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

VOL. IX.—NO. 39.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

St. Patrick's Society

Reminds the Duke of York, that Ireland Needs Home Rule

Ottawa, Sept. 22.—The following has been presented to the Duke of Cornwall and York:

To His Royal Highness George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and Duke of Saxony, Earl of Carrick and Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Killarney, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, K. G., P. C., K. T., K. P., G. C. M. G., G. C. V. O., I. L. D., D. C. L., etc., etc.

Assuring Your Royal Highness of the great pleasure your welcome visit gives us, and of our prayers for the welfare and happiness of all the members of the Royal Family,

We have the honor to be,
Your loyal and devoted servants,
St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association of Ottawa.

D'ARCY SCOTT, President.

JOHN DALY, Secretary.

Ottawa, 20th September, 1901.

MRS. JOHN COMERFORD, BRANTFORD.

Brantford, Sept. 18.—An old and respected resident of this city passed away very suddenly Tuesday morning in the person of Mrs. John Comerford, who resided at 53 Palace street. The deceased was very widely known and her estimable qualities won for her very many friends, who will be painfully surprised to know of her demise. Until recently she had been in as good health as usual, and apoplexy was the cause of death.

The late Mrs. Comerford was born in Montreal in November, 1841, and received her education at Notre Dame Convent, Villa Maria, near the city. She came to Brantford in 1859, with her brother, the late James Feeney, who was in business for number of years where Wade's Temple of Music now stands. She was married in 1860 to Mr. John Comerford, a well-known Colborne street business man. The deceased leaves a family of five sons and two daughters who are: William with W. F. Cockshutt & Co., George, travelling salesman for the Brantford Carriage Company, James, representative of a United States firm, John and Augustine of this city. Miss Minnie Comerford at home, and Georgina Comerford, who is known as Sister Angelica, L. O. to Abbé Toronto. Four sisters also survive—Sister St. Veronica, Lady Superior Notre Dame Convent, Peterborough; Mrs. (Dr.) Tretton, Mrs. John Hughes and Miss Sarah Feeney of Rochester, N. Y. The late Mrs. Comerford was a member of St. Basil's Church for 42 years.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Comerford will take place from the family residence, 53 Palace street, to St. Basil's Church, at 8.45 to-morrow (Thursday) morning, where requiem mass will be said, thereafter to the Catholic Cemetery for interment.

"That Greater Britain living beyond the seas" is the home of a contented people, happy in the enjoyment of a form of government that, while subordinate to the true interest, welfare and prosperity of the great Empire of which they are proud to form a part, yet wisely permits the people to regulate and control their own local and domestic affairs thus ensuring that loyalty and fidelity to the central power which alone can make it invincible.

The people of Canada through their representatives in Parliament, have on several occasions pointed out how

much the Empire would be strengthened if those principles of self-government existing in New Zealand, Australia and Canada were applied to Ireland and possibly to other parts of the British Isles. And we hope that the day is not far distant when British statesmen will recognize the wisdom of gratifying the national aspirations by extending those principles of local self-government to Ireland.

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The Register joins in the heartfelt regrets of the people of St. Basil's, Brantford, in the loss of so old and so valued a member of their congregation, a fervent Catholic, an ardent worker in the cause of charity and a good and loved mother. The church she was a member of for forty-two years knew her touch upon the organ when the congregation assembled and many of the old members hearing its mournful note realized that the prayers of the church followed her beyond the grave. Miss Minnie Comerford and Sister Angelica of Loretto Abbey are daughters of Mr. John Comerford by a former marriage with Eliza, daughter of William Murphy of the Inland Revenue, Brantford, and sister of Mr. Nicholas Murphy, K. C., Toronto. The Register sympathizes deeply with the afflicted family.

SOUTH AFRICA AT ITS WORST.

London, Sept. 23, 6 a.m.—A very serious state of things prevails in Cape Colony. From the Orange River to the sea it is in a condition of open or incipient rebellion. A letter from The Express correspondent at Cape Town tells of pillaging commandos wandering free from serious interference, of farms deserted by their rebel proprietors, of armored trains that have been forced to patrol the lines as far south as Paarl or Worcester, and of the strengthening of the defences of Cape Town itself. For the first time it is now known in this country that Scheepers succeeded in capturing loyal delegates on their return to their homes in Oudtshoorn from welcoming the Duke of Cornwall at Cape Town. In financial circles the opinion is growing that there will have to be further borrowing by the British Government as a result of the continued fighting in South Africa. The only relief to the drain upon the resources of the nation is the money which is expected to be realized by the sale of farms belonging to those irreconcileable burghers who have left their wives and children to the care of Lord Kitchener. This relief can only be very trifling, however, and it is hardly likely to have an appreciable effect.

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THE ASSASSIN CONVICTED.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 24.—Leon F. Czolgosz, alias Fred Neiman, was today found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury, in having on the sixth day of September shot President William McKinley, the wounds inflicted by such gunshots afterwards resulting in the death of the President. The wheels of justice moved swiftly. The trial of the assassin consumed eight hours and twenty-six minutes, and covered a period of only two days. Practically all of this time was occupied by the prosecution in presenting a case so clear, so conclusive that even had the prisoner entered the plea of insanity it is doubtful if the jury would have returned a verdict different from the one rendered to-day. The announcement made this afternoon by the attorneys for Czolgosz that the eminent alienists summoned by the Erie County Bar Association and by the District Attorney to examine Czolgosz, and to determine his exact mental condition, had declared him to be perfectly sane, destroyed the only vestige of a defense that Judges Lewis and Titus could have put together.

Before adjournment, Justice White announced that he would pronounce sentence upon the defendant on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

ONE ANARCHIST'S EXPERIENCE.

(From The Buffalo Daily News.)
A hitherto unnoticed incident of the excitement attending the announcement of the shooting of the President was told to a reporter for The News by a man whose word cannot be doubted.

A roughly dressed man and a priest, clad in the raiment of his order, were standing in front of The Courier-journal board, watching the news from the bedside of the wounded President. Presently word was written on the scroll that Mr. McKinley had recovered from the shock and was resting easily.

The roughly-clad man exclaimed: "It's a — — shame the man didn't make a good job of it and finish him quick."

These were the last words he uttered for some time, for the priest wheeling around like a flash and gave the craven traducer a tremendous and scientific blow right on the point of the chin, which knocked the recipient clear off the sidewalk and into the street, and "put him out" as completely as ever a pugilist put out an opponent.

A crowd had heard what the man had said and were for lynching the miscreant at once, when the priest again stepped forward and protected the man he had struck down from mob violence.

A mighty man of God is that priest, and his name, according to The News' informant, is Father Fitzgerald, of San Francisco.

A PRESBYTERIAN VIEW OF MIRACLES.

(From The Presbyterian.)
Though identified with a past age, miracles possess a fascinating interest to all students of strange and unusual phenomena. The inspired records of them are full, clear and explicit. They are presented with a lavish variety and a striking exhibition. Some of them were wrought by man, but the greatest and sublimest of them by the God-man. Some of them were effected directly, and others indirectly; some by means, and others without means. Numbers of them excel in grandeur and impressiveness, and others in beauty and touchiness; but each and all are attestations of divinity—evidence of omnipotence—demonstrations of God's exceptional government or interference in human affairs. They stand out conspicuously in both the Old and the New Dispensations, and display His presence and intervention at critical periods either in the history of His Church or of His individual saints, and indicate her regard, first, for His own honor, and second, for the welfare of His people.

Some persons look upon them as mere marvels. It is their extraordinariness which arrests their attention. They appeal to the love of the wonderful in human nature. Thus it was in our Lord's day; so it is still. The marvelous yet astonishes the multitude. Objects of beauty, worth and splendor, day by day pass unnoticed, awaken no enthusiasm and receive no special study, become considered so common, while some seven-day wonder stirs the public mind and fills the community with excitement and interest.

But miracles are revelations as well as wonders. They are the vehicles of instruction as well as monuments of power, symbols of truth as well as signs of greatness. They instruct as well as astonish. Individuals act wisely who receive them in this two-fold aspect. Thus viewed, they are lifted out of the region of the fanciful into the real, out of the ideal into the practical, and out of the past into the living present. They speak to the mind, heart, and life.

THE LATE MOTHER BERNARD.

A simple death notice is all we publish this week regarding the lamented Mother Superior of the Sunny-side Orphanage, whose passing away on Friday evening last has brought a startling sense of loss to the community of St. Joseph. The Catholic public in Toronto will find it hard indeed to realize that Mother Bernard is dead. A great nun, a valiant woman, whose life was a long record of good work; her place was not merely one of esteem and honor—it was in the hearts of the thousands to whom her name meant all that the institution which she managed represents.

We will not now speak in praise of her great zeal for religion, for education and for charity. The accomplishments of her life are above praise; their high reward cannot be bestowed in that way. The formal language of eulogy is completely silenced by the suddenness with which she has been called to her true reward. Yet, so noble a life must be recorded for its inspiring and edifying lessons. Not for the sorrow or the sympathy which its termination evokes. Those are but human feelings; and her life was all given for God's sake. Merit there is in preserving the record of Godly lives, but it can only attach to a worthy dedication and motive.

Mother Bernard's life work covers the history of the community of St. Joseph in this country. She was one of the four holy pioneers sent here from Philadelphia fifty years ago to establish the order in Canada. There are no doubt some of our readers who remember the coming of those four ladies. Mother Bernard was the last of them and had she lived till next month would have participated in the solemn jubilee celebration of the foundation which has since extended to the sister Canadian cities of the Ontario capital. We cannot publish Mother Bernard's obituary without a proper sense of the importance of making an accurate record. Next week we propose to give this. As we have already said no obituary praise could be nearly as eloquent as Mother Bernard's work, which lives after her. May her soul rest in peace.

REBUTTED CONVICTS.

Sixty convicts at San Quentin prison, who have been converted from evil ways and brought into the Church in the last twelve months by Rev. Robert Session, "the convict friend," were confirmed last Sunday by Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan. An interesting feature of the affair and one calculated to show the earnestness of the men, is the fact that several times for several months they gave up their half hour's recreation that they might attend the instructions. There is a vast difference between the requirements for admission in the Church and into the sects. For the former a rigid course of study and instruction is required, generally extending over months, and evidence of sincerity in the postulant, while in most if not all of the latter little more than the expression of a desire to join the particular sect is required.

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CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

(Catholic Times.)
The most significant result of the eighteenth congress of the Italian Catholics, which has just been held at Taranto, is the enthusiasm it has aroused in favor of Christian democracy. The cause of the people in Italy has thus received a fresh impetus. Owing to the hostility of the authorities in consequence of the Socialist riots, Catholic action amongst the workers was for a time considerably hampered. The agents of the Italian Government do not even yet look with a very favorable eye on Catholic energy amongst the toilers, and they forbade a religious procession which was to have been held in connection with the congress. But the ardor of the Catholics was not damped, nor was their resolve to carry on practical work disturbed. Through Cardinal Rampolla the Holy Father intimated to the presidents of the different societies what modifications in their rules and regulations were advisable in order to avoid friction with the Government. These changes were effected, and at the same time the delegates wisely decided that every possible means should be taken to knit the Catholic forces together more closely by means of federation. It seems to us that the time is coming when there will be a universal federation of the Catholic societies of the world, and it need not be said that when that is realized and the children of the Church are united under the standard of Christian democracy, which, as an Italian Bishop declared at the congress, the Pope has just consecrated, their power will be irresistible.

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DEATHS.

JESU, MARIA, JOSEPH.

The Religious of the Community of St. Joseph very humbly supplicate for the love of Jesus and Mary, you will recommend to God, in your Holy Sacrifices, Communions and Prayers, the Soul of their beloved Sister, M. M. Bernard, Diwan, who died Sept. 20, at 9:30 p.m., fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church, in the 72nd year of her age, and the 52nd of her religious life. Requiescat in Pace.

HERR MOST'S TESTIMONY.

(From The Catholic Union and Times.)

When Herr Most, that ideal anarchist of the Empire State, had been told that President McKinley's assassin was a Pole, he is said to have exclaimed: "Impossible, for the Catholic Church dominates that country too effectively." We are not indebted to the bewhiskered Herr for any new idea, but we cannot help feeling kindly towards him for his stoical announcement at this period of national excitement. He paused long enough to utter a truism which an infidel world recognizes, but tries to hide; which Christian haters of Catholicity would have their followers accept as poetic license; but which unbiased history proclaims trumpet-like to all who are fair enough to listen.

This typical "Red" who seems to have no fear of God (but a whole-some fear of police inspectors like Tom Byrne, of New York), may have

uttered his statement with sourness enough to curl the Milky Way, but he told the truth; and it would be well for the peace of society if some of our psalmoidal preachers were to heed this modern Baalam, and quit their asinine accusations against the Church.

INDIA'S OLDEST CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A correspondent of The Standard and Times describes the oldest church in India, that of Calicut, Malabar. It is famous for the picture of the Madonna, which, according to tradition, was taken to the court of Akbar. It is a copy of one of three copies of the Madonna of St. Luke, made for the first time by permission of Pope St. Pius V.

There are no sanctuaries so-called in the diocese. But we have a near approach to one in the old church and convent dedicated to the seraphic Saint Francis of Assisi at Monte-Mariano, a mount nine miles distant from Mangalore. A legend tells how the saintly Father Miranda, of Hyder-Ali's time, was directed by the coining of a ring dove out of season to build a church on the mount, and how the man of God was miraculously preserved there in the midst of persecution. The buildings were restored and converted into a seminary by the Carmelite Fathers when they took charge of the mission. The seminary having been transferred to Mangalore, the old cloisters and church are silent in the tomb the whole year round, till the approach of the feast of St. Francis, when preparations are begun for the great annual feast.

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"I need not urge you, reverend dear sir, to share in public evidence of grief, which the whole country will offer as a tribute of respect to the memory of the departed President.

"While the prescriptions of the liturgy do not permit us to have official church services, yet our whole hearts ascend in prayer to God for the welfare of our afflicted country, and for those on whom rests the burden of its destinies. As children of the Church, we are ever-loyal to constituted authority, and under no circumstances ought our fidelity to duty and loyalty to country be more pronounced or more earnest than in the hour of trial and adversity. I, therefore, request you, after High Mass on every Sunday of this month to recite with the people the Litany of the Saints, that God in His mercy may look graciously on the nation, and drive far from it the dangerous and fatal principles whose consequences have to-day plunged the whole land in sorrow.

"I would request you, further, to impress upon the faithful the constant teachings of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., against the errors of Socialism. In this way we will contribute modestly, it is true, yet not without fruit, strengthen and intensify public opinion on this most important subject.

"Pope Leo XIII. denounced the pest of Socialism and Anarchism in his very first encyclical letter, and on many other occasions. For convenience of reference, I append the dates of some of these documents that happen to be at hand, so that consulting them you may find excellent subject matter for your instructions: Dec. 28, 1878; Feb. 24, 1880; June 29, 1881; April 20, 1884; Jan. 6, 1886; Aug. 22, 1886; June 20, 1888; Dec. 30, 1888; May 15, 1891; Sept. 19,

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED
TO...
FOREIGN
NEWS

ENGLAND

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON THE KING'S BLASPHEMY.

London, Sept. 10.—Preliminary to the Catholic Conference, which is to be held in Newcastle-on-Tyne this week, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society, a great public meeting was held to-night in the Olympia, Newcastle-on-Tyne's largest hall. The hall held about five thousand people. Cardinal Vaughan presided.

Cardinal Vaughan referred in the beginning to a statement that had been made that he had deliberately outraged public feeling by inviting to England certain French religious, some of whose confessors had made themselves particularly obnoxious by their constant attacks upon this country. The fact was, that upon the passing of the iniquitous law against the religious congregations he gave a general invitation to any who might wish to come to his diocese until they could return to France. He should certainly offer whatever hospitality he could to all, without distinction, who had suffered for Christ's sake. He was too broad an Englishman to know any other policy. It was necessary, he proceeded, to vindicate to themselves the use of the honorable titles "Catholic" and "Catholic Church." He complained that people would never, if they could help it, speak of them as Catholics, but always as Roman Catholics—Catholics belonging to some place abroad, with a double and a foreign allegiance. With Catholics themselves the prefix "Roman" was simply declaratory of Catholic. It was declaratory that the central point of Catholicity was Roman—the Roman See of St. Peter. The Catholic Church in England has been Roman from the beginning. He urged his hearers to use the term Roman Catholics. They should claim it and defend it, and be proud of it, but in the true and Catholic sense. But he would say that, like their English forefathers, and their brethren on the Continent, they should call themselves habitually simply Catholics, members of the Catholic Church. Let others call themselves and call them what they pleased, but let them assert equal liberty for themselves, and call themselves Roman Catholics, or simply Catholics just as they pleased, for both meant the same thing. Of course for legal purposes and to secure to themselves a distinctive appellation which no one else would dare to appropriate, the term Roman Catholic was perfect—it was theologically correct and absolutely exclusive. He desired to offer a few observations upon the Royal declaration, a matter that concerned them both as British subjects and Catholics. He entirely and frankly accepted the declaration that the King must be a Protestant. He was convinced that in the present condition of the English people, haunted by fears and suspicions, it was expedient that the King should be of the religion of the overwhelming majority. Catholics had no difficulty in paying allegiance most loyally to the Protestant Sovereign, because they gave their allegiance and their lives when needed primarily to the civil power ordained by God. They had a constitutional monarch, who was subject to the laws, and in practice bound to follow the advice of his Ministers. A Catholic King under present circumstances would be a cause of weakness, of perpetual difficulty, and of untold anxiety. They were better off as they were. Their dangers and grievances, their hopes and their happiness lay in the working of the Constitution, not in the favor or the power of the person of any Sovereign. It was Parliament—the House of Commons—that they must convert, or at least strive to retain within the influence of Christianity. What they wanted was to get the House of Commons to maintain the Christian laws of marriage as the basis of society, and to secure to parents and their children a true and proper liberty in the matter of Christian education. He pointed out that the next session of Parliament might settle for ever the position of Christianity in this country. Secondary and middle class education would be thrown into the melting pot. In the process of the devolution of educational authority upon County Councils, Christianity would run the risk of losing rights which it seemed to have almost secured under the working of the Education Department.

Legislation assuring equal educational rights to all elementary and secondary schools, equal expenditure of public money in Christian and Board Schools, would be the work of a distinctly Christian Parliament. Referring to the subject of the King's declaration and oath, he observed that some surprise had been expressed

bill will be satisfactory to Catholics that does not give to denominational schools the same public support that is given to Board Schools."

Dr. Burton seconded the motion, which was adopted.

A vote of thanks to Cardinal Vaughan ended the meeting.

IRELAND

DEATH OF LORD MORRIS

Dublin, Sept. 9.—The death is announced of Lord Morris and Killanin, which took place yesterday morning at his residence, Spiddal, County Galway. His lordship had not been well lately, but the fatal termination of his illness was wholly unexpected by his family.

The death of Lord Morris removes a remarkable personage from Irish life. His career in politics and at the bar had been marked by brilliance and success, and was in a sense unique. He was the most prominent and the most successful of the small band of politicians who, in the fifties and sixties, appeared as the forerunners of a Catholic Tory Party. His humor, always spiced with an Irish flavor, was characteristic. Though a determined Unionist and a strenuous party man, whenever his allegiance to his friends left him free he worked for the general Irish and Catholic interest. On the education question, the financial reform question, and others he rendered considerable service.

He was a Galwegian of the Galwegians. He boasted of belonging to the "tribes" on both sides of his pedigree, for his mother was a Blake. He was born on November 14th, 1817, and was educated at the Erasmus Smith School, Galway, and Trinity College, Dublin. His career in the latter was distinguished. He emerged a Senior Moderator and Gold Medalist in 1847. Two years later he was called to the bar, and in the same year filled the office of High Sheriff in his native city. While yet wearing the stuff gown of the outer bar, he was appointed Recorder of Galway, which office he filled from 1857 to 1865. In the latter year he retired from the Rectory to contest the Parliamentary representation. He stood upon what he described as "independent principles," and polled 90 per cent. of the electorate. But in the following year he accepted the office of Solicitor-General under the Derby Administration, becoming Attorney-General in November. In 1867 he was raised to the bench as one of the Judges of the Common Pleas Division. Nine years later he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was appointed Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in 1887. Two years later he became Lord of Appeal in Ordinary and a life peer. His judicial career was not marked by any great display of learning, but his sound common-sense and knowledge of the world more than compensated for any lack of lore where issues of fact had to be determined.

Outside his professional career he did some useful public work. He was a member of the famous Powis Commission, which investigated the Primary Education system in 1868-70, and was appointed a Commissioner of National Education in the former year. He was also one of the original Senators of the Royal University, of which institution he was also Vice-Chancellor.

Little more than a year ago he resigned his office of Lord of Appeal, the vacancy thus created being filled by the appointment of an English judge. A peerage of the United Kingdom was conferred upon him on his retirement, when he took the title of Lord Morris and Killanin. He married, in 1860, the daughter of Baron Hughes, of the Irish Exchequer, and Lady Morris survives him. He is succeeded in the peerage by the Hon. Martin Morris, M. P., the Unionist member for Galway City.

FRANCE

TIE SULTAN AND RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

It is rather amazing to find the Turks, who are in conflict with the French Government, taking a leaf out of the book of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, by threatening to impose new taxes on the French Religious Orders, which have so many important establishments in the Ottoman dominions. Amusing also is the fact that the said Orders have been always carefully protected by the French Government, which is persecuting them at home. M. Constant, who has left his post as Ambassador in Constantinople in circumstances well known, was a zealous caretaker of the interests of the Orders in the East, and so were his predecessors. It was admitted even by the most anti-clerical politicians in France, that the Orders were spreading French influence, as opposed to English and German, in the East, so they were protected and even cherished, the French Government allowing them prizes for their pupils.

Now, the Sultan, unless he be brought to book by the naval demonstration which is threatened after the Czar of Russia leaves, wants to impose the five per cent. property tax on the Jesuits, Franciscans, Vincentians, Carmelites, Dominicans, Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and

others who have establishments at Jerusalem, Bagdad, Beyrouth, Constantinople and elsewhere. The imposition of such a tax is contrary to the Capitularies of 1673 and 1740, as well as to a newer law of 1868, all granting certain privileges to foreigners in the Ottoman Empire. Some of the Turkish officials would be extremely glad to see the Capitularies hanging to the wings. This France cannot allow them to do, so we shall then have the French Government sending a squadron to the Dardanelles for the purpose of protecting members of those Orders and Congregations which are being virtually hunted out of France.

The French religious establishments in the last are spread from Salonica to Constantinople, and from that place to Beyrouth and beyond, as far as Alexandria. At Beyrouth the Jesuits have a University famous all over the Levant for its Medical School, Gambetta, who also attacked religion at home, like his pupil, Waldeck-Rousseau, helped to found this University, as well as Baron de Courcey, the estimable Frenchman who was formerly Ambassador in London. This University sends out annually from 24 to 30 French-trained doctors. The Christian Brothers, the Franciscans, and the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul are also at Beyrouth. It is in Jerusalem, however, that most of the French religious establishments are to be found. There the Sisters of St. Joseph have three houses; the Ladies of Sion have a school and orphanage; the Christian Brothers are continually adding to their houses; wherein Catholics and Islamites are taught, the Dominicans have the Basilica of St. Stephen and the School of Biblical Studies; the Sisters of Charity have vast houses and hospitals, and notably an institution for lepers near the famous "Siloa's brook" of Milton, the Salesians have schools chiefly for agricultural instruction; the Benedictines have a monastery on the slope of Olivet and are building another on the road between Jerusalem and Jaffa; and the Assumptionists have the vast hostelry of Notre Dame de France, near the ramparts of the Holy City, and wherein pilgrims are lodged and fed. These are only a few of the religious establishments at Jerusalem, independently of the Franciscan "Custody." The French Assumptionists, who have suffered so heavily at home owing to the Associations Bill, and to the machinations of the Dreyfusards, have schools and missions all over the East from the iron gates of the Danube to Scutari and beyond. Monsignor Charnet, who controls the work of the schools in the East from Paris, warns the French Government that if the Orders under its protection in Turkey and the Levant are injured or prejudiced by the action of the Ottoman Porte, both Germany and Italy will combine in order to ruin French influence in the East, which, after so much toil and cost, has been made predominant.

M. de Flax, a writer in The French Economist, examines the whole question from a practical standpoint, and advises the Government to beware of what it is doing to the Orders at home, for their disorganization in France will have a dangerous reaction in the East. He also says that American and Canadian Catholics will be ready, as well as Germans and Italians, to sap the French influence in the Ottoman dominion. M. de Flax does not, of course, mean that American and Canadian Catholics would sap French influence designedly and directly, but only that the Religious Orders in the East, now under French protection, would seek instead that of the transatlantic Catholics who have, or who are in league with those who have, capital and enterprise.

It is regrettable to notice that the departures from France of those who are struck by the Associations Bill continue to be numerous. It is considered certain that the Carthusians will leave the "Grande Chartreuse" and their other establishments. The Jesuits at Amiens are leaving by degrees for Mons and Arlon, in Belgium. Their college is in the hands of secular priests, but no director has been appointed, owing to the opposition of the Government, which is afraid lest a disguised Jesuit should obtain the post. The Visitandine Nuns, whose Order has been at Amiens for four centuries, are also going. Carmelite Nuns, from Normandy, have gone to the Channel Islands and to Belgium. The Benedictine Nuns, who had splendid establishment in Corsica, have left the island, and the Orders are to leave by the 15th of October.

UNITED STATES

CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTH.

Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulists, says:

"We are sure that in a few years the Catholic religion will be as fully prepared to evangelize non-Catholics as she is to save the souls of her Catholic children. We use the term non-Catholic advisedly, for it is to the great mass of our people who have drifted away from all Church affiliation that our work is directed

as much as it is to any other class."

"We do not dream of sweeping the whole country into the church in one generation. But we are personal to that our country needs the Catholic Church to teach obedience for law and respect for authority, to keep alive among the masses of the people the stern and honest virtues of honesty, sobriety and domestic morality. Religion to do its best work must be more than emotionalism or social clubism. It must teach restraint of passion, it must demand and encourage the highest self-sacrifice."

"What we say of the country at large we say of the South in a more particular manner. While the South in many regards is praiseworthy for its civic and moral virtues, yet it is likewise responsible for some of the deepest blots on the good name of America. The prevalence of lynching is but an acute symptom of deep and all-pervading social disease. The negro has been under the influence of a Christian religion for many generations, but the crimes that are committed in some instances contravene the savagery of darkest Africa. Little wonder is it that this is the case when the only religion they knew is one that panders to passion and cultivates unrestrained emotionalism. Yet the negro is amenable to law and is docile under restraint. The Catholic Church, which has civilized all the nations of the world, alone can bring him to the high estate he is capable of."

"The Catholic Church must grow in the South. The South needs it just now when it is awakening to a new civic and industrial life. As it feels the warm blood of a newly aroused energy tingling in its arteries, as it leaps with this newly awakened activity in commercial life, it will need the guiding hand of a supernatural religion. It will need the restraining and uplifting influence of a worldwide organization."

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Its Beauty and Its Surpassing Powers of Flight.

Henry Hale thus speaks of the "winged jewels" of our gardens: "The brilliant little humming-birds are the most exquisite of all birds. They are called the gems of bird life. They are more. No gems in any diamond sparkle as they sparkle. They flash with a radiance and brilliancy not equalled by any other of nature's brightest jewels, even among the gaudy butterflies. Every change of light or movement reveals a new color or their iridescent feathers, changing like the glint of light on a diamond, but with stronger effect in color. Not known outside of the American continent and its islands, what a surprise they must have been to the early explorers! And they still keep surprising us as new species are discovered. Not many years ago one hundred and fifty species was supposed to be about the number; now it is nearly four hundred—about as many as all the species of birds breeding in the United States. What a variety of lovely forms and delicate, fantastic, eccentric freaks in feather, as well as color—like the unique tropical orchids! Nature seems to exhaust herself in fascinating, delightful oddities. Had they been known in the old-world fairy-lands, we think they must have figured as ariel sprites, so quickly do they present themselves, so quickly disappear."

We of the chilly north must be satisfied with this one representative of this numerous little family, and be thankful for that; and as there is a great similarity in their habits of living, flying, building and feeding, our little Ruby-throat must, in a degree, stand as a deputy for all his Southern brethren, whom he visits every winter. He sips the charming flowers of the tropics, returning in the spring. He arrives in Florida early in March, gradually going north as the flowers open before him, then going farther north, passing the northern boundary of the United States about the 1st of June, breeding as far north as the Saskatchewan plains, west of the Missouri Valley and Texas. Some of them remain in Florida.

The flight of this little bird is more remarkable than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wings supporting a comparatively light body. But our little bird has a plump body, his wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight; and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in mid-air, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this way he can sip the nectar of the delicate, fine-stemmed flowers without alighting for a moment. He never alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement sometimes chasing away a bee or hummingbird moth, of which he is very jealous, nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that seem in his way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.

Companies

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Office and Safe Deposit Vaults

69 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

CAPITAL \$1,000,000
RESERVE \$250,000

President: JOHN HOXIN, K.C.L.D.
Vice-President: HOW. S. C. WOOD, W. H. BEATTY, Esq.

J. W. LANGMUIR, A. D. LANGMUIR,
Managing Director, Assist. Manager

James DAVY, Secretary

Authorized to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR,

TRUSTEE, RECEIVER,

COMMITTEE OF LUNATIC,

GUARDIAN, LIQUIDATOR;

ASSIGNEE, ETC.

Deposit Boxes to rent. All sizes, and at reasonable prices.

Securals received for safe custody.

Bonds and other valuables received and Insured against loss.

Solicitors, bringing Estates, Administrations, etc., to the Corporation are continued in the professional care of the same.

For further information see the Corporation's Manual.

Our Annual Report for 1899 shows as the result of the year's operations the following Substantial Increases in the important items shown below:

Gross Assets..... \$26,469,92 AN increase of

Premium Income, \$106,228.05 18,358.46

Interest Income, 12,434.07 8,361.64

Net Assets..... \$28,205.92 44,783.38

Reserve..... 273,414.20 50,568.68

Insurance in force, 3,656,913.15 472,950.00

WANTED—General District and Local Agents.

EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID FASKEN, President.

Secretary.

Head Office, TORONTO
Incorporated 1889.

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EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID FASKEN, President.

Secretary.

Head Office—Confederation Life Building

Toronto.....

THE YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

INCORPORATED 1851

CAPITAL - 2,000,000

FIRE and MARINE

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

PRESIDENT: HON GEO. A. COX VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR: J. J. KELLY

DIRECTORS: HON. R. C. WOOD, W. R. BROOK, Esq. G. E. MCGRATH, Esq. G. E. COOKBURN, H. M. BAIRD, Esq. J. K. OSBURN, ROBERT BEEBY, Esq. G. C. FETTER, Secretary.

SOLICITORS: MASON, McARTHUR, OLER, BROOKS and O'KEEFE.

...The
EEEEEHOME CIRCLE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.
Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
Gospel, St. Matt. ix. 1-8: Jesus cures the
Man-sick of the Palsy.

Su. 29 | St. Michael, Archangel.
M. 30 | St. Jerome, C.D.
T. 1 | St. Remigius, B.C.
W. 2 | Holy Guardian Angels.
Th. 3 | St. Dionysius, B.M.
F. 4 | St. Francis of Assisi, C.M.
S. 5 | St. Placidus, M.

DEATH THE DOORWAY.
Let not your soul be saddened by
dread of darksome death;
Immortal life depends not upon the
mortal breath.
Behold this world; no creature more
helpless can be found,
Yet this, too, has a future, by death
upreised, unbound,
It crawls its brief existence till Sum-
mer's sun has fled;
Then lies in cocoon shrouded and, as
a worm, is dead.
But when the warmth of springtime
breaks through its silent tomb,
On radiant wings it floats on air,
and sips the flower's perfume.
'And yet the selfsame spirit that moved
the creeping thing,
Now flutters in this moth's light form
and on its rainbow wing.

Out of the acorn's foulness that now
lies here decayed,
Shall rise the giant oak tree, with
broadly spreading shade;
And every seed that buried and
seems to rot away,
But proves that death is doorway
unto a higher day;
But proves that death is needful to
loose the spirit's wings,
And that all life is only the germs of
better things.
—Alexander Jeffrey, in The Philis-
tine.

THE BRIGHT SPIRIT.

To the bright-spirited friend we always turn when we need human help.
In affliction we have no use for the one who looks on the dark side of life. He is as useless as dark, lowering skies are to the already storm-beaten land.
It is the bright spirit that scatters sunbeams and lifts from the saddened soul the face of sorrow. Just as the morning sun scatters the great black shadows of night so does that sweet, happy spirit drive the sorrow and gloom from the atmosphere about it. It is no wonder that we look to the bright friend for help when we are submerged with affliction and sorrow. No other can help us in the dark hours of bereavement and trial. Just as the crushed, broken flower seeks to catch the sweet sunbeams, so do we turn to the bright soul. —St. Anthony's Messenger.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

The Rev. Augustine Brugnoli, O. S. M., preaching recently at the Servite Church, Fulham, London, from the text, "And who is my neighbor?" said, every poor person was our neighbor, and those who were rich should remember that the wealth they were in charge of was not theirs, that it was left to them to dispose of it, for "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Man was only the steward, and would have to give a strict account of the property entrusted to him. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary for the rich man to assist his poor neighbor, for "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and God in turn would reward the cheerful giver. Life here was subject to many changes and chances, and it often occurred that those who were uppermost to-day upon the wheel of fortune, were down the next day. It behooved us to be kind to the poor and the afflicted for they were our neighbors, and especially to despised sinners, upon whom our Lord had mercy. The Son of God did not refuse to associate with those whom the world rejected. We should, therefore, learn to recognize our neighbor, no matter what his station in life might be.

♦ ♦ ♦

CHATS W'TH YOUNG MEN.

Nearly every young man, unless he intends to be a priest, intends some day or other to get married. That is the natural order of things. Since such is the state of things it behoves every man with such intentions to consider well the few hints here suggested for perusal.

The first thing to be well understood is that marriage don't work miracles. It leaves you just where you were before, with this exception—that "you are not yourself at all," but have become somebody else's and that means an extra burden. Therefore you must be prepared for this new encumbrance. It is true the wife you have taken is supposed to be a helpmate, but it doesn't always follow that she will be; so I say you must be prepared. Prepared for what? To pay rent, to put bakers', bakers', and dressmaker's bills and sometimes apothecary's bills, too.

How are you going to prepare for

the request made in another Salt-workers, Porters, Goldsmiths, Fruiterers appeal in favor of their special candidate. These calls on the voters generally end with the letters O. V. F. (Oro vos facitis), equivalent to "Please vote for him." That the people of Pompeii were not all grave and serious may be deduced from one of the inscriptions announcing that the "Society of Late-Drinkers unanimously request the candidature of Cerinurus Vatia-Agraffito," or a scratching on the wall of a tavern. In the street of the Augustales informs the visitor that "Idoneo says: Here you may drink for one aces. He who gives two will have better drink. What must you pay for Falernian (wine)?"

The names of women are met with on several occasions recommending certain candidates, but they are suspected of being tavern-keepers. They had, however, a pronounced taste for home politics. One of them, Statia, is met with on two of these appeals, with an interval of two years between them. Another, Petronia, joins her name to that of Statia in favor of Cassellius and Albuscius, and they add: "May there be such citizens in perpetuity in the colony (or city)."

Then there are the play-bills, or announcements of sports to be performed in the city by companies of gladiators. One of these was found on a wall near the "Casa del Centanario," in Pompeii, and the inscription, which was mutilated, was supplied from a similar inscription on a picture of the amphitheatre:

"Twenty pairs of Gladiators, paid by Decimus Lucretius, Statius Valens, flamen or priest, in the time of Nero, the son of Caesar Augustus, and ten pairs of Gladiators, paid by Decimus Lucretius, the son of Decimus Valens, will fight at Pompeii on the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of April. There will be a splendid hunting scene, and the awning will be spread.

—Written by Celar.—Emilius Celar, writer of inscriptions, wrote this by moonlight."

That, certainly, was an interesting announcement to the show-loving and sporting young men of the town. As you stand in the silent, empty amphitheatre, which has, in its present condition, a marvellous echo that repeats the lightest word, the image of the twenty pairs of gladiators engaged in bloody combat, rises before the mind. In the great Museum at Naples the helmets and breast-plates and other armour, worn by the gladiators, and all their weapons, may be studied in great detail. So the imagination has no difficulty here in reconstructing the show provided by Decimus Lucretius Statius Valens in the first century of the Christian era.

A walk through the streets of Pompeii, informed by the studies of the many scholars who have given years to the elucidation of its art, its life, its manners, and customs, and religion, will do more to make you acquainted with the nature of the people who lived in that early time, than probably any other promenade in the wide world. It is all so strange and startling, and full of intense human interest, that you feel as if you were among the ancients in the shadowy ages."

If you wade into the little Museum near the Sea-Gate you will be brought into still closer relationship with the people of Pompeii in the past. The most important and enthralling objects in it are the plaster casts of bodies that were overwhelmed and "buried in," as it were, by the hot ashes which fell during the eruption that destroyed the city. The ash was as fine, or even finer, than ordinary domestic dust, says one writer, and consequently enveloped the human bodies or other substances completely. The substance buried thus made an exact mould of their forms in the ash, just as an object buried in a snowdrift makes an exact mould in the snow. It may be readily understood that all that was perishable of the human bodies thus buried perished, while the bones remained, and remained exactly, in their places as they fell. When the excavators came upon an opening at an angle in the ash with which house was filled they poured into it liquid plaster of Paris, and having left it to harden they removed the external ash and obtained an exact cast of the body, or other object, originally there.

These plaster casts taken from the forms of the dead, with all the agony of suffering in the faces and attitudes, are real statuary, one might say, taken from the life at the very moment of death. Here is the life-sized figure of a young girl—one of the most pathetic in the collection. Her hair is gathered in a knot on the top of her head, and her left hand is over her mouth to save her from the ashes or the vapour; her right arm supports her forehead as she fell. There are about half a dozen of such figures; but some of them have not been successfully cast. A mother and daughter lying close together is a touching group.

This is the silence of Death; the city is the "City of the Dead." Naples is the city of noise and bustle and life and it contrasts in every way with the neighboring peaceful Pompeii.

Children's Corner

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky,
And whoever he meets, on lanes or
street,

He looks him straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught
to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not kite or
ball
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.

And the teachers depend on the little
friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good
marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy who is not too big
For a morn'g kiss from mother and
Sis.
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole
day long

As merry as boy can be,
A gentleman, dears, in the coming
years,
And at present the boy for me.

♦ ♦ ♦

CONUNDRUMS.

What land was originally from wa-
ter? Iceland.

What is the difference between a
child who has counted but ten sum-
mers and a popular game? One is ten,
and the other tennis.

Why is the sugar with which a ship
is freighted like a locomotive? It
makes the cargo (car) go.

Why is a scholar at the head of his
class like the letter S? He is in
school, and always learns his less-
sons.

Why is an old-fashioned dress like
the letter L? It is not in vogue.

What tune do all men prefer? For-
tune.

What servant does every man be-
come when he is married? A groom.

What kind of men do scissors most
resemble? Peacemakers.

Why are cowardly soldiers like but-
ter? Because, when exposed to fire,
they "run."

♦ ♦ ♦

BOB'S FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

In perfect health, and in the best of
spirits Bob Wende set out for school
one bright June morning. His mother
smiled a fond parting to him as she
watched him from the door of their
little cottage. She lingered on the
step till Bob was out of sight; then
the smile faded away, and with a
heavy sigh, she turned to her daily
work.

She was poor and none too happy.
When Bob was a baby his father died,
leaving Mrs. Wende heart-broken over
her loss, and sorely puzzled as to how
she was to earn a living for baby and
herself. She knew the little money
her husband had saved would only
support them about a year. Being a

practical woman, she decided to spend
the year in learning how to earn
money. She had a taste for sewing;
and after a year's apprenticeship in a
dressmaking establishment, was able
to do well that she was kept very
busy.

The years flew by and Bob grew
rapidly. His mother guarded him ten-
derly, and trained his heart and
mind so carefully that at ten years of
age Bob was a very bright, attractive
boy. He was in the First Communion
class in St. Joseph's parish, and was
very appreciative of the wonderful
happiness he was so soon to receive.

Father John had charge of the First
Communion class in the parish school
that Bob attended. He assured Bob's
anxious mother that he felt sure
Bob's Communion would be a very
good one.

It was the day before the retreat be-
gan that we say Bob off. He had
just been talking seriously with his
mother on the all important topic of
his First Communion.

"You know, Bob, dear," his mother
had said, "on that day, on the way
you receive your First Communion de-
votion your whole future life. If it is
good, if you do all in your power to
prepare your heart to receive your
Lord, then you will find it easy to be
good for the rest of your life. But be
careful, dear, be very careful."

Bob sealed his promise with a kiss,
and went whistling down the street.

That noon as Bob was walking
home from school he's attention was
arrested by a horse which was run-
ning away. The driver had been
thrown from the cart, and the frightened
animal was having it all his own way.

Just then Bob saw a little
poodle dog lying in the middle of the
road and the horse was almost upon
him. The dog, evidently, had a
broken leg, because he seemed unable
to crawl away from the coming dan-
ger.

Bob made a frantic dive and grabbed
the little dog in his arms. As he

felt the cold nose of the horse on his
face, he also felt the earth swim be-
fore him, and soon he was uncon-
scious. The horse had stepped on him
and he was badly hurt. They carried
him to the hospital, and after an op-
eration, the authorities sent for Bob's
mother.

When Mrs. Wende arrived in the
ward she found her merry boy quiet
and white, with a solemn, peaceful
look in the once roguish blue eyes.

He smiled when he saw his mother,
and after a hug and a kiss, he said:
"I'm all right now."

"Mother, dear, the doctors say I
cannot live. Will you send for Father
John, and beg him to let me make
my First Communion before I die? I
won't mind going after that."

Seeing his mother's tears, he added,
"Not much, mother, dear."

Father John soon came, heard the
lad's confession; and then—in the
quiet ward, with no flowers nor musi-
cian, none of the usual accompaniments,
Bob received his first holy Communion.

It is a pleasure to testify to the
worth since one bottle effected a
cure for both cases. Without doubt it
is a marvelous remedy."

Mr. George Palmer, 87 Palmerston
avenue, Toronto, says: "I have suf-
fered from bronchial trouble for the
past five years, and can say truth-
fully that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lin-
seed and Turpentine is the only rem-
edy that has ever given me permanent
relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and
Turpentine has by far the largest sale
of any similar preparation. Insist on
getting it, and you will be more than
pleased with the results, 25 cents a
bottle; family size, three times as
much, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Ed-
maston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

R.I.P.A.N.S TABLES

Doctors find
A Good
Prescription
For mankind

There is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R.I.P.A.N.S Table and the price, ten for five cents, does not bear them from any shop or druggist. Those in enduring ill that are easily cured, a family bottle containing 120 tablets, will be found sufficient for a year. Recommended for sale by druggists. Sisters, Leeming, Miles & Co., 122 Notre Dame St., Montreal, agents for Canada.

Advertising in the
Register Tells

"I have been benefitted by my advertisement in The Register, and can trace many customers as a result of it." H. C. Tomlin, Toronto Baker, Bathurst street.

Toronto, Sept. 17, 1901.
Mr. P. F. Cronin, Managing
Editor The Catholic Register:
Dear Mr. Cronin—Permit me to add my congratulations upon the improved appearance of The Register under your management.

Viewed from the Journalistic and typographical standpoint, The Register seems to me to be fast becoming what the ideal Catholic Canadian newspaper should be. There is no valid reason why our Catholic Canadian homes should be without a Catholic Canadian newspaper and in this respect I trust The Register will meet with the success it deserves and displace, as it should, the American newspaper which is very often taken to the exclusion of our Catholic Canadian weeklies.

Allow me also as an advertiser to express my appreciation of the manner in which your mechanical department has always responded to suggestions given as to display, etc., in advertising matter. This is a source of genuine satisfaction to one who endeavors to make his advertising PAY.

Let me add that as a proof of our confidence in the advertising columns of your paper that we have this day contracted for double our usual space,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. BLAKE,
Proprietor Blake's West Side
Catholic Book Store, Toronto.

I let a man learn that everything in nature, even moths and feathers, go by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps. By diligence and self-command; let him eat at his own disposal, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom. Let him practise the minor virtues. How much of human life is lost in waiting. Let him not make his fellow-creatures wait. How many words and promises are promises of conversion? Let his be words of fate—Christianity and fashion.

TO CHARM

THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessor. In grace of design and beauty of finish it is unequalled. Its thoroughness of construction insures against disappointment. But its truest excellence is the marvellous quality of tone it produces.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS have found Pain-Killer very useful. There is nothing equal to it in all cases of bowel troubles. Avoid substitutes, there is

but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

THE D. W. KARN CO., Limited
MANUFACTURERS, REED ORGANS
AND PIPE ORGANS
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Oh! breathe no ill of others' lives,
Or in such converse hear a part;
Words can give sorcerous wounds than
knives.
And sadly lacerate the heart;
Judge not, O man, thy fellow-man;
Leave that to Him who reads the
mind;
But search for all the good you can,
For they who seek shall surely find.

Be tender in your speech of all,
And never let your voice be heard
Condemning others for their fail,
Or slandering them by deed or
word;

To others' failings close your eyes
And tarnish not another's name;
For who shall say that you would
rise?

A better man if tried the same.

Then lement be to others' faults,
As you would have them be to you,
And take no part in their assaults
That taint the noble and the true;
For God alone can judge the man,
And we must all before Him stand,
Then ever speak the best you can
And reach to all a helping hand.

* * *

The King's Messenger

A Priest's Ghost Story.

The old priest looked very thoughtful. "Yes," he said, "I have had some ghostly experiences, and so have some others of my kindred; for which I have reason to thank God."

Father Anselm was a member of a religious order, and was engaged in giving a retreat in a retired part of England at the time of telling the following story to the friends in whose house he had been received for the occasion.

The talk had been of spiritual experiences, ghostly manifestations. Father Anselm had been appealed to. Had he ever known an authenticated case of the return of a spirit from the other world? He reflected a little, and there stole over his worn face that beautiful light which was familiar to those who knew him, making them feel that it was good to be in his presence. Then he began:

"I will tell you the story. It dates a long way back, even from the time when I was a mere child. My father had died a Protestant, leaving my Catholic mother with two young children—my brother and myself. No quarrel, no unkindness had ever existed between my father and mother on account of the difference in their religion; but my father was resolved that his sons should not suffer the worldly disadvantage of being educated in the Catholic faith. He, therefore, appointed his brother our guardian in this particular matter.

"Our home was on the side of a Scottish mountain, with heathery crags at its back, and the sea within sight—though not so near as it seemed; for as we stood in some of our windows it looked as if the tumbling waves were threatening to sweep us all away and make an end of us. Up in a high nook my mother had her little oratory, and there she burned her little lamp to the Sacred Heart night and day—imploring protection for her sons who were too young to know the danger that hung over them. The fishermen used to turn their eyes to that isolated window, which was never darkened, and had many a story of perils from which it had rescued them on wintry nights. There was a vague belief among even the most ignorant that there was a blessing on that light, and that the lady in the old castle up there was a saint."

"My uncle lived in London, and had never visited his brother since he had shunned against the religious prejudices of an old family by marrying a Papist. Much affected by my father's death and the trust he had reposed in him, my uncle wrote to my mother, asking permission to come to see her for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out her husband's instructions as to placing his sons in a Protestant school.

"I remember vividly to this day how my mother received that letter; how she led my brother and me to her little place of prayer, and there before the lamp, with an arm round each of us, she offered us to God, calling on Him to save us. We were frightened, and clung to her and wept.

"'Rather take them to Thyself, O God!' she prayed, 'as Thou dost take their little sister. If Thou has no good work allotted for them to do in this world, take them!' We both remembered the death of our little sister, and we wept the more when our mother brought her into her prayer.

"Meanwhile our uncle was journeying toward us from London, full of a benevolence which was to exercise itself by taking steps for the promotion of our future welfare in the world. Judging by my mother's letters, he knew that he would have difficulties to encounter in the discharge of his duty; and, though benevolent, he was prepared to be stern. His sister-in-law was doubtless a good woman, romantic and poetic as Catholics were wont to be; but it lay with him to exercise a firmness which would make

it impossible for her to destroy the worldly prospects of her children.

"He mused much on the subject as he traveled the whole of long winter's day up north; old associations revived, old affections stirred by the sight of once familiar landscapes long unseen. Unlike my father, who was a sincere Protestant, my uncle had little or no religious faith of any kind, and was known among his London friends as a Positivist; therefore the removal of his brother's sons from the teaching of their mother was to him nothing more than a prudent arrangement, securing them against misfortune in this life. As the Scottish hills came in sight it occurred to him that such scenery would naturally tend to encourage the fantasies of religious beliefs, all of which seemed to him quite illusionary—the Catholic only a little more so than the Protestant faith.

"All poetry," he reflected, "that subtle thing called poetry. In one form or another, how it dominates the whole world! It is more powerful than the steam engine, the electric fluid, than dynamite or the tides of the ocean."

"It was late in the evening when he arrived at the small country town from which he intended to post uphill to our home. He drove to the hotel and made arrangements to stay there for the night, preparing for an early start next morning. Taking possession of a private sitting room, he directed the waiter to fetch him some light refreshment. The room was brilliantly lighted with gas, and while waiting for the return of the attendant with his supper, my uncle stood at the table looking over a notebook which he had taken from his pocket. For the moment he was absorbed in the details of a business matter concerning himself only and quite oblivious of the affair which had induced him to make a winter's journey.

"Some slight sound caused him to raise his eyes, and he saw a little girl run into the room and come straight up to the table where he stood—a bright little creature about seven years old, with fair hair falling about her shoulders, and dressed in a pale blue muslin frock. She stood looking at him silently for a few seconds, with her head uplifted and her keenly intelligent eyes fixed on his face. Before he could ask her who she was and what she wanted with him, she spoke.

"Don't interfere with the boys!" she said, sharply, warningly.

"What do you mean, child?" asked my uncle, not for the moment noticing any connection between the words said and anything he knew of. She put her little hands on the edge of the table and leaned forward fixing a still more piercing glance on his countenance.

"Don't interfere with the boys!" she repeated, urgently. "If you do, God will punish you."

"Then the meaning of her words flashed on the man who was going on a certain errand, and he looked at her in mute astonishment. Mechanically he closed his notebook before replying to her, and in doing so his glance shifted momentarily from her to the book.

"Now," he said, "come and tell me what you mean."

"He looked around. He was alone in the apartment. Gonel! Who was she? Where had she come from? Had he been sleeping on his feet—dreaming? No; for he had just made an important calculation, which he had recorded with his pencil in his notebook. The jingle of glass and china announced the return of the waiter with his tray, and my uncle at once inquired of him: 'Who is the little girl who has just been in here paying me a visit?'

"The waiter smiled and shook his head. 'We have no little girl in this house, sir—no children of any sort.'

"Put you have visitors?"

"No children, sir. A young gentleman and two elderly ladies. We don't have many persons in the house just at this time of the year."

"My uncle persisted in asserting that a little girl had come into the room, and had spoken to him, until he found that he was only making himself an object of ridicule. Then he tried to put the matter out of his mind and went to bed.

"In the morning he awakened with the curious warning ringing in his ears: 'Don't interfere with the boys! If you do, God will punish you.' The words seemed to take a real meaning which at first had appeared accidental. Had the whole incident been the creation of his own brain, supplied by some latent impression of which he had been unconscious? But no; he was certain that no doubt of the integrity of what he was doing had lain anywhere unobserved within the limits of his intelligence. Then where did the girl come from, and what did she know about 'the boys' whose future welfare was at present a subject of his anxiety? For her presence had been a real one, that her sharp, clear, menacing words had pierced his actual fleshly ears, the morning's reflections left him not the shadow of a doubt.

"After an early breakfast, he hired a carriage and arrived at our home

about noon. Having asked to see my mother, he was shown into a morning room to which he had long been a stranger, but which in a moment was sweetly familiar to him. It was little changed, even as to arrangement; for my mother was one of those tender souls who love to keep things as they were long ago within the sanctuary of an old home. There was the quaint old satin-wood bureau in which his mother used to keep her letters and papers; he remembered the tragedy of an overturned ink bottle as to which he had confessed his infant guilt. That was his mother's work-table, evidently still utilized by feminine industry, as witness the skeins of colored silks lying within the open lid. Books—the same books—were there in their honored place behind the panes of the antique bookcases. The windows were still full of the sea; and a young stern grey crag, which seemed to rise out of it, had just the old threatening aspect which once made little children fear its frown like a conscience. The pictures on the wall were the same—Cromwell here, the Pretender there, heroes for boys to wrangle over. Though a determined Loyalist, how, as a youth, he used to love the Jacobite songs! And at this piano his mother used to sing them. Yet there were one or two changes in the pictures on the wall. The chimney glass over the mantelpiece had been removed, and a painting—apparently a portrait—had been substituted for it.

"My uncle adjusted his eyeglass and planted himself before the picture to examine it. 'My God!' he suddenly ejaculated, 'my God, what an extraordinary coincidence!' The picture was an exact representation of his little visitor of the evening before. There she was—blue eyes, falling yellow hair, pale blue muslin frock; a peculiar little countenance lighted up by the most speaking intelligence. As he stared at her the eyes looked back at him again, and the lips seemed ready to uncloise with a repetition of an urgent appeal, a menace. 'Don't interfere with the boys! If you do, God will punish you.'

"The boy! Was she one of the family? And had she, after all, been at the hotel the evening before, and perhaps, prompted by her mother, made an attempt to startle him? As this suggestion occurred to him he heard the sound of the door opening, turned and confronted my mother.

"The meeting was an affecting one. My uncle, though an eminently common-sense and matter-of-fact man, had his hidden vein of sentiment, and he was touched by my mother's fragile and spiritual beauty and sad aspect in her mourning weeds. She, on her part, did not find so much hardness as she had expected in the face of her dead husband's brother. They clasped hands in silence, and before my mother could find her voice to bid the visitor welcome, my uncle suddenly turned to the portrait over the mantelpiece.

"First, and before everything, he said, 'strange request as it may seem, pray tell me who is the original of that picture—if it has an original?'

"My mother's eyes followed the movement of his hand, indicating the particular picture. 'Yes,' she said, 'it has an original in heaven. That is the portrait of my only girl, who died five years ago.'

"Many a time my mother told us the story in later years. My uncle, who was rather a ruddy man, turned, she said, quite white, and kept staring at the portrait with so strange an expression that she thought his mind had suddenly become affected. At last he removed his gaze from the canvas and turned it on her. Two or three large, slow tears gathered in his eyes and dropped.

"My sister," he said, "it seems to me that God has been fighting your battle and intends you to win. I came here to take your boys, I shall leave them with you."

"He then, simply and shortly, told her of his experience of the evening before. My mother wept silently. Awed and impressed as she was, she had no difficulty in believing the story.

"We need not talk about it except among ourselves," said my uncle; "but let me stay with you here for a few days until I think the matter out. I am not just the man for an experience of this kind. I shall take some time to digest and assimilate it."

"We were introduced (my brother and myself) to our dread uncle, whom we did not find at all the kind of person we had expected. He was bluff and kind; took us for long walks and rides, questioned us about our sports and our lessons, told us stories, and was altogether a delightful companion to us. He encouraged us to talk to him about everything, which he did, perhaps overjoyed sometimes. Among other things we informed him of how much we had dreaded his visit.

"Mother was afraid you would take us from her and send us to a kind of school she did not like," said my brother. "We prayed against you every night. Mother said to God that she would rather He would take us Himself, where He has got our little

sister, than let us go with you."

"But, then, she did not know the kind of man you are uncle." I hastened to say, fearing that my brother, a year or two younger, had spoken with want of tact.

"I do not wonder she did not know me," said my uncle, "for I do not seem to know myself."

"After some days he left us and went back to London; but he wrote to my mother frequently, and before long he paid us another visit. He used to stand for long minutes before my sister's portrait, gazing intently at her bright, intelligent little face; and then would turn away and pace up and down the room, lost in a reverie.

"Mary," he said one day, "a new man would seem to have been born in me on the day when I entered this room bent on opposing you. I ask you to pray that the new-born creature may grow and develop into something more worthy of his Maker than the individual who was I."

"My mother prayed, and so did we two little boys. And, not to spin my story out to wearisome length, the end of it was that my uncle, and afterwards his wife, and children, became fervent Catholics; and my brother and I are both growing old in the priesthood!"—Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, in *The Ave Maria*.

TOLERATION OF ANARCHISTS.

(Antigonish Casket.)

It is surely a mistake to wait until an anarchist uses his dagger or the pistol before he is dealt with. Yet, in London these people meet in the public parks and talk murder, and plot, and, because they are regarded as queer foreigners, they are laughed at and passed by. The same is true of every great city in the United States. Infidel governments in some of the European countries have taught these people the maddest theories of liberty at the same time withholding from them the practice of any liberty. God's education has done the rest. They are mad, and the people of England and America must cease to laugh at their madness.

WHAT ANARCHY IS.

(Western Watchman.)

The theory of anarchy is that human passion is as harmless as brute passion, and to indulge it is divine.

This is the corollary of Protestantism. Luther was the arch-anarchist of the world. He taught the world that nothing that man could do was sin;

that the believing Christian was above every law. Erasmus and Rabelais were both monks. Both wrote the worst books that were ever penned.

Both are the philosophers of modern anarchy. Both would be Protestants, but the former could not brook the assumptions of Luther, and the latter the tyranny of Calvin.

Communism is the belief that all men, being brethren, should equally share the goods of all. Socialism is the theory that men should live in society, without government, without restraint, without any individuality of career, pursuit or ambition.

The pleasures of the whole should be shared by all alike, and the duties of the whole borne by all alike. Socialism is communion in both the goods and joys of life. Anarchy repudiates society and substitutes gregariousness.

Goods, joys and life itself they leave to nature to supply; to nature to nourish; to nature to defend. Theirs is the communism of the brute, the freedom of the wilderness. There is Christian civilization, but they will have none of it. There is education and enlightenment; but the wild freedom of the forest is dearer to them than all. Not civilization; not refinement; not artistic paganism for them, but barbarism—naïve savagery is their element; the feather their bed; the mountain their altar, and the tornado their prayer. Such is anarchy.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

(Bishop Spaulding.)

Reason as well as religion impels those who work with the head and those who work with the hands, to co-operation, not to conflict. The interests of both are best served when they are friends. If labor is not directed by ability, it is sterile.

The notion that those who work with the hands are the sole producers of wealth is a fallacy which should deceive no one. The vast increase of wealth in the modern world of industry and commerce is the result to a far greater degree of ability than of labor.

It has been produced chiefly by the comparatively few men of exceptional gifts, who have invented machines, organized enterprises, opened markets and thus given work and sustenance to millions who but for them would never have been born.

Capital itself which makes our great undertakings feasible is largely stored ability, ability embodied and made permanently fruitful in the means of production and distribution.

Columbus did not sail his ships; but had it not been for his genius they would not have sailed at all, and had the mutinous crew thrown him overboard, they would have drifted to death and the new world had not been discovered. The natural sources of wealth

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A Play at Platonic.

"I would do anything to convert you to a more sensible frame of mind."

"My dear mother, it is sense. That's just the point of it-up-to-date sense."

"I can't see it," said her ladyship shortly, shutting up her fan with a snap. "Here's a pretty, amiable, accomplished heiress waiting to be won, and you won't look at her, forsooth, because of her money. Talk of social regeneration. I call it modern madness."

"Now, mother," replied Lionel Damer, affectionately, kissing her white, well-shaped hand, "don't fly off at a tangent, but try to see things from my point of view. I quite acknowledge that Ruby Lisle is all that you say; but answer me this: Are there not hundreds of girls just as pretty, amiable, as accomplished, who yet, because they are born in poverty, have to drag out a weary youth in hardship and toil? As I am blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods, it is one of these I should like to seek out and wed."

Lady Damer gave a sigh of despair. "You will be asking me to receive some factory hand as your wife," she said, chillingly, "and I won't, Lionel—not even for you, I won't."

"Never fear, mother mine," he rejoined, laughing, as he stooped to kiss lips not more prettily chiselled than his own, "I promise you she shall be as fastidious and well-bred as your own dainty self."

Lady Damer smiled faintly, a smile of incredulity; but their conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Ruby Lisle in a dinner toilette of cream chiffon and lace.

Ruby was a petite blonde with rosy brown eyes and a peach-fair complexion. She was a great favorite of Lady Damer, and had been a visitor at The Towers for the past month, during which time her hostess had lost no opportunity of throwing her into Lionel's company, apparently without effect.

"Is it so late?" said her ladyship as the girl approached. "I never heard the dressing bell, Lionel and I have been so engrossed talking about horses. I must go without any more delay." And she left the room, not seeing the twinkle in Ruby's merry, dark eyes.

The door closed. Miss Lisle moved slowly towards the conservatory. A moment's hesitation and the young man followed.

Ruby paused before some beautiful chrysanthemums and sighed softly. "Why that sigh?" asked her companion, courteously. "You of all people have not even crumpled rose leaves to complain of!"

Ruby sighed again, looking up wistfully at him.

"Those who are rich of necessity must be sad," she said, with a plaintive little air that was vastly becoming. "We see what we ought to do, yet are not free to do it."

"What is the particular piece of goodness you want to do?" he said, suppressing a yawn, for, like most other 'lords of creation,' having known the girl all his life, he took it for granted. "There was nothing in her which he had not fathomed long ago."

"I will say it to you, because you are in the same position," she began timidly, with downcast eyes. "I am so strongly convinced that money should not mate with money. Is it not obviously unjust? There are so many starving genuses with whom it would be a privilege to spend one's life. Yet I am so hedged in by chaperones and conventionalities that I am not free to act as I would."

Lionel looked at her with newly awakened interest. Had the soul only been in chrysalis all along. For the first time he noticed something very entrancing in the curves of the child-like arms and the Cupid's bow of her rose-red lips. He hated her mother with a cherished hatred; because she was worldly to her finger-tips, and he had taken for granted that the daughter was walking in her mother's footsteps. To-night for the first time he had a doubt, and, to his surprise, the doubt was a pleasant one. Could he teach Ruby to share his enthusiasm?

"Women are made so different to men," he observed, sententiously. "Your sex will go wild over theories because of their novelty, but when it comes to practice—"

"I know," she interrupted eagerly; "but don't judge us harshly. The world's setters have made things impossible to us—that for you are only difficult."

"My difficulties are almost insuperable," he replied, dropping into a

confidential tone. "To make my plan of mixed marriages a success, the one who has been brought up in poverty must still be incapable of offending the fastidiousness of the circle he or she is going to join. Yet one cannot send them to school. Perhaps your woman's wit can come to the rescue."

Little Ruby knitted her brows and tried to look wise.

"I have it," she said at length, clapping her hands joyously. "Why, don't you see, we must each find the other the treasure that we want. No man can educate a null-girl for her place in society, but if I, a woman, find one worthy of you, I can soon give her all necessary hints. In the same way, I could never tell a man, however much I adored him and his genius, that he must wash his hands before every meal and must never smoke in my boudoir. My illusions would go if I had to teach him manners. I want him to be poor, but I want him perfect. Suppose, Lionel, we make a compact. For a year we will look out for each other for suitable aspirants for our hand and heart. I will trust your taste and you will trust mine. They must be penniless and virtuous and clever. At the end of the year we will produce our lists, and the chosen one shall go into training for a period. Oh, it will be lovely!"

Ruby's cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled, and Lionel, warming with gratitude for her sympathy, smiled back at the "lante" beauty with a sensation as new as it was agreeable.

So it was planned, and Lady Damer's heart beat high with hope when she saw the air of understanding there was between them, while by the end of the evening Lionel began to regret that Ruby was quite out of the running.

During the next twelve months Lionel and Ruby met often at friends' houses and had much to say to each other, as became people with a secret, though by tacit consent the subject was not to be mentioned between them till the year had elapsed. They were then staying at a country house in Devon, and considering that it could not concern Lionel, it was odd how restless and moody he became if Ruby let any one of her numerous admirers monopolize her attention.

When the day of days came they both seemed pensive and preoccupied. According to arrangement, they went up to the river which ran through the grounds and established themselves on a mossy bank far from the haunts of men.

"Who is to begin?" inquired Lionel, in anything but a jubilant tone.

"You, please," said Ruby, nervously from the depths of her red sunshade.

Accordingly he drew a paper from his pocket and flushing to his temples, began with a strange hesitation.

"I have not found many who had all the desired qualifications. One cannot be too careful when the future of a loved one is at stake. But here they are: 'First, Mr. Snape, an impudent poet!'

"Delightful!" murmured Ruby, in a dull tone.

"Slightly addicted to intemperance."

"The horrid beast!" she commented, more cheerfully.

"Second, Mr. Moffat, a talented actor."

"I adore actors!" interrupted the girl, wickedly.

"With a strain of insanity in his blood," continued the reader, in the same forced, dull voice.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruby, rather dashed.

"Third, Mr. Ord, a starving author."

Ruby bent forward with clasped hands.

"He is a widower with ten children," he went on, unmoved.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Lisle, again sinking back.

"And fourth, Mr. Drinkwater, a Creole hero over seventy, and with a wooden leg."

Lionel folded the paper carefully and replaced it in his pocket. Then he stared gloomily before him.

"Which do you wish me to take?" said Ruby.

"None," he answered very decidedly. "I shall not allow you to have intercourse with any of them."

Something in his tone made the peacock color steal again into her cheeks and the silver tear-drops never left the shelter of her eyelids.

In her turn she drew from her ret-

icle a sheet of scented notepaper and ran over the list in a hurried voice to the young man, who lay stretched at her feet with his hat pulled well over his eyes.

"Miss Brody, a pretty governess; consumptive. Miss Pott, a typewriter; slightly deformed. Miss Lascelles, a violinist; false teeth. Miss Day, a model; no brains; and Miss Othe, trapeze artist, smokes."

Ruby crumpled the sheet of paper almost roughly in her small hand as she finished reading and tossed it into the water.

"Which do you wish me to take?" he asked, sitting up on the grass and never taking his eyes off her face.

"Please yourself," she replied, tilting her chin.

"Before we enter into a discussion of their various merits, I have a confession to make," he said, bending towards her and speaking in a low tone. "I have lately lost all the money invested in some foreign silver mines. I am therefore comparatively a poor man. How does that affect the question at issue?"

"In this way," Ruby cried, on the spur of the moment; "why you must be consistent and marry an heiress."

Then she broke off, faltering, and blushed a burning crimson.

"May I?" he besought, coming nearer towards her. "Ruby, for many months past I have known I have been playing a fool's game. Only I thought you were so deadly in earnest that I had no chance. But your last words have given me hope. Dare I—may I think that you will be my wife?"

"I suppose I must be consistent, too," she whispered, with a bewitching glance, as she let him draw her into his arms.—T. Sparrow in *Cathodic Fireside*.

The Character of a Gentleman.

(By Cardinal Newman.)

It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never gives pain.

He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all distrust or suspicion, or gloom or to make everyone at ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome.

He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. . . . He has too much sense to be affronted at insult. He is too busy to remember injuries, and too wise to bear malice. . . . If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better though less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, and indulgence. He throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human nature as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

Accordingly he drew a paper from his pocket and flushing to his temples, began with a strange hesitation.

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ROYAL VISITORS AT VILLE MARIE

Montreal, Sept. 20.—An historic institution was visited by the Duke and Duchess this afternoon. It was the Convent of Ville Marie, a portion of which was one time known as Monklands, the house in times gone by of Governors-General of Canada. Situated about 10 miles from Montreal, Monklands overlooks the St. Lawrence, and the Duke and Duchess had a beautiful view from the broad piazza of what was once the vice regal mansion and is one of the leading educational institutions of the Province. Monklands has often been visited by royalty. The Princess Louise paid a visit to Monklands, also the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Orleans, son of Louis Philippe of France. The convent is at present conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The wide avenue leading up to the historic old building was tastefully decorated when the royal party, with their escort, drove up at 4 o'clock. The Mount Royal Rifles, 450 strong, formed a guard of honor. The porch of the convent was covered with trailing plants, while up the broad steps pots of plants and flowers added to the decoration of the surroundings.

At the entrance to the institution the royal visitors were met by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi; Sister St. Mary Caroline, Superior of the institution; Sister St. Justin, Provincial of the order; several other sisters, and Rev. Albre Foucher, chaplain. Passing through the Bishop's parlor, formerly the dining-room of the Governors, and later the chapel of the Sisters, the distinguished guests were conducted towards the grand recreation hall of the convent, which is situated in the wing built since the acquisition of the property by the nuns. At the end of the corridor they beheld the Sistine Madonna, said to be one of the finest paintings in the country. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was also present to escort the visitors through the institution. The pupils of the institution, all neatly attired in black dresses, with white collars, and each wearing a white rose, sang an ode of welcome and "Domine Salvum Fac Regem Eduardum," while an orchestra rendered Handel's "Largo." The address presented was both in French and in English, and was printed on white satin, the initial letters being after the pattern of 14th century illuminations, the work of one of the nuns. The ode of welcome sung by the young ladies of the convent was also illuminated in the same style. The address was as follows:

"Whilst we are proud our beloved Dominion can receive Your Royal Highness with all the pomp and splendor of naval and military as well as civic display, and thus give evidence of our material strength, we rejoice to know that this alone does not constitute for Your Royal Highness the greatness and glory of a nation. Like your illustrious ancestor, King Alfred, the founder of our literature, you recognize that education is as necessary to the national prosperity as military prowess. In organizing schools to regenerate his kingdom the great Saxon did not confine his attention to those for men, but was careful to establish convents for the moral and intellectual culture of women, over one of which, that at Shaftesbury, his daughter, Ethelgrove, was constituted the Abbess. We would fain believe that, like him, the greatest, perhaps, of English Kings, Your Royal Highness in designing to visit our convent wishes to show personal interest in the work of education for women. For this we are deeply grateful. That throughout this dear Canada of ours the affection of a loyal people to the British constitution greet the heir-apparent to the throne and his gracious consort, and that the best gifts of heaven fall in abundant measure upon them shall be the prayer of the religious and the pupils of Ville Marie."

Mrs. Beaubien read a French address, after which Misses McKenna and Rice presented a bouquet to the Duchess, and Miss Edwards read some verses of welcome.

The Duke replied briefly in English and added a few words in French. It was the first time since his arrival that he used that language, and the compliment was highly appreciated by those present. He said he wished to remark, in that beautiful French language which they had so well preserved, how well pleased he was for the loyal homage they had expressed for the King, his father, and also their good wishes for the Duchess and himself.

They were greatly pleased to be during the short stay to be present at an institution with which were associated such historic memories. He thanked them for the beautiful bouquet of flowers presented to the Duchess, and assured them that, though the flowers might fade, the name of Ville Marie would never fade from the minds of the Duchess and himself.

Charles Kingsley thus counselled to a friend: Make rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.—Mr. D. Steinbeck, 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."

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LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

ST. AGNES BENEFIT SOCIETY.
St. Agnes Benefit Society (Miss Tobin, president, Miss Grady, secretary-treasurer), at its last regular meeting passed the following resolution: "St. Agnes Benefit Society desiring to place upon record the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of all the members with Miss Margaret Belmore on the recent death of her sister, order that an expression thereof in suitable form be transmitted to the sorrowing family of our sister member, placed upon the minutes."

PRESENTATION TO FATHER PLAYER.

On the departure of the Rev. Father Player, parish priest of St. Basil's Novitiate, St. Clare avenue, for Texas, where he is to act as superior of a new college in connection with the Basilians Order, he was presented with a purse containing one hundred dollars in gold as a recognition of his services by his parishioners. The address accompanying the presentation was read by Mr. Jas. Deegan, the presentation being made by Mr. John Graham. Mr. P. Falvey acted as chairman.

MISSION IN NORTH BAY.

From Sept. 8th to the 15th a most successful Jubilee mission was preached in North Bay by Rev. Fathers Verlooy and Fiset C. SS. R. of Montreal. The sermons of the good fathers were most impressive, and their zealous labors in the pulpit and the confessional have been productive of permanent results. During the week about 700 of the parishioners received Holy Communion. The grand jubilee of 1901 was in every respect a most memorable event in the parish of North Bay.

ST. MARY'S C. I. & A. A.

At the last regular meeting of St. Mary's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Rev. Father Sheridan.

Be it, therefore, resolved, that we, the members of the above association, deeply deplore his early demise and offer our heartfelt consolations to his relatives and

It further resolved that copies of these resolutions be sent to his relatives and be published in the Catholic Register, The Catholic Record and The True Witness.

J. T. LOFTUS,
Recording Secretary pro tem.

CLOSE OF THE JUBILEE.

The jubilee or holy year was brought to a close on Tuesday evening by the Catholic Church in this Archdiocese. Services were held in all the city churches, and large congregations were present at St. Michael's, St. Basil's, St. Mary's and St. Paul's churches. At St. Michael's Cathedral, which was crowded to the doors, solemn vespers were sung by Archbishop O'Connor, assisted by Father F. Reddick, Father Bench and Father Canonicus. His Grace the Archbishop de-

The Two Scourges

ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE.
An Antidote Discovered.

A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs, even in the most hopeless cases, is attracting a good deal of attention among those interested in temperance work. The medicine is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless and absolutely free from narcotics. It leaves no evil after effects and can be carried in the pocket and taken in absolute privacy, thus dispensing with the publicity, loss of time and expense of an institute treatment.

The medicine has been tested and is vouch'd for by "The Vicar of St. Michael's", Rev. Father Quinlan, Rev. Father Strubbe, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Eggar, Rev. Father Gaile, Rev. Father Coventry, Rev. Father McCollon, Rev. Father Gaughan, Sister Agnes Sister William, S. S. H. Sister Ethelburga, and many others.

Full particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. Dixon, No. 81 Wilcox Street, Toronto, Canada.

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Teachers Wanted.

WANTED — For S. S. NO. I, Rutherford — a Catholic teacher; holding a second-class certificate; duties to commence at once; applications, stating salary and experience, to be addressed to T. H. Jackman, Killarney P. O., Algoma West, Ont.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY — CATHOLIC teacher—salary for balance of year, \$100. Address John E. Sullivan, Kingsbridge, Ont.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 8,000; good to prime steers, \$1.20 to \$1.60; poor to average, \$1.00 to \$1.20; calves, \$1.00 to \$1.25; cows, \$2.20 to \$2.40; heifers, \$2.00 to \$2.50; canaries, \$1.50 to \$2.00; bulls, \$1.50 to \$2.00; veal, \$1.00 to \$1.20; hogs, \$1.00 to \$1.20; western steers, \$1.10 to \$1.25; hogbacks, \$1.00 to \$1.20; good to choice steers, \$1.20 to \$1.50; rough to choice, \$1.00 to \$1.20; hogs, \$1.00 to \$1.20; good to choice wethers, \$1.00 to \$1.20; fair to medium, \$1.00 to \$1.20; western sheep, \$1.25 to \$1.50; native lambs, \$1.00 to \$1.20; lambs, \$1.25 to \$1.50.

East Buffalo Cattle Mart.

East Buffalo, Sept. 24.—Cattle—Offerings, 10 cars; market full steady. Veal and calves—Offerings, 200 head; lower; best veal, \$2.25 to \$2.50; others, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Hogs—Offerings, 200 hams; \$1.50 to \$2.00. Sheep—Offerings, 1,000; \$1.00 to \$1.25. Lambs—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Mutton—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Beef—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Butter—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Eggs—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Milk—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Butter—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Eggs—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Milk—Offerings, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Leading Wheat Markets.

London, Sept. 24.—Opening—Wheat, on passage but steady. Corn, firm but not active. Weather in England uncertain, in France cloudy. Weather in country markets, English quiet. French dull.

Liverpool, Sept. 24.—Close—Spot wheat steady; standard, £1.10 to £1.15; No. 1, £1.00 to £1.05; No. 2, £0.95 to £1.00; No. 3, £0.90 to £0.95; No. 4, £0.85 to £0.90; No. 5, £0.80 to £0.85; No. 6, £0.75 to £0.80; No. 7, £0.70 to £0.75; No. 8, £0.65 to £0.70; No. 9, £0.60 to £0.65; No. 10, £0.55 to £0.60; No. 11, £0.50 to £0.55; No. 12, £0.45 to £0.50; No. 13, £0.40 to £0.45; No. 14, £0.35 to £0.40; No. 15, £0.30 to £0.35; No. 16, £0.25 to £0.30; No. 17, £0.20 to £0.25; No. 18, £0.15 to £0.20; No. 19, £0.10 to £0.15; No. 20, £0.05 to £0.10.

Paris, Sept. 21.—Close—Wheat steady; No. 2 red winter, £0.80 to £0.85; No. 3 red winter, £0.75 to £0.80; No. 4 red winter, £0.70 to £0.75; No. 5 red winter, £0.65 to £0.70; No. 6 red winter, £0.60 to £0.65; No. 7 red winter, £0.55 to £0.60; No. 8 red winter, £0.50 to £0.55; No. 9 red winter, £0.45 to £0.50; No. 10 red winter, £0.40 to £0.45; No. 11 red winter, £0.35 to £0.40; No. 12 red winter, £0.30 to £0.35; No. 13 red winter, £0.25 to £0.30; No. 14 red winter, £0.20 to £0.25; No. 15 red winter, £0.15 to £0.20; No. 16 red winter, £0.10 to £0.15; No. 17 red winter, £0.05 to £0.10.

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