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

VOL. V.—No. 28.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL'S LETTER.

OFFICIAL.

His Excellency Mgr. Merry del Val, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has authorized the publication of the following in THE REGISTER:

OTTAWA, July 3, 1897.

My Lord—On the eve of my departure for the Eternal City, where I shall soon place in the hands of His Holiness the results of my enquiries and of my labors, I wish to address your Grace, as the Bishop most directly concerned in the question which has formed the main object of my mission; and in addressing your Grace I speak to all the Catholics of the same country.

In the first place, my Lord, permit me, together with the sentiments of respect and devotion which I most heartily offer to all the Archbishops and Bishops of the Dominion, to tender a sincere expression of gratitude to their Lordships for the kindness of which they have given me signal proof. I can only express my regret that I am unable to tell each one who I so deeply feel.

My thanks are due also to all the members of the clergy, and to the faithful of each diocese, for the hearty and sincere welcome with which they have greeted me on every occasion.

I have furthermore to acknowledge the great courtesy shown to me by the civil authorities; and I wish to take this opportunity of testifying, in their regard, my gratitude and respect. We must hope that the blessed work of peace and justice so much desired by the Holy See and by us all, will be fully accomplished.

In reference to this matter I can assure your Grace that His Holiness will soon be in a position to decide the question and to trace out a line of conduct for Canadian Catholics in the present situation.

The Holy Father has exhausted all sources of information, and unless we wish to blind ourselves to the truth, it is impossible for us to suppose that he is not perfectly acquainted with all the facts and circumstances of the case.

In the meantime there is, however, an imperative duty for all; and in the exercise of my office I am obliged to inculcate in a formal manner with the certainty that the Bishops and clergy, devoted as they are to the Holy See, will be careful to require its exact fulfillment on the part of the faithful.

This duty is, that they should abstain altogether from all agitation, forget divisions and strife, and lay aside all discussion.

Things having entered a new phase (as far as Catholics are concerned) by the sole fact of the direct intervention of the Sovereign Pontiff, it is for him to finally determine their duty with regard to the religious side of this question. Hence it is not for us or for anyone to forestall his judgment or his action. It must be clear to every enlightened Catholic that we cannot invoke or sustain the authority of the Supreme Pastor if we disparage the authority of the Bishops; and that on the other hand we weaken episcopal authority if we curtail in any way the free exercise of the authority of the Head of the Church. For my own part, my Lord Archbishop, I have so quickly learned to esteem and admire the Catholics of Canada that I feel sure they will be glad to leave to the Vicar of Jesus Christ with confidence and submission the care of their religious interests; and they will do so with the conviction that his guidance will be the wisest and the best.

I beg your Grace to accept the assurance of my esteem and of my sincere attachment. Permit me to say how ardently I desire that God may bless and prosper the people of Manitoba, to whom you devote your zeal, your labors and your prayers.

I beg leave to remain your Grace's most devoted servant in Jesus Christ,
RAPHAEL MERRY DEL VAL.

To His Grace Mgr. Adolard Languevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface, Man.

Death of Peter A. Egleson.

The sudden death of Peter A. Egleson at Ottawa on Wednesday of last week has caused widespread sorrow, not only at the Capital, but throughout the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where his name is known to nearly every man, woman and child. About noon on the day mentioned Mr. Egleson had called at the office of Mr. George O'Keefe, M.P. There he met Mr. O'Keefe, to whom as we learn from "The Journal" he remarked that he did not feel well. He began to stagger and would have fallen to the floor had the doctor not caught him in time. Dr. Freeland laid him on the floor and went to the next room to call Mr. O'Keefe Dr. Freeland and Mr. O'Keefe at once returned, but Mr. Egleson was breathing

WHY WE FAST AND ABSTAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

It is proposed in this paper to enquire why it is and how reasonable that we should be sometimes forbidden many things that have nothing bad in themselves and at other times allowed to use them only under conditions or limitations of time, place and person and the like.

We ask why are we commanded to abstain on Fridays, or widening the view, why to abstain at all? Does the law arbitrarily impose an obligation of its own choosing? or is it a rule, setting forth the only lines upon which, when we use things we can secure ourselves, the maximum of benefit with the minimum of injury?

The answer to this enquiry may be given in the following way: God alone is able to live, and move and have His being, within Himself, and independently of all else. The august dogma of the Trinity, showing that in Father, Son and Holy Ghost, He is His own principle, medium and end, tell us how this is. But no creature, from low to high, has such capacity, he cannot even think, actively at least, without a word, which is of course no part of Himself, he can't breathe without air, nor eat without food, nor see without something to be seen. And this air, and food, and all the rest, embraces the whole universe, in which there is not an item great or small but may, and at times does, enter as a principal factor into man's action, and exercises a very real influence upon the character of that action. To take a simple instance: the lungs may be strong and healthy, but if the air which is inhaled is poisonous, the breathing, a necessary vital act, becomes the occasion of death. A shears in its little worth unless both blades are sharp and fit each other. To secure—then perfection in anything we do there are three things indispensable: a fit actor, proper instrument, and due object. Failure in any one of them is failure in all; or, to give a concrete instance, the success of a surgical operation depends not merely upon the surgeon, but also upon his having proper instruments and a curable case. What a difference, and a fearful one, will kill, where he ought to cure, with the best scalpel his labor will be vain if the patient has not sufficient vitality, and then the tool may be of the best, but it will be of no use if he is a bungler and it is easy to see why.

And so it is in all actions; the three elements must be sound or the excellence of the other one or two goes for nothing. Now, in this matter of eating or abstaining, the food may be good, the act of eating may be done in a proper nature, is of course good, but the actor, how about him? Is he always necessarily in a fit state to eat at all, or to eat anything that comes before him? Is not eating a wise rule of medical practice? Are people in forests who live the free use of whatever comes their way or men threatened with apoplexy obliged to stuff upon an admiral? A fragrant roast of beef is an admirable thing, but it is better to eat a small of it should not reach the suffering, the chances of life depend upon not touching it.

Now observe in all these cases, the food is good, the eating is good, but the actor is sick and must be dealt with according to the needs of his malady if you eat a fragrant roast of beef, and restore his health. What more does the Church say or do when she prescribes abstinence or fasting? You have lost your original state, so she addresses her children, when you committed sin. Your malady is a disorder of the good. Its functions are disordered, and you must submit to a time of dieting, longer or shorter, severer or less severe, according to the gravity of your case. It may be painful, but there is no other remedy. What is there in all this that is not in accordance with common sense and daily experience? Hence the ordinary Protestant gloss—why is meat good on other days and not on Friday?—is inconceivably shallow and unworthy of any man who thinks at all in a Christian way. Of course it is just as good on Friday, or on Lent, as at any other time; but the system of the ordinary Christian being an occasional time, and not a rule of life, and not an act in taking it, being careless about its own interest to take it when the wisdom of the physician prescribes it and the Church—the great physician of the race—declares it is good in general to fast and abstain on certain days; and she orders her children, respecting to herself the right to look upon exceptional cases and provide for them according to their varying symptoms. Hence the rule of her dispensations, to fast and abstain on certain days, and she orders her children, respecting to herself the right to look upon exceptional cases and provide for them according to their varying symptoms. Hence the rule of her dispensations, to fast and abstain on certain days, and she orders her children, respecting to herself the right to look upon exceptional cases and provide for them according to their varying symptoms.

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The Delegate stayed on Tuesday night at the Monastery. On Wednesday he left for Rochester, where he was the guest of the Bishop. He sails on Saturday for Liverpool on the S.S. Campania.

Visiting Priests.

Among the members of the American priesthood who came to Toronto in connection with the National Conference of Clergy and Correction were Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Chaplain of the State Industrial School at Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. J. H. Gauhan, Rector of Redwing, Minn. and Rev. Thomas Z. Kueked, chaplain of St. Joseph's Home, New York City. Father Kincaid's name is familiar to readers of Catholic books published in New York—as he holds the office of Canon there. Among the priests who visited the city last week also was Very Rev. Vicar-General Kelly, who came up from Kingston in company with the Archbishop.

Picnic at Weston.

The Weston R.C. Church are holding their Annual Picnic on Saturday, July 17th, on the Exhibition Park, Weston. There will be a splendid programme of attractions, including a football, baseball tournament, quoit tournament, bicycle racing, besides a number of other events, such as running, jumping, etc., for which prizes to the value of nearly \$800 will be given. The Citizens Brass Band and a first-class orchestra will be present afternoon and evening, and a first-class platform has been secured for dancing. The prizes for local trot and baseball are cash, and entries must be in to the Secretary, H. P. Royal, Weston, by Saturday noon. Bicycle races will be taken care of. No better opportunity for a day's enjoyment could be had. Take Queen and Dundas Cars, connecting Hamilton and Weston line, whose platform open cars run direct to grounds. Be sure to go, half Toronto will be there. H. P. R.

Well Won Honors.

Many of the friends of Mr. B. B. Hughes were pleased to see that his son, Mr. Vincent P. Hughes was admitted to the bar at Osgoode Hall on the 29th of last month after a successful career as a law student and B. A. and LL.B. of Toronto University. Mr. Vincent P. Hughes is partner in the firm of Charles Miller & Co. Mr. B. B. Hughes daughter, Lilian, has also won honor for the name by carrying off the only medal for china painting at the recent art school examinations under the Education Department.

Fifty Years a Resident.

One of Ontario's oldest and most respected citizens is Mr. Patrick Hughes. He is half a century ago by the Ontario to-day since he arrived in the Queen City, and his many friends will join with The World in wishing him continued years and happiness.—The World, July 14.

The white-washing Transvaal Commission has found Mr. Chamberlain blameless as in duty bound. Cecil Rhodes is held culpable. And this is the end of it.

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United States, will he know afford very great interest to the Holy Father. He had been surrounded by loyal and warm-hearted Canadian Catholics on this spot and upon the occasion of his departure from Canadian soil, Niagara would be a name doubly interesting to the Pope. Applause. Mr. Leo and Mr. Merry del Val were one of the representative Catholics of Ontario had made allowance for his mission of peace. He thanked him for that and he might express his belief that the mission of peace had not failed short of success. Only that day he had received from Manitoba a letter which had given him pleasure, because it told him that the Catholic people of that province could now feel a great degree of confidence and good will in their relations with their fellow-citizens (applause). The question which he had investigated in the hands of the Holy Father, and they might rely that his decision would be the wisest (applause). He was pleased that the Bishops of Hamilton and London were there, because through them he could say to the Catholic people of the whole of Western Ontario how pleasant his impressions of this province were. He had formed friendships which would long entertain him and beyond those personal friendships he would say that Ontario and its loyal Catholic citizens would always have a warm and grateful, though humble, friend at the Vatican in himself. He thanked the company for the cordiality with which they had honored the toast of his health. The speech was followed by applause and singing "For His Holy good will."

Sir Frank Smith proposed the Queen and the Governor-General of Canada and the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario. Speeches brimming with the feeling of affection for the parting guest were made by Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Father Ryan, Vicar-General McCann and Very Rev. Dr. Harris. Vicar-General McCann proposed the health of the kindly host which was honored with enthusiasm. Each member of the company said good bye and goodspeed to the Delegate, who declared that his last days on Canadian soil had been rendered exceedingly pleasant by their warm kindness.

The Delegate stayed on Tuesday night at the Monastery. On Wednesday he left for Rochester, where he was the guest of the Bishop. He sails on Saturday for Liverpool on the S.S. Campania.

Visiting Priests.

Among the members of the American priesthood who came to Toronto in connection with the National Conference of Clergy and Correction were Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, Chaplain of the State Industrial School at Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. J. H. Gauhan, Rector of Redwing, Minn. and Rev. Thomas Z. Kueked, chaplain of St. Joseph's Home, New York City. Father Kincaid's name is familiar to readers of Catholic books published in New York—as he holds the office of Canon there. Among the priests who visited the city last week also was Very Rev. Vicar-General Kelly, who came up from Kingston in company with the Archbishop.

Picnic at Weston.

The Weston R.C. Church are holding their Annual Picnic on Saturday, July 17th, on the Exhibition Park, Weston. There will be a splendid programme of attractions, including a football, baseball tournament, quoit tournament, bicycle racing, besides a number of other events, such as running, jumping, etc., for which prizes to the value of nearly \$800 will be given. The Citizens Brass Band and a first-class orchestra will be present afternoon and evening, and a first-class platform has been secured for dancing. The prizes for local trot and baseball are cash, and entries must be in to the Secretary, H. P. Royal, Weston, by Saturday noon. Bicycle races will be taken care of. No better opportunity for a day's enjoyment could be had. Take Queen and Dundas Cars, connecting Hamilton and Weston line, whose platform open cars run direct to grounds. Be sure to go, half Toronto will be there. H. P. R.

Well Won Honors.

Many of the friends of Mr. B. B. Hughes were pleased to see that his son, Mr. Vincent P. Hughes was admitted to the bar at Osgoode Hall on the 29th of last month after a successful career as a law student and B. A. and LL.B. of Toronto University. Mr. Vincent P. Hughes is partner in the firm of Charles Miller & Co. Mr. B. B. Hughes daughter, Lilian, has also won honor for the name by carrying off the only medal for china painting at the recent art school examinations under the Education Department.

Fifty Years a Resident.

One of Ontario's oldest and most respected citizens is Mr. Patrick Hughes. He is half a century ago by the Ontario to-day since he arrived in the Queen City, and his many friends will join with The World in wishing him continued years and happiness.—The World, July 14.

The white-washing Transvaal Commission has found Mr. Chamberlain blameless as in duty bound. Cecil Rhodes is held culpable. And this is the end of it.

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

A large circle of friends will hear with deep regret the death of Mr. Wm. Carrill, one of the leading Catholic citizens of Belfast.

The tourist visiting Ballycotton witnessed an extraordinary sight, a similar one not having been seen here for at least 60 years past.

On the occasion of the annual election of City Marshal there is likely to be a competition for the post.

In the coroner's court at Moremo, Dr. J. J. Keon-Corcoran, resumed the inquest into the cause of death of Mrs. Anna Maria Fitzsimon.

The Freeman's Journal says: Everyone interested in Irish music will welcome and applaud a resolution come at a meeting held in the Mansion House to establish a permanent organization to carry on the work of the Feis Ceoil.

A peculiar insight into Irish parish politics was afforded in the hearing before the Nisi Prius Court, of a case in which John Cullinan said the Rev. Laurence Hayes to recover damages laid at £500 for assault and battery.

Next Friday for the degree candidates must first be examined in the Faculty of Theology, in addition to an extended course of philosophy and literature.

Finally they will have to defend in public, against all comers, the position taken by them in this tract, together with a number of other papers in the whole course of Theology, Sacred Scriptures, Canon Law, and Church History.

The Dundalk correspondent of the Northern Whig, says that a man named Denis Kelly, aged about seventy years, lived at this place.

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The Rev. J. H. Corcoran, C.C., left Castlerock on his way to America for the purpose of collecting funds for the new church in the town of New York.

The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, St. Ignace, has been solemnly dedicated to the service of God.

North Tipperary has furnished an altar marriage with a touch of romance in its performance at the early hour of 10 o'clock.

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out to his house, ever to go for the police. Cullinan then raised his hand and witness bearing a small book down a way that was on the highway.

A conflict having its origin in incidents following the Jubilee celebrations, occurred in Birr between the military and civilians and several persons, including the resident magistrate.

Mr. William Clarke contributes to the "Daily Chronicle" an article on sixty years' religious life. He acknowledges that the growth of Catholicism in England.

For the Queen's gala party at Buckingham Palace, between five and six thousand guests were invited.

De-jides the open-air procession of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Mary's, Glasgow, on the Sunday following the Feast of Corpus Christi.

MR. W. M. COOKE, PEEL. ARTIST, July 8.—The death of Mr. Wm. McGuire on the 12th morning last.

MR. J. J. LANNING, MONTREAL. MONTREAL, July 7.—The sudden death of the late Mr. J. J. Lanning, who had been an invalid for a considerable while.

Simple Funeral of a Jesuit Father. MONTREAL, July 9. Without pomp or decoration, and in the presence of few persons, the funeral of the late Rev. Father Larcher, S.J., took place this morning at the Church of the Gesù.

A cabinman was recently having his first-born christened. Minister: "What name shall I give this child?" Cabby (through sheer force of habit): "Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir!"

If you would have an abundance of dark, glossy hair, you would have a few drops of the hair dandruff and irritating humors, or if your hair is faded and gray, and you would have its natural color restored, use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

ORATION

On the Occasion of the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Cabot Signal-Tower and Jubilee Memorial.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—I need not tell you that when the Cabot and Diamond Jubilee Celebration Committee invited me to perform the Ceremony of laying the stone of the Corner Stone of this Signal-Tower.

The event which we are assembled here to commemorate to-day or, I may say, the dual event, of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of our Island Home, and the sixtieth of the accession to the throne of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria—these two events, I say, will form an epoch in our history which will be memorable as long as

We are gathered here to-day to plant, firmly and truly, upon this adamant rock, the first stone of a monument which, while it shall stand down to future generations a pledge and testimony of our patriotism and nationality, shall also, in a most eminent degree, come within the scope of the desire of our Good and Merciful Queen Standing out as it will a beacon of safety to the perplexed tossed mariner, it will be pre-eminently a Work of Mercy.

This day then, my friends, is a great and glorious day for Newfoundland, and the spot on which we stand is worthy of the great occasion. The associations connected with this spot are such as to strike with a thrill of deepest love and patriotism the hearts of every son of Newfoundland.

Whether we look around from this vantage point upon the beautiful and varied scene which nature displays to our view, or whether, taking a broader sweep with the mind's eye, we include the whole Northern hemisphere of the globe; or again, going back upon the wings of memory, we recall the heroic events which have made sacred and celebrated every inch of the surrounding country; from all these points of view the land whereon we tread brings up into our hearts a deep sentiment of harmony and honorable pride.

Cast your eyes around, my friends, and tell me what country on earth can present such an unparalleled variety and beauty of scene as that which meets our eyes from this eyrie height! vast and unbounded distances; tremendous and thrilling altitude; soft and pastoral scenery, interspersed with grave and sombre forests; the gleam of inland waters; the towers and domes of the city beneath us; and the rugged ribs of Nature strewn bare and gaunt around us; and the great eternity of ocean. I doubt if such a combination could be found anywhere else.

If we look down into the giddy gorge below us we see the wondrous entrance to our harbor, the dear familiar old "Narrows," a scene admired by strangers from every land who come to visit our shores; guarded on each side by beetling cliffs which almost threaten to tumble over and engulf the numerous craft which constantly fit in and out. How aptly may we apply to it the graphic description which we read in the first book of the Æneid! (109, seq.) "Est in accessu longo locus."

"Hinc atque hinc vastos rupes geminibusque montibus, quos inter, in cœlo scopuli, quantum sub vertice lato "Æguora tuta silent."

Which may be translated as follows: "Within a long recess there lies a bay "On either side great cliffs in grandeur rise "Their threatening peaks uplifting to the sky "Within their circling arms in placid sleep "The untroubled waters lie securely deep. There, gleaming like a sheet of burnished gold in the summer's sun, lie those placid waters which, though within a stone's throw of the mighty giant ocean, are safe from

And from our dizzy height to-day we look down upon the thousand sail of busy craft which throng our harbor. Here we see the small coastal schooners loading the food supplies from our great mercantile store-houses, and the gear for a season's work and the fancy articles for the adornment of home and loved ones. How many an anxious heart in the distant homes of

our son grieve awaits their return, hearing to the bosoms of the family, the comforts and luxuries of the capital, and the no less welcome news of friends and the love greetings which spread light and peace in homes and hearts; which brighten the hearthstone and cheer the homestead!

Here again we behold the great foreign-gone ships; the mighty array bringing her valiant freight from far off straits, and bring forth laden with the golden harvests of our ocean fields, to the marts of the outside world.

And now, extending our gaze inland, a beautiful spectacle spreads out before us. Far away to the west and northward the horizon is bounded by the gently swelling hills, clad with the ruscated verdure of fir and spruce, marked into a pleasing serpentine by the more delicate tints of the birch and aspen. Nowhere yet we see the neatly cultivated fields and gardens, dotted with graceful dwellings—where the trim white cottage of the farmer, or the more stately suburban residences of our wealthy citizens and merchant princes; the whole checked out by a hundred lakelets which

like sapphires set in an emerald sheath; turning our eyes still nearer we behold the domes and towers of our city with all the amenities of civilization; and nearer still a wild and weird scene of massive rocky grandeur such as Scott describes in the "Lord of the Isles."

"Fall many a waste I've wandered o'er Clomb many a crag, crossed many a moor, A scene so rude, so wild as this, Yet so sublime in barrenness, No'er did my wandering footsteps press."

Rarely human eye has known A scene so stern as that that doat lake, With its dark ledge of barren stone. Seem that primordial catastrophe's away Hath torn a straggle and shattered way 'Thro' the rude bosom of the hill And that each naked precipice, Sable ravine and dark abyss, Tells of the outrage still.

And now finally casting our glance eastwards we behold the vast and boundless ocean stretching away in unmeasured distance till it strikes the shores of the Eastern World, bearing upon its swelling bosom a welcome greeting from Newfoundland.

Now raising our thoughts beyond the visible horizon, let us consider for a moment the geographical and strategic importance of this spot on which we stand. Look at its position upon the surface of the globe! It stands out prominently in mid-ocean on the great highway of commerce between the old and new worlds. It is the nearest point of America to the western shore of Europe; jutting out a thousand miles beyond the average coastline of the new world it stretches forth as it were a warm hand of greeting

after his long journey across the deep. It bids a kindly welcome to the wanderer, and raises the despondent heart with pulses of hope and joy. The light house there beyond Cape Spear, the Cape of Speranza, of Esperance, of Hope, sends a ray of gladness into the lonely bosom of the traveller. It is a beacon of safety to the anxious mariner, after long and tedious night-watches. Oh, surely, my friends, if for no other reason than that, this is a spot worthily chosen for the erection of a monument which shall be a signal-tower of hope and safety. Here within sight of these empurpled cliffs passes the great ocean steam palaces freighted with their thousands of living beings. From here as from a great international heart shall go forth on the flash of the electric arteries to the old world and the new, the happy announcement to dear ones left behind in sorrow, and to others anxiously expiring on this side that the dangers of the ocean are passed and the good ship is

In the third place, my friends, let us briefly consider the historical glories of this hallowed spot. Going back on the records of our History we will find that every inch of this ground is consecrated by historical memories and moistened by the blood of heroes. A little over one hundred years ago what a scene this place presented? The hillsides were bristling with bayonets, the boom of cannon and the crack of musketry awakened the echoes around about. It was in 1702. The town of St. John's was in possession of the French. The English having landed at Torbay, off there to the northward, led by gallant Captain McDonald, marched by a wood-path over the White Hills to Quitty Vity, there below. Here they were met by the French and the first battle took place. The French retreated to the fort (now the Fort William, now the Railway Depot). The English pursuing occupied

from the summit of Gibbet Hill, where you still see the ruins of Crow's Nest Battery, they were able to pour shot into the fort. The French fleet left the harbor by night, and under cover of a fog escaped the English ships which were cruising about outside in the bay, under Lord Colville. The garrison capitulated on honorable terms and the English took possession.

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Give me back another hundred years to 1807—the scene is changed. "This time the Fort is in possession of the English and the French are the aggressors. Under the command of Bourville they marched from Pownson, captured Ferryland, Bay Bulls and Petty Harbor and marched over the hills to St. John's. On the South side Hill, on the old Petty Harbor Road, a skirmish took place, and the British retired to the fort. The citizens fought bravely, but

and the French took possession of the fort. They occupied this town the whole country with the exception of Lord Colville's, Carleton's Island, which successfully resisted. We now strike back another century to 1553, and we have a spectacle of a different kind, a picture of peace and pompous ceremonial. The gentle slopes on which now stands our noble city were then in primal beauty. But even then the nucleus of the future city seems to have made a good beginning. The place was (as we are informed by Hayes) "very populous and much frequented" there were in the harbor at that time "between 80 and 100 sail, English, Spaniards, and Portuguese and other nations." Here then Sir Humphry Gilbert with all his noble retinue is performing the solemn ceremony of taking possession

of his new territory, by virtue of his patent received from Queen Elizabeth. And now one last leap backward to another century and we find ourselves in this bright month of June on the feast of St. John in the year 1497. On that day at four o'clock in the morning, the staunch little ship "Mathow" with her brave crew and noble Captain Cabot is nearing the coast, after buffeting with the waves for more than six weeks. The morning mists roll up from the ocean and reveal to the weary and well nigh disheartened mariners the purple brown cliffs with their verdant covering of moss and trees. A joyous shout rings forth from the bold sailors as their long tried hopes are realized, and before their enraptured gaze lies nestling in the blue waters the glorious object of all their longings the Newfoundland. On that day the brave old Cabot gave to Britain the new world, her first and most

ANCIENT AND LOYAL COLONY, the brightest gem in her zone, the foundation of her future greatness. From the fishing fleet of the New-Found-land were to spring the hardy race of mariners who carried her flag triumphantly around the world, and gave to her the Empire of the seas.

It is fitting then that on this 400th anniversary of the discovery of our country, we should lay the foundation-stone of a monument to commemorate for all time to come this glorious Event. It is a happy coincidence that we are able to unite our voices in the praise of the great completion of the longest reign of the noblest Queen who ever sat on England's throne.

VICTORIA THE GOOD. We have happily been able, by laying this monumental stone, to give our enthusiastic expression to our patriotism and national pride, and at the same time to comply with the full wish of our most Gracious Sovereign. This monument will be, as I have already said, a work of mercy—a work which will bring hope and joy to many a weary tossed fisherman. It will be a guiding star which will save many a life from the cold embrace of a watery grave.

I declare then, my friends, duty and solemnly laid this foundation stone of the Cabot Signal Station and Victoria Jubilee Tower. It is as hard as the cliff itself, for over a hundred years ago this very stone was hewn from the iron sides of these same hills, to be applied to the self-same purpose to which we have put it to-day. May it stand unmoved till the end of the ages.

"I suppose there were some bright things said at Mr. Lanning's inter-far-distant party last night?" "A few." "Who got off the most interesting?" "The butler—when he remarked that dinner was ready."

A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned—the source of his emotion is a companionship, pity and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and to defend those who are tender and weak.

At the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

St. ANNE DE BEAUPRE. Que., June 28.—I have seen a miracle yet? My dear reader, miracles are so common here as to excite very little if any comment; they are quite in the ordinary routine of events, I can assure you, and only when one happens very much out of the common is any particular notice taken of it.

It is a miracle, though I should very much have liked to see it, and that was the conversion of a couple of good-natured looking Protestant tourists who were wandering about, Ba'क्टर in hand, evidently somewhat impressed by what they saw, but not in the least comprehending it except in so far as it seemed to them merely an exhibition of superstition. I cannot say that here was faith in the persons of those kneeling at the shrine, and there was unfaith (to use a Ruskinian) in the persons of the Protestants, for the latter have faith of a kind, such as it is, warped and perverted by centuries of prejudice, but not, alas, the warm glowing fervor that animates the poor French Catholics and seems to sweep heaven within their reach in that grand church.

Why, I thought, the half-wondering and half-amused heretics—I use the word in its theological, not in its bigoted sense—"here are these poor people kneeling down and worshipping an image, and kissing some outlandish thing or another that they have stuck at the foot." They could not see the fervor, the simple faith, the childlike confidence in God's saint, because she is God's saint, the mother of His Blessed Mother, and next to her the greatest of woman. Not, mind you, for any virtue of her own as a creature, but because God has deigned to raise her up for His people's veneration, and to honor her Himself, by granting to her blessed robes the power of working miracles.

Even as she saves and aprons were brought from the bodies of Our Lord's Apostles, and applied to the sick and maimed, raised up and healed; so also will the robes of Beanne St. Anne, as the loving French Canadians call her, bring healing in their touch, if applied with perfect faith. Let the hundreds upon hundreds of crutches and sticks, apertures and bandages, speak, and testify to those who visit this wonderful place of the power that childlike faith possesses over God. "But, how do we know the relics are authentic? how know that the cures have actually taken place, and are permanent?"

Doubts, doubts, doubts, right and left, even in the face of miracles. "Nerly I say unto you, if one should rise up from the dead, and give testimony, ye will not believe him."

Did the splendid miracles of the Saviour of mankind, the giving sight to one born blind, raising the dead to life, stopping the course of nature with one word, did these, I say, save Him from a cruel and ignominious death? Nay, even the most wonder ful miracle of all, the Resurrection, did not convince the unbelieving Jews. "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Remember that ye who feel inclined to scoff at the simple child-like faith of the poorer Catholics, and remember it also, O ye rich and educated sons and daughters of the Church. It is not your riches that will save you, nor your education, but the faith which is fast confining itself to the poor and illiterate among us.

The wind always dies down in the evening, sometimes not even a breath disturbs the serenity. Sitting on the Convent balcony on such an evening, how shall I describe the beauty of the clouds? Great masses of vapor rest float the dying light of the sun, green and gold, purple and crimson, amber and blue, and on the eastern horizon that indescribable scarlet flame, that is not the reality of sunset and yet imitates it so closely.

A delicate sea green bounds the uttermost confines of the eastern sky. All the varying colors of the clouds are reflected in the calm surface of the river. Overhead, the deep, arching blue vault of heaven seems to attain a vastness of dimensions, an illimitable-ness of space, such as it has only when seen from great heights.

Most imperceptibly the clouds darken as the sun sinks behind the hills, the amber fades to drab, the crimson to brown, and the purple to black. The deep bell of the Basilica sends its notes echoing and reverberating across the river till they die away into a faint moan, to be succeeded by another deep musical boom. There are moments in our lives when a great peace takes possession of our souls, the world seems far away and unreal; we are carried out of ourselves into a vast and boundless sea, wherein we float on and on, taking no thought of anything, leaving behind us the worries and miseries of the world.

At such moments the religious life seems the only one worth living; we are reluctant to awake and return to the world in which there is so much of sham and dress.

Many such moments will be experienced by the visitor to St. Anne de Beaupre. There is an atmosphere about the place, a fascination which it is impossible to describe, a kind of magneto-

feeling that makes one strangely unwilling to leave and go back to the common, everyday haunts and occupations of life.

The world weary, and how many there are? such a spot is like a blessed oasis in the desert, like a place of refreshment, light, and peace, such as we pray for, but so seldom find.

Tuesday, June 29th. Rather a better class of people have arrived on to day's pilgrimage, there is not so much roughness and crowding and the devotion is quieter; there are much fewer communicants, however.

I think the altar railing is too mean looking for the church, it is out of keeping with the rest of the edifice, and spoils the appearance of the sanctuary. Perhaps, by and by some rich client of Beanne St. Anne will come forward and give her a new and beautiful railing for her sanctuary.

One of the priests here is never tired of applying the robes to all comers. His kindness, gentleness and patience are unbounded; he has words of encouragement for everyone, and is particularly tender to little children. The pilgrims crowd up to the rail whenever they see him, going sometimes two or three times. I believe he has the reputation of curing: certainly his faith and devotion are very great. There is an altar priest who comes equivalent with the pilgrimages who has the power of curing, but I have not seen him yet.

It is a strange thing that very often the faith of another is sufficient to work a miracle upon one whose devotion is not so ardent. Most of us have more confidence in the prayers of our friends than in our own.

One thing I should like to impress upon all who leave this place without having obtained the cure they solicit. It is this: do not despair, persevere in prayer, begin a novena as soon as you return home, and when one is ended begin another.

God tries our faith and patience, but He must yield at last to persevering prayer. Remember He loves to be tried with supplications, but they must be constant and unceasing, it is not enough to pray for a few days and then leave off, one must pray constantly day after day, for to do so is a proof of our faith and patience, the proof God requires before He will grant our requests. Promise St. Anne to make another pilgrimage in thanksgiving for your cure, but do not promise too much; remember you cannot bribe the saints; the most potent thing to make them listen to your requests is to amend your life, increase your favor and pray incessantly.

Above all things, keep your promises whatever you undertake to do, do it. Do not keep on putting it off, that is one of the most awful temptations of the evil one, who is always trying to make us false to our professions to our gratitude, and to our religion.

Whenever doubts come, put them aside at once, do not listen to them for a moment; the more you combat them the weaker will they become, till at length you will find yourself in possession of perfect and undoubting faith. When one sees the terribly afflicted people who come to this shrine, our own little miseries and small afflictions seem to vanish, and to become so paltry that, instead of praying for ourselves, we seem irresistibly compelled to pray for those whose cross is so much heavier than our own.

Poor bodies, bent double and twisted out of all semblance to humanity, pale hands and feet, halting forms scarcely able to drag themselves about; so unable to keep still for a moment, unable to kneel, to sit, to lie down, and all this united in many cases to the direst poverty. And most pathetic sight of all, maimed and deformed little children, some of them mites scarcely more than three or four years old. And hovering over all, not daring to enter the holy place, but keeping some little distance away, the hideous figure of sin—the sin that has caused all this misery, that has warped and perverted natures and minds that should have been like those of angels; that has twisted and distorted bodies that should be beautiful, has taken away sight and hearing, and handed down a legacy of misery that must continue till the world shall end, unless we one and all do penance and renounce the yoke of sin for that of Christ, and as He did conquer Satan and the world, even as we follow Him up the Scala Santa.

Truly there might be written over the door of this place of healing words that are the keynote of everything, "Abandon sin all ye who enter here."

June 30th.—The relics have been carried in procession round the church, a large number of pilgrims, chiefly women, following them. Afterwards Benediction is given, followed by veneration of the robes and blessing of the rosaries, medals, scapulars, &c., purchased as souvenirs.

The various little booths and stalls outside the church are crowded every morning with purchasers selecting presents and mementoes; the picturesque scene being rendered doubly interesting by the sound of a variety of dulcets and patois, intermingled with pure French and the less frequent English.

Here and there may be seen some members of the Third Order of St. Francis and St. Dominic, in their

brown habits, corals, rosaries and veils. They are generally women, the men seldom appear in anything but ordinary dress, with the addition of a badge or scapular. The religious orders are well represented. I noticed Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph, Franciscan and Dominican nuns, and various other religious.

July is, however, the month for pilgrimages. On St. Anne's Day, July 26th, the enthusiasm is at its greatest height; crowds assemble from every part of Canada, boats and trains hourly bring in their loads of pilgrims, and from dawn till dark the services go on unintermittently. I really think that the one thing that strikes visitors most forcibly is the great piles of crutches and appliances on each side of the west door. From the primitive rough affair of a hundred or so years ago, to the most modern and approved appliances, rule, comfortable, wicker affairs, and dainty velvet cushioned and polished crutches, helpers of the poor and the rich, the young and the old, they stand, a speaking monument to the glory of God, and Beanne St. Anne de Beaupre. TERRY.

"HE HATH THE FALLING SICKNESS."

Epilpsy or the "Falling Sickness" has been known for many centuries, and for so long a period of time no cure has been discovered, till Ricketman's Kootenay Cure came upon the scene and revolutionized the world. Julius Caesar, one of the greatest men of ancient times, was a victim of it, and he died because he could not get a cure. Napoleon, the greatest warrior of modern times, fell a prey to it, and among all his conquering hosts there was not one that could conquer this insidious disease.

But here is Samuel Duffin, residing in the Township of West Nisour, eight miles from the City of London, who makes a sworn statement before a Notary Public, that about eight years ago he had a paralytic stroke, and has ever since been subject to Epilpsy, which came upon him so often that it was unsafe for him to be left alone. He was treated by five of the best physicians in the province, and spent hundreds of dollars, to no avail, in endeavoring to get relief. Then he tried Kootenay Cure, which contains the new ingredient, Note the change.

"I have taken three and four bottles," "I have now good appetite, sleep well every night, and best of all, it has almost entirely left me." "My friends see a change in my appearance, and I feel that I have been cured." "I can tell them I have been taking Kootenay. My general health is wonderfully improved, and I certainly feel, after twelve years of terrible suffering, that I have been given a lease of life by Kootenay Cure, the Greatest Medicine of the Age."

The price of Kootenay Cure is \$1.00 per bottle. If you drug your dose, send to the Ricketman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application. One bottle lasts over a month.

"Please, sir, please me over to borrow your dress suit, but if you'd prefer to let him take your wheel he'd just as soon go for a ride."

Reason may warn us what we should avoid; the heart alone tells us what we ought to do. God is in our consciences, but not in our groping. When we reason we walk alone and without Him.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs Grumpy, "I bought a number of little things down town and lost them on the way home." "Never mind," said Grumpy, with a cold-blooded sneer, "I'll find them in the bill."

To eradicate our passions, to annihilate the strong perceptions of pleasure and pain, and to preserve apathy under severe afflictions, would be impossible if it were desired, and not to be desired if it were possible.

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst-looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him up, is it? Fat, that poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Solicitor (to new clerk): "You don't seem to keep pace with my dictation. Why don't you write short-hand?" "You told me that you know short-hand." Clerk: "So I do, but it takes me longer than ordinary writing."

A Greek musician, being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain—my inheritance from parents who had these, and nothing else, to leave me."

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said the hotel manager to the leader of a summer band. "Ahh, dat vos so. I biek 'em mine selber," replied the bandmaster. "Well, then, you picked them before they were here."

It needs an angel eye to discern between the evil and the good, and needs the Christian's heart to perceive that the smoking flax may be kindled into the bright flame; and that the broken reed may be repaired and restored to form and use, and so become an instrument of Heaven's music.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the bowels in the clearest state, and the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. B. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmentier's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Mr. Blake on Canada and Home Rule.

At the Canadian dinner at the Hotel Cecil, the Hon. E. Blake, M.P., proposed the toast of "The Visitors," in a remarkably eloquent speech. The chair was occupied by Sir Donald Smith, and the company included several Colonial Ministers as well as members of the House of Commons.

Mr. Blake said:—Sir Donald Smith, my lord and gentlemen, I rise to give the toast of "Our Visitors," coupled with the toast of "The Motherland." I am glad to see that on this occasion the very names of those who are to respond imply indicate the special feature of this Dominion Day Dinner, namely, that we are to give a good will, patriotic, and mutual attachment, and the sentiment of kinship between the great Colonies and the motherland, which has been the most blessed fruit of enlarged liberties, freer institutions, and local self-government, and which has proved to demonstration that, by thus cordially relaxed, every local liberty conferred, has been by a beneficent but most obvious agency transmitted into a link of attachment, inseparable, indeed, and inviolable, but it is that reason all the stronger and more enduring. The Premier—I have named directly represent two most important Colonies in different quarters of the globe, and they stand for more to-night. Mr. Reid stands for New South Wales also, but for all Australia, and through him we drink—

"To the men of a million acres, To the sons of the golden South," Sir Gordon Spry stands not for the Cape only, but for British South Africa, and we drink through him—

"To the last and largest Empire, With its map by half unrolled— God grant we may, so far as in us lies, keep that map by us unrolled. Now Sir, these gentlemen stand for still more they stand for the Colonies the world over, and I may well quote again—

"I have you change—my glass, To the men of the four new nations And the islands by the sea."

Aye, Sir, "The island by the sea." Nor could any fitter personage be chosen than the Scottish Secretary as the embodiment of this chief element of my toast. For Scotland has sent out to our dear Canadian shores as the other Colonies security, unfettered energy, thorough education, high principles, and great capacity, and above all of such unshakable love for the principles of freedom, that they have played a part in the advancement of our adopted countries (and incidentally may I whisper of myself) wholly disproportionate to their too scanty numbers, and sometimes when they have grown quite too good for Canada, we send them back to be made High Commissioners or Peers of the Realm, or both. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, then, well represents the part of the toast which we drink.

"To the health of our English brother" (and we hope he'll understand), "To the health of our people's people, To the well-looked-up wily statesman, To the stout and hardy soldier, and the shrewd that makes a law. To the artist, the slow ground glass, To the gain that is young and true, To the power house of the line."

Sir, I had wished, did time allow, to trace the change and growth of Canada, and to see how it has grown, and in a little on the fascinating problems of trade, defence and federation, but minutes are golden now, and I will say nothing of the latter and a word only of the former topic. My earliest memory of life is of my mother's family, casting bullets in the Upper Canada Rebellion of '37—I am afraid on the wrong side. The situation in rebellious French Lower Canada was for obvious reasons then far from difficult, and in 1857, seven years later, after great though incomplete concessions, a blind and impatient Governor wrote of those people thus—"But all these acts of consideration, grace and mercy have apparently had no effect, and they have increased their hatred, rage, and disaffection, and thereby promoted order and tranquility; they cannot be said to have produced attachment or removed ill-will. But, sir, all the more, though he was a rebel, and a just policy was accomplished, its gradual and therefore lasting work. You can look back over a public life of thirty years, and could mark by every part of the steady improvement in feeling effected by the slow growth of freedom. I have had occasion to vindicate my French Canadian fellow countrymen in the House of Commons and elsewhere, but here to-night, in the presence of their most illustrious son, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie Bowden, after his speech they need no other vindication. He is their vindication. He is my proof. Sir, it seems that diamonds can now be made by man—only microscopic diamonds it is true, so Sir, I don't wonder you don't fear just yet for Kimberley—but even microscopic diamonds 8,000 degrees, and to weld together a great empire by the concentration of heat. You may not have—in truth you have not—as yet attained 8,000 degrees, but that you have learned something of the great secret, and ought to advance in your experiments and prosecute your experiments, you can do so. This empire is vast and various and scattered beyond description. The condition of the island, its heart and centre, is absolutely unexampled, being as it is still the great manufacturing and commercial centre of the great merchant and carrier of the world, contented with but six weeks' supply of the necessities of life at home, and ever extending its concerns abroad to all habitable and uninhabitable corners of the earth. For such an empire and such an island, fortunately for it and for the world, the incomparably greatest interest must be peace.

Of such an island and such an empire the only strong link is the link in the cord of attachment of its various people, and its most potent means of securing that peace and attachment are, and must be, the unshakable practice in its relations with its own members and with the world of free will, free trade, and free freedom. Your cars are great indeed. Look at India, an overwhelming

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pillary if you can't get a prescription for the pillary if it does not prescribe what it prescribes. There's a word for you in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pill; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to give their prayers as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in cases" of gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

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The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERRA"

What is our literature coming to? Are we losing altogether the power of expressing ourselves in a clear, understandable style? Or is it that the constant high pressure under which the writers in the reviews and other so-called high class magazines are constantly working that causes them to lose themselves and their meaning in a maze of unedifying words and high sounding phrases?

Certain it is that the average reader of such magazines as "The North American Review," "The American Catholic Quarterly," "The Nineteenth Century," etc., has to wade through a mass of redundant jargon and irrelevant imagery before he or she can grasp at the author's meaning. Very often when we have got it, it proves an exceedingly small kernel for such a large shell. It is here that the student who wishes to clear away what may be called the obnoxious of literature and present a clean and understandable idea in beautiful and truly graphic language, who finds not only a rather irrelevant and superfluous every sentence conveyed by an idea that is grasped at once, there is no wading under every stone for the jewel, it is there in sight sparkling and just as it is. Think it a logjam; there is the answer; where logic is paramount will be found clean and intense reasoning.

It is a peculiar principle of logic that whereas few people possess to the full the power of logical reasoning and expression yet every mind can immediately grasp the ideas presented in a logical manner.

It may be safely said that where one finds a redundancy of words, a constant repetition of the same thought or expression, the task of toiling through the mass of words and symbols will scarcely meet with a reward commensurate with the labor. Deceptive as such writing is, nothing, no style, is easier to acquire. The art of concealing barrenness of thought and absence of ideas under a quantity of high sounding words is the most easily attained and the most pernicious to the student who wishes to secure both clearness of thought and facility of expression.

Mrs. J. R. Green's article in "The Nineteenth Century" on "Woman's Place in the World of Letters" is an example in the multiplicity of words and pomposity of style that is imperative upon all writers who wish to gain a hearing through the medium of the high class magazines.

Remembering that we have but a century in which to judge woman's work in literature, Mrs. Green continues: "A century is a short span in the history of woman, and the most acute observers will be the least bold to forecast the exact results of Nature's work in the century to come. And what they have in store for this new enterprise of hers. Nor is the shortness of the experiment the only difficulty we feel. For even in her literary venture woman remains essentially mysterious."

Certainly a century is but a short span compared with the two thousand centuries during which man has monopolized the field of literature. Woman may be considered as a mere infant just emerging from swaddling clothes and taking the first steps in a new world. Possibly that may explain Mrs. Green's next sentence:

"It is as though some inherent diffidence, some overmastering self-distrust, had made her first venture out into the open unprotected and bare to attack. She covers her advance with a whole complicated machinery of arrow proof hides and wooden shelters."

About a hundred years ago it was considered the height of indelicacy for a woman to venture into the field of literature, with the exception of the writing of namby-pamby stories intended for the instruction of youth. When the more daring spirits among the women began to reason, this unjust restriction of letters to the ordinary activities they were perforce obliged to publish their works under the shelter of masculine name, or, forever forgoit the right to be considered gentlemen.

We know Charlotte Bronte and her sisters; but few nowadays would recognize them under the names of "Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell," "George Elliot," though a master mind among women, fought against the same prejudice; and even in our own day many women have been unable to get rid of the ordinary restrictions of their work under the shelter of masculine name, or forever forgoit the right to be considered gentlemen.

That is the only mystery is about the matter. For the woman is intensely emotional and sensitive. With her love and the tender and softer emotions are paramount.

To an extent, therefore, she justifies Mrs. Green's remark that she is, "a stray wanderer from some different sphere, a witness, a herald, it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate verge and confines of space and time." The latter part of the sentence is more jargon, and conveys but little sense to the ordinary mind. The mind of man is decidedly logical, he reasons from premises, with him reason takes the place of emotion. Not so with woman, she is not, was never intended by nature to be a logical being, she is swayed by emotions and impulses to which she is only just beginning to give expression. She is learning gradually to control the impulses which betrayed themselves in hysteria in those days wherein she was not allowed to give expression to her feelings through the medium of writing. She is feeling her way; the sanctity of home, the aid here, the often to her unsympathetic eyes, from which the woman in her shrinks.

She is in a few rare instances becoming logical; let us hope woman as a sex will never be imbued with cold, reasoning logic, for in proportion to the intellect is cultivated in this direction, the softer emotions disappear, and woman approaches more nearly to the male standard.

"What?" continues Mrs. Green, "if these things should be but signs that woman is herself no better than a stranger in the visible established order of this world, a stray wanderer from some different sphere, a witness, a herald, it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate verge and confines of space and time?"

Woman is herself no better than a stranger in the visible established order of this world, a stray wanderer from some different sphere, a witness, a herald, it may be, of another system lying on the ultimate verge and confines of space and time. If we asked the question whether woman was a stranger to the position into which many of her sex are trying to thrust themselves, there would be some sense in it. In literature woman is a type, a kind of apprentice as it were; she retains many of the mystical sentiments and hysterical ideas that seem to be inseparably a part of her nature. She is introducing many things that were unheard of until her advent, and at which men are looking askance or reacting with a coldness that fully warrants her in using some caution in the propagation of views so much at variance with the established order of things.

Even the writer of this Nineteenth Century article betrays that tendency to mysticism that seems to be inherent in the nature of every woman.

For centuries woman's heart has been contented with the expression of her feelings, but one to be followed to make her best the cold, reasoning logic of the world and beat out for herself a new track wherein the sympathies and sensitivities of her nature could have full play. She often errs by mistaking mysticism for profundity, and by mistaking mysticism for truth. For the rest, when she has learned to express herself rather more rationally and with somewhat less of symbolism, the world will be a thousand times richer for her. Her love and affection that will pour from the highly cultured and richly endowed heart of woman.

The tendency of too many women writers nowadays is to stand upon an impressive attitude and declaim against the wickedness and tyranny of the world. All this is above the heads of the multitude; they stand blinking and gaping unable to understand the meaning of the denunciations.

But we are gradually being educated to a true appreciation of the work and expression, we are ceasing to look upon ourselves as beings apart from and of superior mould to rest of mankind; and the nearer we approach to the world's methods of thought while still retaining our own sympathies and individuality, the more likely we shall be to succeed in our attempt to raise it to our level. To return to Mrs. Green. She remarks that in certain regions of intellectual activity woman seems to show an inclination to setting up a standard of her own, with but rare exceptions, from theological, metaphysical and political speculation.

This is sufficiently explained in our former remarks regarding the absence of logical reasoning power in the majority of women. The great measure of the almost constant cultivation of the emotional nature in opposition to the intellectual, Theology, Metaphysics and Politics deal exclusively with intellect, the emotions have no place therein, and with that which is not emotional and passionate woman has not, as yet, any sympathy.

Whether she ever will have remains to be seen; but it is certain that the more her mind approaches to that of man, the less of womanly instinct and womanly instincts will remain in it. Woman is the exponent of soul, of the higher struggles of mind over matter. When she can express herself clearly and record the thoughts and aspirations that are struggling within her for expression, she will reinforce the lagging soul of the world and lift it beyond mere materialism to the heights of her own undisturbed end to which we were created. Mrs. Green concludes somewhat in the same strain as the above, but with rather less clearness of language.

"If, however, woman is to deliver her true message, to be the apostle of a new era, she must throw aside the curiosity of the stranger and the license of the anarchist, philosophy and history must become the very alphabet of her studies, and she must learn to speak the language of the world as a skilled interpreter, not as a barbarian or foreigner." In other and plainer words she must throw away her mysticism and learn logic, for only by logical reasoning can she carry with her the intelligence of the thinking world.

TERRA.

C. M. B. A. Plenic.

The city branches of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association held a most successful picnic Tuesday to Ottawa, where they went by boat. The picnic was the most successful the Toronto branches have yet held, the weather being perfect and the attendance large. The programme of games included twenty eight events, foot races, bicycle races and athletic sports, all of which were keenly contested. A good committee, with Chairman Ward, Secretary Day and Treasurer Boland, worked hard, and the day passed without a mishap.

The United States and Japan.

New York, July 13.—A special to The Herald to-day from Washington says: "Any aggressive interference on the part of Japan will result in the hanging of him pockets and uniforms and the hoisting of the American flag over the Hawaiian Islands, with or without the ratification of the pending annexation treaty. The Administration, realizing that some crisis might arise while the treaty still hangs fire in the Senate, has taken steps to be prepared for any emergency. Rear Admiral Beardslee will have when the next steamer arrives in Honolulu instructions giving him power to act in the manner indicated above at the first sign of aggression on the part of Japan or trouble of any kind with which the local authorities are not able to cope."

Personal.

Mr. W. T. Kornham, chartered accountant, is to be congratulated upon his appointment to the position of Secretary of the O'Keefe Brewery Company.

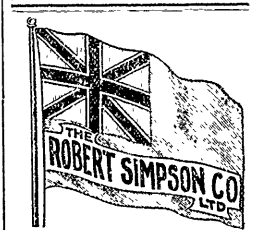
In Kansas City women prisoners have been put to work breaking stones.

To Complete His Studies.

Canadian talent in music has again come to the front in the person of Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Bath, of 19 Avondale road, this city, a pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, who sailed with that gentleman from New York by the steamship Westerland, on Wednesday, for Antwerp, Belgium, on his way to Leipzig, Germany, to finish his musical studies under the eminent Herr Krause. Mr. Bath, who has been occasionally heard as a pianist at the recitals of the Toronto College of Music during the past year, is one of Mr. Field's most promising pupils, and it is expected that after his three years' study abroad he will return to Toronto a finished musician.—Toronto Globe, July 9.

I. C. B. U. Convention.

The annual convention of the Irish Catholic Beneficial Union was held at St. Lawrence Hall on Monday and Tuesday. Sixty-eight delegates were present. Mr. C. J. McCall, ex-Grand President, presided. The officers elected were: Grand President, Angus Macdonald; Vice-President, O. Cummings; Treasurer, W. Lavigne; Secretary, I. Flanagan. A committee was appointed to confer with the Emerals Association with a view to amalgamation.



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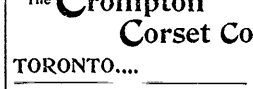
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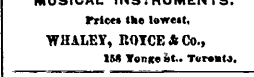
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THE WHEAT CORNER.

B. R. H. H.

John Sands, local manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the city of Des Moines, sat in his office one afternoon when he was brought to him the card of a lady...

"Ask the young lady to come in," he said briefly. He whirled round in his swivel chair and rose from it as a sleek faced girl entered, dressed in black, her whole attire having neatness and distinguishing characteristics...

"I don't suppose you will remember me, Mr. Sands," she began somewhat breathlessly, "but I thought—perhaps—"

The manager interrupted her, speaking in kindly tones. "Indeed, Miss Elinor, I remember you very well, although you were only a little girl when I last saw you. You have been so long at school and abroad that a man might well be excused if he failed to recognize you. Many things have happened since last we met, you know."

"The manager was a laconic man, and now spoke at greater length than was his custom, for he saw that his visitor had evidently keyed herself up to this interview and was scarcely able to conceal her agitation. A glance at the dark costume she wore recalled to his mind the recent death of his father, and then he felt that his last remark had been somewhat infelicitous, but being an unready man and not knowing how to remedy it, he made no attempt to do so, contenting himself by pushing forward a chair and asking the girl to sit down."

When Miss McIntosh had seated herself Sands resumed his position in the swivel chair somewhat uneasily, and for a few moments there was silence between them.

"Yes," she said at last, not looking at him, "speaking in a low voice and trying to keep command over it, "many things have happened since then. I came home to find my father dying, and since his death we have learned—doubtless everyone in the city knows it now—how disastrous had been his transactions on the Board of Trade. I have no doubt the worry caused by his fear of leaving mother and me unprovided for did much to hasten his death."

Mr. Sands, not knowing what to say, murmured that probably this was so.

"It is now three months since father's death," continued the girl, "and immediately after mother and I moved to a small cottage on S. 16th street, where we now live, and to-day I resolved to come up here and have a business talk with you, Mr. Sands."

For the first time since she sat down the girl looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were wet and that she was trying to force a faint smile to her tremulous lips.

"I found I had to earn my own living, and so two months ago I bought a telegraph instrument and learned telegraphing."

"But," said Mr. Sands, "with your accomplishments you do not need to be a telegraphist."

"My accomplishments, although expensive to buy, are not very saleable on the market."

"My dear Miss Elinor," said the manager, "telegraphing is the very last profession I would advise a young lady to take up. I warn everybody against telegraphing. I never open a morning paper but I expect to see an account of some new invention that will abolish telegraphy altogether. In fact, when the telephone was perfected I rather expected it would render us all superfluous, and I am not sure but that eventually will be the case, for the long-distance telephone is only in its infancy. What on earth caused you to learn telegraphy?"

"I will confess the reason with a frankness I ought to be ashamed of," said the girl, with a real smile this time. "I learned it because my father's oldest friend is manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city."

"Oh, I see," said the manager, with a twinkle in his eye. "You thought I would give you a situation?"

"I know you would, Mr. Sands," replied the girl, confidently. Her certainty did not seem to be shared by the manager, who knitted his brow and drummed nervously on the desk with his fingers.

"You said a moment since that this was a business visit. Now, Miss Elinor, do you want me to talk to you as a business man would talk to an applicant, or am I to treat you as the daughter of a valued and regretted friend?"

graphing, that is expert telegraphing, is a very difficult art, Miss Elinor."

"I know you will excuse me for contradicting you," exclaimed the girl, with animation, "and it isn't a bit polite to do so, but telegraphing is the easiest thing in the world. If you had ever played Robert Schumann or Liszt on the piano you would know what difficulty it is."

"Really?" said the manager, dryly. "You are the first person I have heard say that telegraphing was an easy accomplishment. However, there is nothing like a practical test. Do you think you know enough of telegraphing to fill a situation as operator if I had one to offer you?"

"I think so," answered the girl, confidently.

"Well, we shall see. Would you mind sitting over at this table?"

The girl rose, peeling off her gloves as she approached the table. The manager, placing his finger on the key of a telegraph instrument, rattled off a quick, nervous call, which was answered. Then he proceeded to chatter forth a message to the operator at the other end.

"Oh, no, no, no!" interrupted the girl. "Don't say that."

"Don't say what?" asked the manager in astonishment, forgetting for the moment that what was mere instrumental chatter to the lay mind was intelligible to her.

"Don't tell the operator to begin slowly, but ask him to send the message as fast as he can."

The manager smiled, but said no thing. He examined sheet after sheet in silence, then put them on the table. Taking up one of the newspapers that lay on his desk he folded it once or twice and, placing his hand on the key, he rapidly transmitted an order to the unseen operator to write out what was about to be telegraphed to him and bring the sheets to the manager's room.

"Now, Miss Elinor," he said, "would you mind telegraphing part of this column and do it as fast as you can?"

The girl placed her right hand on the ebony knob of the brass lever, holding the folded paper with her left in such a manner that she might read clearly the small type on the sheet before her. Under her expert manipulation the words flew over the wire until there came a break.

"Hold on," jabbered back the man at the other end of the wire. "Don't be in such a hurry."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the young woman, with a shade of annoyance in her voice, as if she feared the pausing would be attributed to her lack of clearness. The manager said nothing, but indulged in a silent inward laugh, as was a habit with him, for, ruling many, he had to keep a stern face to the world and enjoy what might come his way without outward semblance of it. After several breaks, the manager said:

"That is quite enough, thank you," and a few minutes later a young man entered the room with the sheets in his hand, which he gave to the manager, opening his eyes somewhat when he saw seated at the table a slim young girl bewilderingly pretty. When the young man had left them once more alone in the room the manager said:

"I must admit I am astonished at your expertness. It may not be strictly businesslike to acknowledge so much to one whom I am about to make the hardest bargain I can with, but perhaps you will not take advantage of the confession. You are a very good telegraphist indeed, Miss Elinor. I must express my admiration of the way in which you have faced the realities of life. We like to think our girls so resourceful that they can fill with credit to themselves any position which fate assigns to them, whether it is in the office of a merchant or the parlors of the White House. You have been suddenly confronted with a very difficult problem, Miss Elinor, and you have set about its solution in a way that commands my deepest respect."

"Oh, Mr. Sands!" exclaimed the girl, bustling deeply and drawing a long, quivering breath, but quite evidently glowing with gratification at the praise of a man whom she knew to be sparing in his commendation.

"Now, I am not sure," he continued, "but your coming here to-day has settled in the right way a matter that has been troubling me for some weeks past. There is a telegraph situation in this city which has been the cause of more worry to me than any of the other hundreds under my control; it is the office at the Board of Trade."

"At the Board of Trade?" echoed Miss Elinor, looking at him in some alarm.

"Yes," he answered. "That situation demands qualities, aside from those of key or pen, which I should be loath to think unobtainable, but which I of late have had some difficulty in securing. What we need there is an absolute secrecy. There must be no suspicion, even of any leakage from the two wires, because messages come there that make and unmake fortunes. Of course, many of the messages are in cipher, but nevertheless, cipher or not, the utmost caution must be observed so that none, save to those whom the messages are sent, shall get the slightest inkling of their contents. I have changed operators three or four times in as many months, and while against the present man I have no direct proof—if I had I would discharge him—there have been complaints and vague rumors of leakage, which are, to say the least, most annoying. I have made up my mind, in any case, to remove that young man to the interior of the State, and the only reason he has not been removed before now is that I can't for the life of me tell with whom to replace him. Until you came in it never occurred to me to give the situation to a woman. It doesn't quite jump with our preconceived notions of things that a woman, of all persons, should be the one to keep a secret, but most of our preconceived notions are wrong, and if you are willing to try the experiment I am. Of course, you would be dealing entirely with men, but I am sure you would meet with nothing but the utmost courtesy from all."

"Oh, I am sure of that," said Miss McIntosh, earnestly. "If you give me the opportunity I don't think you will waste reason to regret it."

"Very well, then, we shall look on it as settled. Call here to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock and I will escort you to the Board of Trade. I shall leave one of my assistants in the office with you for a week, and by that time you will probably be familiar with your new duties. Anything you do not understand he will be at hand to explain."

Promptly at the appointed hour Elinor waited upon the manager at his office, and together they walked to the tall building in which was housed the Board of Trade. Mr. Sands was silent during the greater part of the walk and Elinor's mind was busy picturing the new life about to open before her, so greatly dissimilar to the old. The crisp freshness of the air and the braiding influence of her long walk to the manager's office had exhilarated the girl, who experienced, without knowing it, the glorious prerogative of youth. Added to this was the delicious sense of being about to earn honestly what money she needed—blessed independence! the greatest boon that can be bestowed upon any living creature.

Sands had pretended the day before that their conference had been based entirely on business principles, but no question of salary arose between them, which would have been one of the first points to be discussed with any one else by the manager after the question of office was settled. The girl had felt no anxiety on this score, being content to leave the amount to her father's old friend, and her confidence was not misplaced. "That is the Board of Trade building," said her companion, speaking for the first time since they set out together.

"Yes," she replied; "I walked around to see it after my talk with you, but I did not go in."

"Well, we will go in now. I hope you have weighed well what I said to you yesterday. There is no doubt in my mind that after you have seen the office you will prove quite competent to fill the situation, but you must never forget that the great qualification, equal in importance to your speed at the key, is secrecy—absolute secrecy. Not even in the sanctity of your own home, to your own mother, must you breathe a hint of anything that comes over the wires. You understand that thoroughly, I trust?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sands! You need never have the least fear about that. I feel as if I had joined some awful society and had taken a most terrible oath, with perfectly dreadful penalties. I thought about it last night until I fell asleep, and then I dreamed the most frightful things—that masked men, with red hot pincers, were trying to make me tell what your occupation was and what you had said to me, but although I screamed and awoke myself, all in a tremble, I never told."

The manager smiled and said seriously: "That is the right spirit and here we are at the door of the institution."

At the end of a large hall wide and lofty, double doors, standing open, gave a view of the interior of an immense room in which several men were walking about with their hands in their pockets. A man in a sort of uniform guarded the door and sharply scrutinized all comers. Sands, however, did not enter the huge room, but opened a small door at the right and

went into the telegraph office, Elinor, with beat heart, following him. The telegraph office was comparatively small and was practically an alcove of the main apartment used by the Board of Trade, divided from it by a counter, whose broad, polished oak-top was littered with telegraph blanks and splashed here and there with ink. In the centre of the office was a wide table, halved longitudinally by a partition of glass, while coarse-wire were other glass bulkheads, parceling out the table top into sections, in each one of which a telegraph instrument occupied the centre. As a usual thing one operator was enough to do the business of the office, but in times of stress, caused by a flatter in the market, help had to be called for from the central office, and sometimes the six compartments were in chattering activity.

"Now, Miss Elinor," said the manager, "that is your work room. Johnnie Fielders here will be in charge for a week or as much longer as is necessary, and you will be his assistant. As soon as you are ready to take full control I shall remove him elsewhere, for he is a most useful young man."

Sands left the room and strolled into the Board of Trade, the door-keeper nodding to him, for the head of the Western Union was a privileged individual. The spacious Chamber of Commerce was rapidly filling up, and a rising murmur of conversation pervaded the air. Now and then some exuberant person with a silk hat on the back of his head yelled out a startling exclamation, which made Miss McIntosh jump the first time she heard it, little dreaming of the pandemonium to which she would later become accustomed. She thought there had been a dreadful accident, but nobody paid the slightest attention, and she learned that this was merely the preliminary sparring for the contest that was to come after, just as athletes in a field limber up before the game commences."

"Hello, Sandy," said a young man, greeting the head of the Western Union. "Acting the unaccustomed part of the equine of dames, eh? Who is the beauty?"

"The beauty, Mr. Howard, is a friend of mine," answered the manager coldly.

The young man laughed. "So I surmised, curmudgeon, otherwise I would not have sought enlightenment from you. I never deal in second hand information, as some of my distinguished fellow-citizens on this floor are beginning to find out."

"Yes, I understand you are exceedingly successful in your struggles here. Let me advise you to be content with anything. But I say, Sandy, you are never going to please so pretty a girl in the telegraph office?"

"I have already done so, and I have told her, furthermore, that she would find every man she met here a gentleman."

"Oh, you always was an optimist, Sandy. I think you know you are stretching it a bit to call old Grimwood, who is no more about to honor us with his presence, a gentleman. "Merely my own opinion, of course."

There was entering as he spoke a man who stooped slightly. His smoothly shaven face made it impossible, at a distance, to guess his age, but closer inspection left no doubt that he was fully entitled to the adjective the young man had bestowed upon him. The lid drooped over the left eye and gave an sinister expression to an impassive face that was at best saturnine. The left arm hung limply by his side, and with the sinking eyelid gave token of a "stroke" that many regretted had, like themselves, encountered the old man in vain. Some one had said that confidence would never be restored in business circles until a second attack gripped old Grimwood with more success than the first, for it had been quickly proven that what was left of the seasoned old speculator was a man whose combined intellect and shrewdness of the otherworldly grain had Grimwood's workable eye quickly but furiously ranged the room and finally rested on the fair head of the girl, just visible over the polished surface of the counter as she sat at the telegraph instrument. His face showed no astonishment; it was always prescient, but his eye remained there.

"I thoroughly believe, Sandy, that old Grimwood has bribed you to place the girl here. Such a withered, ancient branch as he is will be the only man unaffected by her presence. It isn't fair to us youngsters, who have to contend with his lifetime or villainy anyhow. I confess I don't want my mind distracted from the wheat quotations just at present."

"I shall give you every assistance to concentrate your mind on that subject, Howard."

"Thanks, old man; I'm infinitely obliged," replied Howard. "But who is she, anyhow? We are bound to know sooner or later."

"She is entitled to the respect and protection of every man here," said Sandy, slowly. "She is the daughter of your old chief, Silas Mcintosh."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to say so?" cried the young man, sobering. "By Jove, there is a sort of poetic justice in her being here—this inferno which ruined the father now supporting the daughter!"

"The Western Union will look to her support," returned the manager,

"Quite so, and we help to support that grand monopoly. The consumer always pays, you know. But I say, Sandy, I want you to introduce me to Miss Mcintosh."

"I don't see the necessity. She is not here socially."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. I've no social equals, and it will do no harm to have a friend on this side of the counter. You can't be always here, you know; besides, if you don't introduce me properly, I shall introduce myself."

Miss Mcintosh has not set out very bravely to earn her own living and I don't want her interfered with."

"Exactly. I am earning my own living myself, and I not only won't interfere with her, but will prevent others doing so."

The manager looked leniently at the speaker for a moment, but more fully the clear gaze of a very honest pair of eyes. At that instant there was a wild rush to the centre of the room, as if the man whom they had been caught in a sudden whirlpool, as indeed many of them were. They gesticulated and shouted together. It seemed as if a malicious had unexpectably debauched its contents. Young Howard wavered a moment, seemingly drawn by some unseen force to plunge into the maelstrom; then his gaze wandered toward the telegraph office, where he saw the girl standing with wide open eyes looking at the turmoil, while Johnnie Fielders was quite evidently explaining that there was no danger and that it was not a free fight nor the beginning of a football match.

"Come," said Howard, "now is the time."

The manager, still with visible reluctance, turned and led the way to the telegraph office. "Miss Mcintosh," he said, making his voice heard with difficulty above the din, "may I introduce to you a friend of your father, Mr. Silas Howard?"

The girl, raising her eyes, saw before her a young man who might be conventionally described as fine looking, with a dark moustache and a firmly moulded, self-reliant chin.

"I am pleased to meet any one who knew my father," she said.

"I not only know him, Miss Mcintosh, but I am indebted to him for many kind words and much encouragement at a time when I had no great stock of either. I was once a clerk in his office. If there is anything I can do to help you here, I hope you will let me know, for I would esteem it a privilege to make at least partial return for the debt I owe your father."

"Thank you," replied the girl, simply.

"Telegram, miss, if you please," said the falsetto voice of old Grimwood, as he leaned against the counter, holding in his hand a written message and frowning his fishy eyes on the girl. "I take it, Mr. Sands, that this lady is going to do us the honor of sending, and receiving our despatches, and that will be very nice."

There was something in his tone which said as plainly as words, "I should be much obliged if you would all attend strictly to business."

Sands frowned, but said nothing. Fielders sprang forward, took the message and rattled it off to Chicago. Miss Mcintosh sat down before her compartment at the table and young Howard left the room, followed by the manager, who, once outside in the hall, touched his friend on the arm and spoke in a low voice, seriously:

"If I may say it in all kindness, Howard, I think you will only be a hindrance and not a help to Miss Mcintosh if this acquaintance goes farther."

Howard's reply was an impatient malediction on old Grimwood, more terse than polite.

ostly or less expordy, he would have been a brave man who found fault with her conduct of business, for the whole Board of Trade, with the possible exception of old Grimwood, was avowedly in love with her. Some of the older men said they liked her for her father's sake, but popular as he had undoubtedly been this hardly accounted for the universal admiration bestowed on his daughter, and the Stock Exchange would have been one man to protest against her removal had Mr. Sands proposed such a thing. For the first time in history an action of the Western Union received unqualified approbation. But they all recognized that Howard had the lead as far as the fair telegraphist was concerned, and that he was the man to keep it. The reluctant introduction which he had practically forced from the manager had given him an advantage, at the beginning, and many of his young rivals maturing their luck that this advantage had not been theirs. Howard sent many telegrams and lingered over the counter as he handed them in, turning away often to find the cold, critical eye of old Grimwood fastened upon him, which made him inwardly wish the ancient broker would attend to his own business, a complaint which few had ever urged against the hardened speculator.

One evening Miss Elinor was walking home young Howard met her at a street corner and expressed great surprise at the coincidence. He told her he was on his way to see a sick friend who lived on Sixteenth street, and was quite taken aback when he learned that she also lived on Sixteenth street. He made a brilliantly original remark that this was a small world after all, and asked if he might walk with her, as their paths lay in the same direction. He was further amazed to hear that she rarely took a street car, even when it rained, for she was fond of walking, and it turned out that she was a devoted pedestrian. She believed what he said, as women will when they have a liking for a man, and if his conscience did not check him for his mendacity, it must be remembered that he was a conscience nurtured in the wheat pit, and perhaps somewhat out of working order because of the jars he received there. And before we, who are happily perfect blame him overmuch, it is well to take into account the fact that he was already deeply in love with the girl, and much may be forgiven a young man in that delightful condition.

The illness of Howard's friend proved to be a case that apparently baffled the medical skill of Desopolis, for the young man was compelled often to visit him, and, of course, as the hours when he was from to do so coincided with those when Miss Elinor was on her way home, it was not surprising that the two often met and walked toward Sixteenth street together. At first the girl was seriously alarmed about the illness of the ill-fated friend, for her memory was better than Howard's, and she was astonished when the invalid developed several new maladies each week, bidding fair to become the most complicated instance of human misfortune that ever appealed to harassed physicians in vain. But at last the hapless patient became no longer necessary and was allowed to depart to the oblivion from which he had been conjured, the pleasure of meeting and walking together forming its own excuse for doing so. Once they encountered old Grimwood taking his shuffling constitutional stroll, ordered by his medical advisers, and he leered at them, lifting his hat as they passed with polite ostentation, but nothing he could do seemed acceptable to Silas. Howard, who smiled at Grimwood's perpetual wink and neglected to return it, saluted him.

"I suppose it is wicked of me," said Elinor, "but I cannot help disliking that man. Perhaps it is because I know it was his opposition that caused the bankruptcy of my father, although that should be no excuse for me."

Howard replied in a rhapsody which need not be here recorded, for he was prejudiced against Grimwood and made no real effort to do justice to the distinguished talents of the shrewd old man, talking instead of the impossibility of angels having anything but loathing for beings of an exactly opposite nature whom it would not be polite to specify.

One day there appeared to be a little flurry in the wheat market, and Elinor was kept more than usually busy in the receiving and sending of telegrams. Most of them were in cipher, and the others might as well have been so for all the impression they made on the mind of the fair operator. But once, when excitement on the Board was at its highest and the noise at its loudest, two words caught her attention, as an abstruse mail arrests a trailing garment. She found herself writing the words "Silas Howard" as the instrument clicked off the letters. Then she read the finished despatch and for a moment her breathing stopped:

C. T. Grimwood, Board Trade, Desopolis; Indiana Silas Howard to which city the message came. Many times every day since she had been there the

same signature had come over the wire.

For one brief instant arose the temptation to suppress the dispatch, but with trembling hands she quickly folded it, put it in an envelope and wrote the name Grimwood. She stood and watched the telegraph boy threading his way through the excited throng to give the message to the old man, who read it, crumpled the paper in his hand and thrust it into his pocket. Then his malign eye rested on young Howard with an expression of such intense hatred that Elinor shivered as she saw it. Howard, the centre of a seething mob, a head taller than his fellows, had his right hand against the wall and his left in a triumphant voice that rang through the hall.

"I'll take 10,000 bushels."

He was buying then; the girl knew that much and he needed little in doing. Old Grimwood watched him, keeping aloof and taking no part in the struggle. And others watched Grimwood, whose immobile face told them nothing.

"You took a little titter, Miss McClintock," said a member, coming up to the counter. "Does the hubbub worry you?"

"Oh, no; I'm used to that. What is it about?"

"There's a little flutter in the wheat market—some queer rumors floating about. I've thrown up my hands. Somebody's going to get nipped, and I think it's a first rate time to go fishing."

"I don't understand these operations. Which side is Mr. Grimwood on?"

"Well, now, for a person who hasn't learned the game that's not bad. You've turned up the right bower first time. We'd all like to know where the old man stands. Grimwood seems to be lyn' low and sayin' nuffin'. I don't think it will be much of a shower myself, but that's what the other fellow said to Noah, and authorities now pronounced that he was wrong."

The insistent electrical machine called to the girl and she turned to it, but all the while the abhorrent phrase kept tapping at her mind: "Then we'll have him foul." If she could without telling what she knew give him a hint, but that would merely be doing indirectly what she had promised not to do directly, yes, or indirectly either, for Sandra's had trusted her completely. Even if she resigned immediately and warned her lover, it would be breach of confidence to reveal what she learned while in the employ of the telegraph company. There was nothing she could honestly do but absolutely hold her peace and let the lightning strike where it would. She had foreseen no such test as this when she gave her promise to the manager. Old Grimwood himself came to the counter with a message, and his baleful eye seemed to search her conscience as it fell upon her. He made no remark and turned away as she took the telegram. It was to his Chicago agent and was terse enough: "Everything going our way," it said. She sighed as she sent the four words flying over the wire.

Elinor hoped her strength would not be put to a strain it could not stand, and on leaving the building she went up the avenue and across the town, walking rapidly and avoiding her accustomed route, that she might not meet her lover. As she turned out of the wide avenue into a by street she heard quick steps following her and was greeted by a well-known voice that sent a tremor through her frame.

"Hello, Elinor! What is the meaning of this? Are you trying to escape me? I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you go up the avenue."

"I thought," murmured the girl, breathlessly, "that you had such an exciting day you might not—might not be at the corner."

"The corner?" he cried, his eyes opening wide, and she thought she saw a trace of alarm in them, but the next moment they danced again and he laughed. "Oh, yes; of course, the street corner. I wouldn't miss that spot for all the wheat in America—unless you went the other way round, as you have done; but I tell you it was a day to be remembered and yet nothing to what to-morrow will be. Wheat! I'll fairly bristle with wheat to-morrow. I'm going to buy all in sight and out of sight. You can hear the rattle of wheat in my pockets now, but just wait till to-morrow! It's make or break with me; in fact, I'm up to the neck as it is, but there's a plunge coming that will astonish the masses, especially my Christian friend, old Grimwood."

The girl drew a long, quivering sigh as the jubilant, enthusiastic young man, the excitement of the day still upon him, gesticulated and poured forth the torrent of words.

"Warn him! Warn him!" said her heart.

"Remember your promise!" said her conscience.

"I would rather," she spoke slowly and with a frown—"I would rather see the poorest laborer in the poorest cot tage on this street than live such a life."

"So would I, but I'm not going to live it. I quit to-morrow night—a rich man or dead broke. No half measures for me, no hanging on year by year to be smashed at the last. Elinor, his voice lowered, "I don't care that for riches on their own ac-

count; he raised his hand and snapped his fingers, the gesture she had seen when he bid for the 10,000 bushels," but I want them to bring comfort and luxury to some one else."

"Tell him! Tell him!" said her heart. "What is all the world to you compared to this man!"

"You gave your word of honor," said her conscience.

They stopped at a cross street to let the rickshaw, bounding car go swiftly past. "Secrecy, secrecy, secrecy!" hissed the runner on the overhead wire, spasmodically spurring electricity. Elinor spoke, not daring to raise her eyes to his:

"Please don't come any further. I want to go home alone."

"Why, Elinor! My dear girl, you're looking white. What's the matter?"

"I saw a little titter. It has been a hard day for me, too."

"Of course it has. I'm a brute to have bubbled about my own affairs when—but all the more reason why I should see you home."

"No, no. I want to be alone. Won't you please—"

"I'll do anything you ask, Elinor."

"Then let me say good-bye now."

He stood watching her until she disappeared at a turning, never looking back; then he hailed a trolley car, sprang on board and was jolted swiftly to the business portion of the city.

It was old Grimwood himself who began hostilities next day on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He wanted to sell wheat it seemed, and the moment that was apparent no one wished to buy, except Howard, who announced himself ready to take all there was on the market. Frantic telegrams were hurled at Chicago begging reliable information, the one thing that all others Chicago was unable to supply. No one was buying but Howard. Those who did any business followed the lead of old Grimwood and sold, just as timid players at Monte Carlo put their money on the color of the man who has broken the bank. At last even Grimwood began to waver and finally ceased to offer further lots, while Howard, in stentorian voice and uplifted right hand, looked like a modern Ajax defying the lightning, which every one knew was bound to strike somewhere, and that soon, for the financial sky was becoming exceedingly lowering.

"I want wheat!" he roared. "Wheat! Wheat! All done at that. Who's got any? Mr. Grimwood, did I have a nod from you?"

"I hope you'll be able to pay for what you've got," muttered Grimwood, but he did not offer to sell.

"Come, Mr. Grimwood, surely you can shake another \$10,000 out of your sleeve at least. I'll jump the price a point if that will be of any assistance."

There were no more offers.

No one knows who was the first to get the truth from Chicago, but telegrams began to pour in. The name of Hutchinson "Old Hutch"—thrilled the crowd like an electric shock. The biggest, strongest and most unbreakable wheat corner the United States had ever known had been formed, with Old Hutch at the head of it. Wheat went up like a balloon and the price of the poor man's loaf was raised throughout all the land, so that a group of Chicago speculators might become rich.

The moment Howard saw the cereal out was out of his head, all his excitements vanished and he thrust his hands into his pockets, casting a quick glance at the telegraph office. He was a millionaire now if the corner held, which, as every one knows, it did.

Grimwood was hard hit, but no emotion showed itself on his face. He approached Howard with something almost like a smile hovering about his lips, and said in a equally whisper: "You seem to be very sure of your information, Mr. Howard; I thought you had kept the secret better."

"Who? Are you in that deal?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it? Then you weren't so well informed as I thought. My agents are buying elsewhere while I was selling here. I tell you this so you may not waste any sympathy on me; besides you'll lose all you've gained before long, anyhow. I've seen many a plunger in my time."

"I may lose the money, Mr. Grimwood, but it won't leak into your pockets. Did you ever hear of the nigger who took religion in the midst of the poker game? No! Well, he did. He won \$10,500 and then suddenly realizing the beauty of a better life, he announced his conversion and fled, before his comrades got at their throats. I'm like that bigger, Mr. Grimwood. I'm going to quit, and as soon as you and the boys walk up to the captain's office and settle I'm off to Europe on my wedding tour."

"Then she didn't tell you?"

"Who didn't tell and what didn't she tell?"

"I thought, perhaps, you might get a hint from the pretty telegraph operator, but I judge you didn't."

Howard took a step forward and his fists involuntarily clenched. He spoke so low there was no chance of his words being heard by anyone but the man he was addressing.

"If you no must as mention her name I'll throw you out of the window into the alley and say we quarreled on the wheat deal. So you've been up to your old tricks, have you? Getting bogus telegrams sent you in the hope she'd tell me. Well, we'll both forgive

you, because of your lavish generosity. I'll take an amount of the sum you put me equal to her father's fortune and give it to her as a wedding present. Good-bye."

The room was now almost empty. Howard crossed rapidly to the telegraph operator. Elinor had her hat on and was ready to leave.

"Will you send a despatch for me, Miss McClintock?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered.

He wrote the message and she took it, turning toward the instrument.

"But read it first," he cried.

She looked at the paper.

"Dear Mr. Sandra," it ran, "I beg to resign my position as telegraph operator. I am to be married shortly and am going to Europe with my husband, ELTON McCLINTOCK."

"I think," she said, staring and crumbling the paper in her hand, "that Mr. Sandra's has been so kind to me. I will read more formally and in person. It seems to have been right to buy what he offered."

"Exactly right—on this occasion. As right, Elinor, as keeping one's word."

Their eyes met caressingly.

"I am glad that you know," she said, with a little sigh of contentment.



Was there ever a woman in the wide world who did not yearn to be the mother of a bright-faced, happy, healthy laughing, rollicking child? There ever was such a woman, she was a bad one, and while there are many thoroughly bad men, there are very few thoroughly bad women.

It was God's great intention that every woman should be the mother of healthy children. Tens of thousands of women defeat this beneficent design by their ignorance and neglect. They suffer from weakness and disease in a womanly way, and take no measures, or the wrong measures, to remedy it. Dr. Pierce's Patent Prescription is a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of the female system, gets directly and only on the delicate and important organs that are the threshold of human life. It cures the most distressing ailments, such as: uterine inflammation, sores, pain and tenderness, and builds up the nerves. It banishes the terrors of the period of impending maternity; it makes baby's entry to the world easy; it almost guarantees the mother's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy, virgins and mothers. Thousands of women have testified to its marvellous effects. A dealer is not a physician, and has no right to suggest a substitute for the prescription of an eminent specialist like Dr. Pierce. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent for at one-cent stamps to cost customs and mailing charges. Write for it to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

One day, while Dickens was being "taken up" by a photographer, the result being the well-known picture in which he is shown writing, the artist told him that he did not hold his pen right, and suggested that should take it more naturally in his fingers. "Just as though you were writing one of your novels, Mr. Dickens," said he. "I see," returned Dickens, "all of us are twigs."

Mr. Wilfrid Charles Rundle, London, solicitor, of Scarsdale Villas, Kensington, has been rather severely punished for excessive loyalty. Mr. E. J. B. Maxwell took his brief off at the Imperial Institute on the playing of "God Save the Queen," but, as he replaced it before the end of the singing, Mr. Rundle was not satisfied and struck him with a heavy walking stick. For this he has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labor.

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

The Waverley Bicycle

\$100 to \$75

The Waverley Bicycle for 1897 is the acme of bicycle construction. New and expensive principles of construction involved make the cost of building enormous. Hence the price is \$100.

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Last year the Waverley was as good as any wheel in the market—better than most. Because new machinery was not needed in its continued construction, the price of the improved 1896 model has been reduced to \$75—a saving of \$25 to you. *Catalogue Free.* Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Chats With the Children.

THE SPIRIT OF FUN.

Perhaps some of our young boys, and it may be a few girls, will find a needed moral in this extract from "Our Animal Friends."

If our boys and girls know but little else, we are certain they will assure us promptly that they understand the spirit of fun. It is born to them, they believe, and they have it in common with other young animals; for is not every living creature playful after a fashion of its own?

But how is it that the mere beasts are usually so gentle in their play? A horse will do his best to avoid stepping on you—even in fun. A dog will not bite you a stick, although he will worry a rag or a stick that you hold out to him and will chew it to bits, unless you draw it away to stir up defiance. A cat will not hurt you, unless he has suddenly lost the power to hurt. We once knew a parrot who was remarkably fond of play. She would waddle after a bit of string, laugh and chuckle when she captured it, and then jerk her pretty head this way and that to seize her mistress's finger in her bill, simply to hold it with affectionate gentleness while coaxing for her head to be rubbed. The owner of the parrot managed never by chance to startle or annoy her, and never by chance was she bitten by the bird.

If our young people will try to be as thoughtful of their playmates it will be only fair, will it not? We have seen a pet animal forgive a great deal that he seemed to understand was done to him in fun; but don't imagine that rough play is really amusing, boys and girls. If you do, you haven't yet caught the spirit of fun, no matter how much your game may divert you. Real fun is enjoyed as much by one as by another, as by a child, you will find. When it is not, it degenerates into cruelty.

FAITH AND HARDEN.

The great need of green food is often overlooked by beginners. Green food is not only necessary for ducklings, but is of still greater importance as food for breeding ducks. Green stuff is quite as necessary for other poultry.

Salt renovates grasslands, sweetens and prevents mustiness in hay; it moistens the soil and improves crops, makes grain plumper, straw stiffer and whiter, ripens grain earlier. Around the stables and barns it is also useful, purifies the stable, improves the coat and health of horses, prevents rot in sheep. Salt is the farmer's necessity.

The poultry-house should be cleaned, and the fowls made to roost therein, and not outside. Then the interior should be thoroughly drenched with kerosene emulsion, adding a gill of crude carbolic acid to every quart of the emulsion before adding the water. The point is to do the work so as to save labor afterward. To destroy some of the lice, and allow them to multiply, is to waste time and labor. Besides, there are eggs of lice hatching every hour, and it is essential to kill the young ones as fast as they appear. To make the work sure, the house should be thoroughly drenched every day for a week and once a week thereafter. Every portion of the interior must be saturated—nests, roosts, walls and floors. During very warm days lice will be in swarms in three or four days in a house that before showed no indication of their presence.

Knoxville Tribune: The largest farm in the United States, and probably in the world, is situated in the southwestern part of Louisiana. It extends 100 miles east and west. It was purchased in 1839 by a syndicate of Northern capitalists, by whom it is still operated. At the time of its purchase it is 1,600,000 acres was a vast pasture of water of the state, and was a few dealers in that country. Now it is divided into pasture stations or ranches, existing every six miles. The fencing is said to have cost \$60,000. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn and cotton. A tract, say half a mile wide, is taken, and an engine is placed on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows. By this arrangement 30 acres are gone over in a day with the labor of only three men. There is not a single draught horse on the entire place, if we exempt those used by the herders of cattle, of which there are 16,000 head on the place. The Southern Pacific Railway runs for 36 miles through the farm. The company has three steamboats operating on the waters of the state, of which 300 houses, bank, shipyard and rice mills, miles are navigable. It has also an ice-

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

A week filled up with selfishness, and a Sabbath stuffed with religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian.

DOMESTIC READING.

Often one has the feeling of a train at which one has no opinion, and then it is possible that one may be galled by what is felt rather than by what is thought on the subject of. There are even very serious matters and important questions in which the feeling idea might be some from the feelings. If it is some from any other quarter all is lost.

In life there are many things which interfere with a just estimate of the values of others. There are veins upon the heart that hide its most secret workings and its sweetest affections from us; there are earthly clouds that come between us and the excellence that we love. So that it is not, perhaps, till a friend is taken from us that we entirely feel his value, and appreciate his worth. The vision is loveliest as it is vanishing away, and we perceive not, perhaps, till we see the parting wing, that an angel has been with us.

There are many men and women who are a law unto themselves, who follow right paths, and forsake crooked ones, not from any compulsion of the law or fear of social displeasure, but from the dictates of their own conscience, and the general purity of their own desires. Their self-respect is dearer to them than any praise that could be showered upon them; their self-disapproval is harder to bear than society's frown or the law's penalty. Without disregarding or despising either the one or the other, they have a higher standard than either, and they cannot be content when they fall short of that.

Civility costs nothing—so we have been duly instructed from a very early age—but the civility that has cost us nothing is of very little worth. True civility implies some degree, however small, of self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice certainly costs us something. No doubt there is such a thing as feeling pleasure in self-sacrifice, a pleasure keener than can be gained by self-seeking. But such a pleasure is itself an evidence of goodness, and must not be confounded with natural passion or instinct. It is the fruit of a habitual endeavor to act kindly by those with whom we have to do, and has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. Then, whoever takes pleasure in civility has generally some thing good in him; for the civility we mean is not a mere superficial politeness, but a hearty wish to make others comfortable even at our own expense.

Although our learning raises up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful, yet doth it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and grant to us a largeness of bestitude. We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as much as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence. Each interlocutor stands before us, speaks, or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter of sailing on a wish from world to world.

To make your business pay, good health is a prime factor. To secure good health, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is impure and sluggish, there can be neither health, strength, nor ambition.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER'S Job Printing Department.

We beg to call attention to this branch of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER'S business, which affords every facility for the execution of

Job Printing of all Descriptions

Amongst the lines of work we have been and are doing may be included

Books, Pamphlets, Commercial Printing, Letter-head, Bill-heads, Monthly Statements, Circulars, Catalogues Posters, Programmes, Tickets, Memorial Cards (large or small, and in plain black or bronze) Appeal Cases, Factums, Law Blanks, Indentures, Mortgages, &c., &c.

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FIRESIDE FUN.

"Philip," said Mr. Ginter, "always write plainly, so that what you write can be read. And above all things make your signature unmistakably clear. Thus, even on paper, you will continue to look everybody square in the eye."

Lady (after about twenty-five minutes' cross-examination): "Now tell me, constable, what is the strap under your chin for?" London Constable: "Well, ma'am, that's to rest my jaw when it gets tired answering silly questions."

Young Precocity to Oldboy, who has the misfortune to be very bow-legged: "Oh, I say, you ought to come away from the fire. Oldboy: "Why, my boy? Young Precocity: "Can't you see I've got my jaw a-warping?"

Why, Flora, what a curious looking opera hat! And you have always worn one to see the other women wild with envy. "But now I'm in with the fad, you know, and take the hat if before the people have a chance to criticize."

"I wish I were you for about two hours," she said to her husband, with great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked. "Because," she said, "tiring affectionately with his watch chain, 'because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet.'"

Tommy: "Paw, what is an egotist?" Mr. Figg: "An egotist is a man who thinks he is smarter than anyone else." Mrs. Figg: "My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than anyone else. All men think that way."

"Why has Goodwin's wife left him?" They used to seem to be very happy together. "They were; but he was accepted as a juror last week, and she says that she doesn't propose to run any risk. She seems to be afraid that he might suddenly become violent."

"Is that a new rug your mamma has, Bobby?" asked Mrs. Von Bummer of the youthful Bings. "No," said Bobby, "that's one she brought in from the other room. But you mustn't take it up." "Why not?" "Cause there's a hole in the carpet."

Jones had been quite ill. One day the doctor called and found him in a bath-tub. "Why, man, are you crazy? You must be anxious to die!" "No, I am not," protested poor Jones; "but didn't you say that your last medicine was to be taken in water?"

"When I am rich," he said, laughingly, "I will return and thank you with the opportunity you have missed." "When you are rich," she answered, calmly, "I trust you will offer to pay for the broken leg of that spindle-legged gift chair." And he went forth with a hollow groan.

The physician pondered the case for a few minutes before he ventured an opinion. "I think your husband needs a rest more than anything else," he said at last. "If he could be convinced of that—" "But he refuses absolutely to listen to me, doctor." "Well," returned the physician, thoughtfully, "that's a move in the right direction."

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

GOD HELP US!

Reports From the French Mission Regarding Conditions in Armenia

Paris, July 12.—Paris Charbonnet, director general of the French mission in the Levant, has received by way of the Caucasus and Tiflis a report prepared by a number of Armenian notables and Gregorian bishops on the situation in Armenia.

It took the messenger who had the document in charge nearly three months to get through the difficulties and dangers along the Turkish frontier, which was carefully guarded against all Armenians or Armenian sympathizers.

The reports which fill 80 printed pages, is very carefully prepared, and goes fully into the situation. According to its authors, the Turks in Armenia, fearing European intervention, have abandoned the old practice of wholesale massacre, but during the last year there have been clandestine exterminations and most terrible persecutions, especially in the more remote provinces. The Turks openly boast that they have sworn to wipe out the whole Armenian race, slowly but surely. The document recites in detail various forms of persecution. It appears that the tax collectors seize the inhabitants if they do not pay everything demanded. "Women are taken through the streets with chains around their necks and kept for days without food. In some cases they are fastened to pillars head downwards. Freezing water is thrown over them or they are beaten until the blood runs. In other cases their hands are tied behind their backs, and then cast, first madly furious, are thrown into their bosoms. Often they are burned in various parts of their bodies with red-hot irons. All the highways are guarded so as to prevent emigration. Not a single day passes without our hearing of or witnessing somewhere within our unfortunate provinces some fiendish cruelty. The Turks and Kurds enter the houses of Armenians in gangs, bind the men and then outrage their wives, sisters and daughters before their eyes.

The document concludes with the despairing cry: "Our hope is dying out. God help us. May Europe have pity upon us."

Death of Canon Bourgeault.

MONTREAL, July 10.—Most unexpectedly comes the announcement from the Archbishop's Palace that the Right Rev. Capillary Vicar Canon Bourgeault is dead. This venerable priest had been attending to the duties which devolved upon him as Administrator of the diocese until the last moment. On Thursday, being in perfect health, he went to hear confessions in a convent, and came back on foot. It is supposed that he must have been affected by the heat. At all events yesterday morning he did not feel very well. Yet he went about his ordinary business and had lunch as usual with his colleagues. Afterwards he felt an overpowering need for rest and went to sleep in the room of one of the reverend canons. After half an hour's rest he went back to his own room, showing no signs of illness. It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon when one of the Rev. canons went to see how he was, that he was found lying unconscious on his bed. Physicians were called, but medical science could do nothing. At 7:45 o'clock the Capillary Vicar passed away.

The Right Rev. Canon Florent Bourgeault was nearly 70 years of age, having been born at Lavallée, County of Berthier, on the 28th of February, 1828. He went through a classical course at the College of L'Assomption and was ordained to the priesthood on the 14th of September, 1851. For four years he remained at the College of L'Assomption as a Professor of Philosophy and Theology, and in 1855 he was sent as assistant to the cure of St. Polycarpe. Shortly afterwards he became cure of St. Joseph du Lac, County of Two Mountains. In 1859 he succeeded the late Mgr. Fabre as cure of Sainte Claire, and in 1877 he was transferred to Laprairie. He became canon in 1891, and the following year he was appointed grand vicar. Upon the death of Mgr. Fabre he was unanimously elected as administrator of the diocese.

The deceased was a man of great erudition and a fluent writer. When "De Nouveau Monde" was founded in the seventies as the exponent of orthodox doctrines, Abbe Bourgeault became a member of the Board of Directors.

Knights of St. John.

Toronto, July 11.—At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Auxiliary No. 6, Knights of St. John, held July 8th, the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to afflict our beloved sisters, Margaret and Mary Burns, by removing from home and earth their beloved mother, therefore be it

Resolved—That we, the members of St. Patrick's Auxiliary, tender our heartfelt sympathy to sisters Margaret and Mary Burns; and we pray that God, in His infinite mercy, will comfort and sustain them in their sad affliction. Be it further

Resolved—That these resolutions be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, a copy tendered to sisters

Margaret and Mary Burns and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, Catholic Record and Knights of St. John Journal.

M. J. O'BRIEN, Rec. Sec.

More Revelations of Ste. Anne de Beauport.

The strange contrast of primitive surroundings, with everything that is beautiful in art and nature, is more apparent at Beauport than at any place I have yet seen.

The village consists of one long straggling street that winds along the base of the hills almost interminably in either direction. With the exception of the hotels and the convent, there are no houses with any pretensions to style. Small wooden cottages comprise almost the whole habitations of the villagers; here and there a small brick or stone house gives evidence of somewhat more than the average prosperity. But the French "habitants" are a thrifty people, and care very little for show so that they are comfortable and beyond the reach of want, wherein they show their wisdom.

A wooden walk in some places only about a foot and a half wide extends for some miles in either direction, offering one the option of either stepping into the road, or running the risk of being precipitated into the ditch. Little rosy cheeked urchins run clattering up to meet the visitor, scattering into the road with whoops of delight, and leaving one in dignified possession of the sidewalk.

Sedate hens lead large broods of chickens into the middle of the road, fearless of the scanty traffic, and occasionally a mild eyed cow pokes her head over the fence to examine the stranger. In the midst of all this primitive simplicity and rural innocence stands the Basilica, its great size looking strangely out of proportion to the needs of the tiny village. Sometimes a great pilgrimage comes and with it many persons of note and dignity in the outside world. Cardinals, Bishops, priests, notabilities, all flock into the little village and transform the place into a veritable seat of learning and civilization. They melt away again into their own sphere, and Beauport is changed not one whit. Still the little cottages stand clean and white in their tiny gardens, the hens scratch in the middle of the road, the cows look over the fence, and the happy barefooted children gambol about with never a thought of the great outside world; or of the benefits conferred by a town council and local improvement board.

What a peculiar feeling one always has when one gazes upon the mountains; a sort of unexplainable desire to climb to the summit and look down upon the other side! Travellers in Switzerland have often remarked upon this overmastering wish to see over the crest, and there is no doubt it leads many people to climb the mountain who would otherwise never attempt it.

This is a tantalizing place, you cannot get far in any direction; if you climb to the top of the hill, there are still other and higher hills beyond and no means of reaching them without a guide. One cannot get to the Falls of Ste. Anne without a guide; I penetrated a considerable distance along the road, or rather the narrow path, leading to them, only to be met with a series of obstacles I could not surmount alone, so I had to give up the search, the guide's charges being prohibitive unless one goes with a party of visitors. I should certainly advise ladies, whether going alone or in parties of two or three or more, to stop at the Convent. The advantages are so many more than one can obtain at a hotel. The charges are about everywhere, from 75¢ to \$1 a day, everything is beautifully clean and the cooking is excellent. The view from the balcony is unsurpassed; and the quiet and regularity of routine is conducive to rest and meditation.

By stopping at the Convent one participates in the prayers of the community, which is of the order of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. By virtue of their rule the sisters are adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, which is daily exposed on their altars, and they pray incessantly for benefactors and those recommended to their prayers. They also conduct a boarding school for girls, tuition \$6.00 per month. The rooms are well furnished and very cheerful, nothing is allowed to trouble the visitors and there are very few restrictions. Altogether a week or two spent with the sisters will prove a most agreeable and refreshing holiday, being agreeable indirectly helping their charitable work, their special vocation being to devote themselves to foreign missions among the heathen.

With regard to hotels, the best is the Regina.

C. O. F.

St. Leo Court held its regular meeting on Wednesday 7th July at their Hall, corner of Queen and McCourt streets. Bro. John J. Hinchey was initiated as a new member and Bro. J. T. Loftus and J. J. Nightingale were elected respectively delegate and alternate to the Provincial Convention. Final arrangements are being made for the excursion to Peterborough on 17th July. The C. O. F. shows a gain of 1267 for June, total membership on 1st July 60284.

A LAME BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL OF MALADIES.

Mr. Peter Miller suffered for Years, and Resolved to try Many Medicines Before Finding a Cure.

Perhaps no better place to be seen in Ontario than that at Newnam's upper lock on the Rideau Canal. At this station for a quarter of a century resided Mr. Peter Miller, who during that period acted as the capacity lockman, and was perhaps the best-known man on the canal. Mr. Miller is now a resident of Merrickville, having retired from active life. To a correspondent of The Recorder he related the following experience: For many years I was troubled with a lame back, which gave me great pain at times, and caused me much loss of sleep. I tried different kinds of medicine but found little or no relief. The spring of 1897 I was assisting, at the time of the opening of the Rideau Canal, at the upper lock on the Rideau Canal. I was unable to rise without assistance, and I fully made up my mind that I had become a chronic invalid, and never expected to see a well day again. A couple of weeks after my back had almost entirely given out. I saw by an article in a paper that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a person troubled similarly, and I immediately procured a box to test them. Before I had finished the box I found my back somewhat stronger so I procured five boxes more and by the time they were used I found myself completely cured. Since then I have not had a particle of lameness, and my health has been far better than it had been for years before.

To ensure obtaining the genuine always ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as there are many pink colored imitations.

Rhodes Made the Scapegoat.

LONDON, July 13.—The Parliamentary South Africa Commission that has been inquiring into the Transvaal raid has agreed upon its report. The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a summary of the conclusions of the committee. The report will express an emphatic opinion that whatever justification there might have been for the action on the part of the people of Johannesburg there was none whatever for Cecil Rhodes' conduct in subsidizing, or organizing and stimulating an armed insurrection against the Government of the Transvaal. A heavy responsibility, according to the report, remains with Rhodes, despite the fact that at the last moment Dr. Jameson invaded the Transvaal without Rhodes' direct sanction.

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed: "I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

The bores at Galata is largely affected by the situation. There has been a considerable fall in Turkish consolidated securities. The Turks are selling them freely, some circles expressing the opinion that Turkey will yield only to European pressure.

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like wheat, barley, and other commodities. Includes sub-sections for 'FARMER'S MARKET' and 'FRUIT'.

Receipts were lighter to day, and prices held firm. Strawberries were in full supply. We quote:—New potatoes, 25¢ to 30¢ per basket, or \$1.25 per bushel. Red currants, slow sale at 25¢ to 40¢ per basket, or 35¢ to 45¢ per quart. Pineapples are slow sale at 75¢ to 75¢. Strawberries, 40¢ to 60¢ per quart box. Cherries, 20¢ to 25¢ for small baskets and 50¢ to 75¢ for large baskets. Watermelons are quiet at 75¢ to 80¢ each. Gooseberries are selling at \$1 to \$1.25 per barrel. Montreal cucumbers, 40¢ to 60¢ per dozen, and American basket baskets, \$2 to \$2.25. Apples, per bushel, \$1.50 to \$1.75. Valencia, each, very fine, \$6 to \$8; Valencia, large, 400¢, very fine, \$7.50 to \$8; Messina oranges, 50¢, \$1.75 half box; do 100¢, \$2 half box; do 125¢, \$2.25 half box; do 150¢, \$2.50 half box; do 175¢, \$2.75 half box. Lemons, 300¢, Messina, choice to fancy, per box, \$2 to \$3, for per cent use; lemons, 300¢, 300¢, fancy to extra fancy, \$3 to \$4.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS, MONTREAL. MONTREAL, July 12.—There were about 40 head of butchers' cattle, 60 calves and a sheep and lambs offered for sale at this East End Market today. The butchers were present in considerable numbers, but seemed to require less meat than usual, and trade dragged with the price at about the same as on last Thursday. There were no cattle bought by shippers; the best butch' cattle sold at from 30 to 35¢ per lb.; pretty good animals sold from 33 to 35¢ to nearly 40¢ per lb. and last Thursday. There were no calves sold at 25 to 30¢ per lb. Calves sold at

from \$1 to \$5 each. Shippers are paying about 35¢ per lb. for large sheep; lambs sold to-day at from \$1.75 to \$3. Each but there were very few of either on the market. While \$5 a bushel of the old wheat is a rather poor lot. Fat hogs are scarce and sold at from 35 to 40¢ per lb.

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