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VOL. X. No. 13

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Parliamentary Notes

On the order paper of Thursday was a notice to the effect that on Friday Sir Wilfrid Laurier would move "that when this House adjourns on Wednesday next (26th March), it will stand adjourned until Tuesday, the 1st of April next." This means that almost the entire week of Easter Holidays will be taken, and that the affairs of the session will be retarded by at least three days. What effect the adjournment will have upon the ultimate date of prorogation is more than can now be well foretold. But, considering what has been done, and what remains to be done, it is quite apparent that the 8th or 15th of May will witness the closing scenes.

The past week has been occupied with the debate on the Budget— which simply means with a couple of scores of speeches more or less remotely connected with the subject of the Hon. Mr. Fielding's budget speech. There are two occasions during every session when members who have no special topics upon which to speak, have an opportunity of talking about everything and anything they like— one is debate upon the address, the other the debate upon the budget. It is well that these occasions should arise, for they afford a species of safety valve for those who are bursting with political steam, and who wish to fill up a few pages of "Hansard," for the very laudable purpose of distributing their "speeches in the House" amongst their respective constituencies. Yet it must not be forgotten that amongst the speeches delivered, even when the House barely contains a quorum, and the hour is very late, there are some of the best and most useful pronouncements of the session made. Nothing could be more amusing than to sometimes find two old-time political opponents seize upon such an opportunity to repeat for Parliament the stump speeches that they had made years before against each other in some out of the way constituencies. They have all the vim and heat and vigor of regular campaign speeches, and are appreciated proportionately. Still, I repeat, many fine points are made on both sides of the House, and frequently arguments of a really novel character are advanced. But it would be wearisome for me to analyze or give a synopsis of all that the "Hansard" reporters had to take down during these days of disjointed debate. I will, therefore, turn to the more generally and immediately interesting subject of Easter.

There will be a lull in the affairs of the House during these days of sacred commemoration; there will be an absence of businesslike rush, of political hustling, of the fever of excitement that comes with anxieties, ambitions and the varied phases of human self-interest as manifested in the race for every temporal advancement. And, in a Christian country, where the name of God heads the legislative enactments of men, and where the faith that alone sustains and protects the people from the abyss that the hands of infidelity dig in the pathway of other nations, it is eminently fitting that those days set aside for the commemoration of the most stupendous series of events in the world's history should be given

over to something higher and more lasting than the ephemeral concerns and concerns of time. Hence it is that silence prevails in the halls of legislation and men are free to go unimpeded and draw inspiration in the shrines where the closing scenes in the earthly life of the One Great and Eternal Legislator are celebrated.

It is well for the world that there are such stated periods—such as Christmas and Easter—when the affairs of commerce, of professional activity, of politics, of labor, in its every phase and branch—are brought, by the grand central power of Christianity's influence upon civilization, to a standstill. Apart from the religious aspect of the subject, which is outside my domain at present, there is that general need of the human race for repose, recuperation, repair. The wisdom of the Church, in her wonderful and miraculous system of discipline and practice, of legislation and administration, is apparent in every form in which it affects the human family. Her Lenten fasts are conducive to temporal or bodily well-being, as well as to spiritual improvement; her rejoicings and celebrations of such cardinal events as Christmas and Easter, are necessities for the preservation of human strength and activity, as well as for the perpetuation of that spirit of Faith which has safeguarded man ever since the dawn of Redemption, the first glorious Easter that flush with promise the wills of Judea. Hence we welcome this great festival and we appropriate the spirit of our rulers that dictates rest during that period.

Death of Mr. John Ryan

Another worthy and much respected citizen has been called away from the diminishing number of Ontario Catholics of the elder generation. It is no exaggeration to say that by the death of Mr. John Ryan, Toronto loses one of her public-spirited and useful men of affairs and the Catholic body a loyal and generous member. Though Mr. Ryan had for a couple of years been aware of a weak heart, his appearance quite recently seemed to indicate an improvement in his health. He had taken a year's holiday in Europe and had found himself so much benefited that he spent the winter in Toronto, apparently to his advantage. The news of his death was received on Saturday last with unmitigated sorrow by the public at large. Mr. Ryan had been confined to the house for a couple of weeks, and he felt prepared for the end. He died fortified by the rites of the Church.

The late John Ryan was in the 68th year of his age. He was born on Christmas Day, in the parish of Doon, Limerick, Ireland. He was one of the sons of Patrick Ryan, who formed a large holding in the Golden Vale, and who came out to Canada in May, 1844, with his family. The family settled first in Quebec, and the two boys, Hugh and John, as soon as they were through school-days entered upon railway work. With brains and energy they rapidly made their way to the front and both amassed considerable wealth. Generosity was characteristic of the brothers. Hugh Ryan, who died some few years ago, left a monument to his name in the new wing of St. Michael's Hospital.

Hugh and John Ryan's first railway contract was on the Canada Central, from Brockville north. They then took up work in the United States, in Illinois, Kentucky and Michigan, and also built in partnership the European and North American railroad in New Brunswick in 1868. Other works in that and the following year were the piece of road from Sherbrooke into Vermont, and the Massachusetts line. The brothers also did a considerable amount of work on the Toronto, Grey and Bruce road in 1871-2; whilst under the title of Ryan, Booth & Goodwin, John Ryan was engaged in the construction of the Ottawa water works in 1872. In 1873 he had the contract on the Moncton to Miramichi section of the Intercolonial and in 1876 built one hundred miles of the Government road west from Winnipeg. He was interested with his brother Hugh in the construction of the Sault Canal, and as a member of the firm of Ryan & Macdonnell was carrying forward the Soulanges Canal contract.

These works are some of the features of Canadian development in which the late Mr. Ryan played a creditable part. He was vice-president of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, and director of the Home Savings & Loan Co. He was married in 1863 to Margaret Isabelle McSweeney, daughter of Capt. Hoderick McSweeney, a member of a Highland Scotch family that had settled in Brockville. There were three sons and two daughters born of the marriage. One of the sons is still engaged in South Africa, where he has distinguished himself in the present campaign. The funeral took place from the



THE RESURRECTION.

Comstock, ex-M. P., Geo. P. Graham, M. P., ex-Mayor Downey, Robert Howie, Dr. Murphy, John C. Hann and M. M. McGlade. The procession was a long one, including many leading citizens, and the body was placed in the vault at St. Vincent de Paul Cemetery. The Absolution was pronounced by Archbishop Gauthier, who was assisted by Dean Murray.

Death of a Religious

It is with deep regret that we record the death of the Rev. Mother Emmanuel Russell (Sarah), only surviving sister of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, which occurred at the Convent of Mercy, Catherine street, Newry, Ireland, last week. The sad event has occasioned feelings of the keenest sorrow in Newry and district, where the deceased lady was well known, revered and beloved. The good nun had only been a couple of days ill, but pneumonia unfortunately supervened and carried her off, her only surviving brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., being present at her bedside during her last moments. Born at Queen street, Newry, about 71 years ago, the deceased lady was a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Russell, of that town. Her early years were spent in Newry and Killowen, and a vivid picture of those days from her own pen appears in Mr. Barry O'Brien's book on the life of her late brother, Lord Russell of Killowen, who was a couple of years her junior. She received a splendid education. Being at all times piously inclined, she entered the convent of Mercy, Newry, in the year 1858, and became a great favorite. She was afterwards placed in charge of the Lurgan Convent of Mercy, which was founded about the year 1868, but subsequently returned to Newry, where she was appointed Rev. Mother in the year 1878. She had the gratification of seeing branches of the order established at Bessbrook, Warrenpoint, and Rostevor, and the present successful schools established. The Home for the Aged Poor and Orphans in Newry was also erected while she was Superior, and in the matter of the recent introduction of nuns as nurses in the Newry Workhouse her services were sought after and freely given. Her death is a great loss to the Community, and to the poor especially. Her two sisters, Kate and Elizabeth, were also nuns, but pre-deceased her by some years.

Peterborough Diocese

Forty Hours Devotions at Bracebridge.
 The grand exercises of forty hours devotions opened at St. Joseph's Church, Bracebridge, on Monday of last week, with High Mass of exposition, which was sung by the pastor, Rev. Father Collins, who chanted the Litanies and carried the Most Blessed Sacrament in procession in which the sanctuary boys and members of the junior choir participated.

At the evening service, after the recitation of the Rosary, Rev. Father Scollard, P. P., North Bay, ascended the pulpit and delivered a powerful and instructive discourse in French and English, on the "Salvation of Immortal Souls." Father Scollard has mastered the French language so efficiently that he speaks it fluently and with ease.

The Mass Pro-Pace Tuesday at 10 a. m. was celebrated by Father Scollard, assisted by Father Kelly, P. P., Trout Creek, as deacon, and Father O'Sullivan, P. P. Kirkfield, as sub-deacon, who preached "Christ's Eucharistic Presence." Father O'Sullivan is an eloquent speaker, has a magnificent command of English and holds an audience in closest attention while he speaks.

At Tuesday-evening devotions Father Kelly preached on the "Sacrament of Penance." The sermon showed careful preparation and did ample justice to the subject the Rev. Father had much at heart. The good father spoke in the spirit of St. John the Baptist and with words full of unction called many a soul to prepare the way of the Lord.

Wednesday morning the services closed with Solemn High Mass of reposition. Father O'Sullivan was celebrant, Father Collins deacon, and Father Kelly as sub-deacon, who, after the Gospel was sung, addressed the vast congregation present on "perseverance." Mass being ended, the Litanies were chanted; there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament similar to that of Monday.

Queenstown Cathedral

The magnificent Cathedral of the Diocese of Cloyne which, even in its present unfinished condition, has been highly described as one of the glories of Catholic Ireland is fast approaching completion, and there is every indication that the consecration of the public edifice will not now be long delayed, says The Dublin Freeman's Journal since the autumn day in 1868, when the first stone of St. Colman's Cathedral was laid, the growth of the sacred building has been watched with a tender and zealous care by three successive prelates, the last of whom, the present Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, has already bestowed heroic efforts on the work of getting the cathedral completed. When he assumed the crozier of the ancient diocese of Cloyne the cathedral was burdened with a debt of £13,000, but this did not deter him from proceeding with the completion of the great work that was left to him. He was nobly assisted in the undertaking by faithful Irish Catholics in all parts of the world, and during the past seven years £27,000 has been spent on the work of completing and embellishing the cathedral. There is still a debt of £14,000 to be wiped off before the church can be consecrated. For the purpose of meeting this liability His Lordship is organizing a great national fête to be held in Queenstown next autumn, and the amount of support which he has already secured justifies the anticipation that it cannot be long till the consecration ceremony will be celebrated. His Eminence Cardinal Logue was the first to contribute to the success of the undertaking, and his noble example has since been followed by many others.

The President Wore the Green

Washington, March 17. — President Roosevelt had occasion to tell many of his callers to-day that he has a strain of Irish blood in his veins, and that he is quite as proud of it as he is of his Dutch extraction. He had made substantially the remark many times before to-day, but there was a special significance in his words on this occasion, for he wore in his coat a bunch of green lily leaves in honor of St. Patrick's Day. The lily leaves were as good a substitute for the shamrock as the White House conservatories afford. The President laughed and joked all day about his Irish blood and the wearing of the green. He rallied several of his visitors who wore no green on their disregard for the proper observance of the day.

Condolence

At the regular meeting of St. Joseph's Court 370, Catholic Order of Foresters, held on the 13th instant, the following resolution was passed: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Rev. Father Ryan, one of the ablest, most eloquent and most devout priests in the Catholic Church; And whereas, the death of such a distinguished Father is necessarily a great loss to the community as well as to the Archdiocese; Be it, therefore, resolved, that this Court express to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto its sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the loss sustained by this Archdiocese through the death of the Reverend Father Ryan.

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into residence, 621 Jarvis street, early on Monday morning to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, thence to the Union Station, and by G. T. H. to Brockville, where the interment occurred the same afternoon. Rev. Father Cruise officiated at the Church. The pall-bearers were Mr. John Morrison, Mr. J. J. Foy, K. C., Col. Mason, Mr. M. J. Haney, Hon. S. O. Wood and Mr. Thomas Flynn. Dr. O'Reilly, Messrs. Roderick Ryan, M. P. Ryan, M. J. Haney, A. R. McDonald, Montreal, and John Mullin, Amherstburg, accompanied the remains on the journey east. Archbishop Bruce officiated at the Church.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

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ROME

THE PAPAL JUBILEE CHLOROPHY

Writing on March 4th the Rome correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal says:

"It is only Rome that could furnish such a scene as that of yesterday morning in St. Peter's. It was said by one who had seen many grand processions and spectacles in many lands..."

While Leo XIII. says The Osservatore Romano, says prostrate before the altar of the grandest temple of the Christian world, amidst the applauding flock of his children, who led him in the twenty-fourth year of his pontificate..."

When the Catholics of other nations cross the threshold of the Vatican, they may forget for a moment the warfare waged against the Church and the Papacy...

The Unita Cattolica quotes from the "Paradisi" of Dante IV., 121.

"My own affection is not so profound as to suffice in rendering grace for grace; Lee Him, who sees and can, thereto respond."

as an introduction to its exultation on this day. It adds that the Christian poet suggests the prayer which should ascend daily to heaven. Thus there is a chorus of thanksgiving in the Catholic press of Italy, as in that of other countries, on this great occasion.

At half-past seven in the morning, when I set out for St. Peter's, the return of a long file of carriages told that many persons had already reached the Church. Yet it was only at 8 o'clock that the doors were opened. Then several thousands entered the vast Basilica by various doors...

It is said that since the closing of the Holy Door at the end of the Jubilee Year - during which year Leo XIII. descended into the Basilica no less than seventy-three times to assist at solemn ceremonies and give audience to pilgrims - no function so imposing and emotional as the Papal Chapel held this morning has been seen within its walls.

What rendered this day's ceremony particularly impressive was the fact that the Pontiff who had entered on the previous day into the 83rd year of his age, and that, in spite of fears and anxieties and troubles of every kind, still lives in as vigorous health as is possible to this advanced age. The fact also that the Government of the civilized world had sent their representatives here today to congratulate him added to the importance of the scene.

The great Church was divided off into divisions, distinguished by letters corresponding with letters on the tickets of admission. There was a great facility in finding one's place, and all confusion was thus avoided. A considerable portion of the Church was devoid of people and here the people stood crowded together for nearly six hours. It was natural that there should be a rush and movement of people here at intervals, and that occasionally broke the semi-religious stillness. A crowd of pilgrims on each side of the passage from the door to the altar, with the Pontiff in the center, with a train of six hundred men, a train of six hundred men...

the procession with the Pope in the center...

The processions on the right of the center were divided off, and were headed by the bishops, prelates, and other dignitaries. The Cardinals assembled in the Chapel of the Holy Spirit to await the coming of the Pontiff, and to accompany him in the procession. There was a number of gatherings of these Princes of the Church, the following being present: His Eminence Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Agardi, Vincenzo Vannutelli, Langenue, Aloisi-Masella, Rampolla, Bernardini, Goovers, Di Troia, Saturni, Tuto, Ferrara, Casanova, Tullio, Gualdo, Dragone, Casella, Santamartini-Zabarella, Mathias, Reschici, Genazzi, Boschi, Marchetti, Steinhilber, Segna, Pirelli, Della Volpe, Vives, Tuto, Trippi, and Cavignani - twenty-nine in all. Cardinal Parocchi, who is recovering from a severe illness, was unable to be present, and so also was Cardinal Orsini, of Santa Stefano.

After long hours of more or less anxious waiting - some people expressing their fears that Leo XIII. might not have had strength sufficient to undergo the fatigues of the ceremony - a group of the Noble Guard with two trumpeters at their head, passed up the space kept clear between the wooden barriers. It was an indication that the Pontiff would come soon; but another half-hour the Church governed by him with such wisdom and such loving intelligence, the Church made illustrious by him, remembers with joy the past years of his marvellous pontificate, which she has already registered in characters of gold in the immortal pages of her history. And it notes the peculiarity of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.: If he has been amongst the few Pontiffs who have surpassed twenty years of a Pontificate, if he is the third who enters happily into the twenty-fifth year, he is likewise the first of all the Popes that has had to pass so long a period closed, through the iniquity of the times, within the walls of his residence. For him the Tiarra, even from the first moment, was the symbol of sacrifice, for him the Vatican was opened to him only at the price of his liberty. And even the glorious days of his reign are likewise those of his imprisonment. An imprisonment which is not fantastic, nor voluntary, as common malignantly repeat, but real and genuine, because imposed upon him by the perfidy of his enemies.

Close to 11 o'clock the sounds of many thousands of voices raised in spontaneous acclamation were heard. The silver trumpets were heard for an instant, but their notes were drowned in the volume of sound from the lips of the great multitude. Then, at length, the white leather fans - the fabelli - were seen emerging from the Chapel of the Pietra, near the door, and then the Pontiff came into view.

For many years past I have assisted at such ceremonies in St. Peter's, but I do not think that at any time was there more enthusiasm in the acclamations than yesterday, except perhaps when the Pope appeared after the illness which required his submission to an operation. The cheers and waving of handkerchiefs continued as the great procession of Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates and dignitaries - lay as well as ecclesiastical - moved slowly on. The Pope every now and again rose in his chair, and blessed the people. He was pale as a spectre, and his hand trembled. One shivered with apprehension, as Leo XIII. rose and stood in this moving chair, lest he should be some mischance fall forward, but there did not seem to be the least fear in him. His movements were rapid, and full of nervous vigor. Still this roar of voices, expressive of the affection felt by these thousands, and which words could not tell in coherent language, accompanies him on his way. The beautiful tiara, with its diamonds and rubies and emeralds in the surmounting cross and in the bands of the three crowns, sparkled in the light as he moved his head from side to side. A great white sliken cope embroidered with gold hung in grand folds around his thin form. On his hands he wore white mittens, and as he extended his right hand to bless, the great ring he wore seemed as if it might weight down his hand.

The tiara he wore was that used by Pius IX. the cope was that given him by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul for the opening of the Holy Door, and it was fastened by a splendid buckle in gold, the facsimile of one by Benevenuto Cellini, and the mitre which he assumed when he took his place upon the Throne was that given him by the Noble Guards for his Sacrosanct Jubilee in 1888.

The Solemn High Mass at the Papal Altar was celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, and the music, unaccompanied by instruments was rendered by the singers of the Pontifical Choir, under the direction of the Maestro Domenico Mustafà. It was Palestrina's Mass of Pope Marcellus that was sung at the Offertory the Motet specially composed by Mustafà for the occasion was rendered. It is a splendid composition, beginning with a sudden burst of joyous notes, and swaying to and fro as if the happy tones must be repeated again and again. At the elevation, when the silence of the 40,000 persons in this vast temple was as deep as it could be, the sound of the silver trumpets played in the dome broke the air like an air from heaven. There is probably nothing else so solemn as the sound of these trumpets, heard at such a moment as the elevation, and in such

the procession with the Pope in the center...

the procession with the Pope in the center...

the procession with the Pope in the center...

a church as St. Peter's. They constitute the complete harmony of sound with devotion, and are of incredible fitness to the place and the occasion.

In the apex and on each side of the space reserved for the Cardinals were the tribunes of the Princes and of the extraordinary Ambassadors to the Pope for the feast of his Coronation. Here were Her Royal Highness the Countess Matilde di Trami, the Duchess of Salaparuta, accompanied by Mrs. Kelly Schmidt and by the Duke of San Martino di Montalbo, her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess Pauline of Saxe-Weimar, His Royal Highness Prince William Charles of Saxe-Weimar, and his consort, the Princess Gertra, nee d'Isenbourg-Budingen-Wachtersbach, with their suite the Countess Isomar and Baron Hsberg. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Liechtenstein with her daughters and her son Alfred.

"The Harp that Once..."

Readers engaged in our Musical column will be interested in an Irish writer's description of the harps and harpers of Eire.

The earliest reference to the harp in Ireland is a description of the Teach Mid Cuarta, or Hall of Tara, written, according to Petrie, probably in the sixth century and alluding to a custom of the period by which places were set apart in the hall for the crutire or harpers. The author of a poem in A. D. 593, on the death of Colombus mentions the harp as accompanying his song, and later still, a harp was found represented on an old sculptured cross in Ullard Church, County Kilkenny, which, from its style and worn condition, is apparently anterior to A. D. 830, the date assigned to the famous cross of Monasterboice. It is observable that there are only seven strings in the Ullard harp, and that it has no fore-pillar, "the first specimen," says Ferguson (in Bunting's "Irish Music"), "of the harp without a fore-pillar that has hitherto been discovered out of Egypt," adding that the circumstance justifies "the startling presumption that the Irish harp had the harp originally out of Egypt."

There is some evidence of the existence in 1340 of a school of harpers under the direction of a renowned harper named O'Carroll, and a decade later a harp was rudely but accurately engraved on the beautiful "Fiachal Throding," or reliquary in which St. Patrick's tooth is said to have been preserved. Petrie says that thirty strings are visible in the engraving, which fact would go far to prove that the number was in use in Ireland before 1350.

The same author also assigns to this period the origin of the harp referred to above, commonly but erroneously known as Brian Boru's harp and preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. The harp popularly known as the harp of Brian Boru is not only the most ancient instrument of the kind known to exist in Ireland, but is in all probability the oldest harp remaining in Europe. Still, however, it is very far from being of the remote age to which it is popularly supposed to belong, and the legendary story on which this supposition is grounded and which has been fabricated to raise its antiquity and increase its historical interest is but a clumsy forgery which will not bear for a moment the test of a critical antiquarian examination. Petrie discovered that the arms on it are those of the O'Brien, but those of O'Neill, that from its size (thirty-two inches) and from other signs it was evidently a Ceirninn, a religious harp, and that it belonged in all likelihood to one of the two O'Neills in the fourteenth century, Bishops respectively of Clogher and Derry. This remarkable harp is of an exquisite workmanship. The upright pillar is of oak, the sounding board is of yellow sallow, the extremity of the forearm is capped with silver and the thirty string bolts are neatly ornamented with carved brass. The four sounding holes were once adorned with silver, removed presumably by the fingers of time or a thief, the footpiece or rest has also disappeared, and the parts to which it was joined show considerable signs of decay.

The Irish possessed four kinds of harps - the Clarseach or common harp, the Ceirninn, or small religious harp, the Cinnard Cruit, or high-headed harp, and the Crom Cruit, or down-bending harp.

The first was that used by the bard and harpers, and is the Irish harp, properly so called, the second, more exclusively clerical, probably accompanied Druidical as later Christmas hymns. The Cinnard Cruit and Crom Cruit, though styled harps, were more strictly of the violin and guitar types, indeed, they may be considered the parents of those instruments. The former had ten strings and was played on with a plectrum or bow, the latter possessing six strings, two of which were touched with the thumb. Bunting adds two more harps to the four given by Walker, and commonly referred to the Craittin's Cruit, a name derived from an Irish legendary hero, and the Lub, a poetical name of the harp.

In the fifteenth century Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, made some useful improvements in the Irish harp, closing both the open space between the trunk and the arm and right sound hole and adding another row of strings, by which arrangement the

treble could be played with the right hand and the bass with the left, which was also a new departure, since Irish harpers, like their brethren of the opposite method, but these additions, ingenious though they undoubtedly were, found scant favor, the form of the harp being preferred to that which such innovations gave it. The influence exercised by Irish harp-ship at home and abroad is worthy of a passing notice. I had Irish chieftain kept a bard or a harper in his castle whose extemporaneous effusions while his fingers swept the string spurred his lord onto valorous deeds or filled him with a dread of retribution as the occasion required. This influence apparently excited the jealous attention of the "Virein Queen" for in 1563 she caused an act of Parliament to be passed against the Irish bard and their entertainers.

Long before Ireland's national instrument hung mute on Tara's walls! Its fame reached other lands. In 1100 the Welsh had their musical canon regulated by Irish harpers, besides, there are not wanting grounds for supposing that America owes the harp to Eire. In Wales, so in Scotland and England, the Irish harp and harpers were renowned. Neither country ever cultivated the harp to any extent; they were content to hear its strains awakened by Irish fingers. Buchanan states the Eithodins, the twenty-fifth Scottish monarch, kept an Irish harper in his palace. Rory Dan O'Connell, passing into Scotland, delighted the ears of her James and his court by his brilliant execution. Denis Henson played before the Pretender in Edinburgh, and Echlin O'Kane after exhibiting his skill in Italy, France and Spain, resided for years in Scotland prior to his death. Blair Atkel and Dundel in English and in Scottish halls and leafy glens have Irish bards discoursed sweet music to appreciative ears. "No harp," wrote Bacon, "hath the sound so melting and so prolonged as the Irish harp." In 1738 commenced the death throes of the Irish harp, for in the March of that year Turrough O'Carolan expired, whose genius had revived its ancient glories for half a century. Others followed him who shed a bright lustre upon it, but it was the after-glow of the sun that had set. Undisputed prince of Irish harpers, O'Carolan, unlike many, obtained a niche in the temple of fame, while his harp and his songs were entrancing his people. Posterity has ratified the verdict. Two only of his successors have approached him within anything like measurable distance - Denis Henson and Arthur O'Neill. The latter achieved much fame, but was acknowledged to be inferior to the former in execution. Henson attained the great age of 112 years; his harp is preserved in a baronet's family at Downhill. Vigorous efforts were made at the close of the eighteenth century and beginning of the last to rekindle the expiring national interest in the harp. - St. Patrick's.

new Liberal League. He knew very little of that, and he did not want to say much about it (laughter). He had known in the course of his political life a great many societies formed within the Liberal Party of different sorts. There was the Reform League, the Corn Law League, there had been Leagues to promote temperance, Catholic Emancipation, education, and various other things. All those societies were formed for one special work, but he was afraid - if he was rightly informed - that the new Society went a great deal farther, that not only was it to be an organization of its own, but it was really to regulate and settle the policy of the Liberal Party. As he said before they were asked not to be hypocritical, and he must say that he totally disagreed with this policy and could not possibly wish it success (cheers and some dissent). He could not help remembering the text, that a Kingdom divided against itself was brought to desolation. He trusted he was wrong, but he thought if the League went on it would have that effect. He had always felt that unless there was a vital principle involved politicians ought to sink their differences and unite on the great principle for which the party had to fight. He did not think there was a vital principle involved in this case. He had spoken with perfect honesty and frankness, and he hoped he had not hurt the feelings of those who supported the new movement. Liberals did not wish to destroy any of the principle which led to victory in the past, and what were they going to do with Home Rule? (Cheers, and a Voice - "Wipe it out.") He could not agree with his friend who made that remark (hear, hear). He had had considerable experience in this matter, and what had been done in the past had entirely broken down. It was a policy of magnificent remedial measures, combined with what was popularly called Coercion. They heard that Home Rule must be given up by the Liberal Party (cries of "Yes" and "No"). He confessed he could not agree to that himself. If the Liberal Party gave up Home Rule, he must take a back seat and look on. He might support them in certain things, but he should certainly not belong to the party (cheers). He was not prepared to give up the principles of Mr. Gladstone's great measures, which was still in the field (hear, hear). He admitted that it might not be practical to propose a Home Rule measure at the present time, but he could not admit that Home Rule meant separation (hear, hear). He was in favor of a reasonable and safe measure of Home Rule (cheers). He detested and deprecated bitterly the hostility of the Irish Part to this country throughout the war, but if they waited till Ireland was loyal they would not be able to apply the remedy which they believed eventually would make Ireland as loyal, contented, and patriotic towards this country as the French-Canadians were now. He had not altered, and would not alter, the views he held on this question (loud cheers).

A vote of thanks to Earl Spencer was supported by Lord Brassey, who referred to the great service the Earl had rendered to the Liberal Party.

AN ARCHBISHOP CITED (From March Law Notes) In Southern R C v Machinists' Local Union, III. Fed 49, a case that involved a question as to labor strikes, Hammond, J., said "I wish to cite for your instruction an article which has fallen under my notice since the argument in this case began. It is entitled 'Personal Liberty and Labor Strikes,' and appears in the current October number of The North American Review (volume 473, p. 445). It is written by the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, and presents the law governing this case so accurately and tersely that I desire to adopt it as my own judgment, and to quote from it certain passages pertinent to this case. No lawyer or Judge within my reading has stated the principles of judgment controlling the courts in these cases more aptly, though untechnically, than this learned prelate."

A VENERABLE MEXICAN PRIEST (From The Mexican Herald) The venerable Father Rafael Checa, of San Angel, where he is the parish priest, has reached the great age of 82 years in excellent health, which he attributes in a large measure to his invariable custom of eating fruit for supper, his custom for half a century. He has survived the great majority of the Carmelite Fathers who were dispersed at the time of the revolution of "the reform." Father Checa has traveled widely in Europe and the United States and was present at the coronation of the present Pope.

All the residents of the town, Protestants as well as Catholics, unite in their tribute of admiration and affection for this good clergyman who is assiduous in caring for the poor. The village priest - a Longfellow's "Evangelist" was not more beloved.

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In Memoriam.

Rev. Father Francis Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont., born at Carleton Place, Newfound-land, 1814, died at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Saturday, March 8, 1902.

Oh, friends, sad is the message which we have received to-day, (Causing another affliction to spring on our way. For the vital spark of a dear Soggarth Aroon has fled, Father Ryan, prince of men, is numbered with the dead.

Fond hopes and joys are sadly crushed, while sorrow's haunting fears, Renew each hour the anguish of the mourners' tears. His great and noble work is done, His charms we could not save, And now with Christian faith we weep at the dead priest's grave.

Of intellect the brightest, and of gifts the most choice, The admired friend and stranger, Who can ever forget that face, so cheerful and so bland. He has gone to join the Just in the Bright and Happy Land.

A deep spirit of devotion, a great and holy zeal, To the Sacred Heart of Jesus, he loved to make appeal, His heart was filled with bright hope when the sad parting drew near, His spirit, so bright and so pure, of the grave had no fear.

And the children, low he loved them, like the Saviour of old, To them he spoke as a kind father, and examples told, And for education, what sacrifices he hid, O children of St. Michael's bright, forgot not what he did.

In the confessional it was his delight to remain, Absolving the poor penitent from sin's polluting stain; Oh! Lord, upon Thy altar, how edifying he stood, His actions there inspired us all with a salutary good.

In the pulpit, with what sacred eloquence he preached, To the deepest recesses of the heart his words they reached; But now his dear voice is hushed, we shall hear it no more, Far sweeter is that voice in Eternity's Happy Shore.

As a citizen, a chieftain fair, a ruler he did stand, Ever striving to unite the people to be a happy band; His counsel, his wisdom, it was his special grace, He shed lustre on his honored name and glorified his race.

Then farewell, dear friend, the parting is sad and forlorn, But Christian hope points clearly to that resurrection morn, Keep him in our memory green, while life's dull path we plod, One in Heaven, true to us, Father Ryan, priest of God.

A FRIEND.

Earl Spencer on Home Rule. The annual meeting of the Home Counties Liberal Federation in England last week was addressed by Earl Spencer.

Earl Spencer said they were told to be frank and to avoid what was called hypocrisy, and he would take that advice (hear, hear). The Liberal Party had been passing through great difficulties since the days of Mr. Gladstone (hear, hear), and he believed that Lord Rosebery's resignation some years ago had led to the disorganization and disunion which he feared had prevailed (cheers). His lordship not long ago went to Chesterfield and delivered a speech for which all Liberals felt the greatest gratitude, because he laid down the principle in regard to what they were to do as to closing the war, and as to the policy to be adopted afterwards (cheers). Since then other things had happened, and he must say he felt very strongly a deep disappointment that Lord Rosebery had been unable to co-operate and join with the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons (cheers). In his opinion Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had been put into a position of the greatest difficulty in the House of Commons, and he hardly thought the right hon. gentleman had been treated with that support to which he was entitled (cheers). He (Earl Spencer) was getting old, and if he were to retire from active political life - and in some ways he should not be sorry - he felt he had done his duty to his country (cheers). He understood that some Liberals had asserted that they could not vote for this or that if the Irish went into the same lobby. He would not think that was wise, for if there was a subject on which the Irish could support the views of the Liberals, and which was of distinct advantage to the country, then he could not see any harm in the Irish being in the same lobby with the Liberals (hear, hear). Then they had heard of the Hon. a

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A BREATHING SPELL.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN OAKVILLE.

The lecture on St. Patrick, delivered by Rev. Father O'Reilly in St. Andrew's Church last Monday night, was very well attended, says The Oakville New Era. The reverend gentleman handled his subject in a masterly manner, and held the interest of his hearers throughout. He drew particular attention to the effect St. Patrick's teaching had on the natives of the island, giving them such an ardent desire for learning that in a few years that country was the educational centre of the western world. Students flocked there from all parts of Europe to her colleges to obtain that higher education, which at that time existed only there. Their colleges were free to the entire world. The Irish were not satisfied with teaching at home, but went abroad in large numbers, leaving culture and refinement in their wake. The Reverend Father concluded his very eloquent discourse by appealing to the sons of Ireland to always remember the teachings of their Patron Saint, and so to live in this glorious, free Canada of ours in such a manner that they might be an honor and a credit to their adopted country.

FATHER SMITH WRITES A PLAY.

Henrietta Crossman is to produce an historical drama written by the Rev. John Talbot Smith of New York. It is a five-act, five-scene play, entitled "A Baltimore Marriage," dealing with the troubled history of Elizabeth Patterson, the Baltimore girl who became the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., in 1803, and whose marriage was annulled by Napoleon two years later. The scene is laid in France and brings on the stage Napoleon, the Pope, Cardinal Consalvi, his brother, the famous Fouché, Minister of Police, and Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte. Father Smith said the other day: "My object in writing this thing was to give half a dozen capable actors all they could do in the way of portraying human emotion and passion. Therefore, I took Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte and her history as the theme of the play. She was a dash of girl, full of good spirits and courage, and made a strong and brilliant fight for her rights as the wife of Jerome. She was assisted by the Pope, who pronounced her marriage a valid one, and in spite of the efforts of Napoleon to reverse that decision remained unmoved. Hence the rather novel and interesting spectacle is presented of the Pope defending the marriage of a Protestant girl against the attacks of a Catholic Emperor. Miss Crossman, I understood, was looking for a suitable play, and as I believed my character of Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte suited her temperament and was worthy of her talents, I submitted it to Mr. Campbell, her manager. As for the approval of the Church authorities, this is not the first time a Catholic cleric has written for the stage. Lope de Vega and Calderon, the great Spanish dramatists, were priests of the Catholic Church."

Father Smith further said that he had had the desire to construct a play on the character and fortunes of Elizabeth Patterson for many years and that "A Baltimore Marriage," which he wrote three years ago, but never brought out.

Father Smith is chaplain of the Sisters of Mercy at Madison Avenue and Eighty-first street, a post which permits of leisure for his literary work. He is the author of several novels, was editor of the defunct Catholic Review for several years, and is president of the Catholic Authors' Guild as well as director of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh. He was born at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1835, and was educated in Albany and at St. Michael's College, Toronto.

A PLEASANT MEDICINE. - There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to begot painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Farnham's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They often relieve the dyspeptic.

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Table with columns for date, feast name, and liturgical details. Includes 'THIRD MONTH 31 DAYS', 'March', 'S. JOSEPH', and '1902'. Lists various feast days like St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph, etc.

Chats With Young Men

BOURKE COCHRAN'S WORDS. The members of the Catholic Club of New York celebrated the beginning of the Silver Jubilee year of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. in their clubhouse on Central Park South last week and listened to addresses by Bourke Cockran and Judge Morgan J. O'Brien.

Mr. Cockran had as his theme the influence of Pope Leo on human progress, instancing the varied activity of the Pontiff in the domain of art, literature and statecraft. Comparison was made between the Catholic Church and the republican form of government, Mr. Cockran alluding to the resemblance of township to diocese, and the national government to the Church proper.

In the great questions having to do with the interpretation of the constitution, the speaker said that the supreme court was usually divided, and that the final vote was usually cast by one member of the court after all, "and he is usually the weakest member of the court," said Mr. Cockran.

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

In a musical instrument when we observe diverse strings in harmony, we conclude that some skillful musician tuned them. When we see thousands of men in a field, marshalled under several colors, all yielding exact obedience, we infer that there is a general whose commands they are all subject to.

And so, when we survey the bare outworks of this our globe, when we see so vast a body accented with so noble a future of air, light and gravity, with everything, in short, that is necessary to the preservation and security of the globe itself, or that conduces to the life, health and happiness, to the propagation and increase of all the prodigious variety of creatures the globe is stocked with; when we see nothing wanting, nothing redundant or frivolous, nothing botching or ill-made, but that everything, even in the very appendages alone, exactly answereth all its ends and occasions - what else can be concluded but that all was made with manifest design, and that all the whole structure is the work of some intelligent Being, some Artist of power and skill equivalent to such a work?

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

At the Mission to non-Catholics at Holy Angels' Church, Chicago, on one of the evenings Father Conway told his hearers why he was a Catholic. He said in part: "The Catholic Church satisfies perfectly every demand of reason, with its infallible witness to all the truth God revealed to the world, because the Catholic alone gives one God. Men of to-day, as in all times, shrink from the duties that religion imposes. Whence came it? Why am I

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CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Pans. Moshane Bell Foundry Baltimore, Md. The Whole Story in a letter! Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS') From Capt. F. Lyle, Police Station No. 5, Montreal, Va. I frequently use PERRY DAVIS' Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, all kinds of neuralgic, sciatic, cramps, and all ailments which attend men in our peddle. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy I have ever used.

156 POPULAR SONGS. Use an Oxydonor, Absorb Oxygen and Write for Pamphlet to J. E. BRIGHT, Druggist. Phone Main 2842 135 King St. W.

A DISTINGUISHED CATHOLIC SPEON. It is now seven years since Dr. John Gilmory, the eminent historian of the American Church, became the recipient of the first Lactaro Medal conferred by the University of Notre Dame upon those American laymen women who have become distinguished for the part they have taken in the service of religion, the moral well, art, education or science.

CONSUMPTION Prevented and Cured. Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. Now cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system. FREE. Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Do you spit up phlegm? Does your head ache? Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack strength? These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth - consumption.

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YOU NEED Pain-Killer at any time of accident. Cures cuts, and sprains, as well as all complaints. Avoid substitutes, only one Pain-Killer, Perry's, 25c. and 50c.

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PARLOR EDDY'S MATCHES. Are you up in bed sliding bones over to bed? No matter how disagreeable, every stick a match. Every match a lighter. You save by ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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HOME CIRCLE. The... HOME CIRCLE. Modesty in Dress. The careful mother will be as solicitous about the manner of her daughters' dressing as about her health. It is vulgar to dress for a public function in a low-necked dress, because the purse proud wear such and are noted in the yellow journals of the day is no reason for a Catholic woman who should be the leader in exquisite manners could permit herself to stoop so low or permit her girls to be the mark of comment in so doing. I call attention to this because I am often in receipt of letters from foolish women asking for suggestions, as, for instance, "My daughter is considered very handsome, and I wish her to dress stylishly. She is tall and fair and her neck is beautiful." Dear women, take a lesson from the present mother who teaches her child to keep her health and her rosy cheeks by plenty of work and plenty fresh-air exercise.

THE TRAGEDIES OF GLORY. General Delaney is the man of the moment. But it will give that grave Transvaaler little pleasure to have become famous, and to have been eulogized even in the British House of Lords, in face of the domestic tragedies which have been a portion of his connection with the war. His boy of fifteen was by his side at the Madder River at the beginning of the struggle. He was hit, and in half an hour was dead. What this meant to him, says a writer in The London Daily Mail, was shown one night when some of his men were sitting in Delaney's tent discussing Lord Roberts. One of the men was saying, "His Lordship had earned in the war an earldom, £100,000, the highest position in the British Army, and a world-wide name. Delaney, according to the writer, listened quietly for a long time, and then said: "You speak of what Lord Roberts has gained, and seem to envy him, but do you ever think of what he has lost? None of you have lost a son in this war, but Lord Roberts and I have, and I can sympathize with him. I will guarantee to say that he would willingly give up all the honors that he has, every penny of his fortune, and return again to the position of lieutenant, ay, even to a Tommy, if by so doing he could regain his son. He is a field-marshal certainly, but he is a father also. I know what his feelings were when he heard that his son was killed. I have drunk of the same bitter cup, though he has drunk deeper than I, for in his case he lost his only son, and I have others left." Shortly after this terrible blow, the Boer general was joined by his second son, a boy barely fourteen, but soon he, also, in the cause of his fatherland, went the way of his brother.

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DOMESTIC READING. It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel in a single stitch-drops, one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through. The one who works all day gets more out of life than he who began and desisted in an hour. Compensation is more than wages. The satisfaction of having done something is more than all else. Go through the world unnoticed if you can. Secret privations, secret sacrifices, of your own which will never be known until all things are revealed, are surer instruments of perfection than chains and shirks of hair. The Holy Ghost in this way creates His saints. All the world is young to a boy, and thought has not entered into it, even the old men with grey hair do not seem old; different but not aged, the idea of age has not been mastered. A boy has to frown and study, and then does not grasp what long years mean. Never bring a human being, however silly, ignorant, and weak-above all, any little child-to shame and confusion of face. Never, by petulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste, never, above all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a sneer, crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-creature. Immortality! We bow before the very term. Immortality! Before it reason staggers, calculation reels, her tired head, and imagination folds her weary pinions. Immortality! It throws open the portals of the vast forever; it puts the crown of deathless destiny upon every human brow, it cries to every uncrowned king of men, "Live forever, crowned for the empire of a deathless destiny!" Give me for my friend one who will unite heart and hand with me, who will throw himself into my cause and interest, who will take part when I am attacked, who will be sure beforehand that I am in the right, and if he is critical, as he may have cause to be, towards a being of sin and imperfection, will be so from very love and loyalty, and a wish that others should love me as heartily as he. - Cardinal Newman. Take away religion - you take away what is noblest and best in man, what most lifts him above grovelling physical existence and makes life even upon earth at all worth living. Without religion there is for man no social security, no prompting to individual spiritual elevation, without religion there is for the race no true progress, no true civilization. In proportion as peoples are religious, they are civilized. The hope of our country is that whatever its shortcomings in some lines, it retains a Christian conscience.

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Ireland's Patronal Day

(North Bay Times.)

In almost every clime throughout the broad expanse of the universe, on Monday last, Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen turned with longing eyes and hearts beating true to the traditions of their chivalrous race towards the land of the "Green Innominat Shamrock" — the beautiful isle that poets and litterateurs love to write of as

"First flower of the earth, First gem of the sea."

And need we wonder that a people with a history so thrilling and brilliant, yet so pathetic and sorrowful—a people whose scholars and men of letters since the memorable occasion when, from the summit of the historic Hill of Tara, St. Patrick converted the King and his assembled court from the errors of Paganism to the light and truths of Christianity, have basked in the literature and electrified the halls of the world with their magnetic eloquence—whose martial heroes have immortalized themselves upon home and foreign battlefields—whose long list of martyrs adds to the glory of the nation, and the purity of whose daughters is but another gem in the diadem so nobly worn, should cherish with unwavering fidelity the attributes of their generous-hearted race, and welcome with a warmth and affection peculiarly their own the ever-recurring anniversary of their Patron Saint.

In North Bay as elsewhere the same love and patriotism towards the land of the triple-leaved flower (a flower which the Irish people cherish as an emblem of the Trinity), were shown, and although not on as large a scale as in some other places, the celebration was none the less warmly and sincerely carried out. Throughout the day sprigs of green were worn by many of our citizens and at nine o'clock the bell from the tower of St. Mary's on the Lake called the faithful to acts of worship. High Mass was celebrated and an eloquent panegyric on St. Patrick was delivered by the pastor, Rev. Father Scollard.

In the evening the Opera House was crowded to the doors by an intelligent and appreciative audience, assembled to witness the presentation of that stirring Irish drama "Shann Aroon," by a very good cast of local amateurs. Indeed, we might say that Joseph Smith in the title role, and D. Flaherty, as "Patrick," a servant, displayed dramatic ability of considerable merit, their portraiture of Irish home life at times appearing intensely real and interesting. J. H. Stephens, the rascally agent of a not ungenerous landlord, made a capital villain, and all; while H. Campbell, in the double role of "Mad Fernoy" and "Bad Andy," acquitted himself very creditably. T. J. Bourke, as "Dan O'Grady," represented in dignified style the sturdy old Irish farmer, and T. J. Baker, as "Tom O'Grady," his son, played the part of the impetuous though noble-hearted young man in an acceptable manner. H. R. Miles, as "Old Hennings," a money-lender, and G. Hollowell, as "Nipper," a detective, represented very well the characters assumed. As to the ladies (God bless them), Miss M. Doran made a charming "Molly O'Grady," though it was a little mean of "Tom" to use so much dye on his moustache. Miss Doran's interpretation of the character was light-hearted and gay, graceful and dignified as the occasion required, and she was not long in winning popular favor with the audience. Miss J. Doran, as "Mrs. O'Grady," and Miss A. Varin, as "Maggie," the maid, fulfilled their parts well.

The drama is intended by the author, Charles Townsend, to portray Irish domestic life, and to show the common relations between landlord and tenant, and is an eminent success, though all Irish tenants do not fare as well in the end as did the sporty Daniel O'Grady.

The play was interspersed with music and song. Miss L. Groulx presiding at the piano, and the North Bay Male Quartette, Messrs. Barry, Grimes, Martyn and Senkler, taking the vocal parts. Mr. Frank Grimes, a local favorite, rendered in fine voice that popular Irish song, "The Minstrel Boy," and to the inevitable recall responded cheerfully with "Why Did You Sell Killarney?" The male quartette sang "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Annie Laurie" with power and expression, their rich, full voices blending in happy unison and producing an effect that in each case subjected them to an encore. "Conie Back to Erin" was sweetly sung behind the curtain, and the programme was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the King" by the company.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN The Berlin Telegraph reports a St. Patrick's Day programme in St. Jerome's College, as follows: Two reasons may be given for the very large attendance at the Opera House on Monday evening, namely, to assist the students of St. Jerome's College in their noble labor of love in assisting the Orphanage at St. Agatha, and the second to witness the production of Virgilius by students of the college.

charge of the home intend enlarging the premises, and will require more than the usual amount of money. The receipts of Monday evening's entertainment will go a long way in providing the necessary amount to build the new addition, and those who attended the production of Virgilius will have an interest in this worthy labor of love that is being done for the fatherless and motherless children of this county.

The gracefulness with which the gift is received by the children of the Orphanage was beautifully expressed in the opening address of Master Jacob Ringle, a seven-year-old inmate of the Orphanage. The young speaker referred to the work of the Orphanage, and then spoke of the kindness shown to the children by the noble-hearted Sisters. Reference was then made to the assistance rendered by those present by their gifts, thus enabling the management of the Orphanage to carry on their work. The address was enthusiastically received, and was one of the features of the evening.

The story of Virgilius has been published in these columns but recently and is fresh in the minds of the readers. It is purely dramatic and is unusually difficult to be undertaken by amateurs, but the students of St. Jerome's have shown in previous years that they are capable of doing by patient training and persistent study. Virgilius is a play devoid of any comic situations. The plot of the play is constantly kept before the spectator as the story is being told by the living characters upon the stage. The dialogue of the production is very heavy and many hours had been spent by the hard-working students in committing their parts to memory, as well as the study of the expression to be used in bringing out the true spirit of the work. In this the students excelled themselves, not one hitch in the conversational part of the play. The acting of the young men who participated was done in a very creditable manner, even to the every day citizens who were in evidence during the greater part of the play. There was no overdoing of the characters represented that is too frequently seen in amateur production.

The scenery and costuming of the evening was in accordance with the story of the play, and assisted in a very material manner in making the setting of the play very real. Personal mention of each of the artists of the evening would be invidious, save of those who took the leading parts.

Mr. Hugh B. Hennessey took the role of Virgilius. This young man is a favorite among the concert goers of this town, and owing to the splendid account he gave of himself in previous plays a great deal was expected of him. Mr. Hennessey excelled all previous records on Monday evening. An ideal Virgilius, a typical leader of men, and a commanding personality, three factors which went a long way toward making the character an easy one for the artist. Mr. Hennessey graduates this year and in all probability made his last appearance before a Berlin audience, and it will be gratifying to him to know that his last endeavor was the most pleasing and satisfactory to the spectators.

To Mr. Oliver Galligan fell the task of impersonating the severe evil plotting character of Appius Claudius. Mr. Galligan gave a good account of himself, notwithstanding that his voice was a disadvantage to him in the heavy passages of the reigning Tribune. Mr. Galligan made a good impression.

Illius, the young man who was fortunate in securing the hand and heart of Virgilius' daughter, Virgilia, was taken by Mr. Anthony Cyran. Tall and stately he made an excellent soldier, but it was in his love-making with Virgilia that he won the hearts of the spectators. Mr. Cyran gave a clever interpretation of Illius.

Master Jos Hurley, as Virgilia, had a doubly difficult role to perform. Virgilia, the daughter of Virgilius, is as difficult in itself for any actress, but for a young man to play the part of a pretty blonde was certainly out of the ordinary. The part was very cleverly taken, so much so that many of the audience left the building with the impression that the part had been taken by a young lady. Master Hurley made a very pretty young actress and performed his part in a splendid manner.

Jos. Schmit, as Calus Claudius, Oskar Wernet, as Numitorius, F. X. Arnold as Dentatus, and F. Jaglielonezyki as Servia, Virgilius' nurse, although performing minor parts, assisted in a marked degree to make the play the success it was. The cast was as follows:

Virgilius Hugh B. Hennessey
Appius Claudius Oliver Galligan
Calus Claudius Jos. Schmit
Dentatus Anthony Cyran
Numitorius F. X. Arnold
Julius Julius Klabs
Vibulianus Fred Scieszka
Spurlus Oppius Harry Zinger
Marcus F. X. Zinger
Titus Citizen Louis Walsh
Servus—Citizen W. A. Schumacher
Onetius—Citizen Wm. Murphy
Virgilia Master Jos. Hurley
Servia, her nurse F. Jaglielonezyki
Fornas Slave Martin McHale
Soldier Citizen, Lictors, etc.

Evening the Mrs. Mr. George Zickler's orchestra rendered an excellent programme of music, which was greatly appreciated by the large audience. The numbers were as follows:

PROGRAMME:
March "Blaze Away"
A Holman
Overture "Poet and Peasant"
Suppe
Xylophone Solo "Favorite"
Hobbs
OSCAR ZEIGLER
Waltz "Helm of Navarre"
C. Hirst.
Trombone Solo "Romance"
F. Molloy
OSCAR ZEIGLER
Selection "Bohemian Girl"
Halle
Waltz "Lovers' Lane"
E. Ascher.
God Save the King

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Censor—Mr. O. Hauman.
Executive Committee—Messrs. T. J. Mahony, Wm. Becker, H. B. Hennessey, Jos. Schmit and Ferdinand Scieszka

CARD OF THANKS.
The officers of St. Jerome's Literary and Dramatic Society desire to express their sincere thanks to the young ladies of Berlin and Waterloo who so kindly disposed of the tickets for the St. Patrick's Day play. Although the college plays have always met with great financial success, the one this year breaks all previous records, the total receipts being over fifty dollars more than ever before. This magnificent showing is largely due to the hard work of the young ladies, and for this they well deserve the thanks of St. Jerome's Dramatic Society and the lasting gratitude of the little orphans of St. Agatha.

United Irish League in Ottawa
In St. Patrick's Hall, Ottawa, the local branch of the United Irish League was organized last week under very favorable circumstances. Dr. Freeland presided. Over one hundred were present, all were most enthusiastic and signed the membership roll.

The officers elected were as follows:
Hon. president, Hon. John Costigan, hon. vice-president, Chevalier

"THE QUESTION IS" whether you will go on using the nerve disturbing tea of Japan, or "SALADA" CEYLON GREEN TEA of Exquisite Flavor and Absolute Purity. It's as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" Black is ahead of all other black teas.

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LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A
MODERN NEMESIS
(By Margaret Kelly)

CHAPTER III.

In an elegantly furnished room in Lyulphroad, St. John's Wood, sat a young girl gazing out into the gathering twilight. Notwithstanding her changed surroundings and a certain delicacy and refinement about her personality, which was wanting when we saw her a little more than a year ago, we recognize the beautiful Dolle Brownedge.

She is dressed in a tea-gown of pale mauve silk that becomes her admirably. Her dark hair is gathered into a loose knot at the back of her shapely head, and held in place by a band of ribbon of the same color as her gown. Though dressed in the extreme of simplicity, it is a style which suits her rich beauty to perfection, and in appearance she is flawless. Just now, however, there are traces of recent grief upon the lovely features. She turns from the window with a sigh as a trim maid enters the room and arranges a small table for tea.

The maid brought lights and soon lit out the dim twilight. But she remained untouched Dolle threw herself into an easy-chair and for half an hour or more sat buried in thought. Suddenly a sharp tap at the door aroused her. The door opened, and with something akin to a start Dolle jumped to her feet and hurried herself into Lord Seaford's study.

Lord Seaford and Dudley Leigh were identical, which may not surprise you, reader, as it would surprise poor Dolle were she to arrive at the knowledge of this fact.

"Oh, Dudley," she half-laughed, half wept, "how glad I am to see you! I have been having such a miserable time! I thought you were never coming again." Her eyes said plainly "Where have you been?" but Dudley Leigh—author and journalist—saw fit to ignore the look, and felt that he had come at an unpropitious moment. However, he must make the best of it. He had a disagreeable piece of business to get through, and he must use his wits to the best advantage to pull himself through it with credit.

"Let us have some tea," he retorted, kissing Dolle, and she felt that the sunshine, which so lately seemed to have departed from her face, had come back with midday strength. She laughed a little as he told her that the tea was cold. He must ring for more.

Tea was a mere formality Dolle was too happy to require it, and Dudley's request was simply a subterfuge in order to put off till as late a period as possible the scene which was inevitable from what was to follow.

The tray was removed, and the Dolle seated herself on a low stool at Dudley's side.

Dudley stroked the dark hair for some minutes before he spoke; then he withdrew his hand from Dolle as a preliminary.

"Dolle," he began, "are you happy?"

"Oh, yes, quite happy now—at least, not quite, but I only want one thing to make me so."

"I know what that is," said Dudley, "but I am content to wait until you are ready. I trust me, and my father will forgive me when he sees me." The brown eyes looked confidently on Dudley's handsome face.

"Suppose, Dolle, I were to tell you that the time has come, what would you say?"

Dolle jumped to her feet and clasped Dudley's hand in hers.

"Do you mean it? Oh, Dudley, Dudley, I should be so pleased! Are you really going?"

Dudley looked sad. "Sit down, Dolle," he said. "You must hear all I have to say for a time, but I will soon learn to forget me; and you will soon learn to forget me."

A look of startled horror overtook Dolle's face; her large eyes were wide open. "Forget, forget!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, my darling—forgive me the pain that I am about to inflict on you—I mean that I have done a great wrong. We are not married—we were not legally married—it was only a form we went through. It means nothing."

He spoke rapidly and excitedly, now that it had come to the point, he found that it was an exceedingly uncomfortable thing to have to try to get rid of one who had hitherto imagined herself to be his lawful wife. He grew embarrassed as he felt rather than saw the look which Dolle fixed upon him, but as he stopped and fumbled for words she, seeming to have at last grasped the meaning of what he said, gave a loud cry and fell upon her knees.

"My God, my God!" she exclaimed. "Dudley, you cannot mean this cruel thing!"

Dudley essayed to assist her from her kneeling posture. His self-possession began to return to him, and the burning spark of malicious evildoing by his previous confusion was soon gathered by self-love.

"Get up," he said, "and listen to me."

"She did not move—she could not. She knelt there rigid and immovable, feeling as though her heart had turned into ice and her brain into a fire at white heat."

"I loved you," continued Dudley, "with a earnestness which froze Dolle's blood, but I knew that I could never marry you. I went through the form of marriage with you so that you should not lose your self-respect."

"You lie!" broke in the girl, with a vehemence that startled Dudley Leigh. "You lie, coward!" she repeated, her eyes simply blazing with fury. "You pretended to marry me because you knew you knew I would never have agreed to anything else."

She was standing now, and Dudley, who had never expected anything but meek, though probably fearful, and entirely and expostulation, was completely taken by surprise.

"How angry," and showed himself in his true colors. "You are a fool!" he said. "If you knew on which side your bread is buttered you won't put on the tragedy-queen with me. To-morrow I will send you a cheque. I advise you to go home to your father."

But Dolle had not heard a word of this speech. She was entirely occupied with her own thoughts and another feeling now entirely banished that of indignation and rage which Dudley's words had conjured up. She clasped her hand in an agony as she clasped her hands in an agony as she exclaimed in despairing tones. "Tell me this is not true. Oh, Dudley, for the love of Heaven—for the love of our child—say something to give me hope!"

"The child will be all right—he shall not want for anything," was the reply.

A chill hand seemed to take Dolle's heart in its grip when she thought of her marriage being only a form, and with a low moan of anguish she fell to the floor fainting. Dudley gave a sigh of relief. This business was now successfully accomplished. It was a fortunate ending to a very disagreeable affair. He bent over the prostrate form of poor Dolle and hastily slipped off her wedding ring and placed it in his pocket. Then, with a refinement of selfish cruelty, he quietly left the house—and Dudley Leigh resolved himself once more into Alaric, Lord Seaford.

When Dolle came round she had for a short time no recollection whatever of what had previously occurred. Feeling strangely weak and numb in all her senses, she raised herself from the floor and looked around wonderingly. The small fire had burnt low, and Minet, her favorite Persian cat, was shivering and mewing near the smouldering ashes. Observing her mistress's recovery, she now came forward, rubbing against her affectionately and purring with delight. Dolle bent down to stroke her, and as she did so the events of the evening rushed back to her memory, with startling force for there beside her lay the buttonhole of violets which had dropped from Dudley Leigh's coat when he stooped down to deposit her of her ring. She recoiled in horror from the sweet-scented flowers and stood at a little distance trembling aghast. Then, clasping her hands together in an access of desolation, she became aware that the little circlet she had so prized was gone. This was the last straw. She fell into the nearest chair, utterly broken and crushed. Her hitherto pent-up tears burst forth in torrents and streamed through the web, nerveless fingers that she pressed over her eyes weep on, poor Dolle! Perchance it is better for you that your dream should have been broken thus early. Weep on for this, the only grief that you have ever known. A bitter grief doubtless, that thus early in life your idol has been shattered in the heyday of your worship and admiration! But whilst you exclaim against the creature (man you cannot call him) who has thus made a wreck of your hopes and caused you to feel that henceforth you trust no single human being (for who could be true when he has proved himself false)—whilst you thus bemoan your misery, have you not a thought for that other whose hopes have also been dashed to the ground, whose trust was also betrayed?

Perhaps in all this cup of bitterness the most paucous drop now is the thought that for a brief year of questionable happiness you have bartered the love of your father and your future peace of mind.

A modern writer has said that "we always may be what we might have been," but with all due deference to this distinguished person, we must respectfully decline to admit the theory. Dolle at all events feels that she never again can hope or happiness enter into the composition of her being; and at one time, when she was the wife of Beauford—the joy of her father, the envy of all the village maidens, and a good, loving girl withal—no one's prospect of a

happy future could have been more certainly prophesied.

A week later, haggard and worn with sleepless nights and despairing days, Dolle stepped from the train at Beauford Station, carrying in her arms the baby boy who had been christened Dudley Christopher Leigh. November had just begun, but the weather was bitterly cold for the time of year. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—for Dolle had arranged to reach her father's cottage just at the time when, having finished his tea, he would be sitting before his fire alone, perhaps—and indeed most probably—thinking of her, his lost one. She knew that at half-past four a bus ran from Beauford to Stoneford, which was four miles on the road to Thorneycroft. The remaining three miles she would have to walk. It was with a heavy heart that she stepped out upon the platform, every inch of which was familiar to her. She had pictured in day-dreams a very different homecoming, for Dudley had always buoyed her up with the hope that in the near future they would go together to see old Kester and get his forgiveness for the manner in which they had treated him. Now, alas! those dreams were fled. Dolle had scornfully rejected Lord Seaford's offer of money made through a solicitor. She had made up her mind to return to her father. He would forgive her. She would tell him all, and when she had made some amends to him by years of filial love and attention he would perhaps forget that she had so sinned against him.

Thinking thus, she stepped into the bus. Both she and the baby were well dressed, and thus protected against the inclement weather, and Dolle had drawn a thick veil over her face, so that in the faint light which proceeded from a primitive-looking oil-lamp she would be quite unrecognizable in case any former acquaintance happened to ride in the conveyance, which was the only one obtainable.

Many a curious glance was cast at the stranger as the old bus jolted along the country lanes, but no one spoke to Dolle, though all the other inmates of the vehicle carried on a lively conversation. Dolle scarcely heard a word of what was said—she was too much engaged with her own sad thoughts—but presently she lifted her head with a start as she heard a burly old farmer say:

"Sad business that about old Brownedge."

"Ah, sad indeed," replied another voice. "The old fellow seems to have gone off it altogether."

"Why, have you heard any fresh news about him?" asked a burly dame who sat in the corner opposite Dolle hugging a market basket.

"The old fellow went up to Lunnon a week ago. He had given up his place yonder and taken his savings out of the bank. He heard tell that the fellow as took his daughter away was in Lunnon, and he said as he meant to find him out and square up things with him."

"Lor now, how he have took it to heart! I reckon it will be bad for that writing chap when Kester Brownedge gets hold of 'un," answered the dame.

"It won't be so easy to get hold of him," said the first speaker, "I ha' been to Lunnon myself—let's see; it was four year ago come Whitsun—and I must say it's a biggish place. I never seen the likes of it afore—an' don't want to again. I was fairly mazed in it, an' that's the truth."

"Well, to be sure, now!" exclaimed the rosy-cheeked woman. "It's a sad pity, though, that old Kester couldn't ha' bided here over Christmas, seeing as it's so near."

"Perhaps he looks to be back here agen then," remarked another woman. "Lor help us!—what it is to have such children! I mind the time when Kester's little maid was a baby—such a pretty 'un, too! He's always been mazed about her. She never did nothing wrong that her father could see, but now—now he's found out."

The last speaker was a tall, raw-boned woman who owned a very small, hen-pecked husband and a household of children whom she ruled with a rod of iron. It was not likely that she could sympathize with a man who had not been able to keep one daughter in the way in which she ought to go.

Presently the bus stopped and deposited its load of passengers before the Wheat-Sheaf Inn. Dolle alighted with the rest, her brain in a perfect turmoil. What should she do? Where should she go? She had relatives in Beauford, but she shrank from them. Even supposing they received her into their homes out of common humanity, it would be only on sufferance. Besides, she had come to Beauford only to see her father—who wanted no one else. Holding her child closely in her arms, she walked away from the lighted courtyard of the inn out into the thick, choking fog. The baby woke (after several hours' sleep) and began to wail a little. "Hush, hush, darling!" whispered Dolle, clasping the little one with trembling hands, and she hurried on, she knew not whether on and on she went, caring not how far, so that she went from Beauford. Her brain and nerves were strung to such a pitch that she must have walked some miles before she felt fatigue. Then at last the poor, over-strained body could bear up no longer. Dolle's limbs began to quiver and to give way, her heart sickened and her brain reeled, and with a moan and a long-drawn sigh she sank to the ground insensible.

CHAPTER IV.

Felix Woodford was a barrister who was as yet briefless. He was of good family, but unfortunately for his present hopes, was a younger son of a younger branch of that family, and his only expectations were derived from his own talent.

He lived in chambers in the Temple, except when invited to the houses of a very large circle of friends and relatives. He was an immense favorite with all who came in contact with him—old or young, rich or poor, biped or quadruped. He was much sought after as a guest on account of his brilliant conversational powers and general attractiveness—one point of which must not be forgotten, and that is a handsome personality. There was something peculiarly noble in his lion-like cast of head and features, which at once inspired the beholder with a conviction that Felix Woodford could never condescend to meanness or surliness. He was open and frank to a degree, which perhaps was a quality not to be desired in his profession. His very weak proclaimed his character—it was bold, manly, decided, and in striking contrast to the light, panther-like step of Alaric, Lord Seaford.

If one had the selection of one's enemies, Felix Woodford would not prove a bad choice. Truly, he might walk up and crush you with a blow, but knowing his method of procedure, you might prepare for and receive him accordingly. He would not come like a thief in the night, when least expected. He would not lie in ambush and strike a blow with hidden hand. No, his methods of warfare would be different to these. He would meet his foes head to head, face to face, and then—Heaven help them!—Felix was deeply in love with Sybil Margrave, but though many other young ladies of his acquaintance worshipped him to the verge of distraction, this one treated him with a sisterly indifference that was gall and wormwood to him. Indeed, by the whole family of Margraves Felix was regarded in the light either of son or brother, and was looked upon as perfectly harmless as far as Sybil was concerned.

It was evident that Sybil was expected to make a brilliant marriage. She was beautiful, well educated, and heiress to the accumulated wealth of her parents and grandparents. Felix had known her as a child—when he and his sisters had spent holidays with the Margraves during their visits to England. Then for several years, whilst pursuing his studies, he had lost sight of her. When he saw her again she had developed into a lovely girl of seventeen, and he had lost his heart immediately.

For at first he felt his case to be perfectly hopeless. When, however, he had gone through several seasons without a love affair Felix felt that he need not yet despair, so he hovered about—or rather was attracted

to Sybil's person by a magnetic influence that completely dominated him.

At present he formed one of a house-party at "The Bungalow," but he confessed to himself that never had he spent so wretched a time. Lord Seaford was a constant visitor at "The Bungalow" also, and with dismay and horror Felix saw that every day he advanced in Sybil's good graces, and was, in fact, a "persona grata" to the whole household.

Felix was smoking a lonely cigar in the garden, and was ruminating upon his griefs and disappointments.

"I shouldn't mind," he was persuading himself to believe, "if only it had been some one else. But to think that a girl so good as she is should see anything to admire or love in a fellow like Seaford passes my comprehension. It can't be his title that is the attraction, for he might have had the Marquis of Hilssea—a decent fellow, too—or the Duke of Wettshire. Why, Seaford couldn't hold a candle to either of them, and yet the scoundrel has got the advantage."

Felix threw away his only half-smoked cigar and began to walk rapidly to and fro. Presently there floated on the air the strains of D'Auvergne Bardard's latest song, "Bid Me to Love." "I do not ask for the heart of thy heart," he heard, and filled with curiosity as to the singer, Felix made his way into the drawing room. One glance at the piano and he saw that the owner of the rather pleasing tenor voice was not Lord Seaford. He waited till the song was finished and the vocalist, who was a loveliest young Guardsman, had retired into the grateful shade of a group of ferns and palms, then, with a look at Sybil, who was engaged in converse with Lord Seaford, he was about to make his way out of the room again.

But Sybil had caught sight of him. She came towards him with a smile that exasperated him. "Oh, Felix, you will sing? Do sing us something!" she begged, with an air of entreasy that would have become Queen Esther asking for the lives of her countrymen.

Felix stood irresolute, and then, with a quick bow of acquiescence, he moved over to the piano, and sitting down, began at once to sing, accompanying himself. His full rich baritone had never been heard to better advantage, and as the last notes of "When Other Lips" died away amidst a profound silence Sybil crossed the room to where he stood receiving commonplace thanks from some one, and said to him, "That was exquisite, Felix. I never heard you sing better. You are quite a loss to the operatic stage. But perhaps you really meant—you have lost your heart to some one!" She tapped him playfully on the arm with her fan. "If so, you may confide in me. Who is it?"

The mad blood surged up to Felix Woodford's brain. The thought of

what Sybil might have been to him, but what she could scarcely be now, singly unmarried him with a broken, unsteady voice he answered her. "It is you—you, Sybil! What could it be?" Then, with wildly beating heart, and amazed at his own words, he hastily turned on his heel and left Sybil standing rooted to the spot.

For some seconds she remained standing with a pained expression on her face, from which all the color had fled. Then, as she stooped to pick up her fan, which she had dropped in her astonishment, the pallor once more placed to a crimson flush.

"Poor Felix!" she murmured. "I am so sorry."

The next morning Felix found that his presence was absolutely necessary in the Metropolis, and having made his arrangements for departure, he went into the library to write a note which he intended for Sybil.

But the fates had decreed a meeting, for there was Sybil rummaging amongst the books for one she required.

She heard the door close and looked round carelessly, far from expecting to see Felix Woodford. He was for his part nonplussed, and seemed to have become for the moment speechless.

Sybil hesitated also for a minute or two, then she came towards him with outstretched hands, and an expression of pained regret on her fair face.

"Felix—Mr Woodford, I mean," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, "I hope you did not mean what you said to me last night. It would grieve me so much—I cannot tell you how much."

Felix too was sorry. He would have given worlds to be able to un-say those wild words of the evening before, but at the same time there was an impulse strong within him which urged him on the course he was about to pursue.

"I came in here to write a note to you, but now it is unnecessary. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

He spoke almost coldly, at the same time offering Sybil a seat.

"I won't sit down unless you do," said Sybil, with a little pout. "You look exactly as you did once years ago when I let your rabbits die. Do you remember that day?"

She laughed nervously, and then wheeled up a big chair to where Felix stood, with knitted brow and uncomprehending appearance generally.

He looked at her, but his thoughts were far away. His memory conjured up a picture of the events which Sybil's question had reminded him of. He saw the big garden with its grassy plots and leafy trees, under one of which the rabbit hutches had been erected. He saw a lovely little girl in a white pinafore, her long golden curls hanging in confusion about her shoulders, and her eyes swollen with weeping. At her feet lay four beautiful rabbits, cold and lifeless. He remembered his own angry, passionate reproaches; but

clear of all he remembered the last words of the little girl. "I thought never to see you again," Felix Woodford said. "I said I would not look for you just as you said I had not said it." Felix had been in his lifetime a very generous person, but he would be well to temper his generosity with a little mercy, and then, when he had made overtures of peace to Sybil, she had answered: "You are a good old Felix. I have always loved you better than any other man. And here is a little present because I am so sorry I have ever said 'die'."

The present was a little gold heart-shaped trinket, with a small picture of a forest meadow, and a record of the names set in one corner. Sybil had begged this from her father in her first consternation, and by the time the little heart had been given to Sybil, she had become known to the little heart, and as she grew to man's estate he had always hoped that the golden heart was a reminder of that other heart which he had lost some day to have in his keeping.

He did not take the chair which Sybil offered, but stood on the rearing with the little heart in his hand.

(To be continued)

WHAT IS A MIRACLE?
(Father Gerard, S.J.)

"A miracle is an occurrence due to a power beyond the forces of nature and for which the laws of nature cannot account."

"Thus the laws of nature cannot account for the restoration of a dead man to life. Supposing this to occur, it must be a miracle."

"The possibility of miracles is vehemently denied by the infidel philosophers, on the ground that there is no such pre-natural power as is required to work them."

"But the study of nature herself demonstrates the existence of a power beyond nature and its exercise. As we have seen, the first impulse given to the forces of nature must have been a miracle, being nowise in accordance with the laws of nature and beyond the power of her forces. So, too, the first beginning of life. If nature can get life only from a living parent; the first appearance of life was miraculous."

"There must, therefore, exist a power capable of doing that which nature cannot do and as it has certainly once acted, there is no impossibility that it should act again."

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Edited by Maurice Francis Egan, L.L.D. With the Imprimatur of His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago. Approved by the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

.. 256 SUPERB VIEWS ..

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Letter from Mgr. Satolli, formerly Apostolic Delegate. Size of Volume 13 1/2 in. by 11 1/2 in. 3 in. thick.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 3, 1895. D. H. McBRIDE, Publisher.

DEAR SIR, I have received the copy of "Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History" which you so kindly sent me, and I desire to thank you most heartily for it. I have examined it with care and exceeding pleasure, and must congratulate you on having published one of the most beautiful and interesting as well as instructive works that I have seen in a long while. Your publication itself is a monument of the subject matter which it treats. I am familiar with the magnificent works published in Europe, and I do not hesitate to say that you have produced a book which need fear no comparison with the best artistic publications of the Old World.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain, with sentiments of highest esteem, Most faithfully yours in Christ, Mgr. ARCHP. SATOLLI, Del. Apost.

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Behind the Riddle

The remarkable cipher valentine which originated in the small town of Leedsboro, and gained a national reputation some years ago, has been solved at last in a way that casts little romantic interest in this strange little story of mystery. The puzzle was the work of Edward Weld, of Backworth, whose sister Alice had married John M. Shepard, of Leedsboro. It consisted of twelve lines of doggerel written on the back of a valentine, which, if rightly read, revealed a very important secret. Shepard was well to do at the time of his marriage, and his wife had about £3,000. They might have passed their days in comfort, but the husband fell into dangerous ways, beguiled by one of those circular letters which are sent into the rural districts by a certain class of city brokers. He began to speculate, and within two years his own property was in a nearly hopeless condition, and he had wrongfully used some hundreds of pounds belonging to his wife.

In these operations he manifested an ingenuity almost incredible, borrowing two or three times upon the same security in that little town where everybody was supposed to know everybody else's business, and yet entirely escaping suspicion until, when the wreck was nearly complete, his wife learned the truth. She immediately communicated with her brother Edward, and he came to Leedsboro with all speed. There must have been a painful scene in the old Shepard home, but not a whisper of it got abroad. Even Uncle William Weld, who lived in the town, was kept wholly in ignorance. It was decided to save Shepard in his native place, where exposure and disgrace were coming in at a gallop, and nothing but ready cash could avail. Weld returned to Backworth to see what he could do with his sister's remaining property and Shepard's pecuniary interests in the stock market. He succeeded in much more promptly than he had hoped in raising the sum required, and left Backworth for Leedsboro with £1,250 in his pocket.

Alice was not expecting him, and she had gone to Hortonville, a neighboring town. It was thought that she would return in the afternoon, and her brother waited. Then came word that she would remain overnight. Edward was obliged to take the late afternoon train for Backworth, and he was in a quandary about the money. He dared not trust Shepard with a penny, and he was under pledge to keep the secret inviolate.

He spent most of the day at Uncle William Weld's house and probably meditated taking him into his confidence, but finally decided upon another course. In the middle of the afternoon Edward and his uncle walked over to the Shepard house, and on the way Edward bought the valentine which subsequently became the centre of so much interest.

When they reached the house, Uncle William, who was not on good terms with Shepard, having opposed the marriage with all his power, strolled out to the barn to wait for his nephew, and there encountered Shepard. Meanwhile Edward was in the house, and no eye was upon him. There he went or what he did could be learned only from a brief and his scrawl which he left for his sister.

He finally joined the other men in the barn and had a few words in private with Shepard. Later he took the train to Backworth, and when he arrived there he found that his sister had ridden with him, having caught the train at a station beyond Hortonville. What sudden impulse led her to do this no one now alive knows. She remained with Edward in Newton, a suburb of Backworth, two days and then came a telegram saying that Shepard was dying.

The brother and sister hastened to Backworth, missed the evening train by a very few minutes, and decided to remain for the night in a hotel. It was the Hotel Earlington of awful memory, and that night witnessed its destruction. Edward and Alice were among the victims of the fire, and as there was nothing to show which of them perished first the law presumed that he survived her. This was important because Shepard had died early in the evening. Thus all the property of the three passed to Edward's son, Frank, then in his ninth year.

Edward had been a widower, and Frank was his only child. Uncle William Weld was appointed guardian, and Frank lived with him until he became of age. In regard to Shepard's death, the servant maid, who was the only person having a knowledge of the matter, reported that after Edward Weld's visit Shepard appeared to love his wife. First he locked himself in the library. Then he went rushing round the house, ripping open drawers, trunks and boxes. He repeatedly demanded that she should tell him what Mr. Weld had done in that

house. She could say no more than that he had been in the library and that she thought she had heard him upstairs.

Shepard's conduct is explained by the fact that he had opened Edward Weld's note to Alice, as the writer had feared that he would do. The effect upon him may be understood by a glance at the contents: Money put away in this house. Writing hastily at desk in library. Uncle's waiting in barn for me. Cipher in valentine tells you the place. This same trick we have used several times before—Edward.

Shepard had immediately opened the other envelope containing the valentine and had discovered the mystic verses, which ran thus, the peculiar number of the lines being here preserved:

- (1) Flash of gold in Cupid's eye (2) Sends his sharpest darts awry (3) In these modern days. (4) He doth know where sovereigns bide; (5) Better than where true hearts hide; (6) Sad these modern ways. (7) There's a love that's new and old. (8) Takes no thought of mingled gold 'E'en in these bad days; (9) Trust a brother's steadfast faith (10) Dear as life and strong as death; (11) Guide in troublous ways.

It was a long time before anybody advanced a step in the solution. The strain of the attempt undoubtedly hastened Shepard's end. He was found on the floor unconscious, and he died within a few hours of hemorrhage of the brain.

What may be called the documents of the case passed into Uncle William Weld's hands, and he spent many a weary hour over those rude verses. He searched the house fifty times, and might even have pulled it down, but it passed into the hands of Deacon Wiltard Webster of Leedsboro on a mortgage given by Shepard.

Meanwhile Uncle William had striven in secret with the valentine cipher. He resorted after a time to experts in such matter and finally had the verses come before the public. They used to be handed around in sewing circles and similar gatherings in that part of Maine as a species of amusement, and nobody knows how many minds they unsettled, for it finally spread all over the country.

Frank had his troubles with them, but his uncle always taught him to look upon the money as lost, knowing how unwise it is to permit such a will-o'-the-wisp to flicker before the eyes of youth. It is easier to teach that doctrine than to follow it. Frank never forgot that he had £1,250 hidden in the old Shepard house in Leedsboro. The day came when he needed the money. He had gone into the employ of a mercantile establishment in Backworth after leaving college, and there the chance of his life came to him. One of the partners got into trouble with the other two and decided to withdraw. Frank, seizing a favorable opportunity, secured an option on the share in the business. But an initial payment of £1,000 had to be made, and Frank did not know where to lay hands upon that sum. In this emergency he behought him of the money that had lain for fourteen years in the old Shepard house, and he resolved to make one last desperate attempt to solve the riddle of the valentine. The original was in the keeping of Uncle William Weld, and Frank went to Leedsboro to study it. Uncle William viewed this proceeding with well founded alarm, and he made secret efforts to scotch the sum that Frank needed, being convinced that the young man's opportunity was one the like of which would not come again.

Frank Weld worked two days upon the valentine puzzle, and began to show signs of mental collapse. He was a big, robust, handsome fellow, but he was not fitted for that particular line of endeavor, and it told upon his nerves. He had the air of one who has sat up several successive nights with a stick friend, as Uncle William expressed it; and, though the old gentleman spoke lightly, he was seriously troubled. As a diversion for Frank's mind he suggested inviting the object of the young man's affections to visit at the old Weld home.

Thus it happened that Miss Florence Deane got down from the train at Leedsboro one morning, and charmed all beholders between the station and the old Weld house, which was almost at the other end of the town. She was a bright girl, with a reputation for solving puzzles, and Frank had high hopes that she would make something of the original valentine, though she had failed with a copy. But, as in all other cases, it was the valentine that emerged from the strudel victorious. At the end of two days Florence received positive commands from Aunt Mary Weld not to look at the verses again. She was compelled to take the air, to walk about the village, which was quaintly charming even under the

mantle of snow; but though her body was thus coerced, her mind could not be so easily controlled. She began to have a hunted, scared look, like that of one who is attended by a ghost. As for Frank, he had reached a condition such that he could not have solved the simplest riddle in the world, even if he had heard it before.

One day Florence came home from her enforced stroll in the village with the information that she had encountered one of the wisest men she had ever met, a quaint old philosopher such as one encounters now and then in the pages of fiction. It appeared that his name was Abner Morey, whereas Mr. Weld and Aunt Mary were moved to laughter, for Morey was a familiar character, one of those amusing imbeciles found in every village.

"I don't care if he is half-witted," protested Florence. "He is a genuine philosopher. I talked with him about the valentine. 'I bet ye,' he said, 'that if I knew the man that made it I could give a guess at what it means. Everything a man does is just himself over again. I bet ye he's hid himself over the same way. Study the man,' said Mr. Morey. 'He's back of the riddle.'"

"I've been thinking and thinking about that," continued Florence. "What would your father have been likely to do? Did you ever know him to hide anything else?"

Frank smiled wearily. "I remember his hiding a thimble once for some children in a house we visited," he said. "He told us to blind our eyes, and then he tipped over to a big whatnot in a corner. Of course we all pecked, and when he had returned to his chair we nearly pulled the whatnot to pieces, but the thimble was on the arm of my father's chair. He had attracted our attention to the whatnot on purpose, knowing that we'd peck."

"Perhaps he's done the same thing here!" exclaimed Florence. "Perhaps the money is not in that house."

"I've searched this one," replied Uncle William, "and he didn't go anywhere else. Why, Frank, what's the matter?"

The young man was standing rigid as a statue and pale as paper. "Wait, wait!" he gasped. "Don't disturb me!"

He turned and fell into a chair beside the desk at which he has been working. The others would have approached, but he waved them back. Minutes passed. The old clock in the corner ticked as if it would burst. Suddenly Frank rose.

"Uncle," he cried hoarsely, "is there an old writing table in your barn?"

"Why—why, yes," stammered Uncle William. "There's been some old furniture stowed away in the north corner of the loft for twenty years. But why—"

Frank sprang across the room almost in one bound. The others followed him, but he distanced them. They heard him shouting in the loft when they reached the barn.

"It's here! It's here!" he cried. And the next instant he sprang from the loft to the floor, a feat he would not have relished in a calmer moment.

"The money was in his hands. 'Study the man!' he exclaimed. 'Florence, you and your philosopher have saved us. It was just like the thimble.'"

"But how did you know it was here?"

"The question came from all three. 'It's the cipher that's like the thimble,' he replied. 'It's not where my father seemed to put it. It's in the note, not in the valentine. Read every third word: 'Your money in writing desk; Uncle's barn. Cipher tells place. Trick used before.' Those last two sentences read either way. They were merely to let her know there was a cipher. She knew enough not to lock where he said it was. Dear old dad! And to think I didn't know him well enough! The man is back of the riddle in every problem of life. Oh, won't I make this right with your friend Mr. Morey!"

REVOLUTIONARY ARMY FIFTY PER CENT. IRISH.

The New York Sun of Sunday last devoted several columns to a review of "The Scotch-Irish in America," a two volumes collectively comprising some twelve hundred pages, compiled by Mr. Charles A. Hanna and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The most comprehensive work on "The Scotch-Irish that has ever seen the light," says The Sun.

The reviewer devotes considerable space to a study of the testimony given before a committee of the House of Commons in March, 1799, by Joseph Galloway.

"This testimony, first printed in London in the year named and republished in Philadelphia in 1855, will be found literally reproduced in the book before us. It is well known that Joseph Galloway was a Tory, or, as he would have preferred to be called, a Loyalist. He was native-born American, and at the time when he gave his testimony was a little more than forty-eight years old. He had lived, as he told the committee, in the Province of Maryland, in the Delaware counties, and in the Province of Pennsylvania, chiefly in Philadelphia. A lawyer by profession he had practiced in all the courts of Pennsylvania, in those of the Delaware counties and in the Supreme Court of New Jersey. He had been a member of the Assembly of Pennsylvania for eighteen years and

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Speaker of the House for twelve. He had been appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly to attend the Continental Congress which met in September, 1771. During the French and Indian War he had been appointed by the same Assembly one of the commissioners for disposing of the money granted to the Crown, and he had been several times a commissioner to treat with the Indians. When Sir William Howe took possession of Philadelphia, Joseph Galloway, at his request, undertook the office of Superintendent of Police of the city and its suburbs.

"Now, let us mark the grounds on which Mr. Galloway must be deemed an especially competent witness as to the nationality of the rebel soldiers. This question was put to him: 'Were deserters from the rebel army frequent while Sir William Howe was in Philadelphia?' The witness replied: 'They were frequent—almost daily. I have known forty-nine to come in in a day—many days from ten to fifteen.' Mr. Galloway was next asked: 'What number do you suppose came into the army at Philadelphia?' He answered: 'The deserters were generally sent from headquarters down to me for examination; from me they went to Mr. Story, the officer appointed to administer the oath of allegiance. He kept a regular account of their numbers, their names and the places of their nativity, and I think there were upwards of 3,300 qualified at his office, and I believe on good reason there might have been upward of 700 or 800 more not qualified; for I often found on seeing him in the evening that the number I had sent down to him had not gone so, that I suppose at least 3,000 came in.' Then came the interesting inquiry: 'That part of the rebel army that enlisted in the service of the Congress (i. e., the Continental Army), were they chiefly composed of natives of America, or were the greater part of them English, Scotch and Irish?' Mr. Galloway answered: 'The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half Irish; the other fourth were English and Scotch.'

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THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat in Eastern—The Live Stock Trade—Latest quotations. Tuesday Evening, March 25. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

The grain receipts were heavy on the street market this morning, 1,000 bushels of wheat, 1,000 of barley, 1,000 of oats, 1,000 of rye, 1,000 of corn, 1,000 of clover, 1,000 of timothy, 1,000 of alfalfa, 1,000 of hay, 1,000 of straw, 1,000 of manure, 1,000 of bones, 1,000 of kelp, 1,000 of lime, 1,000 of salt, 1,000 of sulphur, 1,000 of potash, 1,000 of soda, 1,000 of iron, 1,000 of steel, 1,000 of copper, 1,000 of zinc, 1,000 of lead, 1,000 of tin, 1,000 of silver, 1,000 of gold, 1,000 of platinum, 1,000 of palladium, 1,000 of rhodium, 1,000 of iridium, 1,000 of osmium, 1,000 of selenium, 1,000 of tellurium, 1,000 of polonium, 1,000 of astatine, 1,000 of francium, 1,000 of actinium, 1,000 of thorium, 1,000 of uranium, 1,000 of protactinium, 1,000 of neptunium, 1,000 of plutonium, 1,000 of americium, 1,000 of curium, 1,000 of berkelium, 1,000 of californium, 1,000 of einsteinium, 1,000 of fermium, 1,000 of mendelevium, 1,000 of nobelium, 1,000 of lawrencium, 1,000 of rutherfordium, 1,000 of dubnium, 1,000 of seaborgium, 1,000 of bohrium, 1,000 of hassium, 1,000 of meitnerium, 1,000 of darmstadtium, 1,000 of roentgenium, 1,000 of copernicium, 1,000 of nihonium, 1,000 of flerovium, 1,000 of tennessine, 1,000 of oganesson.

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Mr. J. McKel, carpenter, 315 Manning avenue, Toronto, states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for acute indigestion, nervousness and inability to sleep, and now, after a thorough test, I am pleased to say that my nervous system has been built up, and I rest and sleep well. I can speak very highly of this preparation, knowing it to possess curative properties which I have failed to find in other remedies."

Mrs. M. Colwell, 538 Ossington avenue, Toronto, states: "I think Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a splendid medicine. I was very much run down in health, had dizzy spells, was quite nervous, and was troubled a great deal from indigestion. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has greatly improved my health generally. My nerves are steadier, my indigestion is gone and I have not been troubled with dizziness of late."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is for the blood as well as the nerves. It cures each and every ailment resulting from thin, weak, watery blood. Its cures are permanent, because it restores and revitalizes the wasted and depleted cells. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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TORONTO LIVE STOCK.

There was a good strong trade this morning at the Toronto Cattle Market. The dealers were good for export cattle and butchers' cattle. The offerings, however, were quite two thirds of exporters, and the butchers' cattle offered were not so good in quality as they were last week. In spite of this, however, the prices were strong.

Exporters were scarce and the demand was strong. The prices were steady. Sheep were a little easier, selling at 25¢ per cwt. for choice, and 20¢ per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' cattle—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice cattle were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' sheep—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice sheep were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' hogs—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice hogs were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' pigs—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice pigs were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' calves—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice calves were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' lambs—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice lambs were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' kids—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice kids were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' goats—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice goats were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' horses—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice horses were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' mules—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice mules were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' asses—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice asses were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' donkeys—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice donkeys were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' camels—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice camels were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' elephants—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice elephants were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' giraffes—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice giraffes were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' hippos—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice hippos were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' rhinos—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice rhinos were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' zebras—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice zebras were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' ostriches—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice ostriches were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' emus—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice emus were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' kangaroos—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice kangaroos were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' wallabies—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice wallabies were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' koalas—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice koalas were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' platypuses—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice platypuses were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' wombats—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice wombats were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' possums—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice possums were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' quolls—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice quolls were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' bandicoots—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice bandicoots were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' bilbies—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice bilbies were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' wallaroos—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice wallaroos were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' dingoes—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice dingoes were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' thylacines—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice thylacines were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' Tasmanian devils—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice Tasmanian devils were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' Tasmanian tigers—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice Tasmanian tigers were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

Butchers' Tasmanian wombats—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice Tasmanian wombats were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.

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Butchers' Tasmanian bilbies—Were in good demand, and the prices were strong. Choice Tasmanian bilbies were sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per cwt. for choice, and \$1.00 to \$1.25 per cwt. for medium and low.