First, what is the end in view? Then how is this end to be secured with the means at one's disposal?

Just now, for example, we see the fields bare and dry, and unable to furnish adequate support for the cattle or sheep.

At the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Do nurse and use that old, and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething.

DOMESTIC READING.

Love is sunlight of life. Failure has produced more heroes than success. He is the greatest teacher who hath erred the least from truth.

Christ was alone. How weird and sombre that word! How it throbs with painful life! And does not your experience substantiate the same thing?

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not.

Whenever anybody whom we love dies, we discover that although death is commonplace, it is terribly original. We may have thought about it all our lives, but it comes close to us it is quite a new, strange thing for us.

Take good care of disagreeable duties. Attend to these first. Never select the things that you want to do, and shirk upon others the things that you do not want to do.

A prize was offered recently by a paper for the best answer of the question: "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received.

Society could not exist without continual obligations on every side; and, instead of being felt as a burden, they should be gladly accepted as a part of the benefit and happiness it has in store for us.

FACTORS OUT.—None but those who have known sagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Every other woman you meet who is in trouble has lost her pocket-book. The disemboweling of Turkey might be possible if Russia did not insist on both second joints.

"Well, thank goodness, I'm not two faced!" She: "No wonder you're thankful. One like yours is enough!"

Lord Nooncut (proudly): "I can trace my descent from William the Conqueror." Oynicus: "You have been a long time on the downward path."

Uncle Simon, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?" "The politician pulls the wagon and the statesman gets the ride."

Mrs. Brown: "How would you define 'tact'?" Mrs. Jones: "I should say that is the ability to make your husband believe he is having his own way."

"Fannie, I have told you time and again not to speak with older persons as talking, but wait until they stop."

Joy fills my cup, and I can scarce refrain from giving vent unto the feelings that within my manly breast are pent.

At one of the university unions an orator declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

Madgo: "When Mr. Smoro showed you his picture at the exhibition, did he tell you what he liked best about it?" Marjorie: "No, but I could see it was the little yellow t'cket in the corner with the word 'Sold' on it."

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young married man. "It is easy to find out," said the elderly married man. "Just sit down on her hat and she will tell you what she thinks of you in less than a minute."

A certain minister while preaching said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by mowing his lawn when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor; cut your sermons short."

Young Husband: "What! You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young Wife (wearily): "I have aged rapidly since I married."

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs. Gadd to Mrs. Gabb. "Well, he hadn't much when I married him," replied Mrs. Gabb; "but," she added, with a sidelong look in her eye, "he's getting it."

There was a soprano whose name was Mifone. The finest soprano that I ever heard. She sang so divinely that men, 'pon my word, would melt into tears, their souls were so agryd.

"What's the matter, Dikey?" asked the horse editor. "My mother-in-law wrote a book of poems," answered the literary critic, with a long, shivering sigh. "Well, you had sense enough to jolly it, hadn't you?"

Must Kremlin be added to the number of words for which no rhyming equivalent can be found? It would seem so from the following examples, which occur in "The Coronation Cruise of the Midnight Sun."

We kodaked the Czar and his suite so bizarre, And felt not a quail or a trembling; Quite free of all charge, we wandered at large.

Over the place I must spell as the "Krembling."

The second example is Canon Rawnsley's, who makes no excuse, but boldly tackles the difficulty in the following manner:

Close by the Nevski gate, Close by the Kremite, One of the Major's, For I had an unhappy fate Fills me with trem'lin'.

Don't Worry Yourself as though there is nothing to live for. Then, however, is a cure—one box of Parrole's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength.

Chats With the Children.

"Keep to the Right." (Written for "Chats.") There's a short concis sentence which often we see

With folks going and folks coming back: And all such a bit 'n' bustle and trash; You can scarce keep your temper or rack;

Do not, like Paddy, harrow for a sight: Be collected and calm, cork your temper up close, Be goodnatured, and "Keep To The Right."

And then, while you're treading the pathway to fame, Tho' the thousands who block up the way White you climb to the height where you'd faint carry you—

In spite of the foe which you "stay!" If your's hustled and jostled and hit in the strife, With the race for success at its height, You can never go wrong on the highway of life

Take this for your motto, boys, "Never say Success comes to 'work' not to 'luck.' Stick to track, and to traces, for obstacles lie Before perseverance and pluck.

Beware of false turflings that often allure, Shun the voice of the tempter, be sober, and pure, Keep steady and "Keep To The Right."

Toronto, Oct. 16th 1895.

I HAD A CAT. The domestic cat is said to have affection for places and not for persons. I am strongly inclined to think that this is a misapprehension.

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young married man. "It is easy to find out," said the elderly married man.

Chip-chip-chip chur-r-r! Good morning, sir! I'm with you see me, die, die up in the air!

Chip-chip-chip chur-r-r! Now, we'd much prefer, That that wicked gun, you'd aim at the sun, Then this rare sport to you; But now honest and true

Chip-chip-chip chur-r-r! Now, we'd much prefer, That that wicked gun, you'd aim at the sun, Then this rare sport to you; But now honest and true

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A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson, driving a cow to pasture.

The boys attending school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you ring them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If over I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal.

After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which merited its bestowal.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode on its way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with his bruises."

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we could get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time."

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing the thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable activities. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher."

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The Children's Own.

"I'm sick of 'muntin'!" said Dorothy D; Sick of 'muntin'!" as I can be.

From early morn till the close of day, I hear a muntin' and never a "nay." It's "You mustn't" till a sleepy head; And, "You mustn't" sit upon what's time for bed."

"You mustn't cry when I comb your curls;" "You mustn't play with those noisy girls;" "You mustn't be silent when spoken to;" "You mustn't chatter as parrots do."

"You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud;" "You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud;" "You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress;" "You mustn't nod in place of 'yes.'"

So all day long the "muntin's" go, Till I dream at night of an endless row Of "You mustn't," "You mustn't," with great big eyes That stare at me in the shocked surprise— Oh! if I could see to see the day, When some one will say to me, "Dear, you may."

For I'm sick of "muntin'!" said Dorothy D; Sick of "muntin'!" as I can be.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL. Every one is either growing better or worse. How is it with you? You are suffering from KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES. Have tried doctors and medicine with out avail, and have become disgusted. DON'T GIVE UP! Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

What do you suppose becomes of all the peach stones that just now are being discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the peach canning factories, to say nothing of the many that are left from the peaches we are all eating every day while the delicious fruit lasts? Have you ever thought anything about them, except that they were not good to eat? They are not; that is so; but they have a use, however—several, indeed. Bushels and bushels of them are sent to fruit growers, who plant them to grow young peach trees that are in turn set out for peach orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found in the inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid, is distilled. It is a poison if taken even in a very small quantity, but it is available and useful drug for various laboratory purposes. A third use of the peach pits is to dry them and use for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent.

On Wednesday 15th the children of Rideau street convent celebrated the feast day of Sister Teresa, superioress. Fathers Constantineau, Fallon and Dubreyl, of Ottawa College, and Father Nilles, chaplain of the convent, were also present. The English address was delivered by Miss Dolly O'Leary and the French one by Miss O. Besonneto. The following young ladies contributed to the programme of entertainment: Misses O'Reilly, Plumb, Ouintant, Greenfield, Desjardins, Ryan, Rignor, Fortin, Desjardins, Sylvain, Tasse, Bergeron, Neville, McMorow, McGrady, Campbell, Bogue, and O'Reilly. The golden jubilee of the superiors' novitiate will be celebrated with grand ceremonies in June of next year.

JUST LISTEN TO COMMON SENSE.

Learn to recognize Kidney Disease by its Symptoms.

AVOID GRAVE DANGERS.

Never Neglect your Trouble in its Minor Form—Never Despair at any Stage—Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure.

It is far easier to prevent than to cure the serious forms and complications of kidney disease. We don't say this because we doubt the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but it is better to avoid the wear and tear of curing at the minor stage with a single box.

The dangers of every sufferer are of a three-fold nature:—Not to know what ails; to neglect when he knows; and to despair when everyone says he is going to die.

If you are not posted in the symptoms of kidney disease write to the Dodds Medicine Company, Toronto, Ont., for their Calendar for 1897. It will cost you only a postal card and is worth a hundred.

Do not say this because we doubt the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but it is better to avoid the wear and tear of curing at the minor stage with a single box.

Over one hundred thousand persons in Canada have been cured of kidney disease in its simpler forms—cured by from one to three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any kidney disease. It is the need of kidney treatment don't permit yourself to be anything short of the original and genuine. Why should you try experiments to benefit those who say they have something "just as good"?

HOW PIERRE CHAUTARD Carried the Cross unto Death

Not far from the venerable sanctuaries of Vals, the birthplace of the Apostleship of Prayer, on a gray, rugged and moss-covered rock, rises the ancient castle of Polignac, the renowned manor of the princely of that name, who, for many a century, lorded it over the surrounding country. It is now but a pile of noble ruins. Its shattered walls and crumbling towers, tattered by the winds of heaven, loudly proclaim that nothing is immortal which is raised by mortal hands.

Around these time-worn relics of former splendor cluster the low, red tiled and stone-walled dwellings of a sturdy race of deeply Catholic farmers. Seen from a distance, the village of Polignac presents to the tourist a most picturesque scene. Perched on steeply sloping yards of projecting rock, the houses rise up the shagged sides of the noble castle like children climbing up the rugged legs of a mighty giant.

Polignac is the centre of a large parish, which numbers not less than twelve villages, scattered over the rocky and woody mountains which bound the horizon on every side. The church is an old stone structure, renovated and enlarged of late years, with three lofty naves and a red-tiled spire. Three priests are hardly sufficient to attend to the spiritual wants of a community so widely scattered. It was on Tuesday of Holy Week, some twenty years ago, that what we are about to narrate took place. The day was cold, very cold, at Polignac. Over the black hills and through leafless trees, a biting north wind whistled songs of suffering and misery, while it moaned dolefully in the ruined halls and dismantled towers of the castle above. A sullen canopy of grayish clouds overspread the sky. Birds had not yet returned from their more genial southern homes, and wolves still held sovereign sway over the desolate and frozen mountainsides. The cattle were snug in the barns, the harvest garnered in the stalls, and the farmer sat by his cosy fire, smoking his pipe and listlessly looking through wreaths of blue smoke at the desolation which reigned supreme without.

On the northern side of the volcanic pillar upon which stood the castle was the hut of Pierre Chautard. It was a low, thatched and weather-beaten structure. It consisted of only one room, which served as parlor, bedroom and kitchen. In a word, poverty throughout her vast kingdom could not have made choice of a more suitable abode. But under this very roof there breathed a soul which possessed a nobility wanting to many who boast of a line of glorious ancestry. By dint of hard labor Pierre managed to keep the wolf from the door and to give bread to two puny boys and a sickly wife. And even then, had it not been for the Christian charity of neighbors, the dreary and bitter winter of these mountains would have long ago sent the inmates of this poor dwelling to a colder and drearier home. Yet never was a word of complaint heard to escape the poor man's lips. Winter days and summer days did not alter his sentiments and Providence was ever to him a kind mother.

Pierre Chautard was a stonecutter by profession, but he was always willing to do any odd job which might bring bread and wood to his home. He divided moreover the duties of grave-digger and bell-ringer of the parish with two other men of the place. At the time of our narrative he was about fifty years of age, but he was hale and strong. Inured from childhood to the hard labors consequent on poverty, he was reckoned the strongest man of the village. Reckless where duty called him, fearless when others would have trembled, ever ready to do a good turn to a neighbor, loudly proclaiming as his only political tonic that he cared not who ruled, provided freedom and protection were granted to religion. Such was Pierre Chautard as he sat that Holy Tuesday's wintry afternoon before a cheerless fire, with his two boys on his knees and his wife hid in the chimney corner, mending one of the two pairs of stockings wherewith Pierre kept his feet from being bitten by the frost.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when Pierre rose from his seat, placed one of the boys at the edge of the hearth-stone, the other on the chair where he had been sitting and put on his boots. "Where are you going now?" inquired his wife. "I am going to see M. le Cure," replied Pierre. "It is too cold, dear, to go out." "No, no, I have to see him to-night, Louise. Holy Thursday is at hand and I have to find out what I will have to do in the procession. Last year I carried the cross, and I mean to do the same this year. A snowstorm is coming, Pierre, and, if I am not mistaken," said Louise looking out, "it is on the mountains now. Thursday, from present appearances, will be a very cold day. You imagine that because you are

strong you can trifle with your health."

"The one who first carried the Cross," solemnly answered our hero, "did not reason in this way, Louise. So, good-bye; I will be back in less than an hour. Anyhow, I would have to go out at half past seven to ring the Angelus and I may as well kill two birds with one stone."

So saying, Pierre strode out into the northern blizzard as it riotously charged down the deserted streets. The air was dense with eddying wreaths of snowflakes which the storm-spirits flung by handfuls over withered grass-plugs, leafless trees, bleak roofs and frozen sidewalks. The cold was biting and the way uncertain, for the wind which played and whirled in nooks and corners seemed over on the watch to fling a snowy spray at the face of the poor benumbed wayfarer. But Pierre kept on, his gait somewhat slower and more irregular than became his age, yet not dismayed at the fury of the elements. He knew the road by heart, and his mind was just then far too deeply engaged in arranging the arguments which were to further his cause with M. le Cure to heed the mischievous frothy beings that danced about him.

As Pierre with his head bent low was thus proceeding on his way, his name was carried on his ear by the wings of the howling storm. He looked about and behind him but saw nothing; so thick was the falling snow. Again he heard some one calling him, and this time he discovered dimly on the threshold of a house on the right the tall figure of Jean Balais the tailor, his cousin, and with him the bell-ringer and grave-digger of the parish. He stopped his hurried walk and shouted back: "Hello! Jean!" "Where are you bound, Pierre, in such freezing weather?" inquired his friend.

"To see M. le Cure," came the answer. "Come in and take supper with us. My wife says that when there is enough for three there is enough for four."

"I haven't time, Jean. Louise would be uneasy at home if I were gone too long."

"It's not a banquet I invite you to, Pierre, and it won't keep you till midnight."

"Well," said Pierre at last, "I'll just stop in for a few minutes."

After having shaken the snow from his boots, he entered and was welcomed by the whole family. A warm supper was already laid on the table and our poor quarryman felt his appetite to be of the best.

"Sit down, Pierre," said Jean. "Is some one sick at home that you have to call on M. le Cure at such an hour?"

"No, Jean, but Thursday is coming. Last year I carried the cross in the procession, and I want to do the same this year."

"Oh, I see, I have been assigned to carry the cross: M. le Cure told me so this morning. As for the cross I think some one has secured it."

"Who?" asked Pierre in a tone of surprise and disappointment. "Thomas Platte," replied Jean.

"The idea! Well, I'll not get angry with him, but I won't give up my visit. I'll see M. le Cure and so many and so powerful are the reasons I yield to give him that he will have to yield to my demands, or I won't ring a bell for him, and the dead will have to go unburied, as far as I am concerned."

"Don't lose your temper, Pierre; what I told you was only a rumor."

Our hero dispatched the hot supper which had been placed before him with the hurry of a man who has pressing business on hand.

"Excuse me, Jean, if I leave you so abruptly," he said, hastening to the door, "there is nothing like besting a city when the storm is raging. Your supper was most welcome, and my poor wife and children would have looked upon it in the light of a Christmas dinner. Good-bye. The way I ring the Angelus to night will tell you whether I gained my point or not."

And Pierre ventured again into the cold, stormy, winter night. A few moments after he was knocking at the presbytery-door. It was immediately opened by a venerable priest with a crown of white flowing hair and a face where kindness had stamped itself.

"Good evening, M. le Cure," said Pierre as he stepped into the dimly lighted hall.

"Oh, it is you, Pierre," said the good priest, "what brings you here so late and in such a storm?"

"I came here to see your Reverence on important business," said Pierre. They were now in a small parlor, where simplicity joined hands with neatness and tidiness.

"Take a seat," said the priest as he placed a chair for Pierre before the fire place. "Well, what is your important business?"

"Well—well, M. le Cure, I'll out with it without more ado."

"Excuse me, your Reverence, but I have to express my views on the matter. I have my likings as well as other people, and on this subject I have made up my mind."

"But look here, you have to ring the bells during the procession."

"Your Reverence," said Pierre with a mischievous smile playing over his honest face, "your Reverence forgets that our bells go to Rome as far as their ringing is concerned on Thursday morning and do not come back until you sing out the Gloria on Saturday."

"I intended to give the cross to Thomas Platte to carry."

"Did he ask for it?"

"No."

"Well, then, look here M. le Cure, I am stronger and healthier than Thomas. He would faint under the load, I am sure. As for myself, I know how to go about it, and last year, after the procession, I felt strong enough to begin again."

"But, Pierre, if you get sick Thursday, then you will blame me and so will everybody else."

"If I get sick, I know who sends sickness. If they blame you, M. le Cure, send them to me, and I'll give them a few clear ideas about the ways of Providence in the world."

"Your reasons are pretty good."

"So good that Reverence has no objection and says yes."

"Not so fast, Pierre. I have still one objection."

"Let us hear it."

"The other day I saw you doing something which I did not like, and I have a mind to punish you for it."

"You may punish me after the procession, M. le Cure: what what was it?"

"I saw you when you knocked down poor Richard Brisson in front of the church near the Mission Cross."

"Yes, and I'll do it again if the ever dares to repeat in my presence what he said then."

"And what did he say?"

"He asserted that processions and such religious things are mere nonsense and ought to be done away with."

"And what did you reply?"

"Your Reverence saw how I argued with the villain. He belongs to that society you mentioned in one of your sermons."

"Well, it is not so bad as I thought."

"It is not bad at all, and I deserve to carry the cross for that."

"Very well, Pierre. And how is everything at home?"

"Pretty cold and hungry, M. le Cure. But the good God knows what He is about. He will straighten everything in the other world and not forget I carried His cross."

"You are right, Pierre: courage and confidence. Life is short and heaven awaits you."

"And excuse me, M. le Cure," said Pierre looking at the clock on the mantel-piece, "but I have to go and ring the Angelus. A thousand thanks to your Reverence for the favor granted. Good night."

And Pierre, with joy thrilling every part of his sturdy frame, dashed out, and it is said that the Angelus bell never gave forth such joyous notes as it did that night, Jean Balais next day, remarked that it seemed as though angels were in the air.

The only angel there was myself, said Pierre, and a very poor one at that; but thanks for the compliment. As soon as the Angelus was rung, Pierre hastened home to announce the glad tidings. But his fatherly heart was still more rejoiced when he saw his wife and two children in the very act of helping themselves to a warm and plentiful supper set by his cousin Jean.

Next-day the storm had abated. Towards noon a southerly wind having sprung up, the clouds which canopied the sky, were torn asunder and the shreds flung to the four quarters of heaven. Then the winter sun revealed itself to the eye in all its dazzling splendor. Its hot rays soon began to play havoc amid the goms and radiant peaks with which King Frost had decked the snowy mantle which the storm had cast over the naked shoulders of poor mother earth. The snow vanished beneath the burning darts of the mighty warrior of heaven, and towards night the battle field was but a dark scene of muddy roads and treacherous waterpools. When the moon rose she saw nothing to gladden her eyes but a few heroes in white who had withstood the fray and were ambushed in nooks and corners waiting for a renewal of the struggle.

Holy Thursday began as summer days do, with brightness and gladness. The sun pursued his relentless conquests and when he disappeared behind the hills he had in part repaired the sad consequences of his victories and dried up the tears of his conquered foes. But he left still behind him the cold and damp atmosphere of death.

In the morning, the whole parish turned out to assist at the imposing ceremonies which were held in the church and then returned to their homes, their minds engaged with the still sadder memories to be recalled by the procession at nightfall.

The procession which takes place every year in the parish of Polignac at sunset of Holy Thursday is one of the most touching and realistic scenes imaginable. But its grandeur and dramatic effect are chiefly derived from the simple faith and fervent piety which animate both actors and spectators.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon three or four boys were called by M. le Cure, given loud sounding clappers and told to go around the village and summon the people to the procession. The little fellows, followed by an ever increasing crowd of their playmates, went their round and fulfilled the duty laid upon them with all the solemnity and zest of men intrusted with an important office.

Just as the sun was sinking in the west and its dying rays were gilding the barren summits of the neighboring mountains, a mighty throng of children, men and women with rustic lanterns in their hands might have been seen entering the parish church. Within all was silence and prayer. The bare altars, the veiled statues, the gloom of the twilight pervading the aisles, everything, in a word, voiced sentiments of religious sadness. Each one felt as if he were about to assist at a scene of death, the death of a dear and cherished friend.

Suddenly the solemn notes of the *Vezilla Regis* burst forth through the silent nave; the sad pageant is on the march. Soon through the wide open portals issues with majestic tread the viceroy of the church, dressed in a bright uniform, with a broad cape tastefully knotted around his arm and one hanging from his long silver-headed halberd. He is followed by three acolytes in black soutanes and lace surplices; the middle one carrying the cross and the other two bearing flaming torches. Behind them walk with measured steps and in the most religious spirit two long lines of boys, girls, women and men holding in their hands lighted lanterns of all sizes and descriptions.

Now between two lines of red robed acolytes holding high in the air brightly colored flambeaux advances the most dramatic and at the same time the most religious part of the procession. We mean the White Penitents, who constitute of the most important of the sodalities of the parish of Polignac, and which is mainly composed of married men. The costumes in which they appear in the drama of the night consists of a long hooded white robe and of a long veil of the same color hanging over the face so as to hide the identity of the actors.

But what has happened down at the crossing of the road? Nothing to alarm, but much to edify you. There have gathered the men who are too old to take part in the procession, the women whom maternal duties have kept at home, the children whose age and weakness prevented from exposing themselves to the fatigues of a long march. They are waiting their turn to kiss, and pass under the cross which Pierre Chautard holds up for the purpose.

We read in the annals of ancient Rome that when they wanted to dishonor a soldier publicly they forced him in presence of his assembled comrades to bend low and pass under the yoke. But the inhabitants of Polignac see no shame in the performance of a similar act; they rather see in it an act of faith; the meaning of which they themselves do not fully realize. All they know is that, in this holy kiss and in this act of bending low under the shadow of the cross, they find untold consolations and increased strength for the trials of life.

Now the procession resumes again its slow and solemn march to stop again and allow a repetition of the touching scene above described. Finally, after two long years thus spent in the cold air of a wintry night, the procession enters the church, where in glowing words, which fall on well-prepared hearts, the priest tells his flock the old but ever new story of the sufferings and death of our Saviour on Calvary.

When the sermon was over the immense crowd which had filled the church to overflowing and had so religiously attended all the services of the evening, was at last free to return home and seek in sleep a much needed rest.

The White Penitents repaired in a body to the presbytery, where, under the direction of M. le Cure, something had been prepared to restore to them the heat and strength lost by them during the long and chilly march of the evening. When all separately were assembled, the kind priest remarked that Pierre Chautard was absent, and he asked Jean Balais whether Pierre was present at the sermon or not.

"He was there at the beginning," Jean answered, "but soon he whistled in my ear that he felt unwell, and he went out."

"I hope it was but a passing spell of dizziness," said the priest, "and he may be here soon."

"I don't know," put in one of the Penitents, "for he looked to me to be very tired. Did not your Reverence observe during the Way of the Cross how painfully he raised himself after each genuflection?"

"Why didn't he tell me after the procession that he was tired?" said the priest, somewhat displeased.

"Oh, Pierre would never have done that," said Jean. "I know him. When he undertakes to do a thing he will do it were he even to die in the attempt."

The absence of Pierre somewhat dampened the happy feelings of the company, and, contrary to custom, the meeting was a short one. As the men were going away, M. le Cure took Jean aside and said:

"Jean, what do you say to our going to Pierre's house and seeing what is the matter with him?"

"Let us go," said Jean.

They went, and soon reached the poor but Pierre's called his home. They knocked at the door; it was opened by the poor wife in tears.

"Where is Pierre?" inquired the priest.

"In bed, your Reverence, with high fever. He is delirious and I don't know what to do. I have nothing to give him. Come in."

Jean Balais hearing how matters stood took the priest aside and in a whisper said to him:

"Be quiet, Pierre," said Louise, gently reproaching the sick man's head on the pillow. "Be quiet, it is only M. le Cure, who has come to see you."

"Don't you know me, Pierre?" said the priest, taking hold of one of his hands.

"The sick man took it at him for a while, then replied: "Yes—I carried the cross—I felt very tired, but I wanted to carry it to the top."

"Yes," said the priest, "and God will bless you for it. But, my friend, you are very sick. Would you like to make your confession?"

"Will I not carry the blessed cross again?"

"Oh, yes," replied the priest, "but it is prudent to settle our affairs with God in case of danger."

"I went to confession last night, for was I not to carry the Lord's cross?" said Pierre, while a heavenly smile spread over his face.

Just then the wife of Jean Balais came in loaded with all that she had been able to procure in the way of medicines. The priest, seeing that Pierre was delirious, and that for the present it was impossible to have him make his confession, having ascertained that what he had said was true, withdrew and left the poor man to the affectionate care of the two women with the promise of a visit early next day.

At three o'clock in the morning Jean Balais, followed by the doctor, rushed into the sick-room. After a long and careful examination of the patient's condition, the physician called Jean aside, and in whispered words informed him that the state of his friend was such that no human art could stay the ravages of the malady, and that if the delirium lasted till noon all hope of recovery was to be given up. Having written a few directions, the doctor went away, followed by Jean.

Early in the morning of Good Friday, M. le Cure made his promised visit. He found Pierre in a very low state. The fever was raging as ferociously as ever, but the sick man, having just gone through a fearful fit of delirium, was now luckily in his right senses. He therefore made his confession with all the signs of the sincerest sorrow and repentance. When it was over, the priest began to tell him of the seriousness of his case, but Pierre stopped him, saying:

"M. le Cure, I know it all. When I want to bed after the services, I know I won't rise again; but God's will be done. I have ever tried to do what I thought right, and during the procession I had a presentiment that it was the last time I was to carry the cross."

"Yes," said the priest, sadly, "Jean told me that the doctor had given you up. Don't wonder if I speak to you plainly; you are a Christian and for you death has no terrors."

"I care not for myself, M. le Cure, but my poor heart breaks at the thought of parting from my wife and my two little boys. What will become of them with no one to give them bread to eat?" And tears began to roll down his flushed cheeks.

"Don't be uneasy, my dear friend," replied the priest, "God is a kind Father and they will be taken care of."

Pierre began to make an appropriate answer, but soon his incoherent words and wild gestures told too plainly that he was delirious again. He fell his remain in this same state till his death; but even in his delirium words were spoken which clearly showed how he valued the privilege of carrying out Lord's cross.

When the bells rang out their blithe alleluias on Holy Saturday, the soul of Pierre Chautard had winged its flight to a better world, to the feet of Him whose cross he had so generously carried and in whom he had so lovingly trusted all his life.

The news of his death spread consternation and sorrow among the people of the parish, and his sudden departure was a terrible blow to his many friends.

Though Pierre lived and died a poor man, his funeral surpassed in magnificence and attendance those of many more favored sons of fortune. But the sympathy of the people did not confine itself to a mere outward show of affection and esteem. Pierre had left behind him a poor sickly wife and two very young boys.

The day after the funeral, the White Penitents held a special meeting, in which it was unanimously resolved that the family of their deceased member should be supported at the expense of the confraternity, and that a Mass should be founded for the repose of the soul of him who carried the cross unto death.

We know whereof we affirm when we state that Ayer's Pills, taken promptly, at the first symptoms of colds and fevers, assist further progress of these disorders, and speedily restore the stomach, liver and bowels to their normal and regular action.

A pretty good thing occurred in the experience and opinions of Dr. Palmer Hulbert's seven-year-old "Mamma," he said, "these boys out there abuse me. They say I am an animal." The mother asked in surprise: "What do they mean?" "Oh, I don't know what they mean. I suppose it is some more of that Higher Criticism."

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

LATEST MARKETS

A GREAT ROOM IN WHEAT

TORONTO, Oct. 20, 1896.

On the early in Chicago at the opening to-day December wheat was quoted at 77c; at the close December wheat was quoted at 76c; call, 30c; puts on May corn, 25c asked; call, 30c.

Table with columns: On passage to U.S., On passage to continent, Total this week, This week last year, Same week 1895.

TORONTO STOCKS IN STORE

Table with columns: Hard wheat, Soft wheat, Spring wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, Buckwheat, Flour.

MONTREAL STOCKS IN STORE

Table with columns: Wheat, Corn, Oats, Barley, Rye, Flour.

THE VISIBLE SUPPLY

Visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada, as per Chicago compilation:

Table with columns: Wheat, Corn, Oats, Barley, Rye, Flour.

Wheat—The advance has checked the offerings of wheat in Ontario in common with all other grains and the market is excited and higher today.

Flour—Was advanced again to-day. Care of straight rollers was quoted 10c higher at \$4. The price of Manitoba flour was advanced another 25c to-day and patents is now quoted at \$5.05 and strong bakers at \$4.95.

Eggs—The supply is fair. Fresh eggs are in good demand at 16c; orange in pickle bring 13 to 14c.

Potatoes—There is no change in the state of the market. Carrots here are worth 35c, wagon loads 40c, and potatoes out of store sell 45c.

Poultry—Is a drug on the market. Prices are weak. Chickens are worth 30c to 4c, ducks 40c to 50c, geese 10c and turkeys 7c.

Wheat—Firm. The buyers on the market to-day said they would pay 80c for white 70c red, and 67c for orange. None were offered.

Barley—Firm. 800 bushels selling at 33c to 41c.

Oats—Steady, 400 bushels selling at 25c to 26c.

Hay and Straw—The supply is fair; prices are slightly easier in hay, 10 loads selling at \$13 to \$14 50; 1 load of straw sold at \$11 50, which is an advance in price.

Dressed Hogs—There are no offers to-day. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$1.16.

Wheat white, do red, do orange, Peas, per bush, Rye, per bush, Oats, per bush, Barley, per bush, Hay, do loose, Eggs, new laid, Butter, lb, do tubs, dairy, Chickens, per pair, Ducks, do, Turkeys, per lb, Potatoes, do, Dressed hogs, do, Lamb, do, Beef, hindquarters, do fore, Mutton, do, Veal, do.

There is a good trade being done and prices in some lines are firmer. Apples continue to offer freely at 15c to 20c per barrel. We quote: Peas, per bush, \$3.75 to \$4.00; corn, 30c to 35c. Sweet potatoes, per bush, \$2.25 to \$2.50. Onions, Canadian, \$9 lb bags, 60c to 65c. Cranberries, Cape Cod, per bush, \$2.00 to \$2.25; Cape Cod, per bush, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Canadian, per bush, \$2.50 to \$2.75. Grapes, Concord, per bush, \$1.25 to \$1.50; other varieties, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Apples, heavy weights, per bush, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Quinces, per bush, \$5.00 to 40c; per barrel, \$2.50. Roasted peanuts, 9c; peanuts, green, extra, per lb, 7c; Sassa, 8c. Chestnuts, per bush, \$2.50 to \$2.75. Coconuts, per bush, now, 60c; per sack, \$1.50. Lima beans, per sack, \$1.00; smaller quantities, per bush, \$1.50; Canadian white beans, per bush, 85c.

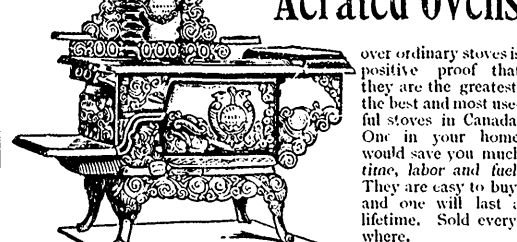
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THE BUFFALO MARKET. East Buffalo, Oct. 19.—Cattle—250 cars through, 64 on sale; market dull and 10c to 20c lower for butcher stock and cow and heifers' stock; prime stock about steady; good to choice steers, \$4.50 to \$4.75; good to choice fat cows \$4.75 to \$5.00; good butchers, \$3.00 to \$3.25; 10c to 12c; Canada short cut calves, \$10 to \$11; hams, city cured, per lb, 10 to 12c; bacon, per lb, 8c; lard, pure Canadian, per lb, 6c to 6 1/2c; lard, common refined per lb, 4c to 5c.

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TORONTO: James Good & Co., Yonge Street. MONTREAL: P. L. N. Beaudry, 127 Do Louverture. QUEBEC: N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul Street.

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