

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Cover: restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou friquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND

On March 7th a splendid demonstration, organized by the Belfast and Ulster United Centenary Association in honor of the anniversary of Robert Emmet, was held in St. Mary's Hall. The hall was crowded with a large and enthusiastic audience.

While conducting a special mission Rev. Dr. Keane referred in denunciation terms to the fact that secret societies were being formed in Ireland, and young men, notwithstanding their experiences in the past, were being sworn in.

Alarming intelligence has reached Londonderry that the inhabitants of Tory Island are in imminent danger of being starved.

The Freeman's Journal contains the following: "The annual report of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language contains gratifying evidence that the efforts to popularize the study of the old tongue meet with increasing success.

Mr. Godfrey Lovings, J.P., agent over the Donnell estate in County Cork of Lord Castletown, committed suicide at the residence of his brother, Sir William Lovings, Bart., Knockdrin Castle, Mullingar.

ENGLAND. The Right Rev. Dr. William Vaughan, Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, and the oldest prelate in the British Islands, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on March 10th.

Catholic Children for Canada. An interesting gathering took place in the Cambridge Baths for the purpose of bidding farewell to a band of Catholic boys who in the course of a few days were to sail for Canada.

The success that attended the celebrations, together with the subsequent account of the proceedings, including the sermons and addresses in the Irish language and character published in the newspapers, was very gratifying.

That, as concerning any advance towards closer relations with the Greek Church, as suggested in resolution No. 36 of the conference, the executive committee of the National Protestant Church Union respectfully presents its emphatic protest, on the ground of the following false tenets, held by that Church, and of practices which are entirely at variance with the principles and doctrines of the Protestant Reformed Church of England.

1. Co-ordinating authority of the Holy Scriptures. 2. Infallibility of the Church. 3. The seven sacraments, as contrasted with the two sacraments. 4. Transubstantiation, and all its evils. 5. Mariolatry. 6. Veneration of icons or images. 7. Invocation of saints. 8. Purgatory and Masses for the dead. 9. Justification by works. 10. Priestly absolution. 11. The pretended miracle of holy fire at the season of Easter. 12. The close identity of the distinctive doctrines of the Greek Church with those of the Church of Rome.

Father Managers of Suceon, acknowledging in The Freeman's Journal a number of generous subscriptions in response to an appeal for funds to build a home for the victims of the late heartless evictions on the Warden property says: "Such is the dread existing in the district that up to the present Sullivan can get no better shelter than a cowshed. Neill, protected by a doctor's certificate testifying that he was too sick to be removed, still occupies his miserable cabin. His wife and sickly children, with the few sticks of old furniture, were put out on the road-side. Even the sick man, as evidence of possession, was obliged to give a wisp of the straw on which he was lying to the bailiff."

A Solemn Requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Most Rev. James V. Cleary, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston, Canada, as celebrated in the Cathedral, Waterford. The attendance of priests and people was exceedingly large, testifying to the great affection entertained for the deceased prelate in his native diocese.

His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan presided at the High Mass. The deacons at the throne were—Very Rev. Thomas McDonnell, P.P. V.G., Clonmel, and Very Rev. William Sheehy, P.P. V.G., Dungarvan. Rev. O. O'Donnell, B.D., was celebrant; Rev. D. Whelan, Professor, St. John's College, deacon; Rev. B. Haekett, D., sub-deacon; Rev. W. B. O'Donnell, Adm., Cathedral, and Rev. Thomas Power, O.C., Ballybricken, masters of ceremonies.

Oldest Prelate in the British Isles. The Right Rev. Dr. William Vaughan, Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, and the oldest prelate in the British Islands, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on March 10th.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Vaughan, Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, and the oldest prelate in the British Islands, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on March 10th. The Bishop, who was eighty-five in February, has been sixty years a priest and forty-three years a bishop.

The committee of the National Protestant Church Union has passed the following resolution, which has been forwarded to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and to all the members of the Lambeth Conference:— "That, as concerning any advance

towards closer relations with the Greek Church, as suggested in resolution No. 36 of the conference, the executive committee of the National Protestant Church Union respectfully presents its emphatic protest, on the ground of the following false tenets, held by that Church, and of practices which are entirely at variance with the principles and doctrines of the Protestant Reformed Church of England.

Nurse Morris' Secret

EXPLAINS HOW SHE SAVES MOTHERS' LIVES.

The Critical Time of Maternity and the Methods of a Famous Nurse to Restore the Mother's Strength.

No woman is better fitted for nursing, or has had more years of practical experience in the theory and practice of the art, than Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. Morris was a nurse in England before she came to America, and so was her mother, and her mother's mother before her. When asked once by a leading physician the secret of her great success in treating mothers in confinement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in such cases, as they built up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medicine she had ever used.

Mrs. Morris was seen at her pretty little home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her own case she said: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they had helped me I tried to use them in restoring mothers in confinement cases. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by any physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is true that in many cases where the father or parents were prejudiced against the much advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I gave them as 'Tonic Pills,' but they all came out for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box."

"I have given them in hundreds of cases of confinement to the mother, and it is wonderful how they build up the system. I have practically demonstrated their great worth many times, and have recommended them to hundreds of mothers for their young daughters. Yes, I have been successful in confinement cases, but I must give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a great part of the credit for the speedy recovery of mothers. They certainly are no equal as a strength and health builder. You can say for me that I strongly advise that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be kept and used in every home."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are a specific and best medicine for females such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sickly cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in many cases of general debility, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The End of Black Donal

STANISH O'GRADY IN THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

What I am about to relate quoth my friend Ralph Randon in one of his story telling moods took place when I was fourteen years old and saw a sight then which will remain stamped upon my memory with all the clearness of visually as long as I am alive, and possibly to all eternity, for I think you know I hold with those who maintain that the soul forgets nothing.

On the morning after my return my father, though the weather was wild and threatening, ordered the mare and trap to the hall door and drove off towards the hills, taking me with him. I did not know his purpose in this unseasonable jaunt along muddy roads and under dripping trees, nor did I ask him. I knew pretty well why he took me with him. It was to question me, which he did pretty sharply too, concerning my last half.

I take much in awe of my father in those days. He was a man, if ever there were such, of a strong mind in a strong body, was of a very active habit, and very masterful and imperious in all his ways. In a short time, for the long-legged mare went at a wild rate, we entered a dismal looking glen in the hills—dismal even in summer, and to day looking its dreariest and worst.

We drew up before a cabin, the door of which, facing the roadway, was shut, but from the interior came strains of a concertina rather well played. I followed my father round the house to the other door, which was open. As you know, they keep doors open or shut according to the direction from which the wind blows.

While I saw a very big man sitting before the fire, and surrounded by his family, one of whom, a boy of my own age, was playing the concertina.

I knew him at once—his name was Donal Du, or Black Donal. He was in a sense the butcher of the countryside, and used to appear at "The Reeches"—our place—every Christmas, as long as I can remember. It was his annual function to kill our Christmas pig. This year, however, he had refused to come, and had even sworn at my father's messenger.

As we entered, I saw his wife sitting beside him, with her hand on his knee; a grown-up daughter stood behind his chair. He sat with his head drooped between his hands, while his wife, with a suggestive grief and despair, was sobbing and crying, and my father's voice raised in sharp interrogation and rebuke, he stood up. I have seldom seen a bigger man.

As he rose to his full height, I thought he would put his head through the roof of the little cabin. "Mr. Randon, Sir," he said; and with a certain natural dignity, "it's meself that was sorry to disappoint a gentleman, more especial a gentleman who has stood me friend more nor once nor twice. Sure I was not right at all when the gooseon came to me last night. I'll tell you all about it, Sir. Et, yesterday I was coming up out of Dankilly, and 'twas nightfall, and I was minding on all the fine killing jobs I had on the Christmas, with you, Sir, and with the neighbours, and I all the time, singing or joking, and as pleasant as you please. Well, Sir, I came to the bend of the road at the mouth of the glen. There's unnookawn [small hillock] there, and a ring of crag-hazels around it, and the same is the loneness part of the road.

"And though I used to be hearing stories about that unnookawn all my life, being born and bred here, and me father before me, soorra the unlucky thing I ever seen or heard there afore this, man or baste, woman or divil. I wasn't wan little bit fretted because of the place, for me spirits were extra unwell high and I was as bold as a lion, Sir. I seen something come out of the unnookawn me make towards me. Says I to it, 'Faith, you're the greatest of all beasts I ever set eyes on.' It was only a pig, your honour, but bigger nor any pig ever seen, and that thin and leggy you'd think she was a greyhound. She was white as chalk, too, and same as if she was dead, scalded, and scoured, only her eyes were like coals of fire, and there was something like a crown on her, and all around about her there was a light; and now it was that I was fretted in earnest.

"Sir, she stood right over me out on the road, and says she to me, as plain as I am speaking to you now, Sir—'Donal Du,' says she, 'I'm the queen of the pigs. I'm come live for to give you fair warning that if you don't stop this practice of killing my people, who are the knowinst and the most like Christians of all bester, your end will come quick and sudden, and till the Day of Judgment you'll never lack a dead pig to be waiting on you and haunting you, whether you're alive or dead! And with that she turns and goes again into the fort.

"And how I oem home after that, Sir, I can't tell."

"Blazed nonsense!" cried my father stamping with his foot. "It was all drunk, man. Too much

whisky, and that bad. 'Twas all drunk and a disordered imagination. Don't be a fool! knock off drink and don't knock off an honest occupation. Everyone can see spirits if he drinks four or five, and I'll drive you down to 'The Booles.' The scalding-water is bubbling in the boiler and the pig is the pen, and everything ready."

"My father spoke as if opposition to him would save me out of the question. Said Donal slowly, 'I'll go with you, Sir. Maybe 'twas only a fancy or a drama, as they do keep telling me; on I see her so plain, and the eyes of her!'"

"We drove home rapidly, with Black Donal behind weighing down the trap. The boys who came with us had to walk."

"I confess I was much affected by Donal's tale. The strange beast and the strange colloquy, the earnestness, simplicity, and sincerity of his manner, and the menace about the Day of Judgment and the haunting by a dead pig, filled me with a horror which I could not shake away."

"We passed 'the fort' on the way home 'Sod and rod, Donal,' said my father pointing to it with his whip as we passed "nothing else in the world."

"No, Sir," said Donal. "It was only a little hill overgrown with hazel, and in no way conspicuous."

"When we reached home I went off by myself shooting, and did not return till dusk. The Christmas pig in the meantime had been slain, scalded, etc., and was now hanging up in one of the outhouses tied with cords by the hind legs to a rafter. As I passed through the kitchen I saw Donal eating a plain supper of bread-and-butter and tea, or rather drinking tea, for, as the good natured housekeeper told me afterwards, 'a hawk would eat more, and he was mighty queer and wild-looking besides.' Afterward he sat by the fire for a long while, silent and not even smoking, and went away without taking leave of anyone. Of our outsiders, he was the last to leave the yard. I went to bed at nine, and a little before ten heard my father shut the great folding doors of the yard gate and shoot the bar across them, muttering to himself as he did so.

"As for me, I lay sleepless—sleepless and expectant too. I felt that something was about to happen. I heard ten strike and the household going to bed. I heard eleven strike, and twelve, and still listened to the mysterious noises with which the night and silence are always thronged.

"It might have been a quarter to one when I heard a violent knocking at the gate, as if a wise calling. I don't think I mentioned that my bedroom window looked into the yard. I alone heard the knocking and the cry. I dressed quickly and went down and out, passing through the kitchen and a long scullery, and so by the back door into the yard. The moon was almost overhead and floundering wildly through seamy and scurrying clouds. I unbarred and opened the folding-doors and found there Donal's eldest son, Mike, the boy who in the morning had been playing the concertina.

"Is my father here?" he said. "No," I replied, "he left this at nine. Did he not return?" "No, sir, and I'm in dread something has happened him. Was he drunk, sir?" "No; he drank nothing at all here."

"I hastened back into the house and awoke my father. As soon as he was sufficiently awake to comprehend my tidings I ran back to Mike.

"He has probably fallen down in a fit," I said, "and is somewhere by the roadside. Let us search along the gorges and ditches. You keep one side of the road and I will keep the other."

"So we went till we came to a shallow ford about a quarter of a mile from the house. Vehicles and horses crossed here through the shallows, pedestrians by a rude causeway of stepping-stones. I noticed something black pressed by the force of the current between two stepping-stones which were close together. It was a man's hat. Mike at once recognized it as his father's, and began to cry out and lament, saying that his father was drowned."

"That is impossible," I said; "at all events here. He's drowned it must be up stream. The water here is not deep enough to drown a rabbit. Your father's hat has come down stream."

"I hastened up the right bank of the stream, followed by poor Mike, who was weeping, and talked and lamented ceaselessly.

"Sure you heard what he said your self," he cried; "that his end would come sudden, and he to be haunted in that way till the Day of Judgment."

"I did not answer him, but continued to examine the stream carefully as we went.

"At a point about a hundred yards from the ford, as we emerged out of a clump of willows at the bend of the river, Mike clasped me by the arm, whispering, 'Glory to God! What is that?'"

"But I had seen it too. Eastward about a stone's throw, in the midst of a dark pool of the stream, I saw Donal Du standing upright and perfectly still, with the moonlight shining on

his white, upturned face. And yet I did not first see him, but the phantom with whose never ending persistence he had been haunted in that visionary colloquy at "the fort." I saw both as clearly as I see you now. Over the man where he stood, and as if it had swooped upon him from above, was a great white pig, and like the man, perfectly still. The brute's left cheek was pressed against the man's right, and his two forefeet reached down over his shoulders carelessly, while the eye of the latter, protruding in a fixed agony of terror, were turned to the heavens as in a piteous appeal. The two, victim and persecutor, the haunted and the haunted, were still as carved marble.

"Extreme terror is, as I now know, a silent passion. I stood rooted and staring for many seconds before my limbs would obey my will. Then, without a word or cry, I turned and fled. Mike had left me. I could hear the quick patter of his bare feet as he ran across the level field beyond the willows.

"I remember falling and rising many times, but nothing clearly till I broke into my father's kitchen, where he and some half-dozen of his men were assembled.

"When I had sufficiently recovered to be able to tell what I had seen, my father pronounced me to be "a superstitious young fool," and as none of the men would accompany him, set off by himself for the scene of the apparition.

"In less than half an hour he returned, looking very grave and stern.

"Men," he said, "come with me at once to bring in the body of Donal Du. He's in the river—dead; choked and strangled at the Droih-na-Olia. It's a bad business every way. Come, you fools, and don't stand there gaping. He's no more a ghost than I am myself. He was stealing away the pig which he killed for me to-day. Crossing the plank bridge he slipped, and fell. The pig fell on one side of the plank and he on the other. He stands there in the middle of the Meeluch, choked, with the pig over him, the extender at his throat and his face to the stars; and I would to God every thief could see him as he is to-night."

"I accompanied the party which now set out, headed by my father, and witnessed again, as a frightful rustic tragedy of death what as an imagined apparition had so recently all but driven me mad with terror. The plank from which he had fallen was of bog-oak, and of the same hue as the pool. So, though the moonlight was so clear, neither Mike nor myself had noticed it. Also, no doubt, our attention was fixed and concentrated on the two bright forms.

"But, Ralph," said I, interrupting the narrator, "I don't understand, even with the assistance of our father's explanation, how the man came to be strangled. When he slipped on the plank he and his burden would both fall apart into the pool. Would they not?"

"A fair question," replied Ralph. "You must know that what my father called the extender is a strong wooden peg with sharpened ends, used by butchers in order to keep apart the ripped sides of a slain and disembowelled animal, and fixed between the shoulders under the throat.

"Donal carried the pig on his back lengthwise, and his own head inside the timber peg. The peg would then be at his throat, but not pressing against it, for he would hold it away with his hands from actual contact. Donal, however, used but one hand for that purpose. When he slipped and fell his hand relaxed its hold; and as he fell on one side of the plank and the greater portion of the weight of the animal on the other, the poor fellow was quickly done to death."

"Why did you say that he used but one hand?" "Because I rejected altogether my father's notion that poor Donal intended to steal the pig. I felt perfectly convinced that he was no thief, and also that what seemed to be theft was in some way an outcome or resultant of his vision. There was a pathway here leading to the plank bridge from 'The Booles,' and which half a mile further on passed by an old and dilapidated churchyard. I have not the least doubt that Black Donal, in his drunk-disordered brain, hoped to please the mystic queen of pigs and make amends to his recently slaughtered victim by according to it a Christian burial. I was so certain of this that a few days after, hearing one of the men complain of the loss of a spade, I searched the bed of the stream below the plank bridge and found it."

Kidney Sense.

Cure-alls are out of the question in Kidney Disorders—A Liquid Remedy—A Scientific Kidney Tonic is the Only Safe Remedy.

How Many Discover? When It is Too late that the kidneys have literally been ground out by the little solid particles which are contained in the blood of all sufferers from kidney disease, and which accumulate in these organs, and which cause such medical science has proven that a liquid solvent which will dissolve these solids and eradicate them from the system is the only cure for kidney disorder. South American Kidney Cure is a solvent. It has been tested in almost countless cases, and there is yet to be recorded against it a failure to cure when it has had a faithful trial. Pills will not do it as they are not solvents. Don't trifle.

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

Canadians are remarkably honest people. At least, so it strikes one coming from the old country where the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain are apt to be unpleasantly prominent.

It would scarcely be impossible in an English city the size of Toronto to leave hammocks and cushions and chairs in solitary unprotectedness, as Torontoans are in the habit of doing. Even the very cocoa nut matting would run the risk of being neatly and expeditiously "lifted" by some member of the light fingered fraternity who are always prowling around the better class houses, on the look out for spoil, or, as it is somewhat unenthusiastically termed, "swag."

Take a walk down Regent St. or Oxford St., London, in the height of the season. You will pass very elegant and richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who, if they appeared in unsophisticated Toronto, would probably be eyed with respect. They are members of the "swell mob."

I remember a good anecdote upon this subject. A Kensington omnibus was standing at a corner waiting for a few more passengers, when a solemn blue-coated guardian of the law poked his head in at the door and deliberately surveyed the dozen or so of passengers already seated.

On one occasion a gentleman saw a policeman with whom he used to exchange a few words now and then, as he waited for his bus, engaged in earnest conversation with a fashionably dressed and aristocratic-looking man, who furnished the case superbly, and surveyed the passer by, through a gold-rimmed eye-glass.

of property, who is certain to try the window when he comes round again in a spur of an hour. In the calm light of morning, the policeman's devotion to duty is regarded with thankfulness, and many a "tip" is bestowed by grateful householders who have been reminded in the middle of the night that they had gone to bed without taking the precaution of fastening the front door.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association met on Tuesday evening, March 22nd at the home of Miss O'Hara, and they treated, after the transaction of business, to a connection with the At Home to be held on the evening of April the nineteenth, two new members were admitted. The twelfth canto of Dante's "Inferno" was reviewed and the thirteenth read and discussed.

In the April St. Nicholas, Frank H. Vizetelly has told "The Story of the Wheel," tracing in a profusely illustrated article the evolution of the bicycle.

It has been often said that "to trace the origin of the bicycle we must go back to the beginning of the century"; and as this has not been denied it is probably true. I shall try to show that the bicycle grew from existing machines in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that the Celerifer, first invented in 1690, was the earliest form of the "safely" of today.

In one of England's older churches—St. Giles' at Stratford-upon-Avon—a window of stained-glass on which may be seen a cherub astride of a hobby-horse, or wooden "wheel." At the sides, in separate panels, as if to fix the date of the design, stand two young men attired in Puritan dress, one holding the reins, the other, with hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe.

I should not think the peculiar bicycle mentioned above was in danger of becoming very common. Few people could afford the luxury of a footman to do the pedalling, to say nothing of the disadvantage of a mere six miles an hour pace compared with modern "scorching." The vehicle was said to be "the best that hitherto been invented."

The question of playgrounds for children is being agitated in the "Sunday World." The dangers of the streets, especially to young children, makes the need of some space wherein they can frolic during the holidays and play in safety, a very pressing one.

well in several large American cities, and I do not see why it should not be equally successful in Toronto.

Can't the Local Council of Women take the matter up? True.

Can Englishmen Fight?

A Scotchman Says They Can Not.

"Yes!" I hear in imagination a hundred thousand answers yell in unison.

Go back on the records of the Empire's fighting, and you will find that the bulk of it has been done by either Scotchmen or Irishmen. What regiment a few weeks back stormed the Dargah Heights? Why, the Gordon Highlanders, to be sure. And that, too, after at least two English corps had retired beaten and broken.

And as it was then, so it has ever been. You do not believe it? Very well; I will give chapter and verse. Who stormed the heights of Alma? The Black Watch. The English corps followed up behind them, and did the covering, or the fighting was over. Why, on the day at Inkerman? Why, the 88th Connaught Rangers; the same corps that formed the "forlorn hope" at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Or take the case of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers at St. Lucia. So intrepid was their conduct that the French garrison laid down their arms to the brave Irishmen, and the King's color of the regiment was, by order of Sir Ralph Abercromby, displayed on the flagstaff of the fort for the space of one hour prior to the hoisting of the Union Jack. This was an absolutely unique honor.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Waterloo was won solely through the heroism and devotion of the Scotch and Irish regiments. What student of history does not remember that terrible charge of the Scots Greys, and how the Highland infantry, opening up to let them pass, broke ranks, and, obliging to their stirrups, charged with them to the wild slogan of "Scotland for ever!"

If more instances are wanted, let the skeptic turn to Kingslake's "History of the Crimean War," and read how, at the Alma river, the 70th Cameron Highlanders shattered the Czar's famous Rosalid column; or mark how, on January 7, 1815, in front of New Orleans, the Sutherland Highlanders were practically annihilated, because they refused to follow the example of their British colleagues and run away.

No—it is only in battle that the Scotchmen show the sort of stuff they are made of. Who has not thrilled with pride at the story of the loss of the troopship Birkenhead, when 438 of the 61st Highlanders went to the bottom of the sea, and not a single woman or child perished?

And all the above instances might be duplicated a thousand times over. No! Speaking generally, the Englishman simply cannot fight. It is the Scotch and Irish regiments, and Scotch and Irish individual soldiers, who have lent to the English name a reputation for courage that it but ill deserves.

[The Scotch modesty of the foregoing article is too entirely unselfish to be suffered to pass without remark. Acting strictly upon the scriptural principle—that the "last shall be first and the first shall be last" the writer always puts the Scotch before the Irish, for fear that, had he reversed the order, he might have been misunderstood and his knowledge of common politeness brought into question.]

where Marshal Saxe had virtually thrown up the day in despair of breaking the column of the allies—English, Hanoverians, Dutch and Austrians—when the "Irish Brigade" was ordered to the assault. With their wild cry of "Remember Limerick!" they broke the strongest column of which military history gives any record, and won a day for Louis XV. that had cost 25,000 lives in all. At Fontenoy the "Irish Brigade" saved the French from another such rout as Ramillies, where the "Irish Dragoons" by a brilliant charge upon the victorious allies saved a worse disaster. The writer of the article is correct in saying that the English can't fight, especially against disciplined Irish soldiers, and never under any circumstances, as history indisputably shows, without allies. There was a poem in "The New Sun" a few days that may also be read in this connection. We give it below.—Ed. C. R.

THE FIGHTING RAVE. "Read out the names!" and Burke sat back. And Kelly dropped his head, White Shea—they called him Scholar Jack—

Went down the list of the dead. Officers, seamen, gunners, marines, The crews of the gig and yawl. The bearded man and the lad in his teens, Cattle, sheep, coal-passers—all. Then knocking the ashes from out his pipe.

Said Burke in an offhand way: "We're all in that dead man's list, by crip!" Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the Maize, and I'm sorry for Spain."

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke. "Wherever fighting's the game, Or a spice of danger in grown man's brains."

Said Kelly, "You'll find my name." "And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad. "When it's touch and go for life?"

Said Shea: "It's thirty odd years, Since I changed to drum and fife. Up Mary's Heights, and my old canteen Stopped a rebel ball on its way. There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—"

Kelly and Burke and Shea—"Well, And the dead man's brag." "Here's to the flag!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place." Said Burke, "that we'd die by right, In the cradle of our soldier race. After our good stand-up fight, My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill, And fighting was not his trade; But his rusty pike's in the cabin still. With Hezardan blood on the blade."

"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikers were great. When the word was 'clear the way!' We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight."

Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy, Said: "We were at Ramillies. We left our bones at Fontenoy, And up in the Pyrenees. Before Dunkirk, on Landau's plain, Cremona, Lille and Ghent. We're all over Austria, Franco and Sicily."

Wherever they pitched a tent, We've died for England from Waterloo To Egypt and Dargai; And still there's enough for a corps or more."

Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Oh, the fighting race don't die out, If they seldom die in bed, For love is fire in their hearts, no doubt."

Said Burke; then Kelly said: "When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands, The angel with the sword, And the battle-dread from a hundred lands Aro' round in one big herdo, Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits, Will stretch three deep that day, From Josephaphat to the Golden Gates— Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

..IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something new to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties.

TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER

THEY are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM. FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS. TORONTO - - James Goad & Co., 407 Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL - P. L. N. Boudry, 127 de Lorimier Ave. QUEBEC - - N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul St.



THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CALIBRATED White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter. Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on. ROBT. DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT.

CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

Premier Brewery of Canada



One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne refrigerating machine, 76 horse power, with water tower in connection—a 35 horse-power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors—a large water filter, capacity 2000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewings, and our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large malt house and storage in connection.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, (LIMITED)

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, LTD.

Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the Trade with their superior ALES and BROWN STOUTS.

T. H. GEORGE

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Wines, Liquors, Etc. 699 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

The Celebrated East Kent Ale and Porter

SO HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY ALL THE LEADING PHYSICIANS OF THE CITY. Telephone 3100

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO Lemaitre's Pharmacy

256 Queen St. West OPPOSITE FIRE HALL N.B.—No connection with any other Drug Store.

GEO. J. FOY

Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO.

MARSALA ALTAR WINE

SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS

TILES, GRATES, HEARTHES, MANTELS.

RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED),

COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

Music AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. We carry everything found in a FIRST-CLASS MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Send for Catalogue, mentioning goods required. WHALBY, ROYCE & CO., 104 Yonge Street Toronto, Canada

EPPS'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY. GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING TO THE NERVOUS OR DYSPEPTIC. NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

IN QUARTER-POUND TINS ONLY. Prepared by JAMES EPPS & Co., Limited, Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

MONUMENTS

For best work at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Fountains, etc., call on J. Mcintosh Granite and Marble Co., 107 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER,

141 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. Telephone 1044.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDERTAKER & Embalmer

350 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 674.

The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST. BY THE Catholic Register Ptg. and Pub. Co. of Toronto, Limited.

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM. \$2.00.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

ADVERTISEMENTS: Transient advertisements 10 cents per line.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 5 cents each.

TRAVELLING AGENTS: Mr. J. W. A. S. Nicks, West.

CITY AGENT: Mr. LAWRENCE GIBLIN.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

March 31—S. Babina, 1—S. Tinned, 2—S. Francis of Assisi, 3—S. Sunday, 4—S. P. day, 5—S. Vincent Ferrer, 6—S. Saturday.

Through inadvertence the St. Patrick's Day Mass and sermon in St. Michael's Cathedral was omitted from the report in last week's issue of THE REGISTER.

The proceedings of the last annual meeting of St. Mary's (Toronto) branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada have been published in pamphlet form.

A distinguished Roman prelate, Monsignor Scott, of St. John's, N.F., paid a hurried visit to Toronto last week on his way home from a tour in Europe.

Termination and enlightenment are twin sisters. It is not to be wondered at that distinguished Anglican churchmen should come forward as advocates of an Irish Catholic University.

The probability of the Yukon "deal" bill being thrown out by the Senate has driven the constitution-smashers of Quebec and Ontario into a rage that is quite dreadful even in its preliminary stages.

Do We Want a Senate? The probability of the Yukon "deal" bill being thrown out by the Senate has driven the constitution-smashers of Quebec and Ontario into a rage that is quite dreadful even in its preliminary stages.

Speaking of the death of the Right Hon. John Thomas Ball, sometime Lord Chanceroir of Ireland, The Freeman's Journal recalls the fact that up to the time of his elevation to a Tory government in Ireland had always been an

Orago and ascendancy regime. "Dr. Ball was saturated with the literature and ideas of Edmund Burke, he hated intolerance as much as his great master. His influence, his scrupulous fairness to all faiths permanently affected the tone of Tory governments in Ireland, and he thus did a signal service to his party and his country." "No man ever held high office in this country," continues The Freeman, "who presented Toryism in a light so favorable, for his views and policy were always controlled by justice, elevated by culture, and unobscured by the slightest taint of intolerance." Dr. Ball had reached the age of eighty three and had been in retirement for nearly twenty years.

The killing of Mr. Charlton's bill against papers dated on Sunday will not injure the cause of religion or morality in Canada. It is difficult to see any difference whatever in the effect of legislation that would prevent people reading papers dated on Sunday, and reading on Sunday papers dated any other day of the week. This sort of legislation—if there is anything else that such political humbug behind it—can have only one tendency, viz. a statutory conscription over all Sunday reading. People cannot be made religious-minded by law any more than they can be made temperate by act of parliament. It is a satisfactory thing to see so many members of the legislature who are not afraid to take a common sense view of their duties as "elected citizens." If parliament was intended to be made up of old grandmothers there would be no occasion to elect the august body. It would simply be a matter of recruiting the House of Commons from the chimney corners. Mr. Charlton has made his Sabbatarianism a bore to the nation; but he rejoices in the notoriety he has achieved and there is no hope for such a man. As long as he finds selectors foolish enough to send him to Parliament there is no help for it.

The architect of the new City Hall is a man of tall ideas all round. He has put a tower on the buildings to correspond with the 8-million steepness of their cost. It has always been a puzzle to the despised citizens and rate-payers what use this tall tower is intended for. Coming down on a Queen street car the other day we happened to hear one intelligent-looking young lady ask another, "Are they really going to hang all the people up there?" She had gathered the idea somehow that in future capital punishment would be inflicted on criminals at the top of the City Hall tower. The over-fertile brain of Alderman Hallam has invented quite a different use for the sky-directed probois of the great civic white elephant. He proposes to put a chime of bells on top of the tower; but whether he intends that they are to ring out the curfew, or call the citizen in on Sabbath days to service in a municipal gospel-shop, after the churches of the city have been taxed out of existence, he says never a word. As long as there is any doubt allowed to exist concerning the practical use of these proposed Hallam chimos, the taxpayers will certainly view it as a rather alarming proposition. The tower has already added the last straw to the taxes of very many citizens, and the mere sight of it will be reminder enough of extravagance and ruin without securing a chime of bells to ding-down the dirge of misery into their ears. No; some other suggestion than the ghastly merriment of bells for our municipal folly is in order. And seriously speaking, while the subject of elevators is under discussion, the City Fathers will be taking a terrible responsibility if they afford to the public easy access to the top of this tower. It might become a "debtor's leap" for delinquent taxpayers.

Do We Want a Senate?

The probability of the Yukon "deal" bill being thrown out by the Senate has driven the constitution-smashers of Quebec and Ontario into a rage that is quite dreadful even in its preliminary stages. The French-Canadian paper through which Israel Tart's extra ministerial opinions are aired is in a fury that baffles all attempts at description. In Ontario The Globe is almost in as great a state of mind as the Quebec organ. Here is its infuriated declaration of policy towards the Senate:

We say that the Senate is an evil not by accident but by necessity, that its defects are inherent and permanent, and that the duty of the Liberal party will not be done when the Yukon difficulty is settled or when a majority of the Senate becomes Liberal. It ought not to be left in its present form to perpetuate injustice and defeat the will of the people. The Senate has raised a question which will not be laid at rest when the Yukon bill is disposed of whether it is accepted or rejected. Since the general election the attention of the Government has been occupied with questions of material development, some of them of great importance. As these are settled questions of constitutional reform they will naturally come to the front; and among them we know of none more important than the removal or reform of the

aggravant abuse known as the Senate of Canada.

The Globe does not seem to have any clear idea as to how the Senate is to be reformed out of existence. When the Senate of Manitoba was removed it was by its own consent; and probably that would be, with the approval of the Imperial Parliament, the only way in which a similar thing could be attempted at Ottawa. The Manitoba precedent has a peculiar interest, because it was by the removal of the Senate that the passing of an anti-Catholic school act was rendered possible. The Senate, as we have said, agreed to extinguish itself; but its Catholic leaders first received the most solemn assurances that no legislation injurious to the educational or other rights of the minority would be introduced into the single chamber with the sanction of the party in power. That pledge was solemnly given, but was broken in a partisan calculation for the advancement of Liberal interests in Manitoba and the Dominion. If we can imagine the upper chamber of the federal legislature being removed, it is not hard to foresee as a consequence of such a "reform," the passage of laws affecting the rights of a minority either in Ontario or Quebec. It would require no more than an understanding between the worst elements among the professional politicians of both provinces. For the present, however, there is no need to worry about the existence of the Senate. The senate-smashers are not the people, nor do their schemes represent the "will of the people," as The Globe's fine phrases take for granted.

"Trojans" Disband in Disorder.

A protest has been entered against the election of Mr. J. J. Foy in South Toronto; but the action of the St. John's Ward Liberal Club, at its meeting on Friday evening last, gives an unmistakable sign that the protest is a "bluff" and that another election is not regarded among the possibilities. It is almost unnecessary to say that the St. John's Ward Liberal Club is the organization upon which the Liberal party in South Toronto mainly depended to defeat Mr. Foy. During the election The Register had occasion to refer to its character in homely language, whereas The Globe indignantly asserted the dignity of "a Liberal Club" and vindicated (to its own satisfaction) the outraged political deities of the "sweepings of the P.P.A." Of course if even the vaguest expectation were in sight for re-opening the constituency, the "Trojans" of St. John's Ward would be keeping training for the fray and fattened with the good things of patronage. But quite a contrary state of facts apparently exists. The "Trojans," as the admiring Globe has called the "workers" of the St. John's Ward Liberal Club, met on Friday night "for the last time until October next." It follows that their services cannot be expected in South Toronto in the meantime. This final meeting of the election season assumed all the features of a political "love feast," as politics and love are understood in the tents of the "Trojans." The newspapers on Saturday morning reported that the balance sheet of the Club showed a deficit of \$15; but after some discussion, carried on in the terse dialect of the Club, "President McGuire" said "it would be squared." The subsequent proceedings can only be done justice to in the exact words of the reporters:

St. Patrick's Day in London.

An historic gathering was that at the St. Patrick's Day banquet in London, attended not only by the leaders of the Irish nation but by a representative host of their friends and sympathizers in England as well. The gathering was historic because it commemorated the survival of the spirit of the men who, one hundred years ago, fought with weapons in their hands against intolerable tyranny—but who can tell that this centenary gathering may not be fixed more definitely in future history by the critical stage which it signalizes of the purely constitutional modern movement to give common democratic fair-play for the Irish people? There were various allusions made to this point; and it is interesting to note some of them. Mr. Gladstone—Ireland's foremost friend in England—from his dying bed sent his advice regarding the crisis. He said: "Your cause is in your own hands. If Ireland is disunited her cause so long remains hopeless; if, on the contrary, she knows her own mind and is one in spirit, that cause is irresistible." Mr. Dillon viewed the prospect from a different standpoint, and came to a different conclusion. In his short opening address he said: "We have heard recently from the rulers of Ireland the statement that Ireland was peaceable and in a satisfactory condition." We have heard that statement many times in this century, but I warn these rulers of Ireland that the peace they mention is no peace, but the peace which precludes the thunderstorm. It is the peace of a people who hate their rulers and are disheartened with their condition. For my part I think it is better for the Government of this country that discontent should not be driven under the surface, but that it should appear above the surface. I think the state of the country is more satisfactory when the constitutional movement is active and vigorous. . . . what no man has ever laid to the charge of the Irish people is that they are a nation of cowards." The speech of Hon. Edward Blake strikes us as being so notable a deliv-

The Kingston Freeman tried to stampede the Catholic electors of South Toronto!

La Patrie on Irish Priests and People.

The Dominion Minister of Public Works would be entirely unworthy of notice if he did not occupy a cabinet position, and La Patrie, of Montreal, would be less entitled to attention if it did not speak through him as a ministerial organ. Through that sheet the spray of his bile is constantly directed against all who come within range of attack, whether individuals or classes in the community. It is a most extraordinary thing that Sir Wilfred Laurier should have chosen him as a personal pet and thrown the mantle of his protection around him when the Liberal party was prepared to quell him as an insufferable nuisance. He berated the French Canadian people of Manitoba over his own name when he had reason to fear them; and since the Irish Catholics are said to have turned away from the strange habits which Liberals have contracted since coming into office, it is perhaps not natural that they should also get an evil dose through the columns of La Patrie. That malodorous organ finds an opportunity for treating them to its peculiar style of attack, in connection with some mention of the name of Mr. William Radmond, an irresponsible young member of his brother's entirely irresponsible band. We have not seen the whole of the article but The Montreal Star copies an extract from it which has likewise been telegraphed to all the newspapers of the country. This is what La Patrie says:

The Irish, in their clergy, as well as in the politics, are the worst enemies of our beautiful French language, and our national influence in the American Republic, and it is probably the same elsewhere.

When the French or the Irish people in Canada find it necessary to discuss the position they stand in, one to the other, La Patrie, its publishers and editors are not likely to be the authorities they will refer to. It is only a week ago since the brilliant Archbishop of Montreal spoke upon this subject with an eloquence not soon to be forgotten. The venom of La Patrie smells vilely; but that is all the harm it can do.

Catholic Newspapers and the Duty of Catholics.

FROM THE FRENCH "LA VERITE" FOR THE REGISTER—P. B. H.

In a pastoral letter addressed to his diocesan in the opening of Lent, the Archbishop of Toronto sets forth the mission of Catholic Journalism. After describing the ideal Christian journalist, the venerable prelate appeals in special-ly eloquent terms to the clergy and to all stirring Catholics to come to the aid of these newspapers and periodicals which are so necessary to our progress and energy in the difficult and often remunerative work of defending religion and morality. The Archbishop tells his priests that it is in a sense a duty for them to lend a hand to the Catholic Press, continuing thus:

"There are," he says, "many ecclesiastics and laymen who, while quite convinced of the power and influence of the press in our times, take no direct part or share whatever in the noble work of Catholic Journalism." Now to all these I would earnestly say: avoid doing or saying anything calculated to impede or hamper the efforts of our good writers, and at the same time I beg and beseech all my brethren and sons to detect and frustrate the efforts and subterfuges of the press, which by a strange perversion of language, is called Liberal, when in truth it shows itself to be the enemy of all liberty and all justice. "Beware, my dear brethren of that vain curiosity or idle human respect, which might tempt you to read or, worse still, to praise those papers or periodicals which make war on Christ and His Vicar; beware of uttering or printing intolerant and presumptuous carping against those papers or periodicals which, while not quite free from faults, are nevertheless as it were, engaged in the great and noble work of defending the Catholic cause." I would say further: those to whom God has given a surplus of earthly goods should in return afford aid and maintenance to our Catholic Press. Do not gratify my dear brethren with paying your subscription, but scatter abroad among the people in great numbers - papers of good Catholic papers; take a generous hand in promoting every improvement sought to be effected in our periodical press, and which cannot be carried out without the aid of the wealthy amongst us."

orange, woesty of a man of his patient and life-long judicial training, that we give it in full elsewhere. The day and hour are critical for the nations of the earth. It may be that they are big with fate for Ireland. England's misgovernment goes back over the centuries, and what are its results? The population is now but one-third of what it was, and even as it is famine is eating at its vitals, and the remedy for insolent misgovernment seems to be as far off as ever. The county government bill, little as it is, is threatened with disaster by absentee landlords. Is it any wonder that the constitutional movement is in a critical stage?

Anglo-American Relations.

Making all due allowance for the fact that the press of the United States reflects neither the public nor the official mind of the nation towards Spain, the two countries seem during the past week to have been dragged perceptibly closer to the maelstrom of war. But it is something that the cause of peace cannot be nearly so hopeless and friendless as the fighting (for oration) editors would have the world at large believe. As an instance of the resolute lying that is done day after day by the infamous journals of the United States, The Boston Republic quotes from The New York Journal a ferociously jingo interview with Mr. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy. The Republic alongside of this interview, publishes two letters from Mr. Roosevelt denouncing as absolute invention every word put into his mouth by The Journal, declaring that he was never interviewed, as alleged, and that the conduct of the paper and all connected with it is simply infamous. It is only through honest papers like The Boston Republic that any idea can be gathered of the reality of things. The Republic says:

All the wild and wild stories which have come from Havana, Washington, Madrid and elsewhere to the Journal during the last month or six weeks have been based upon fake interviews, pure inventions and bogus documents faked up by the corps of sensational writers with the aid of the Cuban junta. The worst feature of the case is that its despatches are published by influential newspapers in the large cities of the United States. In this city two papers are served with these lurid tales under some sort of business arrangement. They survive for a few hours and people buy the paper to read them. They are repudiated and denied as untrue, but the work of manufacturing goes on without cessation. And the people of the United States are invited to go to war to please these sensational, reckless and irresponsible romancers.

We quote these remarks because The Republic represents the mind of Irish-Catholics in one of the largest centres of Irish-Catholic population in the republic. At the same time the strain in the relations between the two countries must be very great; but the nation in spite of its irresponsible press is evincing the most commendable calmness and self-restraint.

It is of course, only guess-work to discuss how the crisis in 'the affairs of Europe over China may act upon the Spanish-American danger, or how the two sets of complications may act and react upon each other. From the recent change of tone in the English press towards Spain it is evident that England is keeping an anxious eye on the policy of the United States. The ministerial organs of London are now busily abusing the Spaniards even in more wholesale fashion than The New York Journal, telling them they must pay up smartly and apologize fervently and fully to the United States for the blowing up of the Maine. In adopting this tone, of course, the guilt of Spain for the recent disaster in the harbor of Havana is fully assumed. All this is passing strange, because if the guilt of Spain for the lives of the hundreds of men who went down to death in the American warship were a thing to be even reasonably assumed, Spain would deserve to be wiped from the map of the world. The English press only expects to gain American sympathy by clamorously talking such an unconscionable view of the matter; and all to the end of securing American co-operation in England's policy in the far east. The idea of an Anglo-American alliance is given as much prominence in London as if the thing were an accomplished fact. The post-laureate rises to the ecstasy of verse over it and sings:

What is the voice I hear
On the wind of the western sea?
Sonzino, listen from out Cape Clear
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling,
Calling to a free people and free.

And it says to them Kinmen, hail!
We several have been too long,
Now let us have done with a wornout tale.

The fate of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last.

And be stronger than death is strong,
The sympathy of all reasonable men is on the side of England's policy in China, if that policy is to keep an open door for trade and not allow France, Germany and Russia to seize what they can for themselves and shut out the rest of the world. But England will lose this sympathy with every weak concession on her part to her opponents in the game of diplomacy; nor can she win America for ally by taking a hand in the humiliation of Spain as an assassin nation.

Didn't Taink He'd 'a Done It.

Professor Clark, of Trinity College, delivered an interesting address on "William the Silent" before the Young Men's Literary Society in St. James' School house last night. Professor Clark's address dealt with one of the most important epochs in the world's history, the Decline of Romanism and the Protestant Reformation.—Mail and Empire, March 25th.

This report may be—we hope it is—incorrect in statement as it is slipped in style; but did the Professor of Trinity use the word Romanism? We know, of course, that the lower sorts of Methodist and Baptist preachers, as also village curates who have graduated from the common school, or perhaps no school at all, and ex-tinctures, and stone-makers, and converted roughs, who feel a call to the "reformed" pulpit or platform, indulge in this kind of speech. No-body minds them, as nobody expects any better of them. But the Professor of a university, even if he lacks Christian charity, is supposed to have self-respect and the feelings of a gentleman, and certainly owes something to his position and the reputation of his Trinity. What must the High Church Trinity think of its Professor cloaking the dull but cunning old Dutch Calvinist—who thought as little of Angloism as his did of Rome—for the topic of a lecture, and in the treatment of it, descending to slang?

Spiders, they say, when they spin themselves out too much, become poisonous; professors, by over-muddle lecturing, may fall into bathos and vulgarity. Some of them ought to be more careful.

Clothing.

The goods manufactured by Oak Hill are, in every respect, equal to the finest ordered work. But in the master of prices, while the order-tailor charges a fancy price for his wares, Oak Hill is quite satisfied with profits based on much lower rates. Call at the Hall, opposite St. James' Cathedral, King street, and examine its large and varied stock.

Principles and Principle.

The Churchman believes the principles of the Anglican Reformation to be the principles of true Catholicity.

It is a kind of rule to suspect the liberality of men who are always prating of liberty, without giving any definition of it, and who, unchallenged, takes pains to assure you of his truthfulness, is commonly held to have doubts on the matter himself.

To say then, as The Churchman does, that the principles of the Anglican Reformation are identical with those of Catholicity, is not, and by the nature of the case cannot be a very clear or satisfactory statement.

We have not far to go for instances of the difficulty alluded to here. Our daily papers in this city are conducted with marked ability, the style of writing in them correct, clear, and not unskillful, eloquent to a degree.

Yet Ontario is not the whole world, nor either of our parties much more than half of even it.

For reasons like these we think the statement in The Churchman is very loose and unmeaning, not indeed worth the ink required to print it.

They are distinguishable however, but that distinction is made, not by looking at their principles which so run into each other that genius itself can hardly tell where the one set begins and the other ends, but in the very different way of finding out their one essential principle, that which is proper to each, and makes it just what it is.

note of his mind, the something which makes him what he is, and keeps him from being like his neighbor, to his opposite, and there is no difficulty in discriminating them.

Now this is the test we would apply instead of the highly unsatisfactory test of principles as spoken of by the Anglican paper. Anglicans believe in God; so do Catholics. Anglicans pray; so do Catholics. Anglicans go to church on Sunday and profess to keep the day holy, so do Catholics.

And so on through fifty other things, in which a superficial observer may see hardly any difference. But oh dear! what a difference there is, not casual and accidental—as might be between the manners of a French gentleman and an English gentleman—but total, essential, springing from the very roots of thought, and changing the whole substance of the two sets of acts, so that there is nothing in common between them, but the mere outward seeming.

Nor could it be otherwise. Anglicanism was set up by the state, by Henry, and Seymour and Elizabeth, for the very purpose, and with the avowed intention of destroying Catholicity, root and branch.

Even if they were it only would make matters worse, except in the instance of persons in good faith. That rebels use the same arms and organization as the country they seceded from, does not prevent them from being rebels still.

But we do not think they always do know what they are doing. They are where they are not so much by their own act, as by the mistakes of their fathers.

They are where they are not so much by their own act, as by the mistakes of their fathers. Brought up in heresy, they were taught an insane, fanatical idea of something they had rather hazy notions about, but which they called Catholicity.

St. OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—removes rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burrs, and injuries of horses and cattle.

Obituary.

The many friends Mr. John O'Reilly of Almonte will regret the death of his son, John Joseph, which happened on the 23rd instant. Some time ago he was taken from pleurisy, Mr. O'Reilly had borne the attack to the turning point of a favorable change, and was daily gaining strength, when a relapse set in that proved fatal.

The subject of our sketch was born in county Kerry, Ireland, seventy years ago, and came to Canada when quite young. He married Miss Jane McKenna by whom he had ten children.

He was a devoted member of the Holy Mother Church, and was a Catholic to the heart's core, and a kind, benevolent unassuming Christian gentleman, "and there were more such." The great respect in which he was held, was testified by the very large attendance at the funeral and at the solemn Requiem Mass, at St. Joseph's Church, Kingsbridge.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Senator Rawlins of Utah, has introduced a joint resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba and declaring war against Spain. Senator Foraker has offered in the Senate, a resolution for Cuban independence.

PERIN, March 29.—Two thousand Russian troops, including cavalry, have crossed the border of Alaska, and it is said the 170 guns are on route to fortify Fort Arthur and Zelen Wan.

The Bishops of the ecclesiastical provinces of Kingston and Toronto met in Toronto to select three names which have been forwarded to Rome, and from which the successor of the late Archbishop Olney will be chosen by Pope Leo.

ASHFELD, March 26, 1897. R. I. P. Catholic Truth Society.

A well-filled hall greeted the president of the St. Mary's Catholic Truth Society as he called their first public meeting to order in St. Andrew's Hall on Monday night. The occasion was the institution of a new plan of campaign by this society in holding a series of lectures in a public hall on Catholic doctrines to which non-Catholics are specially invited.

Just Ask—We'll Send

A Postal Request from you will bring by return mail a copy of the

Dunlop Tire Book

FOR 1898.... It tells all about Dunlop Tires—an invaluable guide for riders and intending bicycle riders—many of our many hours that work—very prettily illustrated—and it will most certainly make you a good judge, so that none can mistake you for accepting cheap tires instead of the world's standard—DUNLOP'S.

quoted numerous authorities, Protost and historians and writers, Catholic ecclesiastics and authors, to show that variance there were from the facts. The wide historical knowledge displayed and the lucid illustrations given in explaining the different customs and practices of old—made so much of it want of more stable arguments in the misrepresentation of the Church—showed the reverend gentleman at his best and justified his reputation as a controversialist of commanding ability.

He was so troubled with sciatica that at times the pain and suffering it experienced was excruciating. I failed in flesh to almost a shadow. I was at once and continuously in bed for over a year, and I had spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Senator Rawlins of Utah, has introduced a joint resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba and declaring war against Spain. Senator Foraker has offered in the Senate, a resolution for Cuban independence.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Senator Rawlins of Utah, has introduced a joint resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba and declaring war against Spain. Senator Foraker has offered in the Senate, a resolution for Cuban independence.

PERIN, March 29.—Two thousand Russian troops, including cavalry, have crossed the border of Alaska, and it is said the 170 guns are on route to fortify Fort Arthur and Zelen Wan.

The Bishops of the ecclesiastical provinces of Kingston and Toronto met in Toronto to select three names which have been forwarded to Rome, and from which the successor of the late Archbishop Olney will be chosen by Pope Leo.

ASHFELD, March 26, 1897. R. I. P. Catholic Truth Society.

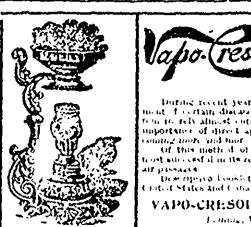
Attempt to Assassinate the Sultan. LONDON, March 29.—According to a special despatch from Bucarest, the outbreak among the Albanian and Kurdish troops in the barracks of the Kitch Palace, Constantinople, during the evening of March 15, was in reality a fight which followed the discovery of a plot to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey. It is added that 100 men were killed.

The Latest Thing in Churches. At 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Christian Scientists of Toronto laid the corner stone of the first Christian Science church built in British dominions.

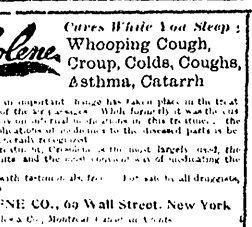
The Yukon "Deal" Bill. Despatches from Ottawa on Wednesday fore-shadowed the defeat of the Yukon "deal" bill in the Senate at that day's sitting.

SONG FERT.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Arrang, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning acids and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

St. Joseph Court No. 370 C.O.F., at its last meeting, passed a resolution of sympathy over the death of Donald McDonald, late of Mara Township. Branch No. 13 C.M.B.A., Stratford, passed resolutions of sympathy over the death of Mrs. Markey, Mrs. John Keyes, also the daughter of John Murray.



HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACE IT. Punctuation without Rules of Grammar. LACONIC PUBLISHER CO., 125 Liberty St., N.Y.



Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Vapo-RESOLINE CO., 60 Wall Street, New York.

Rheumatic Slavery Abolished!! Release us from the rack of torture, from the agonizing lameness, and neuralgia. POLYNICE OIL comes to you to free the factors.

Polynice Oil. Imported from Paris, fifty cents per bottle. Sent upon receipt of price in a money order. DR. A. ALEXANDRE. Specialist from Paris, 1218 G. St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Auction Sales. Before deciding to whom you will entrust your Auction Sale of Household Furniture...

The Canadian Warehousing Auction Co. 100 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Telephone 2888. J. ASHMAN, Manager.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL \$5,000,000. PAID UP CAPITAL 2,600,000. ASSETS 11,400,000.

MONUMENTS. Now is the time to select. TRY J. HAZLETT, 454 YONGE STREET. Telephone 4628.

DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST. Cor. Queen and Bathurst Sts., Toronto. Telephone 5378.

Stammering Cured... Write for Circulars. 76 Bond St., Toronto. NATA-VOC SCHOOL.

THE POPULAR CHOICE. It is true there are cheaper pianos than those that bear our name. There are various grades in all lines of manufacture.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King St. W., Toronto.

THE S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO. LIMITED. HAMILTON, ONT. \$100 REWARD.

FRUIT AND NUT TREES. Ornamental Evergreens, Shrubs, Trees, Grape Vines, Berry Plants and Bushes in variety.

A. O. HULL & SON. St. Catharines, Ont.

Many new lines in Lace Curtains, Brussels, Point and other makes. A larger assortment of these and also of Tapestry and Chenille Curtains than we have shown in any former season.

Nottingham Lace Curtains, 31 yards long, 60 inches wide, single and double borders, taped and worked edges, new designs, regular \$2.25 and \$2.50, special \$2.00.

Heavy Derby or Tapestry Curtains, 31 yards long, 60 inches wide, handsome coloring, all over patterns in new colors in bronze, gold, red, blue, etc., heavy knotted fringe top and bottom, regular \$4.50, special \$3.75.

Chenille Curtains, 45 inches wide, 3 yards long, handsome dado and heavy knotted fringe top and bottom, in cardinal, green, terra, etc., regular \$2.25, special \$2.00.

Special Line—64 pairs only, Nottingham Lace Curtains, cream, 31 yards long, 63 inches wide, handsome designs, taped edge, regular \$1.25, special \$1.00.

We are sending these curtains to all sections of the Dominion. You can order them through our mail order system.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LIMITED. S. W. COR. 125-6-6-6 TORONTO. QUEEN ST. WEST.

THE POPULAR CHOICE. It is true there are cheaper pianos than those that bear our name. There are various grades in all lines of manufacture.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King St. W., Toronto.

THE S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO. LIMITED. HAMILTON, ONT. \$100 REWARD.

FRUIT AND NUT TREES. Ornamental Evergreens, Shrubs, Trees, Grape Vines, Berry Plants and Bushes in variety.

A. O. HULL & SON. St. Catharines, Ont.

Farm and Garden

THE SAN JOSE SCALE.

A bulletin issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture gives the following information: This is one of the most destructive insects that ever was found in Ontario. Fruit growers and arboriculturists have been much concerned during the past few years as to whether it would reach the Province, and whether, if it should come, it would be able to survive the winter season. It has come and it has survived, and in 1897 it was definitely located in several orchards in the Niagara district, and also in the south-western district of Ontario. In three or four cases the trees infested are numbered by hundreds. The danger has come upon us with great suddenness. It has escaped observation until it has appeared in such extent as to cause alarm. The Ontario Department of Agriculture has had extensive investigation as to the distribution of the insect, and the Minister submitted a Bill at the recent session of the Legislature which was passed and is now in force. The hearty cooperation of all fruitgrowers is asked in the enforcement of this Act. Legislation as to this scale has been passed in most of the eastern and northern States.

The general consensus of opinion after much investigation is, that it came originally from California, where it was noticed as a pest in the San Jose Valley as far back as 1873. In 1880 Prof. Comstock described it and named the insect *Aspidiotus perniciosus*, on account of its serious character as a scale. It is believed to have been introduced into the East in 1867 by two New Jersey nurseries, one at Burlington, the other at Little Silver. These firms imported from the San Jose Valley a variety of Japanese plum, the Kelsey, which was claimed to be a scurf-proof. In 1880 or 1890 the first scaly stock from this importation began to be distributed, and in August of 1893 the San Jose Scale was first observed on the eastern side of the Rocky Mount. It was located in an orchard of Charlottesville, Virginia, and since then each season has extended the list of infested districts.

It possesses marvellous powers of reproduction. A single female that has wintered over may be the progenitor of millions in a single season; some have computed that her progeny may reach the incredible number of 8,000,000,000. There may be four generations in a season, the adult females of each giving birth to living young for five or six weeks, the progeny of these bearing young when about thirty days old. Each female brings into existence 100 to 500 insects during her lifetime. Thus it will be seen that a confusion of generations will soon exist, as there may be upon a plant at one time the young of several generations. Infested young trees perish in two or three years. The range of food plants is extensive, and all parts of the plant may be attacked—leaf, stem, twig and fruit. The scale has been found upon the peach, pear, plum, apple, cherry, apricot, quince, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, rose hawthorn and even elm. The insect and scale are exceedingly minute. The scale is often much the same color as the bark of the infested trees. Most are less than one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and are thus almost invisible to the naked eye. It is readily introduced by nursery stock and fruit from infested trees.

In the work of distribution, the insect itself can do but little, as it is quite helpless to move from place to place. Its life of active movement is very brief—a few hours; at most a day or two. It moves only a few inches from its birthplace, then settles, becomes covered with a scale, and in the case of the female, remains fixed for life, and begins producing young in about thirty days. After becoming fixed, it lives by sucking the sap of the plant upon which it is seated. The males have wings and may fly about at maturity, but the females are always wingless. During the few hours or days the tiny lice are moving about, they may get upon birds and such insects as ants and small beetles, and by them be carried to other trees. One observer has noticed that in infested districts the scale is often more common near a bird's nest. As trees in a nursery grow close together, they present favorable conditions for being infested. Fruit from infested trees may have the scale upon it; even wind may assist in spreading these insects that appear at first so comparatively helpless to travel by their own efforts. Thus birds, insects, fruit, scions from infested trees, infested trees, and wind may all be important factors in the distribution of this scale.

The nearly fully grown insect passes the winter beneath its wax-like scales. About June the young begin to appear, as exceedingly minute, six-legged insects, like yellowish specks, moving about. They creep about only for a few hours, at most a day or two, then settle but a few inches from their birthplace, and become attached to the

spot from which the females never move. During their sedentary life the females lose their feelers and legs, and have neither eyes nor wings. The males, however, have legs, feelers (antennae) eyes and wings in the adult condition. The scale of the female is circular, with a small nipple in the centre. This scale is from a twelfth to one twentieth of an inch in diameter, and may be of a light or dark grey color, and usually is much the same color as the bark; the nipple in the centre may be a pale yellow or blackish color. The scale of the male is elongated, with the nipple near one end, and is thus readily distinguished from that of the female. The female brings forth living young, and does not lay eggs, as is usually the case with scale insects, such as the oyster shell and scurf scales. She may bring into life from 100 to 500 young during the six weeks of her existence after reaching the adult stage. The males develop about a week sooner than the females, the latter taking about five weeks, and emerge from their scales as exceedingly minute two-winged, fly-like insects. From June, when the young appear, a constant succession of generations is observed.

The scale of these insects is formed from a waxy secretion which commences soon after they come into existence, and forms a protective covering as development proceeds. In the earlier stages of growth the scale presents a somewhat greyish-yellow color, and grows somewhat darker. The general appearance on twigs is that of a greyish, slightly roughened scurf deposit. This hides the natural reddish color of the young limbs of the peach, pear and apple. They sometimes even look as if sprinkled with ashes. If the scales are crushed, a yellowish oily liquid will appear from the crushed soft yellow insects beneath the scales. Examined in summer many show orange-colored larvae, snowy-white young scales, mingled with old brown or blackened matured scales. This insect produces a peculiar reddening effect upon the skin of the fruit and of tender twigs. An encircling band of reddish discoloration around the margin of each female scale is very marked on the fruit of peaches. The cambium layer of young twigs where scales are seated is usually stained deep red or purplish. Where the scales are few the purplish ring surrounding each is quite distinguishable.

It is certain that the scale was introduced on infested nursery stock. The same danger is to be feared again. Every person who buys stock should have it perfectly examined before setting it out. The examination should be thorough, as the scales are minute and are easily overlooked. There is one method of treating stock that is sure to destroy all kinds of insect life, but it is applicable only in nurseries and not by the farmer or fruit grower—i.e. the treatment with hydrocyanic acid gas. Nurserymen will do well to consider the advisability of treating all stock handled by them in this way. We give the following for their benefit:

When the trees are at all badly infested there is only one treatment to be recommended with safety, and that is to root up the trees and burn them at once. Even when only slightly infested the work of washing and spraying may not be done thoroughly enough to destroy every scale, and as the insect multiplies so rapidly the greatest care must be taken not to allow even one scale to remain. The advice given is to thoroughly destroy all stock and all trees found to be infested. During the winter and early spring, before the insects appear, some may desire to treat the trees before the inspector arrives to destroy under the Act. In that case the two remedies or methods are with soap wash and with kerosene. Soap Washes.—The soap wash should be made by dissolving two pounds of fish-oil soap or so-called "white-oil soap" in one gallon of water. It is absolutely necessary that a hot soap be used, as cold soaps cannot be kept in solution at this strength, and are not so efficient as the former. The manufacturer should be required to guarantee his soap to meet the requirements as to strength and solubility. This wash should be used warm, if possible, and preferably on a warm day. Kerosene.—If old orchard trees are infested, the probability of clearing out the pest is not at all promising. But if the trees are valuable, and have not been seriously injured, the attempt is worth while. They should first be judiciously pruned, but large wounds avoided; the trunk and branches should be cleared of rough bark, and especially the sprouts and any trash removed from around the base of the tree. Then for all orchard fruits, except peach and cherry, spray with pure kerosene, using great care to only moisten the bark. The tree must be washed, every twig and branch, but not to put on enough oil to run down the stem and collect about the base. If a band of any sort is placed about the tree, or if oil collects about the base of the trunk damage is certain to result.

"When kerosene is used it should be purchased by the barrel, and of a grade not lower than 120 flash test. Low grades are more dangerous to plants than high grades. Forty

gallons of kerosene will spray three hundred to four hundred trees, depending on size, and ought not to cost over ten cents a gallon in barrel quantities. This does not make it very expensive treatment. It should always be used on a bright, warm day, when the plants are dry, and just as little applied as can be made to wet properly every part of the plant."

There are two enemies to the scale among insects, both of which are reported to aid very materially in keeping the scale in check. One, the "Two-spotted Ladybird" (*Chilocorus vitticollis*), is very common on infested trees, apparently feeding upon the scale, the other is a chalcid parasite (*Apheleus fuscipennis*).

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Why do you lean over the empty cask?" "I am mourning over departed spirits."

What English River has the most crooked course? The Trent for miles of its course it is altogether in Notts.

He-jack. "I hear that you are building a new house?" "Tomdick. "Yes; I couldn't very well build an old one, you know."

"Say, masea, where did de Mexicans suffer de most?" "Why, in de feet (defeat), to be sure. What you ask such silly questions for?"

"Would you take me for twenty?" said a young lady, who looked much younger. "Bless you, my child," said an admiring bachelor, "I would take you for life."

Office Boy: "Please, sir, I've a complaint to make. The book-keeper kicked me." "Boss: "Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything, do you?"

He (disagreeable): "What the mischief is the matter with this dinner?" "The (mildly): "I cooked it, dear." He: "Well, I was wondering what made it so much better than usual."

Mamma: "Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashion? See how quiet Willie is." "Of course he's quiet; that's our game. He's papa coming home late, and I'm up."

"What sent that dog away howling so?" asked the opossum. "Oh," said the porcupine, "he was looking round for information, and I kindly supplied him with a few points, that is all."

Little Dick: "Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?" "Papa: "I did, my son." Little Dick: "Well, I was thinking that if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes."

First Baby: "I shouldn't like to be a baby up in the Arctic regions." Second Baby: "Why not?" First Baby: "The nights are six months long there, and I don't believe I could cry for so long without stopping."

Teacher: "Now, leather comes from the cow, and wool from the sheep, and wool is made into cloth, and cloth into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy?" Tommy (with hesitation): "Out of feathers."

A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and, placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that he would not be greedy he'd keep the littlest."

"The Dear Child: "Oh, Mrs. Brown, when did you get back?" Mrs. Brown: "Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so?" The Dear Child: "I heard my mamma say that you were at Loggerheads with your husband for over a week."

NOT DRUGGED WITH AMMONIA OR CHEAPENED WITH ALUM-
PURE BAKING GOLD POWDER
ITS EXCELLENCE LIES IN ITS HEALTHFULNESS—ITS PURITY—AT ALL GROCERS—
IN TINS ONLY

E. BEDDY'S
are the perfect
MATCHES

WE WANT YOUR WORK
And we are going to have it if
GOOD WORK
and
LOW PRICES
will do the business

Latest Styles of ye Printers' Art
PROGRESSIVE PRINTERS
OF EVERYTHING TOO SMALL TOO LARGE

No such Printery in ye West and no such Types since ye discoverie of printing, as ye Printerman now has *

St. Michael's College
218 Adelaide Street West
FULL CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES
MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH BEES SOLE IN DE. and 10c. TINS.
Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

COWAN'S
Perfection
Is Pure
MAPLE LEAF ON EVERY TIN
Mustard THAT'S Mustard
Dunn's Mustard
MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH BEES SOLE IN DE. and 10c. TINS.
Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

PUBLISHERS OF...
The Catholic Register

The Catholic Register
JOB DEPARTMENT
40 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO
TELEPHONE 489

A young bachelor, who was beset by a sewing machine agent, told the latter that his machine would not answer his purpose. "Why," said the agent, with voluble praise, "it is the best on the market in every respect." "That may be," replied the supposed customer: "but the sewing machine that I am looking for must have flaxen hair and blue eyes."

Professional.
THOMAS MULVEY,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, PROCTOR
in Admiralty, 11 Quebec Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St., Toronto.
OFFICE TELEPHONE 2280.
RESIDENCE TELEPHONE 3343.

FOY & KELLY,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices: Home Savings and Loan Company's Buildings, 80 Church Street Toronto.
J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY.
TELEPHONE 798.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Proctors in Admiralty. Rooms 47 and 48, Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, Toronto.
L. V. McBRADY. T. J. W. O'CONNOR.
TELEPHONE 2625.

J. T. LOFTUS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY.
Conveyancer, Etc. Offices: Room 78, Canada Life Building, 40 to 46 King Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 2410.

HEARN & LAMONT,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROC-
TORES in Admiralty, Notaries &c.
Offices: Toronto and Tottenham, 47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. W., Toronto; Bond's Block, Tottenham.
EDWARD J. HEARN, AVENUE LAMONT, P.
Residence, 245 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.
Toronto Telephone 1040.

ANGLIN & MALLON,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c. Offices: Land Security Chambers, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.
F. A. ANGLIN. JAK. W. MALLON, LL.B.
TELEPHONE 1268.

TITLER & McCABE,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices: 9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Money to Loan.
J. TITLER. C. J. McCABE.
TELEPHONE 2096.

CAMERON & LEE
BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Offices: Equity Chambers, Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. Boldou and Oakville, Ont. Telephone 1283.
D. C. CAMERON, B.A. W. T. J. LEE, D.C.L.

MACDONELL, BOLAND & THOMPSON
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc. Money to Loan at lowest rates of interest. "Cable Bank Chambers, 2 Toronto St. Toronto.
A. C. MACDONELL JOHN T. C. THOMPSON
Telephone No. 1076

Empress Hotel
Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO
—Terms: \$1.50 per day.—
Electric Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes.
RICHARD DISBETTE - PROPRIETOR

CHURCH WINDOWS MEMORIALS
The Robert McCausland
Etained Glass Co. LIMITED
87 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

F. B. GULLETT & SONS.
Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Memorials, Tombs, Mausoleums, Public, Altars, Baptismal Fonts, Crosses, Headstones and Scrolls. All kinds of Cemetery Work. Marble and Granite Cutting, Etc. For 21 years on Marble and Granite in Toronto and Montreal.
740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of Bloor Street.
PHONE 4068.

CHARLES J. MURPHY
(UNWIN & CO., ESTAB. 1852)
Ontario Land Surveyor, &c.
Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Properties, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located.
Office: Cor. Richmond & Bay Sts. TORONTO.
TELEPHONE 5067.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK
Executed promptly by
JOHN HANRAHAN,
No. 25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO.
ESTABLISHED FURNISHER,
Telephone 2558

—DR. TAFTS—
ARTHUR WALKER,
Gives a Natural
Sweet Sneeze and
Sweet Sleep
so that you need not sit up
All Night waiting for breath
for fear of suffocation. On
receipt of name and P.O.
address will mail Trial Bottle
Dr. G. T. Brod. Med. Co.,
105 West Adelaide Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

GEO. WESTON TELEPHONE 4226
The Celebrated Real Homestead Bread Baked has opened up a Branch at
499 YONGE ST.
and will be pleased to see any of his old friends and customers.

CONQUERED BY THE NEW INGREDIENT



VICTORY FOR RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE!

Strongest Testimony in the world. Clergymen, Doctors, Judges, Sworn Testimonials. 4000 People Cured in 4 Years. CURES EVERY TIME.
Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or 6 Bottles for \$5.00, from your Druggist or direct from
The S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.
Chart Book Mailed Free on Application.
"KOOTENAY FILL" which also contains the New Ingredient, are a sure cure for Headache, Biliousness and Constipation. Price 25 Cents, mailed to any address.

What's Children

THE FATHER'S BOOK OF IMPIETIES

The following letters from some of the cousins in the St. Mary's Parish are the first I have received for this competition. The competitors have neglected to comply with the regulations requiring them to state their ages. There is a striking similarity in the three last letters, all the correspondents have given the same sentiments in almost the same words. The probable explanation is that their teacher in calling attention to the competition, gave them a few general ideas, of course expecting them to apply and express them in their own language; and not supposing that they would take the words literally, and just repeat them like parrots.

None of the letters can really be considered as descriptions of the individual feelings of the writers, or of the benefits they themselves experienced from the mission. Now, my dear children, will you try and think for yourselves? What did you ask of Jesus during the mission? What did you feel in your hearts; did you not wish to try and do better, to become more like the dear Saviour Who was ever loving and obedient to His parents and teachers? Tell me something about yourselves, and about what you thought and felt.

All those who have written to me may write again, trying to be as original as they can, and giving their ages next time. Don't use fine words and expressions, write as you would speak, naturally, and unselfishly and you will have more chance of the prize.

Cousin Flo.

DEAR COUSIN FLO—I am sure that you are always happy to have new comers. The boys and the girls had the first three days. There was a special Mass in the morning at 8.30, and instructions in the afternoon at 3.30. The church was well filled twice a day by the boys and the girls of St. Mary's Parish. Father Devlin said he was very much pleased with the attention they gave each day, and with the large number who attended. Also he was very much pleased with the great number who received Holy Communion on the last day of the children's mission.

I remain your loving cousin, A. HERNETT. Toronto, March 17, 1898.

DEAR COUSIN FLO—As the brother that is teaching me told us that you have offered a prayer book for the best composition, I thought I would write to you, the children's mission, in St. Mary's Church, about three weeks ago and in a special Mass every morning at 8.30 and an instruction every afternoon at 8.30 by one of the Jesuit priests, namely, Father Marne, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At the close all confessed and communicated. Twice a day the church was well filled with boys and girls; they were all very attentive at Mass, instruction and benediction. No doubt Almighty God was generous in giving choice graces and blessings to all who tried to make the mission well. If all be docile and obedient to their parents at home and studious in school what pleasure for both parents and teachers.

Your affectionate cousin, JOS. LANDREVILLE. Toronto, March 15, 1898.

DEAR COUSIN FLO—I am sure that you are always ready to welcome a cousin into your happy band, and I now take this opportunity of writing to you.

We had a mission in our church; it lasted for three days. There was a special Mass in the morning at 8.30 and an instruction at 8.30 in the afternoon, given by Rev. Father Marne, one of the Jesuit priests. The instruction was the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the third day all went to confession and received communion. Twice a day the church was well filled with boys and girls from the different schools. No doubt Almighty God generously poured choice and loving graces into the hearts of those who earnestly tried to make the mission a success. Nothing will please our Lord better than to be obedient to our parents at home, and studious and docile in school, which gives much pleasure to our parents and teachers.

I remain, your loving cousin, PATRICK KENNEDY. Toronto, March 16, 1898.

My DEAR COUSIN FLO—The children's mission of St. Mary's closed about three weeks ago; it lasted nearly four days. At 8.30 in the morning there was a special Mass every day for the children. In the afternoon there was an instruction at 3.30 followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At the close of the mission all the children that had made their first communion went to confession and communion.

Twice a day the church was filled with boys and girls. They were very attentive to Mass, instruction and benediction. No doubt Almighty God was generous in giving choice graces

to all who tried to make good mission. If all be docile and obedient to their parents at home, and studious in school, what pleasure for both parents and teachers! Your cousin, F. O. BURKE. Toronto, March 16, 1898.

ALLIANCE AGAIN!

Cousin James has sent another altortionment! Really think you must have another competition, the cousin seems to have taken to it immensely. What do you think; shall we have another altortionment? COUSIN FLO.

March 17, 1898.

DEAR COUSIN FLO—This is my attempt at altortionment.

Austrians acted against advice, and an American army attacked an Austrian army, and along about April advanced against an army attacking Annapolis, and afterwards attacked Annapolis again. Austrian army advanced against Augusta, and after an attack Austrians ascended.

J. CONNELLY, Colborne, Ont. Aged 12.

PUZZLES.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

A snail goes a journey of 15 miles, going a mile the first day, 14 miles the second, 1 mile the third, 13 miles the fourth, and so on—and 1 mile every night; how many days will it be getting to its journey's end?

DIAMOND ACROSTIC.

A letter; a girl's name; a naval squadron; a Spanish man's name; a girl's name; advanced years; a letter. Centres give the Christian name of the man who first discovered America.

TRIANGLE.

A great mass of ice; one who cuts out; to rub out; to tell tales; what we see with; two letters; one letter. Initials and finale are same as top word; finale are one letter short.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. If you take a day off, how many days are there in a week? 2. What is the difference between a cat and a sentence?

Answers to Puzzles, March 17th.

ENIGMA.

Chair, hair. Rice, ice. Madam, Adam. Smite, mite.

DECAPITATIONS.

Chair, hair. Rice, ice. Madam, Adam. Smite, mite.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because it contains the ashes of the great (grate). 2. When he's a-lav-ing.

MARKS.

L. Pyman, Ludsay, 3; Sterndale J. Murphy, 4; Camilla Caserly, 2; Aggie Blondin, 2 (Aggie says a man is not a man when he is drunk, which is true, but not the correct answer), Jennie O'Malley, 2.

Camilla Caserly. On referring to your letter containing answers to puzzles of March 8th, I find only answers to the conundrums and buried rivers, therefore 3 marks is the correct number. If you sent the square later on, you have been credited with it. I shall be very pleased to have a description of your locale, my dear. Do not be discouraged; if you do not win the first prize you will get something. I do not mean any of you to be disappointed. COUSIN FLO.



Devout priests frequently mortify their flesh and voluntarily force themselves to undergo great bodily hardships and deprivation, in order to get closer to God and escape serious injury to their health by reason of the purty of their lives and the fact that the average man is unable to enjoy the pleasures of the table. I have known a man who lives in the ordinary way cannot long endure hardship, deprivation or overwork, unless he takes the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship and deprivation and overwork, in spite of the life he leads. It causes dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and in the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship and deprivation and overwork, in spite of the life he leads. It causes dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and in the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship and deprivation and overwork, in spite of the life he leads. It causes dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and in the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship and deprivation and overwork, in spite of the life he leads. It causes dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and in the second for kidney trouble or heart failure.

Cinderella's Daughter

"So Cinderella married the King's son." And a few months later the King died, and Cinderella's husband himself was King.

Shortly after this the Queen had a little daughter, who was called Mim. Princess Mim was as beautiful as the day; her hair was pale gold dotted with sunbeams, her skin the delicate pink of a moor rose. Now the law of that country was that she should be married when she was fifteen, and, being a Princess, she could marry only a Prince. But in all the neighboring countries only two Princes could be found; Polyphemus, who was seven times taller than the Princess; and Hop o' my Thumb, who was seven times smaller. Both these Princes adored her, but she cared for neither of them; one was too big, the other too little, to please her.

But, nevertheless, the King, her father, commanded her to choose between them, and gave her only a month to make up her mind. He told the Princess, too, that they were permitted to court her, and it was settled beforehand that the rejected suitor was to bear no malice to the successful one, and not to do him any harm. Polyphemus arrived with plenty of presents—sheep, oxen, cheeses, great baskets of fruit, and behind him, a train of giant warriors, clothed in pined skins. Hop o' my Thumb brought presents, too—birds in a gilt cage, flowers, jewels; and his followers were cloaks in cap and bells and dancers dressed in silk.

Polyphemus at once began to tell his history. "You must not believe all a fellow called Homer has written about me," he said. "First of all, he says I have only one eye, and you see for yourself I have two. Next, although it is true that I lived once on an island, and ate marmosets who landed there, I only did it because they were like mice. Just dear Prince, he says you might pick the bones of a plow or young rabbit at your father's table, and see nothing orful in it. And besides that, I haven't done it once since another fellow called Ulysses explained to me that the poor little mites were men like myself, and that some of them had families that grieved dreadfully when they were eaten. Ever since then I have lived altogether on the flesh and milk of my flocks and herds.

For really and truly I'm not at all a bad fellow. You can see it for yourself, dear Princess, for though I am so big and strong, I'm as gentle as a lamb with you." But he was too vain to tell Mim that, strong as he was, Ulysses had overcome him, and got out on his eyes; and that he only recovered his sight through the art of a magician. Meantime Mim was thinking. "It's all very well, but if he were very hungry he might just eat me. Now, Hop o' my Thumb is so little, that it is I who could crunch him, if I were in the mood for it."

Next it was the little Prince's turn to tell his story: "A wicked spell was cast over me and my six brothers, to make us lose our way in a forest. But I scattered white pebbles along the road to show us the way back. Unfortunately, however, we met the Ogre, who carried us off to his castle and put us all into one big bed together, intending to eat us up next day. But, instead of that, he killed his own son's daughter, and I hid his poor little body where he expected to find us. I took away his seven-leaved boots, too, and very useful they were afterwards, when I went to war with a neighboring King. For by means of the boots I followed every move of the enemy, and that is how I became a powerful Prince. But I never wear the boots now. They are in the museum of my palace. To begin with, they were very hard on my feet, and then it wasn't convenient to take such very long steps when I went out only for a little walk. But you shall see them some day, dear Princess."

But he was too vain to tell her that his father was nothing but a poor wood-cutter, and like Polyphemus, he wiped up the tears of his false daughter, and that, by his love, selfishness, and imagination, he made many people do. But the Princess admired him for his great cleverness. One day Polyphemus was strolled on a couch in the boudoir of the Princess, and he was so big the room seemed full of him; and when he spoke his huge voice shook the light furniture and made the windows rattle as if it were thundering. "I am a simple fellow," he began, "but my heart is in the right place, and I am very strong. I can pluck up rocks and throw them into the sea; or I eat an ox with a tap of my fist. Even lions are afraid of me. Come, dear Princess, with me to my country. I will show you beautiful things there; mountains that are blue when the sun rises, and rose pink when the sets; lakes that shine like polished mirrors; forests that are as old as the world; and, and no matter where you want to go, I will take you, even to the highest mountains to gather strange flowers that no woman

has ever worn before. I will be your slave, too, and so shall all my people be. Don't you think it would be rather fine, dear Princess, to be a sort of goddess served by a giant host? To be the Queen, and you so tiny and delicate, you know, of forests and mountains, of torrents and lakes, of eagles and lions?"

All this stirred the Princess a good deal; and though she was rather tremulous, it was only as a timid little bird quivers when it finds itself in the warm, land hand it knows and looks for protection. But Hop o' my Thumb, hidden all this time in a fold of her dress, began now to speak in his tiny voice like a clear crystal ball.

"Dear Princess, choose me I take so little room. I am so tiny that you can do just what you please with me, too. And then I have wits to love you according to your mood. I can suit my words and carresses to the inmost secret of your heart, whether you are merry or sad; and to all sea sons and all kinds of weather. I shall have endless ways of entertaining you, too, and will surround you with every invention of mankind to make life pleasant. You shall see only beautiful things; the loveliest flowers, jewels, stuffs, statues; smell only the most delicious perfumes. I will tell you charming stories; have plays acted for you by the best performers. I can sing, too, and play the mandoline, and compose verses. It is a finer thing to describe beautiful things one has seen and felt, in harmonious language, than to stride over torrents. To master words is more difficult than to master wild beasts. Fine muscles are comelier than fine wits."

And the Princess, dreamy, silent, listened to all he said as to a melody.

One day she said to both her lovers: "Please make me some verses." Prince Hop o' my Thumb reflected just a moment and then recited some lines, little ones like himself:—

A Prince I am of Royal blood, As all the world may see; And sweetest Princess Mim Is all the world to me.

I am no Hercules, nor I! Nor do not wish to be. My heart is large and loving, And that's enough for me.

A field of gathered roses In tinsied vial lies; The least of little dew-drops Reflects the azure skies.

My body small indeed is, But that you will not mind; You know how great my love is, And surely will be kind.

"Charming! exquisite!" said the Princess, and she felt proud to be loved by a little man who could so easily string rhymes together.

"Bah," said Polyphemus, "such little verses as that cannot be hard to make."

"Try," said Hop o' my Thumb. "And try he did, all day long. But nothing came, not even when he hammered his forehead with his flat at last, in a rage at not being able to express what he felt so intensely; somehow, it didn't seem fair. But there he stood from morn till eve, his mouth open, his eyes wandering. It was almost nightfall, when at last he discovered that love and dove rhymed, and rushing to Mim, he cried:—

"I've got it, got it!" "That's right," said the Princess, "let us hear it, then."

"Here it is," said the giant:—

Oh, my dove I assure you I love.

This, of course, made the Princess laugh heartily.

"What," said poor Polyphemus, "aren't they good verses?" Hop o' my Thumb enjoyed this very much, as it showed his superiority.

"It was not hard all the same," he said. "You might just have said this, you know:—

My Princess you are fair; For love of you I'm all despair. Or, I'm a giant good and true, Who breaks his heart, for love of you. Or, A little, little maiden Who wields a conquering dart, She scarce can reach my instep, How hath she pierced my heart? Or else, if you like it better:—

Among the trees, The oak, the grandest giant grows, And loves, among The blossoms, that fairest flower, the rose.

"Lovely, charming, delightful!" said Mim. But at that moment she saw in one of Polyphemus's eyes a tear the size of a hen's egg, and he looked so wretched she felt sorry for him. Besides, there was something in Hop o' my Thumb's self satisfaction that didn't quite please her. Polyphemus, in comparison, looked so subdued and simple that she was touched.

"After all," she thought, "with one filip of his finger he could send him into the other flying, or he could pop him into his pocket. Indeed, though, of course, I'm bigger than Hop o' my Thumb, he could easily enough tick me under his arm, or do anything he liked with me. He must be very good-hearted to bear all this so patiently."

Then, speaking to Polyphemus she said:—

"Don't be too much grieved, my friend. Your verses are not first-rate,

but they have heart in them, and that is the essential thing."

"But," objected Hop o' my Thumb, "they are not proper verses at all. You could not possibly send them. There are only three syllables in the first line and seven in the other."

"Hold your tongue," said the Princess, sharply; "thank goodness everyone is not born a critic like you." The palace where Mim lived was in a large park, across which ran a beautiful blue river, in the midst of which was an island, so covered with flowers that it was like a nosogay floating between the blue sky and the blue river. Mim loved this island, and spent all the time she could there, either among the flowers, or resting in the porcelain pavilion, which in shape and color was built to resemble an immense tulip, with windows of precious stones set in silver.

One day she was there as usual, half asleep in her pavilion, dreaming and thinking, or singing touching little songs to herself, her eyes half shut, so that not until aroused by the sound of waves lapping against the wall did she perceive that the river was overflowing. Opening one of the windows, she saw to her horror that already she was out off from the mainland, the bridge being under water, and in a few more moments the whole island would be flooded. Terrified, she shrieked for help to her father and mother, who, with Hop o' my Thumb, had rushed to the river bank, but stood there in despair, unable to save her. Just then, however, Polyphemus came, and, leaping the Mim was on the island, he calmly stepped into the rushing river (which hardly reached his belt), in three strides rescued the pavilion, and having rescued the Princess, brought her safely and gently to her parents.

"Oh," thought Mim, "how grand to be strong and big! How sweet to lie under such protection always! With Polyphemus to take care of me, I should never have a fear or anxiety. I really think I had better choose him."

And with that she smiled, and his huge frame shook with pleasure just because that little mouth had smiled at him. But next day she found Hop o' my Thumb so sad, that, to comfort him, she asked him to come for a walk in the fields with her.

She held him by the hand all the time, and pretended she was so tired, not to make him walk too fast. Presently they came across a flock of sheep, and as Hop o' my Thumb was unfortunately wearing a cherry-colored doublet, the ram became irritated, and made for the little Prince with lowered horns.

Hop o' my Thumb had plenty of self-respect, and in spite of his alarm, stood his ground. But he would probably have been killed had not the Princess, with great presence of mind caught him up in her arms and then opened her parasol so suddenly in the angry animal's face, that he was frightened, turned sharp round, and ran away.

"It's lucky for him he went off," said Hop o' my Thumb. "Of course I wasn't at all afraid. You saw for yourself, dear Princess, that I was ready for him."

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I know you are very brave." And to herself she thought, "How slow to protest someone feels than oneself. I'm sure one would grow very fond of anyone to whom one was really useful, particularly of one so spry and refined as this little Prince."

The next day Hop o' my Thumb brought her a little rose scarcely more than a bud, but more exquisite in tint and scent than any rose that ever was seen before.

She took it from him, saying:— "Thank you, thank you, dear kind little Prince."

Her gown that day was made of a sort of fine gossamer, shaded with changing lights, like a dragon-fly's wings.

"Ah," said Hop o' my Thumb, "how beautiful your dress is!" "Yes," said Mim, "isn't it pretty? And just how well your rose looks fastened in it."

"A rose," thought Polyphemus; "what's one rose? I'll just show her what the bouquets I give are like."

And with that, he went off to the Indies, to a large tree covered with enormous bright flowers as big as cathedral bells, and plucking up the tree, he bore it in triumph to the Princess.

"It is very beautiful," said Mim, laughing; "but what shall I do with it, dear Prince? I cannot wear that in my hair or dress, can I?" Poor Polyphemus, abashed at these words, could think of no answer, and only hung his head. But while doing this, he saw that Hop o' my Thumb was dressed in stuff like the Princess's gossamer gown, and he cried:—

"Oh!" "Yes," said Mim, "I had it made for him, out of one of the snipe left. There was not enough to make even a neck-tie for you; so I turned it over to you."

And with that she turned to the King, her father, and said:— "The time for me to decide has come, father, and I choose Prince Hop o' my Thumb for my husband. Prince Polyphemus will forgive me, I hope. I am sorry to make him unhappy, and I have a great regard for him."

Polyphemus was true to the com-

past, and gently grasping successful rival's tiny hand, he said:—

"Only make her happy."

The marriage day arrived, and the bride seemed neither glad nor sorry. She liked Hop o' my Thumb, but did not really love him.

Now, just as the wedding procession was leaving the palace for the church, a servant announced Prince Charming; he had been travelling in foreign lands for several years, and had only arrived in time to be present at the ceremony.

He was a very handsome young man, rather taller than Princess Mim, very distinguished looking, and as clever as a clever cat, he had never seen or even heard of him before, but, directly he was introduced to her, she grew first pale, then red, and, as if she couldn't help herself, said:—

"Prince, I was waiting for you. I love you, and I know you love me. But I have pledged my word to this poor little fellow, and can't break it. And she looked as if she were going to faint.

But Polyphemus bent down to Hop o' my Thumb, and said:—

"Little Prince, if I did it, aren't you courageous enough to do it too?" "But," said Hop o' my Thumb, "I love her very much indeed."

"Well," said the good giant, "and that's just the reason why—"

"Madam," said Hop o' my Thumb, "this good fellow is right. I love you too much to want to make you unhappy. None of us knew that Prince Charming would be your husband."

He and all the rest were gravely and with much dignity, but when the Princess in her joy and relief caught him up in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks, saying:— "Ah, this is kind of you," he burst into tears and said:— "That's the hardest out of all."

"Come, dear little Prince," said the giant; "come away with me. No one understands your grief as I can. You will talk of it to me; all day long we will talk of her to each other; and watch over her, too, if she is distressed."

And with these words he raised his little friend to his shoulder and strode away with him, and both disappeared where earth and sky meet.

Announcements of the Consistory.

ROME, March 24.—Public and secret consistories were held here to-day. Among the Bishops pronounced were the Right Rev. P. L. Chappelle, Archbishop of New Orleans; the Most Rev. Paul Napoleon Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, and the Right Rev. John F. Fitzmaurice, coadjutor Bishop of Erie, Pa. Contrary to custom the consistories followed one another. The Pope in the Sala Regia presented the lists to the Archbishops of Lyons, Rennes, and Genoa in the presence of the Sacred College, the dignitaries and the diplomat. The secret consistory followed in the Sala Consistoriale. Only members of the Sacred College were present. The Pope was in excellent health.

It Don't Pay.

To buy drinks for the boys—it don't pay to buy drinks for oneself. It will pay to quit, but the trouble has been to do this. The Dixon Vegetable Cure will absolutely remove all desire for liquor in a couple of days, so you can quit without any self-denial, and nobody need know you are taking the medicine, which is perfectly harmless, pleasant to taste, and produces good appetite, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, and does not interfere with business duties. You'll save money and gain in health and self-respect from the start. Full particulars sealed. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue, (near Milton St.), Montreal.

Mrs. Parnell Burned to Death.

DUBLIN, March 27.—Mrs. Delia T. Stewart Parnell, mother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, leader of the Irish Home Rule party, was fatally injured at the Parnell homestead, Avondale, County Wicklow, Saturday. She was sitting by the fire, when her clothing was caught by the flames, and in an instant her garments were ablaze. Assistance was near at hand, but before the flames could be extinguished the venerable lady was so badly burned that she died the same evening.

Modern Italy and the Papacy.

In an article on "Vatican and Quirinal" The London Times observed: "In any fair estimate of the evolution of modern Italy no dispensable observer can overlook the influence of the Papacy. Italy through the Papacy claimed and exercised the spiritual hegemony not merely of the Peninsula, but of the civilized world for ages before the idea of national unity had emerged from the shadowy region of dreams, recollection, and aspirations."

AS PARMELLEN'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Maudrak and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with surprising certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs, which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shikapee, writes: "I consider Parmellen's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver. Having used them myself for some time."

St. Patrick's Day in Brantford.

The sermon on the life and labors of St. Patrick given in St. Basil's church on the evening of Sunday 20th by the Rev. Father Lammey has been spoken of by many who listened to it as perhaps the most finished and eloquent discourse he has ever delivered in Brantford; and indeed it is doubtful if there ever was heard in St. Basil's a sermon which was more highly appreciated. After a discourse of three-quarters of an hour everyone wished that it had been longer. The church was crowded even before the hour for Vespers to begin. A special collection was taken up for the benefit of the flooded section of the city, and a handsome sum was realized towards the general relief fund formed. For his text the preacher took the words of St. John, xiv, 16: "You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." At the outset Father Lammey pointed to the fact that in no other country but Ireland were religion and patriotism united in the national holiday. Every nation celebrated some great historical event in its history. The Americans observed the day of their independence; Canada the event of the confederation of her provinces into one dominion; and so with other nations; but Ireland's was of a religious character, she celebrated the delivery of her people from the darkness of paganism, and the embracing of the true faith. Tracing the life of St. Patrick from his birth he told of his captivity and slavery in Ireland, his escapes, his love for the people among whom he was held, and his determination to devote his life to the christianizing of the country. Educated through the kindness of his uncle, St. Martin of Tours, he received holy orders, and was consecrated bishop by Pope Celestine; then he returned on his mission to the Irish people. The preacher recounted the history of the labors and wonderful success of the saint among the pagans of the island, and of the permanency of the faith thus given to them. Macaulay had said that Ireland alone among all the northern nations had firmly adhered to the ancient faith delivered to them by St. Patrick. To no other people could be so truly applied the words of our Saviour "But I have chosen you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." A remarkable feature of the conversion of Ireland was the fact that it had been accomplished without bloodshed. In all other countries the missionaries were called upon to lay down their lives for their faith—to seal their missions with their blood. As one of the causes why the people were thus easily won to the faith of Christ the preacher pointed out that the pagan Irish were not barbarians. Their knowledge of arts, sciences, and letters, even in St. Patrick's time, placed them in the very forefront of cultured nations, as culture meant in those days. The treatment accorded St. Patrick by the people to whom he had devoted his life and his life work was not the treatment of barbarians, and whether it was due to the marvellous eloquence of St. Patrick or the peculiar susceptibility of the Irish, or perhaps a little of both, at any rate the whole of Ireland fell before the ministry of St. Patrick, and embraced the christian faith. Of the fruits of the mission of St. Patrick he told of the position taken by Ireland as the home of learning in Europe for the three centuries following the conversion of the nation. In the fifth century there were 28 monasteries with schools attached. In the seventh century we are told of the famous seats of learning of Bangor, Clonard and Clonmacnoise, with their thousands of students from all parts of Europe; and in the eighth century we read of the historic university of Armagh, with its seven thousand scholars. England owes much to Ireland in these early days. It was known to many that Alfred the Great had got his knowledge of laws at the college of Armagh. The christian faith was given by Irish apostles to many countries of Europe—to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, the Netherlands, and others. And are they not to-day spreading the faith in every country where the English language is spoken. He spoke of the trials and sufferings of the Irish people for their faith in the last three centuries. He would have refrained from touching upon this phase of his subject, the more so as there was a disposition manifested on the part of Englishmen and Scotchmen to undo and atone for the past. They blushed to-day for the cruelties inflicted by their ancestors. He would merely refer to some of their trials. The policy of Cromwell was to exterminate the people by cruelty, and transportation. People by the hundred thousand were shipped away to die of starvation and disease, they were slaughtered and their homes pillaged, their monasteries depopulated and destroyed. The priest was scourged, exiled, a price put on his head as on a wolf. But all this persecution, like the storm upon the sturdy oak, only tended to make their faith take deeper root. The history of Ireland is the history of her faith and patriotism. The church is intertwined in her history and cannot be separated from it. Take from Ireland's history her struggles and her church, and its beauty is gone.

The lesson of that history should be to her sons a lesson of unity in the bonds of brotherhood. Ireland was conquered by disensions among her own children. Be united, sober, industrious, upright, honest, law-abiding, steadfast in your opinion, but tolerant of the opinion of others, loyal to the land of your adopter, but faithful to the memory of the home of your forefathers. The collection was taken by Mayor Raymond. The music by the choir was of a special character.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

The following communication will be of interest to our readers. The Father Law, S.J., mentioned in the article died the death of a saint and martyr in the wilds of South Africa whither he had been sent by his superiors to evangelize the savage natives. He was a brother of Commander Frederick Law of this city: A letter to the Very Reverend Father Pubriok, Provincial of New York Province.

CLERKLAND, January 10, 1898.—I presume the following account, of a miraculous cure will be of the greatest interest for you and your home Province. I take it from the Catholic Universe, a weekly of this city.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

The Physician's Statement.—A remarkable cure was effected upon a Religious in one of Cleveland's Catholic charitable institutions, by what is believed to be a direct interposition of Divine power in answer to prayer. Last October the subject of the miraculous intervention was injured in a collision between a vehicle, in which she was riding, and a Woodland Avenue motor. Her right arm was badly sprained and the ligaments torn, and she suffered intense and constant pain in the member for nearly two months. In spite of the careful attention of several physicians, including some of the most eminent members of the medical profession in the city, she received no relief. A few days before Christmas the attending physician announced that it would be several months before the Sister could hope to regain the use of the arm. She had recourse to prayer. A novena in honour of a saintly missionary [Father Law, of the English Province], who died a few years ago, a martyr to zeal in the wilds of Africa, was begun on December 15, in the hope that through his intercession the injured member might be restored. On December 21, the pain was so excruciating that the patient asked permission of her Superior to have her arm opened and a portion of the bone removed, in the belief that the operation would give relief. The request was not granted, and the Sister was sent to the chapel to pray. While engaged in pouring out her heart in earnest petitions to the Almighty, the Sister experienced a sudden cessation of pain, the first for months, and the same day she regained perfect use of the member. The swelling and inflammation disappeared, and in a few hours there was not a vestige of the injury left. Nor has there been the slightest indication of a return of the trouble since.

Dr. William Clark, one of the attending physicians in the case, makes the following statement: "I have been requested to make this statement concerning the sudden case of Sister ..., whom I attended from October 30 to December 22, 1897, for a very bad sprain of her wrist, by being injured by a motor-car of the Woodland Avenue line. The sprain was a very bad one, the ligaments of the wrist being badly torn. There was much swelling and great pain from the time of the accident up to the time she suddenly got well. "Some weeks after the accident we had a consultation with Dr. O. B. Parker, and he united with me in the opinion that it would be at least from two to three months before she would be able to use her hand. Some days after that she came to my office, being able to use her hand just as well as before the accident; and the swelling had disappeared, and the pain also; the hand looked certainly as well as the other. "She made the statement that the cure was the result of a novena made to some person, who she supposed was a saint in Heaven, judging from his holy life and the circumstances of his death. "I am not a believer in modern miracles to any extent, and I would ascribe this cure to some natural law or combination of circumstances, did I know of any. But I do not. I can give no reason why this wrist should get well so suddenly, or so much short of the time, expected, and I will state that it is contrary to the laws of medicine that it should happen so. "Whether this is the result of a direct intervention of God, I leave others to say." (Signed) Dr. WILLIAM CLARK.

CHRONIC DRAMONMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Par-meeo's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Par-meeo's Vegetable Pills.

Many a Man With the Reputation Of Buying from the Highest Priced Tailors Buys His Clothing from Us Why shouldn't he? We can fit him in ten minutes with what at a tailors would take 10 days, and in most cases, fit him without an alteration. A larger stock to choose from, a saving of time, a saving of money. Our 5.00 and 6.00 Suits fit as well as the most expensive. So do our Overcoats. We don't make to order, but we make to fit. Trousers for Men—The choicest selection of suitable patterns. New stripes, quiet checks, dressy plaids—2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50. Prince Alberts—The correct and fashionable kind, made of the finest English Worsteds and Venetians—11.00, 15.00, 16.00, 18.00. Stylish Suits—Cutaway Coats, single or double-breasted sacks in the Clays, Worsted, Serges or Tweeds, elegantly trimmed—10.00 and 12.00. Overcoats—With a distinct superiority of style which only a sight of the goods themselves can demonstrate, box back or centre seam shapes—the finest and best for 10.00 and 12.00. Clothing for the Boys—The best of our previous efforts has been eclipsed this season in the variety and extent of styles and patterns on display in the Boys' Department. Mothers of boys are welcome to see and criticize.

Oak Hall Clothiers 115 to 121 King St. East, Toronto Opposite St. James' Cathedral Another Alleged Settlement. MONTREAL, March 29.—Lo Mouvement Catholique of Three Rivers, having given an alleged copy of the Greenway Government to the Catholic minority of Manitoba, now states that the minority has expressed its willingness to accept other definite terms. The Russian Flag in China. ST. PETERSBURG, March 29.—The Official Messenger published a circular which has been telegraphed by Count Muraviev, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, to the representatives of Russia abroad. It declares that by virtue of a convention signed at Peking on March 27, Port Arthur and the Port of Talien-Wan, and the territories adjacent, have been ceded to Russia, in usufruct by China and the Russian flag has been hoisted.

LAKE MARKETS. TORONTO, March 30, 1898. On the curb in Chicago at the opening today July wheat was quoted at 83 1/2; at the close July wheat quoted at 85 1/2 puts on July wheat 83 1/2; calls 86 1/2; puts on May wheat 81 1/2 puts on May corn, 28 1/2; calls 28 7/8. The receipts of grain on the street market were small; prices were steady. Wheat—Steady, 200 bushels selling at 75c to 80c for white straight; 75c to 80c for red. Barley—Steady; 300 bushels selling at 35c. Rye—Steady; 100 bushels selling at 31c. Oats—Easier; 300 bushels selling at 30c. Peas—Easier, 200 bushels selling at 35c to 40c. Hay and Straw—Steady; 10 loads of hay selling at \$8 to \$9.50, and 2 loads of straw at \$6 to \$7. Dressed Hogs—There were none offered; the price was nominal at \$9.

WM. A. LEE & SON 10 ADELAIDE STREET EAST TELLSBROS 592 and 2076. THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF ONTARIO, LTD. HEAD OFFICE—Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - \$354,900.00 Issues most attractive and liberal policies. Foremost in desirable features. Warranted for good, reliable agents. E. MARSHALL, Secretary. E. F. CLARKE, Manager, Director.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. "Canada's Greatest Carpet House" CARPETINGS FOR SPRING With the new season arrived our new Carpetings for Spring are all here, and you are cordially invited to call and inspect them. We've outtrivalled our greatest previous efforts in making the display one grand, beautiful show. The new season goods are handsomer than ever—many are our own private patterns and are exclusive. The quantity, rendering a choice an easy matter with anyone, is truly enormous. Shoppers who know of Carpet stocks as they see them in other stores are truly amazed when they view the stock of this store. "No other store in it with yourselves," was the remark of a shopper who had been making a tour of the Carpet stocks of Toronto. We are kept at our wits' end, despite the extensive floor space, to find the needed room for these immense stocks. The logic is clear that buying in such immense quantities, not only is the assortment beyond competition, but our prices are necessarily the very lowest.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 24 KING ST. WEST

P. BURNS & COY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN COAL AND WOOD Head Office—38 King St. East, Toronto, Telephone No 131. BRANCH OFFICES:—384 YONGE ST., Telephone No 151. 240 QUEEN ST. WEST, Telephone No. 13.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, BRANTON, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President. WM. T. KIELEY, JOHN FOY, EDWARD STOCH. Solicitors: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C. Deposits Received from 20c upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures, Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for inspecting property. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY INCORPORATED 1851 CAPITAL - 2,000,000 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT. Wm. A. Lee & Son, 10 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Agents for: W. R. Brock, Esq. Geo. H. R. Cockburn, Esq. J. K. Osborne, Esq. C. C. Foster, Secretary. Solicitors: Messrs. McCarthy, Oaker, Hoekin and Creelman. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo and Freight against the perils of inland Navigation. On Cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces by all steam. On Carries by steamer to British Ports.

Thoughtful Mothers see that their children are clothed in healthful garments. Nothing so suitable for boys or girls as a Crompton Hygienic Waist which gives perfect support to the form that can be laundered when necessary, without detriment, and is of unsurpassed durability. SOLD IN ALL RETAIL STORES MANUFACTURED BY The Crompton Corset Company, Limited. DOMINION LINE STEAMSHIPS. RATES OF PASSAGE: First Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or London, \$100 to \$150, single; Second Cabin—\$50 to \$75, single; \$75 to \$100, double. Liverpool, London, London, Liverpool, Queenstown, Belfast or Glasgow, including outfit, \$25.00 to \$35.00. Midship saloons, electric light, spacious promenade deck. For all information apply to Toronto to A. F. Webster, corner King & Yonge Streets, or G. W. Torrance, 18 Front Street East. DAVID TORRANCE & CO. General Agents, Montreal 17 St. Simeon Street.

John Kay, Son & Co. 24 King St. West. Medical. DR. EDWARD ADAMS, "HOMOEOPATHIST," 437 Yonge Street, N.E. Cor. Wellesley Street, Specialties—Diseases of Stomach and Bowels and "Nervous System." Hours—9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Telephone 3190.