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THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Halls from Ireland, England and Scotland.

Mr. Sexton's Successor is chosen in North Kerry. Death of a clergyman in London. Holy Week in Scotland.

Austria

Another Jane O'Connell has been discovered in Belfast. Her real name is Margaret Ann Lorka and she has made her 212th appearance in court for drunkenness.

The Irish National teachers met in Congress in Belfast on the 6th. The subjects coming before the Congress for discussion are: the managerial question, the matter of payment by results, and pensions.

The parishoners of St. Patrick's Church, Belfast, have presented their parish priest Very Rev. R. Crickeford with an address and a purse of sovereigns.

A public meeting to further the movement for the cultivation of the Irish language was held in the latter hall on April 10th. Fr. St. Clair Boyd presided.

Lord Londonderry's speech before a Unionist meeting in Ballymacarret was printed a day too soon in the papers. It made the marquis the object of considerable amusement.

Canada

Fred Hutchinson, leather merchant, Owan, committed suicide by throwing himself into Swallow lake.

Canada

Ven. Archbishop Cullinan P.P., V.G., Macroom is dead. He was in his 56th year, and was in Macroom since 1861.

Mr. Justice O'Brien and a special jury have been hearing an action brought by the Dork Corporation against Ald. Edward Fitzgerald, the commissioner of the Municipal Buildings, and M. J. McFullen, city engineer, the claim being for damage through the alleged negligence and unskillfulness of the defendants in the execution of the work on the municipal buildings.

Canada

Lord Middleton is paying his annual visit to his Middleton tenants. The County Cork Farmers Association have put themselves on record for unity of action on the agricultural question and as being in sympathy with Mr. Horace Plunkett.

Peter Collins fell into a vat of boiling dye at Maloney's tweed factory, Blarney. He died of his injuries. A sum of £6 has been abstracted by burglars from the Commissariat Office, Westbourne Place, Queentown.

Mortimer Webb, son of Wm. Webb, hairdresser, Yonghal, has committed suicide.

Canada

A set of robes worn by a domestic prelate and a congratulatory address have been presented to Monsignor McLaughlin V.G. Stranorlar.

Major Scott, D.L., Conservative, has been re-elected Chairman of the Dorset Union. The other elections were all secured by Episcopalian Conservatives, a Presbyterian being ousted from the vice-chairmanship to make room for John A. Alexander J.P., governor of the Pteintie Boys.

Lady Londonderry is about to astonish those who go down to the sea in ships in the immediate neighbourhood of Lough Strangford. Her ladyship has had built a pretty cedar and mahogany centre board lugger at Southampton. The little vessel is 26 feet on the water-line, has aluminium silver-plated fittings and gun-metal centre plate. The entire fittings are of the newest description, the sails being of silk. Gold heading and scroll work relieve the sheer plan from all stiffness. The yacht is expected to sail unusually fast. It is supposed to be rendered unsinkable by metal cases bow and stern, and side cases, and all covered with mahogany sheathing.

Canada

The foundation stone has been laid by the Bishop of Raphoe of a new church at Mouchbarrea.

Canada

The Draper's early closing movement continues to make progress. An amnesty meeting was held in the Ancient Concert Rooms on April 7th.

Mrs. Kate Fenton was accidentally killed on Tofts' switchback railway on Easter Monday.

Rev. John Myers C.M., of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth died on the 10th. Father Myers was born in Clonmel in 1850.

Easter Sunday was celebrated in the Catholic churches of the city with the usual splendor. Unusually large crowds of communicants went up to the altar at all the Masses.

Captain Smith, of some fame in connection with the frauds known as "The Irish Directories and trades Directories Co.," has been tried by Mr. Justice Murphy and a jury and sentenced five years penal servitude.

Canada

County Court Judge Henn has been congratulated by the members of the bar at Tralee upon his restoration to health and the resumption of his official duties.

Kerry. Mr. J. Flavin had been selected to contest North Kerry rendered vacant by Mr. Burton's retirement. John Breen, a Dublin cab driver, has been arrested for homicide. His cab knocked down and killed a woman named Nano Horgan. Constable Peyton, thrown from a side car, has been seriously injured. In a touching letter to Oa on Davis Mr. Sexton bids adieu to his old constituency of North Kerry, and promises his assistance to the new member who is to succeed him. The greatness of Mr. Sexton's services to every Irish cause and movement enhances, says the Freeman, the poignancy of the regret of his severance from the Parliamentary life of which he was so great a power for his country's good.

At the Drumsna Petty Sessions Michael Kilbane and Joseph McHugh, land grabbers, were sent to jail for assaulting John Murphy. Thomond, the great bazaar in aid of the St. John's Hospital and the Magdalen asylum, will open on July 1st.

The remains of the Marchioness of Drogheda, who died the other day, have been interred at Monasterosey. At the Swinford Board of Guardians on the 10th it was stated that 238 ejectment decrees had been obtained at the Quarter Sessions. The execution of those decrees is anticipated with alarm.

On the 10th the street preachers occasioned a renewal of the exciting street scenes in Sligo. The town is under considerable expense for maintaining the force of extra police, and open air religion comes high.

Illiot "stills" have been seized at Legnafodrum, a mountainous district near Newtownstewart.

England.

The Rev. T. B. Scannell, D.D., who has been summoned to Rome to serve on the Special Commission of Cardinals and other learned ecclesiastics making an exhaustive inquiry into the validity of Anglican Orders, lives at Sherborne, and is one of the most erudite clergies of the Catholic communion in England. The appointment of Dr. Scannell means that four of the most accomplished Catholic theologians in England will, says the Star, be in Rome this week giving evidence against the validity of Anglican Orders before the Commission. The other three are Canon Moyes, Secretary to Cardinal Vaughan; Dr. Gasquet, the learned Benedictine, a diligent student in the British Museum, and author of several valuable works on the incidents of the Reformation, and Father David, the most prominent member of the Franciscan Order in London.

The New Education Bill. The speech of the Bishop of Salford to the Catholic teachers' Conference at Manchester on the new Education Bill is the first authoritative pronouncement the public have had on the question as viewed from the English Catholic standpoint. His Lordship's verdict is, on the whole, one of warm approval of the Bill. He describes it "as a statesmanlike measure." "It is not a tinkering measure; it is not putting a patch on an old thing. . . . It changes the basis of the educational system and puts it on better ground."

The Bishop is doubtful as to the working of the clause which enables the parents of a minority of children attending a school to insist on religious instruction in their own tenets. Those who have built the Voluntary schools have presented the State with a work worth many millions. It is not too much to ask, as the Bishop of Salford does, that the State shall give the same help to those schools as it does to those which have cost millions to provide. Finally, the Bishop points out one danger in connection with the Bill—the danger that in districts where new populations arise the Catholic authorities may be denied the right to provide schools for their own children. The new Bill should secure Catholics that right.

We knew him as Lord Stanley. The Earl of Derby is giving a needed lesson to his Tory compeers in his conduct as Lord Mayor of Liverpool. He has refused to be the Lord Mayor of a party, and is behaving strictly as the representative of all the citizens. He has selected in turn men of all parties as his deputies while absent from the city, and has in his latest selection paid a compliment to the Irish population by nominating Dr. Andrew Commins, M.P., as Deputy Lord Mayor.

Sister Clare, of the community of the Sisters of Charity, was run over and rendered unconscious on Oatfield Place, Westminster, on April 5, when rescuing a little boy from a furiously driven cab. The boy was saved, but it is feared the heroic nun will die of her injuries. Mr Thomas Here. The Catholic Bishop of Emmaus, Mr Cook, Q.O. and Mr. Sydney Lee, the editor of "The Dictionary of National Biography," have joined in

a movement which it is surprising has never been set on foot before. It appears, that there has never been in England anything in the nature of a public memorial to Sir Thomas More. An opportunity has occurred for purchasing a striking bronze statuette, by Herr Ludwig Gauer, of Berlin, which was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, and the small committee just named has been formed to raise the necessary sum (about £120), and to place the statuette in the Free Library of Chelsea, a part of London which More made his home, and with which his name is indissolubly connected.

The main attraction offered to London Irishmen on Easter Monday was the Gaelic Athletic Tournament at Stramford Bridge. The attendance was not as great as it should have been, but it was nevertheless representative, numbering about 3,000—a result which, considering that the meeting was an initial effort and more or less an experiment, cannot be regarded as unsatisfactory. The event of the day was the hurling match between Munster and Leinster, in which the former achieved a decisive victory. The caman was wielded with a dexterity which delighted London Irishmen, many of whom had never seen a similar match, others having to cast back their memories for well nigh a generation to recollect such a contest. The performance of Flanagan, of Kilmallock, with the hammer, elicited well merited attention and applause. He surpassed the world's record.

Should, however, recognition of the record be refused on technical grounds, Mr. Flanagan is prepared to issue a challenge to all who doubt his superiority. Taken generally the tournament must be regarded as a success, and the committee, under the presidency of Dr. Mark Ryan, who organized it, are to be congratulated on the result of their exertions. The tournament will in all probability become an annual affair, and will doubtless grow in favour year by year.

Scotland.

Holy Week in Glasgow. Holy week was observed with customary solemnity in Glasgow, particularly at the Franciscan and Passionist Churches and at the Cathedral, where the Bishop-Auxiliary blessed the oils on Maundy Thursday in presence of many of the clergy and a good sprinkling of the laity. On Good Friday extremely large congregations assembled to hear special discourses and to kiss the cross. In St. Francis, Glasgow, and St. Mary's Greenock, relics of the true cross were embraced. The number of confessions on Holy Saturday was exceedingly large.

Memorial Visit to Dalbeth. On Sunday the League of the Cross, the Young Men's Society, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the Children of Mary attached to St. Alphonsus, Great Hamilton Street, paid the annual memorial visit to the grave of the late Father Maguire. The processionists, of whom there was a large number, assembled in the chape at Dalbeth, where a procession was formed, and prayers recited, and hymns chanted. The Rev. Fathers A. McEachon and Murray took part in the ceremonial.

Seldom did two of the members of the congregation of St. Peter's, Partick, or any section of them, meet in a social capacity, but on Easter Monday a very fashionable conversation was held in the Queen's Rooms Clifton Street, and a most enjoyable function it proved. Mr. Cole's celebrated orchestral band supplied the music, and Mr. O'Halloran, the general secretary of the committee, has great credit by the gathering, which was one of the most notable ever organized in the parish.

The number of Catholics in Wisbech is not over large, and the opportunities for social intercourse are not very frequent. Easter-tide each year, however, brings with it a suitable occasion for innocent mirth and merriment. This year was no exception. The local branch of the Young Men's Society undertook the necessary arrangements, and the festival, which was presided over by the general Rev. Father Van Heeke, was very successful and enjoyable. It was held on Easter Monday.

The members and friends of St. Alphonsus Young Men's Society held their annual Easter festival in the League of the Cross Hall, London Street, Glasgow, on Easter Tuesday. There was a crowded attendance, and at intervals in a capital concert addresses were delivered by Rev. Fathers McEachon and Murray. An assembly followed.

Death Seemed Preferable to the Aching Pain. Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willicroft, P. O. Co. Wick. writes: "I have used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart since last fall, having taken in all nine bottles, and I now feel entirely like another woman. I am 54 years old, and have been troubled with heart disease for nearly twenty years, sometimes for five hours at a time suffering such agony that death seemed preferable to the pain. The cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face. The Heart Cure gave me relief from almost the first dose and has proved a great blessing. I am glad at liberty to publish this letter if you think by so doing any good may be accomplished."

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THE GRAFIN. BY GERVAS WILLIAMS. ANYONE the cap fitted might wear it. De Vere, indeed it might do for play actors, and those kind of people, but among the respectable people of Mudchester it was not thought much of. We were used to these passages—arms between my mother and aunt, and generally forgot all about them at once. But the saying of mother that I was like a de Vere made my heart beat with joy, and after Aunt Betty's departure, which she announced by a tempestuous bang of the door as she went out (she always departed in a whirlwind) I ran to mother, who was rocking herself wildly in her favorite chair, exclaiming as usual, "Jones and de Vere, de Vere and Jones; did anybody ever hear of de Vere and Jones?" "Tell me mother," I cried, "about that girl I am like!" "She died very young, and was very good," was all I could learn. But it comforted me greatly, and I held my head up a lot better afterwards. To be like anyone belonging to me was a great thing; even though she died 200 years ago—very young. The years passed on and my father died, two of my sisters married men in official positions in the far East, one joined a theatrical company, and the fourth, to my mother's disgust, set down contentedly as the wife of a respectable shopkeeper in Mudchester. My father had done well at his business, so we were left a nice little sum each, which being well invested made us independent. My mother having gone to live with my married sister, I determined to go to Germany and try teaching. I chose Hamburg as my location, and was lucky in finding a nice pension on Alsterdamm. My room was a large one, and the view from the window across the lake was beautiful, especially at night with the electric light shining through the trees, and reflecting itself in the water, showing up the little steam boats as they glided from station to station looking so mysterious in the semi darkness. After some time I got private tuitions, and on the whole was getting on very well financially, and felt happier than ever I did in my life. Nobody sighed over me here. Besides my teaching I attended lectures all the winter. One at the Kunst Halle brought back old memories. The picture used as an illustration was a leg of beef; it was the most real thing I ever saw. If the Herr Direktor had only an apron on the illusion would have been complete. At length the summer we had been looking forward to came, bringing stifling heat and the cholera with it. The terrible disease was with us some time before it was officially announced. After that the ever increasing number of deaths appeared in the morning and evening papers. I read the Hamburger Nachrichten before I took my coffee in the morning, and in the afternoon I generally studied Dr. Classen's book on cholera. Nobody talked of anything but cholera. If you saw two people conversing in the street you need feel no curiosity about what they were saying. There was only one subject, namely—cholera. "Two hundred unburied since yesterday" I read aloud one morning. "Sind sie bange" was the inevitable question I answered always "No." However that day on my way from school, for the first time, I met the wagon taking cholera patients to the hospital. I stood still, and with morbid curiosity, tried to see through the closely fastened windows of the vehicle. Many times after I was in more danger, but my heart never sank quite so low again. A Viennese lander passing by roused me by asking if I was ill. I said "It is the heat." They were repairing Ernest Menckstrasse, at the corner of which I stood during all that dreadful time, and the hot wind blowing over the cans of boiling pitch, to say nothing of the smoke and small might easily suggest the idea to a stranger that he had mistaken Hamburg for another place beginning with H, whose thoroughfares are said to be paved with good intentions. When I got back to the pension no one noticed how ill I looked. They were all too much taken up with a beautiful creature—a new arrival. "Who is she?" I asked of my neighbour, a Japanese gentleman. "The Gräfin von Steingart," he said. "She is beautiful," I said thoughtfully. "So Mr. Mountjoy thinks," I answered, smiling, and sure enough, "our Englishman" couldn't take his eyes off her, and neither could my friend the Pole. The Gräfin's room was next mine. "I am glad," she said, as we went upstairs together, "to be near you." When we came to my door I asked her to come in which she did, and when she had admired the view and trees, from my window, with true German enthusiasm, I said to her, "What in the world made you come here in this awful cholera time?" "I love the cholera," she said, "for it has given me freedom." "I won't tell you any more, so don't question me," she added, looking at me in a stealthy way out of the corners of her eyes. "I should not have asked you at all, I know," I said, rather offended at her manner; "but, you see, everyone that could leave is gone. I am a teacher, and, strange to say simply because I am a teacher, the schools here are not closed yet. It is a plague stricken city now. Look!" I continued, taking a bottle of cholera drops from the dressing table, "a town where every inhabitant thinks this a necessary of existence, is no place for visitors." She only clapped her hands and laughed. "They are dying faster than they can bury them; the accounts from the hospitals are blood curdling," I continued, shocked at her heartlessness. "It is no use," she said, "I won't leave Hamburg." "What again at supper, everyone was in his or her place; in happier times we would be all off amusing ourselves in our different ways. Now there was nowhere to go. So we took supper together, and discussed microbes, from which absorbing topics the Gräfin distracted our attention for the time. Before the evening was over she completely fascinated every man in the pension. Mr. Mountjoy lost his heart at once. He was the son of a coffee merchant in London, and had come to Hamburg to take charge of a branch business there, also to learn German. He studied the latter walking up and down the Jungfernstieg with the young Frenchman, who was also here for the purpose of learning the language; but though I spent three years in the same pension with those two gentlemen, I never heard either speak in any language but his own. I was greatly surprised when Mr. Mountjoy, in German asked the Gräfin if she was tired. "No," she answered. "I am not really tired, it is the heat makes me languid, I am thinking of going to Friedrichsruhe to-morrow to see Prince Bismarck. It is pretty there?" "Ja," he replied blandly. "How far is it?" she asked. "Oh, Ja," said Mr. Mountjoy. None of us even smiled, since we took seriously to the study of microbes we gave up laughing. "Well, the strangest part of it all was, that before a fortnight Mountjoy, who only knew one sentence in German, got engaged to the Gräfin, who knew no English. I asked the Frenchman if he had any idea how they managed to understand each other. He only shrugged his shoulders; then the Japanese gentleman told us how they managed such things in Japan, which, as it threw no light on the matter in question and beyond its simplicity, had nothing to recommend it, I took no notice of. The Pole said with a sneer, "they probably used lover's language." I was delighted when the order came at last for all schools to be closed, and I told Gräfin, when she came into my room—which she did every night before going to bed—that I should leave poor sorrowful Hamburg now for a while. There was no longer any necessity for me to face the foe; and with the want of motive my courage was waning too. I urged her to come with me to Warrnemund. She broke into wild weeping, and begged me not to leave her. "Stay," she implored, "till after Soltau Day. It is only another fortnight, I am so afraid that he will find me out," she whispered. "Come and sit beside me, and tell me all about that mysterious 'He,'" I said. "Perhaps you will betray me, and then they will look me up again," she said in a frightened way. "I will never mention it to a human being," I assured her. "You noticed how tired I was that first evening?" she began. I assented. "Well it wasn't any wonder, as I travelled direct from Moscow." I exclaimed, you came from Posen?" "So Mr. Mountjoy thinks," I answered, smiling, and sure enough, "our Englishman" couldn't take his eyes off her, and neither could my friend the Pole. The Gräfin's room was next mine. "I am glad," she

Correspondence.

BROOKVILLE, Ont., April 16, 1896.
To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—Let me take advantage of your valuable columns to say a few words in reference to a circular issued in Winnipeg, in which a most unwarranted attack is made upon myself in connection with certain utterances of mine made at the recent convention of Liberal Clubs in Ottawa. I will not say one word in defence of my action for I will discuss the question later referred to, for I have always held that matters of a political character should not be discussed in connection with C.M.B.A. affairs, or in its branches. Neither will I offer any defence to the charges of lack of Catholic courage, and sympathy for my co-religionists, and the various allegations of want of loyalty to the hierarchy and the traditions of the church. Those who know me will be able to judge how much foundation there is for them and I am content to leave myself to their judgment.

The one point to which I wish specially to refer is the utterly groundless imputation that I am prostituting my position as Grand President of the C.M.B.A. for political purposes. This I deny emphatically. It is absolutely untrue of truth. I did not attend the Convention in question, nor have I at any place or time or under any circumstances used my office or the name of this association, for any purpose other than those of the order and no man can say no more in this connection. So far as I know, no person outside of the two branches in question, has at any time connected my political acts or words with my office, for the very good reason that I have not given them the opportunity. It remained for those who never saw and do not know me to charge me with shortcomings never hinted at in my own province.

I have yet to learn that holding membership or an office in the C.M.B.A. involves the abandonment of one's rights as a citizen. If I thought so I would soon cease to be a member, while on the other hand, if I failed to forget myself as to attempt to use my connection with the society to serve my own personal or political ends expulsion would be altogether too good for me.

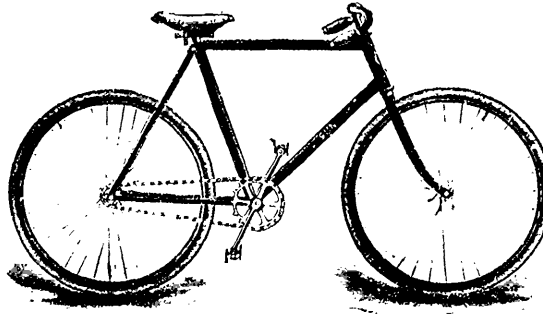
The stand I am taking is the same as that which has always been maintained on the question of discussing political or quasi-political questions in the C.M.B.A. branches. It was the sentiment of the representatives at two Conventions where it was suggested to discuss and pass resolutions on the present school question in Ontario. It was the same feeling which prompted us to discourage the proposal made by some generous friends prior to his death to have the services of my late brother recognized by the Ontario Council. I have at all times taken the same ground and always hope to do so. We can and should discuss these matters fully and freely as Catholics, but the introduction of them into the branches of an association such as ours is bound to lead to strife and dissension.

Yours truly,
O. K. FRANK.

The Manitoba School Question.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

SIR—In claiming space in your valuable journal, to express my views on this important question, I do so with feelings of regret and pleasure. Regret at the narrow, illiberal and unjust course pursued by the Manitoba Legislature, in depriving the Roman Catholic minority in that province of their schools, and compelling them to support schools from which they receive no benefit and that are distasteful and unsatisfactory to them. The legislature of Manitoba, by changing the existing system of education, has inflicted a grievance on the Catholic minority residing therein. This is so plainly true that no reasonable man will deny it. Out of this fact two questions arise, and those questions, if we wish to consider the present attitude of the Dominion Government on the subject, we must examine cautiously and with detail. The first question is one which, I fear, has not been duly considered. If it were, there are many who would be its most ardent supporters. It is this: Had the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba the right to separate schools under the constitution? The only answer to that question is an affirmative one. The Imperial Privy Council, the highest tribunal in the land, declares that a grievance has been placed upon the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba. The Roman Catholic minority had no legal right to separate schools, the abolishing of them would have entailed no grievance, but the Privy Council declares that a grievance does exist, therefore the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba had a right to separate schools and have been unjustly deprived of them. If the Roman Catholics of Ontario are entitled to separate schools, which right has never been successfully disputed during their thirty years' existence, then the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba have the same right. If the Protestant minority in the province of Quebec has the right to separate schools and Government aid in maintaining them (a privilege that all Catholics willingly concede them) then the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba are entitled to and must receive the same rights. Dalton McCarthy by a process of reasoning known only to himself, has arrived at the conclusion that what is right and just in education matters when applied to the Protestant minority in Quebec, is wrong and original, when asked for by the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba. Were I a barrister and found myself in such an illogical position, I would abandon the law and engage in something that would require less brain. It is a fundamental principle of all law that the subject's chattels or means, cannot be taken from him, without due compensation. Yet we find the Government of Manitoba, by depriving the Roman Catholic minority to contribute to the support of schools from which they derive no benefit. I am satisfied that an appeal to the Supreme Court would reverse this state of affairs. So strongly am I of this opinion, that I will make use of ten to contribute to the costs of



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such a "lost case," feeling that the money will be well expended. A second question then is: How is this great grievance to be redressed? In the first place the wrong party must be the grievance by passing the unjust measure to the wrong party to ask to nullify it with any prospects of success, and right here we find that Mr. Laurier must either have deceived himself, or knowingly deceived the people of the Dominion when he asserted that he could settle the question by a commission. When he made that statement he must have known that the grievance had existed five years, and in all that time the Legislature of Manitoba had not lifted a finger to help the down-trodden minority in Manitoba, although they were appealed to times without number by men of all classes and all creeds, by priests and politicians, by barristers and bishops, by judges and by the highest and best of our great ministers who ought to know the prophets. To all these appeals, the sole answer was: "We will not redress the grievance." We will have Public Schools or none." The Dominion Government showed great forbearance, giving the Manitoba Legislature every chance to undo the wrong before exercising their prerogative under the constitution. Those opponents of the remedial bill who argue that the Dominion Government is coercing Manitoba and that 19,200 of the people of the Province are opposed to the Separate School system are stating that which is untrue, and which the facts in the case will not bear them out. It is true coercion does exist in Manitoba, but it is the Roman Catholic minority, being coerced and shamefully imposed upon and not the Legislature of Manitoba. An analysis of the vote lately cast in Manitoba, in which the school system was an issue, shows that the Greenway Government was elected by no such overwhelming majority.

Those apostles of the Greenway Government who assert that 19,200 of the Manitobans are opposed to separate schools are libelling the liberal and fair-minded Protestants who are in favor of giving the minority their just rights. Mr. Laurier's action in moving the six months' hiatus on the second reading of the Remedial Bill has made him no friend among the lovers of fair play, even in his own party. It shows that he expects more for office than for the condition of his co-religionists and countrymen in the North-West, and is willing that the grievance shall continue indefinitely, provided it is a stepping-stone for him to power. The only course, the proper course, for the settlement of this question is the one adopted by the Dominion Government, viz.: To bring the question to the notice of the representatives of the people of the whole Dominion by the next meeting of the facts in the case before them, have the question thoroughly examined and discussed. It can then be intelligently legislated upon. This they are now doing. They also gave the Manitoba Legislature another opportunity to redress the grievance by sending a commission to confer with them. This commission has just returned, having met the fate of all others who asked justice for the minority. The answer being, first, last and all the time, "We will not redress the grievance." We have to-day in the Dominion of Canada a wonderful conjunction of affairs. A Government, the majority of whom are Protestant, taking their political lives in their hands and leaving no stone unturned to redress the grievance inflicted on the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba, while the leader of the Opposition, himself a Roman Catholic, is playing into the hands of a few disaffected Conservative politicians who appointed every caucus in his power to thwart the laudable efforts of the Government. Had the leader of the Opposition followed a different course and drafted a bill on similar lines to the present one it would have received no opposition from the Government and would receive some support from his own party, probably sufficient to carry it, and thus settle the question with credit to himself. He has, however, pursued a different course, and will realize after the general election that the party prepared to protect the minority, whether that minority is Catholic or Protestant, and will do it in no uncertain manner. Whether Mr. Laurier and his fellow-obstructionists succeed in preventing the passage of the Remedial Bill at this session time alone remains to be seen. This fact will remain certain, that the Conservative Government used every laudable and honorable means to give justice to the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba, which the Catholic minority in Quebec, is wrong and original, when asked for by the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba. Were I a barrister and found myself in such an illogical position, I would abandon the law and engage in something that would require less brain. It is a fundamental principle of all law that the subject's chattels or means, cannot be taken from him, without due compensation. Yet we find the Government of Manitoba, by depriving the Roman Catholic minority to contribute to the support of schools from which they derive no benefit. I am satisfied that an appeal to the Supreme Court would reverse this state of affairs. So strongly am I of this opinion, that I will make use of ten to contribute to the costs of

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THURSDAY, APRIL 23 1896

Calendar for the Week.

- April 23 - St. George
24 - St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen
25 - St. Mark the Evangelist
26 - Patronage of St. Joseph
27 - St. Anastasia, P.
28 - St. Paul of the Cross
29 - St. Peter, M.

Poro Hysanthe having tried all the creeds without finding any compensating comfort for the faith and the life he cast aside, is about to try matrimony for the second time.

It is de rigeur to use the knife and fork when cannibals feast under missionary auspices. At all events we would conclude that such is the fact from the following paragraph in The Church Times:

The Rome correspondent of the The London Daily Chronicle, usually a well informed paper on Catholic topics, says: "The manifesto of the three Cardinals on arbitration has produced an excellent impression at the Vatican."

After Holmes the notorious murderer had been made the victim by the newspapers of several gages of alleged "confession" that are evidently the workmanship of an amateur Zola on the New York Journal, the organ of the A. P. A., in Boston circulated the story that the convict had been baptized into the Catholic Church with fantastic rejoicings.

Mr. Dillon, the new leader of the Irish National Party, has from the first been deeply impressed by the suggestion of the Archbishop of Toronto to hold a national convention of the Irish race in Dublin.

So-called "Christian Science" is responsible for still another death in Toronto. This time the victim was Prof. Mounteer, a convert from education to the ignorant doctrines of the new sect.

A keen expectancy pervades the realm of Dominion politics, Parliament being on the eve of dissolution, report fixing the day of nominations as June 9, and the polling on June 16.

announced in the Government organ, factors that being thrown out in order to ascertain how new names are likely to be selected.

England is quickly finding out the magnitude of the African problem. In the South the Matabels are in revolt, and the town of Bulawayo has only narrowly escaped massacre.

Away out in Medicine Hat, Rev. Dr. Carman, the Methodist general superintendent, seems to have heard of Sir Charles Tupper's denial that public indignation confronts the Government upon its school policy.

The Bishop of Valleyfield in a pastoral letter repudiates favoritism towards any particular party or candidate in the parliamentary elections.

"We do not consent to the abdication of that right possessed by all citizens, viz., to loyally make known our opinion upon matters which concern the public good."

While at one end of Canada a bishop of the Catholic Church is publishing these eminently just words to his people, the head of the Methodist body is raging at the other end about "insatiable ecclesiasticism."

Politics and the School Question. A keen expectancy pervades the realm of Dominion politics, Parliament being on the eve of dissolution, report fixing the day of nominations as June 9, and the polling on June 16.

The Mail gives out the by no means new news that Sir Mackenzie Bowell will immediately transfer the responsibility of leadership to Sir Charles Tupper Bart. The same paper at the same time gives the rumor that Mr. Campbell, the present Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, will be a minister before the campaign is fairly opened.

From the agreement upon a further point of information relative to the readjustment it would appear to be true that Chief Justice Meredith is to come down from the bench to represent that class of the people of Ontario who have heretofore regarded Sir Mackenzie Bowell as their Cabinet representative.

The Globe makes the statement concerning Chief Justice Meredith with an air free from allusion, and as if there were no question that his translation from bench to Cabinet has been fully decided upon.

On the brink of the general election the Government is certainly entitled to strengthen and solidify itself, and make whatever appearance is best calculated to win the approval of the public upon the issues of the impending campaign.

How will the Catholic body and Catholic interests fare under the new conditions? The battle is now drawing near; the Catholic electors must make up their minds how to make their votes tell.

Our own opinion is that neither of our correspondents can have at the present moment a special insight into the tremendous issue at stake, nor can the true aspect of the responsibility that must devolve upon every Catholic voter be realized until the leaders shall have issued their election addresses to their constituents.

primary education may be, if he shall declare that the Constitution of Canada is to be respected, the Catholic body, or any other body of citizens in the community, can trust him to not up his declaration.

A Letter from Duluth.

We are constantly hearing of more or less remarkable acts of religious bigotry over in the United States. Most of us feel inclined to ascribe such evil symptoms to the political ill-health of the republic, and the influence which extreme, ignorant, and vicious individuals are able to gain in political organizations.

Mr. Dear Miss Noble - I return your photo on this mail the break in the corner was there when it arrived; everything is quite satisfactory except your letter from your clergyman. I cannot make out what P.P. means, and I do not know whether you are a Presbyterian or a Romanist.

Very Sincerely, ADA J. TAYLOR.

March 27th, 1896.

It will be seen from the foregoing letter that Miss Noble had all the qualifications desired except one, "Everything is quite satisfactory," but "if you should happen to be a Romanist I could not take you."

It is easy enough to understand that an individual who is a fanatic may be appointed to a position of responsibility in a hospital which, if its character at all deserve the name, should display no such spirit as Ada J. Taylor proclaims.

In design the letter is rather amusing. This apostle of A.P.A.ism hardly knows what the letters "P.P." after the name of a clergyman may imply. "I do not know whether you are a Presbyterian or a Romanist" writes intelligent Ada J. Taylor.

Protestantism. It is probable, therefore, that the Protestants are all solved. The phrase "most desirable Protestants" is, however, unsatisfactory and may be considered to open the door to the doubt.

The Mail has naturally a cheerful aptitude for hypocrisy. On Monday it pretended to answer all the criticisms that have been indulged in with reference to the appointment of Mr. Masson to the senior County Judgeship of Huron.

Huron Senior Judgeship.

The appointment of a senior judge for Huron, as we regard it, means the disturbance of an advisable economy aimed at by a law of the Ontario Legislature passed during the recent session.

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to Bro. DeLaney and inserted in the official organs. Committee J. B. Henry, Phil. Mohan and M. Quirk. W. LANE S.T.

A. O. H.

Resolved, that a copy of the foregoing resolution be sent to Bro. DeLaney and inserted in the official organs. Committee J. B. Henry, Phil. Mohan and M. Quirk. W. LANE S.T.

C. O. F.

The most enjoyable and interesting meeting ever held by the Foresters of Court 201 of Toronto took place in their Hall Temperance when the Foresters were present, and a large number of members from St. Joseph's Court 370, the principal object being the election of officers for the ensuing year for Sacred Heart Court 201.

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to Bro. DeLaney and inserted in the official organs. Committee J. B. Henry, Phil. Mohan and M. Quirk. W. LANE S.T.

The promotion until the appearance upon the scene of Dr. Montague was confidently expected. Up to the last moment the appointment of Mr. Masson was wholly unexpected.

Steamer Greyhound.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the advertisement of the steamer Greyhound, which gave such a very satisfactory service last year between Oakville and Toronto.

F. B. A. The members of this branch completed with the roll of this Association, by receiving Holy Communion as a body on Low Sunday and had a fine time of very few being absent, and none but from unavoidable circumstances.

At the last regular meeting Bro. J. F. Ryan was elected president in place of J. J. Doherty, who has removed to Toronto. The Rev. Father L. O'Connell, with the good work in the cause of Eucharistia, St. Peter's Branch No. 23, London.

At the last regular meeting of the Branch held April 14th the following resolution was adopted.

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THE GRAFIN

(Continued from Page 2.)

truth about the last Russian attempt to blow up Berlin, because the Kaiser doubted very much if the nihilists had anything to do with it, and if his suspicions proved true that the czar was the instigator of it, he would declare war at once. You know how out of us he is? Capriivi gave - "What in the name of heaven are you talking about?" I exclaimed, astonishment had kept me dumb up to this. "There are no such things as Prussian spies, and there never was any attempt to blow up Berlin. And," I added smiling, "the czar would be the last man in the world to meddle of his own accord with dynamite. You are remaining, my dear Grafine."

"That is always the way," she said sadly, "they would not believe me in there either, when I told them who I was."

"But," I said, "granted that there was a plot, and that the czar was party to it, why should you, above all others, be chosen for so delicate a mission?"

You read in the papers some time ago of a French officer who was disgraced because he sold some secrets to our Government?" she asked, by way of an answer.

I replied that I had. "Well," she said, "it was through letters of mine which he had in his possession that he was discovered. 'What the first thing Capriivi did, when he came into the office, was to send me to Paris. I called on him the day before I started for orders. He laughed heartily at the idea, and said, as he shook his head, 'My orders, dearest Grafine, are: that you spend a pleasant three months in Paris, and break as many of those French republicans' hearts as you have time for; but, above all things, avoid politics. With your admirers be all heart; and, when you return, the Kaiser and myself will expect much entertainment from the narration of your love affairs.'"

"Well, that unlucky French officer fell madly in love with me, told me all he knew, and even gave me some military plans to look at, which I faithfully returned next day—after copying them."

"I left Paris then, and when I got to Berlin, wrote something which I had done, enclosing a cheque from Capriivi at the same time. The cashing of that cheque at the bank roused suspicions; he was watched; my letters were intercepted, and after his arrest, others were found in his desk."

"Poor fellow, his disgrace was unmerited, for he loved his France, and would not betray her intentionally for the world; but political secrets should not be entrusted to young men likely to fall in love."

"You were awfully mean!" I cried, hotly, "to worm his secrets out of him by pretending to care for him, and then -"

"Ah!" she interrupted. "I told the Kaiser I felt about it; but he said, 'Dear Fraulin von Stein gat, love of the Emperor must come before sentiment.'"

"Capriivi was in high delight with what I had done, and declared, if women got a chance, they would do the men completely out of diplomacy, and that he would suggest the advisability to the Reichstag of having lady Ambassadors."

"To women's rights is the joke," I said, laughing. "Good night, Grafine."

have solved the mystery in a day or two. I asked the Grafine one afternoon if she would come and sit by the now deserted Alster, and finish her story. She agreed, and we both sat listening to the church bells ringing across the lake, calling the people who did not believe in the next world to come and pray, that they might be allowed to stay a little longer to prepare for it. All were invited, but few came. For some did not believe in prayer, others who were afraid of the air in the churches. So the churches remained empty, and the bells continued to ring their invitations sweetly across the water, while I sat and listened dreamily to them, and to the Grafine, as she continued her extraordinary tale.

"You will oblige me, Fraulin von Steingat," said the Kaiser to me. The Grafine began by finding out if that heavy skulking czar had a ything to do with the Berlin outrage. For if he had I swear by my ancestors I will plant the Prussian Eagle before the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. "As it is, he continued in a gloomy voice, "My conscience isn't easy about those Siberian captives. What would you think Capriivi," he said, raising his voice of a crusade to liberate those prisoners? "Just at present, your Majesty, we have so much to do with Socialists and Catholics, besides the new Army Bill, and these changes in the school your Majesty contemplated introducing, will all take time—much time," Capriivi answered in a soft voice. "What I wish must be done," said the Kaiser. "Certainly, your Majesty," Capriivi replied, leaning low, and at the same time winking at me. You can go now, Gaudighe Fraulin, the Kaiser said, "and when you have discovered anything come to me with your news first." As Capriivi wished me a safe journey he winked again. I knew what he meant, so kept a blank face, and called again in the evening. I was not surprised when he said to me, 'Don't tell Wilhelm a word if you find out anything, for we have more than enough to do with all our internal arrangements at sixes and sevens, and France always on the watch!'

"You may trust me," I replied. "Don't talk politics," were his last words. "Just then a boy passed whistling, hestopped guiltily as I looked him, started at the cheerful sound, but the Grafine continued her story calmly. "I won't bother you with an account of my journey to Petersburg," she went on, "or enter into an account of my reception by the czar and Czarina, though I must say the czar was very still, that was, perhaps, because the czar was attentive to me."

The first fortnight of my stay in the northern capital, was pleasant but uneventful. At the end of a month, however, I had two proposals—one from the Danish Ambassador; but still I had found out nothing. At last I said to the Archduke, who was most persistent, and would take 'no' for an answer. "Tell me," I said, "I Apropos of Berlin. Were you with the czar the other day when he went there inog?" The Archduke grew pale as death. "And you profess to love me," I exclaimed scornfully, "and still kept that secret from me?" "Hush for Heaven's sake," he whispered, "who told you?" (he didn't know I was only guessing) I smiled sarcastically.

"It was only a lark, just a lark! he continued, still looking very frightened. "A pretty lark for an Emperor," I exclaimed. "If you breathe a word of this you will be sent to Siberia," he said. "I leave for Berlin in the morning," I replied, looking calmly at him. He seized my hand, and once asked me to marry him. I refused, and confessed at the same time that I had a lover in Berlin whom I loved beyond anything on earth.

"You will never see him again," he hissed, giving me a malignant look as he left the room. "That evening, as I was on my knees in my room packing, a knock came to my door. I called out 'come in!' thinking it was a servant. What was my surprise, therefore, to see the czar. I recognized him at once, though he was much disguised. "Take a seat your Majesty," I said. "I see you know me," he answered grimly. "I bow," I wish to say good-bye to you before you start," he said, and to tell you I have deputed the Archduke Ferdinandovich to see you safe beyond our frontier." "Your Majesty is very kind," I answered, "but an escort in the case of an insignificant person like myself, is altogether unnecessary!"

"A lady with your face can never be insignificant," he said, gallantly. "Remember me to the Kaiser when you get to Berlin!" and without an other word he left the room. He has not the suavity of our Kaiser."

"I suppose not!" I said, seeing I was expected to say something. "Well!" she continued, "the next morning a well appointed droschke was sent by the Archduke to take me to the station. When I was about half an hour in the vehicle I looked out to see if we near the station. But we were in a part of the city I never was in before. I tried to explain to the man, he was going wrong, but could not think of a word of Russian, though I had a fair knowledge of it, but for the moment it had completely left me. I screamed in German and French; but it was no use, he did not even stop to hear what I was saying, but continued to drive, in mad Russian fashion. Wasn't it strange my having forgotten Russian so completely?"

"Very," I assented, thinking everything about her more than strange. On we dashed until at length we reached the open country. "This was a terrible situation! Alone in Russia, entirely at the mercy of this driver, who had probably orders to murder me. As this thought flashed into my mind I determined to throw myself out of the droschka. I tried to turn the handle, but it was locked. It is all over, I thought.

All at once I remembered my pocket pistol, which I always carry with me. Here it is!" she said, showing it to me, "and this little dagger," pulling a small dangerous looking weapon from the fold of her dress. "So I determined to shoot the driver!" (this she said quite calmly as she replaced the dagger). "I opened the window gently and fired, but through some mischance the bullet only grazed his head and, glancing off, passed through one of the horse's ears. The animal plunged madly. I had another bullet but was afraid to use it. Anyway, we would both probably be killed now, for the horse was under no control."

Suddenly John threw the reins down and jumped off. I looked out and oh, horror! Night in front of me the road ended in a disused mine. I threw myself against the door vainly attempting to burst it open. It was a moment of supreme agony of mind, looked in, not a chance for my life, while the infuriated animal flew on like the wind. On and we wore roaring the mines now. Another minute and it will be all over. In a second it flashed in me that I would soon know the great secret. The next I leant out of the window, and taking the best aim I could, fired at the horse's head. It was my last chance and a small one. I had only one bullet, but my hand was steady—great danger always has that effect on me. We were almost on the edge when I fired. If he plunged forward even in his death struggles, it was all over. I pulled the trigger, gave one look into the dark abyss—and closed my eyes.

I opened them again instantly, as the droschka turned over, and I found myself standing on my head; but we were still, the bullet had pierced the horse's brain, causing instant death. If he had struggled at all we were over, as it was the poor creature's head hung over the yawning pit. My life for the present was spared, but if I could not get out of my prison, and find shelter somewhere before night, it was only to make a supper for the wolves. It was just the place for them, I thought dismayed. Just then a horse galloped up to where I was, a key turned in the lock of the droschka, the door flew open, and I tumbled out into the arms of the Archduke Ferdinandovich. He told me he had been waiting for me at an appointed place of hours, until at last becoming anxious, he had ridden on in front, and ordered the carriage to follow! He discovered my John on the road side, bleeding from the wound in his head, and almost senseless with fright.

"No wonder the czar thinks you dangerous, and wishes to ship you off to Siberia!" he observed. "To Siberia!" I cried aghast. "Oh! rather death a thousand times than that." "There is a way out of it," he said. "How?" I asked, eagerly. "By marrying me," he replied. "I slunk back. There was something most repulsive in that man's coarse, red face and wicked eyes. However, I tried to be brave, 'I am a German subject,' I said, "and the Kaiser will certainly avenge my death!" That for the Kaiser, he replied, snapping his fingers. "Will you marry me, or go to Siberia?" I will marry you, I said, but on condition I get six months' reprieve!" He smiled, grimly. "So that is how you look at it," he smiled, grimly. "I suppose I had a peculiar expression on my face, for he asked abruptly, 'Have you any more bullets about you?' and satisfied himself by searching my pockets. 'You are a regular shoe devil!' he said, but I like something to tame! What do you propose doing?" I asked, turning my head away for the cruel look in his eyes frightened me. 'I will hide you in my castle on the shore of Lake Bule!' he replied, "unless you prefer the embraces of the wolves to my attentions," he added with a fiendish laugh.

"When we arrived at the Castle I was shown to my apartments by an elderly Russian woman. I only gave one glance round my luxurious prison, then throwing myself on the bed fell fast asleep. 'I cannot remember any more now,' the Grafine exclaimed, getting up off the seat. 'My head is like a squeezed sponge.' On our way back to the pension we met a solitary Vierlander. 'Buy some flowers, Fraulin,' she asked, holding up her basket. 'No one will buy flowers now,' I replied. 'Buy some for the dead,' she urged. I shook my head.

"That night the heat was so intense that there was no chance of sleep, so the Grafine came and sat in my room, and, looking out over the moonlit, peaceful, Alster, continued her story. When I awoke in the morning, she went on, I thought over the situation, and came to the conclusion I had better be civil to the Archduke. I made as pretty a toilette as I could, and descended. The Archduke congratulated me on my appearance, and said, with

smoothing smile he was glad I look good so soon. Three months passed slowly by, he presenting me with his attentions, and I keeping him to his promise of a six months' engagement, until one evening, catching the roughly by the arm, he dragged me into the library. 'Marry me now, standing by the table. The old priest began to mutter to some words over us in spite of protestation. I began to scream, but the Archduke put his hand on my mouth, and hissed, 'Peace, fool, or I'll murder you.' He had the words hardly said when there was a loud knock at the door, and someone shouted. 'Open in the name of the czar!' 'By Heavens!' we are both undone! the Archduke cried, his face blanching with terror. 'I have it,' the priest said hastily, flinging off the loose gown his wore. 'Get into this,' he whispered. I did as I was told, and he pulled the cover well over my head. 'Go out now, and lift your hands thus (showing me) in blessing on the messenger of the czar, but keep your face covered!' I trembled like an aspen as I lifted my hands before the powerful wicked Duke Olfo, who, however took no notice of my salutation. How my heart beat, as I softly passed by the company of soldiers stationed outside. I arrived safely at a little wood, where the priest soon met me. 'There are two men searching the castle,' he said, 'and will probably remain there until morning. Take my horse; he is as swift as lightning; you have come here's start of them. When you go to St. Petersburg leave my horse at —, and take the train for Moscow. They will never suspect you of being there.' I thanked my kind deliverer, and without wasting a moment jumped to the saddle. What a journey that was, a regular ride for life. I rested some hours at V. Then on again. I caught the express for Moscow, where I only remained twenty-four hours, as I knew there was no safety for me on Russian soil. Arrived at Berlin, I went straight to the Kaiser, for I was burning with revenge. In the ante room I had the misfortune to meet Capriivi. 'What, back! my dear Grafine?' he exclaimed, seizing both my hands affectionately.

"I must have revenge, Count," I said. "Of course," he replied, "but as the Kaiser isn't visible just now you might as well sit down and tell me all about your adventures." So I did.

"Wilhelm will declare war at once," said Capriivi, when he had heard all. "Rest assured of that! And as it is getting late, and you are very tired, you had better come home with me. My carriage is here," I consented, and closing my eyes sank back on the luxurious cushions of the carriage. "woke up as it rumbled into a paved courtyard. 'Where in the world am I?' I asked as Capriivi handed me out. 'Come in, and you will see,' he said laughing. "This is the lady I he served to a severe looking female, who opened the door for us."

"You won't tell the Kaiser your adventures as soon as you thought, Capriivi," Capriivi said, making me a mocking bow. Then the door closed behind him, and I was—in prison. It was a month there before an opportunity of escape offered. Hearing the cholera was here, I knew Capriivi would never look for me in Hamburg, and Bismarck would protect me anyway." I made no remark as she ended. The day was approaching on which the Grafine was to be married. When her wedding dress came home I made her put it on, and come down stairs in it, which was not, of course, the proper thing to do, but she looked so lovely in it, and besides I wanted to convince the Pole that she really was going to be married. I shall never forget his face as he looked at her, and blamed myself afterwards for having induced her to show herself dressed thus; but if we could only all see before us what a lot of things we would leave undone.

Sedan day came at last. There were no festivities in Hamburg, of course, nor in Germany for that matter. In the morning Frau Muller shook her head over the wedding that was to be.

She was losing one of her best boarders in Mr. Mountjoy, and, as she said, "I was marrying a Poleter." At eleven o'clock the Pole came and asked me to take charge of the key of his writing table. "Please take it," he said, "and don't ask questions." So I took the key without a word, thinking everyone was getting queer.

It was a great shock to us all when the news came in the afternoon that the poor fellow had gone across to Winteruden and shot himself. "The Lord be praised and thanked!" Frau Muller exclaimed in her consternation, "that he so much education had as not to take his life in his house. He was always a gentleman, but it is very sad!" "Poor Frau Muller! What with the cholera and weddings, and deaths, her house would soon be empty. We searched the unfortunate young man's papers, but there was no clue to embarrassments of any kind. It was another mystery.

The Grafine declared, it was love for herself made him do it. I couldn't help telling her it was a bad omen—a death before a wedding; but she only laughed heartlessly. That evening I went to the flower shop and ordered wreaths for the poor Pole, to be sent along with the

DANGERS of SPRING

- Children die in the spring.
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- Birds break out in the spring.
- Women weaken in the spring.
- Men lose energy in the spring.
- Pimples protrude in the spring.
- Old people suffer in the spring.
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basket of flowers, which was to be my wedding present to the Grafine. "Both at the same time Fraulin?" the woman in the shop asked in surprise.

"Why not?" I asked cynically. "First a wedding and then a funeral." "Ah!" she said, "funerals are plenty enough these sad days."

I retired early that night, and lay awake thinking of the poor Pole. He had been very kind and attentive to me before the Grafine came—I had not received much attention in my life—and now he was dead. I was aroused from these bitter thoughts by the sound of most unearthly singing. At first I thought it supernatural, but after a few seconds I recognized the Grafine's voice. I jumped up angry and indignant that she should behave in such a way. "Was the tragedy which, according to herself she was the cause of, a fitting thing to sing over?" I said to myself as I flung on my dressing gown, and full of wrath, without knocking, threw her door wide open (she never locked it). She was standing in the middle of the room, the moon shining full on her, cutting her beautiful wedding dress to shreds with the gleaming stiletto she always wore. As I heard the beautiful silk tear, I screamed loudly. Mr. Mountjoy appeared instantly ready dressed; he could not go to bed, he said, thinking of the Pole. The whole house was roused, and the secret was out at last. The poor Grafine was mad. In the morning the unfortunate creature was removed to the lunatic asylum. We heard afterwards that she had escaped from an asylum in Berlin, where she was allowed a great deal of liberty, as for months together she would be quite sensible, except for imagining she was a noted political character. She used to read the papers every day and imagine herself always playing a part in the affairs of Europe.

A YOUNG LADY'S RESCUE

CONFINED TO HIS ROOM FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.

An Intense Sufferer Through Pain in the Muscles of His Legs and Arms—Reduced Almost to a Living Skeleton.

From the Vol. IV., p. 8 A-Adrian
Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wolfville, the most important hotel in the town, and is a man well known and esteemed throughout the county. His wife has had a long and severe illness, which has left her unable to work, and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 26th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called during his long illness. One said he had la grippe and the other that his trouble was rheumatic fever. He was troubled

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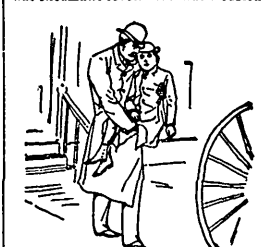
Never incur a responsibility that can be avoided! What a selfish, heartless declaration! What a shallow resolution! Cold and narrow and of fossil hardness is the life of those who keep their palms clean, not of evil and its consequences, but of responsibility and its risks. Such beings take but the one talent from the hand of their Lord, which is bounteously opened to bestow ten, because, forsooth, the ten would involve greater responsibility. Nay, they hide even that one in the earth to escape the poor responsibility of putting it out to usury.

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with severe pains through the muscles of his legs and arms, and after three or four days was obliged to take to bed, where he lay nearly all winter, suffering terribly from the pains. He became reduced almost to a skeleton and was unable to relish food of any kind. During his illness he suffered relapse owing to trying to get up to see to his sheep. Boylike he was anxious to get out to enjoy the beautiful spring sunshine and for several days was carried out and taken for a drive. This brought on the relapse. The doctor was again called in and as he continued to grow worse he was ordered once more to bed. Things then looked very dark as despite the medical care he did not get any better. At last his father decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Soon after beginning their use Freddie began to feel better. His appetite began to return and the pains were less severe. As he continued "the use of the Pink Pills he regained health and strength rapidly, and in about a month was apparently as well as ever, the only remaining symptom of his trying illness being a slight pain in the leg, which did not disappear for several months. It is over one and a half years ago since Freddie took his last pill, and in that time has had no recurrence of the attack. There is no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him, and both the boy and his parents speak highly in their praise.

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