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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

On June 26th attended by a great assembly of the laity and by a large and representative gathering of the clergy...

The Very Rev. Canon MacNamara the respected parish priest of Monks town, in the diocese of Cork, is dead.

Mr. William O'Brien has received the following letter from Patrick Ford:

"The 'Irish World,' New York, June 15th, 1898: Dear Mr. O'Brien—I am told that Westport, where you have fixed your residence, is one of the most distressed districts in all Ireland.

The Westport bench of magistrates will have before them one of the strangest and most important cases heard in Connaught for some years.

Some time ago a number of Nationalists of Clonmel decided to raise a memorial in Clonmel in honor of the memory of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

Mrs. Walsh, Killogees, about four miles from Athlone, was arrested and committed to Tullamore Jail for taking forcible possession of her farm from which she had been evicted.

ENGLAND.

The 98 Centennial Association of London is engaged in making arrangements for the reception of the French delegates who will pass through London on their way to Ireland early in August.

Lord Rosebery unveiled a memorial to Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield on July 9th, the 101st anniversary of a great man's death.

The unusual spectacle of a Cardinal heading the open-air procession through the streets of London was witnessed on June 28, on the occasion of the twenty-seventh procession in honour of St. Aloysius in Horseferry road.

guilds and confraternities, together with some eight or nine Jesuit priests assembled in the schools of the mission in Great Peter Street, Westminster, shortly after three o'clock, and wended their way to Victoria street, where they were joined by Cardinal Vaughan.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA.

The following address delivered at the third annual meeting of the members of the Maynooth Union, was the star address before the distinguished assemblage:

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, who has received with loud applause, said—My Lord Cardinal, Right Reverend, Very Reverend, and Reverend gentlemen, I think I should make some apology for standing up at all to address you. The only claim that I have to do so is that I am a candidate for membership in the Maynooth Union, and as that candidature, I think, very likely to be successful.

the welfare of the colony, the rulers of the country have become alarmed, and they have undertaken to remove the reading lessons and restore the reference to Christianity which were struck out at the former revision. Thus the Catholic body were placed in that position that they should either build and maintain their own schools or send their children to be taught under the system of education which was thus administered by the State.

more closely their literary exercises as well as their amusements, can be supervised by the priests, the more that class of literature may be discouraged. In Australia, at any rate, as far as the young girls are concerned, they are pretty safe. Religious institutions are multiplying to a vast extent. We have sisterhoods of almost every order for girls under the direction of nuns. In some districts that is universal, and every single school at which our Catholic girls attend is under the instruction of nuns. Our chief difficulty is in regard to boys. When boys have passed the school age they attend the Catholic school, and they grow up promising boys, but when they leave school, and when they enter on the reading of this kind of literature, and when they are driven into the company of boys who have been educated in secular schools, their difficulties and trials and temptations begin, and of course it cannot be denied that some of them suffer very materially both from the reading in which they indulge and the associations which they have formed. If any remedy would be provided for that class it would be a matter of inestimable importance. It occurred to me often that there ought to be a special religious society which would have nothing to do but attend to young men and boys after they leave school and until they are between the ages of 17 and 30 years. I was so much interested in the subject that when I was in Rome I thought whether it would be possible to get any of the disciples of Don Bosco to undertake work of that kind. If I do succeed I shall feel I have done something in order to provide what I regard as the greatest want of the Australian—certainly of the Victorian Church. There is only one more observation I wish to refer to. One of the recommendations contained in the paper which I first appear to be sentimental. It was to the effect that the attention of Irish youth, and Irish men of all Irish women, should be directed to the past history and glories of the Irish Church. Well, now, to my mind there was not a more useful suggestion contained in the whole paper than that. (Applause.) I shall briefly give you an experience of my own. I delivered a lecture in Melbourne on "Ancient Irish Art," and the report appeared in some papers. It was read by non-Catholics, and I had a letter on the following morning from a gentleman who told me that for many years he had been a diligent student of Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer. He said he regarded himself as capable of judging of literature, as well as scientific matters, and he asked me to tell him whether I was serious or not in asserting that not only was Ireland remarkable for the cultivation of many arts and sciences, but excelled all the nations of Europe, during several centuries in the cultivation of the different arts and sciences which I referred to. I wrote to him, and I told him he might be a great student of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, but that probably they knew as little about Irish art as he himself apparently. I told him if he had any misgivings on the point to send a few letters in the public library reading extracts from authors whose names I enclosed. I went even to the trouble of giving him a few extracts. He wrote back and told me that up to that time he really had no idea that Ireland was distinguished for anything great either in literature or in art. I can say this to you that no thing which specially impressed me since my return to the cloisters, the portraits that hang in the cloisters, the likenesses of many great men who have passed away, and some who are living still; but the principal thing I admired, those representations which bring before the mind so forcibly the immense, the cultivation, and the genius of the men who were concerned with the making of the Cross of Cong, the Chalices of Ardagh, and the Brooch of Tara. (Applause.) It is of itself an additional education for the students working in these cloisters. Their attention must be directed to them and the more they read the more they become acquainted with their history, and with the very perfection of which these things were formed by Irish hands and imagined by Irish minds, the more proud they must be of their country, and the more convinced that as Ireland was great in the past in literature and science and art, and as literature and science and art in future times she should not strip the nations of Europe as she has stripped them before, and in the centuries that are before her acquire and maintain a place second to no nation in the world. (Applause.) Now, I will conclude with one hope and prayer. It is that the College of Maynooth may proceed and prosper, "Floreat Collegium magnanimum." (Applause.)

Farm and Garden

Hens are fond of tomatoes and the feed is good for them. The American Agriculturalist says if tomatoes are barrowed up in the cellar the green ones will keep well in cold weather, and furnish an acceptable change in the winter fodder.

Light sandy soil should, says Farm and Fireside, be preferred for poultry. The best thing to do with a clay soil is to drain it, if possible. But if such is impossible the house should be on the highest point and dirt filled in until the floor under the house is raised above the outside level, in order to avoid dampness under the floor (which should be of boards).

At this season of the year, says Farm-Poultry, hundreds of chickens die from the evil effects of lousiness. A thorough application of insecticides to your flock and poultry houses once a week for four or five weeks will save you dollars, and give your birds comfort, with comparative freedom from lice, until it is time to go into winter quarters.

There is no plant, says I. G. Quirin, of Tiga Center, N.Y., in Farm-Poultry, that furnishes so much green food for poultry as prickly cacti. For parties that have no range or have the hens penned up, thirty-one plants the second year will furnish green food for one hundred hens from six to seven months. One plant gives enough for one day, and can be cut every month. I feed it to ducks as well as to hens.

Farm and Fireside: If eggs are higher in winter it is because they cost more in that season. As has been frequently affirmed, eggs cost little or nothing in summer, if the hens are on a large range, and will then pay, even if prices are low. If eggs are thirty-five cents a dozen the real food material costs the consumer about twenty-five cents a pound, but when eggs are fifteen cents a dozen the consumer gets about two and one-fourth pounds of food material for twenty-five cents.

Hen manure is quite rich in nitrogen but deficient in potash and phosphoric acid. The use of plain superphosphate or "acid phosphate" as an absorbent in conjunction with plaster will be well. It may be added separately at the time of composting, say a barrel of phosphate to four barrels of hen manure. Potash should be added in the same proportion if low grade potash salts (kainit) are used, but if high grade muriate of potash is employed, one barrel to eight of hen manure will be enough. Potash in this form will not be caustic enough to do any harm, as would be the case if wood ashes were used.

Farm-Poultry: Chicken cholera, in vestigation will often prove, is but an extensive development of vermin. The healthy hen is free from vermin. Almost invariably other ailments, except, of course, colds and cases of roup, are mainly due to vermin. The hens that are infested with vermin are so debilitated that they readily succumb to disease, and are also more apt to get colds and roup than hens not infested. It is during warm weather that eternal vigilance becomes necessary to keep down insect pests that abound where neglect allows them to once get a foothold. Every known device must be utilized during summer to keep the vermin pests of the poultry yard in check. The first and most important consideration will always be cleanliness of the most thorough nature.

The King of Spain.

A Madrid correspondent writes, under date June 24th:—I had yesterday the privilege of being present in a private chapel of the Royal Palace, when King Alfonso XII. received his first Communion. He received his Confirmation from the Archbishop of Madrid. The ceremony, although the public were not admitted, were carried out with full pomp, and were most impressive. I could notice that the Queen Regent was deeply affected. The disordered state of the country and the unhappy war with America were plainly present to the minds of all as they watched the young monarch religiously laying his own destiny and that of his country at the foot of the altar. Alfonso, though a real child, is a manly and simple lad with a bearing and expression of native dignity. One could not help the reflection that much will be granted to the sincere prayers of so pure-minded a youth. I saw tears in many eyes as the ceremonies concluded, and my own emotion was, 'Noble but unhappy Spain!'

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a Kent India missionary the formula of a simple, reliable remedy for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung troubles, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this noble and generous motive, he has written in plain English, in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and all the principal languages, a book which will send free of charge to all who desire it, this remedy, in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and all the principal languages, and the only one that will cure Consumption, Croup, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung troubles. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Brown, 240 Fowling Block, Rochester, N.Y.



There is every man a love of life strong enough to make him tremble and kneel before death when he thoroughly recognizes its approach. Trouble with men is that they do not recognize death unless it comes in the most violent or rapid form. Consumption kills more men than wars, famines, plagues and accidents, but its approach is insidious, and men do not realize that they are in its clutch. While consumption is a germ disease, the bacilli will not invade sound and healthy lungs. The lungs must first be in a diseased condition. First a man feels a little of it. Probably he is overworking and has given too little time to eating, sleeping and resting. His appetite falls off, and he does not get the proper amount of life-giving nutriment. The liver becomes clogged, the blood is filled with impurities. These are rumped into every corner of the body, building up unhealthy, half-diseased spots. The most common of these is the weakest spot. A slight cold leads to influenza, and the bacilli invade the lungs and we have a case of consumption. Ninety-eight per cent of all cases of consumption are cured by the Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, makes the digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, builds new and healthy flesh and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstructed coughs and kindred ailments. No home-remedy will recommend a substitute for it. Mrs. Ursula Dunham of Saterleville, Tyler Co., Va., writes: "I had pain in my side all the time, had but little appetite and grew very thin. The Golden Medical Discovery cured the pain, restored my appetite and increased my weight."

The Sacred Winding Sheet.

Much interest has been created by the photographing of the Sacred Winding Sheet of Our Lord, which is preserved in the Royal Chapel in the Cathedral of Turin. On Sunday morning last the exhibition of the photograph was made in a hall especially fitted up in the office of the Sacred Art Exhibition now being held in Turin. When the people had been admitted to the hall the electric lights with which it was illuminated were extinguished and there was no light save that which illumined the glass plate containing the photographic image made of the Winding Sheet. This sheet is about 13 feet 6 inches in length by nearly 5 feet broad; it is made of very fine linen woven in bands or stripes, in the ancient mode of Damascus. It has been for nearly four centuries in possession of the House of Savoy, and has always been regarded as the actual winding sheet in which the Gospels relate was placed under and folded over the body of Christ after He was taken down from the Cross. He was exposed to public gaze thirty years ago, at the time of the marriage of Prince Humbert with Princess Margaret, now King and Queen. It is the King who, as hereditary guardian of the relic, allowed it to be photographed.

It was again exposed to public view at the end of May on the occasion of the opening of the Turin Exhibition, and was visited by over two thousand persons. It bears faintly outlined a double representation of Our Lord's body. This arises from the fact that the body was placed upon one end of it and the other was drawn over the head, covering the body. These images thus left by blood and ointment stains have been photographed, and present the marvelous pictures about which so much has been said recently. The photographic machine has shown lines invisible to the ordinary naked eye. The picture was taken by electric light.

This photographic plate was what was shown. "The effect," says a writer in the Italia Reale of the 20th June, "is impressive. The figure of Our Lord appears clearly with admirable precision of particulars, such as no artist ever imagined." A number of most distinguished persons connected with the Christian Art Exhibition attended. Baron Manno, the president of this exhibition, expressed his admiration of the work, which has succeeded so well. The Archbishop of Turin, who had expressed a desire to assist at this opening ceremony, or private view, was hindered at the last moment, but sent his pro-secretary to represent him. The hall was afterwards open to the public, and was soon filled with members of the clergy, of the aristocracy, of the art world, and of the Press. The pilgrimage continued all Sunday, and is likely to continue in future, for, as the Italia Reale says, "There is not, perhaps, a document which interests faith and art like this."

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with sore feet, which was 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 Balm and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got relief. I used it, and the sore feet were completely cured."

Mrs. T.: "I am worried because my husband is keeping something from me, and I don't know what it is." Mrs. S.: "My husband, too, is keeping something from me, and I am worried because I know what it is." Mrs. T.: "Indeed! What is it?" Mrs. S.: "It is money."

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." TALKS BY "TERESA"

How fond many non-Catholics are of asserting that the Church is opposed to science.

In England, Germany, the United States and Canada, the press and the platform are ever repeating the false statement that modern progress is due to the so-called Reformation.

The statement is not born out by the facts of history. For instance, the deeds of Elizabeth's reign in England would not have been possible but for what was done by Catholic men in the previous purely Catholic times of Edward IV. and Henry VII.

During their time the art of printing was invented in Germany by Gutenberg and brought to England by Caxton, who set up his first press in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey, under the fostering care of his Abbot, and whose friend and patron, Cardinal Boucher, was the first to introduce it into Oxford.

Then Christopher Columbus and Sebastian Cabot taught Europe there was a new world awaiting it, and Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope and showed the sea route to India. There are the men, all Catholics, along with the monk Nicholas Copernicus, whose startling discovery of the rotation of the earth was dedicated in a huge volume to Pope Paul III., to whom the scientists of the present day are indebted for the foundation they stand on and boast of as their own.

It may be well here to bring to mind some among the great array of Catholics who laid the foundation of modern life and methods. The Catholic monks were the first to put floating bells over sunken rocks as a warning to mariners in fog and darkness. Cardinal Stephen Langton was the first to found a society for the purpose of putting fixed lights on dangerous headlands to guide ships safely on their way. He called it the Guild of St. Clement and Most Blessed Trinity, and Trinity House at the present day, which rules all light houses in England, is its direct successor.

Cardinal Simon Langton was the first to establish technical schools in England and for painting, architecture, and the cultivation of such good roads. Wykeham was a first class architect, and was proud of the latter accomplishment; so much so that when the king commanded him to design a wing for the new castle he was building, the Bishop had prepared in such summary manner, Wykeham meekly replied that it being a great honor to be architect to His Majesty he had ventured to proclaim the fact, pointing out that the King had misunderstood the meaning of the word "Wykeham," which he translated "This was the making of Wykeham." Probably the ingenious and rather daring sophistry did not deceive the King who was too good a Latin scholar himself to be taken in such a way.

Wykeham was allowed to remain. But "revereas a nos mouens." The daily duty so familiar to us on the top of every newspaper is due to the labor of the Jesuit, Father Clavin, who performed at the order of Pope Gregory XIII. Gunpowder was invented by a monk named (I think) Roger Bacon, and though, possibly the discovery of the dangerous explosive has scarcely been of benefit to mankind in some directions, still in many ways it opened up possibilities which before were closed. The life of Leonardo da Vinci the famous painter, is a wonderful lesson in architecture, engineering, art and science. There is a pretty story connected with him, to the effect that he would visit the market place where caged birds were exposed for sale, and purchasing them, set them free one by one and watch their joyous flight in the bright air and sunshine. Modern physiology is based on the work performed by Eustachius and Fallopius—to whom are due the discoveries of the structure, uses, and disorders of the Eustachian tube, and Fallopius's Vestibular Nerve; and Bishop Steno was the first to write a systematic treatise on geology. There are a host of instances besides, should be enough to convince honest minds that the Catholic religion is in no way opposed to true science working in the service of man.

And when I see my misfit face it's some relief to know That I'll outlive the beauties by a hundred years or so!

All the same it is very nice to be pretty; at least that is what the majority of us think; none of us like to be set down as plain, in either our own or others estimation.

Beauty is only skin deep, and the depth of a very thin skin at that. It is a very ethereal possession and is liable at any moment to take wings into itself and fly away. Nevertheless, it is very nice to be a beauty, to have half a dozen men going crazy about one, to have a crowd waiting around the door of one's home to see one come to be followed by admiring glances wherever one goes, and to create a stir in the social atmosphere generally.

There goes the lovely Miss Blank, isn't she perfectly beautiful? It is enough to send a thrill of unselfish exultation through the average woman. Heigho! we are all daughters of Eve, and each of us likes to be considered attractive. But, beauty does not always count for more good than it does for a charm of manner that is infinitely more fascinating. I know a woman who is positively ugly as far as features are concerned, and yet her manner is so gracious, so refined and altogether charming, that she really attracts notice that she is not pretty. Another friend of mine who is a really pretty woman has such a lovely, "lovable" way about her that nobody could possibly help loving her. She has a pretty home, a garden, and a charming and interesting husband, and is always becomingly dressed, but wherever she goes or whatever she does she is always the same. Some beautiful women I have known have been so haughty and unapproachable that their beauty has been rather repellent than otherwise. When a woman is both beautiful and gracious, a double charm has been added to her attractiveness.

A young lady, armed with palette, brushes, and sketch book, sallied forth to paint a picture in the park. She picked out a suitable point of view, disposed herself on a bench, and was soon hard at work. In the distance sat a young man who seemed to take a great interest in the fair painter. He signified his seat several times, until he had drawn pretty close, but so engrossed was she with her work that she did not notice him. The picture was almost completed when her eye caught the glint of a sunbeam on some foliage, and she turned to look at it. The seat and her sketching board on the grass, she moved away in order to get a better view of the effect, which seemed worthy to be transferred to canvas. As soon as she left the bench the young man, who had not had assurance enough to occupy it beside her, came up and took possession of one end. Once seated he disposed himself in a graceful and careless attitude, assuming a look of indifference, and awaited her return. When she came back she perceived at once what had occurred. She would have felt sorry for the young man but for a fatuous look of self complacency on his features. "When she felt that she had done her best, she said, in a cool voice, 'but you are sitting on my palette.'"

The young man did not seem to realize what ruin to his pantaloons would come through contact with the various shades of moist colors, and sprang up with a winning smile. "Paroadae," he said. "Very stupid of me. Allow me to hand it to you."

He turned round to get it, but it was not there.

"I think you are mistaken," he continued. "I don't see it anywhere."

"It would be rather odd if you could," said the young lady's reply.

"It is situated on your trousers."

She could hardly repress a laugh at the young man's consternation; and the wild grin which he made to detach the article, but she managed to maintain an air of dignified reserve.

"Thank you," she said, taking it from his paralyzed grasp.

"I am sorry if you have suffered any inconvenience," and she walked away, while the young man buried himself in his pocket, and his mother had packed his garments with an old map of Europe.

Fearful Marine Calamity.

One of the most awful marine disasters of modern times was chronicled on Thursday. Between 600 and 600 people went down to their death in the Atlantic in the early morning of July 4. The French line steamer La Bourgogne, steaming at a rate of 17 knots an hour, crashed into the British steamer Oromartyshire, off Cape Sable and shortly after the collision sank. The Bourgogne had on board 626 passengers and a crew of 220. Of these only 106 were rescued. The disaster took place in the vicinity of the wreck of the Ebe in Hamburg Harbor, and the wreck of the Drummond Castle off the coast of France in the Bay of Biscay, to mention the loss of the Boston a good many years ago, and the loss of the Eutopia off Gibraltar, are all discounted by this great calamity. The speed of seventeen knots an hour, on the part of the Bourgogne, looks like culpable carelessness under the circumstances. According to the reports, the Britisher, Oromartyshire, was pursuing a cautious policy and had reduced speed to 5 miles an hour owing to the dense fog. The Bourgogne, however, appears to have been rushing ahead at full speed, and notwithstanding the precautions usually taken in case of a fog, did not discover the other vessel in the slightest. Some of the incidents of the disaster are not creditable to manly chivalry. It is said that women and children were brutally brushed aside and not allowed to gain the lifeboats, and only one woman was saved out of 800 on board the ill-fated ship.

The Famline in Ireland. The following letter received by Mr. William O'Malley, M.P., shows the grim reality of the famine in the West of Ireland: Carna, Connemara, Co. Galway June 21st, '98.

DEAR MR. O'MALLEY—The arduous duty of trying with little or no means to stave off the distressed people of this parish over the present critical period has compelled a few remarks from me on Mr. Balfour's reply to your query relative to the cause of Mrs. Conneally's death.

In the interest of truth and humanity I feel bound to reiterate briefly the facts of the case. Mr. Balfour's reply contained a few remarks from me on Mr. Balfour's reply to your query relative to the cause of Mrs. Conneally's death.

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FIRESIDE FUN. Sauce: "I saw a man in a window making faces to-day." Symple: "What was he doing that for?" Sauce: "For a couple of clocks, he is a Jeweller."

He: "That must be a very interesting book you are reading." She: "Oh, it's awfully exciting. The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter."

A Good Judge—Jill: "Is Will a good judge of wagers?" But: "I think he must be. He had two last night, and he gave me one. He must have kept the best one."

Britisher: "Do you Americans go in for aristocracy at these swell resorts?" Gothamite: "Yes, indeed. Why, even the waves in the harbor all have their crests."

Briggs: "Was the Boston girl pleased when you proposed?" Griggs: "Immensely. She said that in twenty minutes' straight talk I didn't make one grammatical error."

Edith: "Oh, Ethel, what shall I do? Jack says he supposes it's all over between us and that he'll send my presents back." Ethel (experienced): "Tell him to bring them."

Burgin: "I see the scientists claim that strawberries are ninety-one per cent. water." R: "The scientists are away off. Strawberries are ninety-one per cent. box bottom."

Uncle: "I was just reading that Prof. R. has discovered microbes on a hundred dollar note." Nephew (medical student): "Lead me one. I would like to investigate the case myself."

A little three-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a noise. When told it was caused by a cricket, she sagely remarked: "Mamma, I think it ought to be killed."

Mr. Greatman, I heard a curious debate the other evening. The subject was 'Can a Politician be a Christian?' What is your opinion?" Mr. Greatman (local statesman): "He kin, but he'll get hooked."

Patrick (just recovering from the effects of ether in the hospital): "Oh, where am I? Where am I?" Dr. Sawbones (with a wink): "In Heaven." Patrick (looking around): "Then I'd like to know what you're doing here?"

I never heard of but one perfect boy," said Johnnie pensively, as he sat in the corner doing penance. "And who was that?" asked mamma. "Papa—when he was little," was the answer; and silence reigned for the space of five minutes.

Preeko-hus: "Papa must be awful strong, mamma." Mamma: "What makes you think so, Preo?" Preeko-hus: "I heard him tell Mr. Jackson this morning that he stood Pat on his hand four times last night and cleaned up over a hundred."

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THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- July 14 - S. Bonaventura. 15 - S. Stephen. 16 - Our Lady of Mount Carmel. 17 - S. Edmund. 18 - S. Camillus. 19 - S. Vincent de Paul. 20 - S. Jerome Emilian.

Lord Strathcona (Smith), of Montreal, has made his debut as an imperial legislator. His bill to make marriage with a deceased wife's sister contracted in the colonies lawful in the United Kingdom has passed its second reading.

The sudden summoning of the Ontario Legislature will naturally give rise to a cloud of speculations. The one fact admitted by the Hon. Premier Hardy, since the House will meet only to adjourn over the appointed period, is that the continuance of the administration under active regular conditions is for the present impossible in this province.

In connection with the address delivered before the Maynooth Union by the Archbishop of Melbourne which will be found on page 2 of this issue, we may mention that one of the latest works to reach this office for review is a history of the Catholic church in Australia, written by Cardinal Moran and published by a former Canadian, Mr. Frank Coffey.

A few years ago a strong clique of American citizens resident in Hawaii, raised a revolution, dethroned the queen and seized the government, which they, although a mere handful, have since held by the logic of American guns. They have now handed the country over to the United States, President McKinley has signed the resolution annexing the islands and a chieftain of senators and soldiers have sailed to raise the American flag and take formal possession.

In this issue of THE REGISTER all the particulars are published of the annual excursion to St. Anne de Beaupre with which the name of Rev. Father Stanton has become associated throughout Ontario. These excursions grow in popularity, and every year the railroads show an increasingly generous disposition to the promoters of them.

The British Columbia elections were held last week and the result of the struggle is a tie. Premier Turner can hardly continue to administer the affairs of the province, and it is altogether unlikely that either party will consider the opportunity for a coalition.

campaign was conducted with all the vicious science that is known in Winnipeg and Ottawa. It is said that Dominion politics did not figure in the election, but Dominion politicians and Dominion methods certainly did.

The rumors of Mr. John Morley's conversion to the Catholic church have been disposed of, but all of his well wishers in the old and new world will rejoice to know that his attitude towards the Christian religion is longer one of cold hostility. There seems to be better grounds for the statement that Mr. Labouchere has become a Catholic.

On page 7 of this issue will be found some sarcastic comments from The Star, Montreal, with reference to the position of Mr. Wade, "clerk of peace and crown attorney" in the Yukon. This the same Wade who wrote the scandalous pamphlet which regarded the Manitoba school question, which, during the late general election, was the standard authority for all the bigots who figured in the press and on the platform.

The Globe treats its readers to a biographical notice of Mr. William Ogilvie, who is to replace Commissioner Walsh in the Yukon, which is pitched in quite an hysterical key. Mr. Ogilvie, we are told, is a man "who waked up to find himself famous," "brought into the world of light" etc, etc.

All the cable correspondents unite in their testimony to the strong effect made upon parliament and British public opinion by Hon. Edward Blake's second speech on the financial grievances of Ireland, during the debate last week. The Irish Nationalists have been looking since the opening of the present session for an opportunity to force upon the attention of the House their demand for a readjustment of the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland.

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subject country a crime without excuse. The one satiate, by point in connection with this debate, in which Hon. Edward Blake has made so commanding a figure, is that the Irish Nationalists to a man voted with the Nationalists.

The Americans do not need to annex Canada, if they desire merely to consult their now imperial arrogance in the relations of the two countries. When they can order people off Canadian soil by sending a peremptory note to the Government at Ottawa through the Ambassador at Washington, they make a much louder swag of their power than if they exercised suzerainty over this region, or had cut our territory up into states of the union.

One of the most important utterances heard at the recent annual meeting of the Maynooth Union came from Cardinal Logue, who said: "I regret to be obliged to state a fact which is known to you all, it is that we have in Ireland what never was attempted before except by the enemies of the Church and the persecutors of the Church, we have a movement, a rebellion, a complete divorce, a complete severance, between large bodies of our people and priests who have been charged by Almighty God with the care of their spiritual welfare (applause). I have no fear whatever that this movement will succeed (loud applause). If the priesthood do not become degenerate, as long as they retain the tradition of the Irish priesthood, as long as they love the people and are devoted to the people, and are prepared to work and sacrifice for the people, and give up now, as their predecessors did, everything for the sake of the people, it will be impossible to create distrust between the Irish Catholic and his pastor (loud applause)."

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can be taught the members of the Orange and Blue Order, than to take as an example the Roman Catholic girl who goes to mass at 6 o'clock every Sunday morning, when my people can't get here at 11." That the Orangetown need preaching to no one will deny. We would rejoice to see them, instead of beating the air with drumsticks and making the welkin ring with ostentatious party tunes, go more to the churches, and particularly to such churches at that of Rev. Morgan Wood, where they will be in the way of hearing a little of the truth.

Kingston Penitentiary Revolutions.

It would have been hard to do justice to the article from The Kingston Whig, of June 6, published elsewhere without giving it in full. To some extent it explains itself, for even as a covert threat it gives its authors away. The threat however is rather ingeniously interwoven with a lame defence of a grave situation and a public scandal. The members of the Kingston Liberal Association who wished to make the warden of the penitentiary the bottle-holder of their patronage, are not in fact quite sure of their ground. They cannot have forgotten that Mr. Douglas Stewart, inspector of penitentiaries, in his last report to the Minister of Justice kicked hard against the principle of running the penal institutions of Canada as patronage departments of the local political organizations. And it is with a visit from Mr. Douglas Stewart and the Minister of Justice that the Kingston Liberal Association would threaten warden Metcalf. There is not much in the bluff; and the bluffers know it. In addition it is impossible to suppose that they are not conscious of the fact that the affairs of the Kingston penitentiary cannot stand any more investigating for a while; there has been too much light thrown upon the extraordinary politico-religious machinery of the institution recently. The work of the infamous partisan commission there has yet to be explained to Parliament; and the Government wishes itself well out of it. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick not making quite as useful a cat's paw in the business as was anticipated. It will be remembered that the commission recommended a clean sweep of the staff; but it transpired that the Catholic employes only were to be sacrificed, the Protestants, with the exception of the warden, being pulled gently back just as soon as they had been put out. The Kingston Liberal Association winked the other eye at the partisan commission, which had done its work neatly, as was supposed. But the Government was afraid to dismiss the warden; and now the Liberal Association through The Whig makes the following clumsy concession: "The heads of the Association always respect the head of a public institution, when he is willing to be friendly and fair, and there has been a good feeling with the warden."

The inspired writer in The Whig, it will be noticed, also says that "religious feeling has been the bane of the institution." He does not explain who is responsible for that; but merely remarks in an off-hand way that "the public irrespective of politics cannot be convinced that chief-keeper Hughes is not a valuable officer."

As the history of the religious strife in Kingston penitentiary is an open book to all who are acquainted with local politics, there is no secret about the birth and growth of religious animosities among the staff. Under the old regime warden Lovell was a Protestant, deputy-warden Sullivan a Catholic, and chief-keeper Hewton a Protestant. These officers worked in harmony, there was then no "religious feeling." But when chief-keeper Hughes came the trouble began. It is said in extenuation of his methods that he could no more help it than could Col. Sam when he spells Roman Catholic with a small r and c. At all events from his advent Catholic officers in the institution complained of subjection to persistent persecution. Dismissal and suspension on unsupported evidence were of frequent occurrence; and the unsatisfactory state of the institution finally ran into the now notorious commission. That inquiry is one of the scandals of the Liberal government.

When Catholics were not only dismissed but every species of cowardly insinuation made against their personal characters there was strong reason to believe that the panic created by the large number of conversions

The Whig said never a word. Now, however, when Catholics are out of the way, and the trouble lies between the Protestant warden and the Protestant chief-keeper and on gineer, The Whig, whose editor is head of the Kingston Liberal Association, rises to remark that the "Protestant mind of the whole city is inflamed with reports of partiality to Roman Catholic officers." The "Protestant mind" has a very peculiar way of swelling out into passion. But it seems to us that the "Protestant mind" and the Liberal Association might be used as convertible terms by the inspired writer of The Whig. When Catholics were cleaned off the staff of the penitentiary in a wholesale fashion the Liberal Association saw patronage and profit at hand, and the "Protestant mind" lay as still as a sleeping child, but when the warden interfered with the Liberal Association's "staff all round to be proud of"—as The Whig eloquently puts it, having in view no doubt the peculiar pride that the Liberal Association takes in its own particular pet—the "Protestant mind" at once looked around for a Protestant horse to do some hard busking and kicking with. Perhaps The Whig will tell us that Mr. Hughes is a Conservative, and that its own solicitude, and the dreadful inflammation of the "Protestant mind" have been excited solely by the suffering cause of good service in the penitentiary. That might look all right to the marines, but perhaps Col. Sam Hughes is also a Conservative. We know he used to be.

The touching thought in The Whig's article is where it contrasts the religious animosities that have disorganized Kingston penitentiary with the blessed peace that pervades the atmosphere of Rockwood asylum. The value of this contrast will be estimated when we assert that the religious prescription carried out at Rockwood asylum has been notorious. Not only in the staff but even in the distribution of the "patronage" (which is the official word for outlay of the institution for maintenance) a strict principle of exclusion has been acted upon. Of the whole enormous outlay of the asylum only the meagre fraction has gone the way of Catholics in business. This is a more notorious fact than the boasted religious peace of the Rockwood asylum management.

If the Kingston Liberal Association has decided that the same sort of peace shall be the future basis of the management of Kingston penitentiary, we can only hope that when the Minister of Justice and the inspector of penitentiaries hold their investigation the proceedings will be open to the public. We think we could promise the public a treat.

The Ritualistic Panic in England.

Sir William Harcourt, leader of the British Liberal party in the House of Commons, has offered an explanation of his recent sensational utterances during the debate on the Benefices Bill. It will be remembered that the bigoted tone which marked the address was considered to be offensive alike to Anglican Ritualists and Catholics. On June 27, when the debate was re-opened, Mr. William Harcourt took Sir William to task. He called attention to the contemptuous description which the hon. gentleman had indulged in of practices held sacred by the Catholic Church. Sir William Harcourt explained that what he objected to was that the Bill, while professing to deal with "the misconduct of the clergy in ecclesiastical office" did not touch at all upon misconduct connected with doctrine and ritual. Nothing was further from his mind than to give offence to any person who professed the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and if he had used any such expression he regretted it. He repeated that it was believed an organized attempt was on foot to land the Church of England in the Roman Catholic Church, or in other words to identify all the doctrines and practices of the one with the other. This would undo the work of the Reformation. He had not raised the cry of "No Popery," and had no desire to cast ridicule upon the religion of persons different from his own. What he had raised was the cry of "No treachery," in denunciation of men who ate the bread of one church with the intention of betraying it to another.

No doubt when the panic created by the large number of conversions from the Church of England to the Catholic faith has abated a little people will begin to see that sound religious conscience, either in Ritualists or Catholics, is not part of the outfit of the proselytizer, the spy or the traitor. The true religion holds no thing in sympathy with deism. The Anglican Ritualist who enters the Catholic Church does so at a great sacrifice in the worldly sense in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; and the Catholic Church has no place for converts who have anything to gain by not making a profession of their faith. There certainly can be no spiritual gain—it is impossible that there can be spiritual existence—in the creature of Sir William Harcourt's auspices, who "eats the bread of one church with the object of betraying it to another." Persons who take such a view are simply incapable of understanding the pure conscience of the man who leaves family, friends and living in order to find truth and faith and salvation.

The La Bourgoigne Horror.

The powerful press of this Canada of ours has a bad attack of monomania. It is safe to say that the great majority of Canadian newspaper readers are heartily sick of the gush served up to them every day about the invincible might of the "Anglo-Saxon race," because the Americans are simply verifying universal anticipation by whipping their poor, hungry and badly armed for the Spaniard. And the most sickening thing about all this servile rubbish is that nothing else can happen, no matter how foreign to any sort of association with the war it may be, that does not start our newspaper ducks all quawking away afresh. The ocean horror recorded last week, which must have plunged thousands into grief on both sides of the Atlantic, was received with a certain sense of triumph by some of our newspapers here, because they considered that it furnished almost as convincing a demonstration of the superiority of the "Anglo-Saxon race," as another battle between the Americans and Spaniards. A fine French steamship went to the bottom after a collision on the Newfoundland banks, engulfing more than half a thousand human beings. The captain of the La Bourgoigne went down with his ship, like any other brave officer of his rank would have done, standing at his post, looking to the interests of his passengers to the last, and giving no thought to the death which should claim him in a few minutes. But those passengers who came out of the disaster safely complained that the crew of the La Bourgoigne acted like cowards, looking to their own safety only. The mere suggestion of such a thing was enough. Our sapient "Anglo-Saxons" had not the least difficulty in attributing the frenzy of the crew to their race. They were French. Had they been "Anglo-Saxons" they would have acted like heroes of course. A later version of the horror makes it appear that the panic was among the passengers themselves; but however it may be it is a wretched business to try to make race capital or animosity out of the circumstances. An investigation may throw some light on the suspicion of criminal disorder surrounding the accident; but it is earnestly to be hoped that the tragedy may turn the attention of the question of navigation on the banks of Newfoundland, to the end of lessening the perils of those waters.

Another Lull in the War

The latest war news is not exciting. The foreign residents with the women and children have been taken out of Santiago de Cuba; but the city, strongly defended as it is, can be held by a comparatively small force of Spaniards. Bombardment was renewed on Monday with little reported effect, and the American warships have not yet attempted to force the harbor entrance under the guns of Morro Castle. The situation in the Philippines remains unchanged, and rumors of peace negotiations are floated and denied every day in Europe. If the war continues much longer in this style the moral crisis of the United States will be as great if not greater than Spain's. Humanity condemned the protracted fighting between Spain and the Cuban rebels on account of the miseries which follow in the train of war; but those miseries have been increased tenfold without bringing the end any nearer by the inefficient land fighting of the Americans. This war from its inception through all its stages has been simply barbarous.

Welcome to Father Cruise.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.) At St. Helen's Church on Sunday evening last Rev. Father Cruise officiated at Vespers, for the first time since his return from Europe, where he had been travelling for some weeks. The event was signalized by a large gathering of the people of St. Helen's and other parishes, and by the presentation of a beautiful and suitably inscribed purse containing over two hundred dollars and an address of welcome. The pleasure and joy of the congregation at again seeing their loved pastor, was visible on their faces, and even the air had a jubilant thrill. As the Rev. Father entered the Sanctuary the "Vivat Pastor Bonus" was sung by the choir and without doubt there was not one present but entered heartily and cordially into the sentiment expressed. After the "Magnificat" the presentation committee approached the altar railing and presented the purse and names of subscribers, while the following address was read by Mr. M. J. Crotchie:

St. Helen's Church, Toronto, July 10th, 1898. To the Rev. J. M. Cruise. DEAR REV. FATHER—In bidding you "welcome home" we know that did we consult your wishes our welcome would be given without any publicity, but we feel also that you will sacrifice your inclinations to ours, and allow us to express publicly our joy at your return, and at the same time testify, though in a very limited degree, to the immense good you have done since coming to St. Helen's. From the time of your appointment until now you have done all that anyone possibly could do to increase the fervor and devotion of your people. You have been most zealous in the instruction of our children; you have encouraged our societies both religious and national; you have been ready to respond to our call at any hour of the day or night; the sick and dying have always found in you their unwearied guide and consolation. You have established amongst us exercises and devotions which make our parish unique in this regard. The devotion to St. Anthony—the revenue from which does so much for our poor—the Holy Hour, the establishment of St. Anthony's Society for young men, are all exclusively your work. Besides this you have, so far as your means would permit, beautified our altar and added to the impressiveness of our ceremonies by the varied and graceful vestments in which you have clothed our acolytes, so that now we are not surpassed in this respect by any church in the city. And it is not alone Rev. Father, but our spiritual wants and the beautifying of God's sanctuary that you have attended, but it is a well known fact that you have impoverished yourself greatly, by your ever ready generosity in ministering to the temporal needs of our parish. It would then be the height of ingratitude on our part if we should permit an occasion such as this to pass without expressing our warmest thanks for the untold favors and blessings we have received through your instrumentality. We feel confident that when traveling over distant seas and lands, while visiting the holy places so dear to every Catholic heart, that we, your children of St. Helen's, were often remembered, and in return you dear Father, were ever in our thoughts. As a tangible proof of this we ask you to accept the accompanying purse, which if we only had to count our will in the matter would be increased a hundred fold. While rejoicing at your return we are at the same time appreciative and grateful for the untiring work of Rev. Father Cherierr during your absence, and we know that your thanks will go forth to him with our sin recognition of his services. In conclusion dear Father we again welcome you home. "Cæd Mille Falthe, Sogarth Arcon" is the cry that comes from every heart, and while asking you ever to remember us in your prayers, we shall beseech your special patroness, our Blessed Lady, to ask her Divine Son to leave you with us yet many years, as our esteemed and loved pastor and priest. Signed in behalf of St. Helen's congregation, M. J. Crotchie, Wm. Lane, Margaret Lillis Hart.

St. Peter's Garden Party. St. Peter's is a small church, but the energy and enterprise of the Rev. L. Minchaud and his congregation is certainly not to be measured according to the size of the little edifice. This was exemplified on Saturday last, when the grounds adjoining the presbytery were the scene of a most lively and enjoyable function. The unusual spectacle of half a dozen stalls and a dancing pavilion, with a concert platform, a piano and orchestra all complete, in such close proximity to the altar, place St. Peter's quite a flutter of curiosity among the passers by, who stopped to peer over the fence, and in many cases, decided after a glance to have a quarters. Car after car dropped its passengers on the lawn, followed by the appreciative grins of the motored and conducted, who would not have objected to taking a hand in themselves, until, in the course of an hour, the large space of ground was lively with pleasure seekers. The popularity of Rev. Father Minchaud was shown in the large number of visitors from other parishes. A spacious platform had been erected at the side of the house, lighted by electricity, and Messrs. Heintzman and Co. kindly lent the piano for the occasion. Lubar's orchestra played during the afternoon and evening, a very good idea, the orchestra at these entertainments usually putting in an appearance much too late in the evening. An excellent concert was the chief attractions in the evening, and was much appreciated by the large audience. Mrs. Wards, one of Toronto's favorites, and a member of St. Basil's choir, was in very good voice, and gave two songs with her usual finished manner. Songs by Miss Hallatt, and a quartette by members of St. Peter's choir, together with loudly applauded comic songs by Messrs. Phillips and Wray the well known humorists, completed the musical part of the entertainment, while Miss McCarthy and Miss Dempsey gave some delightful recitations. The kindness of these well known artists in giving their services is more appreciable from the fact that performing before a small audience, and with some little difficulty and inconvenience. But everyone is ready to help Father Minchaud, and with good reason; his energy and good management having brought matters in St. Peter's parish to the point of the present, to carry the congregation forward to the realization of their dearest wish, and that of their handsome and commodious church to replace the small and inconvenient edifice. The bureau of St. Peter's pastor and congregation has done worthily of all the help that the sister parishes can give, inasmuch as it is comparatively poor, but, in spite of poverty, the members all work together, and all are bound to come, and will come all the more to the aid of their friends in other parishes will lend a helping hand now and then. The success of the garden party was undoubtedly, and Father Minchaud is to be congratulated for having provided a most enjoyable entertainment for his friends, who will not fail to give him their support on future occasions of a like nature. T. KEENE.

St. Peter's Garden Party (continued). Another Silver Jubilee. On the sixteenth of next month Rev. Father Kiernan, P.P. of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. The priests of the diocese will be present to unite with Father Kiernan in thanksgiving on the happy occasion. Father Kiernan was ordained in St. Michael's Cathedral on the 10th of August, 1873. Since his ordination he has had charge of several parishes throughout the diocese, and by his hard work and geniality has won a host of friends who will doubtless take advantage of the occasion to pay their former pastor tribute for the many good deeds he has performed in their midst. The priest of the diocese are arranging a fund for the purpose of presenting Father Kiernan a handsome gift on the occasion of his silver jubilee. Among the parishes over which Father Kiernan has had charge are: Mara, Brock, Adjala, Caledon and Toronto Gore.

Established 1848 State University 1860 Created a Catholic By Pope Leo XIII. 1889 GATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Holy Innocence. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. Complete Commercial Course. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. Send for Calendar. Rev. J. M. McQUICKIN, O.M.I., Rector.

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Diocesan Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne. The seventh annual excursion from Toronto to Ste. Anne Beaupre, calling at Montreal and Quebec, via the Canadian Pacific Railway, will take place on Tuesday, July 19. A special train will leave the Union Station at 7.30 a.m. via O.R.R. calling at Montreal and Quebec. This will be the cheapest excursion of the season, covering 1100 miles in distance of over 1,000 miles, and extending ten days, as well as passing through the most picturesque portions of the two Provinces. Fare, only \$6.75; for ten days only \$9.00. Tickets good for ten days.

Catholicy in Germany. Some interesting statistics regarding Catholicity in Germany have lately been published. In connection with the law concerning papal incomes says The London Tablet. We learn from these figures, for instance, that Prussia contains 4,710 Catholic parishes, 135 of which are of quite recent erection, and the total Catholic population amounts to about eleven millions. Of these 135,000 Catholics belong to Berlin, and have only eight parishes among them. Bavaria contains 4,116,000 Catholics, divided among 2,800 parishes. The Catholic population of Prussia is 1,700,000 Catholics. The number of Catholics in the other states is as follows: Wurtemberg, 620,000; Baden, 1,050,000; Saxony, 1,400,000 (as against three million Protestants); Hesse, between 290,000 and 300,000; Oldenburg, 70,000; "The Rhineland," i.e., Alsace-Lorraine, contains nearly 1,400,000. It is reckoned that in all Germany there are about

The La Bourgeois Disaster. It is with the deepest regret that we have to chronicle among the victims of the dreadful La Bourgeois disaster two sisters of Rev. J. H. Barszko, parish priest of Midland, who were on their way to enter a religious community in France. Both were young ladies. Solemn High Mass for the repose of their souls was celebrated on Tuesday morning at Midland. R. I. P.

St. Louis Sanctuary Boys' Excursion. A joint excursion of the St. Louis Sanctuary Boys' Club, St. Michael's Academy, Toronto, and the Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H. will be held on Tuesday, July 19th at Ottawa on the palace steamer "Garden City." The boat will leave Geddes' wharf, foot of Yonge St., at 7.45 a.m. and returning will leave Ottawa at 7 p.m. Tickets may be had from the committee and also from Sadler's 123 Church street. Fare 60c., children 30c. At Ottawa a baseball game between the Sanctuary Boys and the separate school pupils of Ottawa will come off, also a splendid athletic programme. A. T. Hernon, T. O'Rourke and E. Gibson will act as judges at the sports. No efforts have been spared by Messrs. McCarthy and Winterberry of the committee to make the excursion a success.

LATEST MARKETS. Toronto, July 13, 1898. On the curb in Chicago at the opening of day September wheat was quoted at 65c; at the close September wheat was quoted at 68c bid; puts on September wheat 67c, calls 68c; puts on September corn 32c, calls 32c.

St. Jerome's College BERLIN, ONTARIO Through courses in Philosophy, Sciences, Modern and Ancient Languages and the Commercial Branches. \$142.00 pays all necessary expenses, except books. Write to Rev. THOMAS SWERTZ, Pres.

Niagara River Line. 4 TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS) On and After Monday, May 30th STRS. CHICORA and CORONA Will leave Yongo at Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m., connecting with the New York Central & Hudson River Railway, Niagara Falls Park & River Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls & Lewiston Railway. JOHN FOY, Manager.

Good! Better!! Best!!!

GEO. WESTON Model Bakery, cor. Spade and Phoebe Streets.

\$100 REWARD One Hundred Dollars will be cheerfully and promptly paid for any case of Brantemina (the liquor habit) or Tobacco Habit, Fall Park & River Railway, Michigan Central Railway and Niagara Falls & Lewiston Railway. JOHN FOY, Manager.

Chats with the Children

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME. My teacher doesn't think I read so very special well. She's always saying, "What was that last word?" and inks me up...

But when I'm at my grandpa's house, He hauls me out a book, And lets me choose a place to read; And then he'll sit and look at me, and listen, just as pleased...

A CLEVER PARROT. Mrs. Charlotte Boner contributes to July St. Nicholas, "Tim: a Parrot Story." Mrs. Boner says: Soon after Tim came into my possession, I noticed that at nightfall he became restless; and often while making ready his cage for the night said: "Tim wants to go to bed," or, "He wants to go to bed," frequently adding "so bad."

Sometimes before covering him at night I say: "Kiss your mother good night—here," presenting my lips and smoking them; at which he will sidle to the bars of his cage and very gently touch my lips with his open bill.

Only once he, like the monkey that married the baboon's elster, "kissed so hard he raised a blister." I scolded him for the rudeness, and he seemed to understand. If I do not kiss him good night, he is sure to say: "Kiss your mother, good night—here," smacking his bill. He never says, "Kiss me good night."

Tim seemed to have noted my wish to exclude "Polly" from his list of words. One day a lady called, and, on discovering the bird, exclaimed: "Why, howdy do, Polly?" He immediately corrected her by replying, "Say, howdy do, Tim?"

So much by way of illustrating the fact that a parrot knows how to apply intelligently the phrases that he acquires in mimicry. In the few further examples that I shall give of Tim's talking, let it be understood that he repeats only what he has heard, but the reader will notice his fact in applying his remarks, as if he knew their meaning.

Frequently, when my husband is leaving for the city, Tim calls after him, "Good-by, John." It need hardly be explained how the bird learned that phrase.

In some ways he knows when we are eating at table, perhaps from having occasionally been in the dining-room at meal time, and from noting the tabourets made by knife and fork, cup and saucer, etc. He often calls out at such times, wherever he may be, "What are you eating? Is it good?"

We have a Scotch-Irish terrier named "Jack" and a huge bit-bark cat named "Tony," who often engage in a friendly tussle. Sometimes, when Jack has been too rough for Tony, I have encouraged the cat by saying, "Whip him, Tony! Whip him!" As the cat and dog are almost hourly at their play of racing and wrestling, it is a common thing to hear Tim, who may either see or only hear them, shouting, "Whip him, Tony, whip him! Whip him!"

Domestic Reading

There may be many wrong ways of doing a right thing, but there can be no right way of doing a wrong one. Anyone who willingly lets himself fall into little temptations will find it harder and harder to resist great ones.

There are very few who give much unwillingly. But there are very many who give a little with the best of will. The problem of grief and evil is and will always be the greatest enigma of being, only second to the existence of being itself.—Henri Frederic Amiel

How will it be with us if thou dost abandon us, and what shall our hope be if thou ceasest to assist us, O Mary, thou who art the help of Christians?—St. Germain.

Who wishes to give but would not have others give, grudges their merit. He who wishes others to give, but gives nothing himself, is avaricious. He who gives and wishes others to give also is truly pious.

The Sacred Heart is the key of the Incarnation; the Incarnation is the treasure-house in which are all the truths of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Anyone who knows the Sacred Heart aright will know the whole science of God and of man, the relations between God and man and between man and man.

The aged seem out of place in cities; the town has no place for them. The leisure and calm and beauty of the country ought to be more congenial to them than the glitter of shops and theatres; and there is a fitness in getting near to the earth that has nourished them so long and will presently claim them back again.

There are two theories which we may apply in the cure of this disease of selfishness. One is the culture theory and the other is the grace theory. One will attenuate the disease, reduce the cancer to pimples and pustules, but leave a less virulent poison in the blood, while the other will seek to find and introduce some other sort of beneficent germ which shall absolutely consume and destroy the old venom.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latest conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgment.

When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on your legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still—till you recover from your excitement, at any rate.

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London Truth returns to the exclusion of Catholics from the office of Lord Justices in Ireland during the absence of the Lord Lieutenant. To the feeling of religious ascendancy which such exclusiveness fosters, Mr. Lushington's organ believes the recent Belfast riots to be in a manner due.

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Form Competition

Now I want the cousins to try their hands at writing poetry, so I will give a prize to the one who writes the best short poem on any subject they like to select. The poems must not exceed four verses of four lines each. The last day for receiving them is a fortnight from to-day.

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A Pretty Story of Mr. Gladstone.

The following story illustrating the benevolence of Mr. Gladstone has been sent by a correspondent to the British Weekly. A plain wreath of bay leaves was sent through the English Consul in Berlin in the hope that it might find a place on Mr. Gladstone's chest.

The sender was a Berlin shoemaker, who at one time owed his success in business to the "Grand Old Man." About twenty years ago this shoemaker came to London and established a small workshop, but in spite of industry and strict attention to business, he continued so poor that he had not even enough money to buy leather for work which had been ordered.

One day he was in the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral with his betrothed bride to whom he confided the safe condition of his affairs and the impossibility of their marriage.

The young girl gave him her small savings with which he went next day to purchase the required leather—without however knowing that he was followed by a gentleman commissioned to make inquiries about him.

The shoemaker was not a little surprised when the leather merchant told him that he was willing to open a small account with him. In this way did fortune begin to smile upon him, and soon to his great astonishment he received orders from the wealthiest circles in London society, and his business became so well established that he was able to marry and have a comfortable home of his own.

He was known in London for years as the "Parliament shoemaker," but only when to please his German wife he left London for Berlin did the leather merchant tell him that he owed his "credit account" to none other than Mr. Gladstone.

The Cabinet Minister had been in the Whispering Gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty, and owing to the peculiar acoustics of the Gallery had heard every word that had been said.

Mr. Blake's Parliamentary Wit. A cable despatch the Montreal Star says: Hon. Edward Blake's speech in the House of Commons on Irish financial claims is the subject of general talk in the lobby.

The Westminster Gazette says Mr. Blake's following tribute: "Mr. Blake followed the Chancellor of the Exchequer and analyzed his arguments with great skill, proving himself master of Irish financial statistics and an adroit and dexterous opponent in controversy.

Its Victims are Pale in Color, Subject to Headache, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms. From the Echo, Philadelphia, Ont.

Anemia, which literally means bloodlessness, is prevalent to an alarming extent among young girls and young women of the present day, and is a fruitful source of "nervousness" and consumption.

Among those who have suffered from anemia and foundered in the griping and paralytic swelling of the limbs. The more of these symptoms shown, the greater the necessity for prompt treatment.

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JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, ONT. CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

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The Cosgrave Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Ltd. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

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MARSALA ALTAR WINE Louis Quer Tarragona Mass Wine. SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.

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

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. 158 Yonge Street - Toronto, Canada.

"Just think of it," she said proudly, as the voice of her son rose above all the others in the college yell. "Just think of what?" asked her husband. "Hiram and all those other boys conversing in Greek just as natural and easy as if it was their natural tongue."

Have you heard this one: Why is a man with a bottle of maulage in his pocket, rearing at the top of his speed on a bicycle, like the July sun? The answer is, obviously, "Because he is a scootier." But what has the bottle of maulage to do with it? Why, that's the scootier.

MONUMENTS. Now is the time to select. J. HAZLETT, 454 YONGE STREET. For Latest Designs, Best Material and Workmanship at Lowest Living Price. Telephone 4520.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Baysicles, Font Fountains, Hand-stones and Gravestones. All kinds of Ornamental Work in Marble and Granite. 740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of Bloor Street. PHONE 4068.

MONUMENTS. For best work at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Font, etc. Call or write to the McIntosh Granite and Marble Co., Limited. Office and Showroom, 224 Yonge St. City. Factory—Yonge St., Over Park. Opp. St. Michael's Cemetery. High class work at low prices a specialty.

CHURCH WINDOWS MEMORIALS. The Robert McCausland Stained Glass Co., Limited. 87 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

DOMINION LINE STEAMSHIPS. RATES OF PASSAGE—First Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool or London, \$30.00 to \$40.00; Second Cabin—\$20.00 to \$30.00; Third Cabin—\$10.00 to \$20.00. Montreal to Liverpool, London, including outfit, \$25.00 to \$35.00.

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

DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST. Cor. Queen and Bathurst Sts., Toronto. Telephone 8578.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S WHIM (A RUSSIAN STORY.)

Two men and a woman; a great baronial room, furnished half in the English, and half in the Oriental style...

"How is it possible to remain at home on a night like this?" "My dear mademoiselle," demurred the prince again, a note of coldness...

"How far are we from Green Lake?" "The prince responds. "Nearly five miles; this road leads there direct, winds round the lake edge, and loses itself in the steppe on its way to the high road, which it joins near the post station."

Out of doors it is a night of clear metallic whiteness, the hoar-frost tracing even the window panes with fantastic flowers. With all its warmth and snug—a balmy atmosphere impregnated with the fumes of tobacco...

"Dear mademoiselle," he begins gently, "I am neither an old nor a cowardly man; but, nevertheless, I beg of you to give up this fancy. It is very tempting, I know, for a woman like you; but do not, I beseech you, compel your host to expose himself to the risk so terrible."

"I comprehend your Excellency," Timothy replies. "And thou, Serge," Mdle. Novar murmurs, pale, but smiling a bewitching smile into the lieutenant's face...

"Princo," she says suddenly, addressing the reader in the chair by the smoking smovover, "what are we going to do to-morrow? What are your plans, princo; tell us?"

A big sleigh, in the shape of a half ship, the horses harnessed to the prow, the coachman in front, in his usual place, waits now at the outer staircase; his intelligent face surrounded by long pointed ears and lighted by large brilliant eyes, stands patient and stolid between the Ukraine runner. The right-hand horse is grey, the left-hand roan, both of them thin, sinewy, with flowing manes and tails.

"The sleigh flies now like a squall of wind. Not even Faust attempts longer to check their headlong flight. He too runs blindly with the superb stride of pure-blooded racer."

"What is it?" the lieutenant demands, admiration of her beauty sending the blood to his good-natured face in an ardent glow.

The sleigh swings and plunges; crashes now into a hedge, now into a snow bank, or whatever chances to bar its way; turns half over at a bend in the road, and only rights itself as Andre flings his weight to the upper side.

"The prince, white as marble, whippers a low order in Timothy's ear. Mdle. Novar laughs no more; her eyes shine like a cat's; she looks at the wolves and again at the horses."

MEDICAL Science Startled. THE NEW INGREDIENT IN RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE. Cures Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Diseases. 4000 Canadians testify to its merits. Physicians use it daily in their practice...

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never a word. A light gleams in the distance and Timothy turns the steaming horses toward it. It is the post station in the midst of the steppe. They enter the courtyard like a charging hurricane.

aches her hand to her lover. But he stands like stone; he does not notice her hand, and his voice is ice itself as he mechanically repeats after her...



DR. W. W. CHASE AT WORK ON HIS LATEST GREAT DISCOVERY.

THREE YEARS IN BED From Kidney Disease—Although a Man of the Score and Ten, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Gave Him Back Perfect Health.

Yukon Government Claim Grabbers The Montreal Star denounces the Government claim grabbers in the Yukon. The Globe correspondent, after having handled with little effect the position of William Ogilvie, goes on to say that Mr. Sifton, finding no administration in the Yukon when he took office—Klondike being dreamed of then—sent to Dawson as Gold Commissioner Mr. Fawcett, a permanent official of the department appointed by the Conservatives, and gave him two or three assistants...

EXPOSURE OF THE INFAMOUS PARTISAN COMMISSION.

In THE REGISTER of last week there appeared the deliberate statement of Mr. Quinn, M.P., in the House of Commons, touching the dealings of the infamous penitentiary commission with a convict named Viau, one of the worst criminals in America, who was induced to give testimony in secret against certain dismissed members of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary staff. Thus week we continue Mr. Quinn's most interesting statement.

Mr. Quinn: It was on the evidence of Viau and such man as he that Mr. Oimet was dismissed. The Solicitor General, I do not like to interrupt my friend in his very interesting speech, but I would like him to tell us where he can get evidence that any promise was given to Viau that if he gave information against the officers he would be released, or that he was allowed to wear a beard and moustache. I state with all due deference to my hon. friend, that there is not a word of truth in that.

Mr. Quinn: I say this is a matter of public report in Montreal and in the village of St. Vincent de Paul. I say the officers of the institution know this to be a fact, and I guarantee, if my hon. friend will grant another commission to investigate that charge, that I will prove it as a fact. But these are only some of the things.

The Solicitor General: Do I understand my hon. friend to say here, in his place in Parliament, that he is prepared to prove that the commission gave permission to Viau to wear a beard and moustache as a reward for any information he gave to them?

Mr. Quinn: I undertake to prove that the commission went to St. Vincent de Paul on the 24th of April, 1897, that Viau at that time occupied the position of an ordinary convict, that he was interviewed by the commissioners, that as a result of or immediately after this interview he was allowed to wear his moustache, and was allowed to wear civilian's clothes, and that he continued to do so during the whole time of the sitting of this commission. I cannot prove by the men who composed this commission that they made these promises. I have had too much experience of them to attempt to prove it by them, and I would not attempt to prove such a thing by Viau, one of the notorious convicts in the penitentiary, and whom I know too well. But he is one of the men on whom the commission relied to get evidence against Warden Oimet. What more? My hon. friend is startled and I do not wonder at it. I know he is not aware of any of these things, but I refer him to Mr. Oimet's counsel. Let him ask Mr. Greenfields.

The Solicitor General: I have had several conversations with Mr. Greenfields, and I never heard him make that statement. Mr. Quinn: I will give another. The Solicitor General: Better prove this one first. Mr. Quinn: My hon. friend does not know that these convicts were taken by the commissioners into a private room in the penitentiary and there examined, and before they left that room were sworn not to divulge the fact that they had been cross-examined by the commissioners. My hon. friend does not know that.

The Solicitor General: No, nor do you. Mr. Quinn: I know it from as good authority as any hon. member of this House. I know it by the word of two members of the Bar of the city of Montreal. The Solicitor General: Give us their names. Mr. Quinn: Mr. Leblanc and Mr. J. N. Greenfields. The Solicitor General: They are responsible for the accuracy of your statement. Mr. Quinn: Yes. My hon. friend did not know that, and I do not wonder that he should be astonished. I was horrified, or rather I would have been if I had not had my experience at Kingston penitentiary investigation, and seen the way in which the officers of that institution had been held up to the ridicule and contempt of the convicts, and looked more like criminals than did the convicts, while the convicts who were able to give information to the commissioners looked more like the warden and the guards. The hon. member for Laval (Mr. Fortin) brings a charge against them that a large quantity of the stone and a large quantity of the cement were not accounted for. What are the facts? The evidence comes from a man named Crane who made all the measurements. Mr. Crane belongs to Brookville, I understand. He swore to measurements, and I am informed that the measurements were never made by him but by convicts, and were sworn to by Crane as facts. In any event, the disappearance of this stone or cement was not a matter chargeable to Mr. Oimet. It was under the supervision of the Department of Public Works, and all that Mr. Oimet had to do with it was to see that the convicts, detailed for this particular work, were kept at the work and properly looked after. He had no account to take of the stone or of the cement. There was an officer of the Department of Public Works to attend to that.

The Solicitor General: Who was that officer? Mr. Quinn: I do not know his name, but I am informed that there was one. The next charge the hon. member for Laval (Mr. Fortin) made was that letters belonging to the convicts were not delivered to them and were left lying in the vault for years, and also that letters given by them were never mailed. If my hon. friend has read the evidence, and he must have found that the evidence concerning this matter is that Mr. Papineau, the secretary of the penitentiary, was the officer who had charge of that particular branch. It could not be expected that the warden of the penitentiary could be also warden's secretary, the head officer of Public Works, guard and everything else in the prison. He was there as the chief officer and of course had to see that his subordinates attended to their duty, but the secretary, when asked what had become of those letters, made no answer in many instances. Well, did the Department of Justice dismiss Papineau, who was directly responsible? No, but they dismissed the warden. Papineau was not dismissed but sent down to a position in the Dorchester penitentiary.

There is another great charge made by my hon. friend from Laval (Mr. Fortin) about the sale of goods by prisoners—a custom which has existed in the penitentiary from time immemorial. I can remember as a boy visiting the Kingston penitentiary, seeing the prisoners offering tooth-picks, and little nick-nacks of that kind which they had made themselves, for sale to visitors. That was permitted by every warden from the time of Warden Macdonald, some 30 years ago, and one can readily understand that a concession of that kind would rather help to improve the morals of the convicts. That however, is one of the complaints against Warden Oimet. I do not know whether it is forbidden by any law of the department, but I do know that 30 years ago it was allowed by Warden Macdonald in the Kingston penitentiary. There is another charge that of selling goods to the prisoners, but when we come to the evidence, we find that the selling consisted merely of the disposal of some apples by some of the guards to the convicts, and was permitted by the inspector and the department. In any event, it was not such an outrageous violation of duty as to necessitate the dismissal of the warden.

The next statement made by the hon. member for Laval (Mr. Fortin) is that the warden had a set of harness made upon a model of the harness for the Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Quebec, without any expense to himself, for his own personal use and benefit. I am informed that that is not the case at all. This evidence shows that this harness was allowed by the department to Mr. Oimet for use in the penitentiary, and it was used for the purposes of the penitentiary. There is also a charge that he kept four or five horses, and I am told that this is grossly exaggerated, and that there is no evidence to prove it. I am told that he kept two horses with the knowledge of the inspector and the department. These two were used for the service of the penitentiary, and the warden used them occasionally when he required them.

Now, my hon. friends made a great mistake about a yacht. Without going into all the details which they went into about the ownership being in two individual officers of the department, one of whom died, and some difficulty occurring about the ownership. I am informed that the facts are that a certain gentleman had permission to have a yacht built in the penitentiary, and further the material, and everything in connection with it. He had it built, with the knowledge of the department, in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary out of materials furnished by himself. And, after the yacht had been built, he permitted the officers of the penitentiary to use it for the pleasure of certain boys in the river in the neighborhood, and also for following prisoners on certain occasions who had attempted to escape. Certain materials which had been furnished by him and destroyed by prisoners who were working on this yacht, were afterwards supplied out of penitentiary materials, and no bill was ever sent to him though he has always been ready and willing to pay for them. It has been the subject of a charge against the warden that this yacht was built at the expense of the Department of Justice, when as a matter of fact according to the information I have, it was built by this gentleman out of materials furnished by him, and if the materials were furnished by the penitentiary it was to supply the place of materials destroyed by the convicts who were working on the yacht, an account of which has been said long ago. Now, my only object in referring to this matter at all was that the statements made contrary to the understanding arrived at, I believe, between my hon. friend the Solicitor General and the hon. member for Pictou (Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper) who is absent, and was absent when these statements were made, could not go unchallenged. I do not pretend to state what I have stated from having read carefully every page of the evidence brought before these commissions. But I do say there is not one fact of which I have spoken in connection with the

charges referred to by the hon. member for Laval (Mr. Fortin) that I have not substantiated by reference to the evidence of different witnesses examined before these commissions. I think the statement of the hon. member for Laval exaggerates the facts as given in evidence before the commissioners. I do not say it goes to exaggerate the finding of the report, because from my experience of the reports sent in by these commissioners, they are prepared to exaggerate any evidence brought before them. I should like to see the Solicitor General take the same stand in this matter as he took in the case of the Kingston penitentiary, and though justice may be tardy, I hope he will meet out to the man who have been dismissed, both in Kingston and St. Vincent de Paul penitentiaries, the same treatment as he did to the engineer of the Kingston penitentiary by giving him an opportunity to exculpate himself from charges made by the commissioners of the Kingston penitentiary last year.

MONTRÉAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The great city at the head of ocean navigation of the St. Lawrence is yearly increasing its already massive proportions. East, west and north its boundaries are extending, so that we begin to see signs of the whole island of Montreal being at no great distant day one vast city. Montreal is not by any means a grasping city. Had she been so, and were she so, that lust of power and self-aggrandizement which to-day governs most of earth's great nations, she would ere now have swallowed up a number of populous suburbs which owe their existence to her presence, and which are now, although under distinct municipal legislation, practically parts of herself. As it is, there are good grounds for saying that the census of 2001, will show Montreal to be possessed of a population of 300,000.

The Irishman in the race for wealth and social position jogs along in the even tenor of his own way, seldom leading, but yet holding his ground fairly well. Many of the disadvantages under which he laboured in Ireland confront him in his new home in Canada. In the land of his birth the religious creed which he professed was hated by his alien masters; in Montreal, he has not to go beneath the surface to find evidences of an antipathy just as intense. At home he saw the land of his affections despised by foreign mercenaries, who did not scruple to steal it, as they stole every thing else within reach; in Montreal he finds it doomed to the same unholy treatment. And to render the situation more painfully humiliating he finds the bitterest opposition coming from Catholics of French origin—a class from whom he had good reasons to look for different things. As yet the Irishman moves along as indifferent to abuse as he is to praise, building churches, supporting the pastors of his church, meeting the demands of the collection-box before being shaken under his nose on a Sunday, spreading education and in every way fulfilling his destiny, which appears to be the dissemination of Catholic truth over half of the American continent. In Montreal he represents forty-five thousand of the population, which proportion is steadily increasing.

MR. DANIEL GALLERY.

This gentleman is as rash of the soil as you can find him. Leaving his native home in the patriotic County of Clare, Ireland, in broad day-light, when merely a boy, Mr. Gallery with other members of the family came on to Montreal where he has resided ever since and where as a merchant and public-spirited citizen he became well-known and highly esteemed. At the last municipal contest he beat his nag into the City Council as representative for St. Anne's Ward, having defeated by a narrow majority a most able energetic and faithful guardian of the people's interests, who for many years previously had sat for the division of St. Anne's.

Mr. Gallery is now acting mayor of Montreal and as he is still a young man whose rise has been rapid as it has been honorable to himself, I am safe in predicting that, in connection with future Municipal and Parliamentary contests in this city, we are far from having heard the last of him.

MR. B. WALSH.

Some years ago this gentleman commenced a grocery business at 812 Dorchester street, Montreal. His financial capital was not large, but he had capital brains, capital habits, capital business capacity and away he went and above every other consideration, he had a capital vein. Setting out a few days ago to interview my old friend at the old stand, I found to my astonishment, not unmingled with some pain, an entire stranger "running" the business. "What!" said I to myself "has the poor fellow made an assignment?" "Is it a smash up or a breakdown?" "Eight or ten doors further west, sir," said the obliging stranger in answer to my question. I proceeded in the direction indicated and soon recognized the genial countenance of my friend Mr. Walsh surrounded by a crowd of anxious purchasers of all ages, sexes, colours and conditions. But here was a difficulty. How was I to force my way through that struggling mass of masculine and feminine humanity. Believing that

the boldest policy is always the best, I set out resolved to open a passage, or die in the attempt. I succeeded, however, in forcing my way, without any greater casualty than standing on the loss of an old lady from Beaver Hall Hill, disarranging the head-gear of a couple of young ladies from Falaise street and inflicting some trifling injury to the spinal column of a little man from Victoria Square. Surrounded as he was with an eager throng, I expected only a cold formal greeting, such a chilling reception as one might look for from a Cret politician in office, but Mr. Walsh was more than hearty in his demonstrations. Over and over did he congratulate all interested on the improved appearance of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, bringing a most pleasant interview to a close, by assuring me that he wears a night-gown and goes to bed at 10 o'clock. I was glad to learn that the splendid new building occupied by Mr. Walsh was his own property, free and unencumbered.

THE CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT CLUB.

This is one of the institutions of Montreal, a city rich in institutions for social and intellectual advancement, a city where every phase of human suffering is relieved, a city of prudal charity where the recipient is never questioned regarding creed, a country and a city where the great God is worshipped in almost every living tongue. The chest of the Club is to provide pleasant rooms with good reading matter for the Catholic sailors who during the summer season frequent Montreal, as well as to guard them against the whiskey-sellers and inhuman hawk who seek their prey along the wharves of all great cities. Glancing over the report for 1898, I find its list of officers made up of the following philanthropic laities, viz:

- President—Lady Hingston.
- 1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. McNamee.
- 2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Casgrain.
- 3rd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. James.
- Sec.-Treas.—Mrs. Thomson.

The Executive Committee is composed of Mrs. Doyle, Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Feran, Mrs. Weir, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Rogers, Miss M. Sheridan and Mrs. Tabb. The Catholic Sailors Club of Montreal owes much to its zealous officers, and to its active Executive Committee, as well as the general public, irrespective of creed, but I will not be accused of making invidious distinctions, nor shall I be open to the charge of fomenting zealous rivalries in Montreal where the whole facts are so well known, when I say that for much of the success which has attended the "club" —one man—E. B. McNamee—is pre-eminently entitled to recognition. Time and money he has given with lavish prodigality, until he gives the future of the institution may be placed beyond peradventure. Success to the Catholic Sailor's Club of Montreal.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN STORAN.

There passed to his reward at his late residence, 1821 Notre Dame St., Montreal, on the 27th ult., an indulgent father and affectionate husband, and a law-abiding citizen, in the person of John Storan, at the comparatively early age of 53 years. Mr. Storan was a native of the County of Clare, Ireland, which place he left whilst yet a lad settling with his father four sisters and a brother in Montreal, where until the time of his death he has since resided. Mr. Storan was actively identified with every good work initiated in St. Patrick's Parish, where he was well known and highly esteemed. Indeed of him it may be truly said that in the large congregation of that parish none was more docile, none more zealous in the practice of what the Catholic Church teaches.

The Panic in the Church of England.

Dr. Guinness Rogers, speaking upon "The Ritual Strife: What have we to do with it?" at a meeting of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, held in the Memorial Hall, London, said that there were a number of societies in the country openly and secretly seeking to bring the English Church bodily over to Rome—the Order of Corporate Reunion, for instance.

In the Syrian Catholic Church.

A Mass for the dead will be said in the Syrian Catholic Church (St. Vincent's Hall) on Sunday morning 17th of July, at 9.80 a.m., for the repose of the souls of those who were lost on the steamer La Bourgogne, more than 40 were Syrians on their way home to the old country. God reward those who will pray for their souls.

St. Vincent de Paul Excursion.

On Monday next, July 18, St. Patrick's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will hold their annual excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, per steamer Empress.

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