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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IV.—No. 37

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRISH RACE CONVENTION

CANADIAN DELEGATES ARRIVE AT QUEENSTOWN.

Letter by the Way—Letter from the Archbishop of Toronto, to his Personal Representative—Hon. John Costigan Appointed Chairman of the Delegation—Some Points about the Kiltir Question—Mr. Bourke Cochrane to Join the Society of Jesus—His Career and Great Popularity in the United States.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT QUEENSTOWN, Ireland, Aug. 27.

This, the first of my special letters to the REGISTER, concerning the Irish Race Convention and the hopes of restoring unity in the Parliamentary Party thereto. I intend to be altogether introductory. The next few days will tell what the result of the unique gathering is to be, and the time is too short for prophecy to be considered interesting. Besides, before this article is published, the cable will in some sense have announced the outcome of the peace movement, in which the men of Irish blood in Canada have taken so prominent and praiseworthy a part. In my subsequent letters I will go into the spirit and rationale of the Convention fully, and also endeavor to describe accurately the actual state of popular sentiment throughout Ireland. For the present, then, I will confine myself to some incidents of the journey of the Canadian delegates thus far and some introductory points which it is essential that I should allude to.

The following are the names of the gentlemen who sailed from New York on the White Star liner Britannic, on the 19th: Hon. John Costigan, M. P.; Mr. Hugh Ryan, Rev. Father Frank Ryan and Mr. J. J. Foy, Q. C., of Toronto; Mr. John Honey, Ottawa; Rev. Peter F. O'Donnell, St. Mary's, Montreal; Very Rev. Dean Harris and Mr. John McKeown, Q. C., St. Catharines; Rev. F. O'Reilly, Hamilton, and Rev. Dr. Flannery, St. Thomas. All are duly accredited delegates. Hon. John Costigan is regarded by his fellow delegates not as the representative of the people of Ottawa alone, but as the representative of the whole Irish race in Canada. His long career as a public man, his stainless record, and his life-long devotion and practical service to Ireland and to the cause of Home Rule bring his personality and influence into prominence in connection with this Convention. These are the reasons for which Mr. Blake pressed him to put aside the many personal and political interests which might have kept him in Canada this year. In coming to the Convention Mr. Costigan has made no small sacrifice; but his presence was necessary, and here he is paying his first visit to the land which, next to Canada, holds the warmest place in his affection. Rev. Father Frank Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, comes to the Convention as the personal representative of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, with whom the idea of the Convention originated and by whom it was first publicly suggested in a letter to Hon. Edward Blake. Father Ryan will read at the Convention the following letter from the Archbishop:

TORONTO, Aug. 19th, 1896.
Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral.

MY DEAR FATHER RYAN.—As it is quite out of my power to assist at the great Irish Convention to be held in Dublin in the beginning of Sept., I hereby deputize you to attend there as my representative. You know my views on this Convention—its necessity and purpose. Those views were substantially expressed in my letter on the subject addressed to the Hon. Edward Blake in October last. It was felt then, as it is now, that in order to obtain Home Rule or any other measure of justice from the Imperial Parliament the Irish National representatives should close their broken ranks, and reestablish amongst them unity of aim and action.

The Convention was suggested as a means of effecting this desirable and necessary union. The earnestness and alacrity with which this idea was taken up by the Irish people at home and abroad proved that such a Convention was felt to be a necessary means of restoring unity to the Irish parliamentary representatives, and that it was expected to be also an efficacious method of perpetuating that unity. The Convention is now a great and memorable fact. May the kind Providence of God direct and control its deliberations, and may this assemblage of Irishmen be the starting point of a great patriotic movement, that will find its issue in complete success for

the cause of Home Rule, and of a glorious victory for the just liberties and rights of a sorely tried and long suffering people.

Believe me to be, dear Father Ryan, yours very truly,
JOHN WALSH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

Of the other delegates, who are all well known in Canada, nothing more than this may be said, that they are men worthy of the occasion, that some of them have put aside pressing business affairs to attend this Convention, and that they are the few who have answered the call of the Mother Country among the many who were chosen in Canada. In saying that they are men worthy of the occasion I may add that it is the belief of all with whom I have spoken that this Convention will live in history; and whether it succeed in its immediate object or not, that its influence for good will be unprecedented as the first representative Convention of Ireland's sons the world over. This is the day of conventions; but all will admit that among the most representative conventions, of whatever character and wherever held, not one gives an object lesson of equal value to this concerning modern faith in the wisdom of deliberative assembly, where men honestly desire to settle differences and unite in the pursuit of the right course. Such precedents as this are not made in vain, and this will not be the last patriotic congress that history will point to.

The names I have written above do not constitute all the Canadians who will be in Dublin next week.

Shortly after leaving New York all the delegates, who had had no previous opportunity of meeting together, assembled in the dining room and elected Hon. John Costigan their chairman and Mr. P. F. Cronin their secretary. A statement was made in a Toronto paper a few days before the delegation sailed, that the Canadian representatives had made up their minds to insist upon Hon. Edward Blake's leadership as the only practical way out of the divisions. This report, ridiculous as it was upon its face, hardly needed the interchange of ideas that took place on board to prove its absurdity. Not one of the delegates expressed the least preference for one man as leader above another, nor have they any wish to take part in the nomination of any particular leader.

What they said was this: The choice of a leader is an Irish question pure and simple. What concerns the delegates from abroad is that the Irish Party have a leader and that they pledge themselves to follow him as party men are bound to do. Either this or the opposite of this must be the message we are expected to bear back to the Irish Canadian people who sent us here.

They were disposed to treat as of equal value with the Toronto card the cable paragraph which appeared in the New York Herald of the 19th representing the out-look for the Convention as hopeless on account of the position taken up by Mr. T. M. Healy. What further developments may have taken place while we have been at sea and what reports may have been spread will be all ignored by the Canadians. They are going to Dublin with unprejudiced minds and in the friendliest and most honest spirit. They are going to act and speak upon the facts alone presented to them.

The ocean voyage has been a delightful one. Calm or moderately breezy seas only have been experienced. The delegation got a hearty God-speed at New York from representative Irishmen and Home Rulers who came to see them off. Among the other passengers of the "Britannic" were Messrs. Tracy and O'Reilly of Boston, who are delegates to the Convention. There were also with the delegation several friends and relatives, not that at one of the tables in the dining-room the majority were Catholics. This alarmed the head steward when Friday came, and breakfasts and lunches and dinners and suppers on fish were ordered wholesale. One of the witty ones assured the official that there was no danger of running out of Haddock. And now that I have mentioned him I must not reserve my opinion that he looks one of the firmest and most fearless, as he certainly is one of the most courteous of men, this same Commander H. J. Haddock. We have nothing but good things to say of the Britannic and her gallant officers. We had understood from "one who knew" that on the ships from the White Star Line no other religious service than that of the English Establishment Church was permitted. Captain Haddock, we found, was but too happy to give permission for the celebration of Mass in the morning before the regular hour for the religious service, or for any

devotions the Catholic passengers might wish. Unfortunately being misled by the supposition that the regulations were exclusive of the priests had come prepared to say Mass. Father Ryan went down and conducted devotions among the stowage passengers, of whose accommodation and fare he spoke very favorably.

We had many Americans on board. They have forgotten in the United States to speak of other subjects than the all-absorbing fight over the currency. The moment we crossed the line at Niagara Falls we had entered the area of disturbance, and the number of times one heard the words "gold," "gold," "free coinage," "sound money," etc., pronounced with more or less vehemence, increased as New York was approached. We had both sides of the argument in the smoking room of the sleeping car until midnight. It was the first sound that broke upon the ear when we left the train at Westhaven. The two men in the express wagon were engaged, one on either side of the dispute. At one of the busiest of Broadway's crossings the policeman whose vigilance and autocratic power are entrusted the fears and alarms of many thousands per diem of the weaker sex had become unconscious of his great trust in the excitement that Mr. Bourke Cochrane's speech of the night before had spread throughout New York. The policeman was engaged in a heated money discussion with a pedestrian. By the way Mr. Cochrane spoke under some disadvantage. His voice was hoarse and harsh. He may have contracted cold in the voyage out from England, where he intended to have remained longer. He was appointed a delegate-at-large to the Convention in Dublin, and was disappointed that his consent to deliver in New York a reply to Mr. Bryan's notification speech should necessitate the cancelling of his Dublin engagement. The speech, considered as an argument against free silver, was regarded in New York as the effort of Mr. Cochrane's life. I hear that it is likely to be so remembered, for the reason that the eloquent Irish-American intends to retire from public life and join the Society of Jesus. No public announcement of this intention has yet been made; but it is said among Mr. Cochrane's friends in New York that the announcement may not be much longer deferred.

The great order has attracted to its ranks many able and remarkable men; and although it had, and has, many able men than Mr. Bourke Cochrane. Few of its soldiers have had a more remarkable career. Coming into New York a friendless Irish boy, he is to-day, while yet a young man, in the front rank of the public men of the United States and having a record upon the honor of which even the breath of suspicion has never been cast. Mr. Cochrane is very popular with all classes of the American people; but among the Irish he is loved, as all public men of the race are when known to be of inflexible integrity and commanding ability. The present situation in the United States is viewed with deep concern by the people. From all one can hear in New York Mr. Bryan will be snowed under. That, however, is not the opinion in the west. I found some men in New York on the side of the silver party, and endeavored to get at the real differences between the parties. The tariff question has been entirely lost sight of. Men who are and have always been opposed to McKinley's high tariff doctrines are supporting him now as a sound money man. "But," I said to a Massachusetts politician who was a delegate to the St. Louis Convention, he was indeed McKinley's scoundrel. "McKinley is a bimetalist."

"And so am I," he answered promptly. "But that is the most Mr. Bryan claims to be," I pursued. "Look here" was his reply. "I believe Mr. Bryan to be as honest a man as we ever had for candidate. He thoroughly believes in his policy, he thinks it will do what he prophesies for it; but it is not bimetalism. It is a policy of Free Silver, of a dollar that is only worth half a dollar. In a word, Mr. Bryan does not understand the money question."

I met Americans who were rather dependent over the situation and inclined to the opinion that trouble is likely to result from it. But that view is in no way general. The people have every faith in the permanency of their institutions.

In the smoking room of the Britannic we have had little else in the way of conversation than gold and silver. A

rather interesting discussion took place between a English and an American man. The Englishman was full of gold, and the United States is about to bark upon the dark waters of repudiation. He said the greatest disgrace that could befall an American was to fail to pay his debts. He hinted at what Englishmen and Canadians seem inclined to believe now, that the storm blowing up in the United States may break out in war. He said he could see how the sound money party in order to be consistent, should hesitate to fight for their policy. The East against the West and South.

The American was a cool, courteous gentleman. He remarked that he was a Republican and a sound money man; that his interests were all on that side. Then he asked: Should the people of the United States elect Mr. Bryan, I would unhesitatingly support him as our President during his term, and then do my best to defeat him. Should the country not only elect Mr. Bryan but a Free Silver Congress as well, the United States could stand it until the next election. They would then have had enough. But in any event you Englishmen will have your debts paid back to you in the money in which you borrowed from me. The very best thing your press could do if it wants to defeat Mr. Bryan is to support him. By abusing him you help his election. You make the American people mad when you call them repudiators."

He turned the talk into a lighter vein by telling a story of Mr. Bryan. The Democratic candidate is a man upon whose character there is not a stain. The most powerful weapon that can be used against him is ridicule, as he is a remarkably attractive speaker as well as a master of phraseology. He was born on the River Platte it appears. Speaking of this Mr. Foraker, one of his strongest opponents, said he had been led to looking up his school geography for some information about the River Platte which might serve as an indication of Mr. Bryan's quality. He found that the River Platte was 2700 miles long and six inches deep. It most resembled the stream of Mr. Bryan's eloquence.

We heard a good deal about a McKinley boom in New York and of the devotion of the workmen to the policy he represents. I heard, however, on good authority, that the corporation laborers of New York have had something deducted from their weekly pay in order that a banner might be purchased for the Republican candidate. This does not speak very eloquently for the spontaneity of the boom. Moreover, the laborers are grumbling at having their subscriptions to the campaign fund collected in this manner. Still further, it is said that the workmen of New York largely favor Bryan.

On Tuesday night, when we were some 500 miles from Queenstown, a concert was held on board in aid of the British and American sailors' charities. Such concerts are generally much alike; and the only things that were not "alike" in this one were the pleasing contributions to the programme of Fathers Harris and Ryan, also an exposition of the gold standard by an American gold party man.

This morning we sighted the Irish coast in clear weather, and were landed at Queenstown by noon. The steamers "Umbria" and "Majestic" bring the majority of the American delegates. The "Majestic" will probably land her passengers here next Tuesday.

St. Peter's Church.

On Sunday last this, the humblest in size and structure of the Catholic Churches of Toronto, was filled in every seat from the altar to the main door of entrance. Situated at the corner of Bathurst and Bloor streets its congregation in the early days of its opening was small and scattered; but gradually the number increased, till now the little church can hardly contain the Catholics of St. Peter's parish. The interior of the church has been much improved within the past few weeks, and on Sunday it presented an appearance at once fresh, chaste and agreeable. Its stained glass windows and richly colored walls and ceiling are most pleasing to the eye, and its altar, with its statues and flowers, is a model of neatness and good taste.

His Grace the Archbishop was present at High Mass in St. Peter's on Sunday. After the Communion the Archbishop advanced to the altar rail and read the Gospel of the day, which described the raising to life by our Lord of the son of the widow of Naim. In his introductory words the Archbishop vividly described the funeral procession winding its way through the gates of the city. Then he touched on the particularly sad features of this funeral—the youth of the deceased, and the bereavement of the widow, whose only son he was. These opening remarks

led naturally to the subject of death, and the certainty of which his Grace made impressively some time. But the greater part of his sermon was devoted to the death of the soul, of which the death related in the Gospel was the image. His Grace went on to show how all the features of physical death are but shadows of the infinitely more terrible spiritual death. The repulsive condition of the body after death is but a faint image of the state of the soul in mortal sin. Death robs a man of very things, but the fruits of his labor pass to his heirs. Moral sin robs the soul of the spiritual riches of a lifetime, and these riches benefit no other soul. The soul cannot rise of itself from mortal sin any more than the dead man could rise from the grave by his own power. The power of Jesus alone can do this, and it is more than once did the other. And the Archbishop showed how ready our Lord was to exert this power, when approached with the proper disposition. Having set forth, with much tenderness and power, the misery of mortal sin, he concluded by warning his hearers that this misery must not be abused as the Jews abused it with terrible results, and exhorting them, if their souls were estranged from God, to have recourse to His mercy at once with the aid of the sacraments.

At the conclusion of the sermon his Grace congratulated the pastor (Rev. Father Minahan) and his flock on the marked change for the better that had taken place in St. Peter's. Now, his Grace remarked, the congregation must assist for divine worship in their own parish instead of going, to other parishes, as some had been compelled to do heretofore. His Grace also referred to the new school-house which had been erected in connection with St. Peter's and which was now ready for use. The church and the school-house, continued his Grace, were evidences of the growth of the parish. He had no doubt it would continue to prosper, and that in good time a more imposing building would occupy the site upon which the present one stands. Benediction by his Grace terminated the service, which will be recalled as one of the most edifying and instructive held in St. Peter's.

Father Minahan must be complimented on the progress he has already made in this parish. He is beloved of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and by those more so than those privileged with his ministry. He is determined to make St. Peter's worthy of its congregation, and to do so he will cheerfully assist their devoted Pastor in all things necessary to their welfare, temporally and spiritually, and in the advancement of the parish educationally and socially.

Obituary.

MRS. J. P. MURRAY.
With deep sorrow we announce the death of Mrs. J. P. Murray, which occurred on the 1st instant at the Hotel Quebec, Quebec, Canada. Her family had been spending the summer season at Kamouraska, and while there an ailment of which she had complained for some time developed so seriously that her immediate removal to Quebec became imperative. She was long and tenderly nursed by her devoted husband, and under more experienced medical skill in that city Mrs. Murray would regain strength and ultimately recover; but she was decreed otherwise, and she passed to her eternal reward, surrounded by her husband and children, on the 1st instant. Her husband was a graduate of the University of Toronto, and was a member of the House of Commons in Ottawa, as well as an Irish and Catholic alumnus. She was educated at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and took the gold medal at her graduation there. Of fine physique and keen intellect, her studies were made with ease, and when she had good-bye to her teachers and classmates, she did so a highly accomplished young lady. In 1888 she married, and brought to the management of her household a sensible appreciation of its responsibilities and a wise economy, as free from sting as it was from extravagance. Mrs. Murray proved a devoted wife and an affectionate mother, and adorned her home with those womanly graces which lend a charm to the domestic circle and make it cheerful and attractive. A pious and practical Catholic, her religion went hand in hand with her charity, and many a poor heart has been made glad by her timely aid, and her bestowal of which was unknown to any. She was a devoted mother, and besides her husband, five children, two sons and three daughters. She was yet young, being only 37 years of age at the time of her death. Cut down in the midst of her usefulness, she will be remembered by those who know her worth, her generous and sympathetic nature, as one who, during her brief day, had done much to make life less burdensome, and who, had she been promised more lengthened years, gave precious work of relieving the distressed and lighting up their cheerless hearths. The remains were brought to Toronto, and the obsequies held in Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Lawrence Street. After the Requiem Mass had been offered up the last absolution given, all that was mortal of Mrs. Murray was buried in the family plot, St. Michael's Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

St. Mary's Sanctuary Boys.

The regular meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held on the 6th instant. It resulted as follows: M. Stafford, President; M. Walsh, Vice President; D. Murray, Secretary; Treasurer; F. Fulton, Librarian.
Vote of thanks were tendered to the retiring officers. Each made a suitable reply.
On the following evening Mr. John Fraser, one of the senior members, was made the happy recipient of an address, which was given by a valuable present by his fellow-sanctuary boys. In a few well-chosen words Mr. Fraser expressed his sincerest thanks, and he promised his audience that he would ever remember the connection with the sanctuary boys. He leaves on Thursday for Genoa, Italy, whether he goes to pursue his studies for the priesthood.

Jameson's.

The specialty this week at Jameson's is in the hat department. You would be surprised to get a nice, soft felt in the style of Fedora for \$2.00 elsewhere in this city as this is going every day at the bounded corner, Queen and Yonge streets. And as in hats, so in clothing and underwear, boots and shoes, gentlemen's furnishings, etc.—all as selling at prices which knock you down.

vision and commission merchant was at 101 Front Street East. Until recently Mr. Ryan's active movements betokened a man in the prime of life. Excellent health and to all appearances he looked as one likely to reach a ripe old age. But lately he had a bad turn, the result of kidney trouble and although he got over that attack and was on his feet again, the work of the disease was untouched, and a relapse brought with it a weakened physical condition, which yielded to death early on Thursday morning.

Mr. Ryan was a native of the County Tipperary, Ireland. When but a boy he came to Canada and settled in Montreal, where he grew to man's estate, and where also lived his brother, the late M. P. Ryan, at one time member of Parliament for the centre division of that city. Having retired from Parliament Mr. Ryan was appointed Collector of the Port of Montreal, a position he filled till the time of his death. Messrs. Hugh and John Ryan, railway contractors of this city, were cousins of the deceased, as was also Mr. Patrick Ryan of Prescott.

Some twenty years ago the subject of this short notice came to Toronto and established himself in the commission business on Church Street. Honest and upright in his dealings, he soon made an extensive connection, and his trade so largely increased that more spacious premises on Front were necessary for its accommodation. There Mr. Ryan labored hard and grew prosperous, and to day no honest business stands more creditably with the commercial community than that which William Ryan has left behind him as a monument to his enterprise, his energy and industry.

At the funeral, which took place on Saturday morning, were many prominent citizens, among them being: Sir Frank Smith, Eugene O'Keefe, C. H. Greene, Patrick Boyle, D. Gunn, Charles S. Blackwell, James E. Bailey, John Scully, Michael Scully, John L. Morrison, James Corcoran, F. W. Ryan, John Cooper, George Kelly, L. J. Cosgrave, John Coffey, James T. Maldeu, James Delaney, Charles Long, James Franklin, C. Cashman, J. F. McLaughlin, James Walsh, James Novin, M. McConnell, Dr. C. A. Temple, A. McManer, Mr. Bonick, Mr. Co. The pall-bearers were Messrs. B. B. Hughes, James Sproule, Edward Murphy, Thomas Flynn, Dr. Chamberlain, and C. B. Doherty. The mourners were John Ryan, cousin; F. T. Murphy, Chicago; Dr. C. A. Temple, Brockville; W. H. Butler, Montreal; W. L. Ryan, Ottawa; and P. Ryan, of Prescott.

Requiem Mass was celebrated in Our Lady of Lourdes by Rev. James Walsh, with Rev. Dr. Tracy as deacon, and Father Murray as sub-deacon. After the solemn services in the church the body was interred in St. Michael Cemetery. May it rest in peace.

Kingston.

Archbishop Clary has selected the following as the staff for the present of the newly-revived Heliopolis College: Dean, Vice-General Kelly, Archbishop's Secretary; professor of Christian doctrine and Italian literature, Rev. J. V. Neville; professor of English classics and junior classical studies, Rev. Father Beecher; professor of Latin and Greek languages and mathematics, Mr. J. P. Meegan; professor of French language, Rev. J. P. Bredin. Rev. Father Beecher is a graduate of Maynooth College, Ireland, and comes highly recommended by the faculty of that ancient institution. Mr. Meegan is a Stratford man, and an honor graduate of Toronto University. Rev. Father Bredin was born and educated in France, and will teach the language as spoken in old France. Dean Kelly and Rev. Father Neville have been residents of Kingston for a number of years. All the priests of the archdiocese will be present at the opening, which occurs on commencing with the Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral, after which his Grace, accompanied by the clergy and Separate School trustees, will bless the new college building. Between 60 and 75 students will commence their studies immediately.

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Gaudan is now outstation sculler of the world. He defeated the Australian, Stansbury, on the Thames on Monday.

THE MOTHER LAND

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland

Deserters Arrived at Queenstown... Fishing in the South-Sea... Startling Revelations in the Mail...

It is hoped that the Inspectors of Fisheries have within their legal armoury some means to stop the destructive system of fishing that is being practised in the south western waters by some of the English fishers.

Head Constable McHugh, who has been stationed at Union Quay Barabois, Cork, for the past three and a half years, has been promoted to the rank and pay of District Inspector.

A leading oyster merchant of Whitstable, who last year made an inspection of oyster fisheries and foreshores on the west and south west coasts of Ireland, is again visiting those districts to examine the oysters sent over last spring by way of experiment.

Detective Sergeant O'Neill and Constables Byrne and Brennan arrested at Queenstown two young men named Robert Ball and Robert Sydenham, each aged about 19 years, on suspicion of being deserters from Her Majesty's service.

At the meeting of the Drogheda Corporation the Mayor, Mr. Peter Lynch, J. P., presiding, on the motion of Mr. Bernard Kelly, J. P., seconded by Alderman Nutty, J. P., a vote of condolence was passed with Mr. Gerald Daly, T. O., on the death of his wife, and the council adjourned their meeting as a mark of respect to her memory.

At the Monasteran Petty Sessions an ex-policeman named Wm. Quinn, who was until a fortnight ago a bailiff on the Drogheda estate, was charged on the information of Mr. Joseph J. Joly, J. P., of Olonulogue, with having assaulted him. Mr. Joly was on his way to the Petty Sessions Court, and went to leave his bicycle in the Estate Office, and when coming out he met Quinn, who proceeded to abuse and threaten him, and said he (complainant) had insulted him in public court.

The National Literary Society has taken advantage of the occasion of Miss Doro Sigerson's marriage with Mr. Clement K. Shorter to present her with a token of their esteem in the shape of a very recherché scribble of Dublin manufacture.

Mr. Lybouchere in London Truth says—"In Ireland some interest is felt regarding the future attitude of the Irish Peers towards Lord Odoagan. Will he be boycotted because of the Land Bill of his Government? Lord Crew was boycotted simply for refusing to receive a commercial address which contained, by malice presense, too, a sentence insulting to his political party."

Mr. James O'Connor, M.P., has been presented with a cordial vote of thanks for having defeated an attempt by the Corporation of Dublin to fix an unjust water tax on the inhabitants of Bray, which is recognised as the most rising bathing resort near the city.

The eleven members constituting the Parnellite Parliamentary party have issued a manifesto to the Irish people in which they announce that, following up the anniversary demonstration in honor of the memory of Mr. Parnell, a Convention will be held in Dublin on October 12th of men who still hold up the principles which Parnell labored for in life, and who are still prepared to take their part in the struggle to carry them into effect."

An inquest was held on the body of a man named Smith who died under

strange circumstances in the Mate Misericordino Hospital. Dr. Blayney deposed that, acting under orders from Dr. Ciancio, he administered chloroform to the deceased who was under treatment for a compound fracture of the leg. The patient did not recover from the anesthetic, and on post mortem they found the man had heart disease. The jury found a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

A short time ago, owing to the extraordinarily high sums paid in out-door relief in the Mullingar Union, the Board of Guardians appointed a committee of ratepayers of the town district to inquire into the system of the distribution of outdoor relief in the Mullingar district of the union. As a result of this investigation they have made a report disclosing the most excessive abuses. From their investigations they found that a considerable amount of the weekly relief was spent in the public houses. A tabular statement was submitted showing the amount per head of the population paid in outdoor relief in the subjoined unions was as follows: Belfast, 11s; Dublin, North, 14s; Dublin, South, 11s; Athlone, 8s; Ballymahon, 11s; Longford and Granard, 12s; Mullingar, 21s. The committee urged strongly on the Board of Guardians the advisability of at once communicating with the Local Government Board with a view of holding a sworn inquiry. A detailed list of persons in receipt of outdoor relief was also submitted, and from this it appeared, apart from the number of nurse children, that in Mullingar alone there were 117 persons in receipt of outdoor relief. Some of those were landholders; one kept a bank, whilst in some cases the parties were long since dead, and of others there was no trace at all in the town. About sixty persons were recommended to be taken off the relief list.

The Board of Irish Lights has been informed that one of their lightships has been run into off the Wicklow coast by a passing steamer. The injured craft is the lightship stationed off Arklow. Another lightship was at once despatched from Kingstown, where spare vessels are kept in reserve for contingencies of this kind.

The Marquis of Bute has signified his intention of contributing £10,000 to the University of South Wales, to be applied for the purposes of technical education in Wales, the sum to be handed over to the authorities as soon as required. The Drapers' Company have also promised £10,000 towards the fund for providing new buildings, and the Government have promised £20,000 on condition that an equal amount is raised by public subscription.

A Clergyman Fined for Beating. At Swadlowcote, near Burton-on-Trent, the Rev. John Vallancey, perpetual curate of Rallston, was charged on two summonses with brawling, the prosecutor being a labourer named Fletcher, who is the parish warden. The sexton was similarly summoned. It was alleged that on June 18 the sexton, under the vicar's orders, backed to pieces a grave belonging to a family named Wright, and about which there had been a feud owing to the vicar's refusal to allow flowers to be placed thereon without his permission. A scuffle ensued between the defendants and members of the Wright family, and the vicar was alleged to have presented a revolver. The Bench fined the vicar £2 and costs and the sexton 10s. 6d. and costs. A summons for assault taken out by the rev. gentleman against one of the Wrights was dismissed.

SCOTLAND.

A Beautiful Church Window. St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, being dedicated to St. Mary, the Feast of the Assumption was celebrated with extraordinary splendour. High Mass was said at eleven o'clock, and in the evening there was a procession in honour of our Lady. A large stained-glass window to the Blessed Virgin was unveiled. The window represents the Assumption, and is the gift of the Children of Mary, and cost about £80.

On Sunday Aug. 30th a very large and enthusiastic audience of Irish Catholics assembled in the Grand National Hall, Glasgow, to hear a lecture from the Very Rev. Dr. Maguire, D.D., Maynooth College, on the subject, "How Protestantism Was First Introduced into Ireland." Father Outhbert, O.S.F., presided. The spacious building was well filled.

There is nothing to prevent anyone concocting a mixture and calling it "sarsaparilla," and there is nothing to prevent anyone spending good money in getting it; but prudent people, who wish to be sure of their remedy, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and so get cured.

The new Church of St. Patrick at Glasgow, Ireland, which has just been dedicated, is a very fine structure in the pointed style of architecture. Two of the lower windows are of stained glass. One contains a record of the foundation of the Cathedral by the Most Rev. Dr. Gilbert, the Bishop of Glasgow, and the other commemorates the dedication by the present Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy. The tower is a square structure and rises to a height of 100 feet.

MIR. DAVITT, M.P.

His Speech Against the Land Act, Recently Passed, in East Kerry

When the man of East Kerry met to appoint delegates to the Dublin Convention Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P., among others, was present and made the following references to the Land Act just passed. I am glad to find from the terms of one of your resolutions that your views upon the sham Land Act agree with my own. It is a measure born of a landlord Government, blessed by lawyers, and understood by nobody. In my humble opinion it is the most complete legislative farce that has appeared on the stage of the House of Commons for the past thirty years.

And this is how the new Land Act appears to an Irish tenant. He is told that another act has been passed for his benefit, but he learns at the same time from its authors, the brothers Balfour brothers, that this new legislation will not injure to the extent of a single penny the interests of any Irish landlord. The tenant who reads the act will find clauses about occupation right, provisions about fixing fair rents, sections and sub-sections dealing with improvements, turbary rights, and the rest; but he will discover that all this legal jargon offers him no more abatement of rent or protection for his invested industry than the jingling of money in another man's pocket offers assistance to a penniless person who listens to that kind of performance (hear, hear). I assert again that this act is a delusion, a mockery, and a snare, and those who lavish praise upon its authors and speak of it as a useful measure are only joining in a chorus of dishonest praise which the Times and other landlord organs are singing to the laudation of the Tory Government, which has planned and passed this measure with the sole object of averting such a bill as Mr. John Morley attempted to pass a year ago (hear, hear). Mr. Balfour proudly declared on Thursday night that "a great peace had fallen on the land," because the House of Lords had assented to a few worthless amendments inserted in the Commons, and because Mr. Healy joined with Mr. Carson in agreeing that these were precious amendments, meant nothing, and would leave the law as it stood. The reply which this meeting makes to this ridiculous boast is: "performance is that there can be and there will be no peace in Ireland on this land question until the land of our country shall be freed from the predatory grip of Irish landlordism (cheers)—until every tenant is as secure of his holding on fair terms as a landlord is in his mansion, until every penny now unjustly levied in rent on a tenant's improvements is legally swept away, and until the crime of eviction, such as we have known it perpetuated in our day, shall be made impossible by a just and enlightened homestead law (cheers). There can be no peace where law is but a legal cover for wrong and injustice, nor will discontent ever cease in Ireland until the fruits of our people's industry are safeguarded from the legal robbery of unfair rent. To talk of this act giving benefit to Irish tenants in face of the admissions of Sir James Caird and of The London Times ten years ago, namely, "that all economic rent had vanished from five hundred thousand holdings," while 16s or 21s per acre rent is levied upon such land under the existing law—I say that talk of this kind from Irish members in the House of Commons is either madness born of factionism and dissension, or the irresponsible utterances of men who care more about approving cheers from Tory benches than they appear to do about the interest of the rent-robbed victims of Irish landlordism. We must proclaim, in season and out, that the existing land law of Ireland enables a worthless class of social drones to levy ten million a year on the industry of Irish agriculture, and that seven of those ten millions would be lifted from the shoulders of that industry to-morrow if this new act would prevent the Land Commission from charging rent upon tenants' improvements. But this precious act does nothing of the kind. It confirms and enacts the injustice of the Adams and Dunneah decision.

Farming in Manitoba.

Many interesting features connected with the country, its great farms and progressive people, can be gathered by a trip through southern Manitoba, at harvest time, when the work of cutting tens of thousands of acres of grain is in progress. To the average Ontario farmer it may seem incredible that this whole district—extending over hundreds of miles—could in the short space of a few years be transformed from one wild belt of unbroken prairie into countless fields of waving grain. But such is the case; and Canada by opening up the North-West has not only added to the wealth of the Dominion, but given to her own sons the opportunity of making new homes without the difficulties which beset our forefathers in hewing down the forests of Ontario. The country is progressive, and the sentiments of the people are such

THE WHOLE DISTRICT, FROM WINNIPEG TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, IS BOUND TO ADVANCE WITH RAPID STRIDES. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN FAVOR OF THE PLUCKY PEOPLE WHO CAME HERE TO BUILD UP NEW HOMES AND THROW IN THEIR ALL WITH THE FORTUNES OF A NEW PROMISING COUNTRY, AND, EXCEPTING A FEW LOCAL MISPLANS, THEY ARE ALL GROWING RICH BY DINT OF HARD WORK AND PRACTICAL FARMING—a fact which cannot be disregarded, for, though the soil is rich, experience proves that it requires to be properly cultivated.

The farmer is the backbone of any country, and beyond doubt he is a man whom all Canadians should feel justly proud of—none are his superior in pluck and steady perseverance. Great difficulties here have been surmounted, and still greater by the earlier Canadian pioneers, who were always ready to serve their country when called on.

The famous No. 1 hard wheat, so much sought after by millions in the East, is here grown to perfection. The yield this year will be fully 25 bushels to the acre; and, being free from frost, guarantees to all large areas of ready cash. To show more clearly the position of the smaller farmer occupying half a section (820 acres), it is estimated that each farm will produce an average of four thousand bushels of wheat, besides oats and barley, for sale and feeding purposes. Add to this the sale of houses, cattle and hogs grown upon the farm, and it will be seen that fortune is smiling upon the industrious Manitoban.

As to the newspaper report, that this year's crop will not yield more than 10 per cent. of last year's, I find the reason is that there was such a heavy crop of straw, together with a large acreage last season, which took farmers until late in the fall harvesting, and Winter had set in before many fields were stacked. Consequently very little fall plowing was done for seeding this spring; but the result will be beneficial, for a very large amount of summer following has since been done, which promises a splendid yield next year.

This Land still offers homes for thousands of industrious men; and the slave who patiently endures the sweat shops of the East throughout his life knows not the liberty enjoyed here by those of pluck and perseverance. Nor can it be said that the opportunities here are all for men with capital, for thousands landed in this Province years ago without money, many of whom are the most prosperous farmers here in this region to-day.

The journey from Oshawa is accomplished in little over two days, which is fast time, and the traveller enjoys splendid scenery all the way; while the accommodation afforded by that great transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific, is strictly first-class. Part of the trip can be made by boat across the upper lakes, which route is a favorite one for all pleasure seekers who are fond of the magnificent scenery of Lake Superior; and when here those who like shooting can practice upon ducks, chickens and wild geese to their hearts' content, all of which are very plentiful, though invariably as wild as a March hare.

PLUMBERS'

St. Cecilia's Circle, No. 3, West Toronto Junction, hold a very successful ice cream social on Wednesday, the 26th of August, many visitors from the city being present. J. McCarthy, President of Davitt Branch, No. 11, was their efficient chairman. The following ladies and gentlemen gave their services in the select programme of vocal and instrumental music: Mrs. Green, Miss Kelly, Miss Cumming and Miss Baker, Messrs. M. Mahoney, W. Brown, P. Corrigan, J. Whitney and B. McCormack, and their rendering of the several numbers received well-merited applause. Davitt Branch, No. 11, and St. Helen's Circle, No. 2, took a very moonlight excursion was a great success, far exceeding the expectation of the members, the two motors and trailers being crowded. The ride round the city was much enjoyed, also the short time spent in the park.

St. Patrick's Branch, No. 12, held a successful meeting on the 26th of August, members being present that had long been absent. A very animated discussion took place upon the proposed amendments to the constitution. W. LANK, S.T.

UNQUALLED—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. THOMAS' EUCRATIC OIL for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years and tried all the croaking I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

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THE DUBLIN CONVENTION

EARNEST WORK IN THE DIRECTION OF UNION.

Mr. Dillon Challenges His Opponents Dean Harris Defends Chevalier Henry - Mr. Blake's Manly Course - Mr. Healy's Conduct of a Different Character.

DUBLIN, Sept. 2.—The second day's session of the Irish Race Convention opened with a full attendance of delegates. Father Flynn of Waterford proposed the appointment of a committee composed of home and foreign delegates, empowered to draft a platform upon which all sections of the Irish party could unite, and work loyally. The motion was seconded by the Mayor of Waterford.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., spoke in opposition to the proposal, and protested against the Healyites being regarded as a separate party. Every Healyite, he said, had signed a pledge to abide by the decision of the Irish National Parliamentary party, or to retire therefrom. To treat with the Healyites as a separate party, he declared, would be to tear down the foundation of national unity.

The Convention, he contended, had made the unanimous vote of the real Irish party. Why, he asked, was any one who had charges of dishonesty or trickery to make, why did he not make them in the light of day?

Rev. E. Murnane, of Bermoneystown, interrupted the speaker, saying that he considered Mr. O'Connor's speech ill calculated to promote harmony. The chair ruled that Mr. Murnane was not in order, and Mr. O'Connor resumed his remarks, saying among other things, that the Convention must not be a failure, as in such an event it might result in the death of the Irish constitutional movement, which was now in progress.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P. for South Longford, followed with a long speech in favor of a reunion of the factional elements of the party. He contended that the aims of all were alike, and that there ought not to be, if personal feuds were put aside, any difficulty in the way of their uniting.

The foreign delegates to the convention appointed a committee to prepare an address to the Irish race.

The resolution offered by Father Flynn of Waterford, proposing the appointment of a committee of home and foreign delegates to draft a platform which would be acceptable to all sections of the Irish party, was withdrawn after a debate, and a resolution declaring in favor of the union of all of the sections of the Irish party was unanimously carried.

The convention then adjourned.

CORK, Sept. 2.—The Cork Herald, an organ of the Healyite faction of the Irish National party, published a long article this morning commenting upon yesterday's proceedings of the Irish convention in Dublin. The convention, the Herald declares, proves to be not a meeting of the world's representatives of the Irish race, but a mere sectional gathering, the real purpose of which is to replenish the finances of a discredited section of the Irish party headed by a discredited leader. The convention may dupes the delegates from abroad, but it cannot effect any possible good to Ireland.

Just before the adjournment, Mr. John Dillon, leader of the Irish Nationalist party, made a speech, in which he said that although he had been grossly vilified by certain persons those making the attacks upon him had failed to come into the convention and support the charges which they had made against him. Mr. Dillon declared that he was willing to withdraw from his position as Chairman of the Parliamentary party, and was equally ready to follow any other leader who might be selected. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Dillon received an ovation, the cheering lasting several minutes.

DUBLIN, Sept. 8.—The third day's session of the Irish Race Convention was opened today, Rt. Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, presiding. Michael Davitt read messages from societies and individuals in New York, Queensland and elsewhere, expressing hopes that a complete union of the sections of the Irish party would be effected.

Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, protested against the conduct of a Dublin newspaper, in describing Chevalier Henry, a Canadian delegate to the convention, as a companion of Le Carron, the spy and informer. (Cheers.) Canon McCarty supported a resolution setting forth that it was the prime duty of the Irish party to maintain its absolute independence of the English, and to preserve its perfect freedom to oppose anything that the best interests of the national cause may dictate.

Hugh Murphy, of Glasgow, expressed his belief that the convention would conclude that John Dillon should remain the leader of the Irish national party at home and abroad, with full power to insist that the minority must be ruled by the majority. Mr. Loughlin, of Bradford, held that as long as there was a Home Rule plank in the platform of the Liberal party the Irish were bound to support the Liberals.

Canon McCarty declared that there should not be any alliance that would have the effect of enslaving the Irish party. Michael Davitt, denied that that

there ever had been any slavish alliance with any English party.

Dr. O'Donnell, of Montreal, urged the necessity of complete union of the party sections.

Mr. Costigan, delegate from Ottawa, said that the assemblage present gave assurance that union had been practically established. He himself, he said, would take back a message declaring that the convention was a genuine and representative meeting of the Irish of the world, convened in regular form, and from the proper quarter. Majority rule he declared, must prevail.

A Montreal Star cable says.—Hon. Edward Blake created quite a sensation at the Dublin convention yesterday, and excited the greatest enthusiasm when he was speaking of the self-restraint with which the Irish party remained silent under the reckless charges of Mr. T. M. Healy, who had shown the bitterest animus against Mr. Blake. Then Mr. Blake, rising to his full height, and turning towards his former political opponent, Hon. John Costigan, who sat next to him, said: "When in years past in Canada I was unable to agree with the members of my party on the details of policy I retired from public life rather than inflict a stab from the hand of a friend on my colleagues." At this the audience rose and cheered heartily. No one who has watched Mr. Blake's devotion to the Irish cause believes that an invitation from Hon. Mr. Laurier and the removal of technical difficulties would induce him to abandon the cause and accept a place on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. Blake's part in the conference has led some to suggest him as the leader, now that John Dillon is willing to resign; but the Healyites would never consent to seeing the Canadian occupy that position.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., made a statement favoring the leaving of the administration of the Irish Parliamentary funds exclusively to the Irish Parliamentary party. The suggestion was approved by the convention.

Mr. Michael Davitt moved that the convention declare in favor of the granting of amnesty to all Irish political prisoners. In speaking to his motion Mr. Davitt strongly commended the humane treatment to which Irish political prisoners were subjected. During his own nine years' confinement in prison he declared he had never ceased to feel the pangs of hunger.

Rev. Father Phillips of Pennsylvania supported Mr. Davitt's motion, and in the course of his remarks urged that renewed efforts be made to reconcile those sections of the Irish party which were holding themselves aloof from the convention, which, he said, would open its ranks to everyone who was willing to come in.

Resolutions were adopted in favor of establishing a Catholic University for the purpose of preserving the Irish language, after which the Convention adjourned.

The statement that there was almost a riot in Sackville street this afternoon following the adjournment of the Irish Convention is exaggerated. The facts are that a crowd had gathered outside the Convention hall to cheer Mr. Dillon when he left the building. When he appeared his supporters cheered heartily, but some of the crowd cried "Doo," which was answered by further cheering by Mr. Dillon's friends, who then accompanied their leader to his hotel.

Subsequent to the final adjournment of the convention an interview was had by a representative of the U. A. Press with Timothy Healy, who said that he still entirely mistrusted Mr. Dillon's judgment, and defied Mr. Dillon's supporters to try to expel him from the party. He was surprised, he said, that the convention had not sought to induce Mr. Sexton to return to the party. In regard to the character of the foreign delegation, Mr. Healy said that except in one or two cases he was entirely unacquainted with the delegates from abroad. Some of the Canadians, he added, were evidently men of mark in their own land.

DUBLIN, Sept. 8.—Following the adjournment of the Irish National Convention to-day there was almost a riot in Sackville street, and John Dillon and a number of his friends were compelled to seek refuge in the Imperial Hotel. After leaving Lanster Hall Mr. Dillon, escorted by fifty or sixty members of the convention, walked up Sackville street, which was densely crowded. The delegates were followed by a noisy mob of about 1,000 Dublin ruffians, who had been gathered about the hall and who were evidently not in sympathy with the Dillonites. The leaders of the mob kept shouting, "To— with Dillon," etc., and stones and other missiles began flying through the air. To these cries the Dillonites replied by singing "God Save Ireland," increasing the riotous demonstration and largely adding to the number of the mob following them on the street. The police on duty were not able to cope with the roughs and reinforcements had to be hurried to the scene. The police soon turned into Sackville street in strong numbers, and were just in time to have a growing riot, which might have had most serious consequences, for there were threats of lynchings, thrashings and duckings hurled, causing Mr. Dillon and his party hurriedly to take refuge in the Imperial Hotel, which was afterwards surrounded by a strong force of police.

DUBLIN, Sept. 4. The foreign delegates to the Irish Race Convention, which concluded its three days' session yesterday, have issued a joint declaration in which they say: "We deem it our duty to record our grateful appreciation of the courtesy and kindness with which we have been treated here. We came here without any bias toward any section and with a determination to form an independent opinion based upon our own observations. The delegates who were responsible for the arrangements for holding the Convention scrupulously abstained from any attempts to influence our judgment. We have kept separate our own organization and asked nobody connected with the home movement to attend our conference. We are satisfied that the Convention in its composition and character voiced the Irish national spirit. We watched the proceedings of the convention throughout and heard therein the fullest and freest possible discussion, and we were especially impressed with the unanimity that was displayed for genuine unity, necessarily involving compromise and respect for the rule of the majority. We record our own entire belief in unity based upon the only foundation possible, submission to the majority, and we earnestly call upon the people to stand together for the country and the cause of freedom in the Irish party in Parliament. As citizens of countries engaging in free government we affirm that no other effective line is known than submission to the rule of the majority in political organizations. Upon our returning to our home we shall convey to our people a sense of the magnitude, authority and order of the Convention, and we pledge ourselves to give our unfailing support to the Irish Parliamentary Party until self-government is achieved for Ireland. The Irish National League of Great Britain held a meeting here to-day and elected Patrick Aloysius McHugh, member of Parliament for the north division of Leitrim, a Dillonite, as Vice-Chairman in the place of Timothy Sullivan, M.P. for West Fingale, who as a Dillonite to the meeting refused to vote. Mr. Dillon, addressing the meeting, said he would rather lead a party of fifty, the members of which were united, than one of seventy, each member of which was flying at the throats of his fellow members. The past of anyone coming into the party and promising to work faithfully in accord with it would be obliterated, Mr. Dillon said, but so long as he remained leader he should insist upon the members adhering to the old doctrine of party purity."

Death of Mr. John Madden. In the death of the late Mr. John Madden, which was but briefly recorded in last week's Enterprise, one of the pioneers of this part of the country passed away. Deceased was a native of County Mayo, Ireland, having been born there in 1821. He came to Canada when a young man, in the year 1847, and after remaining two years he went to New York State, whence, after a sojourn of about two years, he returned to Canada and became a resident of Peel township, locating on a two hundred acre tract, lot 13 on the 10th. con. of that township. Possessed of a robust constitution and being of very industrious habits, he prepared in his Canadian home, and by perseverance and industry reduced this farm from its primeval state and made it one of the most valuable and best improved farms in that section of the country. Among the severest trials of his farm life was the loss of his beloved wife, who had contributed in no small degree towards his remarkable success, and whose death occurred while some of the family were still in their infancy. Some years ago he sold his Peel farm for something over ten thousand dollars and retired from farming with a splendid competence to comfort his declining years. After this he lived for about two years in Hamilton, but preferring to live among old acquaintances, he returned and took up his residence in Arthur Village, where he remained up to the time of his death. In the earlier part of his life he took an active part in municipal matters in Peel township and served for a number of years as councillor and reeve of the municipality. A devout member of the Catholic Church and an exemplary Christian, he always bore his part with willing spirit and liberal hand in aiding every improvement and undertaking that became necessary with the growth and progress of the parish of Arthur to which he belonged. About three years ago his health became visibly impaired, and for more than a year he was confined almost exclusively to the house. The kindly bestowed care of a loving daughter, who nursed him through his lingering illness, no doubt, prolonged his life tenfold to save. He passed peacefully away to his eternal rest on the morning of Tuesday the 25th of August. The remains were borne on the following Friday morning to St. John's church, where a Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Dube and a sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Doherty, who had just returned from his vacation, in which he paid a grateful tribute to the virtuous character of the deceased. The large funeral procession then proceeded to the R. O. cemetery, Burwell Lane, where the remains were respectfully interred. Rev. Father Dube officiating at the grave. The Fall bears away his two brothers, James and Anthony Madden, two brothers-in-law, Thomas and Edward Campbell, P. M. Kirby and Thomas Harcourt. Deceased leaves, to mourn the loss of a fond father, three sons, all grown to manhood, but single, and six daughters, adults also, two married, one widow, and three single, one of these being Sister Ursula, of St. Joseph's convent, Hamilton. R. I. P.—Arthur Enterprise.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Sept. 10 - St. Hilary, P. 11 - St. Nicholas of Tolentino. 12 - St. of the Octave of the Nativity. 13 - The Most Holy Name of Mary. 14 - Evaluation of the Holy Cross. 15 - Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. 16 - Feast of St. Cornelius and Cyprian, Mra.

It is rumored that Lord Roberts will be the new Knight of St. Patrick in succession to the late Earl of Limerick.

The first contribution from the special correspondent of THE REGISTER, who was present at the Dublin Convention, appears in this issue, and will doubtless be read with interest.

Li Hung Chang found he could not escape the "interviewer" in New York, but he got even with that interesting institution of modern journalism. He told his questioner that the United States was no true land of liberty.

Mr. Laurier informed the Prohibition deputation at Ottawa that the Liberals would fulfil their promise and take a "oisie" on prohibition. It will be taken soon, he also said.

All the names sent well-known politicians to the Dublin Convention. It pointed out that three ex-Premiers of Ontario are members of the Irish Bar—Sir Gavan Duffy, who was Prime Minister of Victoria in 1871, was called to the Irish Bar in 1845; Sir Thomas Uppington, who is at present Attorney-General at the Cape, and was Prime Minister of Cape Colony in 1884, was called to the Irish Bar in 1867; and Sir Bryan O'Loughlin, who was Prime Minister of Victoria in 1878, was called to the Irish Bar in 1868, and is a son of the late Sir Michael O'Loughlin, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and a brother of the late Sergeant the Right Hon. Sir Colman O'Loughlin, for many years member for the County Clare, to whose seat on his death in 1877 Sir Bryan O'Loughlin was elected.

As a result of the favorable consideration given by the Pope to the petition presented to him in the spring of last year for the permission for Catholic laymen to attend the Universities the Duke of Norfolk has, says a London correspondent, purchased a site for £18,000, on which it is proposed to erect a Catholic College at Oxford. It is about three acres in extent, and is within a short distance of Mansfield and Manchester Colleges, the requisite course standing upon it at the present time. This college will be in addition to a quite distinct hall under the auspices of the Jesuit order, which is about to be started by Father Clarke in St. Giles, Oxford. The hall marks the first instance of a return on the part of the religious orders to their former connection with Oxford, and the proposed new college will hold a corresponding position in regard to the action of the Catholics in general with respect to the University.

A comparison between the Belfast Queen's College, and the college at Galway is made by The Freeman's Journal to illustrate the present unjust system of higher education for Ireland, which even Mr. Baileor once expressed a wish to remedy. In the one case the College suits its environment, in the other it is wholly divorced from popular support. The Belfast College is a Protestant institution, established for the benefit of a Protestant population the Galway College, though professedly intended for Catholics, has been governed by the good old Ascendancy principle. Hence Belfast is a striking success, and Galway a dismal failure. The former has 102 students, the latter a bare hundred. A hundred and thirty-nine students attend the Arts lectures in Belfast; half a hundred forms the Arts school in Galway. The distinctions of the former are reckoned by the hundred, the distinctions of the latter might be reckoned on the fingers. Private beneficence is showered on Belfast as good seed on the fruitful field, the public spirited benefactor would as soon throw his money into Lough Corrib as entrust it to the authorities of Galway in the hope of adequate public return.

The movement to keep alive the Celtic languages goes on steadily. The Gaelic League, having for its object the preservation and development of the Irish language, has just been meeting in Dublin. Delegates were present from different parts of Ireland, England and Scotland. The following resolution was passed: "That this convention of Gaelic League delegates calls upon the Irish people to actively support the movement to maintain the Irish language as the National tongue, and appeals most strongly to them to furnish that financial aid without which the movement cannot be brought to a successful issue." The following resolution was also passed unanimously: "That an 'Oireachtas' or public assembly on behalf of the Irish language be held annually by the Gaelic League, at which prizes would be offered for readings, recitations, songs and dramatic sketches in Irish." Both the Irish and Scotch languages, especially the former, contain much literature of the best quality, and no Celt has any reason to be ashamed of, or to forget, the tongue of his forefathers.

It is sometimes the fashion to say that railway travelling in Ireland is not as comfortable as it might be. We shall shortly have the verdict of our Canadian delegates on this point, but meantime a letter from an English correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times controverts many inventions on this subject. He says: "I have often heard that railway travelling in Ireland was anything but pleasant, and that not only were the long journeys made tedious with frequent stoppages, but that the carriages were most uncomfortable. It was, therefore, with anything but cheerful feeling that I undertook a journey to Cork. But what was my surprise on reaching Kingsbridge Station (for it was by the Great Southern and Western Line I travelled) to find that the description given me of the rolling stock was entirely devoid of truth. I have journeyed by many routes in England, but never have I experienced more comfort than I did during the run from Dublin to Cork, and vice versa. The third-class accommodation is not only equal to that of our English lines, but the punctuality of starting and arriving, the unrivalled scenery abounding everywhere, and the invariably courteous of the railway servants place the Great Southern and Western Company at great advantage when compared with any English line. I hope, therefore, that English scorners will give no heed to such rumors, but will visit Ireland and judge for themselves."

By no means the least interesting colonial representative at Dublin last week was Sir Bryan O'Loughlin, Bart, the head of the old Irish family of that name which has been established in the County of Clare for centuries. He enjoyed once the unique distinction of being the only man who was simultaneously a member of the Imperial and a colonial parliament. He succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1877, on the death of his eldest brother, Sir Colman, who was one of the members for Clare. In compliment to the family the electors returned Sir Bryan in his absence, but he never came

home to take his seat, preferring to remain a member for West Melbourne in the Parliament of Victoria. His grandfather, Sir Michael, was one of Daniel O'Connell's chief lieutenants, enjoying the distinction of being the first Catholic created a judge since 1688. Although only a youth of nineteen at the time Sir Bryan O'Loughlin was old enough to take part in Sir Michael's abortive rising in 1812 and to be entrusted with the command of a company of Clare pikemen. To avoid arrest and probable imprisonment on the collapse of the rising, he crossed over to England, and was engaged for two years in the engineering department of the Dutton and Blackburn line. Returning to Ireland, he resolved to become a barrister, entered Trinity College, graduated with honours in classics and mathematics, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1856. He travelled the Munster circuit for a time, but thinking his prospects in life would be improved by emigration, he sailed away to Australia and established himself in Melbourne, where he soon developed into a leading advocate. He was Attorney-General in the first Ministry of Sir Graham Berry, and this being held by the Elections Committee of the House of Commons to be an office of profit under the Crown, his seat for Clare was thereby vacated. In 1881 he became Prime Minister of Victoria. He is out of Parliament at present, having lost his seat by a narrow majority at the last General Election.

The Convention.

The great Convention is now over, and time must be given in which to show what its results will be. A meeting of this kind, where so many ardent patriots gather from all over the world, must produce effects not easily counted up in a day, a week or a month. The Convention demonstrated, first of all, the spirit of the people. That is the main thing.

Apparently the divisions in the Irish party remain as they were. This is the surface view. A three days' conference, however eloquent, able, and determined the delegates may be, could not be expected to heal breaches which have been years in the making. The physician who finds a patient suffering from an acute disease does not put him on his feet in a day. The medicine must have time to work. The Dublin Convention did not arise from a notion that a few minutes' palaver and half a dozen resolutions would do the whole business. But distinguished and powerful men like many of the delegates at Dublin—coming from all parts, and representing potent Irish elements in their own localities—cannot possibly meet together without securing a mutual understanding of each other and a mutual appreciation of each other's zeal, sincerity and unswerving loyalty to the common cause. When they separate they carry with them renewed hope, a better knowledge of the situation, and personal acquaintance with the chief actors in the movement. These will be disseminated amongst Irish people everywhere, and it would be contrary to all human experience if such a meeting were not followed by lasting and beneficial effects.

There were, according to the cable reports—not at all satisfactory in many ways—some lively discussions and telling speeches. This was natural for it was not a mutual admiration society where a few namby-pamby speeches preceded some out-and-dried proceedings. It was a gathering of earnest men, animated by strong feelings and moved to give expression to them. We await with intense interest the reports which the Canadian delegates will give. Only those who have been taking part in the meetings, who have studied the undercurrents, and have kept careful watch of the entire proceedings can fully comprehend the purpose and the probable results of this great Conference. The peculiarly advantageous, independent and dignified position of the Canadian delegates was thoroughly vindicated. They were there at no man's beck and call, for the serving of no personal motive, and with no preconceived notions or impose. At personal sacrifice and from love of Ireland alone they went there. Their arguments for unity were doubly potent under the circumstances. The appeal issued by them, in conjunction with the delegates from the United States, after the Conven-

tion adjourned, cannot fail to do good, and will be read in many quarters where personal disagreements have unfortunately hitherto prevailed.

To show the spirit that existed in Ireland itself just before the Convention met the following remarks of the Freeman's Journal are to the point: "Of the magnitude and the representative character of the Convention there is no doubt happily no room for doubt. Its promoters could hardly to their most sanguine moments have hoped for so distinguished a success. It was a bold thing to invite Irishmen from all quarters of the globe—men of high position and repute in the various lands of their adoption—to lay aside their own private concerns, and to journey across land and sea to take part in this assemblage. The circumstances of the case made this strain seem almost too hard even to such well-proved patriots as theirs. They were not invited to take part in any great National festival or celebration. They were not even invited to unite with a united Ireland in fighting the good battle for their country's liberation. The invitation called them to a land torn by senseless dissension. They were asked to take upon themselves the thankless office of mediators where previous efforts at peace-making had failed. To this invitation the men of Irish birth or race all the world over have responded with almost incredible readiness and enthusiasm. Wherever Irishmen had made their footing good in Great Britain, in Canada, in the United States, in Australia, and in Africa, great meetings were held and distinguished delegates appointed. To all the same mandate was addressed, to voice at the Convention the earnest and unanimous desire of the men who sent them there for peace, to exert to the uttermost their influence and authority with which they were invested for the suppression of dissension. In Ireland the same feeling has made itself generally and strongly felt. The advent of the Convention has started the various Nationalist organizations in the country into new life and vigour. It has brought together men, honest Nationalists, comrades of the brave old days, sharing the same convictions and aspirations, but too long, unhappily, estranged by the ghost of a dead dispute."

War, Past and Future.

If the persecution of the Christians in the Turkish domains finally leads to a war in Europe, the age in which we live will discover something long pondered over and never satisfactorily answered—has the invention of new armaments and destructive weapons so completely altered the methods of warfare as to make it practically a new art?

Meantime, the last great war was that between France and Germany, 25 years ago, and until another equally tremendous break out students and statesmen will always care to read anything which throws light on that fateful struggle. The London Times, in recording the fact that the Prussian General Staff has ceased the publication of General Von Molke's later correspondence dealing with the campaign of 1870-71, points out that the work is divided into three parts, of which the first is entitled "Preparation for War," the second "Mobilization and Concentration," and the third "Operations," and of these the first, which consists of 20 memoranda drawn up by the late Field Marshal, is of by far the greatest interest, as it shows how, in these times, wars, to be successfully carried out, must be foreseen and prepared for in every detail, how the military systems of possibly hostile states must be studied and watched, and how the political situation must be followed by the military authorities if their plans for action are to be kept up to date. There is deep political insight as well as military genius displayed in these memoranda. Nothing was forgotten, nothing omitted, every calculation was worked out with the mathematical precision of a chess problem, though in all his plans the great general had to take into consideration the possibility, nay the probability, as it at one time seemed, of the active alliance of Austria and France. The memoranda show almost as thorough acquaintance with the enemy's forces as with his own. He knew the French want of preparedness better apparently than any French Minister or general knew it, and contrasting it with the absolute

efficiency of the army under his own command he made sure of success. From the first his plans were those ultimately to "take operation" to force the fighting. "Never mind the fortresses," he wrote to Bismarck, "but push on the railroads quickly." He was resolved to move his forces at once into the enemy's country, and seek an immediate engagement, marching towards Paris, because on the line of march the French forces were not likely to be encountered. It was wonderful to read how accurately the men were marshaled and massed upon paper months before they took the field.

This correspondence, says the Freeman's Journal, recalls with singular distinctness that Titanic struggle which ended in the triumph of Germany and the downfall of France. The tide of victory was with Germany from the first and flowed without a turn to the last. She had got a great general and a great army, and it is hardly too much to say France had neither, but she protracted the terrible struggle with heroic courage and self-devotion. All the other European Powers watched the struggle as in a theatre with varying sympathies, but never slackening interest. There can be no doubt that the spectacle of the tremendous conflict which was over and won before one of the old-fashioned wars would have time to begin made tremendously for European peace. Since then the armaments of every European Power have been rapidly and enormously increased. They have spent themselves in men and money on the preparation for war, but there has been no war worthy of the name. The Franco-Prussian struggle has given the nations pause. It would be glorious indeed to play the part of Germany in such a war, but there was no insurance against playing the part of France. So armies and fleets grow, and grow on all sides, but never fight.

Light on the South African Muddle.

Fresh light is thrown on the state of affairs in South Africa by Mr. H. G. Haskins, who attended the Dublin Convention as the delegate from Johannesburg, and who is an intelligent Irishman qualified by residence in the Transvaal during the recent disturbances to give an inside view of its condition. Mr. Haskins himself is an interesting man. He is a native of Queen's County, where he possesses property, and it is his intention shortly to return to Ireland permanently and settle down in his native place. "My heart warmed to the old place when I saw it," he told a newspaper man, "and after visiting Johannesburg once more I will return and settle down in Ireland." He has been 28 years in South Africa, having left Queen's County in 1868 and in 1869 went to the Diamond Fields, in the neighborhood of where Kimberley now stands. That thriving centre of mining industry did not then exist. During his residence in South Africa he has had a varied existence, and has spent some time in the fascinating work of hunting, engaged in which he met, amongst other distinguished persons, the late Lord Randolph Churchill and the Duke of Montrose. An Irish peer who is an acquaintance of his and well known on the Rand is Lord French, who, like his predecessor in the title, is a strong Home Ruler.

The Uitlander question he sums up in this way: Their great grievance was that they owned nine-tenths of the money and four-fifths of the land of the country, and yet they had no voice in the administration. At the same time there was never so little reason to complain as for the few years before the attempted revolution. Men came to Johannesburg with a few pounds, and swiftly became millionaires. Almost every speculation that men touched turned to gold, and there was little reason to be dissatisfied. When Mr. Haskins and his friends thought there was going to be a fight, however, they were ready to share in it, and Mr. Haskins himself was the leader of the Irish Brigade, who, once they had entered into a quarrel, were as was characteristic of the race, wroth when the proposed hostilities came to nought. He thinks the great trouble comes from "the more ignorant of the Boers. Paul Kruger is a splendid fellow, and so are the enlightened Boers. But the ignorant Hollanders

do not believe in the pulpy of peace; they have got it into their heads, on account of a few military successes, that the world cannot stand against them and it requires all Kruger's statesmanship to manage them. He is, in fact, to a great extent, between the devil and the deep sea. Once it is reported he threatened to resign on account of the extreme views urged upon him. Had he done so he prophesied that they would not have their country a month, which is most likely, as they would be sure to invite destruction."

Mr. Haskins, like Mr. Cornwall, the Kimberley delegate, is a Protestant, another proof that the Convention was thoroughly representative of all classes of Home Rulers.

Useful Education.

We referred last week to the deputation of the Irish National Education Board, headed by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, which waited upon Lord Cadogan at Dublin Castle and urged the claims of technical education in the Irish schools. His Grace's speech on that occasion was one of remarkable ability, and showed a thorough grasp of the education question which earned not merely the eulogiums of the Government but the entire confidence of the Board whose sole spokesman his Grace was. Some of his remarks are well worth extracting, because they bear upon the purposes and uses of school training everywhere. The Archbishop said:

"The school—the elementary school as well as every other—has a two-fold work to do. It is a place for the instruction of the children, for the putting into their minds of a certain amount of what is supposed to be useful knowledge. It is a place also for their education, in the proper sense of the word, I mean, for the drawing out, the development, the cultivation, of their natural powers and capacities. Under both of these heads, a claim is put forward for the fuller recognition of the practical element in the work of the school. As regards instruction, it is claimed that provision should be made for such a course of teaching as will make the children familiarly acquainted, not merely with words and with the names of things, but also with the things themselves which those names and words represent. And again, as regards training and development, it is claimed that provision should be made for the training of the hand and of the eye, as well as for the training of the intellect. It is hardly fair to occupy your Excellency's time by pointing out to some writers who are regarded, especially in England, as eminent authorities on such matters, insist upon all this as essential to the completeness of every system of education, quite irrespective of any special wants of the particular class to be educated. Professor Huxley, for instance, has said that even if there were no such things as industrial pursuits, a system of education that does nothing for the faculties of observation, that trains neither the eye nor the hand, and is compatible with utter ignorance of the commonest natural truths, might still be regarded as strangely imperfect." Now I am not called upon to adopt that strong way of putting the case. For we have not to do with any such hypothetical case. We have to face the fact that not only are there such things as industrial pursuits, but that we, the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, are charged mainly with the education of the children of the industrial classes of our country. It is by means of industrial pursuits that these children are to make their way in the world; and their success or failure in life must largely depend upon how they have been fitted for those pursuits when they come to enter upon them."

Then His Grace went on to point out that education was no longer considered "the exclusive possession of any privileged classes, but the birth-right of every child that is born into the state—the birthright of the future artisan, the future agriculturist, the future agricultural labourer, as well as of the future lawyer or the future member of any other learned profession."

As an illustration of what the Irish Board are contending for, the Archbishop went into a careful examination of what is called technical education and what may be termed practical education. The former is not what is being sought for at all. On this point His Grace said: "By 'technical' education, as I now use the word, I understand instruction in particular arts, or trades, or complete processes of manufacture, and the like. It will hardly, I think, be questioned that instruction of that kind has to be regarded as altogether out of place in a primary school. The work of such a school, as I conceive it, in the sphere of industrial training should be confined to that general training of the faculties, especially of

FARM AND GARDEN.

Every farmer should keep at least a score of sheep. The keeping will hardly appear in the expense of the farm. The ordinary waste of a farm will maintain a flock of this number, and the gleaming of the fields will support it until the house feeding begins. After this the manure made will repay all the cost of the winter's feed.

The market for apples is about opening. Those who have fruit to dispose of should study the requirements of the people who are willing to pay a good price for a good fruit must have it presented to them in the very best manner. Buyers estimate the fruit by the package and the packing of it. But the packing is by no means all that is conveyed by the package itself. This must, of course, be clean, strong, and attractive in form. But the arrangement of the fruit inside must be equally attractive in every way. The fruit should be of the first quality, of even size, preferably of a medium size, and not too big or overgrown. It should be ripe and free from all blemish, solidly placed in the package and free from bruises. Mixing varieties is a fatal mistake. It is easier to sell a thousand barrels of one sort than one of mixed kinds; these go as well to the lowest class of purchasers. Only those varieties that are popular in foreign markets, which are now the best, should be offered, and the red and longest-keeping sorts are the most popular. Appearances go a great way in the selling of apples and pears in the foreign markets, although there is a large class of purchasers who know which are the best kinds and want only these. But the majority of English consumers know little of the quality of an apple, and these choose by the color. Thus the Ben Davis, an apple of third quality only, sells better in foreign markets than the Baldwin and the Greening, or the Spy. New well made barrels of the size of four barrels, or four barrels unvoiled, and well secured, make the most desirable packages, and are preferred to boxes or crates, which are not so easily handled as barrels are.

The smut of corn is one of the costly parasites supported by farmers, to their injury and loss, and which may be greatly lessened or wholly avoided by a very little trouble. It is not quite the same as the smut of the small grains, that we believe are sown with the seed, and may be destroyed by the simple practice of steeping the seed in a solution of any corrosive substance—the best of all which have been tried being the common blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) dissolved in 100 times its weight of water. The smut on the grain, which is attached to a bunch of minute hairs at the pointed end of the grain, is, of course, sown with the seed, unless it has been destroyed by the steeping. But this seed is not infected, but the soil is, by the farmer leaving on the ground all the smutty, useless stalks and ears.

Now is the time when this careless smut may be avoided, and the uncountable myriads of smut spores that exist in every bunch of it on the stalks may be destroyed. The simple way to do this is to go through the field and out over every bunch of smut and carry the collection out of the field and burn it. It is not done the soil is stocked for years, for the minute spores of the smut are developed in an oily matter by which they are preserved from decay for a long time.

It is in this condition of things which prevents the successive culture of corn on the same land for a number of years. Experience has proved that the corn may thus be grown for many years and yield the largest product under high culture, were it not that the smut utterly destroys the plant after a few years, five to ten being the limit of the possible successive culture of this crop.

It is a good time to consider whether anything may not be done in the way of drainage on the low lands of the farms. The deposit of manure is a most valuable source of the smut, which is decomposed by lime or composted with manure or the ground waste of the fields and roadsides. It is quite as valuable in this way as ordinary manure, and if taken out before the winter, when the land is in its driest condition, the cost of it will be reduced to the lowest limit. After it has been drained on the bank to get rid of the most of the water it may be used to advantage in several ways, as for an absorbent in the yards, as litter in the stables to take up the liquids which are so much wasted for want of such care as this.

When drained, these lands make the very best meadows, yielding various kinds of the best grasses, as, for instance, timothy, orchard grass, meadow fescue, which is especially suited for this kind of soil. Fowl meadow grass and redtop or other varieties of grass well suited to a drained swamp. Alsike clover thrives well on the moist soil, and by mixing these a succession is secured by which at least two cuttings of hay may be made, and excellent and wholesome pasture may be provided on the aftergrowth.

If the Baby is Crying Cough Remedy. This is the best of all. It is the best of all.

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Oh, it was a lovely funeral!" exclaimed the morbid Rosie. "Six coaches and a rehearsal all covered with flowers!"

The German Emperor's yacht Meteor is carrying off everything. We have heard some heartless people say it is a pity it will not "carry off" its owner!

Mrs. Rackett to her husband: "I am afraid, Anred, that you spend more of your time in very bad company." Mr. Rackett: "How can I? I'm scarcely ever at home, am I?"

The English is most confusing language, for though point and cape are synonymous, yet there is a great distinction between a fine point and a fine cape, as any woman will tell you.

On a tombstone in a rural New York cemetery is the following rather startling epitaph: "Here lies the body of Peter Bodson, who was shot through the body with three ounces of lead and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Poor Raminlavivny, the husband of Queen Ranavolo of Madagascar, is just dead. The doctors call it some internal disease, but the report is current that the poor fellow "insisted on pronouncing his own name, and tetanus set in."

Customer: "I want some spoons and forks in the new metal I've heard talk of lately, but I can't quite remember what it's called." Shopman: "Yes, madam. Was it electro plate, Britannia metal, Potoni silver, or Carpathian silver?" Customer: "No, 'twas none of them. Oh! I know now!" It was Carmen Sylva!

A good story is told of Sir Francis Johnson, who was Chief Justice of the Superior Courts of the Province of Quebec. On one of his circuits in the eastern townships during the winter he put up at a country hotel. The night was very cold, and the hotel proprietor was not extravagant in his fuel supply or in the weight of his blankets. The judge put over his bed covering his heavy coat and other clothes, but still found it impossible to sleep. It was after midnight, and there was no one near to make a fire. The judge rose, and putting on his slippers and dressing gown, went into the passage and shouted with all his power: "Fire! fire! fire!" In a few seconds the whole hotel was aroused, and the proprietor, panting and scared, ran to the judge and exclaimed: "Where is the fire? Where is it?" Sir Francis, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "That's what I am trying to find. A good fire was soon made in his room, and the rest of the night was passed in comfort."

An examiner at Edinburgh University had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The university in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak-rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. The examiner announced one day that if he ever found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's own hat, and placed it on his desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall every eye was fixed upon him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if you did it. You see, it is the same hat. What he had destroyed his own hat the story does not say."

The German Catholic Congress.

The forty-third Congress or general assemblage of the Catholics of Germany was held at Dortmund in the province of Westphalia last week. There is something peculiarly appropriate in the name of the Congress at Dortmund, the seat of a Congress at which the social question will be the chief matter for discussion, since the town is the centre of an extensive industry in linen and of a considerable trade in corn and Colonial produce. And not merely in the material but also in the spiritual order does the energy of the inhabitants manifest itself. In their eloquent Einladung, or invitation to the Congress, the local committee observe:—"Here, where the regular whirl of machinery never ceases, where the crimson sky indicates nightly the activity of the restless human mind, there also pulsates a vigorous religious life." A few decades of years ago the Catholics of Dortmund had but one church and numbered only a thousand; to-day they are at least fifty thousand, or a third of the inhabitants, and possess three parishes, churches, with various chapels and beneficent institutions, which their zeal for the furtherance of their faith is attested by the fact that there are in the town no less than twenty Catholic societies. Historically, Dortmund is famous for having been the seat of the Supreme Court of the Vehmgericht, or secret tribunal, which was founded by Archbishop Engelbert of Cologne to curb the barbarity of the Knights and others, but which after his death was responsible for frightful scenes, made familiar to us by the pages of Sir Walter Scott.

DOMESTIC READING.

Live a life equal to that of the stars. Nothing can vulgar a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness.

Joy and pain are very often so closely allied that it is impossible to point out the line of demarcation.

The best cure for sorrow is work, and the daily demands of daily life leave but scant room for sentiment.

There is nothing that a man can do less afford to leave at home than his conscience and his good manners.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving. Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

Flattery, like strife, is as one who leeches out water, the first drop soon becomes a steady stream, which undermines the judgment and prostrates the reputation.

No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.

Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your hours regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?—Massillon.

Flattery never emanates from great souls. It is an attribute of small minds, who thus still further belittle themselves to enter into the vital being of the persons about whom they crawl.

Death is not half so horrible as life lived wrongly. The mental sickness and confusion of a willfully degraded existence are worse tortures than are contained in the grossest notions of hell.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates.—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe, into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.—Lamarctine.

Life has no smooth road for any of us, and in the brazen atmosphere of a high air the very roughness only stimulates the climber to steeper and steeper steps till that legend of the rough places fulfils itself at last: "per aspera ad astra"—over steep ways to the stars.

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

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage; let the virtues, therefore, of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be, not a virtue, but the groundwork of a virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution, and secure the power of restraint when pleasure or interest shall lead their clamor to quit.—Dr. Johnson.

No man who sees the truth, however distant, can conscientiously go on as if it were not there. Thousands of years are vast periods, but the love of human liberty and happiness shall reach out and cling to the eternal. Let every man who believes faithfully in his share, sow the seed that he has received, and in God's time the glorious harvest will come of a pure, truthful people.—J. B. O'Reilly.

Does not a profound weariness of life grow upon you according as you advance in age? Do you feel yourself stricken with a more and more incapacitating lassitude? We are nearly all tired of fire, storm tossed souls longing for peace. Some may view this as a pernicious symptom that should doubtless be fought against. Studied closely, I regard it as an intense yearning for Heaven.—Madame de Gasparin.

No passion can lead to such extremities as induce a man in such a situated train of crimes and vices, and ruin whole families so completely as the baneful rage for gambling; it produces and nourishes all imaginable disgraceful sensations; it is the most fertile nursery of covetousness, envy, rage, malice, dissimulation, falsehood, and foolish reliance on blind fortune; it frequently leads to fraud, quarrels, murder, forgery, meanness and despair, and robs us in the most unpardonable manner of the greatest and most irrecoverable treasure—time.

It is natural for men when they leave one extreme in which they have been forced to live, to run speedily to the opposite without stopping in their course; thus men who free themselves from tyrants, if they are not restrained, rush into unbridled license, which may be justly called tyranny, for a people is like to a tyrant when it gives to the undeserving and takes away from the deserving, when it confounds ranks and degrees of men.—Gulciardini.

Chats With the Children.

Slumber, slumber, little one, now The bird is asleep in the nest on the bough. The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings. And over him softly the dream fairy sings. Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby— Pearls in the deep— Stars in the sky, Dreams in our sleep: So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon The fairy will come in the ship of the moon. The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars. And dreams will come singing through shaded bowy bars: Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby Pearls in the deep— Stars in the sky, Dreams in our sleep: So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so: The stars are the pearls that the dream ladies know, The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest, A dear little fellow the fairies love best. Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby: Pearls in the deep— Stars in the sky, Dreams in our sleep: So lullaby!

—Frank Drinker Sherman in September Ladies' Home Journal.

Chinatown is preparing two great dinners for Viceroy Li. Each is to be a marvel in its way. One is to be entirely American, the other exclusively Chinese. The Chinese dinner will probably be given in Chinatown at the Mon Lay Wun Restaurant, and it will be the grandest, costliest and rarest entertainment ever given by the Chinese in America. The menu will consist of many dishes that Europeans and Americans have never eaten and some that they would not wish to eat. Chicken and shark fin, cooked together, make up one of the dishes. A plate of it costs a week's wages and the name of it is Kai Lee Yee Chee.

Another dish is known as Yen Wei, the famous soup made of bird's nest. But the piece de resistance of the banquet will be Hoi Shum, or seaweed, which is imported from China and is boiled in small bunches and tastes a little like suetcrust. Chu Fong says it is the greatest delicacy of the table in China. It is so costly that the poor people never learn how it tastes.

At this banquet, which will be given on Sunday, the Chinese must be dressed in their national costumes. Nothing else will answer. No one will be admitted who does not wear the regulation costume. This will consist of a long flowing robe or tunic of rich silk, light blue preferred as to color. The robe must fall clear to the Chinese shoes.

Each guest will also wear a black silk cap. Under the cap and flowing down the back must be the national wig. It is inevitable, and those Chinese who like Chu Fong, have long since conformed to American customs, and foresworn the wig, must get it and have it fastened to their cropped hair for the occasion. Fortunately, the shops of Chinatown keep a supply of pigtails.

Li will wear his famous "peacock feather," which was taken from him on account of the failure of the Japanese war, but which has been restored to him. This feather will also be worn by the Chinese Consul and other distinguished persons.

Chu Fong said that the name of the restaurant—Mon Lay Wun—means the place where those who come from a great distance are refreshed.

It was not in a joyous fashion that school presented itself to a very bright little girl, Mary Fairfax, who was born over a hundred years ago, and who afterward became Mrs. Somerville and one of the most learned women in England. Mary was fortunate enough to live the first ten years of her life by the seashore, the happiest, wildest, shyer child that ever played all day long on the yellow sands, and made huge collections of shells, and weeds, and pebbles, and other treasures brought her as playthings by the waves. When it rained, and her mother would not permit her to run out, she read over and over again the three books which formed her library—"The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then her father, who was an officer in the English navy, came home from sea; and finding his little daughter so ignorant as a child could be made her read aloud to him every morning a chapter of Hume's "History of England."

This was all her education until she was ten years old, when, one dreadful day, her parents sent her to a boarding-school, a small and very expensive boarding school kept by Miss Primrose, who was so stately and so severe that her pupils used to say they never saw her smile. Thanks to the healthy outdoor life she had always led, little Mary was straight and strong as a young Juno, but she did not save her from the ingenious tortures designed for sleeping children, and which she describes for us in her memoirs:

"A few days after my arrival I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel buck in front, while, above my frocks, bands

Heart Failure. The papers are full of deaths from Heart Failure. Health Officers in many cities properly refuse to accept Heart Failure as a sign of ignorance of the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause. Success behind it will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

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draw my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel buck in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger children had to prepare our lessons. "Think of it, you luxurious little people who prepare your lessons lying on rocking chairs, nestling in sofa corners, or lying comfortably on warm hearth-rugs before cheerful fires! Think of studying a whole page of Johnson's dictionary every day, spelling, definitions, even the very position of each word in the long columns, and all the while unable to lean backward, or turn your head from side to side—unable even to see what the girl next to you was doing! That was a discipline which must have made home and the dear shining eye sends a picture of Paradise, of Paradise Lost, to poor, tired, timid Mary Fairfax. And the worse of it was, she learned so little at Miss Primrose's school that, when she escaped for her first holidays, she covered herself with disgrace by writing bank-note for bank note, and was severely scolded for being so idle, and wasting such golden opportunities.

She was taught to sew, however, very neatly, and in after years she grew so passionately fond of study, of real, hard, severe, uncompromising study, that it was necessary, when she was fifteen, to take away her candles, so that she might not sit up half the night over her books. Even then she used to arise at daybreak, wrap herself in a blanket—not being allowed a fire—and work away at Algebra and Latin until breakfast time. She wrote a number of valuable works on scientific subjects and she lived to be ninety-two years old, proving that neither hard schools nor hard study are certain to shorten our days.—"At School a Hundred Years Ago," by Agnes Repplier, in September St. Nicholas.

An amusing scene took place not long since in an English police court. A farmer was brought up charged with ill-treating one of the farm hands, a poor idiot, he having beaten him most unmercifully. The defence was that the idiot was a thorough nuisance, and always doing mischief at whatever he was set to do.

Magistrate (severely): "Even so, it is a shame to ill-treat the poor wretch like that. You should remember that he is but a poor half-witted fellow—that he is a man like you and me."

Laughter in the court, and one or two were nearly being omitted. Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat much kind of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Paroelco's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

The present year, which has been prolific of alliances between the old English Catholic houses of distinction, has seen the marriage of Charles, eldest son of Mr. John Gerard Riddell, of Hirmoeton Hall and Hodsock Park, Notts, and Edith, the only daughter of Captain Gerard J. P. of Kinwarton Court, Ayrshire. Mr. Gerard belongs to the Aspall Hall branch of the family, of which Lord Gerard is the head.

Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads. A taste for the beautiful is best cultivated out of doors.

God Only Knows. Whether are going with hurrying foot Forms that are passing to night in the street? Faces all sunny, and faces all sad, Hearts that are weary and hearts that are glad. Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and life. Pictures of pleasure and crosses of care. Going, all going, God only knows where. Hands that have earnestly striven for bread. Hands that are soiled with dishonor instead. Hearts that are tuned to a purpose sublime. Hearts all discordant and jangled with crime. Souls that are pure and as white as a snow. Souls that are black as the midnight of woe. Gay in their gladness, or drunk in despair. Going, all going, God only knows where. Some to the feast where the richest wine. And the rarer of jewels will sparkle a shine. Some in their hunger will wander, at some. Will sleep, nor awaken when morning appears. The robed and the ragged, the foe and the friend. All of them hurrying on to the end: Neering the grave with a curse or a prayer. Going, all going, God only knows where.

EVELEEN BLAKE.

FROM THE COOK EXAMINER. This is the legend of a house called the Devil's Inn, standing in the heather on the top of the Connemara mountains, in a shallow valley hollowed between five peaks. Tourists sometimes come in sight of it on September evenings; a crazy and weather-stained apparition, with the sun glaring at angrily between the hills, and striking its shattered window panes. Guides are known to shun it, however. The house was built by a stranger, who came no one knew where, and whom the people nickname Coll Dhu (Black Ool), because of his sullen bearing and solitary habits. His dwelling they called the Devil's Inn because no tired traveller had ever been asked to rest under its roof, nor friend known to cross its threshold. No one bore him company in his retreat but a wizened-faced old man, who shunned the good morrow of the trudging peasant whom he made occasional excursions to the nearest village for provisions for himself and master, and who was associated as a stone concerning the antecedents of both.

For the first year of their residence in the country, there had been much speculation as to who they were, and what they did with themselves up there among the clouds and eagles. Some said Coll Dhu was a scion of the old family from whose hands the surrounding lands had passed; and that, embittered by poverty and pride, he had come to bury himself in solitude, and brood over his misfortune. Others hinted of crime, and flight from another country; others again whispered of those who were cursed from their birth, and could never smile nor yet make friends with a fellow-creature till the day of their death. But when two years had passed, the wonder had somewhat died out, and Coll Dhu was little thought of, except when a herd looking for sheep crossed the track of a big dark man walking the mountains, gun in hand, to whom he did not dare say "Lord save you" or when a housewife rocking her cradle of a winter's night shuddered over her cabin roof, with the exclamation, "Oh, then, it's Coll Dhu that has enough of fresh air about his head up there this night!"

Coll Dhu had lived thus in his solitude for some years, when it became known that Colonel Blake, the new lord of the soil, was coming to visit the country. By climbing one of the peaks overlooking his eyrie, Coll could look sheer down a mountain side, and see in miniature beneath a grey old dwelling with ivied chimneys and weather-staled walls, standing amongst straggling trees and grim warlike rocks, that gave it the look of a fortress, gazing out towards the Atlantic for ever with the eager eyes of all its windows, as if demanding perpetually, "What tidings from the New World?"

He could see now masons and carpenters crawling about below, like ants in the sun, over-running the old house from base to chimney, daubing here and knocking there, tumbling down walls that looked to Coll, up among the clouds, like a handful of jacketones, and building up others that looked like the toy fences in a child's farm. Throughout several months he must have watched the busy ants at their task of breaking and mending again, disfiguring and beautifying; but when all was done he had not the curiosity to stride down and admire the handsome paneling of the new billiard room, nor yet the fine view which the enlarged bay window in the drawing-room commanded of the watery highway to Newfoundland.

Deep summer was melting into autumn, and the amber streaks of decay were beginning to creep out and trail over the ripe purple of moor and mountain, when Colonel Blake, his only daughter, and a party of friends

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 10, 1896.

Deliveries of produce of all kinds were fairly liberal. A load of wheat sold at a lower price than usual...

Wheat white, \$0.65 80.00; do red, 0.56 0.60; do bush, 0.49 0.50; do per bush, 0.45 0.47...

MEAT MARKET. Montreal, Sept. 8.—Grain.—Oats were weaker to-day, selling at 17 1/2 to 18c...

UNITED STATES. EAST BUFFALO, Sept. 8.—Cattle.—50 cars through and 1 on sale; market quiet...

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—Cattle.—Receipts, 5,000; steady; common to extra, steady...

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Receipts of hogs were 701 head, all direct to exporters and slaughterers...

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