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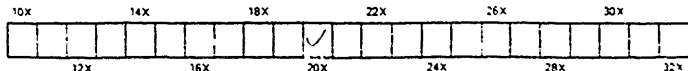
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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. VI.—NO. 19.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Good Books; Their Price.

(Written for The Register.)

For the last two weeks we have been writing on what to us seems a very important question, that of professing and habitually using good books. We have not thought it necessary to argue on so plain a matter. Nobody doubts the value of pious reading—except those who have never known what it is. But too many it is to be feared, are over ready to yield to the attractions of the daily newspaper or the last novel, and so leave themselves little time and less taste for the kind of works we are recommending. This is about as grave a mistake as if one should restrict himself to a diet of gruel, or stimulants, and yet expect to have the strength of a man. Bread and beef make the muscles of the body, and sound solid reading gives tone to the mind.

But it is not precisely this aspect of the case we are going to consider to-day. A correspondent asks how we can expect anything like a general habit of reading or even buying works of piety as long as they are sold at so exorbitant a price. A small octavo of this class of books, not too well printed, and rather cheaply bound, costs—so it is said—twice as much as many a handsome quarto, on which both printer and binder have lavished their highest art. The paper here is so good and the type so clean cut that the bright letter stands up on the page, and seems to come halfway to meet the reading eye, whilst there, that is in the pious book, old worn forms working on a very inferior medium, trace the characters so dull, blurred and oftentimes imperfect that the keenest sight is soon blinded by collision with them. How then can people be expected to pay double money for so very inferior an article?

This, and the like of it, is what is said by not a few, by way of excuse that they have plenty of reading matter in their homes, but that each of it of the kind known as spiritual.

Well this objection contains an allegation that we hold is neither proved nor provable, and secondly, is based upon a principle that in ordinary business no one accepts or draws upon. It is not as if it is not then true by any manner of means that our books of piety are in their paper, printing and binding—inferior to any works with which it is fair to compare them. It is not as if they might be said with plausibility and some truth, but that just remember how long it is since emancipation was granted, and next how long, or rather how not very long at all, before that all Catholics were forbidden to own anything of their own. Little wonder there should have been imperfections, and many of them. The real wonder is that in so brief a time we have been able after centuries of crudeness to struggle up to speaking and walking with such steady and graceful step even to the very highest places of excellence. And this has been done in great measure, and among publications by Catholics both in Europe and America, we can point to specimens of the very best kind in everything that belongs to book-making.

This may dispose of the first part of the objection. The second is often urged somewhat as follows: I admit all, or at least most of what you say. We have in some directions. Our religious books are more respectable now than in my young days. You can read them without unnecessary danger to the sight. But when they are so modestly expensive. Here for example, standing side by side on my shelf, are two works of much the same size, printed and bound pretty nearly alike, and the one costs fifty cents, the other a dollar and a half. How do you explain the difference?

We have heard such remarks more than once, and made no reply, not because a reply is not easy, but because we could frame no answer that did not seem to impeach the common sense (the capacity for judging) of all in such matters of the man who can make such an objection. What is it by the size, the number of pages, or the weight you estimate a book? When Robbio having got hold of a five-dollar gold piece is induced to give it up for a big copper, he has made no use of a child's argument. He has no knowledge of values. Well, in there any great difference between his childish ignorance and the ignorance of a reader, especially a Catholic reader, who has not yet learned that there are gold books and there are copper books; and as in the metals so also in the books, it takes a vast bulk of the one to come up to the value of a small article made of the other. I would not give a nice copy of Thomas à Kempis (supposing I could not get another) for who acres of such stuff as may be bought cheaply enough in any book store, and I would freely pay money if I had it, to any one kind enough to keep out of my way the desolating brilliancy of a professor who can proceed only in doubt and despair. No, surely no man of sense but must know, or at all events have some suspicion, that he is practicing a gross deception on himself and all who listen to him when he gives it out as a dogma that the number of words or

sentences or pages in a book, or the length of time it is wrapped in paper over the character of the text of which it is printed, has (except accidentally) anything to do with determining its intrinsic value. Words grow over every word cost nothing, and then again are worth nothing. What requires pains, care, labour and is never too abundant. So with books. It is their matter, chiefly that gives them value. It is their wholeness, refining, elevating, it like manna it has fallen from heaven, either by direct revelation or indirectly through the thoughts of saints. It makes little substantial difference how it is served up. Better eat good bread and beef off wooden platters than have a Chinese dinner served on silver or gold. The matter of a fifty-page book may be indubitably more valuable than the stuff that stretches out over a thousand pages. A small diamond is worth bushels of dust, and in buying the former at a high price you may make a better bargain than if you got the latter for nothing at all.

There remains just one consideration which we would press on everyone who would have right notions in this matter. It is this: every serious book, or serious subject, must cost in proportion, first, to the pains actually in making it, and secondly, in proportion to the greater or less number of readers it can hope to have. Whatever is solid and grave has, like the precious metals, to be first dug for, then refined and shaped into the form of use, and then, and whether this toil be expended on behalf of the intellect to raise us to higher planes of knowledge, or in the interests of the spirit, to help us up the steep ways of heaven, it comes at a heavy price, and is accordingly in relation to what we are discussing, it is, and of the noblest kinds, and therefore always commands the highest price. The best spiritual, like the best scientific books, can never be sold at a low price, for the very reason that the popular taste can never appreciate them.

Providence has placed high up on the loftiest places of earth the fountains which, by myriad little streams flowing to the sea, all around us, get the moisture which keeps the grass green, and makes the crops grow, and we are able to live; and so He has given us here and there, and from time to time, Gregorians and Augustines and Thomases and other great names, to give us, so to say, of spiritual learning; and their works can never be at popular prices any more than Newton's or Cardan's or La Place's. This should never be lost sight of. Written or printed matter, and especially that which is in a grave way, it is by the nature of the case only for the few, for the classes interested therein. The sale is therefore limited, and with this limit an increase in price is in fact necessary. Keeping this fact in mind, I think we can reasonably see the truth in saying that—if you except school books which have an enforced sale—the literature of devotion is as cheap as any other works that require quietness in preparation, and are of their nature, and should be sold, and are finally the surest way to overcome the objection of dearth, by getting quite rid of it, is to increase the purchase of doctrinal works, that publishes having a larger sale may do it to the advantage of all. Don't wait till you can get a book of piety for the same price as the popular novel, for such a time will never come upon this earth.

Anyone who can read at all may read the novel, but it is to be observed, "Many are called and few chosen;" and the difference between the two classes is that the first think the call is enough in itself, and are lost; the second know that they must be followed up by obedient faith. And this is the most potent aid to this obedience is to know how and wherein to obey; and where will you learn that lesson so well and so thoroughly as by studying what has been said and done by prophets and apostles, and doctors and saints guided by the promised and ever-present spirit of God, instructing unto salvation.

So we conclude, as dear old Father Bruyere used to say so often, by repeating all times against the advice not to give yourselves by this or that, or any excuse, but as soon as may be, lay in a supply of good reading to keep your powers sharpened, and your spirits refreshed, and your whole soul constantly steeped in the knowledge of the one thing that is necessary.

League of the Cross, St. Mary's Branch.

To the Editor of The Register:

It may appear strange to the readers of your paper to find that St. Mary's Branch of the League of the Cross, which you know how they have been getting along lately. The branch is doing admirably. We have to-day in the neighbourhood of 95 members in good standing, principally young men who are energetic and "willing to do anything for the defence of the faith." It is to be hoped that the most generous deeds that he wishes the Society to flourish by his example. Many times has it been remarked that if it were not for the interest taken by Father McCann that the League would not be so successful. It is to be hoped that he will long be left with us to encourage this worthy society. There can be no doubt that the calamities which are so audaciously spread against Total Abstinence societies, a general belief in obtaining extensive hold on the minds of a great many; but the past two years

of silent active work on the part of the worthy Clayton and the success at least been dis-proving that false happiness; and we have in the parish many friends and sympathizers who are always willing to further the interests of the society. We would wish to see the work of the young men carried along occasionally, even though they do not take the pledge they will at least have heard interesting talks with songs, recitations, etc., which all go to make the meetings a thing to be looked forward to with interest to lecture on last Sunday morning in the future. —Secretary, Tommas, 105, Farley Av.—S. J. McCann.

Lecture by the Archbishop.

On Wednesday evening, the 4th, an entertainment was held in the Auditorium under the auspices of St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, to help in liquidating the obligations of the late newspaper office of that branch, which during its brief career essayed to subsist solely upon the advertising public and distribute itself from among the non-Catholics of the west end of the city. The lecture was an appropriate and unfortunately not very well-lit house. The entertainers of the evening were all of the best class, among others Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss K. Clarke, Miss Cecilia McMahon, Miss Annie McMahon, Miss Margaret Macdonald, Miss Kelly, J. H. Cameron, J. Robinson, Master Clarence Robinson and Miss May Woir. Too much credit cannot be given to the energetic young members of the Society, Messrs. Blake, McDonagh, and others, who have so ably assisted in all of the arrangements in connection with the musical features of the evening. It was in every respect, a high class and thoroughly enjoyable programme. His Grace the Archbishop, in his address, gave a most interesting and instructive account of the history of the "Character of the Church," and a number of representative gentlemen were invited to the platform in honor of his address. Messrs. Hugh Ryan, Eugene O'Keefe, James J. Foy, and others, were present. Among the clergy were: Vicar General McCann, Rev. F. Ryan, Rev. James Dillard, Rev. J. L. Hand, Rev. F. Murray, Rev. Wm. McCann. The Archbishop spoke with characteristic vigor and authority, and his subject was, however, obliged to cut the subject as short as possible on account of the exigencies of time. His statement of the building of the Church upon Peter by its divine Founder, as imparted to him, was most interesting. He stated that the Church was not to be built upon the Roman state that so long had disputed and persecuted Christianity. The Archbishop next traced the triumph of the Church over a succession of heresies and persecutions, some of a world-wide character, and the religious revival which his historical references drew to the mark and the Kultur-Kampf. The Archbishop in his admirably easy style lightened the subject as he went along by a laugh-provoking allusion here and there to an example of his own recovery of one of the newspaper cartoons of the day when, Count Bismarck was in the height of his anti-Catholic campaign. The great chancellor was depicted pulling at a rope that he had thrown around the neck of a national church, and his historical references drew to the mark and the Kultur-Kampf. The Archbishop in his admirably easy style lightened the subject as he went along by a laugh-provoking allusion here and there to an example of his own recovery of one of the newspaper cartoons of the day when, Count Bismarck was in the height of his anti-Catholic campaign. The great chancellor was depicted pulling at a rope that he had thrown around the neck of a national church, and his historical references drew to the mark and the Kultur-Kampf. The Archbishop in his admirably easy style lightened the subject as he went along by a laugh-provoking allusion here and there to an example of his own recovery of one of the newspaper cartoons of the day when, Count Bismarck was in the height of his anti-Catholic campaign. The great chancellor was depicted pulling at a rope that he had thrown around the neck of a national church, and his historical references drew to the mark and the Kultur-Kampf.

"Go on," said Satan, "I have been trying it myself for eight thousand years; if you succeed you are entitled to my throne." Summing up the evidence of history, the Archbishop said, they had a clear demonstration that the law of death applies to every work of man, nor are the graces states nor the best of civil constitutions exempt. The great work of God is indestructible they knew without having recourse to statement or demonstration. They had authority and history has attested its triumph over the world's idolatry, and over the most bitter and formidable persecutions of the last two thousand years. The two propositions fully bore out the indestructible character of God's Church, and the state of every power that is a divine gift. A large number of thanks was passed to the Archbishop.

HAD LA GRIPPE.—Mr. A. Nicholson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and was very distressing. I was unable to get about to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months, when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, with morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

A Fine Catholic Academy.

(Written for The Register.)

CONTINUING my tour through Canada, I reached Montreal a few days ago, and in taking notes of the educational institutions I was led to visit the Catholic Commercial Academy, whose reputation as a thoroughly practical seat of learning I had heard of. It is also known as the "Archambault School," and it is situated on St. Catherine street, dominated, as it by the natural law of the fitness of things, in one of the main commercial thoroughfares of the great metropolitan city. It is withdrawn from the actual bustle and noise of the street by its protecting stretch of fronting grounds and it has also spacious play grounds, in the rear. It is almost in the heart of the city's choice location, and from the top roof of the building a grand view of Montreal can be had. To this elevated site I was conducted by the courteous and learned Principal, Mr. F. P. Demers and the amiable Professor P. J. Leitch. That was after I had a thorough run of all the class-rooms and halls and offices in the building, so that I was enabled to get a comprehensive idea of the place in which the commercial students are housed, while they receive that training and practical culture in mercantile commerce which fits them to compete successfully for honored place in the business world in after years. And as far as I can judge, I have not visited a place of the kind better adapted to its purpose.

The number of pupils is between 400 and 600, and out of the raw material liberally furnished, Mr. Demers and his staff of able teachers mould and equip young men who are eagerly sought after by all positions of trust and highest business honors in the city and even beyond the limits of the Dominion, for it has been known that mercantile men in Philadelphia have secured the services of the graduates from the institution in question. The way was cleared for the school is based upon its thoroughness of the system of commercial training and the sound moral principles imparted.

When a merchant or business corporation has once tested the worth of a young man from the Commercial Academy, he is generally given a preference, so that situations await graduates who have finished their commercial course at the sound seat of learning. The school is a model of a petition, men at the head of large firms, counting houses and banking concerns need to have capable and trustworthy employees, and they know that such are most likely to be found among young men who get their education in a moral and pure seat of learning where truth, honesty, punctuality and industry are rigorously taught and enforced. In such a mode of early culture the mind is bent in the right direction, and it is not long before it can discern things that tend to shirk duty or deceive an employer.

The real worth of educational establishments that foster such principles of uprightness of character cannot be over-estimated, especially in an age when so many godless colleges and schools are turning out young men who have no idea of the restraining or guiding power of religion. Men of fashion in academic halls in which true religious faith is absent, and the good order is not maintained, should not be surprised to find that they tend to shirk duty or deceive an employer.

In the commercial school we are here speaking of, the saving precepts of the true faith are rigidly taught as well as the moral and good order which go to make up the steadfast character of the young boys who are to be the moral and reliable men of the future. All the branches that make up a complete system of purely scholarly training are studied, and although the name Catholic might indicate exclusiveness as to the creed of the pupils, it is not so here, because Protestants and even Jews, are freely admitted, and perfect harmony and good order reign over all. The several class-rooms are scrupulously clean and the evident signs of regularity and method all round are agreeable to the visitor.

The venerable Mr. U. E. Archambault, director-general of the lay Catholic schools in the city is the chief leader of the gentleman of pure scholarly attainments who is intrusted to his work and who takes a natural pride in the high standing of the institution guided by him.

It was introduced to the teachers as I went through the building, and everywhere met with the courtesy expected from gentlemen of refinement who are engaged in the work of educating and shaping the minds as well as the manners of the scholars placed in their care. Limited space prevents separate mention of each one; but I take Mr. P. J. Leitch, above-named, as an example and will, in my interview with him I found a man of deep and varied learning, ripe scholarship and large experience of the art that constitutes the true

teacher and skilful guide of the young, and giving forth knowledge. He has spent the last term of year at school in the Catholic Commercial Academy, and has proved his worth on all occasions. But over and above his professional duties he exercises his rare literary taste in many practical ways, both as a prose and model writer, and his productions have earned a wide-spread reputation for him in the United States as well as in Canada. Men of his mental caliber give tone and value to the honorable profession of teaching, and they help to instill the scholars who pass through their hands with a higher ideal of life and all its nobler duties. Nor is it strange that an institution having such educators should produce graduates well known and honored by prior engagement before they leave the school. The hours spent in the academy were to me instructive and pleasant, because I gained a clear insight to the improved methods of teaching, and saw what good would here be for the rising generation who they leave the school. To seek their instruction from a pure source untainted with atheism or irreligion.—Wm. ELLISON.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Celebration of His Episcopal Jubilee in New York City.

New York, May 5.—With the chiming of St. Patrick's Cathedral ringing out the clear notes of inspiring hymns over the housetops of the city, a celebration, which for ecclesiastical grandeur has never been equaled in this country, began at ten o'clock this morning. It was a celebration in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Archbishop Corrigan's elevation to the episcopacy of the Catholic Church. No less than seven hundred members of the clergy, from the highest prelates of the Church in the United States to the most humble priest, all arrayed in the brilliant vestments of their office, added by their presence to the importance of the event.

Leo XIII. has not neglected to add his congratulations to those of his clergy. Before Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, began his sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral this morning he read the following telegram from Rome and signed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Michael A. Cozzani:

Our Holy Father congratulates you on the celebration of your episcopal jubilee, and lovingly sends his benediction.

CARDINAL RAMOLLA.

Lowering skies could not detract from the splendor of the celebration, and thousands of persons of creeds and many different nationalities watched with respectful interest the long procession of the clergy as it moved slowly into the Cathedral, while the chimes played the beautiful hymn of St. Casimir in which the Holy Church has designated this day of May.

Headed by the choir of the Cathedral, and with the cadets of St. Francis Xavier's St. John's College and De La Salle Institute as body guard, the procession, led by the Most Rev. Archbishop, entered the Cathedral, where the Knights of St. John Conventual, made up the rest of the long and brilliant train.

The procession marched down Madison street to the Boland Trade School, through Fifth street to Fifth avenue, and then through the main entrance of the Cathedral. Many houses along the line of march were draped with flags and heads were thrust from every window as the line moved slowly along. In front of the Cathedral the Stars and Stripes fluttered from four lofty poles, and over the entrance to the edifice were shields showing the arms of the United States, the State and the archdiocese.

Erected in heraldic colors those shields, together with the profusion of flowers, lent a brilliant coloring to the scene in the great edifice. In letters of electric light over the altar were the words "Ejus Rex Magnus" (He hold the Great Priest), with an illuminated mitre above it.

Archbishop Corrigan sat on the gospel side and Mr. Martinielli sat on the epistle side of the altar. The throne of the papal legate was draped in white satin.

The solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated by Archbishop Corrigan, the central figure in the service. Special significance was attached to the presence of the papal legate, who, in the celebration of the mass, Mr. Doane, who, as assistant priest, attended the Archbishop, represented the priests of the Diocese of Newark, commemorating the fact that the Archbishop was formerly one of the best of the diocese.

The Rev. H. A. Brann and the Rev. J. F. Kearns, who officiated as deacons of honor, were classmates of Archbishop Corrigan at St. Mary's College at Rome, and the priests of this diocese were represented by the canon of the mass, Rev. J. A. Gleason, and the Very Rev. J. A. O'Grady, of New Brunswick, as sub-deacon, represented the priests of the Trenton Diocese.

Archbishop Ryan took his text from Ecclesiastes, chapter 2, verse 21, 22 and 23. He praised Mr. Corrigan for making possible the founding of the seminary at Dunwoody. He dwelt upon the personal character of the Archbishop, how he was beloved only by Catholics, but by men of other creeds.

The work of the Archbishop in Newark was referred to, and the speaker

emphasized the fact that the new years of a station with Cardinal McCloskey to last term of year at school in the Catholic Commercial Academy, and has proved his worth on all occasions. But over and above his professional duties he exercises his rare literary taste in many practical ways, both as a prose and model writer, and his productions have earned a wide-spread reputation for him in the United States as well as in Canada. Men of his mental caliber give tone and value to the honorable profession of teaching, and they help to instill the scholars who pass through their hands with a higher ideal of life and all its nobler duties. Nor is it strange that an institution having such educators should produce graduates well known and honored by prior engagement before they leave the school. The hours spent in the academy were to me instructive and pleasant, because I gained a clear insight to the improved methods of teaching, and saw what good would here be for the rising generation who they leave the school. To seek their instruction from a pure source untainted with atheism or irreligion.—Wm. ELLISON.

THE FINAL JUBILEE DEMONSTRATION.

The final jubilee demonstration took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday evening. Most of the proceeds of the reception was furnished by the Soid Orchestra. After the opening numbers, the speechmaking followed. The presiding officer of the occasion was Justice Joseph P. Daly. V. Bonrko Cochran, Florida; T. Gerry and Ethel Ruth were the speakers. The proceeds were represented among the guests invited to sit upon the stage as well as among the general audience, to whom Chairman William Hildreth Field of the Institution Committee issued tickets.

Presentation of the jubilee proceeds or rather of a cancelled mortgage of \$250,000 which that fund paid, was the closing feature of the evening as well as of the jubilee celebration. The fund represents \$176,000 raised mainly by subscription, \$25,000 given by the priests of the diocese and \$50,000 contributed by the churches.

Bishop Farley, Chairman of the committee directed the raising of the fund and made the speech of presentation. The bill of paper that the speaker placed in Archbishop Corrigan's hands was a certificate of cancellation of the mortgage on St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoody, near Yonkers. For this institution the Archbishop's fund, gathered in many years past almost \$760,000, and mortgage of \$250,000 paid, there remains outstanding the comparatively small sum of \$90,000 floating debt on the institution.

Archbishop Corrigan was consecrated on May 4, 1873, as Bishop of Newark diocese, which then included the entire State of New Jersey. Coming to New York seven years later as Coadjutor Archbishop, he succeeded to the chief office of the diocese of Newark in 1885. Archbishop Corrigan was 84 years old at the time of his elevation to episcopal rank in 1878.

Knights of St. John Conventual.

The 4th annual provincial convention of the R.C.U. Knights of St. John was held in Toronto, May 4th, at Cameron Hall, corner of Queen and Cameron Sts. Delegates in this city, Grand President Halton from the various commanderies throughout the province were present. A new feature in connection with the convention this year was the presence of delegates from the different Ladies' Auxiliaries in this city. Grand President Halton welcomed the delegates, and reviewed the work of the order for the past year. He spoke hopefully for the future. The presence of the outside delegates showed plainly that the work was being carried on with good results throughout Ontario and that the day was not far distant when he hoped to see a commandery in every parish in Ontario. The insurance feature received special attention. The Grand President urged the members strongly to take up this branch of the order. The uniform department also came in for its share of good words from the president. The business of the convention was brought to a close with the election of officers for the ensuing year with the following results:

Grand spiritual adviser and director, Most Rev. J. Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; grand president, William St. Myron, Toronto; secretary, Thomas Gallagher, Toronto; treasurer, Frank Hallman, Toronto.

Committee of Law: S. K. Haffoy, J. Doyle and J. W. Mallon. Auditors, J. J. Foy, O. J. Rogan, Toronto; Board of Trustees, G. M. Goughlin, Stratford; J. W. French, Toronto.

The convention will likely be held at Stratford next year. After the convention the delegates adjourned to the Jersey Hotel where they were entertained royally by mine host J. J. Doyle.

The installation of officers of the Provincial Commandery will take place on the 10th of May, at the regular meeting of Columbus Commandery in Jackson Hall, corner of Yonge and Bloor streets. The uniform corps will be in attendance, also the members of the other city commanderies.

Officers and members of the first district of Ontario are requested to attend in full uniform next Sunday, the 15th inst., at 8:30 p.m., to take part in the laying of the cornerstone of the convent of the Good Shepherd, West Lodge Ave. Col. J. J. HERRICK, Catholic, St. Catharines, Ont., Dist. of Ont.

Non-uniformed members of the order are cordially invited to be present.

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest News from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

IRELAND

The announcement of the death of the Rev. Thomas Kelly, S.J., will call forth very genuine and widespread regret.

The Maunahan House Committee connected with the administration of the Maunahan Fund subscribed to Ireland report that only 7000 pounds of old remains available for distribution.

Mr. Gerald Balfour cut his reply very short to Mr. Patrick O'Brien's inquiry whether the Government would remove the ban from the Catholic members of the Privy Council who are legally disqualified from acting as Lords Justices.

A quarterly meeting of the Standing Committee of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland was held at University College, St. Stephen's Green, on Thursday last.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"That we have seen with considerable surprise and concern, recently in the public Press to the effect that the Irish Bishops have been conducting private negotiations with the Government in reference to the Irish University Question.

"The views of the Irish Bishops as to the constitution of the new University have been expressed in a document given to the public on the occasion of their meeting last June. In that document they answered every question that had up to that time been raised by responsible statement in reference to this matter.

"Since then, no communication of any kind has been made to the Bishops on this subject. They have consequently been deprived from entering into further action in the matter. But they are ready, as they always have been, to facilitate the settlement of this grave matter by further defining their views, if called upon to do so, in reference to the subject as such, in the circumstances issued by them last June may be considered insufficient."

"We take this opportunity of requesting the Irish Members of Parliament to oppose by every means in their power the Estimates for the Queen's Colleges until the Government pledge themselves to bring in a measure to satisfy the admittedly just demands of Irish Catholics in the matter of University Education.

"While, so far as we can foresee, it is not likely that clergyman would seek election under the Local Government Bill except under the most favorable circumstances, we must record, in the name of the Bishops and priests of Ireland, our emphatic protest against the disqualification by Act of Parliament of the clergy of this country for offices to which they ought to be eligible from the very fact of their being citizens.

"Caution Greatly writes from Newport: Judging by present circumstances the prospect of the poor tenant farmers of this district is dismal in the extreme. We are now near the first of May and a great deal of land without seed. The impoverished poor have not a supply of their own or a means to procure it. Some of them applied to the union for seed early in Spring, and only a part of them have up to the present been supplied."

ENGLAND.

Cardinal Vaughan's Conductor. It is stated in a Rome dispatch in a Sunday paper that Rev. Father Gasquet is about to be appointed Conductor to Cardinal Vaughan in the Archdiocese of Westminster.

A Bill of interest to Catholics has just been drafted by a committee of members who have taken it up. It is intended to abolish the disabilities still affecting Catholics in the Three Kingdoms, and among those who have backed it are Lord Edmund Russell, Mr. Hampden, and other Irish members. It covers all the ground except the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland and the Lord Chancellorship of England, and it proposes to repeal the Places of Worship Act of 1855 only so far as that measure applies to Catholic places of worship.

SCOTLAND

The Lordship of the Bishop of Aberdeen is ill, and it has been decided to remove him to Edinburgh so that he might have the best medical advice. Bishop Macdonald, of Peterhead, is the elder brother of the Archbishop of Edinburgh.

There seems to be no end to the erection of new Catholic churches in and around Glasgow. During the past year was witnessed the solemn opening of most of the churches for the worship of God according to Catholic ritual.

This fund is mounting up but slowly, caused a little, no doubt, by the attitude taken up by a few persons, who thought that the Lord Provost's fund was not good enough for them, and therefore started funds on their own account, which funds they allocated as they thought fit.

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COULDN'T WRITE HIS NAME.

Nerves Shattered—Business Done—Hops Gave—Physical Weak—Restored Completely by South American Nettle.

"Two years ago I was completely prostrated with nervous debility. I was so completely wrecked that I had to quit business. I tried best physicians, and numerous treatments and proprietary remedies, but all failed.

"I feel that too much cannot be said in praise of it." E. Errett, Morricksville, Ont.

A. O. H. Strafford.

STRAFFORD, May 5.—On Monday May 2nd, Div. No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians of this city, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing a division of the Ladies Auxiliary of the same order.

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Spanish Side of The Cuban Question.

In Massey Hall, on Thursday evening, Senator Du Boso, late First Secretary of the Spanish legation in Washington, lectured on the causes of the Cuban revolution and the present Spanish-American war.

Dr. Byerson presided, and in introducing Senator Boso, explained that the lecture was under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, a branch of which had been recently established in Canada.

Senator Du Boso was given a most flattering reception. He spoke, he said, in a purely private capacity, and would endeavor not to be too violent.

My purpose to-night is to explain the history of the actual insurrection in Cuba, from the commencement in March, 1895, to the present moment.

This, I think, can be sufficiently proven by quotations from proclamations issued by different Presidents of the United States, with the object of reminding American citizens of the duties they owed to foreign nations with whom they were supposed to maintain friendly relations.

So excellent was the effect in Cuba of the promulgation of these liberal measures, that the insurgent junta in New York who saw their actual comfortable incomes in danger of being lost, were at any price, saw that something must be done at once to prevent the majority of the insurgents in the field from accepting these generous concessions.

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United States Imports and Exports.

Table with 2 columns: Category, Amount. Includes United States imports, United States exports, Total trade, etc.

I think that for a population largely composed of negroes, mulattoes, and Chinese, this is not a bad showing, and that an Administration under whose rule such results are obtainable cannot be wholly bad.

The taxation per capita, as compared with other South American countries, was as follows—Chili, \$21; Brazil, \$22; Uruguay, \$20; Costa Rica, \$19; Argentina, \$16; Cuba, \$15.

The expenditure subsequent to the Zanjon treaty (that was the pact which terminated the former insurrection), has steadily diminished from \$10,691,688 in 1878-1879 to \$26,087,934 in 1894-1895.

A new factor had, however, to be taken into account, and without which no insurrection would have been possible. As you are doubtless aware, the wealth of Cuba is due primarily to the sugar crop. The price of this commodity had been steadily decreasing under the influence of the competition of beet sugar, until it had reached the lowest point ever touched.

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prosemen and Senators, whose personal interests were in peril, to stand up for truth and justice.

Time and again have these lying reports of the yellow press been refuted, but unfortunately, only the respectable newspapers in the States have published these denials, and these papers have little influence on the credulous masses, ever ready to believe evil if it is sufficiently sensational, in preference to dry and unemotional truth.

Let me give you one example to prove the truth of what I say. One of the worst of the many atrocious rascals counted and gloated over by the sensational press was the case of Evangelina Orosio y Cisneros.

"I do not believe the Spanish Government ever for a moment intended to send her to the penal colony in Africa or elsewhere. I believe her name is now upon the roll for pardon.

Do you imagine the sensational press published this denial? On the contrary, they completely ignored it, and proceeded to invent new horrors. The proprietor of one of the most respectable journals in the world, so personal and even obscene that it is banished from the reading-room of every respectable club in America, the property of a youth cursed with an immense fortune, imagined the most extraordinary advertisement that this age has seen.

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will be the next turn? What proof have the States given their theoretically friendly neighbors?

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THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE... BY "LORRA"

On a day last week I was carried off by an enthusiastic friend to see the new wing at Loreto Abbey. My friend was herself a graduate of Toronto's celebrated Catholic alma mater, which made the visit doubly interesting.

It may surprise some of my readers to hear that this was my first visit to the Abbey. It would be impossible to describe the establishment with which I viewed for the first time the magnificent pile of buildings on Wellington Place. The great height and vast extent of this handsome convent edifice upon me almost with a shock, and I uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise. The great unfinished dome of the new chapel shone white between the two towers of the east wing, the wooden frame making it look like gold in the afternoon light.

My friend is herself an accomplished and enthusiastic musician, and she waxed eloquent afterwards over the congregational singing, which was quite spontaneous and showed the careful and excellent training the young voices had received. Miss O'Sullivan sang the "O Salutaris" in fine style. This young lady is an artist of marked ability, and to use a worn out cliché, "will doubtless be heard from at no distant date."

After Benediction two sisters took possession of us and we commenced a tour of the, as yet, unfinished wing. It is scarcely possible to attempt a description until the new building is finally completed; it is promised this will be in another month, at all events, as one of the sisters said: "We are living in hopes." So enthusiastically were we dragged about, and so bowdlering was the rapid succession of things and places to be seen and admired, that our heads were fairly in a whirl before the inspection was half over.

From the windows of the spacious reception room a view is obtained of a beautiful portion of the beautiful grounds with their velvet lawns, shade trees and comfortable seats. Downstairs to the kitchen where a new and handsome hotel range seemed a large share of admiration, with its four great ovens, and its polished steel fittings. Every possible convenience is arranged in the kitchen; the range and the cupboards are on the newest and most improved plan, and a large revolving door is used to convey food into the kitchen. From the kitchen we proceeded to the cellars where we found nothing more gruesome than an enormous furnace, which seemed to be buried in the bowels of the earth; and the miscellaneous collection of rubbish inseparable from building operations. Upstairs again, and on through an endless succession of beautiful rooms, still unoccupied. Several doors were locked, and the most energetic of our friends remarked that "the keys won't be used until we move, which, as we had already seen a great deal more than we could conveniently remember, was no very great deprivation. I am not going to attempt a description of the buildings at this writing. I could not do justice. I hope to write a lengthy article as soon as I have seen the completed wing, and also a description of the opening of the new and splendid chapel. I have been promised a plan of the building, which will assist me materially in giving a full and complete description of the excellent arrangements.

The chapel is still a mere framework, so to speak, but enough is built to give one an idea of the grand and striking proportions that will be a feature of the completed edifice. There was no ordinary and civilized means of getting into the chapel. We could not even get near the door, much less enter by it, but ingenuity and enthusiasm knew no obstacles, so a window opening on to a gallery or cloister running at right angles to the chapel, was utilized as a means of entrance, and had there been anybody there they would have been edified at the sight of half a dozen young ladies and a couple of nuns climbing a chair, scrambling through a window, and dropping down some four feet on the other side.

But once in the chapel, one had some idea of what the finished building will be like. The great dome surmounts the sanctuary, and looking down towards the door from this end one can scarcely distinguish it, so great is the distance. The height of the ground roof is no means great, and even the shafts and roof-rafters with which the building was filled could not take away the general idea of size.

Another scramble through the window and an adjournment upstairs to see the class-room and dormitories. The class-room is spacious and lofty, with plenty of light, and is situated at either side of broad corridors.

Our attention was attracted by an exceedingly interesting geographical chart; and while we were examining it, we heard a pair of small feet, and on looking up we beheld a tiny, sedate, dark-eyed little maid, who was introduced to us as "the baby." We wanted to shake hands but the five small digits were sticky with candy, and were gravely pronounced "A-

ble, so the little granger trotted away to wash them. "That is Patsy," remarked a Sister. "No in Toronto has not had her of Patsy. No wise and old-fashioned and not so thoroughly obedient; the clever child of a brilliant mother; who has undoubtably a fair future before her. Space will not permit of my doing full justice to the splendid arrangements, but as soon as the new wing is finished I will write an article describing the opening of the new chapel. I must not omit to mention the handsome and finished window presented to the Abbey by the architect, Mr. Jarvis.

The Holy literary attainments of the young ladies are apparent upon a perusal of the "Leaflets from Loreto," published quarterly by the nuns. In the number for April Miss Stella Shillashan has a poem on the Resurrection, "An Easter Song," Miss O'Sullivan's essay on "Friendship" is very good, so also is "Memory" by Miss Helen Reilly. Miss Marie Roy's essay on "White in Language" is an excellent example of the application of rhetorical knowledge. "A Violet's Dream" (a child's fancy) by Miss Kathleen Watkins (Patsy), is really wonderful for so young a child. It is a strange promise for the future, under the careful training she is receiving. The reviews by the able editor, Miss Gertrude Hughes, show a considerable insight into literature and a capacity for recognizing character. It were tedious to praise the excellent work done in good, and every article in The Leaflets bears the stamp of merit.

Pilgrimages to St. Anne de Beaupre will soon commence, and my good friends the Franciscan sisters have requested me to inform intending pilgrims that they will be pleased to receive a letter on board, and that they furnish meals to pilgrims of either sex for 25 cents each. I can speak from experience regarding the excellence of the food and accommodation. As the sisters are devoted to foreign missions, an assistance given to them will help towards the conversion of the heathen. The excellent prayer book which I mentioned some time ago, entitled "St. Ann's Manual, or Pilgrim's Guide," will be found very useful to those intending to visit the shrine; it may be obtained at Beaupre and in Toronto also.

All honor to the Queen Regent of Spain for the noble and courageous stand she is making in the face of terrible difficulties and imminent danger. She is a mother fighting for her son, and motherlike she will stand in the front while a shadow of hope remains. All the glory if any there be in such a wretched and unchristian business, as the capture of Manila, falls to the lot of the Spaniards, who, standing on unshaken ground, repelled to the fire of their enemies while yet a single gun remained to them, and when all hope was lost and they were slowly going down, faced death as only brave men can, and without debate with their last breath.

Does the civilisation American government realize that it is fighting a weak woman and a young boy for a mere chimera; that it is wasting the valuable lives of brave men for no other purpose than to establish a rampart in the certain section of the United States. If Spain falls as there is good reason to fear she may, she will drag down with her the prestige of more than one nation and the best of Europe will be left to will live in the bravery of her sons, eye and her daughter; too long as she endures.

But the war is not over yet, and no one can predict the end with any certainty; the future, without doubt, holds numerous difficulties for the United States whether the issue be defeat or victory.

ACRES OF PIE

ARE EATEN ANNUALLY BY THE PEOPLE OF THIS DOMINION

And Almost Half as Many from Dyppepita Would Realize It Dadd's Dyppepita Tablets Were Not Used.

There are thousands of bakers in Canada. Each one bakes hundreds of pies every year. There are thousands of housekeepers in the Dominion. Each of these bakes hundreds of pies every year. Think, then, how much pie does every person in Canada eat in a year! Now, the pie is called the "Pie of Dyppepita." And the pie baked in Canada in a year would cover acres of ground.

Think of it! Acres of dyppepita! And this means hours, days, weeks, months of terrible suffering! It means ill-health and ruined constitutions! It follows that the Canadian race will become weak and unwell unless some means of checking this dyppepita be found, for people won't give up their pie.

Fortunately there is no need to search for a new pie. The dyppepita has been found already. Dadd's Dyppepita Tablets not only check the worst cases of dyppepita, but cure them outright. So you may eat pie in peace, if you only take one or two of Dadd's Dyppepita Tablets after each meal. Then you can laugh at dyppepita. Dadd's Dyppepita Tablets cure dyppepita and all stomach troubles by removing the cause. They digest the food, clear the stomach, rest and soothe the nerves, and regulate the bowels perfectly. One or two taken after each meal will cure the worst case in a few weeks.

THE DESTINY OF THE IRISH RACE.

The following appears in "Britannia," the organ of The British League, published in London, Eng.:

Attention in Ireland has been so long and so exclusively occupied with the effort of the Irish to shake off the degrading disabilities which they have endured under English government, that few have cared to look into the future and attempt to forecast what it may have in store for us. Almost all Irish writers who have not been entirely absorbed in the ephemeral contentions of politics have turned their gaze, not on what lies before us, but on what lies behind. The labor expended in rescuing and restoring to notice all that is left of a history of surpassing interest has been undertaken and carried out with the most conspicuous ability by men whose names are too well and too honorably known to require mention. They may be sure that their services are not likely to be forgotten; but the time is at hand when we must look forward as well as back. The great object for which Irishmen have so long contended may now be said to be achieved. The question at issue between the rival parties in England is no longer whether Irishmen shall be permitted to manage their local affairs themselves, but regards rather the form which Irish local self-government, as last recognized as inevitable, shall assume. With the passing of Mr. Balfour's promised Bill, the first great step in Irish progress will be taken. Irishmen will at last be free to work out their own destiny for themselves. They must now look out anxiously along the course which they have to tread.

We are all already familiar with the ideal of a separate Irish State. That ideal has been only contemplated because it has been so far removed from the possible that no really serious attention has been bestowed upon it. A separate Irish State is a phantom the materialization of which must be attended with such stupendous difficulties that the most ardent Irishman may well turn away from their contemplation. Where is such a State to come into existence? In the whole world there is not a single vacant spot where it could be planted with the smallest chance of growth. Geographical limitations make the idea of its development in Ireland grotesque. This island is not large enough to contain a fraction of the Irish race, which not to speak of the United States and the Dominion is already more numerous in Great Britain than in Ireland itself. Those whose aspirations for the Irish are limited to the establishment of the nominal independence of Ireland may indeed be called Little Irelanders. Their patriotism is as narrow as it is short-sighted; for, paltry as their object may be, no one with a particle of political sagacity can believe its realization possible. The era of small independent States has passed away for ever. Irishmen might as well try to keep back the rising tide with a broomstick, or to stop the rotation of the earth with a blackboard, as to arrest the great development towards the unity of mankind which is already grouping its nations round the globe. The Empire which covers the whole earth, Ireland, wrapped in the contemplation of a separate national existence, and limiting her ambition to that, is Ireland asleep, living in the past, dreaming, among conditions that have ceased to exist, of a world of petty conquests, of paltry politics, of puny kings, all of which have passed away. While she has been thus dreaming her sons have spread themselves over the whole world. It is time for her to awake; to realize that in the living present they can win for her a splendid place; that she is destined to be one of the Great Powers of the future.

So long as Irishmen in Ireland were refused the elementary rights of freedom and their country administered on unpopular and antediluvian lines, any extravagance of opinion was for them excusable. Submission to arbitrary rule, acquiescence in unconstitutional government would have been disgraceful; and it will doubtless hereafter be a subject for legitimate pride among Irishmen that there has never been either submission or acquiescence; the disorder of that has been reserved for those who ought to have been their leaders against it. The Union was not a submission; but, like that with Scotland, it was an invitation that till England came to act honestly in the spirit of that alliance there could be no peace between the two nations; and there has been no peace. At the present moment England is being punished for the dishonour with which she has acted where the Irish are concerned by the extremely formidable and persistent hostility of the Irish in the United States. This may, at some critical moment in the future, involve her in what would really be a civil war with America. And such a war would result inevitably in the loss of Canada. All Englishmen who are not utterly reckless and who observe the rapid growth of foreign and realize that friendly Powers abroad, feel that it ought to be a chief object of English policy to remove for ever the cause which have produced this danger. There are also many

Englishmen who desire a real union with the Irish from higher motives than mere political expediency. That feeling is reciprocated by many Irish men, who, like the present writer, have bitterly resented English misconduct in the past, but to whom nevertheless it appears certain that the only safety of the English speaking races lies in their complete reconciliation, and in the closest alliance with each other.

When all the disabilities of the Irish have been removed in Ireland—when, in their own country, as in every other part of the Empire, they have the same liberties and enjoy the same privileges as other citizens—the past will soon be forgotten, and Irishmen will come to look on things in a different light. Vast and difficult problems will then be presented for consideration to the leaders of Irish thought. Their intelligence will be much less acute than we hope if they then fail to recognize that of all the rights of the Constitution, the full extension of which to themselves they have so long demanded, the most vital to their country, and the most valuable to their interests, is its complete representation in the Imperial Parliament. There the welfare not only of Ireland, but of all Irishmen in every part of the Empire, and in England itself, must be concerned in every discussion, belong to every debate, and be affected by every measure. There it ought to be the ambition of Irishmen to play not only a prominent, but a leading part—to be the spokesmen not of Ireland only, but of Irishmen in every part of the world.

For the Irish there have really been all along only two alternative policies; unless they are satisfied to play in the history of mankind a small, undignified and unimportant part—a suggestion which they will, I am sure, repudiate with indignation. The one is to claim, with and exercise within the Anglo-Irish Empire a position of absolute equality with the English and Scotch. The other is to obtain by purchase if feasible, by conquest if necessary, some portion of territory large enough to allow of their establishing in it a great Empire of their own. Of these alternative enterprises the latter would be difficult to the verge of impossibility; the former has been virtually accomplished already. Like their kinsmen, the Scotch, the Irish are now seen in the front ranks in every part of the Empire. Sir Charles Duffy has been one of the leading statesmen of Australia; and the Duke of Devonshire, in politics at home, what names are more distinguished than those of Lord Dufferin, Lord Russell, Lord Stratford, and Lord Salisbury, at the head of the army—Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts. An Irishman is in supreme command in India, and another in Egypt. Two of the most capable and most popular of our admirals are Irishmen—Lord Charles Bessborough and Sir Leopold McClintock. Ireland has given to science Lord Kelvin and Professor Tyndall; to musical art, Villiers Stanford, Foll, Ludwig and Plunket Greene. Two at least of the great merchant princes of London are of Irish birth, Sir Thomas Lipton and Alfred Harmsworth. No writer in what direction we look, we find Irishmen winning their way to the front. Nor is there anything to prevent the son of any Irish peasant from winning for himself a position as distinguished as any of those mentioned. For Irishmen to turn aside from the splendid position they have already won, and to attempt, in the teeth of overwhelming opposition, to establish an independent Empire, rather than to be leaders in the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, would be indeed insanity. The future, the true mission of the Irish, lies, I am certain, within the great brotherhood of English-speaking men, not within it.

What that mission is, space forbids me to discuss now, but I may have some other opportunity of doing so.

ROBERT BLAKE.

The Sage of Arn.

The Montreal Star, of May 4, commenting on the result of its successful defence of a libel suit brought at the instance of Dr. Howard, Carleton Place, says:

The suit of Dr. Howard of Carleton Place, Ontario, against The Star for libel is probably the most remarkable action ever tried in Canada. The judgment, of which we have published a very full report, shows an astounding evidence of sagacity, prudence and wise guidance. According to the evidence Howard tried, or pretended to try to establish on this continent a new religion, composed of a mixture of Braminism, Eastern Philosophy and Christianity. There was a good deal of "occultism" in the new religion and a good deal of balderdash about its rites and ceremonies. To say that Howard occupied an exalted position in the new dispensation is to state the case very mildly. He was known to his converts as the "Master," we beg pardon, "the Reverend and Respected Master, the Sage of Arn." The Sage was entitled to wear a green silk robe (not sage green) and to carry a sword with which to slay the "Elementals." We are not quite sure what elementals are but apparently they are frisky little devils which inhabit human beings, trotting horses, yellow dogs and witless boxes. At any rate the

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HOW TO SEE THE POINT AND PLACE IT. Punctuation without Rules of Grammar. LACONIC PUBLISHING CO., 123 Liberty St., N. Y.

Sage and the elementals appear to have given a great deal of trouble to each other. Then the Reverend and Respected Master appears to have been the only member of the Order on this continent who was capable of controlling its finances.

Of course as he states in one of his letters, he might have sent to India for a member of our Order of the Vinya Caste, but the gentleman from the East would have been under the disadvantage of being ignorant of the manners and customs of the continent. So very reluctantly Howard, in addition to his spiritual and philosophic labors, had to take the responsibility of looking after the cash as well.

The wealthy Specht family of Gunston Hall, Virginia, were among the early converts; Mrs. Specht was and is a cherished member of the Howard folk, but the Sage now looks upon Mr. Specht as the Reverend Mr. Higgins looked upon the elder Specht, as a man of wealth.

The Sage says he did not run away from the work; but at any rate he came to Canada leaving "the work" and the property of the order behind; perhaps he felt hurt at Specht's way of faith and took this means of manifesting his disapproval.

Some time afterwards Mrs. Specht followed him to Carleton Place where she, the erstwhile mistress of Gunston Hall and leader of society in St. Louis, has been living in his house and getting her meals at an hotel. There is a good deal of the ludicrous in this story but the smile is always very near the tear.

The chief result of "the work" is seen in ruined homes, in wives separated from their husbands and mothers from their children. We hope the work has been transferred to Canada. This is a free country and men can teach almost anything they like in the way of religion, they can teach the worship of the devil if they like, and the only remedy is publicity. If the Howard school of philosophy has now got more publicity than it wanted the fact is due to the blunder of the Sage. His horoscope was at fault. We do not think that he will find this climate favorable to the development of the new religion. At any rate our advice to the people of Lanark county is "Do not allow your wives to study eastern philosophy."

Professional.

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The Catholic Register. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST. THE Catholic Register Pub. and Dist. Co. of Toronto, Limited.

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM, - \$2.00.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop, Bishops and Clergy.

ADVERTISING RATES: Front cover, 10 cents per line.

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ly or indirectly, carried on any negotiations through Mr. Russell, acting at Rome in any representative capacity whatever. The evident intention of Messrs. Landry, Herriot and others in keeping the school question before the attention of the Senate is to insist that the Government shall accept responsibility for some act of its shuffling acts. The Government should at Rome, in Quebec, in Ontario and in Manitoba, making contradictory representations at each place in turn, to suit the various opinions it had to encounter in operating its great scheme to kill the Catholic side of the school question. And now that it is in the position to declare the school question 'dead,' it makes wholesale denial of all its acts, words and representations. It is not even responsible for the death—or 'settlement'—of the question. There is absolutely no responsibility there. It is its case. It is a most extraordinary position to occupy. What about all the credit that has all so recently been claimed, for having 'settled' the dispute? Senator Landry was able to show from the columns of THE REGISTER that the majority in Manitoba have not respected the 'settlement,' and that the ostracism of Catholic teachers from the so-called 'national' schools of Manitoba is of the most rigid description and is certain to continue so. It is well for the Government to have such a light-hearted disposition, that it is not ashamed to disclaim responsibility for its boasted acts of a few months ago. We appear to have arrived in Canada at the proud position of ir-responsible government.

The Catholic Telegraph, of Cincinnati, The San Francisco Monitor, and Catholic papers in other parts of the United States are raising a disgusted protest against the swarm of pseudonymous sheets that are foisted upon the advertising public, and the canvassers of which do not hesitate to represent themselves as the wearers of all possible forms of ecclesiastical blessing and approval. Particular examples are given of this class of "Catholic organs." One is published by a Protestant printing firm to advertise a private business, and the general advertiser is deceived into paying the bill. Generally speaking the outcome of fake religious prints is now, and like most frauds committed in the name of the "Press" upon the public, is of American invention. Favoring the philosophy of the late Mr. Barnum, the authors of these "organs" and "calendars" go upon the assumption that advertisers are all fools; or that at least it takes some little time for them to see that they are fools. Business men, Protestants as well as Catholics, are told that one, five, or ten thousand copies of The Irrepressible Factor will be put into the hands of the faithful, as they emerge—in pious and credulous frame of mind—from the Sunday worship; and that they are quite liable, through religious enthusiasm, or eagerness, to swallow as truth all the "ads" mentioned in The Fakir on Sunday, and rush off in hot haste to buy its wares on Monday morning. It matters not what the sheet contains in addition to the "breath of its circulation"—the "ads." Paste and scissors from a prayer-book or some oft-reprinted sermon are much too good for those selected for the distribution of pious literary aims. Our American contemporaries wonder why the game is never tried on any religious body outside the Catholic Church. Advertising sheets other than so-called Catholic "organs" and "calendars" do not in fact find it profitable to wear a religious cloak. The Monitor thinks the reason is because the Catholic priesthood is not in the way of every day business; but this is only half the explanation. The other half is found in the uncomplicated assumption that Catholics as a body are not educated up to the standard of discrimination between the positivist prints of the advertising fakirs and legitimate public journals. It is no wonder that Protestant publishers should favor such an estimate of Catholics. But after all is said and done, it is the advertiser who is the greatest fool, because he throws his money away, whereas the people who have the sheet thrust into their hands lose nothing. We are not so sure that the Catholic is not hurt in its dignity by the wholesale imputation of its ecclesiastical approval being used by the agents of those publications who pester the daily lives of business men.

Catholic Assessment Companies. Although there are many Catholic insurance companies on the assessment plan doing business in Canada, the only one appearing in the annual statement of the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa, Mr. W. Fitzgerald, is the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. According to the abstract for 1892 just published, the total amount paid by members during the year under review was \$211,621; the number of certificates reported as taken 1,373; the amount of certificates

new and taken up \$1,761,400; the number of certificates in force at date 11,848; the net amount in force \$17,809,500; the number of claims estimated become claims 117; net amount of claims \$165,500. Claims paid \$189,000. The total assets of the company amount to \$95,015, largely in cash in banks. The total liabilities (not including reserve) are given at \$11,117, mostly in unassisted claims. The excess of income over expenditure for the year was \$18,280.

The Anglo-Saxon "Glad Hand."

John Bull's "glad hand" is more in evidence than ever since the confirmation of the news from Manila, and what with Uncle Sam's "big head" and glory-dazzled eyes, the toadying to all right as long as it lasts. But how long is it likely to last? While we, in common with all right-minded persons, ardently desire the continuance of friendly relations with the United States, we think Canadians cannot too soberly consider the possible effects of all this over-doing of our lanky Uncle with fat and fawning praise. He is certain to draw his own conclusions as to his increased rights and privileges on earth when he has time to think; and what those conclusions are likely to be may best be conjectured just now from the utterances of the least hysterical of the organs of public opinion in New York. The New York Commercial Advertiser, for instance, has been noticing the comment of The Toronto World on Uncle Sam as the self-appointed peace-officer in the society of nations. The New York paper offers the following explanation:

Uncle Sam's commission as international policeman exists under the Monroe Doctrine, and his beat lies only on North and South American soil. If the Spanish fleet keeps scrupulously on the other side of the Atlantic it is off the policeman's beat and safe against arrest. Uncle Sam proposes to execute his warrant right on Cuban soil. Of course, if a Spaniard interfered with that work he would be liable to arrest for resisting an officer. But the Spanish fleet is welcome to stay in European waters while it behaves itself.

We wonder whether our "Anglo-Saxon" friends are prepared to give Uncle Sam the "glad hand" on this doctrine. Even so sober a paper as The Commercial Advertiser takes it for granted that Canada falls within the bailiwick, or beat, of the international policeman. Here in Canada we are quite satisfied with the same form of responsible government that Spain has conceded to Cuba. Canadians, like Cubans, had to fight for this great concession. The position we occupy should not subject us to the necessity of flatterings a policeman whose warrant we do not recognise; and this is exactly what Uncle Sam understands the "Anglo-Saxon" gentry of the "glad hand" are now doing.

The Future of Spain.

The first crash of defeat; has called into the streets of Madrid, and several of the Spanish provincial cities, a mob, the elements of which may constitute a far more serious problem for Spain than the bitterest losses resulting from the mere victory of the United States in the war. Not only the government but the dynasty is threatened, and even the loyalty of the army to the Queen-Regent has its dangerous side. The people have paid tribute upon tribute to the state in order to safeguard the "national honor," which is as dear to the humblest as to the proudest Spaniard. But when the foreigner struck the long-threatened blow, the arm of Spain was weak to strike back. The fault lies with the state. The people suffer doubly. With war has come an increase in the price of bread bringing suffering upon the families at home, after calling the bread-winner by thousands to do battle in distant colonies. Bread riots have occurred in several places, and in more than half the provinces martial law has been proclaimed. It is, of course, impossible at this distance to grasp the actual facts; but it does seem as if the popular provocation had not been continued long enough to justify a blood-shedding policy that may precipitate civil war, if revolutionary leaders are only daring enough to seize the opportunity. The loyalty of the people is strained by the machine-like use of the loyalty of the army. The national peril is formidable and not remote. General Weyler is not the only military spirit who is itching to adventure a Napoleonic role. But he is reported

to have the support of a strong group in the legislature. Whatever change occurs at the instance of this military party is certain to favor a severer and more daring martial policy within Spain as well as against the United States. The penalty will come home to the people in the form of increased tributes of men and money; and the end of it may be a trial of conclusions between the people and the army—a terrible outlook for Spain.

A Hopeless Resistance.

The United States despatch boat "Hugh Mculloch," from Manila, duly arrived at Hong Kong with intelligence of the destruction of the Spanish Pacific squadron by Commodore Dewey. The American version of the affair may be taken as correct in the main. The Spanish defeat was complete annihilation, every vessel being burned or sunk, and the loss in men very great. The dead count about three hundred and the wounded double that number. Not one casualty occurred on board the American fleet and not a ship received a scratch. The obvious meaning of these facts is that the Spanish condition of unpreparedness was one of positive impotency. If none of the American ships were struck, it must have been because the Spanish guns, both of the fleet and the forts, could not reach them. All Commodore Dewey had to do was to run his vessels to and fro over against the Spanish line of battle, but out of reach of their shot, and with his guns of far greater range mauling the enemy with ease. The news brought by the despatch boat says the Americans stopped the work for breakfast, and came back at leisure to finish it. This is not unlikely. They could afford to treat with the coolest contempt an impotent foe completely at their mercy. The American fleet did not bombard Manila, and before such a proceeding is commenced notice must be given to all foreign residents. The Spanish troops have, however, evacuated the city, and are reported as determined to die to the last man, resisting American occupation as the sailors in the miserable collection of antiquated hulks called a squadron died in the bay, going down in their ships, with colors nailed to the mast. There is great jubilation in the United States over the victory; and certainly, as far as it may be considered a cheap victory, costing not one life to the United States, and dealing not one American home, there is much practical reason for the national rejoicing. Spanish wives and mothers may weep for their men who died like Spartans. To the victor belongs the booty. And it looks as if such horrors of an unequal struggle are to be repeated. Whether the Spanish Government stands in terror of internal danger of Carlism, or whether Spanish pride is simply obstinate to the last, there yet appears not the least disposition to accept the penalties of national weakness. Spanish valor whipped the Moors and defeated the great Napoleon. But that was on land. In modern battle on sea, valor is only a second-rate consideration; and the valorous Spaniards who met their death at Manila where sacrificed like sheep, even if we compare them with the craven-spirited Chinese in their late war with Japan. The only valor the Spaniards do not appear to understand is the spirit that recognizes the inevitable.

Bread Riots in Italy.

Not the least instructive result of the present speculative excitement in wheat is the instant and dire confusion produced in Italy. The Hispano-American war is not responsible for the recent advances in prices reported from European countries. There is a great scarcity of supplies in the old world, France, Russia and England contributing more or less to the crop failures, and poor reports coming from Australia, Argentina and other places. The fact that America is in a state of war does not help the situation of course; but the actual causes of the scarcity are not sentimental, as the working classes in Europe are already finding out. Naturally the poorest country is the first to suffer. Ireland's cup of distress was filled to overflowing long before the present scramble for breadstuffs had begun in Russia, France and England. Italy, taxed to the limit and never far from the ragged edge of want, was the first of the European countries to feel the pinch. There is a striking contrast in

the demeanor of the Irish and the Italians when brought face to face with hunger. Long accustomed to the "black-hole" system of Government, the Irish poor in the remote west endure and die, knowing that there is no remedy for them other than the compassion of the public. The Italians, on the other hand, rush into the streets and raise the cry of "anarchy." On the one hand we see a patient people realizing fully their weakness and restraining the impulses of desperation; on the other an impulsive people dissatisfied with their extravagant Government and prompt to view their necessity as a summons to violent measures. We do not blame, but sincerely pity, the Italians. They have sacrificed much for Italian unity, and that which they have realized has only crushed them to the earth. Their condition for a long time has been such that it is impossible to imagine its continuance for many years. A change may come even before it is expected; and whether a Republic is to arise at the will of the people, or the mailed hand of Europe is to impose some new plan of Italian national existence, is for the future—possibly the near future—to reveal. In every corner of Italian population since Sunday last riotous demonstrations of the laboring classes for work and cheaper bread have taken place. The army has only given the rioters a liberal share of lead, and in Milan the dead are described as piled up in the door-ways, while the hospitals are filled with wounded. Anarchy has broken loose in Rome, but is held at bay by the military. The outbreak has spread into the country and the peasants are joining the revolt. Because the government is incapable of supplying relief, and as the distress is more likely to increase than to diminish, for some months, it is hard to conjecture what new features the outbreak may assume.

Justin McCarthy's Career.

Miss Marie A. Belloc, in Saint Peter's, contributes an interview with Mr. Justin McCarthy. In her introduction, Miss Belloc says Mr. McCarthy's literary distinction, and was the founder and proprietor of the Cork Magazine. It need hardly be said that it was in the pages of this periodical that the future historian and novelist published his first story, in which, oddly enough, the hero was a "Mr. Parnell." He began his literary life as a reporter on The Cork Examiner, then edited by a very famous Irishman, John Francis Maguire. He left Ireland in 1853 in order to take up journalistic work in Liverpool. While there a great piece of good fortune befell him. He met and married Miss Charlotte Allman, who shared both his struggles and his triumphs, and encouraged him to go to London and try and make his mark as a novelist. Mr. McCarthy did not give up journalism when he took to fiction. In 1860, when just thirty years of age, he became a reporter in the House of Commons. Asked by his interviewer what his particular advice would be to any young Irishman anxious to enter the profession of letters, Mr. McCarthy replied, "I should advise him to learn shorthand with a view to becoming a reporter; and if he has time and opportunity to master also the rudiments of two or more foreign languages. When I was a young man Parnell's name was not known, and I learned a very clumsy, old-fashioned system, but I improved it considerably myself by inventing new abbreviations. I need hardly say that a good all-round education is a very necessary portion of a journalist's equipment. I found my knowledge of French and German very useful to me, and I very soon picked up enough Spanish, Italian and Scandinavian to be able to read a newspaper in those languages." Miss Belloc, at the conclusion of her article says: "Mr. McCarthy has spent the last few months at West-gate-on-See, one of the quietest and most beautiful watering places on the South Coast. There he is often cheered by the presence of some of the wisest of his friends, for his absence has been keenly felt both in the House of Commons and in the literary world, where he is known as the most generous of critics and the most brilliant of after-dinner speakers."

Obituary.

The angel of death in his pitiless rounds paid an unexpected visit to the happy home of Mr. John Oarlin, claiming as his victim his second son John Joseph, a bright smiling boy of almost fifteen years. Doctor Guinness was called in on Sunday, but not being able to detect the disease at that stage of development, he advised that he be taken to St. Michael's Hospital. Despite the most anxious care he gradually grew worse, still to danger was approached. The unexpected

happened. An attack of hemorrhage which though finally controlled, did the deadly work and he calmly breathed forth his pure soul into the hands of his Creator about four o'clock on Thursday morning. The deep sorrow felt by all who knew him was shared by the pupils of De La Salle Institute and St. Michael's School, who had been his former schoolmate and found expression in a very handsome wreath which they placed on the bier of their departed companion. The funeral took place last Saturday from his home on Mutual street. A large number of boys accompanied by their teachers marched from the house to St. Michael's Cathedral, where the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered by the Rev. Father Murray, O.S.B. of St. Michael's College. Rev. Father Rolheider presided at the organ and the boys' choir sang the Mass. The remains were conveyed to St. Michael's Cemetery, where he rests with his silent friends awaiting the archangel's call to glorious resurrection. R. I. P.

The Syrian Catholics.

A well attended and very pleasing musical entertainment for the benefit of the Syrian priest, Rev. Father Macarios Naer, was held on Thursday evening, May 6th, in St. Vincent's Hall. The following programme was produced: "Duet," "Byrian Song," Messrs Naer & Bouhanna; Song, "Star of my Heart," Miss A. Foley; Duet, Darjo and Guitier, Messrs Spaurer & Owen; Song, "Off to Philadelphia," Mr. J. D. Richardson; Song, "Reflection," Miss Tymon; Recitation, "The Defense of the Bridge," Miss J. H. Halley; Song, "Mamma's Little Yellow Cow," Miss L. Bredannaz; Song, "Out on the Deep," Mr. O. Hall; Song, "A Rose in Heaven," Mr. M. Costello; Recitation, Selected, Miss Kate Halley; Song, Ommio, Mr. J. Brimstin. All the numbers were well received. Miss Halley was received with particular favor. Mrs. Joseph Bonner by whom all the arrangements were carried out was accompanied, and Rev. Fr. Rolheider occupied the chair.

St. Patrick's School.

Following is the Honor Roll for April: Form iv.—Excellent: M. Damphey, P. Flanagan, O. Laverty, G. O'Donoghue, N. Schreiner, W. Tobin, J. Adanson, P. Bradley, J. Connelley, G. O'Fox, J. Dillon, J. McCandlish, H. Clark, P. Sacco, F. Hanna. Form iii.—Senior Third—Excellent: F. Coesrovo, E. Meelans W. Hanna, J. O'Heary, J. Ryan, J. Haloran, J. Dalton, G. Gilmours. Good: T. Dempsey, E. Smith, B. Roche. Junior Third—Excellent: J. Tobin, F. Ryan, L. McDonald, A. Schreiner, W. Warren, G. O' Smith, G. Gilmour, A. Finnigan. Form ii.—Excellent—G. Giblin, J. Mohan, E. O'Donoghue, J. O'Toole, E. Halloran, F. Boehler, F. Callagher, Good: J. Gilmour, J. Tobin, Vincent O'Hagan, J. Barrett.

Confirmation at East Toronto.

Last Sunday, the 8th inst., will long be remembered by the Catholics of East Toronto. On that day his Grace the Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to 48 candidates, 19 of whom were pupils of the Industrial school. After the solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock His Grace made an impressive address to the children and to the congregation. He complimented the choir and the service, and expressed his warm appreciation of the tests that the ladies had shown in the decorations of the church. Mr. P. P. Lynch acted as godfather to the boys of the parish, Father Felix to the pupils of the Industrial School and Miss McIlroy for the girls. [COMMUNICATED.]

Revolution in Italy.

Rome, May 10.—A state of siege has been proclaimed in the Province of Florence and at Livorno, Pisa, Siena, Massa and Grosseto, and also in the town of Spezia, the naval port of Spessia being exempted from the decree. At Messina a crowd of women and children proceeded to the town hall demanding food. They were dispersed by the police and the crowd then began breaking street lamps and tried to seek a provision store. The proprietor shot one of the rioters with a gun, which increased the disturbance. Troops are now occupying the town. The Rome correspondent of The Times says: "It is believed that matters are steadily growing worse. The Government is clearly unequal to the difficulties of the situation and great anxiety prevails in political circles."

Oak Hall.

Now is the time to renew the "outer man"—to rehabilitate and make him presentable in garb up to date in out and pattern. When Oak Hall tells the public that their shaves and combs are lost and with the choicest clothing goods there is no extravagance in the statement. The Oak Hall quotes prices, and when these goods are sold, they can be replaced as fair to the purchaser as well as alone in the margin of profit to the vendors. Oak Hall is a matter-of-fact establishment, and the business of the house is conducted on methods equitable alike to buyer and seller.

May.

The month of May—lord Mary's month. The fairest, sweetest, best, When flowers are sparkling everywhere...

St. Michael's Field Day.

The 11th of May is over a gala day on the St. Michael's College campus, where one hundred and fifty young athletes try their strength and skill.

and Fathers Hand, Finnegan, Doherty and McCann.

The prizes will be distributed at De La Salle Institution on Saturday at 10 a.m.

manner, and everything points to a very successful future.

Higher Than Gilderoy's Kite. This kite went pretty high, but not as high as you knocked a case of KOOLEMA...

Men's Clothing. The showing of new Spring Suits is at its best now. There isn't anything new or desirable that is missing from the display.

American Catholics and the War.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishops of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

De La Salle Field Day.

Special services were held in all the Catholic Churches on Wednesday the 4th in honor of Blessed De La Salle, the founder of the Order of the Christian Brothers.

C. O. F.

St. Leo Court, 581, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members were initiated. The auditor's report for the last quarter was read, showing the books to be kept in a most satisfactory manner.

Medical.

Dr. EDWARD ADAMS, "HOMOEOPATHIST," 67 Young Street, N.E. Cor. Welland Street, Spectacles, all kinds of Strabismus, "Nervous System" Hours—9 to 10 a.m. and 5 to 7 p.m. Telephone 3100.

Retreats for the Lay People.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register. Sir.—Could you let me know through your paper, if in Canada, there are any retreats held for lay people. Also where I could get the particulars as to where and when they are held.

De La Salle Field Day.

Special services were held in all the Catholic Churches on Wednesday the 4th in honor of Blessed De La Salle, the founder of the Order of the Christian Brothers.

TENDERS FOR COAL 1898.

The undersigned will receive tenders, to be addressed to them at their office, in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," up to 10 a.m.

\$100 REWARD

One Hundred Dollars will be cheerfully and promptly paid for any case of Bronchitis (the Liquid Habit) or Tobacco Habit that "Ryan's Alcoholic and Tobacco Cure" will not cure in two weeks.

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Dividend No. 77. NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent per annum on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the 1st day of June next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

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Niagara Falls, Ont.

Thursday, the 19th day of May at 10.00 a.m. and will remain in session until all business is transacted.

The Catholic Register

Representations will be in accordance with the decision of the National Officers. Respectfully and fraternally submitted on behalf of the above Organizations, RICHARD DISSETTE, Prop. Frs. A.O.H. JOHN McAFFERTY, Prop. Sec. A.O.H. MICHAEL GUERIN, Prop. Frs. O.H. MISS M. G. KELLY, Prop. Frs. D. of E. MISS M. FAHEY, Prop. Frs. D. of E. MISS M. SAFFELY, Prop. Frs. D. of E.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

40 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO TELEPHONE 489

Chats with the children

THE ROAD TO BABYLAND.

How many miles to babyland? Anyone can tell: Upon a flight, to the right, Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in babyland? Just the sweetest sight; Downy heads, cradle beds, Faces pure and bright.

What do they say in babyland? O, the queerest things; Might as well try to kill What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of babyland? Mother kind and sweet; And her low born above, Guides the little feet.

—Kindergarten Song.

CAPOUTT.

A number of guests were congregated in the smoking room of a hotel one evening. The conversation turned on the question of physical exercise and endurance. Several of those present gave exaggerated stories of what they had done and could do at one time.

CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

During the first Revolution, in a gloomy dungeon at Paris, a noble lady was imprisoned. Outside was her little girl, twelve years old, under the care of an old servant. Her father was absent with the army of Condé, and her mother was taken away too suddenly even to bid the child good-bye.

The little girl's one thought was to get admission to her mother's prison. At last she made the acquaintance of the jailer's wife, and the kind soul dressed her in her own child's clothes, and put her in her mother's cell.

The child went to the priest, and he readily granted her request; heard her confession, and bade her return the next morning. When she went back the following day, he had just offered Mass for her mother's intention, and had put aside two particles.

"My child," he said, "I am going to treat you with a sacred mission. In early Christian times, children used to carry the Blessed Sacrament to martyrs; I am going to let you carry it to your mother, and you shall make your First Communion in her presence."

The child went to her mother's cell bearing Christ the Consoler. The jailer's wife left the two alone, knowing that it must be their last meeting. They fell on their knees, and placing on the table the Sacred Host, adored in silence a long time. The mother then bade her to say some prayers which she had taught her in her fancy; and taking one of the hosts in her hand she received it in Viaticum, and then gave to the child her First Communion.

The next day the little girl went to the prison to see her mother, but the jailer's wife said that the orders were positive, and she could not be admitted until next week. She went to the old priest, but he pointed up to heaven, and said: "Your mother is in heaven, dear, and there you must look to meet her."

The child grew up to womanhood, and to old age; and telling this wonderful story to her friends, she would have all in good taste, no sensible adjective, but everything cheerful to keep things going. No sparing of lace, ample scope as to rooms at each place, no smut toning the linen, every bed vapor kept out. Paek routes to the winds and have all things jolly; in fact, beg a merry lot to be happy. It is a universal money-spending busi-

PUZZLES.

HIDDEN INGREDIENTS FOR DINNER.

To be effective a dinner should have variety, and the giver feel ambitious to have all in good taste, no sensible adjective, but everything cheerful to keep things going. No sparing of lace, ample scope as to rooms at each place, no smut toning the linen, every bed vapor kept out. Paek routes to the winds and have all things jolly; in fact, beg a merry lot to be happy. It is a universal money-spending busi-

ness, especially if you let a cab bag every guest and take him home. At the end have some long stories and a little monotonous talk.

TRANSPOSITION.

I am a word meaning sweet-tendered. Separate the letters and I form a sentence meaning—'Can I do it?' Transpose the words and I give the answer to the question.

Answers to Puzzles, April 29th.

DOUBLE ACROSS: M A m o t H, K o r o l l A, C e c e p e R, I n v e n t R, N o m i R, L u s t r o u S, E m b r y O, Y a w N

DIAGRAMMATION.

Prælo, relate, elate, late, ato.

TOTAL LIST OF MARKS TO APRIL 29th.

J. A. Doyle, 77 Yonge St., 20; J. E. Thompson, 310 Yonge St., 18; Martina McGoy, Tottenham, Ont., 17; Camilla Casserly, Tottenham, Ont., 17; (a tie between the third), A. Blonidin, Ottawa, 16; S. J. Murphy, Brookville, 15; J. O'Malley, Ottawa, 14; T. Deland, 1301 Bloor west, 8; M. E. Morrison, Woburn, 7; Mamie Foy, Toronto, 6; E. McCarthy, Hamilton, 4; Teresa Lannan, Port Colborne, 1; Nettie O'Hara, Hamilton, 4; Amodia Lavery, Oshawa, 4; Olive Blaine, 3; A. S. Oullion, B. Maher, Lottie Ousome, Mary Boyle, Edward Malloy, Leo Pyman, 2 each; M. B. Smith and Mary E. Murphy, 1 each.

There is still a certain number of marks to be finally recorded, but I will probably not affect the total result very much, excepting between the two who make a tie for third, M. McGoy and O. Casserly. All the competitors who have totalled 16 marks will receive a card. The last of the first series of puzzles will be published on May 10th, so there is still a chance for the second and third prizes. One cousin in the city sent two letters to me, each containing 8 or most regular making 0 marks but as no name and address was given I cannot record them.

J. E. Thompson is being run very close for second, and will have to hurry up. Several correspondents have complained that their letters have not reached the office. Perhaps they wrote in too great haste and forgot to address their envelopes properly. Always address in full, Cousin Flo.

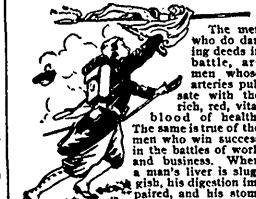
Catholic Register, 40 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont.

I have had some letters without the number and name of street, and some without ORTHOdox ROSSIAN on them, they should always be addressed fully to prevent mistakes. The reason many of the marks have not been recorded is that if the letters do not reach me at a certain date they are too late, but the marks all appear in the total, so it makes no difference.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

The winner of the prayer book is Thomas Boland, 1891 Bloor W. Honorable mention is made of A. F. Drohan and Teresa M. Barrett, who have both written exceedingly good letters. In deciding this contest, age has been taken into account also, and as Cousin Thomas is only 8 years old the editor thinks his composition is deserving of the prize as it is quite up to the standard of the older cousins.

Cousin Flo.



The men who die of the disease called cholera, are promptly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the rich red color of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich red, pure blood, filled with the life giving elements of the food that would be digested and absorbed. It cures of per cent of cases of consumption, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, splitting of blood, obnoxious lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the rich red color of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich red, pure blood, filled with the life giving elements of the food that would be digested and absorbed. It cures of per cent of cases of consumption, strengthens weak lungs, stops bleeding from lungs, splitting of blood, obnoxious lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Cousin Flo.

Farm and Garden

As we pointed out in a former issue Canada is becoming an important factor in supplying Great Britain with oats in competition with Russia, the United States, Turkey and Holland. During the past season of 1897 and 1898 she has exported for Great Britain and the Continent over seven million bushels of oats as against half that quantity in the season previous. Owing to the shortage in the Russian supply it is expected that Canadian oats will continue to be wanted right up till next harvest. At Montreal at present the stock of oats amount to 1,049,705 bushels as compared with 826,833 bushels a year ago, but a considerable portion of the same is already engaged for early shipment, principally for B-their ports.—Farming.

J. A. Macdonald, of King's county, P.E.I., writing in The Country Gentleman, says: "There is not the usual enthusiasm in cheese-making in Prince Edward this spring, for two reasons: First, in the low price of cheese in British markets, caused by the great over-production of last year in Canada, and the quantity held in stock late in the season for high prices; and secondly, the establishment in the province of two large bacon-curing plants, which opens a market for twice as many—say, four times, as many hogs as our province ever produced, and at good prices. Farmers find that milk is a necessity in profitable hog production, and as 60 per lb. for a live hog, weighing 160 and 200 lbs. is much more profitable than 65 cents for 100 lb. milk, it is apparent that the producer of milk will find it judicious to extract the fat from his milk and feed the residue to hogs. All the co-operative dairy plants established this season are to be run for butter only, and our leaders of dairy thought have advised directors of cheese factories to work their plants for butter till July.

The culture of pears has been steadily growing and that there is profit in them for growers who are willing to give them care and treatment has been proved. Pear trees come into bearing earlier than apples and are surer cropers. They always bring good prices in all markets. Pear trees do best in land having a clay subsoil, although they succeed well on any moderately heavy soil if well drained. Orchards should be set out with both dwarf and standard trees; the former will come into bearing early and if they have proper care are not so short-lived as commonly supposed. If the standard trees are set thirty feet apart the dwarf varieties may be set between them without detriment. The dwarf years will require more attention than the standards in the matter of pruning but when this is given they will bear profitably for many years. In preparing the land for pear trees plow the ground deep and harrow in both directions so that the soil may be thoroughly pulverized. Set two-year-old trees. As to varieties, be guided by those that have succeeded in your vicinity, and also by the market you intend to supply. By planting summer, fall and winter varieties, pears may be had for use from July until January.

In one of his publications intended for instruction in agriculture in the common schools of New York, Prof. H. B. Bailey, of Cornell University (Ithaca), explains something of the science of farming as follows: "If you have a watering-pot, put it where you cannot find it and water your garden with a rake! The first great lesson in farming is how to save the water in the soil. If you learn that much this summer, you will know more than many old farmers do. You know that the soil is moist in the spring when you plant the seeds. Where does this moisture go to? It dries up—goes off into the air. If we could cover up the soil with something we should prevent the moisture from drying up. Let us cover it with a layer of loose, dry earth! We will make this covering by raking the bed every few days—once every week, anyway, and often than that if the top of the soil becomes hard and crusty, as it does after a rain. Instead of keeping water on the bed, therefore, we will keep the moisture in the bed. If, however, the soil becomes so dry that it cracks, then water the bed. Do not sprinkle it, but water it. Wet it clear through at evening. Then in the morning, when the surface begins to get dry, begin the raking again to keep the water from getting away. Sprinkling the plants every day or two is one of the surest ways to spoil them."

Does It Pay to Tipple?

You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much skill and talent to quill. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay five cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way, in both health and pocket, and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. The Dixon Cure Co., 40 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

Domestic Reading

Possessed of wisdom with microscope in hand, we shall need a sympathetic eye to be really in search of truth. There is no Gospel in remaining numb continually of their sin, it is the cure they need.

Ill-breeding is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peculiar malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humor; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disolishing behaviour.

Thoughts are the ailments upon which the mind feeds. If they are kept pure and in constant exercise, they impart health and vigor, and are like fertilizing currents running through the soul. There is one view respecting them which should awaken the greatest anxiety to have them under proper control. A simple thought, whether good or evil, will introduce other trains of reflection of a kindred nature. Thoughts love company, and will gather round them others of a congenial character, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the chamber of the mind those of an ennobling and purifying nature.

I have heard men of business and I have heard working men speak as though Christianity was opposed to buying and selling and getting gain; but find its Founder, on the contrary, commending those who had gained by trading, and condemning the man who had made no use or increase of his capital. Religion says to us: "Get as much wealth as you can, but get it honestly, because a false balance, a false scale, a false brand, is abomination unto the Lord; because, as it is written, a faithful man, a man 'who can get trust,' shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich, he who is not satisfied with a fair profit, a fair wage, he who speculates and gambles 'shall not be innocent.'"

The hour of death is a crucial moment of existence, that on which hangs our eternal lot. No one will deny its importance, but many give no heed to it while in the enjoyment of health. Many unwisely relegate to their preparation for eternity. To all, wise and unwise, it is a dread moment, full of suspense, for the soul is leaving its earthly tabernacle to go forth alone on a journey of which it knows but little. In order to impress on the minds of her children at the needed moment, the Church teaches them in the prayer, second only to Our Lord's own, to beg Our Blessed Lady to pray for them at the hour of death, when her powerful intercession will be such a consolation. Then, above all other times, we entreat her to show herself a mother, and to plead and intercede for us, her sinful children.

Many are the uses of conversation. Besides obliging a man to formulate his knowledge and to exercise those faculties which would otherwise soon rust and actually decay from want of use, it helps to strengthen or throw doubt upon the knowledge that he already possesses, and also to enlarge its boundaries. It is by the process of continual experiment and sifting that a man's ideas are gradually crystallized into the clear transparency and symmetry of real wisdom. No school-teaching would ever make a man talk well. All that is required of him is that he should be patient in listening, desirous and quick to learn, frank and honest in his reply; and then, if Providence has given him weapons to defend his position, wit and eloquence sufficient to meet his opponent, he may taste the joys of a combat by the side of which other contentions seem flat and unprofitable, and give as much pleasure to a worthy adversary as he receives from him in return.

A Telephone Saved a Life.

The King's Daughters of Hamilton, Ont., whose good deeds are known all over Canada, received a telephone message that George Ball, living on Avenue Ave., was in distress, being a hopeless and helpless invalid on account of Sciatic Rheumatism. They responded quickly, taking with them a bottle of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. The first bottle gave relief and 4 bottles cured him. King's Daughters say his cure was marvellous, and Kootenay alone did the work. Mr. Ball is now employed at hard labor, and gives his own statement to the above facts. If you have Sciatic-Rheumatism take KOOTENAY and get rid of that dire disease. Price \$1.00 per bottle, or for \$5.00 as druggist or direct from THE S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, Ontario. Write for particulars and chart book, free.

IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties. TAKE THE ELMSANTER OF MALT BEVERAGES JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS

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The Violet.

More she is again, the dear, Sweetest vocal of the year, In her little purple hood Brightening the handsome wood. We who, something worn with care, Take the road, find unaware Joy that heartens, hope that thrills, Love our cup of life that fills, Since in spring's remembered nook, Lifting fair familiar looks, Once again with curving grace, In the same dear lovely place, Go! His usual sign hath set In the tender violet.

Margaret E. Sandster, in "Harper's Magazine."

Tim....

Daly's Repentance

When the story was told to me I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having seen such a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my telling words they will read, I fear, but badly and bare; and if in the reading will be found no trace at all of the tears which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and futile repentance—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, but rather is gathered by him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

"Whist, sobora, whist! sure I know you never meant to hurt me or my child." The woman, obediently young and slight, who spoke, was half sitting, half lying, in a low rusk-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farmhouse. Her small, pretty face was marked with premature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid, dark bruise, as if from the blow of a heavy fist, and over the pathetic, drooping mouth there was a cruel, jagged cut, this evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp, projecting point. By her side, in a wretched cradle, lay a puny, small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers close-like in its clenched, clenched, clenched, and with such a gray shade over its pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down before his wife in an attitude bespeaking utter amazement, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands were softly, with caressing, tender strokes, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him, the tears rolled one after another down her little face, while her low, soft voice went on tenderly, "Whist, sobora machree, whist! sure I'm breakin' my heart ye are! Sure, how can I bear it all, at all, to listen to ye sobbin' like that."

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble—Jim Daly that courted her, her husband, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public-house, who would go from it on a morning with his dogs, the young marquis consenting, for a hunt on the lord's land. Always ready to take a treat or stand one; always the first in every scheme of conviviality, drowsing heart and mind and conscience in cheap and bad whiskey; while at home, on the little hillside farm, crops were rotting, haggard lying empty, land unworked, and poverty and hunger threatening the little home, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining young wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepening in her face were no lines showing age. Three years had gone by since the wedding day that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young things, who loved each other truly, and almost since that wedding day Jim Daly had been going steadily downhill. Not that he was vicious at all; he was only young and gay and good-natured, and so sought after for those things, and he had a fine baritone voice, and he could roll out "Colleen Bhae cruithnean na mo" with rare power and tenderness, and when the rare spirit who held their merry-making in the Widow Doolan's public-house nightly would come seeking to draw him together with manly, uncomplaining words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation; and to the young wife—they were the merriest boy and girl—was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had gone steadily from bad to worse, and instead of only the nights, much of the days as well were spent in the gin-shop, and at last the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome boyish face getting a sullen look, and the once frank, clear eyes refused to look at one either frankly or clearly, but shuffled from under a friend's gaze uneasily and painfully.

Last night, however, the climax had come, when, reading home after midnight, the tender little wife, with her baby on her breast, had opened the door for him, and had stood in the doorway with some word of pain on her lips and he feeling his progress barred, but with no sense of what stood there, had struck out fiercely with his great fist, and stricken wife and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had come with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and his hand had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little son were both bruised and injured by the fall.

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to himself out of his drunken sleep, and in presence of his wife, womanlike forgot everything but that he needed her utmost love and tenderness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his mother was not, who had to be very nearly to her farm two miles away, and not at all to him what she called the rough side of her tongue.

And when the doctor came from his home across the blue mountains, and shook his head ominously over the baby, and dressing Winnie's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a deathblow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, because Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in Tipperary, and despite the very rough side of her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except for the man's occasional great sobs, and the low, sweet comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened again; this time to admit a priest, a hale, ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spurred and gaitered as if for riding, who coming to them quickly with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes, and drawing a chair closer, laid one large hand on Jim's bent head, while the other went out warmly to take Winnie's little, cold fingers. "My poor, poor child," he said, and under that low, loving pity Winnie's tears began to flow again. He was sorely troubled for these; he had baptized them, had ad itted both to the sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to stop this poor boy's easy descent to evil, and now it had ended so. In the new silence he was praying rapidly and softly, asking the Lord to make this a means of bringing back the one strayed lamb to His fold. Thus he spoke again:

"Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't talk me anything about it. I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going with me to the altar of God to kneel there and ask His forgiveness, and promise Him that you will never again touch the poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great mercy that both are spared to you to-day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up. And it will be a new life, will it not, my poor boy, from this day, with God's good help?"

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly: "God bless you, Father, for the kindly word. 'Ye, I'm comin' back to duty with His help, and I thank Him this day and His blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. Oh, sure, Father, to think of me layin' a hand on my pretty child, I love better not see Jim and the little weansy child that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowd for me to lift him out of his cradle! But with the help of God, I'm going to make up to them for it was day. But, Father, I won't stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had in my murdered wife and child. Sure I could never rise under such a shame as that. Give me your blessing, Father, for me and Winnie was settled in. I'm goin' to Australia to begin a new life, and the mother's son, and I'll keep Winnie and the child till I send for them, or make money enough to come for them."

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.

"Well, I don't know but you're right. God enlighten you to do what is for the best. It will be complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events, and as you say, the mother'll be glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

And a week later, wife and child being on the highroad to convalescence, Jim Daly sailed for Australia.

This was in February, and outside the little golden thatched farmhouse, the birds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummings—because spring was riotous in their blood—that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, but that rather it was June, and the close leafy bowers let through only a little blue sky, and a breath of happy wind, and a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perform glad to each other their whereabouts.

Some of the thatch were nest building, but those little weary drone-wings swoying to and fro on the bare boughs, solemn with the new delight that had come to them, for spring was here and there was a subtle fragrance of her breath on the air, and all over the land, for the sound of her feet passing there was a strange stirring of unborn things somewhere out of sight, and where she had trodden were springing suddenly rings and clusters of faint snowdrops, and tender, fl-m-coloured crocuses, and double garden primroses, and the dear red-brown velvet of the wall-flowers lovingly against the dark leaves.

February again—but now far away from the mountain side. In the city, where no sweet proclamation of spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch miserably about the stately cathedral of St. Patrick's huddling equally around its feet, where the lovely tower of its spire far away into the blue bit of the sky. It is a blue sky, but as it can be so very spreading tangle of gloom hills, for poor Dublin has few tall factory chimneys to doleful it will smoke—and there are little feathery wisps of white cloud on the blue sky, that lie quite calm and motionless, despite the fact that a bright west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of the room in one of the most squalid tenement houses of the Coombe is a little open, and the wind steals in softly, and away to aid for the clean, white curtains; for this room is poor, but not equal and grimed as the others are. The two small beds are covered with spotted white quilt, and the wooden dresser behind the door is spotless with its few household utensils shining in the leaping firelight; and opposite the window is a small altar carefully and neatly tended, where are two pretty statues of the Sacred Heart and of Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy, artificial flowers, but a snowdrop and a yellow crocus, laid lovingly in a wingless vase.

It is all very clean and pure, but alas! it is a sad room, despite all that, because—oh, surely the very saddest thing in all the sad world! there is a little child dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from Tipperary and the good priest, and the pleasant neighbours who would have been neighbours to her, and here, in the cruel city, she is watching her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed with his eyes closed—a little, pretty, fair body of seven—his breath coming very faintly, and the golden curls, dark with the death dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, with the two gentle little hands crossed loosely on his chest, as if he held the moment it needed, or now the great heads of the brown roses at each one's grille are dropping noisily, and their lips are moving in prayer. One is strongly beautiful, with a stately, imperial beauty; but it is etherealized, spiritualized to an unearthly degree, and the flowing serge robes throw out that noble face into fairer relief than could any empress's purple and gold brocade. Both women are wonderfully sweet-faced; these nuns are always so plying and tender, because their daily and hourly contact with human pain and sin and misery must sympathize in them alive and throbbing ways. Now there is a faint consciousness of the child's face and limbs, and the tall, beautiful nun rises quickly, because, well-skilled in death-bed lore, she sees that the end cannot be very far off.

His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty, he touches her thin cheek caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mammy, lift me up."

"Yes, my poor lamb," poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gaze wanders around the room as if seeking something, and one of the nuns understanding, goes gently and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and happiness flowers always were to the little crippled child—for Jim's little had been crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly a moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping with painful pauses between each:

"Mammy, will there be green fields in heaven, and primroses, and will I be able to run then? I wouldn't go to Crumlin last summer with the boys—kiss I was lame—but they got me passed—and my mammy says, for the mother's agonized white lips only stir. "Yes, Jimmy, darling, there will be green fields in heaven, and primroses; and you will run and sing, and our dear Lord will be there, and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His feet."

Then she lifts the great crucifix of her room, and lays it for a moment against the wall, and she says, smiling gently at her, and the white eyelids fall over the pansy eyes, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly, painlessly into death. And our nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smooths the little fair limbs and passes a hand over the forehead, and the other nun comes in, and the other nun gathers poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensibility. And the nun turns to the other, with a sweet, soft fluttering sigh stirring her wistful mouth, and says, "Poor darling! the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home now comparatively a wealthy man, with money earned by steady industry in the gold fields. There he had worked steadily for three years with always the object coloring his life of atoning for the past, and making fair the future with an old and another, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness, and drunkenness of the camp. He would have been persuasive, indeed, among the wild lives who could have persuaded Jim Daly to join in a carousal. But the worst living among the diggers knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a quiet, kindly act was done by him in his quiet, unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those beloved ones was always with him—set going up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the goldfields, and he coming on a lucky vein, found himself steadily making a "pile" and so determined that when a certain sum was awarded he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious, and the time occupied in transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him each day nearer home. In his wandering life, a letter had ever reached him, but he never doubted that they were all quite safe; in that little peaceful hillside village and cluster of farmsteads, life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient and they managed to pay the rent he asked without the starvation and misery that existed on other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from disease, and the little grave-yard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldom, unless when sometimes an old man or woman came to a patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the long grasses and the green sods and the stony graves.

This had all been in his day, and he did not know at all how things had changed. First, after he sailed, things had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back to her some day. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed it became worse with time, and as the years slipped by the ailing, puny baby grew into a delicate, gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly. Then, the fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season, crops failed, and the winter was a cruel one, and the little boy died, and his place was taken by a school boy at Eton, and, alas! the agency of his estates was placed in the hands of a certain J. P. and D. L., tales of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasant shiver by their firesides in the winter evenings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by write, and then the sheriff and the dreaded evicting parties. And one of the first to go was old Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little boy's home where her young husband, dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where, when she was a young girl, from whose doors one after the other the little frail things dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong

heartly Jim came—when she saw the golden thatch of it give to the flames, the honest, proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly neighbor, where neighbors' hands carried her gently, she also went out, a few days later, to join her husband and babes in the churchyard house, whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened, and famine and fever and death came; and the good west died too—of a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone—for the people, with pain and death shadowing every heartstone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles—and poor Winnie and the little crippled son drifted to the city.

And at times all these things were happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his room in the evening, gazing gravely westward, his soul's eyes fixed on a farther way than that that grew, or the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw the long, green grasses in the pastures at his home in Inniskoon. And he saw Winnie—his darling colleen—coming from the little house-door with her wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and singing, and her step was light; and by her side the little son with cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes gleaming with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the fat baby hand clutching at the mother's apron, till, with a sudden, tender laugh she swung him in her arm to a throne on the mantel-shelf, where he had blushed so merrily that Cushla, the great gentle white cow, turned about, and ceased for a moment her placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despoilers of her milk.

Oh, how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality! That in the squalid slums of the city, the girl-wife was setting her feet for death; that the little child, crippled by the drunken father's blow, had never run or played gladly as other children do—never would do these things unless it would be in the wide, green playing fields of heaven.

I will tell you how he found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, and he found then that till morning there was no train to take him home; and with what fierce impatience he thought of the hours of evening and night to be lived through before he could be on his way to his beloved ones, one can imagine. Then he remembered that by following a digger, who passed with him in London, he had been entrusted with a wreath to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a certain sense of relief at the prospect of something to be done, he unpacked the wreath from among his belongings on his arrival at the hotel, and ordering a meal to be ready by his return, he set out for the cemetery.

It was almost dark when he reached it and not far from closing time, and the wreath deposited, he was on his way to the gate again. Suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing, and turning in the direction from which it proceeded he saw a woman's figure kneeling by a small, poor grave. For the dusk he could hardly see her face, which also was partly turned away from him; but he could see that her hands were pressed tightly to her breast, as if striving to suppress the faithful groans which were shaking her from head to foot.

Jim was tender and pitiful to women always, and now with a thought of Winnie—for the figure was slight and girlish-looking—she went over and laid his hand very gently on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now, for it's high on o'clock time; and, sure, kneelin' on the wet earth in this raw, foggy evenin' is no place for ye, at all, at all."

The coughing had ceased, and as he spoke she looked up at him wildly. Then she gave a great cry that went straight through the man's heart. She sprang up, and throwing her thin arms around his neck cried out: "Jim, Jim, me own Jim, come back to me again! Oh I thank God, thank God! Jim, Jim, do you know your own Winnie?" For he was standing stiffened by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the poor, worn body into the happy harbourage of his arms, and for a minute, in the joy of the reunion, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which he had found her; and mercifully for those first moments the dusk hid from him how deathful was the face his knees were falling on. Then, suddenly with a dreadful thunderous shock, he remembered where they were standing, and I think even before he cried out to know whose was the grave that in his heart he knew.

I cannot tell you how she broke it to him or in my feeble words speak of this man's dreadful anguish; I only know that with the white mist enveloping them, and the little child lying at their feet, she told him all.

"An', darlin', I'm goin' too," she said, "an' even for the sake of stayin' wid you I can't stay. I'm so tired-like, an' you'll see, God's will be done," went ye ahead. "And when the lawhtoon's out in May, bring some of it here; an' Jim darlin', I'm layin' here so happy—him an' me, an' his little only lad as my breast, an' his little arms claspin' my neck."

He said, "God's will be done," mocha call, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lips except over and over again, "Wife and child I will and child! My little crippled son! My little crippled son!"

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Mamma, I dows you'll have to turn the hose on me." "Why, dear?" "Fauso I've dot my 'lookings on wrong side out."

"Any amusement in this town to-night?" asked the stranger. "I fancy there's going to be leturs," replied the grocer. "I've been eollin' eggs all day."

Beginning of the Year.—First Imp: "The old man seems to be pretty busy these times." Second Imp: "Yes. This is the time he gets in his paving material, you know."

A Home Cat.—Teacher: "What do we learn from the story of Samson?" Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): "That it doesn't pay for ave woman folks out a feller's hair."

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Berry well, mssrs." "What did you have for your breakfast this mornin'?" "Well, you see, mssus biled three eggs for herself, and gave me de broaf."

An Omission.—Literary Editor: "What a vivid account is given in 'Que Vadis' of the burning of Rome!" Fire Editor: "Yes; but it's incomplete. There isn't a word about the loss to the insurance companies."

Possibly the Explanation.—Benevolent old gentleman (pointing a moral to village school-children): "Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me?" Bright Child (innocently): "Please, sur, praps you tolkes to 'ear yourself talk, sur!"

"My good man," said the soverer lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year for tobacco and rum?" "No, mum, I hain't," answered the object; "it's 'sakin' up all my time jist now to figure out how many pore families could be supported on the price of the extra cloth women puts in their sleeves."

One of the Deans of the Exeter Cathedral was walking along one of the lanes adjacent to the city recently, and appeared to have got somewhat out of his latitude. He was met by two little ruffians returning from school, when the Dean stopped them and asked one of them: "How far is it to the station, my boy?" The lad eyed his knee breeches and short coat, and replied: "About a mile, mister. We's up?" Yer an' lost yer bicycle, 'ave se?"

This venerable joke turns up in Tit-Bits: A gentleman calling at a hotel left his umbrella in the stand in the hall with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can dead a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card has been left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not come back."

There was a storm blowing and the steamship rolled a little. "Capitain," said the nervous Canadian Bishop, who was returning homeward after the Jubilee, "Capitain, do you think we are in any danger?" The captain looked grave. "The way the men are swearing in the engine-room is something shocking. Do they know their peril?" whispered the Bishop. "I can assure your Lordship," said the captain, "that the men wouldn't be so much as whisper an oath if there were any danger." The sea grew rougher. Half an hour later the Bishop might have been seen listening to the men's voices over the gangway. "Thank Heaven!" he murmured, "they are at it still!"

St. Joseph's Union.

OTTAWA, April 30.—St. Joseph's Union—French-Canadian benefit society—to-day marks an important event in its history. The first session of the federal council of the union, since its establishment in 1888, will commence this evening, and continue during next week.

A grand parade will be held to-morrow morning before mass, and then all will proceed to the Basilica, where service will be held and a special sermon given by Rev. Father Knapp, the Dominican preacher.

HEART HOPE

Mailed in an Instant After the Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—A Patient Elicited Remedy—And No Need To Acute for Immediate Relief and Certain Cure.

"For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from heart disease. All this while I was in the hands of one of our best physicians, from whom the only encouragement I could obtain was that I was liable to drop off at any moment. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart. Was induced to try a bottle of this cure, and to my surprise the very first dose gave me immediate relief. I felt encouraged and persevered. Before the first bottle was taken the dropsy, which had sorely troubled me, had disappeared, and when I had completed my second bottle I felt as well as I had ever felt." Mrs. John A. James, Winton.

St. Michael's Catholic Truth Society.

St. Michael's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada held their second annual meeting on Tuesday the 10th inst., in St. Vincent's Hall. The chief business of the meeting was the reading of the Secretary's report of the work accomplished during the past year, and the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following is a synopsis of the Secretary's report: "The work performed by the Branch during the past year was marked by the great energy and enthusiasm displayed by the officers and active members of the society. In this zealous activity the President led the way, and both by word and example pushed forward the work of the branch in every possible direction. The work which gave the best results during the year was the plan adopted by the President of giving monthly lectures by prominent clergy and laymen, on subjects intimately connected with Catholic truth. It was decided to have the lectures made interesting and popular as well as instructive, and to accompany each with a musical and literary programme. The result was very satisfactory, the capacity of St. Vincent's Hall being taxed to its utmost at each of its lectures. A charge of 10c. was made for admission, and the proceeds helped the branch considerably in its finances. The series included lectures by Rev. Father Ryan, R. V. Dr. Treacy, Mr. Hugh T. Kelly and Dr. Dwyer, Superintendent of St. Michael's Hospital. There was also a very important lecture delivered under the auspices of the branch by Rev. Father Ryan, from the Cathedral pulpit, the subject being 'The Catholic Church in its relation to the education of the people.' This lecture was an answer to a resolution by a prominent citizen of this city of the false and oft-refuted assertion that the Catholic Church is an enemy to education for the people. The lecture was favorably received by liberal-minded Protestants as well as by Catholics, and had a very beneficial effect in throwing a flood of light on this important subject. It was extensively noticed by the press all over Canada and the United States. The work of the Hospital Committee was then reviewed. The good work done by the ladies of this committee of which Mrs. Troman is the president, deserves the very highest eulogy which can be given to it, especially as it was with noble and unselfish labor amongst that very needy and pitiable class, the women inmates of the jails and the police court. Also the work of the lady president of this committee and her willing co-worker Mrs. O'Loane, at the General and St. Michael's hospital, is deserving of the highest praise. The work of these good ladies was always performed quietly and without ostentation, thus truly following the Divine command to do good works in secret as well as in public ways. Pamphlets were also distributed during the year on important subjects concerning Catholic doctrine and practices, and that these were of great benefit to many is attested by the number of inquiries after further information which have been made. The attendance at the monthly meetings during the year was not so large as should have been, however those who did attend compensated for this by the zeal and energy displayed. Speaking on this subject Dr. Treacy spoke the fact that St. Michael's congregation do not act more in unison in the matter of charitable and social gatherings, and that all the work of the various societies, which are doing so much good in the Cathedral parish, is done by only a small proportion of the parishioners. This had for a long time been the case, and the Rev. Dr. added that it is often with a heart that he thought of it. The branch returned hearty thanks to the Cathedral priests for the many efforts which they made during the year, both from the pulpit and elsewhere, to encourage and promote the interests of the society. Also to Mrs. Jas. Bonner, and all those who had kindly and gratuitously contributed to the different concerts throughout the year. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Honorary President: Rev. F. Ryan, and J. D. MacIlmoyne, (past president); Chaplain: Rev. Dr. Treacy; President: Mrs. Mark Kelly; 1st Vice-President: Mrs. Troman; 2nd Vice-President: Miss Lysaght; Secretary: Wm. L. Wintersberry; Treasurer: Miss A. Young; Library Commissioner: Miss M. Murray, Mrs. H. O. French, and Miss M. Wintersberry; Press Committee: Mr. B. J. Doyle and Miss Rose Ferguson; Hospital and Jail Committee: Mrs. O'Loane, Convener, and Mrs. Troman, Mrs. Egan and Mrs. Farrell. After prayers by the Chaplain the meeting adjourned.

John and John Cahill were the managers of the general organization of the undertaking. Mrs. John Cahill was the honorary president of the ladies' committee. Miss Anna Pollock, the honorary secretary. Mesdames F. Gagne, J. Landou, E. Kavanagh, J. Dunn, T. Terrell and Miss Frances Dunn volunteered themselves to preside at the tables. To all ladies and gentlemen, who either met or assisted in the undertaking, a receipt with deepest gratitude of all donations kindly sent by our charitable friends from Pembroke, Eggenville, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Jolite, St. Catharines, North Bay, Sturgeon Falls, Deseronto, St. Catharines, (Ont.), Gladstone, (Mich.), Corbelle, Bonfield, etc. We would wish to be able to publish the names of all charitable people who have stretched out to us their helping hand. But the list is too long here to send at our disposal. Thanks in particular to the press of most of the places above mentioned; we shall long remember its kindness in advertising our work. All benefactors and papers, are registered in the folder Book of St. Thelomena's Church, Bonfield.

Now there are four different missions attended from Bonfield once a month on week days, and those missions are quite new and poor. After having done all we could and were obliged to go to Bonfield, the construction of a presbytery being necessary for the advantage of both parish and missions, we have to look to the organization of those missions in the school-houses, and this as all may understand is only temporary. So we have to provide for a place where the missionary would stay when he gives the missions. Now, this I must not do, but I am giving you one of the four missions. Plans have been drawn for those little churches and steps taken for the selection, purchase and clearing of appropriate grounds. As poor old credit seems to be very much afraid of the new mission, dedicated to Saint Henry (Great Desert P.O., Nipissing, Ont.) will have a Tombola on July 14th or 15th for their new chapel. We recommend to you this anxious Christian and patriotic work, and other missions to follow. HENRY MARTEL, P. P.

A CHEAP MEDICINE. IS ONE THAT WILL PROMPTLY AND EFFECTIVELY CURE.

Mr. John Hitch, of Ridgeway, tells how he had spent Dollars upon Doctors in vain before Finding the Medicine that Cured Him.

People who read from week to week of the marvelous cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills little think that right in their midst exist many who have been relieved from pain and suffering by the use of these wonderful little pills after having suffered untold agonies for months. My friend, Mr. Hitch, a well known and favorably known throughout the country, was ever ready upon opportunity offered to speak a word in praise of those pills and his friends of recommending them to his friends. A representative of the Standard, a newspaper of the cause of Mr. Hitch's recommendation, called upon him at his home recently and upon telling that gentleman the object of his visit Mr. Hitch consented to an interview. The story in his own words is as follows: "In the winter of 1891 I was taken with a severe attack of the grippe from which I was confined to the house for some time. This was followed by severe pains and swellings of my lower limbs. I consulted a physician and he told me it was acute rheumatism. I continued under his care for about two months. I was unable to stand alone, but sometimes when I got started I was able to make a few steps unaided. The pain was principally in my feet and along to my ankles. I tried almost everything that friends suggested, hoping to gain relief, but neither medicine taken inwardly nor liniments applied externally gave me any relief. I was unable to try anything suggested. I spent dollars upon dollars in doctor's medicine, but all to no purpose. The last week I was attended by a physician it cost me five dollars, and he told me it was acute rheumatism. I was told that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded it was certainly worth the experiment and accordingly purchased a box from a local druggist and commenced their use, continuing to take them for ten days. This was in June or July, 1892. After I had taken the first box of the pills I could feel some change and after taking seven boxes I noticed a great improvement. I continued taking them until I had used twelve boxes when I must say I felt as well as I ever did in my life. Some of my customers who came into my yard would ask me what I was doing that I was looking so well (knowing the sick spell I had undergone) and I would allow them that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought the change. They are the cheapest medicine I ever bought," said Mr. Hitch, "and if I had what I spent on other medicines, I could sit as well as I do now." Mr. Hitch was an occupant of the room and she heartily concurred in what her husband said, and stated that for one other member of the family the pills had been used with success in a case of severe rheumatism. Before leaving this country Dr. Hitch conducted a brick and tile yard at Longwood's road, Middlesex county. He has been carrying on a successful business in Ridgeway for the past ten years. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in an all-glass wrapper. Beware of cheap "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them he will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bonfield Bazaar.

It was not possible to have published sooner on account of the bazaar held at Bonfield on April 11th, 12th and 13th in aid of the presbytery. The receipts of the three days netted \$170, and this is very good considering the hard times. The next receipts of a concert at Christmas, a social on St. Patrick's Day, and the bazaar during Easter week, are in the neighborhood of \$34.00; the total expense for the same \$138.00, leaving a net profit of \$20.00. Some time later on will take place the drawing of a village lot at Bonfield given in aid of presbytery, 60 cents a ticket; 8 tickets \$1.00. The church trustees: Messrs. Louis Amyotte, George Beau-

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, May 10, 1898.

On the curb in Chicago at the close of today July wheat was quoted at \$1.03 1/2; at the close July what was quoted at \$1.21 1/2; puts on July wheat, \$1.63; calls 4to. 4to; puts on July corn 35 1/2; calls 4to.

WHEAT—Was excited and higher today. There was an advance since Saturday of 6c to 8c from the closing rates on Saturday and the prices asked by holders at the close today. There were sales of red winter wheat at \$1.15 north and west and \$1.17 was bid for more, with \$1.20 asked. A local firm sold some 100 cars on Saturday at a price which netted them about \$2 a car; if they had held the wheat till today they would have made over \$30 a car, some \$1,000 over the profit they cleared on the lot. "Hard" wheat is very firm and dearer. No. 1 hard is now quoted at \$1.14 about Fort William and at \$1.60 Montreal freight.

Flour—Is in fair demand and higher; calls of straight flour are now quoted by the larger mills at \$5.60 in wood Toronto freight. Nantibus flour was advanced this morning and again this afternoon owing to the rapid rise in the price of wheat. Cars of patents are now quoted at \$7 and strong bakers' at \$6.60 here.

Milled—There is more inquiry and higher prices is steady at \$12 to \$13 for shorts and \$10.65 to \$11 for bran.

Barley—Is dull and prices are nominal. Buck-wheat—is in demand and firm at 4 1/2 a bushel.

Rye—Is firmer at 60c west.

Corn—Is 2c higher at 37c for Canada yellow and 40c for American here. Oats—Is in fair demand and firm at 35c for white west.

Oatmeal—The price of oatmeal has been advanced 5c and quotations are now \$4 for cars of bags and 35c for bulk.

Peanut—Are dull but it is expected that they will soon be worth more; they are quoted at 62c west.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The receipts of large rolls are liberal, there is a good demand and the market is easy at 12c to 13c. Creamery is quiet at 17c to 18c for prints and 17c for tubs.

Eggs—The supply is fair, there is good demand and the market is steady at 19c for new laid.

Potatoes—The market is quiet; farmers' lots are in good demand and steady at 70c, cars on the track Toronto are quoted at \$5.50 to 70c. Potatoes out of store sell at 80c.

Poultry—Is in fair demand and steady at 11c for turkeys, 65c to 75c for chickens. Baled Hay—The market is dull but steady; cars on the track here are quoted at \$2 to \$3.60.

Baled Straw—The market is dull and unchanged; cars on the track here are quoted at \$1.50 to \$5.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The receipts of grain on the street market today were not large, prices were higher for wheat and steady for other grades.

Wheat—Was 2c to 3c dearer; 1,000 bushels selling at \$1.08 an \$1.20 for white straight; \$1.14 to \$1.16 for red winter; and \$1.07 1/2 to \$1.09 for goods.

Barley—Steady on load selling at 4 1/2c.

Oats—Firm; 200 bushels selling at 35c.

Peas—Steady; one load selling at 65c.

Dressed Hogs—There was none offered, and the price was nominal at 80c.

Wheat white standard.....\$1.08 \$1.10
do red..... 1.07 1.09
do goods..... 1.14 1.15
Barley..... 0.84 0.90
Oats..... 0.58 0.60
Rye..... 0.68 0.70
Peas..... 0.65 0.68
Hay..... 8.00 8.50
Straw..... 6.00 6.50
Dressed hogs..... 6.00 6.00
Butter, lb rolls..... 0.18 0.00
do tubs, dairy..... 0.14 0.18
Cheese..... 0.12 0.12
Turkeys..... 0.12 0.00
Potatoes..... 0.70 0.00
Beef carcasses..... 0.05 0.08
Sides..... 0.08 0.08
Beef, fore..... 0.04 0.05
Yearling lamb..... 0.08 0.10
Spring do..... 0.03 0.08
Mutton..... 0.05 0.08
Veal..... 0.08 0.08

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On gazing into the mirror the first point that strikes you is the complexion or color of the skin. Let there be a blotch or pimple, however minute, and it will at once attract your attention and render you uncomfortable by the consciousness of its presence, even though it is unattended with inflammation, irritation, or any other unpleasant feeling. If you so quickly detect blemishes upon the face, think how the searching eyes of your friends find them out, and should their tongues be inclined toward uncharitableness will, perhaps, before you are aware of it, find what really is a trifling matter magnified into a "skin disease."

How often you hear such remarks as, "I used to think her good looking, but her complexion is getting so muddy that she looks plain and old;" or, "Her features are not beautiful, but she has such a perfect complexion that you couldn't help noticing her;" or again, "She'd be a beauty if she only had 'her skin.'"

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