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The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Oct. 29 - Of the Peris. 30 - Of the Peris. 31 - Fast Day. Vigil of All Saints.

A great deal of matter is crowded out of this issue by our report of the great meeting in the Pavilion Tuesday night.

Next Saturday being the 42nd anniversary of the sacerdotal ordination of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, special services will be held at the Cathedral on Sunday next.

Mr. Grubb, who gave a "mission" in Toronto a short time ago, has turned Baptist, and Dr. Langtry, whose church is supposed to suffer by the change, has put the seal of his displeasure on Mr. Grubb's conduct.

The Archbishop and Bishops of Ireland have published the following resolutions concerning the bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister in Britain.

There are in Ireland at this moment but two University institutions deserving of the name—Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's College, Belfast.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of Oct. 9 has the following: "Almost incredible. While yesterday's storm was at its worst, white ships were hopelessly wrecked or lying for shelter, and the poor folk were in their cabins covering, half fed and half clothed, and coughing over their humble hearths, the crew bar brigado were abroad in the desolate Island of Arran driving the unhappy wretches out into the pelting of the pitiless storm."

The bishops make no complaint because Protestants of all denominations in Ireland enjoy to the full the educational benefits which Catholics are denied.

The prayer for the reunion of Christendom contained in the Euclycal Letter of His Holiness on The Rosary, which we publish to-day, is strikingly beautiful.

testimony in the Acts of the Apostles. Therein is described the first assembly of the Disciples, expecting with earnest hope and prayer the promised fullness of the Holy Spirit.

The Irish University Question.

At the annual meeting of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland held in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, on the 18th and 19th, and presided over by Cardinal Logue, another argumentative attempt was made to force the Government at Westminster to do common justice to the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of higher or university education.

In England such a miscarriage of legislation on a matter of so much importance would be impossible. There Parliament responds to public opinion. The English people are able through their Parliamentary representatives to make and unmake governments, and their maturely-formed wishes must be granted.

Perhaps reflection on the history of this one question may make clear to Englishmen why Irishmen desire the management of their own affairs, and stand aloof from the actual Government of the country in a spirit of distrust and alienation.

The Week on Bishop Keane's Retirement.

Our contemporary, The Week, which has recently very much improved itself, is laboring under a peculiar fallacy concerning the retirement of Bishop Keane from the rectory of the Catholic University at Washington.

millions and a half of Catholics. We do not seek to impair the efficiency of any institution. We do not want to take one shilling from the endowments of any other body.

It would be difficult to imagine a more reasonable position. But this is the very same position the bishops have occupied all along. Imagine, then, the irritating nature of the government procrastination.

The sharp decline in the price of wheat within the past week should not cause the farmers over much uneasiness. Advance and reaction have followed one upon the other very quickly, and the brokers hardly know in which direction to look next.

The Price of Wheat.

The education question in Ireland is like the land question, the police question and every other question. The parliament that makes the laws is not responsible to the people, and unless a solid Irish party can wield the balance of power, Liberals or Tories don't care a fig for Irish grievances.

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own columns a long time ago when it was new news. Its republication at the present time is from no official source. A Western American paper resurrected it, and a number of other papers endeavored to make out that it had some bearing upon the retirement of Bishop Keane.

"Being solicitous for your future welfare, we leave it to your own free choice either to remain in your own country, or if you prefer it, to come to Rome. If you choose the former, we will desire for you some Archiepiscopal see, by vote of the Bishops of the United States.

One of the newspaper theories being about as good as another, Canadian journals, anxious to find in the retirement of Bishop Keane something that might be brought to bear upon the question of religious education in Manitoba, have no easy task.

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Close of the Presidential Campaign.

The closing days of the presidential campaign in the United States afford no assistance to the prophets. The result of the election may give either party the victory.

Republican party is proving itself more imaginative than the Democrats in the creation of panic arguments. Archbishop Ireland's views on the situation have been most useful in this way.

The Late Dr. Bergin.

In the death of Dr. Bergin, M.P. Canada has lost a man of the very finest type. An Irish Catholic, enjoying to a marked degree the confidence and respect of an important constituency; a man whose education and natural abilities fitted him for high office; a citizen whose services to the country in times of danger from disease and disturbance more than once proved the patriotic spirit in him, Dr. Bergin, had he been ambitious in the ordinary way, would have had a somewhat different record.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

The Cornwall lodge of the C. M. B. A. held their annual dinner at Alexander Hall on Monday evening the 12th when quite a pleasant evening was spent.

C. O. F.

At the last regular meeting of the above mentioned court, a committee was appointed to make arrangements for our annual concert and dance which will take place in Temperance Hall, Temperance street, Wednesday, Nov. 25th 1896 at 8 o'clock, p.m.

OTTAWA.

Our Ottawa exchanges notice the retirement from business of an old and respected citizen—Mr. P. A. Eggleston.

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solution be forwarded to Mrs. William Clune and family, recorded on the minutes of this court and published in the CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

St. Basil's Catholic Union.

Three meetings of the St. Basil's Catholic Union have been held this fall and each one has been a record breaker for attendance and enthusiasm and it is safe to predict that this season's work will be the most successful of any.

Forest Thon?

Lovest thou me? O! soul for whom I died. The anguished death of shame upon the tree, While in my agony the dumb replied, Voicing to God his anguished loyalty; My chosen ones whose hearts I yearned to reach, For whom I lugged, and to whom I cried, My beloved souls that had the gift of speech, Stood silent by or spoke but to deride; Soul, art thou one of these? I did for thee.

Lovest thou me?

Lovest thou me? upon my altars laid, A helpless pleader for thy love I stay, The maker suing for the hearts Ifo made, Will thou, ungrateful, longer turn away? Both the world woo thee, seems it passing fair? Its heart is hollow, and its pleasures dust, Pleasures and joys I give beyond compare, Yet I ask nothing but thy love and trust, Myself an all, and all I give to thee, Lovest thou me?

Lovest thou me?

Lovest thou me? thro' the long years I seek, Calling my lost sheep in the rain and wind, In lowly valley, and on mountain peak, Tenderly joyful if but one I find, Whore o'er thou goest, thou canst not hide from me; My pierced feet shall follow to the end, My voice will reach thee over land and sea, Though to the last thy love I may not find, Yet, till the world shall end, I call to thee, Lovest thou me?

TORONTO, Oct. 25th.

St. Peter's Church.

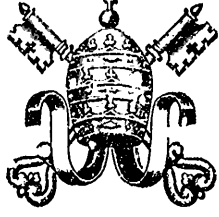
On Sunday before last Rev. Father McBrady preached at St. Peter's Church on the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Mrs. Small, Mrs. Ward and Miss Murch assisted at the musical service.

Tokens from Parishioners.

Rev. Father C. J. Phelan, for some time past curate at North Bay, has been transferred by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor to take charge of Douro parish during the illness of Rev. Father Keilly. Before leaving North Bay Father Phelan was presented with a beautiful marble clock and two gold coins by two parishioners of St. Mary's of the Lake.—Peterboro' Review.

OTTAWA.

Our Ottawa exchanges notice the retirement from business of an old and respected citizen—Mr. P. A. Eggleston.



To Our Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Local Ordinaries...

TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHERS, THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND OTHER LOCAL ORDINARIES...

WE HAVE ALREADY had the opportunity on several occasions during Our Pontificate of hearing public testimony to that confidence and devotion towards the Blessed Virgin which We imbibed in Our tenderest years...

And who could think or say that the confidence so strongly felt in the patronage and protection of the Blessed Virgin is excessive? Undoubtedly the name and attributes of the absolute Mediator belong to no other than to Christ, for being one Person, and yet both Man and God, He restored the human race to the favour of the Heavenly Father...

NECESSITY OF PRAYER.

The form of prayer We refer to has obtained the special name of "Rosary," as though it represented by its arrangement the sweetness of roses and the charm of a garland. This is most fitting for a method of venerating the Virgin, who is rightly styled the Mystical Rose of Paradise...

DIVINE FAITH AND THE ROSARY.

Yet another excellent fruit follows from the Rosary, exceedingly opportune to the character of our times. This We have referred to elsewhere. It is that, whilst the virtue of Divine Faith is daily exposed to so many dangers and attacks, the Christian may here derive nourishment and strength for his faith. Holy Writ calls Christ the "Author and Finisher of faith."

which is the stopping stone to eternity. The formula of the Rosary, too, is excellently adapted to prayer in common, so that it has been styled, not without reason, "the Psalter of Mary." And that old custom of our forefathers ought to be preserved or else restored, according to which Christian families, whether in town or country, were religiously wont at close of day, when their labors were at an end, to assemble before a figure of Our Lady and alternately recite the Rosary...

CHRIST THE ONE MEDIATOR.

And who could think or say that the confidence so strongly felt in the patronage and protection of the Blessed Virgin is excessive? Undoubtedly the name and attributes of the absolute Mediator belong to no other than to Christ, for being one Person, and yet both Man and God, He restored the human race to the favour of the Heavenly Father...

PRAYER FOR THE REUNION OF CHRISTIANS.

These considerations, Venerable Brethren, move us incessantly to extol and recommend to the Catholic peoples this excellent and most salutary form of devotion. Yet another very urgent reason, of which We have often spoken both in Letters and Allocutions, encourages Us to do this. For that earnest desire, which We have learnt from the Divine Heart of Jesus, of fostering the work of reconciliation among those who are separated from Us daily urges Us most pressingly to action...

Meanwhile, as a pledge of the Divine Favours and Our affection, We most lovingly impart to you, your clergy, and people, the Apostolic Benediction. Given at St Peter's in Rome, September 20th, 1896, in the 10th year of Our Pontificate. LEO PP. XIII.

Now Ready The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1897, Illustrated. Approved by the Archbishop and Bishops of Ontario. Contains: The only authorized calendar adapted to Ontario; The only directory of the Church in Ontario; The only accurate Clergy List of Ontario; The only complete List of Separate Schools in Ontario; The only complete List of Catholic Societies and their officers; The only complete List of Catholic Reading Rooms; An abundance of Catholic Reading; Numerous Illustrations.

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DOMESTIC READING.

Rule your temper and temper your tongue. A sunny temper glides the edges of life's blackest cloud. The first and most important quality of woman is sweetness. True liberty is that of a mind freed from the vanities of this world. Great men are medals which God marks with the stamp of their century. If religion has done nothing for your temper it has done nothing for your soul. He who has overcome one evil temper has acquired moral force to overcome another. Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Jack is in love with you." "Non-sense!" "That's what I said when I heard it." "How dared you!" "Hecks." "My baby actually cried for the moon last evening." "Wicks." "That nothing. One of these days she'll be wanting the earth." "Money is the root of all evil." "Yes, and that's why reformers huck away so vigorously at evil; they want to get some of the root."

Chats With the Children.

Over the hills and far away There are dreadful dragons that knights may slay— 'Tis a frightful dragon with brazen wings and scales of leather, and coiling tails. But if you're the proper kind of knight, With a suit of mail and a sword that's bright, You may whip those dragons and win the day. Over the hills and far away!

There is a cruel story in circulation concerning a certain pupil teacher in one of the public schools, who has been highly complimented because of the success attending the examination of her pupils. It was noticed that her class of boys seemed to be able to solve all the problems. When a question was asked every boy's hand in the class was raised. The principal of the school was putting the questions, and the lady teacher would call on a pupil to make the answer. Although more than a score of questions were asked, in no instance was an improper answer given. The principal was so pleased at the result that he made special reference to Miss Dash's proficiency as a teacher in each of the class-rooms he visited.

FARM AND GARDEN.

There being a time for all things, let the garden have its time, just now to be spent in a general clearing up. Get the dead plants, the pea-brush the weeds especially, all be gathered and burned, with all the accumulated injurious matters, the eggs of insects, the spores of mildew, and the decaying stuff that gathers unawakened of the rubbish, and trim the standing bushes and trees, burning all the waste out of the way. It is not worth while to save seeds of one's own growing, unless these have been specially grown for the purpose. The reason of this is simple. All the earliest products are taken as they come, all the first fruits, in fact, are the perquisites of the housewife, and the latter only are left for seed. This is the very reverse of what is the rule for the growing of seed for the improvement of plants, and necessarily it tends to retard the maturity of the product of this belated seed. Whatever may be done to forward the Spring work should be as soon as possible. This may be done anyhow, viz., to spread and turn under the manure, so that this will be decomposed by the early Spring and get mingled as much as may be with the soil, in readiness for the first crops. To clean out the small fruit rows, taking every weed by the roots, cultivating the soil between the plants, pruning out the dead canes, shortening and tying new ones, and taking away the surplus. The strawberry beds need thinning of the excess of runners, mulching with coarse manure, to be raked off in the Spring, when clean out straw may be spread between the plants to protect the fruit. The careful eye will see whatever is to be done, and the thoughtful mind will cause the skillful hand to do it without loss of time.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could triffl with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone. Sarsaparilla Safe Care Is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE of these, and the application now made will surely have its effect in the growth of the crop. It has been complained that the soil does not produce the same luxuriant growth of grass and clover that it used to do in the old times, when the land was fresh and had in it the ashes of the trees which were cut and burned on the land. As these ashes had from 30 to 40 per cent. of lime in them we can easily see how it was that they so much encouraged this vigorous and profitable growth, and as the lime now applied makes-up for the loss of the large quantity of plant food now exhausted, we must see that this loss is made up for the liberal application of lime at proper intervals. MARRIAGES. BRENNAN-IOLLS. On Monday the 13th in St. John's church Arthur, Rev. J. P. Doherty performed the interesting ceremony of uniting in the bonds of holy wedlock Mr. John Brennan and Miss Mary Jane Hollis, both of West Louth. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Hollis, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Edward Brennan, of Arthur township. BUNNE-WHELAN. A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday 14th at St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, when Mr. J. Burke, merchant, of Bank street, and Miss Annie Whelan, daughter of the late Mr. Whelan, of Billings' Bridge, were united in marriage by Rev. M. J. Whelan, who is a cousin of the bride. Miss Fitzgerald attended the bride and the groom was supported by Mr. John McDougall. The bride was attired in a becoming travelling costume. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Burke left for Troy, N.Y., and other points for a short visit among friends. Death of Mrs. James Keough, Guelph. GUELPH, Oct. 17.—General regret has been occasioned by the death of Mrs. James Keough which took place on Friday morning, at the age of 86. She deceased was a native of Longford, Ireland. Her maiden name was Rose McDougall. She came to Guelph in 1839, and was married to her husband, the late James Keough, in 1844. They took up land on the old homestead, where she has been residing ever since. Mrs. Keough was the mother of nine children, three of whom are dead, the latest being the eldest son, James Keough, who was well known in the city and took an active part in municipal matters. The six surviving are: William, in the County of Bruce, farming; Sister Clara, in Loretto Convent, Toronto; Lizzy, Mrs. McEhoun, in New York; Miss Keough and Thomas at home, and Rev. John Keough, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hamilton, who resides in Paris. Thomas has been suffering for the past sixteen years from paralysis and is expected to die at any moment. His physician does not hold out hopes of his surviving more than a few days at the outside. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from the old homestead and was well attended. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. Smith, Frank McQuillan, Thos. Flynn, A. McQuillan, Thos. Lynch and Geo. Fyfe. There was a large number in the Church of Lady, to which the services were taken before interment. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., and at the grave by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J. THE HOUSE—boldest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cat, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a little proclaudium, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Ointment. Swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA High Authority gives Unimpeachable Testimony for RYCKMAN'S KIDNEY CURE He Used the Medicine Himself and Recommended It. BE SURE AND READ HIS LETTER University of Ottawa, OTTAWA, CANADA, April 10, 1890. Dear Mr. Ryckman—I wrote to you July last stating that I derived much benefit to my health from taking two bottles of your truly marvellous remedy "Kootenay Cure." Since then I have taken three more bottles, and am now freed from chronic and acute Rheumatism, Diabetes and La Grippe. This is the first winter since 1890 that I have escaped from having several severe attacks of La Grippe, and am now free from the incessant and onerous duties of my position in this university. I have, thank God, enjoyed excellent health since August last. I have recommended the remedy to many persons, both inside and outside of the university and in most cases with entire success. These include persons suffering from Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Boils, Salt Rheum, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Insomnia, Scurvy, Nervous Debility, La Grippe, &c. In some of these cases the patients had been under the care of physicians for several months without relief and were cured by using a bottle or two of "Kootenay." I shall adopt it as the "Family Medicine for this institution."

Suppose, my little lady, Your doll should break her head, Could you make it whole by crying, 'Till your eyes and nose were red? And wouldn't it be pleasanter To treat it as a joke, And say you're glad 'twas dolly's And not your head that broke? Suppose you're dressed for walking And the rain comes pouring down, Will it clear off any sooner Because you scold and frown? And wouldn't it be nicer For you to smile and pout, And so make sunshine in the house When there is none without? Suppose your task, my little man, Is very hard to get, Will it make it any easier For you to sit and fret? And wouldn't it be wiser Than waiting, like a dunce, To go to work in earnest? And learn the thing at once? Suppose that some boys have a horse And to some a coach and pair, Will they not lose while walking To do so, 't is 'n' fair? And wouldn't it be nobler To keep your temper sweet And in your heart be thankful You can walk upon your feet? Suppose the world doesn't please you, Nor the way some people do, Do you think the whole creation Will be altered just for you? And to the wisest, bravest plan, Whatever comes or doesn't come, To do the best you can? THOMAS CHRY.

These bright autumn nights are the time to watch for falling stars, as they are called, as at this season of the year they are most frequently seen. Many of you have probably seen in some museum a piece of meteorite, which is the proper name for them, as they are often picked up, and specimens are quite common. We have just been interested in the return of Lieut. Peary, who went to Greenland last Summer on purpose to bring back the huge meteorite, weighing tons, which he found there on one of his trips. He was not successful, however, as the apparatus he took for moving the great mass proved unequal to the task, and he or some one else will have to try again. These meteorites are black and glittering, and are composed mostly of iron and stone. They are brittle and easily broken. They appear in the daytime as well as in the night, passing swiftly through the air and disappearing, usually with a loud explosion. In the late Autumn, in the month of November, the most meteorites are to be seen, and the astronomers have discovered that once in thirty-three years the earth seems to pass through a cloud of them, as at such intervals unusually large numbers are noticed. The most famous display of meteors that we know about of late years was that of sixty-three years ago, in 1833. It was like a shower of stones and lasted almost all of one night. This frightened many persons, particularly ignorant persons, who were sure the end of the world had come. But there is nothing to fear from them, except that it would not be pleasant to be struck by one, as they weigh all the way from 26 to 100 pounds.

"You used to be all honey when we were first married. How different you are now!" exclaimed Mrs. Wagster, reproachfully, to her husband, after a little tiff. "It seems to me," remarked Mr. Wagster, as he desperately waved the flies from his bald head, "that there must still be some honey about me!" "Mr. Meekton," she said severely, "I want you to explain a remark that you made just as you left the house last night." "I—I really don't remember saying anything." "I asked you why you were opposed to women's suffrage, and you replied, 'Because we're bossed too much as it is.'"

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more happy who can suit his temper to any circumstances. Editor J. I. Montgomery, of Marshall (Ill.) Democrat, states that for many years, he suffered untold agony from Dyspepsia. At last he began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and by the time he used six bottles, he was as well as ever. Caretakers, will cure you.

At the annual meeting of the directors and shareholders of the G.T.R.R., held in London on the 14th, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the President said the road was to a very considerable degree an American line, and the company must be guided by the interests of the shareholders before sentimental considerations.

AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION. A Virginia teacher has a boy of ten years in her school who recently prepared this very original composition: WINTER. Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in winter months. In some countries winter comes in summer and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer

As a rule, however, it is safe to give the trees or the crops all they need, with out regard to the nature of the soil, then we may be sure we are on the right side. The practice of the old and successful farmers everywhere has been to spread manure on the land now to be plowed and prepared for the wheat. The manure is then turned down and mixed with the soil. It is scarcely half decayed, some of it not decayed at all. The land is then harrowed and the lime is applied in the form of impalpable powder, hydrate of lime, which we call simply air slaked, because by mere exposure to the air, even coming to be dry, it greedily takes from it one-third of its own weight of the water and falls into this fine dry powder. Then the seed is sown, and a fine harrow is given. Then come the blessed fertilizing showers and dissolve the lime, forming a caustic solution, which at once attacks the manure in the soil and other organic matters, such as the sod or the weeds that may have been plowed under, and quickly disintegrating them and causing decomposition, these become immediately available food for the young plants, and we soon see the effect in the deep greenness and the vigorous growth which thus nourished withstand, because of their natural strength of root and constitution, all the dangers of Winter and come out in the Spring safe and hearty and cheer the heart of the good farmers, who see in the time to come the full and profitable harvest as the reward for their work and anxiety.

Listen to the Angels Sing!

By Rev. Sullivan Blodgett. And he dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaching to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. Gen. 1:1. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love him. I Cor. 2:9. That God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, and the deep things of God. I Cor. 2:10, 11. I. Listen to the Angels sing! Withdraw from earth's noisy din; stay, from below "on the wing"; rest and to the Holy Cross cling; from salvation surely win! II. Listen to the Angels sing! III. Listen to the Angels sing! IV. Listen to the Angels sing! V. Listen to the Angels sing!

last sighs in her presence. Not alone bodily suffering and want, but the cravings and sickness of the mind, coupled her thoughts and actions. She was often summoned to the houses of the rich, who invoked her sympathy and counsel when they were in trouble. During the famine of 1818, and during the two invasions of 1815, and 1816, she became familiar with her pale and gentle face, for she visited every part of the city on her mission of charity. In the terrible days of the cholera, braving infection, she was everywhere where help was needed. Ample means were always at her disposal, for each succor. King government trusted her, and at an appealing look from her purse strings of the rich were loosened. The Duchess of Angoulême made her the dispenser of her bountiful charities, and the wife of Louis Philippe continued the supplies furnished to the poor by the daughter of Louis XVI. But charity consists not alone in the bestowal of money. Kind, sympathetic looks and words are often more precious than silver or gold. Her experience of sorrow, her acquaintance with human passions and suffering made her the best of friends. With the most eminent statesmen and administrators of her day she held council on the questions of health, domestic economy, the supply of food, and education—always impressing and influencing them by the soundness of her views and the thoroughness of her knowledge. She very rarely directly asked alms, and she counseled her Sisters to trust to spontaneous gifts. She only applied in the cases of extremity to those who had authorized her to do so. It seemed that she was unwilling to compromise the dignity of the religion she represented by exposing it to humiliation of denials. Sometimes she departed from this rule. One day she called on an old gentleman and said: "I must have a pair of horses." "You shall have mine," was the reply. "They never serve my purpose. Yours are only fit for show. I must have a pair of strong, heavy draught horses. They are for a poor cartman, who has lost his own, and will throw himself into the river if he cannot get a pair to earn his living with." Of course Sister Rosalie obtained the horses. She never worked on the sensibilities of the wealthy by telling them about cases of distress. She took them to the wretched lodgings of a starving family for instance, and let the sight of misery plead with its eloquent silence. During the terrible days of the counter revolution of June 1818, she displayed the courage of a Christian heroine. Seated in her arm chair, with the bullets whizzing round her, she dressed the hurts of the wounded, or breathed the word of God in the ear of the dying. Even the savage insurgents would have thrown up barricades to protect her house if she had permitted them to do it on her grounds of mercy unshrinking amid the hail of lead. "Keep in doors," said one of the insurgents; "it's raining bullets outside here." "Do you suppose I care to live," replied Sister Rosalie, "when you are killing my children? Stop firing! You have made widows and orphans enough." At this moment a Mobile Guardsman, hunted by a dozen infuriated rebels, took refuge in the house of the Sister. His pursuers followed him in. They swore to have his life, and sabres, bayonets, and pistols were turned against him. "You shall not kill my children under my own eyes!" cried Sister Rosalie, and she threw herself in the midst of the savage band. "Well, mother," said one of the rebels, "we'll shoot him outdoors, then." "Then you shall shoot me with him!" said the Sister of Charity, as she threw her arms about the soldier. Cries of fury rent the air. Sister Rosalie fell upon her knees and clasped her hands. "Hear me!" she exclaimed. "I have never begged of you, but now I am your supplicant. In the name of your sick whom I have nursed, in the name of your wives whom I have succored and consoled, in the name of your little children whom I have blessed, nurtured and loved—mercy, mercy for this unfortunate young man." Her pathetic prayer touched the hearts of the insurgents. They allowed themselves to be disarmed by the Sisters, and the guardsman's life was saved. On the same day, by showing a similar courage, Sister Rosalie saved an officer of the Municipal Guard. So great was the modesty of this noble woman, that even her associates were ignorant of a title of her good deeds. They were known only to those she succored and to Heaven. So the President sent a messenger to her with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. She was unflatteringly astonished, and said simply: "This one is enough for me," touching the plain wooden cross of the rosary. Perfect simplicity characterized her mind, her actions and her words. Yet this simplicity was associated with clear sightedness and tact. The

The Prince and the Lions

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. In an Eastern city there once lived a young Prince named Azgid. He was virtuous and accomplished, but had one fault—he was a bit of a coward! Prince Azgid's father had recently died, and he was looking forward to his coronation. A few days before the day fixed for the ceremony, the old Vizier called upon the Prince and informed His Royal Highness that before he could ascend the throne he must, in accordance with an ancient custom, fight a certain huge red lion which was kept in a den within the precincts of the palace. The Prince, upon hearing this, was so frightened that he made up his mind to run away. He rose in the night, dressed himself hastily, mounted his horse, and left the city. Thus he journeyed for three days. In the course of the third day, as he rode through a beautiful, thickly wooded country, he heard the sound of exquisite music, and presently overtook a handsome youth, who was leading a few sheep, and playing upon a flute. The young man having courteously saluted the stranger, Prince Azgid begged him to go on playing, for never in his life before, said the Prince, had he listened to such enchanting strains. The player then told Azgid that he was the slave of a wealthy shepherd named Oaxus, to whose abode, which was close at hand, he offered to conduct the traveller. The Prince gladly accepted this invitation, and in a few moments was entering the house of Oaxus, who accorded him a hearty welcome, and placed food and drink before him. When Azgid had finished his meal, he felt it incumbent upon him to make some sort of explanation to his host. "Doubtless," said he, "you wonder who I am, and what is my errand in coming hither? I can tell you this much—that I am a Prince whom trouble has driven from home. Pardon me if I do not divulge my name; that is a secret which must be securely locked within my own breast. If convenient to you, I would gladly remain in this delightful spot. I have ample means, and can remunerate you for your kindness." Oaxus assured his guest that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to entertain him for as long a period as he cared to stay, and he begged him not to think of offering any remuneration. "And now, I'd like," added Oaxus, addressing his slave, "show the Prince our foundations and waterfalls, our rocks and vales, for I perceive that he is one who can appreciate Nature's beauties." The youth took up his flute, and went out with the Prince. After wandering awhile amidst romantic scenery, the two young men sat down to rest upon a rock in a shady valley. The slave put his flute to his lips, and began to play. The Prince loved music passionately, and the idea had already occurred to him that, if ever he left this fair retreat, he would like to purchase from Oaxus his accomplished slave. Suddenly Isdril, his slave, stepped in the Prince's admiration by rising to his feet, with the words: "It is time for us to be going." "Wherefore?" queried the Prince. "Why should we quit this delicious spot so soon?" "Because," replied the other, "the neighbourhood is infested with lions. It is well, therefore, to retire early within our abodes, and close the gates. Upon one occasion I lagged behind, and see the consequences!" He rolled up his sleeve and revealed a scar upon his arm. Azgid turned pale, and, upon reaching the house, informed his host that he had changed his mind, and found himself obliged to ride on further. He thanked Oaxus, bade farewell to him and to Isdril, and galloped off. Again he journeyed for three days, and came to a vast desert, the midst of which he believed an Arab encampment. Thankfully he rode up to the black tents, for both he and his horse were worn out with hunger and fatigue. He was received by a dignified Sheik, to whom he made the same speech that he had made to the kindly Oaxus. Sheik Hajar, like the shepherd, answered to the effect that he desired no other remuneration than the pleasure of the Prince's society, and that he should be delighted to keep his guest for ever, if so it might be. He introduced Azgid to a large number of his friends, and provided for his use a magnificent steed. A week passed. Day by day the Prince accompanied the Sheik in his antelope-hunting expeditions, which he enjoyed exceedingly. He quite thought that he was now happily settled for life, when one night, after he had retired to rest, Sheik Hajar approached his couch, and said:—"My son, I have come to tell you how pleased my people are with you, more especially with the spirit you have shown in the chase. But our life is not wholly taken up in such easy recreations; we frequently engage in hard fighting with other tribes. All my men are seasoned warriors, and before they can have perfect con-

Ticklish Things.

Courts are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's Cough-Book, with a hundred others. Price, Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. finance in you it is necessary that they should have some proof of your prowess. Two leagues to the south is a range of hills infested with lions. Go, then, early in the morning, mounted upon your horse. Slay one of these fierce beasts, and bring up his skin; so shall we know that you may rely upon you in the day of battle." When the Sheik had left him, Azgid rose, dressed himself, slipped quietly out of his tent, and bade a sorrowful, affectionate farewell to the horse which the Sheik had allowed him to use, now there with the others. Then he mounted his own steed, and rode forth into the night. By the middle of the next day, he was rejoiced to find that he was leaving the desert, and entering a fair region of hill and dale, meadows and streams. Soon he came to a splendid palace, built of porphyry, and standing in the midst of a magnificent garden. The owner of the palace, a rich Emir, was sitting in the porch, with his golden haired daughter, Perizide. Here again, the Prince was most kindly received. The interior of the building proved to be even more beautiful than the exterior. The rooms blazed with gold and precious stones; walls and ceilings were covered with valuable paintings; the windows of the coolest stained glass. The Emir set before his guest a collection of delicate viands. The prince made his accustomed speech, avowing his rank, but concealing his name. He added also his customary request, that he might be allowed to remain for a time in the house of his present entertainer. The Emir replied politely that the Prince was heartily welcome to remain until the end of his life, if he chose to do so. Then he begged his guest to excuse him for a few minutes, as he was expecting some friends, and wished to make preparations for their reception. Thus Azgid was left alone with Perizide, with whom he was already in love. She took him into the garden, after exploring the beauties of which the pair returned to the house. The palace, now illuminated from top to bottom, was full of company. The evening passed merrily. Observing a lute which lay upon a couch, the music loving young Prince begged Perizide to play to him. In the midst of his enjoyment, however, he was startled by a strange, loud sound, and asked his fair companion what it might be. "Oh!" replied she, with a laugh, "that is only Boulak, our black porter, indulging in a yawn." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Azgid; "what uncommonly good lungs he must have!" After the other guests had left, and Perizide had gone to bed, the Emir and the Prince chatted and smoked together for some time. By-and-by the former offered to conduct the latter to his sleeping apartment. When they came to the foot of the grand staircase, which was of white marble, Azgid looking up, was horrified to behold an enormous black lion stretched upon the topmost landing. "What is that?" faltered he. "That," returned his host, "is Boulak, our black porter. He is a tame lion, and will not harm you if you are not afraid of him. He knows when anyone fears him, and then becomes ferocious." "I fear him greatly!" whispered the Prince. As he could not be persuaded to mount the stairs, he had to return to the saloon, and repose upon one of the divans. After the Emir had left him, Azgid carefully locked the door and fastened the windows. Then he lay down, but not to sleep. For he could hear the lion walking about, and once at last he actually came to the door, and uttering a terrific roar, sprang against it with his fore-paws. The poor Prince made sure that the door would burst open, and he should be devoured. Nothing of the kind happened, however. In a few moments, Boulak went upstairs, and came down no more that night. Azgid lay thinking. Evidently he had fallen in the face of Providence; when he had fled from the lion at home. Since then, lions had met him at every turn. He resolved to submit to what was so clearly his destined duty—to return home and fulfil the condition required. In the morning, therefore, he told the Emir the whole truth. The kind old man had been acquainted with Azgid's father, the King Almamoun, and highly approved of the young man's resolution, and, with a parting blessing, sped him on his way. But the Prince had no opportunity of making his adieux to the fair Perizide. Then Azgid rode back to the Arab camp, and confessed all to the good Sheik Hajar. He also inquired after the beautiful horse. "He is well," replied the other, "and I should be gratified if you could stay with us, and use him again. But it would be wrong to hinder you in your pious undertaking. Return to your home, and do your duty like a man!" Azgid next visited Oaxus, to whom, as to the others, he revealed his name and parentage, confessed his fault, and expressed his repentance. "Go, my friend!" said the kindly shepherd, "and may Heaven give you strength to persevere in your laudable resolution!" "Farewell!" answered Azgid; "great Isdril from me, and tell him that I hope some day to return and listen to his sweet music, in spite of the lions." Without further interruption, the Prince rode straight home, and announced to the old Vizier his intention to fight the lion. The old man wept tears of joy at his Prince's return, and it was arranged that the combat should take place in a week's time. When the hour came, and the Prince entered the arena, the lion gave a loud roar, and approached his opponent slowly, with fierce looks. Azgid did not quail. With steady gaze he advanced, spear in hand. Suddenly the lion bounded forward, and with another roar, sprang clean over the Prince's head. Then he ran joyfully up to him, and began licking his hands with every demonstration of affection. The Vizier called out to the Prince that he had conquered, and bade him leave the arena. The lion followed like a dog. "As you now see, Prince Azgid," said the old Minister, "the lion is a tame one, and would injure no one. You, however, were ignorant of this fact, and have satisfactorily proved your courage and valour by your readiness to fight him. Now, all will know that you are worthy to ascend the throne of your historic ancestors." Two men—one old, the other very young—came forward to congratulate the Prince. They were Oaxus and Isdril. "Prince Azgid," said the old shepherd, "as a moment of this happy day, allow me to make you a present. So saying, he pushed forward his slave, Isdril. "I heartily thank you, Oaxus!" said the Prince, "and you, Isdril, are no longer a slave. From this moment you are free; but you shall be my companion, and delight me with your skill upon the flute." Presently another little group presented itself. It was composed of Sheik Hajar, some of his Arabs, and the horse which the Prince had learned to love. "Azgid!" said the Sheik, "I congratulate you heartily, and beg your acceptance of this steed." The Prince thanked and embraced the Sheik, who returned his caresses. The Emir was the next person to appear upon the scene. He was surrounded by a brilliant retinue, with music and banners. "I have come to congratulate you," said he to the Prince. "I have brought you no present, but I and all my belongings are yours." "I am rejoiced to see you, noble Emir!" replied Azgid. "And how is your lovely daughter? As soon as I am crowned, I intend to set off at lightning speed to visit her!" "That will be needless," said the Emir; "come with me." And he led the young man to a veiled lady, who sat upon a white horse. It was Perizide! "Then, by order of the Vizier, the whole procession wended its way towards the palace. Many thoughts and emotions stirred within the breast of the young Prince. "When I fled from duty," reflected he, "everything went against me; now that I have fulfilled it, fresh happiness meets me at every step." The coronation—and also a wedding—took place on the same day. Azgid and Perizide reigned long and happily. By the King's command, his adventures were recorded in the annals of the kingdom. And over the door of his palace were inscribed, in golden letters, these words: "Never run from the lion."

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

(By Francis A. DuRivoige.) "Now abideth," says the apostle, "faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity. Of the various benevolent societies with which the world abounds, there is none with a nobler record than the Sisters of Charity—a vast organization, the members of which devote their entire lives to the succour of suffering humanity. Truest of heroines, they have shrunk from no toil, no fatigue, no peril. Where the battle rages, where the pestilence destroys, beneath the frigid skies of the tropics, there these gentle and brave Sisters are found, true to their holy mission. Infidel and heathen, Protestant and Catholic, alike do them honour. Let us follow the career of one of these women and we can judge of the spirit which pervades their entire Order. Jeanne Marie Rendu, whose religious name was Sister Rosalie, was born at Comfort, in the Department of Ain, France, in 1780, on the eve of that terrible Revolution which marks a turning point in modern history. At the age of sixteen she entered as a novice in the house of the Sisters of Charity, in the street of the Lion Colombine, Paris, and subsequently as a nun another house of the same Order in the same city in the street of l'Epe du Bois, of which she afterwards became the superior, at the age of twenty-five. From earliest childhood she was pitiful to the poor and suffering, and her sympathies warmed into that love for her fellow creatures, which is but another name for the love of their Creator. The young, the aged, the poor, the sick, and the well received her aid and counsel. Women about to become mothers were objects of her care; little orphans were provided for her with shelter and support; old men and women were helped through her mediation; mechanics found work by her exertions; young people falling into temptation were saved by her encouragement. The prisoner met her in his cell, the dying breathed their

TIME ABOUT UP SO HE THOUGHT.

Taken on Time Dodd's Kidney Pills Save a Life Once More. It was Diabetes and Thought Incurable—but when the Proper Treatment Was Used the Patient Recovered. BARNUM, Oct. 29.—(Special)—Your correspondent had no difficulty in locating Mr. Frederick Stokes, of this town, as he is well known and enjoys the confidence of all who know him. This particular case of his recovery still excites enthusiasm as marvellous cures everywhere do. When found at his business he said:—"I was about a year and a half ago that I began to suffer with lameness of the leg. I soon began to run down rapidly in flesh, becoming in a short time also very weak. In misery, and unable to work, one of the best doctors in town when consulted told me that my trouble was diabetes. Meanwhile I had lost forty-five pounds in weight, and his medicine was doing me no good. I thought my time was about up until a friend told me that he knew of several cases of cases similar to mine by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. This gave me hope though I felt ashamed to let the doctor know that I had changed my medicine, however I was encouraged by the help I got from the first box and so kept on. To shorten the story; all I have to say is that four boxes have completely restored my strength and I have recovered my lost weight with something added. In short I feel better than for years and perfectly well. The success of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been won in just such contests as the above described—in hopeless cases. When the sufferer loses his hold on other remedies and realizes the fact that his great kidney trouble has never yet failed, that he demonstrates its value by using it and getting well. Hundreds of cases of Dropsy, Bright's disease, Diabetes and Paralysis, when friends had given the sufferer up to die, Dodd's Kidney Pills have promptly saved the patient. With such power to cure in extreme cases, can it be doubted that the small beginnings of these diseases will yield promptly to the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH.

It was Diabetes and Thought Incurable—but when the Proper Treatment Was Used the Patient Recovered. BARNUM, Oct. 29.—(Special)—Your correspondent had no difficulty in locating Mr. Frederick Stokes, of this town, as he is well known and enjoys the confidence of all who know him. This particular case of his recovery still excites enthusiasm as marvellous cures everywhere do. When found at his business he said:—"I was about a year and a half ago that I began to suffer with lameness of the leg. I soon began to run down rapidly in flesh, becoming in a short time also very weak. In misery, and unable to work, one of the best doctors in town when consulted told me that my trouble was diabetes. Meanwhile I had lost forty-five pounds in weight, and his medicine was doing me no good. I thought my time was about up until a friend told me that he knew of several cases of cases similar to mine by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. This gave me hope though I felt ashamed to let the doctor know that I had changed my medicine, however I was encouraged by the help I got from the first box and so kept on. To shorten the story; all I have to say is that four boxes have completely restored my strength and I have recovered my lost weight with something added. In short I feel better than for years and perfectly well. The success of Dodd's Kidney Pills have been won in just such contests as the above described—in hopeless cases. When the sufferer loses his hold on other remedies and realizes the fact that his great kidney trouble has never yet failed, that he demonstrates its value by using it and getting well. Hundreds of cases of Dropsy, Bright's disease, Diabetes and Paralysis, when friends had given the sufferer up to die, Dodd's Kidney Pills have promptly saved the patient. With such power to cure in extreme cases, can it be doubted that the small beginnings of these diseases will yield promptly to the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

THE DELEGATES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

convention had been to make him both an Irishman and a better Canadian. He was prouder of the fact that he was a Canadian, for one reason that the Canadian people had rebelled in order to...

Mr. Hugh Ryan in a brief speech emphasized one important point. In connection with the charge formulated by Mr. Healy against Mr. Dillon...

"Stand up John Healy." At this point Father Ryan called out "Stand up John Healy," and as the venerable Chalmers rose to his feet...

Rev. Father O'Reilly Hamilton, thanked the Archbishop for inviting him to the night, an honor which next to that of being a delegate to the great Irish Bazaar...

but do that they would keep on saying they were doing with the people. What was their success? By gentlemen in this audience here I am told this evening that The Independent is dead. All I have to say is the paper that made the cowardly charge upon the men who addressed you a while ago...

Dean Harris here went on to explain that Mr. J. B. McLeod was elected as Mr. Dillon were elected to the chairmanship of the party by the united vote of the party...

The cause of Ireland is in safe hands. At the Irish Convention they had met men whose ability and best interests to them by saying they were the intellectual equals of Edward Blake and his superiors in platform oratory...

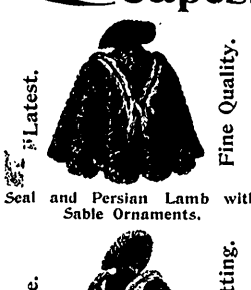
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