

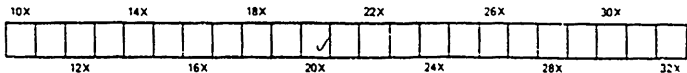
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SHAMS.

(Warren For The Honorable)

The little word at the head of this article suggests ideas of deceit, hypocrisy, pharisaism, and all manner of falsehood knowingly practised.

No doubt in all ages among all classes shams have prevailed more or less. We learn that good King David was once forced to exclaim: "I said in my heart that all men were liars."

Our own age affords such abundance of examples and varieties of shams that one is inclined, pessimistically may be, to avow that in this respect our age takes the lead.

In politics deceit is reduced to a fine art, and sincerity is a most rare jewel. In the commercial world honesty is conspicuous for its absence.

In the social relations what submissiveness and meanness studiously concealed are practised!

This deceit in common parlance, social and political life is often veiled under the thinnest of masks, while its prevalence is so widely established, and so materially affects the habits and customs of the age that it is generally difficult to detect, and more difficult perhaps to defeat in its purposes.

The politician will promise an office when it is not intended to be given, or pronounces words in reference to a political subject which he knows to be insincere, and intended only to conceal his real feelings or accomplish some personal triumph for himself.

This task of the politician would be much more difficult, if fancy, if the want of sincerity was not so prevalent in public life, making the ways and purposes of politicians so similar, and making so much the less easy the rejection of political utterances as certainly unreliable.

In commerce too, the same process of dissimulation of methods seems to be going on. Just look at the advertisements that appear in the average daily papers of one of our cities and be convinced of the truth of this remark.

The same fat superlatives are used to puff up the business of even shoddy advertisers, and if they were to be taken at their word they should be regarded as martyrs to the public needs and requirements, inasmuch as they would seem to throw away—"eschew" is the word used—their goods for the benefit of a favored public.

Where will this kind of utter sham stop! Railroad and steamship companies launch out exaggerated descriptions of routes existing only in their imagination; stereotypers buy sometimes even with the most conscientious faith that mounts the platform to vend his stuff to the crowd; politicians deliver speeches that make themselves laugh at the people's evident belief for being fooled; men and women of meagre means try to pass off as being of a different class, dressing and living accordingly, and in the arts and professions the trail of the serpent of sham is so often distinctly visible.

In literature too there are the venes impostors, and light-headed friends, or rather enemies, puff their merits and flatter them to a degree that requires years to undo the deception so practised upon the public.

It should also be borne in mind that the deceits alone merely touched upon are not inclusive of some kinds of deceit that invade the most sacred rights and feelings of humanity. Take for instance the deceit of men towards the fairer sex in matrimonial promises or in their relations with them in social life generally. It is true the deceit in such instances is not always on one side, and that in such affairs man is sometimes "more sinned against than sinning."

It is difficult to conceive anything more heathenish, more abhorrent to manly or refined feeling, than to speak of Christian disposition, than the deceiving of a confiding, helpless woman into the belief that marriage is the purpose for which attentions are bestowed upon her, whereas in the heart no such purpose exists. I do not mean that to constitute this quintessence of the lower animal it is necessary to give an express promise of marriage to be deceived one. Inferences strong enough to deceive can be gathered from frequent visiting and keeping company in public, in cases where such visits and company cannot be otherwise accounted for, and when neither of the parties have other engagements. However, I do not assume authority on such matters. If in any case an open, honest and consistent conduct is required on the part of either sex, surely it is in this, where the most delicate feelings of the human heart are concerned, feelings whose ruthless violation is apt to be followed by the saddest misery beyond the power of pen or tongue to describe.

It may be asked whence comes this element of sham that reminds us of "the trail of the serpent o'er its all?" Godlessness and irreligion are ever its accompaniments. Take away religion and you open wide the sluice gates to all sorts of deceit, selfishness, greed and crime. Competent authority has within my hearing pathetically referred the dishonesty in business affairs prevailing in the United States to irreligion, and that authority had the greater weight because he was a citizen of the United States and a

living witness to the facts which he stated. Human remedies, such as the divorce courts, asylums and penitentiaries fail to remedy the disease. This is a fact which should be seriously considered by the advocates of godless schools.

Emperor William on his Divine Right.

COBLENZ, September 1.—Emperor William in proposing a toast to the Rhine Province, at the provincial banquet, held here yesterday evening, after the unveiling by His Majesty of the equestrian monument erected in honor of William the Great, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, made a long speech upon the subject of his grandfather, during the course of which he said:

"My grandfather went forth from Coblenz to mount the throne as the chosen instrument of the Lord, and as such he regarded himself. For all of us, more especially for my princes, he raised once more on high, crowning it with the bright rays of the treasure which may we ever preserve in its sublimity and holiness—I mean the kingdom with its grace of God, the never-ending, ever-enduring toils and labors, with its awful responsibility to the Creator alone, from which no man, no minister, no house of parliament, no people, can release the Prince.

"For me it will be a sacred duty, following in the way which the great ruler has shown us and in solitude for my country, to hold my protecting hand over this splendid jewel and in the tradition which has descended to us, and which remains stronger than iron—yes, even than the walls of Ehrenbreitstein—to take this province to my breast, the heart of the father of his country, and wish with all my heart that her people may grow under the protection of long lasting peace."

The Emperor and Empress of Germany arrived at Würzburg, Bavaria, at seven o'clock this morning, and were accorded an enthusiastic reception. They were immediately driven to the railway grounds.

Father Luke Callaghan.

MONTREAL, Sept. 1.—The appointment of Father Luke Callaghan, D.D., to the high office of English Chaplain of the Cathedral, opens up a new era in his eventful and successful career.

It is gazetted in Saturday's *Semaine Religieuse*, the official organ of His Grace Archbishop Brodeur. Our congratulations by letter and telegram have been tendered the young doctor, both by the clergy and laity ever since the announcement has been formally made.

Rev. Dr. Luke is by virtue of his office a member of His Lordship's Chapter; he is the youngest among that distinguished body. In his new office he is in a position to render the most eminent services to the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal, and entire diocese. Doubtless his success throughout the three years of his sojourn at Rome in the career of University study, and the high class diplomas of Roman Doctorship conferred on him by the Cardinal Prefect of Studies prompted His Grace to promote him to the new administration and charge. His many friends and well-wishers look upon his new nomination as a stepping-stone to still higher emoluments.

Japan and the United States.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—A special to The Herald from Washington says: Japan, not content with an interference with President McKinley's Hawaiian annexation policy, now has designs upon the Nicaraguan Canal.

According to semi-official advices just received here from Nicaragua, the Japanese Government is secretly negotiating with the Diet of the greater republic of Central America, which recently met in Salvador, for the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal, independent of and in defiance of the interests of other nations. It has been suspected in some quarters that England, who has always been anxious to require at least a joint control of the canal, might be working in collusion with Japan in the "dickering" with the Diet now understood to be in progress, but nothing has yet come to the surface to indicate that she has encouraged Japan in the move.

It Was for the Mourners.

In connection with the present discussion of extravagant display at funerals the following story is in order: A poor man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John?" "Now what can I get for you?" "With a wan smile he answered feebly: "Well, I seem to smell a ham smoking somewhere; I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."

It may be only a trilling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an unknown grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Doan's Anti-Cough Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, and all afflictions of the throat, lungs and chest.

A GODSEKER'S ADVENTURE.

The following is related as a true story in The Weekly Sun. Three recently arrived at Seattle, a town on the Pacific coast of America, a party of Alaskan prospectors, who brought with them news of a man named Robertson, who had been the hero of a remarkable adventure. He and a companion named Parsons had been prospecting for gold on the Sushitna River in Alaska.

While they were rowing up that river, about twelve miles above its mouth, their boat was captured by the swiftly rushing current of a tributary stream, and both men were drawn under the boat. Robertson managed to catch the limb of a tree, and in a quarter of an hour got to the shore by its aid. Parsons was swept away from the bottom of the boat as soon as he reached the shore. Robertson set off down the stream after his companion. His heavy rubber boots retarded him, and he got them off. Far down the current the boat lodged on the rocks in the midst of a rapid; Robertson worked a long time to get it to, and when at last he reached it, Parsons was unconscious; and he died soon after Robertson got him ashore.

Robertson's task now was to get out of the woods without supplies of any kind—for everything had been swept away in the carrying of the boat—and without adequate protection from the weather, for he had on but a flannel shirt and trousers, with no boots.

Other small boatloads of prospectors had preceded Robertson and Parsons up the river. So far as Robertson knew, none had followed. His only chance to obtain human aid was in catching one of these boats. Though he seemed hopeless for a man on foot, he at first put Parsons' hat on a tall pole as a signal to enable him to find the body if he should obtain help.

He had no food nor any way to get it. Worse and more weakening than his unassisted hunger were the attacks of the clouds of mosquitoes that filled the woods. They covered his face and hands and feet in black sheets, and kept him fighting them constantly; but he pressed on. His only hope lay in following the river, and for the most part the stream was lined with marshes, in which these insects swarmed in deadly clouds. He could not rest, either day or night; if he sank down for a while the masses of mosquitoes settled on him and drove him forth.

For three days and nights he kept this up; and then it seemed to him that the limit of his endurance was reached. Try as he would, he could not go on, and was in danger of swooning away if he tried to walk. If he faintly felt that the clouds of insects would descend upon him and take what little life he had left.

A human being who is already on the point of death from starvation has little vitality left with which to combat the attacks even of insects; and these terrible clouds of mosquitoes would have sapped the strength of a strong man.

Giving it up at last, Robertson went to the very bank of the river, and at the narrowest point that he had yet strength to reach, he hollowed out a little bed in the leaves. In this he lay down, finding a partial shelter from the mosquitoes in the leaves.

If by chance a boat should pass along the river before he died there, his occupants might see him, even if he had not strength enough to call to them; but there was extremely little probability that any boat would come, in that Alaskan solitude, within the little time that seemed to be left for poor Robertson.

In lay part of the time unconscious in sleep, and part of the time worrying lest he should be asleep if a boat should pass, and should consequently let him go without hailing it. The worry helped to keep him awake; and after what seemed a long time, and when in reality was about three hours, he saw a canoe come around the bend in the river. As it came nearer he saw that it contained Indians.

Robertson called as loudly as he could, and two Indians came ashore. They could speak no English, but he made signs to indicate that he had eaten nothing for three days; and for that matter his pitiable condition was plain to them. They beckoned to a comrade in the canoe, and he brought the boat ashore. Out of it they took some dried moose-meat, some tea, some bread, and some loaf sugar. They even had a china teapot. They built a fire and cooked meat and prepared tea, and gave Robertson as much as was good for him. Then they took him into their canoe, and there he sank down into sound sleep.

When he awoke Robertson could not open his eyes, so swollen had they become with the bites of the mosquitoes. But he heard the voices of the Indians, and presently the voice of man trying to talk to them in English. Then he got his eyes open far enough to see that there were tents, and recognized a couple of prospectors who had come with him from Seattle to Cook's Inlet.

Here Robertson was well taken care of, as soon as he was able he returned and with the other prospectors, and after two days, search was accorded in finding the body of Parsons, to which they gave decent burial in the woods, marking the grave.

Then Robertson, with the determination which every gold-seeker must show if he hopes to be successful, went on with his prospecting journey. The men who had helped to bury Parsons were homeward bound, and arrived to Seattle the week-end of the story, which Robertson sent in a letter to his wife there.

The Favorites of Abdul the Damned.

The Revue des R-veues publishes a startling article on the Court and favorites of the "Grand Assassin," the writer being Dr. E. J. Dillon. The chief favorite of the Sultan is Nazem Pacha, Head of the Police, who is especially potted by his master because he can wring secrets from unfortunate persons, whom he tortures by locking them up for weeks in a prison, where they have to stand all the time and only receive bread and water as sustenance. Oas young Armenian, Moviano, who was subjected to this torture went temporarily mad, and was placed in an asylum, whence he was rescued with difficulty by his friends. There are, nevertheless, Armenian as well as Syrian Greeks and, of course, Turkish favorites around the Sultan, and as the writer of the article observes, it is a marvel that they do not eat each other up through envy and jealousy. They find, however, that their best plan is to humor each other as well as the Sultan, who allows them to lovy as much black mail and backsheesh as they like on place-hunters, audience-seekers and public entertainers. The lowest post under the Government has to be paid for beforehand by the applicant to the tune of a year's salary at least. A Spanish musician, who received a hundred pounds for performing before the Sultan, was surrounded in the Palace by a crowd of money hunters to whom he had to give tips. A gorgeous chamberlain conducted him to his hotel in an Imperial chariot, and then asked for a pound as his bonus. When the musician counted his gains he found that he had about 276 left. The writer had also some curious notes of the harem. After the Chief of Police the head eunuch seems to have the greatest influence, which he wields through the women, who are condemned to banishment in Asia Minor according to his reports as to their health. Referring to the disgraceful custom which the writer says that 80 per cent of the robust young negroes examined die before selection. And yet this is the 19th century, and the Turk is allowed to do practically what he likes; and, what is more, finds defenders and apologists in Christendom.

Slavery Under the Stars and Stripes.

Charles Frederick Holder, writing upon "Chinese Slavery" in The North American Review, says: The large Chinese settlement in San Francisco has made traffic in human beings not merely possible, but a business followed as a means of profitable investment, under the protection and patronage of two Chinese societies, and here, in the heart of an American city, we find one of the best organized slave markets of modern times, fostered by as motley a band of criminals as could be produced in any portion of the uncivilized world; a band numbering at least three thousand, who derive their support directly or indirectly from the sale and barter of female slaves.

The Chinese population of San Francisco is estimated at 20,000. Of these 5,000 are factory hands; 5,000 are to be merchants; 4,000 are domestic servants; 8,000 are the criminals referred to, and 3,000 are women and children. Of the 2,500 females it is estimated with more or less accuracy that 1,000 are legitimate wives, the remaining 1,500 being slaves in the fullest sense; girls kidnaped in their homes in the Orient, brought to America by fraud and imposture, passed through the Custom house under false names, in fear of death or dire consequences, put up at auction before professional slave merchants, knocked down to the highest bidder, and condemned, in the majority of instances, to a life under duress in the Chinese brothels of an American city.

A young Chinese girl, from nine to twelve years of age, in San Francisco to-day has a market value of from \$160 to \$500. A girl from twelve to sixteen, if attractive, is quoted on exchange among the high-bidders, who constitute the brokers in this unique American Exchange, at from \$500 to \$1,500, while for girls over six years old the prices range up to \$8,500, which has been paid on the very good ground that such an investment will return a profit of twenty or thirty per cent.

Cardinal Ledochowski.

ROME, Aug. 28.—It is reported that Cardinal Ledochowski will shortly give up the management of the Papal Propaganda, and that the duties will be assumed by Cardinal Sastri, a former representative of the Holy See in the United States.

CAN ROSEBRUCH BE...?

Mr. F. B. Rosebruch writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

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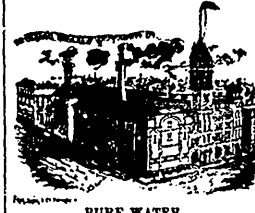
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

Sept. 9.—St. Peter Claver. 10.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino.

11.—St. Protus and Hyacinth. 12.—Holy Name of Mary.

13.—St. Amatus. 14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

15.—St. Nicomedes.

While Emperor William, in the name of his grandfather and of Providence, is impressing upon his subjects the grim reality of his divine right to rule them according to his whims, one of his English royal relatives has published the statement that 6,600 patriotic Germans are languishing in state prisons on charges of lese-majeste.

It would be interesting to know the opinions of those 6,600 persons regarding the Emperor's boasted knowledge of things divine and hereafter. Likely enough they would be inclined to agree with the startling information gained from the occupants of Hades by Quereido:

But where, good air, do you confine your kings? There (said his guide) the group is full in view. Indeed (replied the Don) there are but few.

His flock interpreted the charge disdainful; Few fellows there are all that ever reigned.

Emperor William has contracted a habit of speaking on public occasions as if his grandfather and Providence were directly responsible for all the young Kaiser's acts. He has yet to learn that kings like other individuals are responsible each for his own performances.

True Witness—Montreal envies Toronto, we freely confess it. To tell the truth the occasion for such a feeling occurs but seldom, but where it does it is only right that it should be acknowledged.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has met within her gates and its members, apart from the exchange of ideas, all of which are fraught with advantage to the world, have had the opportunity of listening to two eloquent discourses. We refer to the sermons preached on Sunday, 22nd August, by Rev. Fathers Halpin and Ryan, before the Association, in the Cathedral of St. Michael's.

They were a grand challenge to the intellectual world and an irrefutable answer to the old calumny and lie that the Church is an enemy to education and science. Anyone reading the sermons, reproduced in another column, will see how closely allied true religion is to higher education and how truly the disciple of Christ and the disciple of Science can go hand and hand along the path which leads to man's eternal salvation.

Following up the appreciation by our Montreal contemporary of the two scientific sermons as published in a recent number of THE REGISTER, we gladly give prominence to the following "suggestion," which comes from one of our Toronto readers:

"DEAR SIR:—In your issue of Aug. 26th appeared a report of the sermons delivered before the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by the Rev. Father Halpin, S.J., and Rev. Father Ryan. The reading of these sermons must have impressed the most casual reader with their eloquence and forcible presentation of Catholic Truth, and as such to be gladly welcomed as declarations of the real relation of the Church to the progress of science. In these days, when superficial minds are much exercised over the 'higher criticism,' and the supposed effect of scientific research in relation to matters of faith, it must be a source of much congratulation to Catholics to know that the doctrines of the Church are able to satisfy any honest critic, be he scientist or otherwise; and it must be equally satisfactory to know that before such a brilliant array of learned men the Church in Toronto has had an opportunity to explain, by two talented sons of the faith, her exact position, now as in the past, and her sympathetic relation with all that pertains to the common good. And now for the suggestion. Cannot the Catholic Truth Society either as a whole, or failing that some one of the branches, arrange to have these sermons issued in

pamphlet form? The cost cannot be very great, whilst the good resulting from a distribution of them is quite obvious. "I will not enlarge upon my suggestion, further than to say that it seems to me this is an opportunity for the furtherance of their objects that the Catholic Truth Society ought not to let pass." A WELL-WISHER.

Julian Hawthorne's articles on the state of India are continued in The Cosmopolitan. The only fault we are disposed to find with Mr. Hawthorne is his apparent prejudice in laying all the blame upon the natives themselves. Their religion has given rise to everything. Yet so far he has given no information concerning the raising of taxes, rents etc., throughout the empire, whose people he describes as naked, emaciated and repulsive in the extreme. The taxes must come from somewhere. The Indian government, the most cumbersome and intricate in the world, must be maintained. Tens of thousands of British pensioners, or their widows or spinster relatives, must be provided for with reasonable luxury. The native princes live like princes; and there are a thousand other notable sources of expenditure. Here is a pretty picture of a native prince, as Mr. Hawthorne encountered him: "At dinner (in a hotel, we had the advantage of the rajah's company; he had a head like that of a Roman Emperor of the decadent period, much ravaged by dissipation, and his conversation generally took a waggish turn. He spoke an extraordinary version of English and was listened to by the rest of the company at table with a certain admiring servility which English people of the middle rank cannot help exhibiting in the presence of royalty. As the rajah finished bottle after bottle of the champagne, which he ordered with princely recklessness, his conversation assumed a very risqué complexion; inasmuch that I looked to see the ladies retire; but they held out valiantly. The rajah wore English garments; he was stout, broad and swartly; and to the irrevocable eye he looked not so much like a prince as like some disreputable buffoon, stranded from a wrecked circus, taking tippy liberties. I presume he paid for the champagne he ordered; if so the money must have come from—one does not like to think where; but every glass of it must have cost a human life. And the fat flesh with which the rajah's body was padded was stripped from the dry ribs of many a nameless heap of bones that had once been a man, a baby or a woman."

The concluding entries in the journal of the late E. J. Glave, the famous African explorer, go far towards establishing the fact that slavery is as real in the Congo Free State to-day as ever. The editor of The Century publishes in the present number, along with the extracts from the diaries, a private letter to the editor of the magazine, in which the following sentences occur: "The occupation of the territories of the Congo Free State by the Belgians is an enormous expense and the administration is making the most frantic efforts to obtain a revenue of a size sufficient to enable it to pay its way. In the fighting consequent upon this policy . . . slaves are taken—men, women and children, called in the state documents liberators. These slaves or prisoners are most of them sent down-stream, first to Leopoldville. There the children are handed over to a Jesuit mission to be schooled and to receive military training from a state officer established at the mission for that purpose. In two years this Catholic mission has buried three hundred of these poor, unfortunate little children, victims of the inhuman policy of the Congo Free State. On the Ville du Bruxelles, the big state boat upon which I descended the Congo, we took on board one hundred and two little homeles, motherless, fatherless, children, varying from four years to seven or eight, among them a few little girls. Many of them had frightful ulcers, which showed no sign of having been attended to, although there was a state doctor at the equator station. Some few had a tiny strip of cloth, two or three inches wide, tucked in a string around the waist to hide their nakedness, but half of them were perfectly naked. As they were huddled together on the lower deck of the boat on the damp, chill mornings, shivering with cold, death was marking many for hasty baptism and a grave at the Jesuit mission near Leopoldville.

Elsewhere Glave has described the inhuman whippings of women and children. It is quite comprehensible that a mercenary state is capable of making the so-called "liberation" of the natives a very hell of slavery. It is a mercy that the Jesuit mission exists for the reception of the poor little children, although many arrive there suffering beyond hope of recovery from the effects of neglect and inhuman treatment. What the Belgians are doing in the Congo Free State other branches of the white race are doing elsewhere—trafficking in human blood and life and calling it a civilizing policy.

Loaves and Fishes for P.P.A's. Sir—I am a regular reader of THE REGISTER and can admire its independence, even when it attacks the Laurier Government, of which I am a political supporter. But what authority have you for insinuating that P.P.A.'s have received any encouragement whatever from this Government? Such insinuations require proof. O'RATHOUE.

As we have yet a vast amount of material on hand which it is necessary to lay before the public for the information of Irish-Catholic admirers of the Liberal Government (if any such still exist), we make the foregoing communication from a Montreal friend the text of this week's contribution to our exposure of the anti-Catholic policy of the present administration. But we wish to say here that we care equally for one political party or the other, that we are as ready to appreciate or condemn the acts of one or the other according to our lights; in short that partisanship of any sort has none of our sympathy.

We have said that the anti-Catholic policy of the Government is to make room in the public service for fully identified P.P.A.'s. It may be well to have an admission at the outset that the policy in question is indisputably anti-Catholic. We are glad to have such an admission from The Hamilton Herald, a paper that unites with independence of political tone a strong liking for the personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and a partiality for his main political principles. And now for the proof desired by our Montreal friend.

If an example of a fully identified P.P.A. be sought for, who can answer the description better than the last President of the Protestant Protective Association? This worthy's name is Edward S. Busby. At the secret meeting of the Protestant Protective Association, held in a Toronto hotel, on the eve of the general elections to appoint a successor to the Rev. J. O. Madill, and select other officers, an official report of the elections was given out to the representatives of the press. Busby, who presided over the convocation, was himself elected President, and some samples of his bigoted opinions were published in the press in the shape of interviews. Inquiry as to who this Busby might be elicited the information that he was a broken down saloon-keeper from Lambton, who like Edmund E. Sheppard, had been going around from political party to political party, and from faction to faction, with an advertisement conspicuously engraved upon his patriotic breast:

TO HIRE, OR FOR SALE.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy soon made a deal with Busby. He did not buy him; he hired him as one of the shouters at the door of his little campaign side show. And now the great Government of the Dominion of Canada has purchased Busby off Dalton McCarthy's hands. The price paid is a steep one; more than a hundred hanks of Busby's mettle would be worth to the most disreputable politician in the Dominion. Busby has been made Inspector of Customs; and the selection, we must say, is in line with the wanton persecution by Mr. Paterson of Catholics like Mr. Daniel McAllister of Cobourg and Mr. Joseph Tennant, of Grains, Man.

What do Irish-Catholic Liberals think of this? What do the sincere well-meaning men of the Liberal party, no matter what their religion may be, think of it? Political mountebanks like Busby and Sheppard, individuals without a particle of influence, who attain to a measure of disreputable notoriety by the bad language and pretended vindictiveness (or even their bigotry is only a mercenary profession) which they fling at Catholics, have first choice of the political rewards the new administration finds itself able to dispense. Is it political sagacity to give rewards in such quarters? If there is no honesty in politics, and every honest man with political convictions will regard the purchase of political chattels like Busby and his tribe, whose use belongs to the early part of the 18th century, as a disgrace to the intelligence of the age we live in.

Is the Liberal party—the party of reform—prepared to let its adherents, and all others concerned, understand that it has turned its back upon its historic professions and is taking into its employment all the purchas-

able fanatics and rogues in the country, whose political work is done in the dark, and whose public activity is exclusively concerned with finding a market where they may dispose of themselves. Fanatics, and rogues professing fanaticism, are a class of out-of-date demagogues, and there is no place for them in the administration of responsible government, least of all in a government professing Liberal policy and principles.

It is not alone the president of the P.P.A. that the Liberal Government has rewarded. The Canadian Know-nothings used to boast of a membership roll of thousands; but at length it came to be generally believed that the entire organization numbered but a few, besides the individuals the price of whose regalia became subject of some instructive litigation. If that belief were well founded, it seems plain enough that the whole working force of Canadian P.P.A.'s is at the present writing ranged around the public crib. John Shields, the Toronto organizer of dark-cellar politics, has been given a good thing by Mr. Mulock in the Post office department; the frothing Floody has been restored to official favor, and Secretary Godfrey has been exalted to the dizzy height of a private political secretaryship under the eye of one of the Cabinet ministers. There may be a few more P.P.A.'s left; but we venture to say that when we hear of them it shall be in the enjoyment of additional fat offices.

Last week we took the liberty of telling Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he is in bad hands when provincial politicians order things so that Messrs. Busby & Co. can feed sumptuously every day at the public expense in reward, it is supposed, for political services. The ministers who are responsible for these appointments are the same ministers who are hunting Catholics out of the public service. So far we have dealt only with Mr. Paterson, who has sanctioned the dismissal of Mr. McAllister and Mr. Tennant. Is it to be concluded that the inner council of the P.P.A. now merged in the Federal Cabinet Council, oversees the weeding out of Catholic civil servants? If so they are for once in the position to carry the policy of prescription on to success.

And now, let us ask, why should Mr. Paterson wish to stand in with political fanatics, thugs and mercenaries? He must, of course, look to some quarter for backing, and he seems to have appointed himself the Cabinet representative of the P.P.A's. It is, indeed, a disgraceful role that he has chosen to appear in. The question is what is the stake he is playing for? The probable answer to this question is at least partially known. If the party remains long in power, and he retains the strength to have his own way in the Government policy, there is every probability that he shall be a rich man in a short time. The tariff on the goods he manufactures—confectionery—has been raised to 36 per cent. and over. Confectioners in lines of business different from Mr. Paterson's—chocolates—have had the tariff on their goods reduced from 15 per cent. by 12½ per cent., under the reciprocal clause of the Liberal Tariff Act.

Mr. Paterson appears to be in the Government for legal plunder, and it is fitting that he should surround himself by the most disreputable gang that has ever been bred in Canadian politics.

Irish Conditions and Politics.

The Council of the Irish National Federation has just put on record resolutions dealing with the more conspicuous aspects of the political situation in Ireland at the present hour. These resolutions are published elsewhere. The country is facing another of its periodic famines, which promises to put a severe strain upon landlords and tenants. The Government is understood to have formulated some policy for relieving the landlords; but the tenants are piously recommended to the protection of Providence. True the people are enjoying a short visit from the Duke and Duchess of York, who have been received with the greatest hospitality and kindness, to the comfort, it is said, of the aged Queen. In recognition of these passing events the Tory papers of England have engaged themselves in the work known as "killing Ireland

by kindness"—that is to say, The St. James' Gazette asserts the total absence of Irish discontent: "The winter of Irish discontent, as a matter of fact, has been for some time past a rather artificial climate, very carefully refrigerated by mechanical means. The process is tedious, and almost everybody, except a few professional politicians, is thoroughly tired of it. We hope the Royal visit will go far to make it seem more troublesome and superfluous than ever." The Evening Standard says "most of Ireland's grievances have been purely chimerical," and gloats over the "bitter mortification" it supposes the reception of the Duke and Duchess to have caused the Nationalists.

It must be a very killing form of kindness indeed to the people in the districts where the crops have been a failure to hear upon the authority of English Tory editors that the winter of their discontent has been made glorious summer by the son of York. Not that the young Prince is held in blame for this stupidity; indeed, he has managed to bear himself with tact throughout the visit, and has made a good impression on the whole. According as the people see that their hospitable treatment of the Royal visitors has only developed the crassness of their English opponents the conviction is brought home to them with tenfold force that they must depend upon themselves and their parliamentary representatives for any relief or betterment of their condition.

The kickers among the Parliamentary representatives have equally perceived this truth; and at the meeting of the National Federation on August 25th Mr. Dillon was able to make a statement which Irishmen in Ireland and elsewhere will read with pleasure. He said: "I say to the people of Ireland that if they desire to obtain anything on which they have their hearts set, I don't care what it may be, which can be obtained through action in the House of Commons, their first duty, with a view to obtaining such an object, is to secure that a united Irish party shall speak the voice of the Irish nation on the floor of the House of Commons, and I confess that since the commencement of the session I think the horizon in this regard has considerably brightened (hear, hear). I think we now have a very much better prospect of united action between Irish representatives of all classes outside the House of Commons in Ireland, than we ever had since the year 1801 (hear, hear), and I think that we have every reason to rejoice and to approve of the action of the Council of this organization yesterday in showing by one of the resolutions which were passed that so far as they are concerned they are willing and anxious to co-operate with any body of Nationalists who sincerely desire to serve the cause of the people (applause)."

It certainly is high time for the dissonances in the Irish Parliamentary Party to end, and it is satisfactory to hear that they are about ended as the country is approaching another crisis.

The Duke Put Orangemen in Their Place.

When the Prince of Wales came to Toronto he refused to enter the city under an Orange sash, and put himself to considerable personal inconvenience to avoid the patronage which the sons of King William were determined to thrust into his face. The Duke of York on his present visit to Ireland has adopted even a more particular attitude towards the Orange society. He would not accept an Orange address until it had been first submitted for approval; and when it came back from the Royal hand the document had been most intelligently blue-pencilled. As originally drawn up, the address contained some hackneyed phrases, which are always senseless except for the insinuation of Catholic disloyalty implied.

The stereotyped statement had been made by the Irish Orangemen that their society was originally founded "for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty," and that to-day it stands for "the maintenance of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland." The Duke of York scrupulously erased both presumptuous assertions, and intimated that he was willing to receive the address as amended, simply attesting the loyalty of Orangemen to the throne and their participation in the welcome tendered to the Duke and Duchess of York. There was no recourse but to do this. The incident has, however, occasioned considerable comment in the Irish papers, and the popular estimation of the Duke has been elevated accordingly. It is not the first time that Royalty has shown its ability to favor the view of the people of Ireland in connection with old party and class prejudices.

Lord Crowe when Lord Lieutenant declined to accept addresses from the party of ascendancy, when such addresses displayed bigotry or prejudice. The Duke of York has set the royal seal upon this very advisable plan of discrimination. The Freeman's Journal says: "The refusal of the Duke of York to receive an address from the Orange Society, proclaiming itself the defender of civil and religious liberty in Ireland and protesting its determination to maintain the Legislative Union, is a significant now departure on the part of Royalty in connection with Irish politics. It proves that the advisers of the Crown no longer think it expedient to have the Sovereign and her representatives exploited in Ireland as the partisans of Orangemen and Unionism, and that the time has gone by when party politics could be preloined from the Throne Room in Dublin Castle.

Misconduct Always Indefensible.

The Kingston Whig says it is "strikingly ungenerous" on the part of THE REGISTER to assert unfair treatment of Catholics as far as the Kingston dismissals go. We hope THE Whig understands our position clearly. We are no believers in advocating fair-play for Catholics by the publication of unfair statements. The only knowledge we have of the penitentiary dismissals depends upon the finding of the commission which has been circulated by the Government at Ottawa. That commission recommended the dismissal for cause among others of certain employes who happen to be Catholics. We have not asserted, nor have we the least intention of asserting now, that the cause was insufficient. If Catholic employes do not conduct themselves with propriety in the public service they deserve dismissal, and they will not find censure or championship in the columns of this paper.

What we did point out was that the commission recommended other dismissals—the warden's—where the Government abstained from action for political reasons. Our assertion we believe to be true; indeed, we have knowledge of some facts that place the statement beyond denial. In two Kingston cases, having no connection with the penitentiary, THE Whig says the dismissals of Catholics were recommended by fellow Catholics. Such an explanation can hardly be accepted as sufficient to satisfy criticism. In connection with the three dismissals at the Military College, THE Whig is able to assure us that Col. Kiteaux accepts all responsibility, his action being dictated by the conscientious pursuit of economy. Col. Kiteaux may have a phenomenally sensitive conscience; but we cannot help thinking it a rather strange coincidence that his amazing development of scrupulousness should have asserted itself only after the change of government had taken place and the Liberals had begun the hunt after Catholic office-holders.

THE Whig will never find THE REGISTER defending unworthy conduct of Catholics in government employment. The dismissals that have taken place for just cause can make no appeal to us. But while the press of Canada is as indifferent to the interests of Catholic citizens as if Catholics had no right to seek service under the state, our people who suffer injustice from motives of religious, political or private malice will naturally look to this paper for assistance.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Proposal.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick's proposal to honor the Irish dead on Grosse Ile by erecting a suitable monument to their memory is worthy of a man occupying his position. The initiative in national movements or purposes, such as this one which the Solicitor-General suggests, comes with entire propriety from a public and representative man. We welcome and gladly support it, not only the proposal in a general way, but also the method outlined by Mr. Fitzpatrick for seeking the Irish Catholic people of Canada and the United States to contribute.

It is well said that monuments are a nation's landmarks. The finest monuments of most nations are those that have been erected by the people as a whole. Such monuments cannot lie, as they would

A few wealthy persons had borne the cost without consulting the popular heart in the least. This same thought, that monuments may give the lie to national tradition, reminds us also that the absence of a suitable monument from the spot where one ought to stand is equally a denial of a people's heartfelt sentiment. The resting place of the martyrs of '47 on lonely Grosse Isle is such a spot, if one is to be found anywhere upon the dismal track through the wildernesses of the world of exiled Erin. It is all a memory now to be sure; but not a memory to be forgotten. So long indeed it has remained a memory without a mark; but because it has survived, and will survive as long as the American Gael loves his kith and kin, and remembers in a land of freedom the traditions of bitter experience in the land of his sires, the bare nameless place must remind us all of a duty to our history and to our hearts that remains undone. In this sense the absence of a monument on Grosse Isle is as much a lie as if one with a lie written upon it were erected there. Mr. Fitzpatrick calls it a "lasting disgrace to our nationality." A disgrace it is, as a lie is always disgraceful; but this disgrace shall not last. There is no community of Irishmen worthy the name in America that will not wish to share in the erection of this monument. Let the organization begin at once, and to whatever hands it may be entrusted The Register promises to render every help in its power.

Catholics and Higher Education.

We earnestly recommend the observations made by Father Brennan, at last Sunday's ordination in St. Basil's church, to the attention of our wealthy Canadian Catholics. Higher education in our modern life affords the noblest plane of emulation between the defined classes and denominations of our population. The natural effect of this is becoming more and more felt. We know how the thought of the world is now influenced by the character of college work. In the future the colleges must inevitably increase their influence, in proportion to the greater numbers they are equipping for the world and for the Church. Father Brennan invites our attention exclusively to the interests of the Church. He asks us to look at what the seats are doing in the way of endowing their colleges. Their educational work takes on higher and more effective development every day, as the donations of generous men stimulate ambition; and the question is, Where shall Catholics stand in the soul-enobling competition? Certainly Catholics have here a very real obligation. We believe that the disposition to meet it shall not be wanting. Worthy actions have already been performed in the United States. The Catholic Church in Canada has the future of a great country to regard, and her priesthood must constantly demand the highest education obtainable.

The Wolfe Island Dismissal.

WOLFE ISLAND, Sept. 7, 1897. To the Editor of The Catholic Register: DEAR SIR—I notice an article in The Kingston Whig in reply to yours, on the dismissal of officers in my diocese of Kingston. With regard to my dismissal, I can say I was dismissed on a charge assessed as a matter against me. They hold an investigation against officer Purdy (the other fishery officer of Frontenac) and myself. I have heard Mr. Sheppard (the investigator) mention two men who signed their names to some charges. But those two at least were not Catholics. Another name mentioned was a Catholic; but trying to seek Protestant influence. Not one of those three men were acquainted with me, and although they were in the city at the time, only one of them appeared at the investigation. He denied his signature to the charges and said if his name was there some one else had written it. The charges mentioned in the summons were neglect of duty in April, May and June, 1896, but at the investigation this was not spoken of. It was "offensive partisanism." Nothing whatever was proven. Mr. Sheppard, of your city—would not allow me an attorney at the investigation, although Mr. Purdy, the other officer, was allowed one. I had to defend myself. I cannot see any reason for that unless it was religion. Mr. Purdy is yet in office, although there were as many as twelve witnesses summoned against him. I never heard a word from the Department for about three months after the investigation. Then the letter of dismissal arrived, giving the cause of my dismissal as "offensive partisanism in the elections of June, 1896, when we had no elections in Frontenac. I asked the Department for a copy of the trial and report of the investigation over two months ago; but have got no reply. Yours, JAMES McGLYNN.

IRELAND'S SITUATION.

Important Resolutions Passed by the Irish National Federation.

The first meeting of the Council of the Irish National Federation elected for the years '97 and '98 was held at the Central Offices, Rutland square, Dublin, on Aug. 24. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., presided. The Chairman moved the adoption of the following resolution:—"That this Council earnestly recommends the appeal of the Evicted Tenants' Committee to the support of the people of Ireland. That we observe with regret that up to the present the fund has not assumed dimensions proportioned to the needs of the evicted tenants. We trust that a collection will be organized in every parish in Ireland, so that everyone may have an opportunity of contributing towards the support of a body of men whose claim on the country is admitted by all true Nationalists." Mr. W. London seconded the resolution, which was unanimously passed. Mr. William O'Brien moved:—"That, in conformity with the resolution of the Irish Race Convention of 1896, urging the continuance of efforts to bring about unity and good feeling among all sections of Irish Nationalists, and in recognition of the growing feeling manifesting itself throughout the country in this direction, a committee, consisting of Messrs. John Dillon, M.P., Chairman of the Irish Party; Rev. John Rock, P.P., Mr. P. A. McHugh, M.P., Rev. Denis O'Hara, P.P., Joseph P. Kelly, Captain Douglas, M.P., and Alfred Webb, be appointed to confer with the representatives of the Irish National League and of such other Nationalist organizations as may be found willing to participate with a view to ensuring a proper representation of the tenant farmers before the commission about to inquire into the administration of the Land Acts; and, further, with a view to consulting together how far joint action can be arranged on the subjects of the '98 Centenary Celebration, the evicted tenants question, amnesty to the political prisoners, Parliamentary registration, and the alarming increase of landgrabbing." Mr. T. J. Condon, M.P., seconded the resolution, which was passed unanimously. Mr. James Gilhooly proposed, and Mr. John O'Dowd seconded, the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously:—"That we have marked with deep disappointment the falsification of the rumors of Amnesty to the political prisoners on the strength of which the Irish people were appealed to to abstain from demonstrations of their real feelings of detestation of English rule during the visit of the Duke of York; and, while not desiring to offer personal discourtesy to a stranger so long as his visit is proclaimed to be of a non-political character, we cannot join in any mark of honor to any representative of a Power which persists in ruling Ireland by force against the will of her people, and which, while preaching humanity to foreign Powers, cruelly and vengefully retains Irish political prisoners in its dungeons for years after every consideration of humanity and statesmanship ought to have prompted their release." On the motion of Mr. Joseph Davlin, seconded by Mr. Bernard O'Neill, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That in view of the fresh disasters threatening Ireland this winter, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, and in view of the landlord conspiracy to defraud the Irish tenantry even of such partial and inadequate reductions of rent as have been wrung from Land Commissioners appointed by a landlord Government, and of the increasing boldness of land grabbers in consequence of dissenion and disorganization in the country, we appeal to the people throughout the country to take immediate steps to re-organize their branches and establish new ones, in order to make a combined demand for a general abatement of rents this winter, to counteract the organized attempt of the landlords to bully the Land Commissioners, and to bring public opinion actively and determinedly to bear for the extirpation of the detestable practice of landgrabbing."

An Irish Baronet.

Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, who entertained the Duke and Duchess of York at Valentia Island, County Kerry, is a very modern baronet, and he, of course, prefers to be known as the twentieth Knight of Kerry. His family has claimed this title since medieval times, and it has again and again been recognized by the crown. The ancestor of this branch of the Geraldines, John Fitzthomas Fitzgerald, Lord of Decies and Desmond, by virtue of his seigniorial rights as Count Palatine, created his three sons by his second wife hereditary knights, with the titles of the White Knight, the Knight of Glyn and the Knight of Kerry. The White Knight has no modern representative, but the other two lines have continued without a break through all the troubles of the distressful isle. Sir Maurice has served in the Rifle Brigade, and was quarry to the Duke of Connaught, who is a sponsor for the Knight's first-born.

Stratford Items.

Something new in the way of sport in the history of Stratford, to be seen on Monday, September 20th, will be the base ball match between the Guelph city alderman and that of the city alderman of Stratford. Mayor of Guelph, and Mayor O'Donoghue this city are the chief pushers. Last week the city aldermen played their first game with the Guelph father's defeating them by a score of 29 to 34. Mayor O'Donoghue is now the possessor of a hamilton and ball the result of last weeks success at Guelph. We have seen "Masco's" in days gone by but we have never seen them of the size and dimensions of our worthy Mayor. All persons interested in the mainly spirit of ball playing would do well to attend the match on Monday, 20th inst.

The September issue of The Economist, published in Toronto, contains a photograph of the officers, staff and field force of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company assembled at its annual convocation in Toronto, August 11th, 1897. Among the group is the genial face of His Worship Mayor O'Donoghue. Mr. O'Donoghue spoke at some length on the paper entitled, "A discussion on local agents, and how to find them." The Economist says: "Mayor O'Donoghue was a veteran in Stratford a veteran in the field, a so spoke on the same subject, enumerating the various qualifications necessary to make a successful agent."

Since the defeat of the Guelph city alderman at base ball at Guelph last week by the alderman of this city, a number of old time ball players have taken the notion to compose a team made up of the following and have challenged the worthy alderman to a game of ball at an early date, Fred Corrie, Harry Grant, Thos. Tobin, A. H. King, and J. W. Wilson, Wm. Joseph, Geo. M. Duffon, Wm. Watson, R. Y. Harding.

John T. Merchant, Supr. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was in the city last week in the interests of the Company.

Miss Kate Byrne, who has been on a visit to her father here for the past six weeks is now returned to her home in Orangeville.

A Good Man's Son.

We have much pleasure in recording the success of young Mr. Cassin's Rogers of Niagara Falls in the recent English mathematics examination. This young gentleman achieved the distinction of taking a double first in Classics and Mathematics among the matriculants at Queen's. He is the son of Mr. Harry B. Rodgers of H. M. Customs, who for over thirty years has been located at Niagara Falls. Our congratulations are on account of Mr. Rodgers' unvarying courtesy and kindness to our religious when on their travels.

Father Archibald Douglas's Philanthropy.

OTTAWA, Sept. 8.—Father St. John, Secretary of the South-west Colonial Society of England, the chief promoter of which is the Rev. Lord Douglas, was here to-day and reported to the Department of the Interior that he had just established the first party of boys, numbering eight, at Dauphin, under the charge of Frederick O'Connell. He proceeded to Montreal, where he will look after the opening of a home for girls, it being the intention to begin bringing over girls as well as boys.

C. M. B. A. Convention.

A largely attended meeting of the Toronto Advisory Board of the C.M. B.A. was held Tuesday evening, Chairman J. D. Ward presiding. Interim reports of a favorable nature were presented by the P. M. C. committee. The board is taking active steps towards promoting a welcome and reception to be tendered the Grand Board of Trustees, who will hold a meeting in Toronto during the first week in October. There will be a concert and lecture by Mr. M. E. Hackett, M.P., Grand President of the association. As Mr. Hackett is one of the best speakers in the Dominion an extremely interesting meeting can confidently be predicted.

Trappists' Church Consecrated.

Sto. Anne du Beloeux, Que., September 7.—Ota was on fete today, the occasion being the consecration of the new church of the Trappist Fathers. Archbishop Bruchet performed the ceremony. Several hundred Montrealers, including many ladies and members of the clergy arrived shortly after 8 o'clock. They were conveyed from Leschimo by the Duchess of York, chartered specially for the occasion. Among the clergy present were the Rev. Fathers Lajoie, Blanchard, Pioho, Paquin, Colin, Boivin, Duclerme, Adam, Geoffrey, Pepin, Perome, Laporte, Bonin Dupuis, Jobin, Chevrier, Laferrerie, Lafortune, Valois, Laessae, Rouf, Martineau, S. J. Lomerang, Asteveson, Geoffrin, Lauzon, Houde, Arselvaubert, Corcoran, Villeneuve. The visitors afterwards inspected the monastery of the Trappists.

Verdi, the famous composer, is the centre of a great mystery, which his friend Boito holds in the hollow of his hand. The fact is that Verdi has given Boito a casket, which is not to be opened until the composer is dead. The current belief is that it is a great Shakespearean opera, with which Verdi hopes to seal his fame for all time after he is gone.

Educational.

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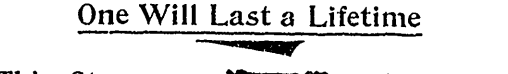
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Chats with the children.

We are the light the earth makes bright, We are the power that stands between the sin man rovel in And God's avenging hand.

We are the force that shapes the course Of love's fair guiding star; We turn the tide of wrath aside, And peace is where we are.

We bear the sign a hand divine Imprinted on our brow, And send of time a speech sublime Breathless o'er our spirit now.

We hold in for the golden key That opens Heaven's gate, And till our prayer be answered there 'E'en kings' appeals must wait.

We lead unseen the great sea queen, The haughty prince we sway, Whose potent words ten thousand swords Like lightning flash obey.

We rule the equivo who rules the shire, And we are not our own; We are the thum of love's young dream In every cottage home.

For us men die without a sigh, And labor with our lot; And woman's lot, if we were not, Were more than half unblest.

The sailor braves the wind and waves For us in winter time; The soldier fronts two foes at once— The savage and his clime.

The miser takes his life and makes The earth her treasure yield; In darkness works where danger lurks And death waits half-revealed.

The fireless wears its brightest air, And smiles its kindest smile, When we are by and happily The evening hours beguile.

From heaven sent, we bring content, Alike to homes and States; And o'er the gloom that shrouds the tomb Our presence dissipates.

And life is lost where we're unknown, And love a rifeled love; Success, the sweet, is incomplete, And wealth but Dead Sea fruit.

We are the heirs of hopes and prayers; The source of sighs and tears; The centre round which home is wound, And all that it encloses.

And where we weep the angels keep A strict account, we know; Nor light nor love, comes from above, Nor bounty from below.

We are the light the earth makes bright, We are the power that stands between the sin man rovel in And God's avenging hands.

THE DYING BOY. Mother, say why you are weeping, Sitting there beside my bed, Why this weary sigh keeping, And how fears your eyes are red?

I have heard sweet music playing, Snow-white, on all the day, "Hush, my child, 'tis I am praying; 'Twas an echo you heard play."

"Mother, mother, who is crying, And why turn you now so pale? For I know that I am dying; 'Tis the Ban-cho's mournful wail."

"Hush, my child, 'tis but the sighing Of the beech trees in the gale."

"Mother I had my slight is growing Dim; my foot are cold as lead, Kiss me, mother, I am going Up." The weary spirit fled; And the mother's tears were flowing O'er the features of the dead.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE IN THE CONGO RAPIDS. "Cruelty in the Congo Free State" is the title of the final paper made up from the journals of the late E. J. Glave, and it appears in The September Century.

Stanley Pool is a majestic place, and is well named, for it is a monster pool. At each end it is narrow, and widens out in the middle.

A native of Kinshasa is said once to have passed safely the rapids below Leopoldville. It was in a canoe, and endeavored to cross the river, but was swept into the rapids.

The superintendent of one of the great railway lines ending in Constantinople told me the most remarkable case of this I have yet heard.

The Street Dogs of Constantinople is the title of an article in September St. Nicholas by Oswald Garrison Villard.

The instinct which enables those poor traps to tell time is the most astonishing thing about these dogs—I mean their being on hand, day after day, at regular hours when the seraps are thrown out.

THE STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE. The Street Dogs of Constantinople is the title of an article in September St. Nicholas by Oswald Garrison Villard.

A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say no, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards.

He was a darling little boy, With sunny eyes of blue, And happy as the day was long, Unless he had to die.

His mother thought her boy was gone, And grieved so for his loss, And said "It was a dreadful case, That here in his own dear boy's place Was waddy Colonel Grumpy."

Her boy, she said, was good and sweet— The best of little boys, But Colonel Grumpy was most rude, And broke up all his toys.

THE KITCHEN'S LAST VIOLETS FOR THE MON. Last night a little, purring kitten rubs herself in friendly fashion against the great iron bars of the den of old Paul, the Zoo's famed lion, of whom extreme age had made a pitiable show these many weeks.

comes to say good-night to her, for Paul and kitten were best of friends. She was the only bit of outside life that Paul was ever friendly with.

Last night when kitten came, and rubbed cooingly against the bars, moved all softly to her jungle lover to come and say good night, Paul lay just still, his head between his paws and did not notice her at all.

The real cost of that produced on a farm, other than the value of labor and interest on investments, is the plant food removed from the soil.

The Weekly Sun says: The whole character of farm life in Ontario has changed within the memory of men still little past their prime.

Flax growing has made a start, and in a large and important section of the province the farmers and business men are joining hands in an endeavor to establish a beet sugar industry that will do for Ontario what the same industry has already done for Germany.

A very interesting feature in connection with the annual Seed Fair of the Puslinch and South Wellington Farmers' Institute was an object lesson given by Prof. Zivitz, Ontario Agricultural College.

A careful selection of the grains had been made, and 60 sound grains were planted in No. 1 box, 60 grains which were slightly sprouted in No. 2 box, 60 grains considerably sprouted in No. 3 box, and 60 grains badly sprouted in No. 4 box.

In No. 1 box 88 per cent of the seeds grew, and the plants average 2 1/2 inches in height; in No. 2 box, 60 per cent of the seeds grew, and the plants average 2 1/2 inches in height; in No. 3 box, 10 per cent of the seeds grew, and the plants average 1 1/2 inches in height; in No. 4 box, 10 per cent of the seeds grew, and the plants average 1 1/2 inches in height.

THE FINEST ANTICIPATION IN A woman's life is when she is looking forward to the coming of the sweet and tender little bundle of humanity that will some day call her mother.

It is a pity that this joyful expectancy should be clouded with solicitude and dread of the physical which it is the mother's duty to guard.

It is no need this excessive anxiety if only the prospective mother will avail herself of the power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which endows it with natural constitution vigor.

For nearly thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel in New York, and he has seen more women who have consulted him either personally or by letter, and who have been cured by his medicine, than any other physician in the world.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful medicine for women, and it is the only medicine that will cure all the ailments of women, and it is the only medicine that will give women the power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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DOMESTIC READING. Let no man ever take into consideration whether a thing is pleasant or unpleasant. The love of pleasure is a great grief; the love of pain is a great pleasure.

The Rev. Bernard Snell said a little while ago: "It is of no use for us, whether Sunday school teachers or preachers, to imagine that we are thoroughly equipped if only we mean very well."

Far down in the depths of the forest, under the shadows of gloomy firs, far out on the rolling prairie, springing with the grass, under the full light of the fervid sun, air fair and fragrant blossoms, budding, blowing, fading, dying, unseen by mortal eye.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults. We may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these.

The most popular creed in existence is that of human charity. Its exponents belong to every grade of humanity, and its altars are ever surrounded by worshippers among the high and lowly of earth.

How different it is to-day! The production of cheese has become a great national industry. Fruit culture in the Niagara Peninsula and along the stretches of the Lake Erie shore is as intelligently and as extensively prosecuted as in equal portions of France.

Flax growing has made a start, and in a large and important section of the province the farmers and business men are joining hands in an endeavor to establish a beet sugar industry that will do for Ontario what the same industry has already done for Germany.

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FIRESIDE FUN. Grace: "I must refuse him, poor fellow; but I wish I could do something to lessen the pain of it." Maud: "Get someone to tell him you haven't so much money as he thinks you have."

Pete: "Jim, do you know the height of impudence?" Jim: "Don't know the interpretation of the word impudence." Pete: "Well, it is taking shelter in an umbrella shop during a thunderstorm."

Ho (telling a hairbreadth Iron turt): "And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzle of the wolves." Sho (breathlessly): "Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!"

Editor: "Isn't that Colonel Sharp counting across the street with his eye?" Foreman: "Yes sir." Editor: "John, you will be quite safe in the cupboard. I will go upstairs and see if the roof requires repairing."

Tommy (at the dinner table): "Mr. Johnson, are you blind?" Mr. Johnson: "No, my boy. Why do you ask?" Tommy: "Why not, if your sister said you'd got your eyes opened if you married that Jones's girl."

Fatsy (breathlessly): "I say, Jimmie, your father's got arrested, and the coppers is clubbin' the life out of 'im." Jimmie (aged five): "Well, he needn't think I'm 'goin' to help 'im. Now he knows how I feel when 's 's clubbin' 'em."

"What is the principal product of the sheep?" "Wool." "And what is made out of it?" "The boy is silent. The teacher points to his pupil's trousers and asks: "What are those pantaloon made of?" "Out of my father's old ones."

"You," said the new cashier, "will find me like a watch. You can judge me by my works." "All right," responded the banker, arising to the merry occasion, "I will bear your case in mind and see that you do not accumulate any superfluous dust in your movements."

The most absent-minded man is not the man who hunted for his pipe when it was between his teeth, nor the man who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg. No! But the man who put his umbrella to bed, and went and stood behind the door.

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" "Yes, sir." Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out, and finds his horse missing. "Where is my horse, boy?" "He's run'n' away, sir." "Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?" "No, sir; you told me to keep my eye on him, and I did till he got clear out of sight."

A short time ago a lady had occasion to do a little shopping in the mourning department of one of our leading tradesmen, and having two friends who were assistants in some part of the establishment, she inquired of the young man who was serving her if he could tell her whether the Browns were in that shop, whereupon she promptly replied: "No, madam; only blanks in this shop!"

"It's taking that painter out there in the kitchen the whole day to paint the woodwork," snapped Mrs. Chugwater, "and he could do it easily in two hours. That's what comes of having a headsome young chit of a girl for a cook!" "I believe you are right, my dear," said Mr. Chugwater, soothingly. "Perhaps it would hurry him up a little if you would—h-m—go out there awhile."

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER JOB DEPT.

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A YOUNG SAVAGE

BY P. Y. BLAOK

IN the year 1885 serious trouble with the Indians had arisen in what is now Oklahoma. It appeared that the Indians had been provoked into insurrection by various cattlemen and land grabbers. So the editor of a great Eastern newspaper sent his friend Morley out to report the insurrection on the man's side of the case. Successfully to accomplish the task required tact, courage, judgment and hard work, but Morley welcomed it because of the possible adventures it promised.

Some three weeks after leaving New York, Morley was riding along the lonely trail to Fort Reno, far in the Indian Territory. He had a companion, a Mr. Epton, an artist, who was out there speculatively for a magazine.

The late August afternoon was hot, the road was long and dusty, and he could not reach the army post that night, but they expected a welcome at a mission a day's march from the fort.

Silence wrapped the great sunny range of plain, and the sense of loneliness was growing oppressive to the tired travelers, when the horses pricked up their ears, and a babble of voices deplored the stillness. A band in the creek, by whose banks they rode, shortly brought them in view of the cause of the noise.

Two hundred yards at a shallow ford, a band of Indians were crossing, mostly women and children, and they had with them a considerable herd of ponies, behind many of which dragged the poles of dismantled tepees. On some of the ponies were squaws with papooses, chattering, squealing and quarrelling, while on others was packed the wretched household furniture. Some of the band were in the water, some on either bank; the ponies were drinking, straggling, or patiently bearing the blows and obligations of the women drivers.

"Hold my horse," said the artist, dropping to the ground with pencil and sketch-book. "This is too good to miss; they could not have done better if I had posed them myself. Look at those brightly colored waving blankets; look at those brown, fat babies; look at that pony bucking in midstream; look!"

"I see," said the correspondent, "it is very pretty, but I want to interview them. They look as if they were shaking the dust of the land from their moss-covered feet forever."

"Go ahead, then. Interview that squalling old squaw there, and hold her for a minute or two, and say, 'Morley!'"

"That one on the bank in civilized clothes. He's an inconsistency! He's got a straw hat and a sack coat, the beast! Tell him to hide behind a tree, or under the water, or some thing!"

The Indian in the modern dress was taking no part in the bustle about him. He was quite young, sixteen or seventeen years old, with an intelligent face, which, now, however, was downcast, with doubt, regret, sad and distrust. Although his companions called to him angrily to hurry, he remained hesitating on the bank, with glances ahead and longing looks behind, until, as Morley rode up to him with a gesture of conciliation, the boy turned his horse's head and galloped away.

The other Indians hurled a volley of contemptuous reproaches after the fugitive—one angry man even firing an arrow at him—and then went on their way with great bustle and confusion, and angry chattering, refusing to enter into talk with the white men.

Another hour's riding brought the new-seekers to the expected mission, where the scattered building seemed deserted. There was no noise about the house and barns; there were no pupil laborers sweating in the fields, and nothing was left of the Indian campment they had expected to see but the brown circular patches where the tents had been pitched.

The two travelers had made up their minds that all had fled for fear of an attack, to the protection of the army post, when, coming nearer, they beheld a pony hitched to the post before the main house. They dismounted, tied their horses also, and knocked at the door, but no one replied.

The door opened, but saw no one. The sound of a voice at the back of the dwelling drew them that way, and they were at once involuntary eavesdroppers.

"I will not go there; I will stay with my people, but you, teacher, they will burn this place. Will you not come too?"

The young woman laughed with impatient pity, and said: "It is very kind of you, Henry, and with you I know I should be safe, but I can just as well here with father. Even White Horse would not dare to hurt us; but for you, Henry, I cannot advise. Henry!"

There was so sharp a note of surprise and of momentary fright in the girl's voice that Morley and Epton stepped forward hurriedly. They pushed aside a portiere and saw the young Indian, who, an hour before, had left the band on the trail. He stood in front of a young white girl with his hand stretched out entreatingly. His brown face was heavy with sorrow, and his black eyes moist with grief, and his voice trembled.

"My people call to my heart, but my heart calls out to you, my teacher. How can I leave my brothers! But you can go with us, and teach us and speak to us, and every one will obey. Come!"

Morley stepped from behind him; placing one hand on the lad's shoulder, with the other he raised his own head. It seemed to him quite impossible that an aborigine should speak thus to a young white woman, even though the savage wore but a boy, and dressed as white folk dress.

"I beg your pardon," said the correspondent to the lady, "but I fear this young man is annoying you."

Before the startled girl could reply, the Indian lad, with grave dignity, shook off the white, restraining hand, and paying no further attention to its owner, turned to the girl.

"You cannot come, no? But I must go with my brothers."

He quickly stopped, caught the skirt of her dress, pressed it to his face, and immediately, with down hanging head and every token of despair, darted away. Then they heard his pony's hoofs clattering on the trail.

"It is Henry," said the girl, simply. "He is my oldest pupil, and so promising, and now all his hand have joined the rising, and the poor boy does not know what to do, for he is very fond of us; but then, they are his kin, of course. It is very hard."

She was young, very ingenious and devoted—a Moravian, by faith, of Russian-German extraction, Meylan by name. The visitors found this young daughter of the missionary quite ready, when she heard they were newspaper men, to tell her and the Indians' story of the cause of the trouble. And so eloquent a defender of the tribes was she that the correspondent was eager to find the government telegraph operator of the settlement that very night, the more so as the missionary's account of what the approaching dances of the warriors really meant warned him of the imminence of a general rising.

Miss Meylan, however, told him with a smile that his diatribes must wait until he reached Fort Reno next night, for the operator, like her own servants, had fled to the east that day upon the ominous departure of the Indians.

"And you?" asked Epton, curiously, "and your father?"

"We have never deceived them," said the girl, proudly. "Why should they hurt us? My father has gone to-day thirty miles to reason with an Avapshoo chief. You see we are not afraid."

"You shamo us," said Morley. "Only that a newspaper man can't afford to miss the disturbance, we should have waited for the troops who were coming up to Reno; but perhaps we have heard enough tales lately of massacres along the boundary to warrant us in being frightened."

"Oh, yes, it is dangerous for you, but we are safe," the girl insisted. "There is one bad Indian, White Horse, whom my father punished for theft. He wants revenge, but he would not dare hurt us. That lad you saw just now came to warn me of him. Poor Henry!" she added, smiling. "My pupils are all fond of me, but he is the most intelligent of them all, and I like him best."

"He would like us to stay," she went on, when they ran you other people out of this country, so they have to expect to do this time, poor thing. Henry knows better than that, though, and that is what troubles him—his allegiance to his people pulls him one way, and his consciousness the other. He is quite civilized now."

"She is devoted to them," said Morley, as the guests went to bed at the mission that night. "Confound that operator! I lose a day, and these facts she gave me are of importance to the Washington people. What do you think of her ideas of Indian nobility, eh?"

"I don't know," said Epton, reflectively. "Their Indian nobility is only apparent to her because she has treated them nobly. You and I might form a different opinion; but there

was really something fine in that boy's woebegone face. I'm sorry for him. Do you suppose that girl doesn't know what's the real trouble with her poor pupil?"

"Why, of course she knows he hates to be drawn back by his relations to savagery, and he knows they will treat him as a traitor if he doesn't."

"Oh! Is that all? You may depend upon it, Morley, that it isn't all. Good-night," said Epton.

They were tired out, and in spite of their natural anxiety at the exposed and unprotected condition of the house and hostile country, the young man slept immediately and very soundly. Their double-cotted room was on the ground floor at the back. The young missionary, they thought, slept upstairs.

It was near midnight when they retired, and it was almost daybreak when they both awoke with a jump, and a crying resounding in their ears. Doubtful of their safety, they had lain down almost fully dressed, and now, when they found themselves helpless and bound to their iron bedsteads.

While they spluttered and tugged and shouted to each other, dead and bewildered and half-awake, an Indian, in full war costume, and with a blanket thrown about a burden he bore, dashed through their moonlit room, and sprang into the night through a door which opened out directly on the plain. As he passed between the beds, there came from his burden a sharp, indignant cry, and Morley and Epton answered it simultaneously with alarm and helplessness.

"Miss Meylan!" they cried, but the Indian passed without a word. The newspaper man and artist lay helpless, regarding each other in the dim light.

"What does it mean?" cried Epton at last. "It was that young black-guard again—I saw his face! And I was fool enough to feel sorry for him. Morley, this is horrible! What will they do to her? The savages! How did we get tied up like this?"

"If I know that," said the other, more coolly, "I might know better how to get untied. If they mean to make us prisoners, I wished at least they had waited until I found a telegraph office. If they keep me here all day, the story of the outbreak will be old by the time we get to Fort Reno."

As he spoke, and while they were yet straining at their rawhide bonds, the door was flung open again from the outside and Miss Meylan herself burst in, followed by her abductor.

The little missionary was now quite different from the gentle girl who had received them the previous evening. She stormed and raged and stamped her foot with passionate indignation. The lad, looking older than before in his war bonnet and feathers, hung his head submissively, but with a certain contemptuous regard of the white men, and did not answer the teacher.

"You bad, cruel boy," cried the girl, as if he were still the child of ten he was when she first began to teach him. "How wicked, how cowardly of you to let them like this. Unloose them quick before White Horse comes! I would not believe it of you, Henry! They would certainly have been killed! It is dreadful."

With the same indifferent contempt, the Indian drew a knife from its sheath, and rapidly slashed the ropes that bound the visitors. Then, as they rose to their feet, he turned from them and spoke to the girl with his slow but good English speech.

"What are those to you or me? They are men; let them fight. I came for you. You must ride quick. White Horse will soon be here. Then I cannot help you. He is a big chief now, and strong, and has plenty of young men with him who will do what he says."

"We will go together," said Miss Meylan, firmly, and calling to her visitors to follow, she ran out.

The Indian stepped swiftly by the missionary's side to the stables, and quickly saddled her horse for her. He seemed to know where everything was placed, and his same familiarity with the house had doubtless aided him in his silent entrance to the travellers' room.

The white men threw their saddles on their horses and mounted, still bewildered, as if the matter was all a nightmare. The fiercely dressed lad jumped on his saddle and led the way, and just as the grey light of morning stole across the eastern sky, the fugitives sped by lonely paths through the little forest that lined the river rolling at the back of the mission.

Miss Meylan rode up alongside the newspaper man, and they quick anger was gone, and the gentle pity natural to her resumed its place.

"Don't be too hard on him," she said, indicating the Indian. She had a nervous dread that Morley, in his mysterious capacity as a special correspondent, might bring the wrath of the whole great east, through his newspaper's columns, upon her pupil's head. "He didn't know who you were, you know, and he was so anxious to save me first."

"From what, Miss Meylan? I am still dazed; this has been so hurried a departure?"

"From White Horse. That bad man has got a band of young men about him, and he was to attack the mission at sunrise. They forced

Henry to join them—but he slipped away to warn me."

"But why, if he was forced, did he bind Mr. Epton and me?"

"Well, you see," said the intrepid, nervous and hesitating, "Henry thought the band might not be so angry if they found someone was left to—"

"To scalp." I appreciate the young savage's motives," said Morley, with a grim laugh. "We were to be a sop to Cerberus. I should feel more comfortable, Miss Meylan, and your promising pupil would perhaps be less likely to get hurt at the hands of myself or friend, if he were now to relieve us of his company. I suppose we can get to Fort Reno ourselves."

The girl looked at him reproachfully. "Oh! He is not really, intentionally wicked," she said, naively. "It was just thoughtfulness, and he is very kind when you know him well."

Morley and Epton glanced at each other and smiled.

"I don't doubt the strength of his kindness," said the newspaper man, quickly, "but in its bestowal, I fancy he has lavished it all in one direction. What is he up to now?"

The lad had halted, and was pointing forward in the direction they were to ride. His face was anxious. Still he took no notice of the correspondents, but addressed himself now to the missionary, his teacher.

"Good-bye!" he said, with the soft distinctness of one who has to think in order to express himself in a strange tongue at a critical time. "Good-bye, teacher. Ride quick, and you will be safe. I go back."

"Back, Henry!" said the girl, in surprise. "You can't go back to them now. They would—oh! I don't know what they would do! They will be very angry with you for warning us in time. They will call you a traitor."

"They are my people—not these," he said, pointing a contemptuous finger at the other two. "They are my brothers. Where else can I go?"

"They will kill you, boy," said the girl, in great agitation, and then suddenly cried out, "Oh! Look!"

A great blaze of fire sprang up from the mission buildings, now half a mile behind them, and a fearful yell from many voices came to them with terrible distinctness through the silent morning air. The Indian's eyes flashed.

"Ride!" he cried to the girl. "Quick! They are coming; they are angry!"

But he himself did not ride. "Come with us, Henry," cried Miss Meylan. "We cannot leave you here!"

They were close to the broad trail leading to the post, and as the girl spoke, through the summer mist of the morning, there came, trotting down it with rattle of bridges and clatter of arms, a body of blue-bloused horsemen. Morley and Epton each gave a cry of delight at the sight of the soldiers coming, doubtless, to look after the safety of the mission.

These, seeing the blaze of the burning house, came on with a gallop, but while the fugitives still listened to the sharp commands from the officer in charge, there appeared from the opposite direction, irregularly charging down the path, a mob of yelling, feather-crowned Indians. At that sight Miss Meylan, with a cry of terror, and her guests, spurred their horses and rode to the protection of the troop of cavalry.

But the Indian boy stayed irresolute between the forces. First he looked at the painted savages, to whom he was bound by blood and all his memories of childhood, and all ties of racial and tribal honor; and then he looked at the white soldiers, with whom was the tender personalization to him of all the new dreams and the new loves that had arisen within him in his few happy, peaceful years of attempted civilization.

As he looked and still hesitated, yearning for both, the opposing parties, unable to stop at the first sudden sight of each other, came within firing distance, and first, from an Indian musket, streamed a flash of angry light. That was answered by a volley from the soldiers, and then there was, for a minute, a hurried general firing before the Indians broke and ran.

When it was over, and the white men resumed triumphant, the lad was found lying upon the ground, with a bullet through his troubled heart.

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A DELICIOUS TABLE-DESSERT PREPARED FROM THE FINEST ALF'S FOOT JELLY IN A POWDER-FORM - ALL THE FAVORITE PURE FRUIT FLAVORS - PREPARED IN TWENTY MINUTES - ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

The Domain of Woman

.....TALKS BY "TERESA"

Of course the children were all over the place as soon as over the gates were opened. What would be the use of a fish pond or an ice cream and candy booth without the children?

So they waited outside for half an hour, dozens of them, and no sooner was the ticket collector installed than they paid their ten cents each, and swarmed all over the grounds of St. John's Grove.

That two o'clock in the afternoon is not a fashionable hour at which to appear at a garden party did not trouble them, in the least; neither did the fact that the booths were in a state of preparation, that the ice carts and carts full of tables and chairs were rumbling up every few moments cause them any discomfort. They squatted on the damp ground, needless of rheumatism, and were dragged from under the noses of advancing horses, and jumped on benches, and tumbled over chairs, and got in people's way, and had a glorious time generally.

They were rough and noisy and troublesome, and they hung around the booths and looked hungrily at the good things till they had to be ordered off; but they spent all the money they were provided with, and so nobody grumbled. At 6 o'clock everything was ship-shape and at six the visitors began to arrive and proceed on a tour of inspection around the grounds. The booths looked very pretty, and were well provided with dainties.

On a tree hung a large gilt frame, from out of which the placid and dignified features of a well-known ecclesiastic, to wit, Rev. Father Walsh, gazed upon the beholder. In the corner of the frame was inserted a card bearing the flippant and seemingly disrespectful legend, "10 cents a throw, or 3 for a quarter." The grounds rapidly filled with animated groups, and many enquiries went the round about the non-appearance of the band. Presently the delinquents marched in and began to discourse sweet music to enchanted ears. Pretty flower girls ran hither and thither, and vendors of cigars did a good business, selling Havana's at 5 cents each; I wonder whether any of them thought of biting the ends off and charging 5 cents extra in consequence? One pretty girl in London used to do that, and she made twice as much money as anybody else. A nasty thing to do? Oh, well, it's all in the cause of charity, you know, because if it were not for you if you eat an apple at the same time.

Of course the clergy were in their element, they always are; they treated people to ice cream and bought flowers galore, and smoked cigars, and chatted with everybody, and were here and everywhere at once. It is perfectly astonishing how many people they can remember.

Mr. Hugh Ryan and Sir Frank Smith appeared upon the scene, and were immediately mobbed by the flower sellers, who came upon them artfully while they were conversing with groups of ladies, and left them no choice but to present the fair dames with nosegays, which they did with exceedingly good grace. What for they ate ice cream and smoked 5 cent Havana's I cannot say, but they certainly enjoyed themselves, and probably disposed of most of their small change.

The grounds were crowded; the sweet strains of the "St. John's Yacht" ascended from the region of the band stand, changing to a lively jig and then again to the "Last Rose of Summer."

The brightly lighted booths, the brilliant electric lights, and the gaily dressed ladies made a pretty and animated scene, contrasting with the dark background of pines, the grey walls of the house with its battlemented towers, and the great dome of the church. I wish we could get up more entertainments of the kind—they serve to keep the young people together, and to bring the members of the congregation into closer touch with each other.

Many thanks are due to the ladies who worked so hard, and especially to the young ladies of other parishes who so kindly assisted, and to the gentlemen who helped with the arrangements; Mr. O'Connor in particular was indefatigable and of great assistance to the stall-keepers.

Altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent; and it was not much after ten when a slight spatter of raindrops sent half the visitors running away with umbrellas up. It proved a false alarm, however, but the small numbers left gradually decreased and finally left St. John's Grove to the dismantled remains of the festivities.

The Dutch are the cleanest people in the world, and the latest public statistics show that Holland, in proportion to its population, is the most moral one on the globe, and it is very easy to find a direct connection between the cleanliness of the people and their moral standard. Of all the external aids to a moral life none is so potent as tidiness. An untidy man or woman soon becomes a moral sloven. Let a man be untidy in his surroundings, of his companionships, of his dress, his general appearance, and his bodily habits, and it is not long before the same carelessness extends into the realm of his morals. We are all created in a state of surroundings, and we work and act as we feel.

If a man lives in a home where carelessness or untidiness in his dress is overlooked, his very soon goes from one inexactitude to another. The moral

fibro of a man who in itself can vary soon become coarse, if the influence of his external surroundings is coarse. I believe thoroughly in the effect of a man's or woman's dress and habits of person upon their moral character. And I should like to emphasize the importance of this belief upon the woman of our homes.

Most women have some influence over their husbands in this matter, and a word from them is often sufficient to make a man correct his habits of untidiness, both general and personal. But the most important matter in this connection is the training of his boys. The boy is father to the man, and if he is allowed to be rough, rude and untidy he is scarcely likely to grow up into a neat and methodical man, with the finer instincts of a gentleman.

Many mothers spend a great deal of time looking after their boys, clothes and keeping them tidy generally. This is all very well, but it does not do much real good unless the boy himself is taught to take proper care of his clothes and to take a pride in his appearance.

Many a wife spends hours of her time, during breakfast and tidying, fluffing socks, collar buttons and studs, darning ruffs, which a careful man would never make; and, in short, wasting valuable time in remedying the consequences of habits of carelessness of which the reprobation was laid by her husband's mother.

The season of entertainments will soon be upon us again. When the long evenings come, and the air is chilly and raw, will be the time for all the pleasant social gatherings which are such important factors in knitting together the people of a congregation, and giving them opportunities of knowing those outside of their immediate circle. We have plenty of nice halls and assembly rooms in various parts of the city, and I trust some of my readers will be so good for organization will try and get up a few social gatherings to keep our young folks together. I should like to hear from any of my readers who are good actors and have a talent for acting. I think it would be possible to form an association that would be the source of very great pleasure to the members and their friends; but I cannot say any more until I know what material there is to work with. If any of my readers who have been or are in a dramatic, oratorio or musical society will write to me, I should be very pleased to hear from them, and will inform them of the idea I have in mind.

Queen and Catholics.

NEW YORK, September 6.—The World's London cable says: "Staunch Protestants are greatly alarmed by the claim put forward by a leading Catholic journal that the Queen of Victoria was baptized a Roman Catholic. The maintain that the Queen certainly was not baptized in the Anglican Church; that the Duchess of Kent (her mother), whose Catholic tendencies were well known, had her baptized by a Catholic priest; and that the coronation, both baptism and confirmation, were conferred as the easiest way out of a difficulty.

The Queen herself is patently friendly to Catholicism, and just now she has striking proof of her regard for that religion. Each of her ministers, a fierce anti-Catholic preacher, sent the Queen a copy of a book he had just published giving a characteristic account of a visit he made to Rome. The Queen returned the volume immediately with a card in which she could hardly possibly accept it. Mr. Primrose thereupon made a violent, insulting attack upon her from a Scotch pulpit accusing her of Romish tendencies. The Queen, of course, has ignored the onslaught."

Fribourg a Catholic Educational Centre.

A correspondent describes Fribourg, the place chosen for the meeting of the Fourth International Catholic Scientific Congress. Built on a rocky eminence overlooking the River Sarine, whose waters sparkle and wind between green fields, Fribourg, while it looks like a citadel, is a pleasantly situated town. Seen from the road to Berne, distant an hour by rail, with its churches and suspension bridges, embattled walls and quaint houses, the town presents a curious and picturesque appearance. Fribourg is an old city, and looks back proudly into the middle ages to its foundation. Its origin dates from 1176, when one Berthold, a count and governor of Burgundy, established here a fortified town. A hundred years after it was sold to a scion of the House of Hapsburg since which time it passed into the hands of many masters, until the alliance of the Swiss Cantons took place in 1846. Fribourg is the capital of a canton of the same name, and one of the seven. It counts a population of nearly 14,000, of whom seven-eighths are Catholic, and about three-fourths are French in language as mother tongue. The importance of Fribourg is now-a-days derived from the number and excellence of its educational establishments. It has been for many years provided with first rate primary schools, and has long been a centre of study—and in 1886 by a decree of the Supreme Council of the Canton a university was founded, and in 1889 was installed by the opening of the faculties of law and letters on the following year a faculty of Catholic theology was added by Pope Leo XIII. with the authority and co-operation of the Government of the Canton, while only twelve months ago the work of the University was strengthened by adding the faculty of sciences.

"Did you ever try to learn the bicycle, Captain Barnacles?" "Do you think," roared the old sailor, "that I would be found aboard a craft that has its rudder in front?"

Indian Boycott Subsiding.

SIMLA, Sept. 7.—The frontier reports are more favorable. The spies say the "hakaits" appear to be disheartened. The British official at Mahaband reports the Swatlis to be submitting, and to be surrendering more guns and swords, which, with the fines imposed, completes the Government's demands and forms for the punishment of the Swatli tribes.

LATEST MARKETS.

WHEAT ADVANCES.
TORONTO, Sept. 8.—On the curb in Chicago at the opening today September wheat was quoted at 90¢ sellers. At the close December wheat was quoted at 90 1/2 bid; puts on December wheat 94 1/2 to 95, calls 94 1/2; puts on December corn 33¢, calls 31 1/2.
Grain engagements at Chicago today:—Corn, 375,000 bushels; oats, 50,000 bushels, and wheat, 100,000 bushels; freight rates on corn, 110; wheat, 110; flour, 110; Buffalo on oats, 75; and on wheat 23 1/2.
The receipts of wheat in Liverpool during the past three days were 107,000 cwt., including 183,000 cwt. of American wheat; receipts from 95,000 cwt. of American.

FRUIT.
The following are the latest quotations: Plums, per basket, 10¢ to 45¢. Musk-melons, per basket, 10¢ to 25¢; per crate, 40¢ to 75¢. Black currents, per basket, 10¢ to 15¢. Raspberries, 10¢ to 15¢. Praches, common, 20¢ to 30¢; St. John's and Crawford's, 40¢ to 75¢ per basket. Watermelons, 10¢ to 25¢ each. Tomatoes, 15¢ to 20¢ per basket. Cucumbers, 10¢ to 15¢ per basket. Lemons, unpacked, 300¢ and 300¢, \$1 to \$1.25. Bananas—Firsts, per bunch, \$1.50 to 1.75; seconds, \$1 to \$1.35. Egg plant, extra, per bunch, 25¢ to 30¢. Beans, extra, per pound, 6¢; Lima, per pound, 4¢. Canadian white, per bushel, 65¢. Onions Yellow Danvers and silver skin, 3¢ per bushel. Beans, extra, per pound, 6¢; Lima, 4¢ to 5¢. Peas, 15¢ to 30¢ per basket. Apples, per basket, 15¢ to 25¢. Sweet potatoes, per basket, 30¢ to 40¢; per barrel, \$2.75 to \$3. Red peppers, per basket, 40¢ to 55¢. Huckleberries, per basket, 60¢ to 65¢. Grapes, per small basket, 15¢ to 20¢; large basket, 45¢ to 60¢; 20 to 40¢ per pound.

These are the latest quotations from the Western Cattle Market, Toronto, Sept. 8: Milk cows, per cow, \$25 00 to \$35 00. Export cattle, per cow, 4 00 to 4 45. Butchers' good cattle, cwt., 3 00 to 3 40. Butchers' common cattle, cwt., 2 00 to 2 25. Huffs, per cwt., 5 00 to 5 25. Feders, per cwt., 3 60 to 3 75. Stockers, per cwt., 2 40 to 3 20. Export sheep, per cwt., 3 00 to 3 25. Butchers' good sheep, per cwt., 4 00 to 4 25. Spring lambs, per cwt., 4 00 to 4 25. Calves, per head, 2 00 to 7 00. Choice bacon hogs, per cwt., 5 25 to 5 50. Light fat hogs, per cwt., 5 25 to 5 50. Thick fat hogs, per cwt., 3 25 to 3 60. Steers, per cwt., 2 00 to 2 25.

Let anyone who knows that happiness is to be found in benevolence, in obeying the voice of conscience, in resisting temptation, proceed to endeavor to live such a life for the press purpose of experiencing that happiness, and his failure is assured. But let him forget himself and dismiss all thoughts of his own joy and sorrow from his mind; let him become absorbed in the truth he espouses and in love with the life of righteousness, and lo, pleasure of which he had never dreamed comes to him in a full and perpetual stream.

Consumption Cured.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by God, a most extraordinary and simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and Lung Affection, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having cured thousands of afflicted persons in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Acted by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who apply, a copy of this French language or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Ross, 430 Tupper Street, Rochester, N. Y.

A THRESHUR'S LIFE

ONE OF EXPOSURE TO INCLEMENT AND CHANGEABLE WEATHER.

No Daily Fells a Tread to Disease—Rheumatism One of the Natural Results—One Who Suffered for Upwards of Nine Years (After His Experience).

From the Intelligencer, Belleville, Ont.

It is doubtful if there is any other occupation more trying to the constitution than that of the threshur, exposed to the rains and storms of the autumn season, and at the same time clogged with the dust consequent upon threshing, he easily falls a prey to disease. Mr. Joe. Davis, a resident of the township of Wicklow, Hastings county, follows the threshing machine for some months every fall. For eight or nine years he was subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. The disease, which usually made its appearance in the fall, and continued throughout the winter, causing not only much suffering but great inconvenience. Mr. Davis' most serious attack occurred during the winter of 1893. It first made itself manifest in the swelling of the right hand, and before twenty-four hours had passed the disease appeared to have gone through the whole system, and his legs were swollen to an abnormal size, so much so that the joints were not visible through the swelling. For ten months the trouble continued, and during that period Mr. Davis was unable to put on his own clothes, and the pain he endured almost past comprehension. One doctor after another was tried but without any beneficial results. The advertised medicines were tried but with no better success. "I can hardly say," said Mr. Davis, "how much money I spent on doctors and medicine, but it amounted to a considerable sum. I would most willingly have given my farm to be rid of the terrible pain I was forced to endure. But all my expenditures seemed of no avail, and I began to despair of a cure. At this juncture, acting on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first six boxes I used seemed from outward appearances to have had no effect, and I felt almost like giving up in despair. I thought, however, that possibly that was not a fair trial for one in my condition and I procured a further supply. By the time I had used three boxes more there was a considerable improvement noticeable, and from that time each day found me growing better. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eighteen boxes, by which time every vestige of the pain had left me, and I was feeling in every respect a new man. I believe, too, that the cure is permanent, for I have not known what it is to suffer with rheumatism since."

It will thus be seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills released Mr. Davis from the painful tirade of rheumatism at a comparatively small expense after doctors and other medicines had utterly failed to give him even a fair measure of relief. It is obvious therefore that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they are sure to bring relief and a cure. Every box of the genuine Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS.

740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of Bloor street. PHONO 4063.
Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Baptizing Font, Crosses, Headstones and Requisites of all kinds. For 21 years on "Cor. of Church and Lombard streets, New York."

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Men's Latest Style
Waterproof Coats...

with sewn seams and deep detachable capes, ventilated armholes and guaranteed rainproof, in blacks, greys and fawns, in plain or small and large patterns, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7.50 and \$10.

Boys' Double-Breasted Suits

for ages 10 to 15, in heavy mixed tweeds, in a large variety of patterns, the best trimmings and tailoring, excellent value, \$5, cheaper lines at \$3 and \$4.

Young Men's Suits...

in single and double-breasted sack shape, stitched edges, latest cut pants, very neat patterns, special value, \$7.50.

Fall Overcoats...

in light and dark fawns and grey woads, light and medium weights, remarkably good value, \$7.50 and \$10.

MEN'S SUITS

Men's Latest Style
Waterproof Coats...

with sewn seams and deep detachable capes, ventilated armholes and guaranteed rainproof, in blacks, greys and fawns, in plain or small and large patterns, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7.50 and \$10.

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