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THE STROKE THAT SAVED.

The great palace of Moscow was brilliantly lighted. It was Christmas Eve, and the opening ball of the festive season had brought wealth and royalty together at the winter home of the Czar.

In the salon all was magnificence. Gorgeous decorations and splendid flowers graced the room; costly mirrors threw back the light of a thousand gasolens, and the walls were beautiful with coloured tapestries. The royal divan was unoccupied. Throned on the floor for the evening before the mask of stern authority, and moved among the guests with courtly grace, greeting all with kind and pleasant words. The great Czar went slowly through the room. The quiet smile seemed to have erased the lines of care from his brow, but there was an anxious, watchful look in the deep gray eyes that told of the sleeplessness of his mind.

The rounds had been made. Everywhere he had been met with expressions of humble submission and through good-will, but his mind was restless: he had a dim foreboding of some impending evil, and sank into a cushioned chair, a prey to uneasiness and unhappy thoughts. How long he rested he knew not, but presently he was called back to his situation by a light touch on his knee and the whispering voice of his page: "They await you, sir." And with a hurried glance at the scene of gaiety and joy he slipped away.

Outside in the avenue all was different. Long lines of heavy carriages and graceful sleighs awaited the ending of the ball; horses stamped impatiently on the crisp hard snow; and weary drivers, muffled in their great fur coats, huddled in the protesting shelter of their carriages.

Far off in the west wing of the palace there was but little signs of festivity. The great massive building loomed, a tower of black. One single window was lighted, and the slender ray that struggled forth seemed almost swallowed in the darkness. Figures passed repeatedly before it, and the drivers noted it and wondered.

Inside of the palace the ball was at its height; soft strains of music floated through the long suites of rooms; foreign ambassadors, stately nobles, young and dashing officers, chatted in little groups, danced with Russian beauty, or wandered aimlessly through the grand rooms.

Long since the Czar had slipped away, not unnoticed, for the wretched eyes of a pale young nobleman, who sat apart from the crowd, had marked it. The Czar had gone through a small door to the left, half-hidden by hanging curtains, and through dark narrow corridors up long flights of stairs to the little room on the left wing, where the solitary light peered out into the darkness.

His Majesty was expected, matters of state had called him away from the gay scene in the salon to the council chamber. As he stepped into the room every knee was bent, and when he had acknowledged the customary salutation, a sigh of relief passed from the lips of the councillors as they proceeded to their places around the central table. They were old men, silver-haired nobles of great learning, men eminently worthy of the high offices they occupied. One alone in the room was not a councillor; young and handsome, tall and broad of shoulder, the Count of Bolkhev was there, by right of his position as captain of the Czar's bodyguard, to stand between his royal master and the dangers of secret societies. And, after a few whispered words from the Czar, he left the room and took his stand in the dark hallway.

Nihilists were strong in Russia, and the pale young nobleman who sat apart from the crowd in the gay salon, was the Count of Kharkov, of all the socialists the most powerful, fearless and dreaded. There was a wild, unnatural light in his eyes that seemed to tell of strange workings in his mind. He smiled to himself, but it was a dark, forbidding smile that boded no good. He was evidently waiting for something, for as minute after minute passed he sat tapping his foot impatiently on the marble floor.

Finally he arose, and with forced calmness, quietly walked toward the half-hidden door that led to the left wing. He entered unnoticed and waited in the darkness. Presently the door opened, a form entered noiselessly. Again and still again the door opened, and each time a new figure joined him, until twelve men were gathered there in the gloom.

Not a word was spoken. Quietly the little man started down the long, dark hall that so lately echoed to the footfalls of the Czar. Up the stairs and down another hall; up the stairs again and still no sound.

With his back against the door he lunges once again with a grim determination to save the Czar from the hands of these furious men—there is one left to fight. Again and again he strikes. Fate seems to favour him in that unequal strife, for the brave sold for still holds his own in the dark hallway. There is nervousness in the steady parries and quick thrusts; death looks him in the eyes and he dreads it not. Already there is blood on the rich uniform, and a half-moment thrust had laid open the broad forehead. His strength cannot stand the furious onslaught much longer.

Suddenly there is a signal from the room; it tells him that his master has escaped, and with a rapid thrust he clears a momentary passage through that circle of swords and is gone. Down the long hall, down the stairs, out into the chill night air he flies, with two of the baffled swordsmen at his heels. A sad smile passes over his bleeding face as he hears the hoarse cries of rage and disappointment from the room above. The Czar is safe and he is content.

Down the deserted streets the death chase continues, the stricken, bleeding man who colors the fresh white snow with his life blood at every step, and with his two furious pursuers. Through street after street he flies. He cannot last long; his eyes are growing dim, but with a final effort he dashes down a narrow side street and turns to meet his death. He listens. Nearer and nearer comes the pursuing footsteps. He shrinks into the darkest shadow of the houses. For a moment scarcely dares to breathe. Two panting men dash past and are gone. His mind becomes a blank; he reels and falls heavily upon the pavement.

II. The clock on the church in the great public square has struck three, and the city slumbers on, unconscious of the great tragedy that has been so narrowly averted. The salon in the palace is empty and dark, the festive guests have gone to their homes all in ignorance of the fierce contest that had occurred in that very building an hour or their departure.

In front of a plain, unimposing house in a quiet street of the city, a dark figure lines prone in the snow. It is the body of the Count of Bolkhev, captain of the royal guard; the firm hand still grasps the trusty sword; there is a crimson blot on the snow at his head, but he is still alive.

And a dream comes to him as he lies there bleeding and unconscious. He is no longer the stern captain of the finest troops of warriors in Russia. He is a little curly-headed lad, lying soft prayers at his mother's knee. It is again Christmas Eve, and he is imploring with innocent lips the Sacred Infant to watch and guide his steps through life.

The dream changes. Now in the vigour of early manhood, he kneels with downcast head before the throne of the great Czar. Peter is speaking: "Count Bolkhev, consider well what thou sayest; I offer thee the captaincy of my guards; accept and I shall be thy father; refuse and I shall be thy enemy forever." There is silence for a moment. Then with trembling lips he utters: "Sir, thy will is mine." And the dream ends.

But there is a movement in the house before which he lies. Someone is descending the stairs, the door is opened and there is a cry of dismay as the prostrate man is seen lying at the very doorstep. Strong hands are ready to carry him into the house, and tender, ministering fingers are soon washing away the blood and applying restoratives to the wounded officer.

Over him bends a gray-haired man, who seems to recognize the handsome features. The officer is breathing more freely, and finally the large dark eyes open to stare vacantly, into the face above. Quiet yourself my son," says the old man. "You are safe, but can you recognize an old friend?" The eyes of the wounded man rest for a moment on the kindly face, and with a groan of shame and grief he mutters in a half choked whisper, "The Abbe Nonnory."

"Aye, son," answers the priest, and with a quick sign he motions to his attendant to withdraw, and he is alone with the dying man.

"Father," the pale soldier whispers, "you know my sin?" "Aye, my child," the old priest answers, "nor is it too late to repent. Some unknown cause has brought you, wounded and dying, to the door of a hunted and despised priest of God. Ah it grieved me greatly to hear that you had perished the honours of the world to the true faith; but repentance can make you once more a friend of the all-loving Father."

The stricken man was silent for a long time. A great struggle was going on in his soul; grace was fighting for the mastery. The old man saw it and said nothing. The minutes crept on. Then slowly the young soldier raised himself off his knees, and with a contrition burn a newly awakened love, he made a true and fervent confession at the feet of the old priest.

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peered in through the frosty panes, the head of the poor young officer drooped, the weak hand fell, and his noble soul went forth to a holier land. Days passed; there was a great funeral, for all Moscow had turned out to honour the remains of the Count of Bolkhev, captain of the royal guard.

SECOND ANNUAL BAZAAR

At Bonfield for Church and Presbytery. DEAR READERS.—We would hesitate in calling again on you for almsgiving and charity when we think of the so many calls you always answer generously with readiness most creditable to you.

It has been decided lately to hold the drawing of a few articles on October 1st and a grand bazaar Christmas week.

The articles to be drawn on Oct. 1st are a table cover, a christening dress and a rifle. Tickets on first two articles are 25c. each; on last article 10c. each, three for 25c.

Now, you can do a great good by taking tickets on said articles, or forwarding to the undersigned any article, suitable especially for a country place, for the bazaar, which, where every confidence will be a good one. "Every little helps," as you know. Write to and get acquainted with the undersigned. Personal answer for every donation.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 13—St. Alphonsus Mary de Liguori... 15—Fast Day, transferred Vigil of the Assumption... 16—St. Joachim... 17—Octave of St. Laurence... 18—St. Hyacinth... 19—Blessed Urban II, P.

Canada Presbyterian—It is not a cheering announcement to be told that forty-eight new cells are being added to the accommodation of the Central Prison.

The record of the Ottawa Model School in the Entrance Examinations was the subject of an inaccurate reference in a recent issue of THE REGISTER.

It is certainly great news that Li Hung Chang will visit Toronto. His Excellency will pass through Canada in bond; and now that the Conservatives are out of power, he will be easily able to evade the poll tax.

On Saturday The World published several columns of information concerning the clergy of the city and the renewed agitation for Sunday street cars.

valuable gold discoveries made in almost every township of the Dominion, and perhaps the astute Mongolian is getting here in time to avoid the rush.

The circumstances of a tragedy reported during the week from London, Ontario, are inexpressibly sad. Happily they are almost unprecedented in this country of ours, or they might furnish a text for much bitter comment.

We suppose that these reflections were in the mind of the editor of The World when he sent his reporters out all over the city to take a census of the clergy, to find how many were away in the haunts of the pleasure-seekers and how many were at home reforming the sinners and ministering to the sick and the dying.

In any event the question is a proper one what account is taken of the sick and the dying on Sunday or Monday in the thirty-five pastorless parishes? The substitutes cannot very well attend to that. There may be an assistant left behind in some of them to wrestle with the overwork which the hot weather is certain to bring with it.

There is food for much grave reflection in this publication of the list of absentee pastors by a newspaper that circulates widely among the people. We believe the adherents of all denominations are taught at least that the worship of God is a duty of religion.

The time will never come when the Catholic churches will be closed because of the heat of summer and the disposition of the clergy to recreate themselves.

all the churches of Toronto were to be closed up during the summer months only one of two conclusions would be possible: that the people were practically pagans, or that the clergy had no care of the ministerial office, and instead of working to improve us by the example of their lives were living for pleasure.

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It takes one by surprise to read a list of five and thirty ministers of this town who have left their churches pastorless and have gone off on a holiday, some to the seashore, some to the mountains.

What has become of the religious observance of Sunday in these five and thirty churches? Have five and thirty substitutes been found, or is this great absentee list only an indication that Toronto is moving in the direction of the American plan of shutting up the churches? If the rule that applies to Toronto applies to other cities to the same extent, it is of course out of the question that substitutes can be found in all cases, and closing the churches altogether would be the only solution of the difficulty.

In any event the question is a proper one what account is taken of the sick and the dying on Sunday or Monday in the thirty-five pastorless parishes? The substitutes cannot very well attend to that. There may be an assistant left behind in some of them to wrestle with the overwork which the hot weather is certain to bring with it.

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shocking though the suspension of religious services in Protestant churches may be, we must remember in estimation at least for the people that in their religious sacrifice, an ease of religious worship is wanting. But at least they are for a part of the year the Aids of religion which they possess.

Another observation may be pardoned by way of comment upon The World's article. It is this: All priests interviewed favored Sunday cars. Perhaps all their Protestant brethren had the same realization of the necessity of religious worship as our priests have the clergy would be unanimous for the proposed reform. Any jury of practical Christians would say, we think, that the religious observance of Sunday is more endangered by the absentee ministers than by the demand for Sunday cars.

The House of Landlords and the Landlord Bill.

The Irish Land Bill had to wait until it got into the House of Lords to have the landlords' amendments tacked on to it. At its best it was but a poor bill, even a bad bill. While it gave the tenants some new facilities for getting into the Courts, it for the most part looked after the interests of the landlords.

Containing little of any real benefit to the tenants and imposing no new difficulty upon rack-renting landlords, the Bill went up to the House of Lords. And it was thought, of course, that the Lords would pass it in the same shape in which it reached them.

But not at all. Not content with the negative virtues of the Bill, the Lords determined to make it a positive boon to their class. In the cable despatch of Thursday we read that the Lords presented the landlords' amendments once more and that several of them were carried against the government and in face of Lord Salisbury's opposition.

The history of land legislation in Ireland never presented such an object lesson as this. It has been a public combination of the landlords of the two islands to crush down the Irish agitation against rack rents.

The Government benches were crowded with hereditary legislators, whose faces were not familiar to ordinary spectators. Some had not taken the oath, although the present Parliament has been in existence for eighteen months, and they qualified on the same day when the divisions were taken.

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The Bill cannot possibly pass in the shape it emerges from the House of Lords. Even if a compromise were desirable in the interest of the overburdened Irish tenants who are anxious to take their cases into Court, there would be this other side to the question that a compromise with the landlords combine is impossible for a free Parliament.

The landlords once before prevented the will of the people of Great Britain going into effect in the House of Lords. That was permitted because of the false cry got up about the safety of the union and the empire. Now the landlords have undertaken to block the machinery of Parliament to gain unjust advantages for their own rapacious class.

Cabinet Representation.

We are of opinion that The Globe and The Registrar must agree to disagree concerning the principle upon which the Catholic vote in Ontario was cast in the late elections. The Globe on Saturday last had a good deal to say about the North Waterloo election; but really we cannot see that our contemporary makes any accusation against the Catholic clergy of using undue influence.

We must confess that the concluding portion The Globe's article has interested us very much. The Globe is not accustomed to speak incautiously or wide of the mark with reference to the intentions of the Government. What then are we to understand by the following?

We have, however, every confidence that the Liberal leader will not overlook, and in point of fact we believe he has not overlooked, in the formation of his Cabinet the interests of any section of the electorate with just claims on his consideration.

The Globe and The Registrar would be likely to agree upon the choice of a real representative of the Catholics of Ontario in the Cabinet. We say so with the utmost candor. However we may disagree about the school question, The Globe rightly understands the matter of Cabinet representation. If, then our contemporary has "every confidence" that the Liberal leader "will not overlook" this most important question, we can only say that we are very pleased to hear it.

The Great Convention.

On Wednesday next the main body of the Canadian delegation to the great Irish Race Convention will be on the sea. The delegation is composed of representatives of Montreal, Ottawa, Peterborough, Toronto, Hamilton and St. Catharines. Quebec and Halifax have likewise appointed representatives.

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was called in Melbourne about the middle of July to visit the Victorian delegate. No doubt that Convention appointed the best man of the colony who will appear in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, in due time. From every quarter of the globe the scattered sons of Ireland are coming to the capital of the beloved old land, all animated with one aim and determination. In their adopted homes they have learned the uses of union. Full well they realize that discussion and jealousy have ever been the ruin of Ireland's hope in the past; and they are determined to do all that lies in their power to mark an era of triumphant unity at last.

Anti-Masonic Congress.

The anti-Masonic Congress which is to meet at Trent, on the Tyrol, on September 29, has cast its shadow before it like all great events. The Masonic body evidently expects to receive a shock, and it is not at the present time in the best possible condition to offer resistance to public attack. The renunciation of Sig Zola the other day was a staggering blow to the irreligious aim of Freemasonry. The public can have no room after such an exposure for continuing under any sort of misapprehension of the facts so deliberately put forward. Looking ahead to the Catholic Congress at Trent the correspondent of the American press association admits that the Congress of Freemasons, which has just been held at The Hague, has confirmed the worst impressions that have lately been getting abroad concerning the Masonic body.

The Hague conference united under the auspices of the grand Orient of France, all Dutch, Belgian and Italian lodges affiliated to the Grand Orient. It has long been known that duly constituted lodges in America, Great Britain and throughout the world refuse to recognize the Grand Orient since the ritual of that body became irreligious. Upon the doing of this congress at The Hague, the Trent critics can seize, but the great masonic bodies throughout the world will disregard both The Hague and the Trent congresses.

This is extraordinary language for a newspaper correspondent to use. The writer is supposed to put facts before the public; but instead of that he distorts everything and volunteers a prophesy. The British and American Masons sprang from the European parent and the Grand Orient. It has often been stated of late that the ancient affiliation has been terminated; but of that there can be no evidence since all preserve their secrecy. Even supposing they had cut loose, what does it signify? The parent society is still the custodian of the real and original teachings of Freemasonry. An Anglo-Saxon Masonic reform movement, if it had any sincerity in it, would throw off the secrecy that shields the irreligious character of the parent and let light in upon the foul cave it had escaped from. But that has never been the role of British or American Freemasonry. The Anglo-Saxon wing has always played the part of the apologist and the monitor of the parent. It has endeavored to keep it out of the way of popular attention, while in itself it takes on the pretence of some shadowy belief in God as a recommendation to Christian people, whose own religion is unhappily but a shadow.

At the same time there may be, and no doubt are, tens of thousands of Freemasons who do not realize the actual basis of alliance. But the prophesy is lightly made that such persons, if they are honest men, "will disregard both The Hague and the Trent conferences" is carrying the office of the public journalist out of its place. Statements of this kind when made throughout the continent point out the dangerous use to which the secular press may be turned.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

Huffy cheese, as it is termed, when cheese swells up and cracks and exudes a bad odored fluid, is caused by impurity in the milk, derived either from the water, which is apt to be bad, just at this time, or to some other cause which produces a putrid decomposition of the cheese with production of gas, by which the cheese is burst.

In the laying out of the farm work for the next year, which is a necessary thing to think of at all times, it should not be neglected to provide a clover pasture for the pigs. This is the very cheapest and most healthful sort of feeding for these animals, which suffer most from neglect in this way.

It is just now that every young animal of the farm, from the little chick to the calf or colt, may be suffering from a very common parasite, which is the throat threadworm. This pest is prevalent everywhere, and is the cause of the so-called gapes of chickens and young turkeys, of the pinning or papering of the lambs, of the husk of calves, and the distressing cough which affects the young colts.

It is almost always present in the older animals, a constant habitant of the intestines from the throat to the extremity of the bowels. Being ejected by these more resisting bearers of the pest, the mature worms, with their eggs, pass in due course from the bowels, and are then picked up in any of the many possible ways by the young animals, who soon begin to show the effects by a whoezing, rattling, husky cough, attended by great prostration and weakness, due to the interference with the breathing. There is an effective remedy, which is to give on alternate days small doses of turpentine oil and sulphur the next.

The right process of making cider must begin at the beginning, with good apples, sound and free from decay, or the cider will not keep. The apples must be pressed between wooden rollers, or crushers, or the color will be darkened by the iron.

The pomace must be pressed as soon as possible after the crushing, or the cider will be darkened by the effect of the air on it. The expressed juice must be well filtered, preferably through clean sand, to remove the sediment from the pomace, or the fermentation of the juice will not go on as it should, to be controlled by rule. The cider is to be put into perfectly clean casks—spirits casks are the best, because they are clean and free from mold. The fermentation must be controlled and stopped as soon as the first action is over and the foam of it subsides, by closing the casks tightly and keeping them in a cold place. After this, the casks must not be disturbed or the sediment will mix with the cider and cloud it permanently.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and is a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affection of the throat and lungs.

FIRESIDE FUN.

A German paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Anybody who can prove that my tapices contain anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."

"He stood at the top of the steps," she said, telling her father about it afterwards, "and I mustered up courage enough to say, 'You know this is leap year.' 'Yes, what then?' 'Then he leaped, and I haven't seen him since.' Rawson: "Excuse me, old fellow, but I rather wonder at your marrying a red haired girl." Shrivvers: "Well, you see, I was brought up in India and am a dreadfully chilly mortal, and her red hair looks so warm and comfortable in this cold climate."

Scene: Police Court.—Magistrate to prisoner at the bar: "You can take your choice—ten shillings or six days." Prisoner (who has not properly recovered from last night's debauch, and is still in a foggy condition): "I'll take the money, sir."

Commercial Traveller (to boy who has answered the bell: "I want the books. You're not the books, surely?" Boy in Buttons: "No, sir; I am the socks." Commercial Traveller: "Socks! You impudent young demon what do you mean?" Boy in Buttons: "Why, you see sir, I'm under the boots."

A gentleman once asked a lawyer what he would do if he had lent him \$500 and the man had left the country without leaving any acknowledgment. "Why, that's simple; just write to him to send an acknowledgment for the \$6,000 you had lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it will be only \$500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him, if necessary."

Mr. Bluff: "Look here, young man, you're always going about with my daughter, and I want to know what your intentions are regarding her?" Young Man: "I really have no intentions, sir." Mr. Bluff (angrily): "Then what do you mean by amusing yourself at my daughter's expense?" Young Man (airily): "I'm not amusing myself at my daughter's expense, sir, but at my own expense. I always pay for the theatre tickets, refreshments, etc."

"Does your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Dolly?" "Not in the least, Mr. Spudds," "Does your mamma?" "No." "Do your brothers?" "I think not." "Then I guess I'm pretty solid." "But there is one member of the family you neglected to ask about, and who does object to your coming most heartily." "I thought I had named them all, but now I think of it, I did omit to ask about your pug." "Oh, Fido doesn't mind you." "Then who is it that objects to my coming to see you?" "It is only I, Mr. Spudds."

"Some people are never at a loss for an answer, and the coloured valet who follows in the following is a good exponent of that class. It seems he was a lazy rascal, and his master one day demonstrated with him about his neglect of duty. "But, massa, I'm not an equal to do occasion as I once wuz." "Why, George, what on earth is the matter with you now?" "I's got a stitch in my side, sir, dat troubles me a powerful lot, and I's not able to do as much as I had ben doin'." "A stitch in your side! Oh, come, George, that won't do. Where did you get such a thing as a stitch in your side?" "De oder day sah, You see, I wuz hemmed in by a crowd."

PETERBOROUGH

Nominates Delegates to the Forthcoming Great Irish Convention. PETERBOROUGH Aug 4.—A well attended and enthusiastic gathering of Irishmen was held in the Catholic Association rooms last evening for the purpose of appointing delegates to the grand convention of Irishmen to be held in Dublin on September 1st. Ven. Archbishop Casey presided in the chair. Speeches were made by the Rev. chairman, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Messrs. T. Cahill, M. Quinlan, G. Ball and others, expressive of warm sympathy with the Irish cause and approval of the convention. The hope was also expressed that the convention would lead to the desired result—restoring unity in the Irish party and renewing their zeal in the cause and the confidence of Irishmen throughout the world.

The following were elected delegates: His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor; Ven. Archdeacon Casey; Messrs. P. Cahill, M. Quinlan, J. Dolan, M. Coughlin, Michael Riley, Wm. Cluxton, R. B. McKee, Dr. McGrath, J. W. Fitzgerald and L. M. Hayes. These delegates are to represent Peterborough at the convention and convey an expression of sympathy and good will to the Irish Parliamentary party. Resolutions were passed expressing sympathy with the purpose of the convention and the hope that it would lead to the obtaining of the best terms of government for Ireland, and also the hope that it would restore the confidence of Irishmen throughout the world in the Irish party so that interest would be renewed and support given.

DOMESTIC READING.

Good luck is often bad luck in disguise. What makes life dreary is want of motive. Kind little acts are of the same blood as great and holy deeds. Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it, it is precious, but imperfect. A warm, blundering man does more for the world than a frigid, wise man.

This is the very perfection of a man, to find out his own imperfections.—St. Augustine. Fire craveth all things, and destroyeth all things. A lie is life, but a great deal is death. Nothing flatters a man more than to read in some authority something that he thinks he has thought.

There are some men in the world who don't work their brains hard enough to convince people that they have any. All good conversation, manners, and action comes from a spontaneity which forgets usages, and makes the moment great.—Emerson. There is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it.—Washington Irving. Chimeras are the food of indolent theorists. They chase fantasies all their days, and the recording angel marks the result with a cipher.

Mussels open their mouths to swallow the pearls dropped from the stars. Wise men open their mouths only to utter words more precious than pearls. The brave man wants no charms to encourage him in his duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.—Bulwer. That restless anxiety as to the doings of others, that wish to correct or set people right, is, as it were, usurping the functions of the great Judge. All hearts are not alike, however sincere and devoted they may be, but one thing is alike for all souls, the necessity of warfare against self, which is an endless work.

Oh, shallow and mean heart! dost thou conceive so little of love as not to know that it sacrifices all—love itself—for the happiness of the one it loves?—Washington Irving. The rose is sweetest when it first opens, and the spikenard roots when the head dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it; but the odor of piety survives death, and perfumes the tomb. Whether you fight or work, don't make too much fuss about it. All force is silent. It is the empty wagon that rattles most when in motion. The sound of the drum is due to the fact that there is nothing in it.

If you wish to honor the Heart of Jesus, make it the depository of what you do and suffer, offering to it all your actions, that it may dispose of them according to its good pleasures.—B. Margaret Mary. To speak the truth and perform good offices are two things that resemble God. Every man ought to speak and act with such perfect integrity that no one could have reason to doubt his simple affirmation. A necessity of my reason constrains me to believe the existence of God, because I can in no other way account for my existence. I am either uncaused, or self-caused, or caused by a cause.—Cardinal Manning. No qualification avails so much to a knowledge of human nature in its good and evil manifestations as an enlightened charity, for this establishes sympathies between us and all men, and thus makes them intelligible to us. Justice and generosity are so intimately interwoven that neither can flourish heartily without the presence of the other. No one can act fairly without acting sympathetically; nor can anyone subvert his own best interest while that is all he has at heart.

Good, strong, courageous men may make the law a blessing, where weak or corrupt men would make it a curse. But very few men are good and courageous in the face of a determined opposition; Men very well disposed are often unable to swim very much against the tide. Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memory of his fellow, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent.—Emerson. The perfection of virtue does not lie in extraordinary paths. The Blessed Virgin led a poor and ordinary life, but because her heart, her prayers, her humility and patience created within her the most sublime holiness, hers was the purest and most privileged soul that ever existed.

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

Chats With the Children.

EXAMPLES OF A LITTLE GIRL. My brother Will, he used to be The nicest kind of girl; He wore a little dress like me, And had his hair on curl. We played with dolls and tea-cake then, And every kind of toy; But all those good old times are gone— Will turned into a boy.

Mamma had made him little suits, With pockets all complete; And out off all his yellow curls And packed them up to neat. And Will, he was so pleased, I bet you He almost jumped with joy; But I must own I didn't like It till turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops I don't know how to spin; And marries that I try to shoot, But never hits or wins. And leap-frog—I can't give a back— Like Charley, Frank or Roy— Oh, no one knows how bad I feel, Since Will had turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same, And how they're mostly white; I have to sit and just be good— While Will can climb and fight. But I must keep my dresses nice, And wear my hair in curl; And worse—on, worstest thing of all— I have to stay a girl.

KINGS AND CROWNS

The idea which most children have of a King is that he goes around with a crown on his head and wrapped in royal robes or riding a splendid steed. This is not true, of course, as some of you know. The only ruler of Europe to-day who is ever seen wearing a crown is King Oscar of Sweden. The Emperor of Germany owns a beautiful crown, which, it is said, he has never put on his head. The crown is the emblem of kingly rule, but is kept for state occasions only, and then it is more often borne into the state chamber resting on a cushion than on the brow of the man who is entitled to wear it.

A MERE CHANCE

Some of the most valuable processes have been discovered by the merest chance. That of whitening sugar is one of them. A hen tramped through a clay puddle, and then got into a sugarhouse, and walked across the sugar. Somebody noticed that where she had been the sugar underneath was whiter. This was a hint, and after considerable experimenting, wet clay came to be used as a sugar refiner.

WHEN TEA DRINKING STARTED.

A pretty legend is told of the origin of tea drinking. The story runs that the daughter of a certain Eastern potentate was enamoured of a young nobleman, and one day her admirer, without the knowledge of her attendants, presented her with a few green branches. One of these she treasured, and when she reached her apartments, she placed the twig in a goblet of water, there to remain some hours, the object of her tenderest care. Towards evening she was seized with a very sentimental attack, during which she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. It had a most agreeable taste, and then she ate the leaves and stalk. The flavour pleased her greatly, and every day, in memory of her admirer, she had bunches of this tea-tree brought to her, and ate them or put them in water and drank the infusion.

The ladies of the Court were moved to try it themselves; and did so with such pleasing results that the practice spread throughout the world. TAKES TWO MINUTES TO DROWN. Drowning is a quicker death than most people suppose. Insensibility is said to begin in one minute, and fatal unconsciousness in two. Even propped divers cannot remain under water more than a minute and a half, and it is almost fatal to remain beneath the surface longer. At Navarino, where expert divers plunge for sponges, not one was found who could remain under water for two minutes. In the Red Sea the Arab divers generally remain down one and a quarter minutes; while at Ceylon the pearl fishers can seldom stay below for even one minute. There is a case on record at Falmouth where a diver had descended 80 feet, and it was two minutes before he reached the surface. Blood ran from his ears and nose. He was insensible, and died. Insensibility, however, does not always involve death, for in many cases a person may be resuscitated by the use of energetic measures.

HIS IDEA. "What are you going to be dear Jack?" When you're quite grown up!" I said "Will you be a lawyer, like papa, or a soldier, like Uncle Ned?" He shook his curly head and smiled! Then answered, "I think it is queer Papa wanted to be a lawyer, When he might be a pioneer."

"A pioneer, dear lassie!" I cried; "Why how brave and bold you must be, But if you roam, you must come back home, Your poor little mother to see."

"Oh, I'll not go far away," he cried; "I can do it as well at home, I don't think when I'm a pioneer That I shall care to roam."

"I should think that a pioneer," he said, "With calmly smiling eyes, 'That a pioneer would have to do 'Something 't'her with pies.'"

—Vivian Sheard in August St. Nicholas

CARELESSNESS OF LIFE IN AFRICA.

Mpimbi is the beginning of the navigable water used by the administration at Fort Johnson. The river is full of crocodiles; people are constantly being taken by them. Hoaro shot a big crocodile, and found a pair of bracelets in its stomach. The natives foolishly risk the water every day. They walk in knee-deep to get water, and even swim across the streams. By making a small fence about the place where they get water, many lives would be saved; but that means work, and each African thinks he will not be a victim.—From the late E. J. Glave in the Century.

A TRUANT CANARY BROUGHT HOME BY THE CAT.

A curious story of a canary bird which flew away but was caught and brought home alive by the family cat comes from the United States. An Indianapolis lady writes:—I had a beautiful canary given me. I was rather nervous at first as to whether my cat, Topsy, would think he was there to eat. And one day I found her sitting glaring at the cage, crouched as if she would spring every moment; so I seized her in my arms and rubbed her nose hard against the bars of the cage, and then whipped her well. This seemed very cruel, but it was a lesson she never forgot; and she never looked at the canary again in a vicious manner. One day I had a most dreadful fright. I went into the dining-room, and there I found my bird's cage open, and Bobbie (the canary) was gone. I rushed into all the rooms, but he was nowhere. I questioned my mother and the servants, but they had not seen him. Then I went into the garden, in the hope of finding that he had flown there, and to my surprise saw Topsy just coming over the wall, carrying something in her mouth. She ran up to me, and my heart stood almost still, as I saw she was holding my canary.

I did not know what to do; but she turned and ran into the house, and then back to me, and then once again to the house, so I followed her; and as soon as we were in the dining-room and the door shut she dropped the bird, which, to my surprise and joy, immediately flew up on to a chair. Topsy sat calmly down and looked on. I very quickly caught Master Bobbie, and put him in the cage; and I took my little pussy and nearly covered her with kisses. She had evidently caught the little truant in the next garden, and must have recognized him and brought him back to me.

THE HEAVENS IN AUGUST.

The northern sky is now chiefly remarkable for the absence of large stars. The head of the Dragon is now almost exactly above the pole, and not far from the zenith shines the beautiful Vega, its steel-blue color making it quite conspicuous. The ruling constellation of the zodiac this month is Sagittarius the Archer. He is commonly presented as a centaur, though, like almost all of these groups, it is not easy to imagine the figure of a centaur among the stars of this constellation. The bow, however, is fairly well marked. We are told that away back in the long ago Sagittarius was pictured as a satyr, and so it appears on the Farnese globe. Overhead are the Lyre and Hercules, but neither is well placed for observation. The Milky Way, toward the south at this season, is well worth studying. It is strange when we look at those complex branches, loops, and curling masses to find books of astronomy asserting that the Milky Way is a faint stream of misty light circling the celestial sphere and divided into two along half its length. Remember, too, that the Milky Way is entirely made up of dusterling stars, as seen on the seashore for multitude, each star being a sun glowing with its own inherent light and heat, stars of the immensity of the universe when we find clouds of these stars strewn through space. Pegasus the Winged Horse, the constellation that rises above the eastern horizon in the early evening hours, is the same which eight months ago was above the western horizon. It will be observed, and the point is well worth careful noting, that the position of Pegasus is entirely changed from that which it had occupied before it began to pass below the western horizon in January. Then the head of Pegasus was close to the horizon, and on the left as one stood facing the west. Now, though his head lies toward the left, it is much higher above the horizon than the winged back. In both cases, however, the horse is represented in an unnatural position, or at least in a position which a horse could only assume by accident. In the west there is little specially to notice, except the noble figure presented by Bootes the

Herdman, now more favorably placed for study than any other season of the year.

THE STORY OF A FOOT'S KINDNESS.

A story has been going the rounds of the newspapers, which is partly true; but it puts facts in a false light, as stories always do when only half told. It was originally printed several years ago, and ran as follows: Mrs. Field had led by enough money, to pay the quarterly instalment upon Mr. Field's life-insurance, and she handed him the sum to make the payment. On his way down town he met a man who had a large collection of butterflies, consisting of eight hundred specimens, which so fascinated Mr. Field that he forgot all about the life-insurance, and immediately purchased the entire collection. The truth is that Mr. Field did start out to pay for or buy something which was needed, but not to make a life-insurance payment. Also, he did meet an old man with a collection of butterflies. The old man was a gentleman he knew, a friend who had lost his wife and two children. Besides, the week before, his house with all its contents had been destroyed by fire. The man was absolutely without means, home, or friends. He happened to have the butterflies left, as at the time of the fire they were in the house of a friend. When Mr. Field returned, he said: "I did not want the butterflies, but I had to give the poor old man the money, and he would not take it unless I accepted the collection." It was simply one more instance of the fact that the gentle-hearted poet could not leave a friend in misery who he had the money in his pocket to help him.—"Recollections of Eugene Field," by Martha Nelson Yonovine, in August St. Nicholas.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPE. Several Miracles to the Virgin Shrine.—Some remarkable cures are reported. The St. Anne's Falls News says: The fifth annual pilgrimage of the Archdiocese of Kingston, under the distinguished auspices of His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Olney, which took place on Tuesday, July 28th, to the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, over the C. P. R., was a decided success in every sense of the word. From various points in Ontario and the United States pilgrims came in large numbers and all were delighted with the perfect arrangements made by the C. P. R. for their accommodation and speedy travel. Three special trains carried 1,400 passengers from Peterboro, Pembroke and Smith's Falls. Supt. F. F. Brady, Smith's Falls, was most energetic and solicitous to do everything possible for all passengers and his efforts in this respect were ably seconded by Messrs. Spencer and Bennett of the C. P. R. staff here. Supt. Folger and E. J. Conway, of the K. & P., with their usual kindness and push did much to promote the success of the pilgrimage. The organization of the pilgrimage was under the charge of Rev. Father Stanton, Smith's Falls, and he was ably assisted by Rev. Father McDonnell of Kemptonville, and Rev. Father O'Gorman, of Gananoque. Of the Rev. Father Stanton it may be truly said that he never tired of the arduous labor attending the successful issue of such a great undertaking. As on previous occasions his thoughtfulness and anxiety for the comfort and safety of pilgrims gave to him additional strength and ability, and the success following his efforts must certainly afford him much gratification. Several remarkable cures took place. Amongst the many are those of a young lady of Kemptonville. She had been deaf for seven years and was restored to her hearing. A lady from Michigan who had been paralyzed for seven years was able to walk home without crutches. Another instance is that of Miss Cairns, a young girl of eight years, from Tanworth, who had been deaf for 4 years and who miraculously received the use of her hearing. A boy twelve years old from Wisconsin, who had epileptic fits daily, was relieved. A young lady from South Leeds, who had been deaf and dumb for years, regained both speech and hearing. Another remarkable case is that of Mr. Fitzgerald from Proton, who had been unable to walk without crutches for years, left his crutches in the church of St. Anne de Beaupre and was able to walk unaided. These were only a few of the many cures effected at the shrine of the Good St. Anne.

Although the pilgrimage of last week was the fifth under the direction of Rev. Father Stanton, it was in every respect just as successful as the former ones, and the Rev. director desires to express to all grateful appreciation for the very liberal manner in which the undertaking was patronized, and it clearly demonstrates the confidence and esteem entertained for the Rev. Father. There was not an unpleasant or annoying incident during the whole trip, and all who attended express their delight and admiration with the able manner in which the pilgrimage was conducted. The News congratulates Rev. Father Stanton and those associated with him on the happy success of the undertaking and we have no doubt that next year the pilgrimage will be much larger than the former ones.

Sea Dreamings.

Sea Dreamings. In the blue sky above... The bird is for a rest... Only men's hearts—tho' God shows each its way...

TOBY.

(FROM THE PARISH.)

Towards the end of 1870 a great number of French families had taken refuge in England and were scattered throughout its principal cities. Many had settled in Liverpool...

looking. His big black eyes were soft and velvety, his cheeks pale, his hair thick and glossy. He was, indeed, a lovable and attractive child. Every afternoon my little neighbour would go down to the shore, followed by his faithful companion, who limped along as best he could...

ter of her, she absolutely seized me in the boldest fashion and kissed me on both cheeks. But let us return to the delicate chicken breast that my patient was contemplating with affectionate eyes. He had begged his mother to cut it in very small pieces in order to make the pleasure of eating it last longer...

"Here it is." My son was trembling so that he could hardly open his purse. "How stupid you are! A guinea I paid the child who carried it to you. You have not recognized him then? You have mistaken him for the poor little Frenchman who comes here to talk with his sisters. This one is the rich Frenchman whose beautiful house we live here and who has so many servants..."

preferring this one to many I had seen, we became your neighbours and to that circumstance I probably owe the preservation of Jean's life. I doubt if any one could have cared for him if you did my dear friend. Saying these words, Mme. Derville gave me her hand, which I respectfully kissed, after the French fashion...

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP. REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. SAJONS OF ST. PLS. I could not sleep at night and I became so nervous that the least noise would make me tremble and cry. I could not eat, and was reduced almost to a skeleton...



NEW PAPAL DELEGATE. The Appointment of Rev. S. Martinelli in Place of Cardinal Satolli.

The Rome correspondent of The New York Freeman's Journal gives the following sketch of America's new Papal Delegate. The Rev. Sebastian Martinelli is well known in Europe and more or less so in America. He is a brother of the late Cardinal of that name, is a theologian of great eminence and Prior General of the Order of Augustinians. The nomination came as a surprise to many, because everything in connection with the appointment had been kept so secret, and all credited the previous report concerning Mgr. Falconio. But the choice, if true, is, nevertheless, an excellent one; it could not be otherwise, for His Holiness has always a most profound mine of talent surrounding him, from which he can draw without making the least slip. The appointment will not, for the present, affect Cardinal Satolli's present arrangements, which, as I told you last week, are to be placed in a workable order before he leaves America. Rev. Father Martinelli is about 60 years of age, in all matters relating to the foreign policy of the Vatican. He is a man of commanding ability, one who can make friends, and with a fair field in the unfettered air in Uncle Sam's territory, his career will undoubtedly be productive of much good to the Church, and of many blessings to others than those within her pale. On the other hand, Mgr. Lorenzelli's admirers claim for him all the accomplishments and qualifications necessary for this important post. He is quite a young man, having been born about 42 years ago at Bologna. He was first instructed in his native diocese, and in the early 70's he went to Rome, where he studied in the Pontifical Roman Seminary. Among the friends whom he won in the college was Mgr. Joseph Peci, afterward a Cardinal, a brother of the present Pope, who interested himself in him and assisted him in his work. Soon after his ordination he showed considerable adaptability for teaching, and was appointed professor in the Propaganda Fide. He was appointed a Missionary in 1884, and subsequently rector of the Bohemian College, retaining his professorship in the Propaganda. He remained rector of the Bohemian College until 1890, when he was appointed to the highest rank of the Roman prelate and internuncio to the court of Holland and to the grand duchy of Luxemburg. He is considered one of the most scholarly men in the Catholic priesthood. But as between the two priests, the Rev. Father Martinelli is spoken of as the most likely. It is almost impossible to ascertain with any degree of accuracy what His Holiness intends to do in matters of this kind, even a few hours before it is given to the whole world.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The Canadian Magazine.

During the very heated term through which we have been passing fiction comes as a very welcome relaxation from the study of higher literature. The "short" stories are excellent in the summer number of The Canadian Magazine. "Editha," by Isabel Alexander Steacy, is a short Canadian story nicely illustrated. "The Eagle and Child," by Thomas Swift, is a romance of greater length. The scene is laid in the north of England and the time that of the closing of the fourteenth century (1399) and the dawn of the fifteenth (1404). The plot is well developed and the descriptive text is couched in choice old-fashioned English. "The Mercantile Pool (An Idyll From the Dust)," Lee Wyndham, is well written but somewhat weird in style but thoroughly typical of the land of "The Pol and Pen"—Cornwall. "The Shakespearean Courtship," Frank L. Pollock, is one of the best written stories of this series. "A Canadian Bicycle in Europe," Constance Rudyard Boulton, Rome, Florence, Venice, are three interesting subjects of the thousand "I want to write about" and it takes the reader through some of the interesting and historical divisions of these ancient but artistic cities. Kate Gernegoy, Ian MacLaren, a continued story by the author is rapidly losing its zest, and chapters XIII. and XIV. are heavy insipid numbers.

Nervous debility is a common complaint, especially among women. The best medical treatment for this disorder is a persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse and invigorate the blood. This being accomplished, nature will do the rest.

A Card of Thanks.

The Sisters in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, desire to tender their sincere thanks to Mr. Goodrich, owner of the steamer "Greyhound," for the delightful trip to which he treated the children and Sisters of that institute on Thursday last.

FATHER'S NERVE TONIC. Has no more Fills. 10. It is the only medicine that cures the most distressing cases of Nerve Pain, Headache, Dizziness, and all the ailments that result from a weak and diseased system.

Palpitation of the Heart. I have been troubled with this complaint for several years, and have tried every medicine that I could get, but without success. I was suffering from Palpitation of the Heart, and was very much distressed. I was advised to try your Nerve Tonic, and I did so, and in a few days I felt much better. I continued to use it, and in a few weeks I was completely cured. I am now as well as ever, and I am sure that your Nerve Tonic is the best medicine for this complaint that I ever used.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nerve Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. The book is published by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Port Huron, Michigan, and is a most valuable work on this subject.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 40 S. Erie St. Sole Agents for the West, 60 Front St. Toronto, Ont. Sole Agents for the East, 100 Nassau St. New York, N.Y.

IN TORONTO BY LYMAN BROS.

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, Aug. 12, 1896.

There was but little change in the local market, prices being pretty well maintained. Things were quiet, but a brisker movement is expected in the next few days in the fruit and vegetable line.

Meats are very dull owing to the heat, there being most of the summer stock except by hotels. Smoked lines are brisker. There is a little more movement owing to the coming in of new stuff and the sale by holders of old. New white wheat 60 cents, red 57, G.T.R. west. Peas 45c, white oats 19c, mixed, 18c, Manitoba wheat, No. 1 hard, 60c, Toronto freights, 70c Montreal freights, G.T.R. and C.P.R. points No. 1 hard 65, No. 2, 62c. A good many farmers visited the market this morning and receipts were larger than usual. A good demand was reported for all kinds of vegetables. Prices were unchanged.

Quotations are:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Hay (new), Straw, Eggs, Butter, Daisies, etc.

MONTEAL MARKET.

MONTEAL, Aug. 10.—Grain.—Business is very slow in this year's wheat, grown at Plumcoust, Manitoba, was shown on change to-day by the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. The wheat is No. 1 hard and of excellent quality. Wheat No. 1 hard, nominal; wheat, No. 2 hard, nominal; peas, per 60 lbs, 55c to 55 1/2; oats, No. 2 white, in store, 25c; rye, No. 1, 44c to 45c; buckwheat, per bush 39c to 39 1/2.

Flour.—There is a fair demand for flour and prices are well maintained. Straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.75; best \$1.70 to \$1.75; strong bakers', Manitoba, best brands, \$3.80 to \$3.90; spring patents, Manitoba, \$3.70 to \$3.80; winter patents, Ontario \$3.60 to \$3.70.

Meat.—Rolled, per brl. \$2.60 to \$2.80; standard, per brl., \$2.70 to \$2.80; standard, per bag, \$1.30; granulated, per brl., \$2.75 to \$2.85; granulated, per bag, \$1.35 to \$1.40.

Feed.—Bran, \$11 to \$11.50; shorts, \$12 to \$13; meal, \$15 to \$18.

Cheese.—The market for western is nearly as firm. There was between 4,000 and 6,000 cheese received from the French district to day, which sold on the wharf at 7 1/2c, 7 1/2c and 7 3/4c. As the last figure is extreme even for finest western the situation is difficult to explain.

Butter.—There is a fair trade at very firm prices; one sale took place to-day at 17c. Eggs.—Wholesale lots or a mixed stock having sold as low as 8 1/2c, but 8 3/4c is the usual price.

Provisions.—There is very little doing and prices remain unchanged. Canada short cut mess, per brl., \$15 to \$16.50; Canada short cut mess, per lb., \$11; lard, city cured, per lb., 7 1/2c to 10c; bacon, per lb., 9c; lard, pure Canadian, per lb., 7c; lard, common, refined, per lb., 5c.

DUFFALO MARKET.

East Buffalo, Aug. 10.—Cattle.—Receipts, 160 cars through, 170 cars sale; market steady; prime heavy steers, \$1.40 to \$1.50; good to choice shippers, \$1.25 to \$1.35; light to good butchers', \$3.85 to \$4.25; oxen, \$3.25 to \$4.1; bulls, fat feeders, \$3.35 to \$3.60; veals 4 to \$3.25; heavy calves, \$2.50 to \$3.50; calves, \$1.50 to \$2.50. Sheep and lambs.—Receipts 14 cars through, 33 cars sale; market steady; prime lambs, \$3.25 to \$3.50; common to good \$2.50 to \$3.35; wethers, \$3.40 to \$3.60; export ewes, \$3.25. Cattle closed steady and all sold. Hops closed steady at the decline; all were sold. Pigs and lambs.—Offerings all told were 35 cars; market closed steady with sales of Canada lamb at \$3.30 to \$3.35.



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JAMIESON'S Xth ANNUAL RED LETTER SALE

AT JAMIESON'S. Once a year, preparatory to our regular Fall Opening, we figure out what we could get for our entire stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings at a forced sale—and that's the price we ticket on every article for the midsummer carnival of bargains which we have made memorable as our annual Red Letter Sale. The sensational reductions which we offer during the two weeks of this sale have always attracted immense throngs of ready buyers to the great store, and the results have always been of immense benefit to our Fall trade, bringing new customers by the hundreds every day who only need the inducements of good value and square treatment which they get here this or any other time to continue trading with us all the time.

This announcement of the opening of our regular annual Red Letter Sale to-day will be followed with Red Letter Sale prices during this and following week. In our efforts to make our Red Letter Sale of '96 eclipse the Red Letter successes of all previous years, we have surpassed everything we have ever attempted before. Our lowest prices for the season have been cut in half, and in many cases the reductions are even greater. The goods are all this season's styles and patterns—and your own eyes will convince you of our

RED LETTER BARGAINS. PHILIP JAMIESON

Corner Yonge and Queen Streets. VALUABLE LIBRARY FOR SALE. Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th of August, 1896, for the Library of the late Father Hogan of Uptergrove (except The Dublin Review). This Library contains a valuable collection of books: Latin, French and English, estimated at over one thousand volumes, consisting of Theology, Scripture Sermons, History and General Literature. Books may be seen at St. Mary's Convent School Rooms, Bathurst street. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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- Men's Stiff Hats in black, brown and cuba, special... \$0.75
Boys' Fedoras in black, brown, mouse and tan, nice shapes, lined or unlined, wear \$1, for... \$0.60
Men's Soft Hats, Fedora shape, raw edges, in black, tan and grey, special... \$0.60
Men's Soft Hats, American Fur felt, latest styles, our special... \$1.00
Ladies' Hats for bicycling, Fedora shape, in black, brown, drab and grey colors, special... \$0.40
Men's Pearl and Gray Fedoras, latest styles, wear \$2.50, for... \$1.50
Men's Fur Felt Stiff Hats, English or American styles, very latest, reg. \$3 hats, for... \$2.00
Men's Fur Felt Soft Hats, latest styles, Christy make, black, brown and tan, special... \$2.00
Ladies' Wool Tam o' Shanters, in new colors, wear \$50, for... \$0.25

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