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# The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND and IRELAND and SCOTLAND

The magnificent strides that are being made by Catholicism in the history receive a further stimulus by the announcement that a new church will be opened at Carnmoney, a picturesque district over-looking Belfast Lough, and within easy reach of the Northern capital. Time was when Catholic edifices were few and far between in the North, but the progress has been since the period days in no way more evident than in the noble edifices that now raise their proud proportions throughout the length and breadth of the province.

This year's Ballyboy annual horse fair was held for the last time on the old ground in the townland of Nodnach. The Danemary business people seeing the decay of this ancient market owing to the utter want of railway or hotel accommodation near the fair field, have purchased the patient's right and intend transferring the fair to their own town. Being to the competition of the Bandon annual horse fairs, which are held on the day before the Ballyboy, the latter has declined considerably.

The coming of age of Mr. Abel Buckley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Abel Buckley, of Galtee O'Connell, Mitchelstown has been celebrated in a series of festivities. The celebration in the symphony concert which has evolved amongst all classes in the Galtee district demonstrates what an amount of popular favour an Irish landlord can attain by generous and equitable dealings with his tenants. Mr. Abel Buckley, who is one of the very wealthiest commoners in Ireland, with his family, came to Ireland to make their permanent residence amongst their tenants, some eight years ago, at a time when Mitchelstown was regarded in England as the very cockpit of agrarian and party strife. Recently they have been very warmly felicitated by all classes on the coming of age of Mr. Abel Buckley, who is a well-known and popular young gentleman, and they have now signified their appreciation of the kindly feelings of all sections of the community in the extensive Galtee district by issuing invitations to a great banquet and fete, to be held at Loughanna Park, whilst on a subsequent day a great fete for all pupils of the schools on an estate and in the surrounding districts will be given.

Sergeant John Dowd, of the Detective Force, has just retired with the full pension due to him, £98 a year, after completing 30 years' service. Mr. Dowd was one of the most popular and respected members in the Dublin police. He has been over 22 years in the Detective force, and during this period he was called upon to discharge every phase of police duty. Sergeant Dowd hails from the county Roscommon.

The Freeman's Journal publishes an interview with the Most Rev. Dr. Grimes, first Bishop of New Zealand. The Bishop's greatest grief is the lack of priests to help him. At present he is naturally obliged to look to Irish missionary colleges to provide them. "Ireland and France," exclaimed the Bishop of Orléans-choeur, "vie with each other in sending forth devoted missionaries not only to labor amongst the children of the Faith, but to those who have long been plunged in the darkness of idolatry."

Had he three or four priests and means at his command, the Bishop assures us that he would at once start a preparatory school in his diocese and help to cherish and foster the vocation of many a youth of the country anxious, but unable, to consecrate themselves to the service of the Altar amongst the rank of the priesthood. Thus to a few years New Zealand, he added, would supply her own and most excellent priests.

During his recent visit to the Irish hierarchy and the heads of several colleges his lordship inquired most minutely into the workings of ecclesiastical seminaries.

His Eminence the Cardinal, together with many others of our Irish prelates, gave him the most cordial reception. Some urged and all encouraged him to renew his present visit to Ireland, and the colleges are in working order. He has most graciously invited or allowed him to address the faithful in the principal churches of their respective dioceses.

The Right Rev. Dr. Naughton, Bishop of Roscaun, Dominica, is at present in Dublin, and he will visit his native town of Mullingar. His lordship has come to Europe from his distant diocese in the British West Indies on business of pressing importance and of great moment to his people. For some time past a vast exodus has taken place from Dominica owing to the land system and the excessive taxation affecting land, water and riverside. The population of the island is 28,000, of which 20,000 are Catholics. His lordship was granted the favor of an interview with the Colonial Secretary, who accorded him a most attentive hearing. In the amiable discussion which took place between Mr. O'Connell and the Bishop his lordship suggested a

scheme of peasant proprietorship as the only possible solution of the present evil, and as the only means of inducing the people to remain on the island. Dr. Naughton has been a militant champion of the rights of his people, and his present undertaking is of the highest concern to them and himself. His lordship, who is in the enjoyment of excellent health, was congratulated by the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty in 1880, the assisting prelate on the occasion by the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock and the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, the late Bishop of V. verpool.

On Aug. 9 the Grand Bazaar and Open-air Fete, organized in aid of the Building Fund of the new Catholic Church of Bray, was opened in the Cariste Grounds, Bray, by the chairman of the township, Ald. Sir Henry Cochrane, D.L., High Sheriff, under most auspicious and very encouraging circumstances. The fine grounds placed at the disposal of the Lord Bishop of Canby by Mr. Albert Breslin were laid out so as to form a wide expanse of tents, in which the various stalls and their fair occupants presented a brilliant and attractive array. The weather was all that could be desired, and the sun shone out with mid-summer splendor on an gay and brilliant gathering which could be brought together in Ireland.

Though the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed half a century ago, there are parts of Ireland, notably Fermanagh, in which those who profess the religion of the majority—once the religion of all—have to resort to their devotions to temples whose proportions are inadequate to the numbers of the congregations, and whose style of architecture is eloquent of the penal days. Every year is remedying this glaring inconsistency. Newtownnulty, in the Co. Fermanagh, which enjoys the privilege of having as its parish priest a zealous and ind-fatigable clergyman in the Rev. Daniel O'Connor, P.P., affords the latest example. Father O'Connor has found himself with a rather handsome church, built by his predecessor, Father Goodwin, in 1822, but the roof, after the time which has elapsed since then, has been pronounced dangerous, and Father O'Connor not only wants to secure the roof but to make arrangements at the same for the better lighting of the church, for strengthening its walls, for constituting a new chancel and sacristy, and for making other much needed improvements and additions.

The dedication of the church erected by the Rev. Father Cassidy, P.P., Rossmuck, Meam Cross, Galway, took place on the Feast of the Assumption (15th of August). The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Mac Cormack, Lord Bishop of Galway. There is one feature of this celebration which is unique. The sermon, which was preached by the Rev. M. D. Conroy, P.P., Spiddal, in Irish. His Lordship the Right Rev. W. W. How, D.D., Bishop of Wakefield, who had been staying at Dhuolough Lodge, Leenane, Connemara, for the benefit of his health, died at about nine a.m. on Aug. 10th. His death came unexpectedly upon his English friends, amongst whom the greatest veneration prevailed. Dr. How was 70 years of age and was elevated to the Episcopal Bench in 1888. He was accompanied by his son on his Canon's visit.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam having appointed the Rev. Wm. O'Connell, C.C. Newport, to pastoral charge of the important parish of Islandeady, the Very Rev. Canon Grealy, P.P., V. E., attended at Islandeady church on Aug. 9, and on behalf of His Grace formally introduced the new P.P. to his parishioners. Canon Grealy, who accompanied Father O'Connell from Newport, received a most enthusiastic ovation from the people, who attended in large numbers.

On August 10th the Mayor of Limerick sat in the O by Hall for the purpose of hearing any objections to nominations for the Limerick Ward. Mr. John Daly was proposed by Jeremiah Carey, Broad street, and seconded by Patrick Humphreys, Broad street.

Mr. Hastings, on behalf of Mr. Thomas Dillon, objected to the paper of Mr. Wm. Whelan, on the grounds that burgesses who had signed Mr. Daly's paper had also signed Mr. Whelan's. Mr. Daly rose and said that he believed that it was the law and the custom to deal with the nomination papers in the order in which they were received. Therefore his papers should be dealt with before Mr. Whelan's was reached.

Mr. Hastings—There is no such law for it.

Mr. Doyle, solicitor, contended that all the objections which Mr. Hastings had to make should be handed in before the President of the Council could begin to adjudicate on any of them. Mr. Hastings said he could well understand Mr. Daly's objection, and he had always a great deal of patience with persons who were not lawyers, but he could not understand Mr.

Dayle objecting to his making an objection.

Mr. Daly—I am not asking for any favor, and it is not my want of legal knowledge that causes the objection. Mr. Hastings then proceeded to read the objection to Mr. Whelan's paper, which was based on the fact that several burgesses who signed Mr. Daly's paper had also signed Mr. Whelan's.

Mr. Daly, interrupting, said he would not be driven from his position. He called on the Mayor to take the papers in the order in which they were handed in.

Rather a heated discussion followed, in which Mr. Hastings, Mr. Doyle, and Mr. Daly, each after the other, tried to impress on the Mayor their views.

Finally Mr. Dandon (Law Adviser) rose, and said that as Law Adviser to the Mayor he was bound to say that Mr. Daly's paper was illegal and should be put out.

Queen's County

The news of the death of Father Dempsey, the respected Parish Priest of Balmullick, was received with regret, especially by the clergy of Kildare and L. ighlin, of whom he was one of the oldest and respected members. Indeed he was one of the best known and most popular men in the Queen's County.

At the S.M. an Office and High Mass the Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leichlin, presided.

On Aug. 9 Mr. Arnold Power, sub-sheriff for the county Tipperary, with a force of forty police and District Inspector Yates, took the first practical step to recover possession of New Tipperary for the Irish Parliamentary Party. Two months ago proceedings were taken in the Superior Courts, in the name of Dr. John F. O'Ryan, who is one of the trustees of the new town, for the National Party, and writs for possession were obtained without opposition, and as a result the property became vested in the named plaintiff, who took the most active measures at his command to assert his right to the holding. A few days ago the necessary notices were served on the relieving officers, and following this proceeding notices were served on every tenant in the place.

Archbishop Groke sends for publication the following letter which he has received:

209 Evis street, Jersey City, N. J., July 25th, 1897.

Most Rev. T. W. Crooke, Archbishop of Cashell, Ireland, Myer Rev. Ancients.

Learning that Mrs. Parnell, mother of Ireland's great political leader, the late Charles Stewart Parnell, was suffering from financial embarrassments, a few of Ireland's friends in this county of Hudson, N. J., determined to show that they remembered the great sacrifices and labors of Mr. Parnell and his esteemed mother in Ireland's cause. Having implicit confidence in your wisdom and well known patriotism, the subscribers desired the sum allotted to be transmitted to you, knowing that you will see that it is disposed of as the subscribers would wish. P.O. orders for the sum of £25 5s 11d have been forwarded by me; also a steamer as this letter of advice. With profound respect I remain very sincerely yours,

JOHN KENNY, Treasurer, Irish National League. MICHAEL B. HOLMES, Secretary.

ENGLAND.

The Rev. A. St. Leger Westall, for several years curate of St. Saviour's, Croydon, has resigned his office, and was on Friday last admitted, with his wife and family, into the Roman Catholic church by the Rev. Father Bamphill in the O. of the Immaculate Conception, Farm street West. Mr. Westall's conversion has created much sensation in Croydon.

At the second Gorsedd Ceremony at the Welsh National Eisteddfod, at Newport.

Mr. Fournier, on behalf of the Irish Feis Coeil, read the following address:

To the Gorsedd of the Bards of Great Britain:

GENTLEMEN—On the occasion of your annual festival of poetry, music and art, we take pleasure in returning the fraternal greeting with which you honored the revival of our ancient gathering.

The sense of kinship and brotherly feeling expressed in your message has, we assure you, been cordially appreciated, and answered in Ireland, and your hearty recognition of our first effort has done much to secure its success.

The Feis Coeil has now been constituted a permanent association extending over the whole of our country. As such it will organize the annual festival which is to take place successively in the chief cities of Ireland, and will generally endeavor to foster and stimulate Irish music.

As present we can but follow in your footsteps at a distance but with our anxious desire to be recognized as we are in the emblem of our country, and above all with your bright and illustrious example before us, we hope soon to rival in excellence and beneficial influence your own national institution.—We are gentlemen, fraternal yours, Feis Coeil.

The deputation consisted of Count Flunkert, Miss Edith Oldham, Mr. Joseph Seymour and Mr. E. E. Furrnor. I welcome Mr. Furrnor as he is a stranger, but as one coming to his own inheri-

tance, and whatever may have divided us historically, we, who are almost without sight of "Caerthia," remember that Arthur belonged not to the Irish or Welsh, but to the Celtic race. The name of Arthur Malone should unite us. Our traditions are mixed together, or rather, I should say, charmingly blended, and it would be an to separate us from each other. We belong to a common race, with common traditions, and we therefore welcome you back to-day here within sight of the place of the "Fard Gron" (Round Table), remembering that your music, your legends, your ancient literature, and a great deal of your religious history, are blended in one, and may the day soon come for placing the two nations on one broad united Celtic Brotherhood (cheers).

SCOTLAND.

The delegates attending the Conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society were entertained by the Glasgow Corporation at a concert in the city Chamber. There was a company of about 1,000 ladies and gentlemen.

The Lord Provost, who presided, said that on behalf of the citizens of Glasgow, whom he and his colleagues represented, he desired to welcome their guests to the city and to the reception that evening. The Corporation were delighted to see them in the city, and to see that they had come to these buildings to receive the welcome which they offered (applause). It had been his duty and privilege, along with his colleagues, to receive many visitors to the city and he was delighted to say on behalf of the citizens that they could accord no warmer welcome than they offered to their guests that night.

The delegates had come to Glasgow for the purpose of banding their societies together, and strengthening the hands of their brethren here and in other great cities in the work to which they had set their hearts, and he wished them God speed (applause). We might not be all on religiousists, but there was no man or woman who could not respect those who were working according to their lights for the elevation of the masses (applause). The members of the societies represented were doing their best, and those present who differed from them in religious matters were also doing their best, and they were all working, and he hoped succeeding in a measure, in elevating the tone of mankind. He trusted that the conference would result in great good, because, knowing as he did the pulse of a great city, he felt deeply that all we could do in this direction was required (applause).

Lord Ralph Kerr said that, having gone through these magnificent halls, and been a witness of the princely manner in which the city had maintained its reputation for true Scottish hospitality, he could assure the Lord Provost and the members of the Corporation that the recollection of that occasion would never pass from his memory. Speaking as a Catholic he could not help expressing his intense thankfulness for the reception that had been extended to them by the Corporation. Ten years ago he should have said that it was impossible, or beyond the range of probability, that a religious body, coming here to deliberate upon matters affecting the welfare of their own community and their own religion, should have met with such a reception. They could well remember the days, not very long past, when Catholics were looked upon with suspicion, with disgust, he might say with dislike. They were looked upon as not being loyal subjects of the Queen. Those days had passed. Much as we might differ in religious matters we were now learning to look at one another with respect rather than with those of divergence (applause). This was the first time, so far as he was aware on which the Corporation of a great city had extended such a welcome to a body who were not of their faith, and that was a circumstance which would never be forgotten from the memory of the Catholics of Great Britain (applause).

The Most Rev. Dr. McGuire, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Liverpool; Mr. MacDonald, Edinburgh; Mr. Ogilvie Forbes and Bailie Chisholm also spoke.

A Bishop and the Bicycle.

MONSIEUR TURINAY, the patriotic Bishop of Nancy, whose sermons on war anniversaries thrill the souls of so many Frenchmen, has a little misunderstanding with his clergy. Some time since he allowed the ecclesiastics of his diocese to use the bicycle, or as it is familiarly called in France the becane. Now he has withdrawn his permission on the ground that the bicycling business occupied too much of the time necessary for more important duties. Nearly every priest, in fact, had a becane, and all took to the sport like schoolboys let loose for a holiday. They were to be seen bicycling all over the diocese, and quiet little competitions of speed were also indulged in from time to time. If the Bishop had waited longer he might have seen a diminution of his bicycling ardour; but he has chosen to rescind his original order, and hence the priests who bought bicycles look disconsolately at them as they lie unused. A general promise to do less bicycling and more parochial work will

probably cause his Lordship to allow a moderate use to be made of their becane by his clergy. No priest appears ever seen on a bicycle in or near Paris, but country towns are different from the capital, and the reasons for abolishing ecclesiastical bicycling are not urgent in the provinces.

Brother Potamian on Recent Electrical Discoveries.

Brother Potamian, D.Sa. (London), professor of experimental physics in Manhattan College, New York, now attending the meetings of the British Association in Toronto gave a course of three lectures on "Some Recent Electrical Discoveries" at the St. Mary's School, Flat-burg, N. Y. The clearness of his explanations, and the delicacy and beauty of his experiments make it easy even for unscientific minds—if it can be allowed that there are such at the Summer School—to follow his lectures with pleasure. Wave motion; round waves; oscillatory motion; anomalous magnetization, were among the subjects considered in his lecture; but of more general interest was that part devoted to the new method of signalling through space without wires. This as already been done at a distance of twelve miles.

The second lecture began with some interesting experiments, showing the nature of electric discharge through air at ordinary pressure. An influence machine and induction coil were used, each giving a six inch spark the flash, the snap, and zzzz path was explained, and common errors were not only corrected. Photographs of lightning were thrown on the screen and compared with those from laboratory machines.

The discharge through rarefied media brought out the beautiful phenomena observed in the vacuum tubes stationary and rotating. This led to an explanation of the auroral lights, reasons being given for considering them electrical discharges in the upper strata of our atmosphere.

Tubes containing very high vacua were next studied, and the phenomena exhibited differed so much from those observed at higher pressures as to lead to the conclusion that the air in the bulbs possessed totally new properties. It was in a new state, now called the radiant condition or the fourth state of matter. Half a dozen beautiful and striking experiments were made with Crookes' tubes, illustrating the various properties of what we call the cathodic discharge. Brother Potamian was particularly happy in his argument that the cathode rays are simply streams of electrified air particles thus being material in their nature and not ethereal. Every point in the argument was proved an appeal to experiment; and the experiments were most successful and heartily applauded.

The third lecture on the fascinating subject of X-Rays, brought out an especially large audience.

The history of scientific discovery, said Brother Potamian, affords no parallel for the interest which these rays have excited all over the world. Neither the achievements of Pasteur, the revolutions of the spectroscopy nor the performances of the telephone elicited anything like the enthusiasm with which Roentgen's discovery was hailed. Unable to say exactly the nature of the agencies he was dealing with, he provisionally called them X-Rays, though he suggested that it would be better to call them after their discoverer. The manner in which their are produced was explained by referring to diagrams and also by actual experiments with focus-tubes of various patterns. Their physical qualities, such as rectilinear propagation, penetrating power and shadow-throwing properties were dealt upon at some length, as also their inability to be refracted or polarized or to exhibit any traces of interference phenomena.

The method of taking radiographs and developing the plates was practically illustrated, and the success which rewarded the lecturer's efforts evoked much enthusiasm. Medical men present took great interest in following each step of the process. Radios taken by Brother Potamian for surgical purposes were thrown on the screen, and also others showing recent application of this photography of the invisible for custom house purposes in France. The electrical qualities of these X-Rays were illustrated by a few experiments and their deleterious effects briefly alluded to.

Brother Potamian particularly interested his younger auditors by the photographs of a hand from which a needle had been extracted after its location by the X-Ray. The lady thus relieved was at a summer resort near Dublin, and a witty friend described Brother Potamian as a dangerous man, "because he could see through people." Incidentally, Brother Potamian remarked that the photograph of a young and beautiful luminous hand was thrown upon the canvas, that one could always tell by the X-Ray photograph of a hand whether or not its owner was over twenty-one years of age. Will this diminish, we wonder, the feminine desire for such photographs?

Brother Potamian concluded his analysis of the various properties of these newly observed rays by stating a number of reasons tending to show that they are waves in the ether similar to those which give us the sensation of light, differing from them in no other way than in their being very much smaller. The absence of regular reflection and refraction as well as their physiological effects are easily accounted for by their exceeding smallness.

In this way we have a continuous radiation spectrum extending from the infinitesimal waves that form X-Rays to the long undulations now known as electric waves.

Investigations themselves, said Brother Potamian with emphasis, they throw a flood of light into dark and otherwise inaccessible places. They reveal to the knowing eye of the astronomer and physician secrets of cardinal importance for the relief of suffering humanity. Insignificant by their dimensions they promise, however, to be powerful aids in the hands of the scientific investigator. With them he hopes to probe deeply into the properties of matter and the mysterious structure of the physical universe.

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The Feast of Our Lady of the Snows.

The Revue correspondent of The Liverpool Catholic Times writes: The Feast of Our Lady of the Snows is one of the most popular of the Roman festivals in honor of the Madonna. It is the dedication feast of St. Mary Major's, and commemorates the marvellous incident which took place on the 5th August, 352, when a fall of snow under extraordinary circumstances indicated to Pope Liberius the site to be chosen for the erection of the first great basilica dedicated to the Mother of God. The faithful of Rome annually flock to the church on this occasion, and this year there was no falling off in the throng of worshippers. The solemn High Mass, as well as the Benediction service in the evening, was presided over by the Archbishop of the basilica, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, and during the latter function took place the traditional ceremony of the snowfall, delicate white flowers being made to descend from the dome of the Lady-chapel in imitation of snowflakes. At Vespers the "Ave Maria Stella" was sung by the Borghese Chapel choir to the music composed by Maestro Mericoni for this particular feast. It was the custom in former days for the Municipal Council of Rome to present the Chapter of the Basilica with a rich oblation on the occasion of this feast. Since 1870 the custom has been continued by the Primary Roman Society for Catholic interests, and at eight o'clock on Thursday morning a commission from this society fulfilled the ceremony of presentation. The handsome chalice, decorated with white flowers, during the remainder of the day was exposed on the High Altar to the view of the congregation.

Mgr. Nugent in Toronto.

Among the members of the British Association who came to Toronto last week was Mgr. Nugent of Liverpool, England. Mgr. Nugent has for many years taken a deep and active interest in social science. He is the founder of the total abstinence movement within the Church in England, which has made immense progress in Great Britain and wherever the English language is spoken. In Liverpool also he has for years conducted a refuge for boys thrown too early in life upon their own resources, or who are left in danger of contracting habits of vice. These boys are taught trades, many of them being trained in his own printing establishment, which is a very large one. This is not Mgr. Nugent's first visit to Canada by any means. On more than one occasion he has been instrumental in inducing numerous Irish families to emigrate to this country. So far back as thirty years ago he was engaged in his work, and in the terrible famine times about 1880 was especially active. Intending originally to remain for all the proceedings of the association, Mgr. Nugent's plan has been changed by an invitation to be present at the G.A.R. assembly in Buffalo, next week, when Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul will address the gathering.

Jews and Anglicans.

Mr. O. J. Simon has addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he objects to the statement in the Protestant Encyclopaedia that "the conversion of the Jews is also much hindered by the severe persecutions to which Jewish converts are often exposed by their own people." "This statement," says Mr. Simon, "though I exonerate your Grace and your colleagues from any such intention, is absolutely false. I know several persons of Jewish birth who have become Christians in consequence of intermarriage, and in no case am I aware of any persecutions whatever on my part or on that of my Israelites in regard to them. I might add that I know, as your Grace does, of many Protestants who have out off their sons and their daughters for becoming Roman Catholics or Israelites."

"Papa," said young Mrs. Hunker, "what do you please give George and me £2,000?" "What do you want that money for?" "We want to build a £1,000 house."





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THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

Aug. 26—S. Zepherinus. 27—S. Joseph Calasanz. 28—S. Augustine. 29—12th of Pent. 30—S. Rosa of Lima. 31—S. Aidan. Sept. 1—S. Giles, Ab.

By declining the title of Lord Gloucestre Sir Donald Smith has shown his good sense, because he could have no possible right to it. He is to be Lord Mount-Royal, and the Mountcavalors are not likely to object in his case.

A great deal depends on setting a fashion. The present royal visit to Ireland, as was expected, has turned out an agreeable event; and one of its incidental results has been to make it fashionable for the English press to praise Irish scenery and encourage English tourists to cross St. George's Channel.

Farmers who a little while ago were feeling too depressed to think that wheat could ever rise again are now rubbing their eyes in doubt whether or not the dollar a bushel quotation is but the stuff that dreams are made of. It is all true, however, and likely to continue so.

Short crops and famine in the old world must mean prosperity for the agriculturists of this continent, Providence being bountiful towards them. All the latest reports from Canadian points represent a good crop in the Dominion, and adding the good crop to the good price congratulations are in order to the long-suffering agriculturist.

News from India increases in gravity. The insurgent Afriids swarm in the Khyber Pass and have captured and burned a few forts. There are unconfirmed reports of the slaughter of native troops. English newspapers have undertaken to represent the uprising as instigated by the Sultan in retaliation for England's objection to the annexation of Thersaly. Possibly the object of this is to turn attention from the deplorable state of things in the Indian empire. A little while ago the British press was busy representing the Sultan's influence as absolutely nil in India. There is reason to fear that the present trouble may amount to more than a "little war" in the long run.

The Presbyterian Witness rejoices in the knowledge communicated to it a few weeks ago by THE REGISTER that the Catholic Church and Science are inseparable friends. But it regards as a piece of inconsistency with history our statement that they have always been friends. How about Galileo? We invite our Halifax friend to study Father Ryan's lecture published in this issue of THE REGISTER for light upon the peculiar misconception of Protestants, that infallibility applies equally and impartially either to all members of the church or to all utterances of the Popes touching all subjects whatever, such, for instance, as physical science. On the general question we cannot offer our contemporary a better assurance than the words of Pope Leo in his latest encyclical where he says:

"It over an epoch required to ask from science and tradition weapons in defence of Catholic faith, that epoch is assuredly ours, in which the rapid advances made in all branches of civilization frequently furnish the enemies of the Christian faith with occasions for assault. The same forces must be devoted to repel their attack; the ground must be occupied before them and the arms snatched from their hands with which they strive to break every link between God and man. Catholics, thus strengthened in mind and endowed with suitable enlightenment, will be able to show by facts that faith is not only in no wise hostile to science, but is actually its perfection; that, even in points which at first sight appear incompatible or contradictory, it can harmonize and unite so perfectly with philosophy that the lights of both are mutually strengthened more and more; that nature is not the foe, but the companion and handmaid of religion; and, finally, that the inspirations of religion not only enrich all kinds of knowledge, but add strength and life to letters and the other arts."

Political Attitude of Catholic Citizens.

A Toronto evening attachment of the Tory party vehicle has been publishing a series of sensational reports concerning the formation, or proposed formation, of a Catholic League in Ontario. We do not believe that there is any foundation for these reports, and we are inclined to regard their circulation now as being inspired by no real sympathy with those Catholics who have lately been harshly treated by the now Liberal managers of government offices. We have not heard of any responsible or intelligent Catholics who have associated their names so far with a defensive organization of the kind described.

A Dominion Government organ, professing Catholic principles, lately suggested a convention of Catholic Liberals, apparently to help in furthering the aims of a few individual partisans on that side of politics. But the plan found no support and died, we believe, aborning.

The Globe has been writing in the new "national" and "patriotic" strain against the notion of Catholics finding fault with existing political conditions. It is enough, we are told, to make the chief government organ "tired." But it is not selfish in The Globe to make so much of its own feelings of weariness? We presume to say that those Catholic employes of the government who were ousted in order to make room in the public service for fully identified P. P. A.'s feel a great deal more "tired" than The Globe. At all events they have more reason to complain of the peculiar strain of political conditions. Let us call the attention of The Globe to a few particular cases. A partisan commission deprived of their living the following Catholics who were on the staff of the Kingston Penitentiary before the change of the government: William Sullivan, deputy warden; P. O'Donnell, storekeeper; James Devlin, engineer. Charges had been made against these men as well as the warden; and it must have impressed them of course with the principle of "equal rights" upon which the public service is supposed to be run, when the warden was retained in his position because he was an Orangeman having a strong political pull, whilst they were sacrificed to satisfy the virtuous zeal of the government. There were charges against all, and the commission recommended the dismissal of all, the warden standing at the head of the condemned list. Why then the discrimination? Yet The Globe never said in that connection that it was "tired."

There were no charges, false or true, preferred against P. Hurley, caretaker of the dry dock at Kingston. Still he had to walk the plank, and no explanations were offered one way or another. But the end is not yet. Let us continue the Kingston list. Sergeant Loyden and Sergeant Drogan at the Military College were dismissed without charges or explanations being made or offered. Both were first-class officers. William Saunders, gardener at the Royal military College, was also dismissed and a Protestant appointed in his stead. Mr. Saunders was an efficient and thoroughly satisfactory man at the work and no charge was laid against him. We recommend the fired feelings of those individuals to the consideration of the editor of The Globe. There are others. James McGlynn, fishery officer at Wolfe Island, was dismissed for offensive partisanship alleged to have been displayed in June, 1896, although there was no election in that county in that year. A Patron Orangeman was appointed in his place. The civil service law in the United States, a nation which according to The Globe is the home of irreproachable and dishonest politics, declares that no civil servant shall be dismissed from office on account of political or religious belief. The law has been so interpreted by a legal decision in the superior courts, and President McKinley has issued an order to all branches of the service emphasizing the true intent of the law. Does it not make The Globe the least bit tired to reflect that Canada stands in no unfavorable light compared with the United States on account of the corrupt and dishonest management of our civil service after a change of government has taken place?

In spite of the new born "nationalism" and "patriotism" of which The Globe makes a loud boast we are convinced that its professions are just as dishonest as the unfairness of the Liberal government in dealing with Catholics. This patriotic partisan declares:

The safe and just principle is that no man is to be either chosen or rejected on account of his religious faith.

The Globe knows that most of the dismissals mentioned above were ordered on account of religious faith, along with the fact that the nominees of Orangism or P.P.A.-ism coveted the positions.

The Globe also takes occasion to remark:

We do not see what cause Catholics have for being discontented with a Ministry which contains such men as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Senator Scott and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

As for Sir Wilfrid Laurier he is the Premier of this Dominion and the representative of no section or class of the people. The attitude of the Premier, in as far as it must be perfectly free from the suspicion of class influence, was made clear in the person of the late Sir John Thompson, whose views in this regard we think Sir Wilfrid Laurier shares. In the selection of the other members of the Government the principle of representation is always supposed to be followed, not only in Canada but in England. Mr. Fitzpatrick may be a recognized representative of a class; but Senator Scott most emphatically is not. Those who would regard Senator Scott as the representative of the Irish Catholics of Ontario or any other part of Canada are not the people supposed to be represented; and furthermore, if their regard is at all sincere, they must know very little about the Senator's peculiar claim to representative personality.

If Senator Scott were what he poses for he certainly could not have allowed the dismissal of Mr. Daniel McAllister of Cobourg to have gone on without protest. After twenty years in the public service Mr. McAllister was dismissed without excuse or explanation. It was an act of such wanton injustice as to have provoked the indignation of the Liberals as well as the Conservatives in the district. We have in our possession the copy of a petition sent to the Minister of Customs, Mr. Paterson, on this matter and signed by all the representative citizens of Cobourg. This petition declares that:

The people of Cobourg are very indignant at the action of your department in retiring Mr. McAllister on a very small allowance which we know to be an act of great hardship, inasmuch as he has always proved himself to be a trustworthy, diligent, courteous and competent officer and very popular with all sections of our community.

If Mr. McAllister had been a civil servant under the government of the United States, so despised by The Globe, the law would have declared his vested interest in the office, and no politico-religious enemy could have forced the Government to deprive him of his livelihood without the Government being rendered pecuniarily responsible.

We venture to say that neither the Catholics of Ontario, who resent the harsh treatment Mr. McAllister has suffered, nor the leading men of Cobourg who protested against this unjustifiable instance of dismissal for partisan or religious motives ever thought of representing the case to Senator Scott. They would just as soon have thought of talking to the man in the moon or the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway about it. In short if Mr. Scott insists upon posing in the pages of the government organ as the representative of the Irish Catholics of Ontario it will become the duty of a misrepresented people to show the very injudicious position in which the hon. gentleman is placed by the editor of The Globe when such statements are made.

Let it not be supposed that Catholics are clamoring for salaries offices under the Government simply because they are Catholics. Nothing could be farther from the truth and a more deliberate misrepresentation of the facts. What Catholics object to is that they should be driven out of the public service simply because they are Catholics. No matter what plausible face may be put upon the affair the facts stand for the unprincipled motive at the bottom of this discriminating policy, which the Government would seem to have adopted from the P.P.A. Of course the P.P.A.'s were just as loud

shooters for the principle of "equal rights" as The Globe is to-day. But Catholics are not to be shaped into a political wedge like Orangism or P.P.A.-ism without greater provocation than they have so far suffered. They are simply annoyed at the way they are being treated. Under the Conservative Government complaints of unfair treatment were not unheard of, but a profession was then kept up of proportionate share in public recognition. As a consequence, in the postal, excise, customs, military and penitentiary departments, some responsible, though never the best positions, were held by Catholics. In the city of Kingston under the new Government the asylum has come under Liberal regime and as a consequence there is not an office of any value held by a Catholic. This is but an instance of the general tendency. The Liberals are diligently applying themselves to remove from office every Catholic appointed by the Conservatives.

Pope Leo on Education.

The letter which Pope Leo has addressed to the bishops of Austria, Germany and Switzerland, commencing on the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Blessed Peter Canisius, the laborer in the realm of knowledge of that great Jesuit priest, is a most important pronouncement on the Catholic position in education. The entire letter is rather long, and we need quote only those passages in which the Holy Father speaks to the entire Catholic world concerning religious education. He says:

"Now this practical work is in especial evidence in the education of youth, which is a matter of so much importance that it demands the largest share of their energies and care. For this reason, of all others, we strenuously exhort you, venerable brethren, imploring you to watch carefully over the maintenance of the schools in the integrity of the faith, or even, if need be, to restore faith in them, and to lavish your care as well on the schools founded by past generations as on those more recently established, and not only on children's schools, but on those called secondary or academic. As to the other Catholics of your country, they should, even at the cost of the greatest efforts, see that in the instruction of youth the rights of parents, as well as the rights of the Church, be restored and upheld.

"The principal rules to be observed in this matter are as follows:

"In the first place Catholics are not especially for children, to adopt mixed schools, but should have their own schools, and should select for them excellent and well approved teachers. Very perilous is the education in which religion is either vitiated or non-existent, and we see that in schools known as mixed either of these alternatives is frequently realized. Man must not allow himself to be easily persuaded that instruction and piety can be kept separate with impunity. If it is true that no part of life, public or private, can be exempt from the duty of religion, neither is there any age when this duty can be less ignored than that early period when wisdom is lacking, when the mind is free, and when the heart is exposed to so many fascinating causes of corruption. To so organize education as to remove from it all points of contact with religion is to corrupt in the soul the very seeds of beauty and virtue, and to bring up, not defenders for the fatherland, but a pest and a scourge for the human race. suppress God, and what consideration can be alleged to keep young people to their duty or to call them back to it when they have turned aside from the straight path of virtue and are moving downward toward the abysses of vice?"

"In the second place, not only should religion be taught to children at certain hours, but all the rest of the instruction should, as it were, exhalate a perfume of Christian piety. Where this is not the case, where this sacred aroma does not permeate and enlighten the minds of teachers and pupils, instruction, of whatever kind it may be, will produce but little fruit, but will, on the contrary, be often attended by very large inconformities. For almost every science brings with it its own perils which the young cannot escape if their minds and hearts be not held in check by divine restraints. The greatest care must be taken, therefore, that the practice of such essentials as justice and piety be not relegated

to a secondary place; that youth, impressed only by what comes under its eyes, should not be allowed to let its powers of virtue grow feeble; that while teachers are laboriously unfolding before their eyes the elements of some tiresome science, the young should not be permitted to have no care for that true wisdom whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, and to whose precepts they should conform every moment of their lives. Let, then, the transmission of the various branches of human knowledge remain conjoined with the culture of the soul. Let every degree of instruction, in whatever line it may be, be penetrated and animated by religion, and let religion so rule by its majesty and sweetness as to leave, as it were, in the souls of the young a stimulus to well-doing.

"On the other hand, since it has always been the intention of the Church that all kinds of studies should principally subserve the religious formation of youth, it is necessary not only that this branch of instruction should have its place and that this place should be the principal one, but, further, that nobody should exercise such important functions without having been judged fitted therefor by the judgment of the Church and confirmed in their office by religious authority."

Some Scientific Suggestions.

The very great variety of subjects dealt with during the week by the members of the British Association assembled in Toronto preclude the possibility of touching upon the educational influence of the numerous meetings except in the most general and fragmentary way. The public, however, have been deluged with lengthy, but without incomplete, reports of sectional meetings, the effect of which upon the reader of average intelligence was rather confusing than otherwise. It may perhaps be of some use to mention a few important points or suggestions not included in the trackless wastes of type that met the eye every lawful morning during the proceedings of the British Association.

It would be a pity to treat the scientists in the "glad hand" fashion that Toronto has made a custom of towards Christian Endeavorers and all other convention folk, hurrahing around them because they spend money in the city, and dismissing them without regret to admit the next batch of visitors in whose pockets is a surplus of currency.

The British Association came to teach us Canadians many things about our own country we did not know before. The little hand book supplied to the members was in itself sufficient evidence that much remains unknown. The young men and women of Canada have access to a vast supply of material for scientific investigation; and if the British Association had done nothing more than to encourage our young people to practical inquiry into the things of life and death in nature, the gathering here would have been a success from the Canadian point of view. Anyone who has attended either the general or sectional meetings could not fail to have been impressed by the real popularity of all the discussions. A child might understand Prof. Milne's explanation of earthquakes or a bicycle girl feel a glow of interest in something so slow of movement as a worm, when described by Prof. Miall. It would have paid the Ontario Government to fill Prof. Ravenstein's lecture-room with school teachers in order to give them some idea how interesting geography can be made. The same note of popularity prevailed in all the departments, even to Mr. Bryce's elucidation of economics or Sir John Evans' conjectures regarding the wondrous antiquity of man.

This matter of popularity is all the more significant here in Canada where Government printing offices are incessantly turning out volumes upon volumes of blue books and reports professing to deal with our animals, plants, climate, undeveloped resources of mine and forest, and all such common subjects of investigation for amateur and other scientists. Our shelves are loaded down with Government publications; but not one of them possesses a particle of interest on account of the tremendously technical style in which they have been thrown together. Paste and scissors, scissors and paste; and oh for the

touch of the unfortunate tax payer's vanished cash! We are altogether too technical and statistical in these matters, and it is to be hoped that our Governments persevere in producing an annual output of many tons of reports they may be converted at least from the error of wasting so much white paper.

It is the natural consequence of the endeavor to promote the popularity of science that so many of the field naturalists' clubs and philosophical societies in England are composed of working men. With the aid of modern photography and the diffusion of literature in the English language it is not out of the question for any man of common school education to accomplish valuable results in the field of biology or natural history, by devoting some of his spare hours to study and observation. In Canada the Indian and the Indian customs are vanishing from amongst us, and some annual life as well as the opportunity for recording it are going the same road. Popular clubs might indeed turn to the work of science in a hundred different directions.

One remark made by Sir John Evans in his inaugural address is rendered more noteworthy by the present rising of the Afriids in northern India against the Imperial Government. England some considerable time ago learned the error of trying to suppress the religion of conquered peoples by persecution. The Indian Government is now given credit for honest respect for native religious customs, and upon the results of this common sense policy the loyalty and good will of the Afriids have heretofore been relied upon. Now the Afriids are coming down the Khyber Pass in arms, and everyone is asking, 'What is in the air?' The passage in Sir John Evans' address, to which we have alluded, may bear upon the point. Speaking of the establishment of a bureau of ethnology as a department of the Imperial Institute he said:

"I trust that in considering the question it will always be borne in mind that in the relations between civilized and uncivilized nations and races it is of the first importance that the prejudices, and especially the religious or semi-religious and caste prejudices, of the latter should be thoroughly well known to the former. If but a single 'little war' could be avoided in consequence of the knowledge acquired and stored up by the bureau of ethnology preventing such a misunderstanding as might culminate in warfare, the cost of such an institution would quickly be saved.

Sir John Evans is not the first to say that the English do not, and we believe never can, understand their Indian subjects. The result is inconceivable war.

The observation made by Sir John Evans is, in a sense, not entirely inapplicable to Canada. Although there is no question of race prejudice between the people of this country and their neighbors in the United States, the papers on both sides of the border have been breathing a great deal of fire and fury at each other of late. It may become advisable to establish at Washington and Ottawa departments of ethnology to get at the root of the misunderstanding. They clearly want war on the Klondike. It was their thirst for blood and sensational "copy" that called upon Lord Aberdeen to say, after Sir John Evans had finished, that the Canadians truly love the Americans. His Excellency did not include the editors, perhaps, and we had better start the ethnologists upon their track without delay.

More Royalties for Ireland.

The Archduchess Stephanie of Austria proposes to spend a few weeks in Ireland during the autumn, visiting Dublin, Conamara and Killarney among other places. The Archduchess is a very good-natured lady, and evidently inherits her taste for travel from her father, the King of the Belgians, who is rarely at rest in his own country. Her visits to England, owing to the state with which she has to be treated, being the widow of the Crown Prince of Austria, have occasionally caused considerable bother at Court. It was said last year or the year before that when she intimated her intention of spending the regatta week at Cowes it was conveyed to her on the part of the Queen that her presence would be inconvenient, but the Archduchess went all the same.

The Duke Pitts.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Patmole's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For DRUGGISTS AND DISPENSERS. Constitutions these Pills act like charms. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.





Chats with the Children.

CAPTAIN DICK. "I must be the captain," said Dick, "because my papa was a captain in the army, and of course I know more 'bout it than you do."

TREES AND LIGHTNING. (By a Frenchman, Henri de Parville.) It is well known that an isolated tree offers a most dangerous attraction to lightning. In the woods the peril is greatly diminished because the electricity is scattered on all sides, and the great mass of branches and leaves in reality forms a protection.

FARM AND GARDEN. Manure made in summer wastes much faster than it does in winter. The warm weather hastens its decomposition, but it is easy to prevent serious loss by keeping the excrement piled and so covered with earth that no ammonia can escape.

DOMESTIC READING. Reading enriches the memory. It is rare when injustice or slight patiently borne do not leave the heart at the close of the day filled with marvellous peace.

FIRE-FIRE FUN. Mother: "Johnny, why don't you give Ethel the lion's share of the orange, as I told you?" Johnny: "Oh, that's all right, mother; lions don't eat oranges."

Poor Girls. The poorest girls are those not taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class.

Mary Helm in Sunday-School Visitor.

It is best to avoid all isolated trees during a thunder storm.

Through the summer turkeys will not require much food save at night to keep them in the way of coming home.

Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pagant that passes before it.

Magistrate to prisoner: "What are you?" Prisoner: "A dock laborer, yer washup." Constable: "Why, he's scarcely ever out of prison, your worship!"

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It is a long time to look back over twenty years of life, but when the mile posts have been marked by the pains and aches of lumbago, it is indeed a retrospect far from being a pleasant one.

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Hard to Remove

"Habit" is hard to remove. If you take away the first letter, "a bit" is left. If you take off another letter, you still have a "bit" left. While if you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "it" totally away. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

CHAPTER I

Diving deep in the labyrinth of science and philosophy, the earnest student is confronted by the awfulness and majesty of the power who is the fountain head of all that seems so full of mystery to the common understanding of man.

This is the story the lawyer told us as we sat by the table on Christmas Eve and we chatted over the wall-globe and the wine.

On Christmas Eve I always think of George Horton. He is one of the few men that I really love. You know no lawyer sees too much of the "society side" of human nature to have many attachments.

George had the soul of a poet and the brain of a dreamer. Always thinking of the hidden things of nature—always puzzling over the unexplained mysteries that he about on every-day life, he had no fancy for the common or common place, and neither time nor inclination for the idle amusements of our modern youth.

His father was a rich bachelor. He lived in a large house with trained, faithful servants, all under the care of an old English housekeeper. Everything about the place was costly and tasteful, and the garden was a bower of verdure and bloom.

Very early in the morning, while it was yet dark, he conveyed the strange guest to a richly appointed room in the great house and called the old house-keeper, to whom he merely said that this was a long expected patient and one who must have the tenderest care.

The kindly woman took the invalid to her heart and watched over her with loving affection. The room was bright and luxurious, and when Mario opened her eyes in this strange place it was like being in a new life. She remembered absolutely nothing of her past, and was as different from her former self as is the butterfly from the dull brown worm.

While she was the life of George Horton she was simple, serious, quiet in her instincts and thoughts, rarely laughing, and tenderly attached to those about her. Now she seemed gay and lively, her thoughts light and full of childish merriment.

It has been said that the brain is the flower of the body, and in the case of Mario Horton it seemed that out of the dust of the flower which had decayed a new and brighter blossom had come forth.

At first the physician was deeply interested in her as a strange and almost unique case. He studied her in that light, and as he did so his interest grew. It was not strange that he should at length love a patient so winning and one who owed her life to his care.

But he was greatly puzzled when he thought of her past. He did not know her name. He had never seen any one like her. She could not aid him in his search, for she remembered nothing. Perhaps if she had awakened amid familiar surroundings she might have recalled something of her other life. It is true, now and then, when she heard some word, or saw some object that had figured in her past experience, there would come a faint glimmer as though memory struggled to become free. Thus, she did not know her own name, but when Dr. Owens, by chance, spoke the common name, "Mario," she looked up quickly and smiled, as if the word had some pleasant association.

The doctor told his patient nothing of how she had come to him. She understood that she had been ill, and was, for good reasons, under his care, and with this knowledge she seemed content.

Her new nature was so loving and affectionate that she felt happy in the society of one who cared for her so tenderly, and lavished rich stores of gratitude upon him. It was a strange, a mysterious case. The physician was troubled, although delighted with his new found charge. Who was she? Where were her friends? He made cautious inquiries for the man who had brought her to him, and found that he was dead. Within twenty-four hours after leaving the surgery he had succumbed to the cholera, and in the confusion of the period was buried, and the secret of her name was buried with him.

When George Horton lost his wife, when he looked her sweet face for the last time, he felt that, for him, all life was ended. But he knew that he must try to live for his daughter's sake, for the little baby fell entirely to his care. He could not but return to his home, and at once sailed for England, taking the child with him. He left her with some old friends near London, and for a long period wandered over the world a broken-hearted man. Thus it was that Dr. Owens could find no clue to her identity. In the days of the dread epidemic whole cities were depopulated. A panic of fear, as fatal as the disease itself, swept over people, and they rushed out of town into the country, leaving the sick, the old, the helpless, alone to die, or the noble band of physicians, nurses, priests, and Sisters of Charity.

tor was not easily daunted, and in a few minutes was busily and eagerly at work restoring life and reason to the lovely stranger.

The place was well situated for such experiments. The two rooms of the surgery were in the midst of a large square or garden, back of a handsome dwelling house—fitted up with every appliance of modern medical skill, and so arranged as to be absolutely quiet and free from intrusion.

All night the doctor worked with stimulants and electricity and every other aid that might recall the faculties of life. He was untiring in his efforts and at last was rewarded by success. A scolding miracle had been wrought. It was not simply the awakening from sleep of one who had seemed dead, but it was a new life, and an altogether different one. The eyes so blue and beautiful opened upon a world as unknown to her as to the new born babe. He spoke to the woman, but his words conveyed no meaning and the past seemed an absolute blank.

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There were many cases of the revival of sick ones left for dead, and

some of premature interment. No one stayed in town unaccompanied by absolute necessity; and the tragic fate of the young wife and mother was soon forgotten in the midst of a city's sorrow.

Dr. Owens soon became satisfied that if Mario could avoid new scenes she would entirely recover her youthful health and strength, and with her consent he legally adopted his beautiful charge. At once he arranged his affairs, leaving all his papers, books and property of all sorts in my care, and they set sail for the Old World. At this time Mario was like a child, loving, pure and tender—but entirely undisciplined. But under the guidance of a man like Dr. Owens—of high attainment and noble character—she rapidly developed into a splendid woman. Her physique was completely changed. Before delicate and slender, now she was quietly and majestic in form and bearing, while her hair, once light and curly, grew thick and dark and was wrapped in massive braids about her head. In her other life she was shy and liked no other society than that of her husband and baby.

But as the daughter of a celebrated scholar and physician she alone like a star in the social world, and enjoyed herself with all the zest of a light-hearted girl.

They travelled everywhere. Amid the storied lands, where civilization first had its birth—in the wild countries of the North, among the crags and peaks of Switzerland, and their life was a long dream of happiness.

At last they grew tired of wandering, and the doctor proposed that they return home. So, after years of absence, they embarked upon one of the great ocean steamers, and started on a merry voyage to America.

The ship was full of passengers, and among them were two who somehow attracted the attention of the young woman, and fastened upon her thoughtful eyes, and a little girl, who hung about him lovingly, and was doubtless, his daughter. These two were devoted to each other, and inclined to keep to themselves. Mario could not help looking at the child. Her glance followed the little one everywhere—in her walking, and talking and playing. She could not tell what there was about her that was so attractive, and often, as she looked into the bright, blue eyes, her own would fill with tears and a strange pang would seize her heart. She hung tenderly about the child, and in her winning manner soon won the little creature to love her in return. They became absolutely devoted to each other, and the pale-faced father looked on and sighed when he thought that there was something about the pretty new friend that reminded him of his long-lost wife.

When the voyage was almost over a storm arose, and amid the hurry, the agitation, and confusion, the noble ship took fire. Boats were lowered in haste, and the women and children lifted down and placed in them, while the men saved themselves as best they could.

Some clung to spars and planks, and all suffered terribly from terror and exposure.

Dr. Owens caught Mario in one long, loving embrace—and with a silent blessing, passed her down to the boat, now filling with the women and children, and then, going back to his post, worked hard, helping to save the weak and helpless. He was one of the few who remained to the last and gave up their chances to others, and then went bravely down with the ship.

When Mario awoke from a long and death-like swoon, she found herself in the cabin of a large vessel, surrounded by kindly, helping hands. She seemed to know herself as if from a dream. "George, George, where are you?" But no one answered.

"I've been ill? Where is George? Where is the baby?" Strange to say, she asked no question about Dr. Owens. She seemed only surprised that she was not at home with George and the baby. She spoke so strangely and was so perplexed when they questioned her, that the captain decided that the shock had injured her brain.

She was cared for kindly, and when the rescuing vessel reached New York, was taken to an hospital, where her case excited great attention.

Meanwhile, George Horton and his child, who had been hurried into another and a smaller boat, drifted but a short time before they were seen by some fishermen on their way from the Newfoundland banks. They picked up the forlorn creature, and brought them safe to harbor. But it was several days after the arrival of the boat load of women and children that George and his daughter found themselves at last settled in New York, weary, indeed, but thankful for the escape.

George's first thought after caring for his child was to inquire after his fellow-passengers, many of whom he had last seen adrift on broad Atlantic.

He had been in town but a few days when a gentleman called to request an interview. Imagine his astonishment when the messenger informed him that the wife whom he had long mourned was still living, and was over now in the city and eagerly waiting his coming.

When the news of Dr. Owens' death reached town and his ward was brought to the hospital with her mind apparently unstrung, I assumed con-

trol and took her under my care. With a number of loyal brethren to aid me I examined the papers left by Dr. Owens in my hands, and thus the strange story came to light. The doctor, with the thoughtfulness of a scientific student, had carefully written an account of all the circumstances connected with the strange tragedy with Mario, how he had first saved her life and afterwards adopted her.

He mentioned her peculiar mental condition, her utter forgetfulness of the past, how he had vainly sought a clue to her former life, and closed by saying that "no doubt some great stroke of mind or body would awaken the dormant part of her nature, and she would remember once more."

So when the shipwrecked woman perished calling herself "Mrs Horton," and asked for her husband and child, the mystery was explained.

The doctor's prophecy had come to pass. She could not recall the shipwreck, nor any part of her later life, but, strange to say, her early married days seemed but yesterday. I sent a friend to tell the wonderful story to George. For I felt unequal to the task. It was on Christmas Eve when he came to the hospital and found his wife, his long-lost Marie.

I cannot tell you about their meeting. Many seemed to take up her life just where it had broken off and it was impossible for her to realize that she had existed away from George and the baby. It was so long before she could believe that the little girl that she loved so much was her baby grown large.

But George Horton, with his poet nature and his mind prepared by the lofty thoughts in which he delighted, was not surprised at the strange story, for he well knew the truth spoken by the master.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy." This reunited ones have lived happier than many happy years, and on Christmas Eve when the whole world of Christendom is giving thanks for the King, they have double rejoicing over the anniversary of their new life.

Truths Told in a Few Words. A child's respect for its parents is not secured by over-lenientcy any more than by over-severity. A daughter should never seek nor be allowed to "outdress" her mother. In every family the mother should be the best dressed member. The discarded finery of a daughter should never constitute a mother's wardrobe. No one feels especially dignified in the presence of one whose old clothes she is wearing, and a mother should at all times preserve her dignity before her children. The mother who never loses her gentleness will never lose her crown.

Presentable misfortunes consist, chiefly, of manifold things, little to do, but too many things to have done. The man who earns one dollar and spends two, and the man who earns two and spends one, stands on either side of the hair-line between heedlessness and discretion, between ruin and safety.

Parents generally receive that measure of filial respect they deserve—not always, perhaps, but very generally. When a mother allows her daughter to appropriate her wraps, gloves, veils, or other articles of personal attire, she begins a policy of familiarity which sooner or later breeds contempt. A respect for one's belongings engenders a respect for their possessor.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply: "You do—to see L. V."

A mother is to be pitied who is ready to sacrifice herself for her baby. But nature does not even so far deviate as to call for any such sacrifice. On the contrary she usually provides a mother to carefully protect herself and in that way to protect her baby.

The child is the center of the mother's life. In the period when a woman is looking forward to motherhood, the best protection she can give to the tender life which is dependent upon her, is to fortify herself with the health-bringing "Favorite Prescription" prepared by Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and sold by all druggists.

All the dangers of motherhood and most of its pains and discomforts are entirely removed by the use of this "Favorite Prescription." It gives elastic strength and true healthfulness to the special organs and nerve-centers involved in motherhood. This healthful condition is transmitted to the baby both by the improved quality of the mother's milk, and by the direct benefit upon her, is to fortify herself with the health-bringing "Favorite Prescription" prepared by Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and sold by all druggists.

It is a perfect health protector to them both. Another benefit of this "Favorite Prescription" is that it is a scientific, scientific physician for the expert purpose of bringing health and strength to the special feminine organs. No other remedy ever accomplished this purpose so scientifically and effectually.

A more particular description of its remarkable results with a full account of some surprising cures of female difficulties is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book "The Weak and Nervous," which is sent free paper-bound for the mere cost of stamps and mailing—30 cents stamp, or, cloth-bound, for 50 stamps. Address the Doctor as above.

Nobody But Mother. How many buttons are missing to-day? Nobody knows but mother. How many playthings are strewn in her way? Nobody knows but mother. How many thimbles and spoons has she mislaid? Nobody knows but mother. How many buttons on each fat little fist? How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed? Nobody knows but mother. How many muddy shoes all in a row? Nobody knows but mother. How many stockings to darn do you know? Nobody knows but mother. How many little toes to spruce to mend? How many hours of toil must she spend? What is the time when her day's work shall end? Nobody knows but mother. How many cars does a mother-heart know? Nobody knows but mother. How many joys from her mother-love flow? Nobody knows but mother. How many prayers by each little white bed? Nobody knows but mother. How many tears for her babes has she shed? How many kisses for each curly hair? Nobody knows but mother.

IN HIS STEAD. (FROM THE PRUSSIAN.) Lory the blacksmith was plainly out of sorts. Generally, when his work was done, he would throw himself on the bench in front of his cottage, and give himself up to that delicious languor which is the reward of toil and is known only to the active. And he would take a mug of beer with the apprentices before sending them away and shutting up the forge and raking out the ashes.

But to night he did none of these things; on the contrary he remained at work until summoned to his supper, and then he seemed to come reluctantly. His wife watched him with troubled eyes.

"What can be the matter with him? He has not been so lately. Can he have had news that he is afraid to tell me. Can anything be amiss with our boy? But she did not dare to put her conjectures into words, but busied herself accordingly with giving her three fair haired robins their supper.

Presently the blacksmith pushed aside his plate in anger. "Wretches!" he muttered; "cowardly enaaks!" "What has put you in such a temper, Lory?" his wife inquired timidly; then he burst forth and his wrath found vent: "This has put me into a temper," he said fiercely, "to see five or six despicable fellows in French uniforms walking about arm-in-arm with the Bavarians; a few more, I suppose, of those traitors—what is the vile word they use?—to opt for the Prussian nationality, and to think that every day we should have to look on at these false Alsatians coming back and degrading themselves like this. I should like to know who has been standing there for them!"

The wife attempted to say something in their defence. "What can you expect?" she observed deprecatingly. "Poor fellows! it is not altogether their fault either. Just think what a long way off Algeria is. The soldiers get hot—sick out there, and then they can't resist the temptation of coming home, and leaving the army altogether."

The blacksmith brought his huge fist down upon the table with a noise like thunder. "Hold your tongue, wife!" he said fiercely, "what do you women know about these things. You live so much with children that you end by having more sense than a baby. I tell you these men are wretches, renegades, and the basest of cowards. If any Christian were capable of such infamy, I'd run him through the body with my sword, that I would as sure as my name is George Lory and that I have served my time as a French soldier!"

And as he spoke the blacksmith pointed to his disused sabre, which hung up on the wall just above the portrait of his son, a Zouave in the brilliant uniform of his country, at sight of which the old blacksmith grew pacified and even began to laugh.

"A nice fellow I am to get into such a fury! As if our Christian would ever think of becoming a Prussian when he floored so many of them himself during the war!"

And quite restored now to good humor, he went to his pleasant dustbin, the blacksmith cheerfully finished his dinner and went off to finish his usual tankard of ale at the neighboring tavern.

His wife, after putting the three little ones to bed, took her work and began to sew in the garden outside the porch. From time to time she sighed heavily, and thought to herself: "Yes, yes; it is all very well; I dare say they 'are' cowards and sneaks and what not! But, all the same, their mothers are very glad to have them back." She recalled the time when her own boy had been with her before the fatal number was drawn which compelled him to become a soldier. Just at this hour of the day he had been wont to work in the garden. She looked at the well where he used to fill the water-pot; she remembered what a fine fellow he used to look with his fair curly hair,

which was shorn off when he joined his regiment. Suddenly the star-d, the little gate at the head of the garden was opened, the dogs were not making a sound, nevertheless the man who had just come in was creeping along by the wall like a robber. "Well, mother?"

Her son stood before her. It was Christian himself, looking miserable and ashamed in his dishonored uniform. Poor wretch! he had come back with other soldiers, and for the last hour or longer he had been skulking round the house waiting for his father's absence before daring to show himself.

She would have blamed him, but her courage failed her. It was so long since she had seen her boy. And then he gave such good reasons for coming back. He was as home-sick, so tired of his exile, so impatient of the strict discipline, so treated by his fellows, who derided him for his Alsatian accent, and nicknamed him "the Prussian." His mother believed him implicitly, and brought him into the house. The children woke up at the sound of voices, and rushed in with bare patterning feet to welcome their big brother.

They pressed him to eat, but he was not hungry, only thirsty, and he quenched his thirst pretty freely until a stein was heard in the yard outside. "Christian, that's your father's Q. M. get away, until I explain to him." She rushed into a corner behind the great stove and then resumed her needle-work with trembling fingers. As all luck would have it the Zouave cap had been left on the table, and it was the first thing that met the blacksmith's eye as he came in. The mother's white face and air of confusion told the rest of the story. He understood at a glance.

"The boy is 'here'!" he said, and his voice was terrible. He seized his sword and made a rush at the corner where his son was crouching behind the stove; the next instant the mother had flung herself between.

"Lory! for Heaven's sake don't kill! I wrote him to come back, he said you wanted him in the forge." She held back his arm with tears and sobs. The children heard her, and wept with terror in the darkened room. The blacksmith stopped, and looked fixedly at his wife.

"What was it you who made him come back? \* \* \* Very good, let him go up to his room. To-morrow I will see what is to be done." \* \* \* Christian awoke next morning in his own bed after a troubled sleep, broken by perpetual nightmares and groundless panics; the sun was already pouring in through the tiny lattice-windows framed in a garland of thickly flowering hops. Down below the hammers were sounding on the anvil. The mother was kneeling at her bedside. She had been there all night, such was her fear at her husband's indignation. As for him, she had said about the house till daybreak opening and shutting the cupboard, pulling out the drawers, and weeping hot tears of shame and anguish.

When the morning came he went up to his son's room. He was dressed as if for a journey with high leggings, wide-brimmed hat and solid mountain stick. He went straight over to the bed.

"Come! get up!" he said briefly. The young man in confusion reached out his hand for his military garments.

"Not those!" said the father sternly. "But, my dear," said the mother, who had crept up timidly after him, "he has nothing else to put on." "Give him my things then; I shall never see them again." \* \* \* A few days while the young man dressed himself the father carefully folded up the uniform into a parcel, which he brought down stairs without a word of explanation.

Still in ominous silence he led the way to the forge. The bellows were at work, everyone was busily occupied, and as he looked around, the young soldier was overcome by the memories of his childhood and youth, which the sight of the great stove recalled to him.

A great wave of tenderness surged up within him, anaching desire for his father's forgiveness came over him; but when he would have spoken he was met by an inexorable look of severity that paralyzed his speech and froze the words on his lips.

He had the blacksmith broke the silence.

"Lad," he said, "there is the anvil, and the tools and every thing else—it is all yours. And so it is, all the same, nudded, pointing to the little garden now bedded in sunshine. "The livers and the vineyard, and the horse are all yours since you have sacrificed your honor for these things, it is only fair that you should have them—you are now the master here. I am going away, you owe five years still to your country. I shall serve them in your stead."

"Lory, Lory!" said his wife despairingly. "Oh where are you going?"

"Father!" entreated the young man. "Father, let me speak!"

But the blacksmith was already gone, and no outcry would wake him from his head \* \* \* A few days later an elderly man, fifty-five years old, presented himself for enlistment at the depot, and became a soldier in his son's old regiment.



A BISHOP IN THE WILDS.

His Lordship of Peterborough Returns After a Month's Absence in the North.

PETERBOROUGH, Aug. 21.—His Lordship Bishop O'Connor has returned from an episcopal trip to some of the parishes in the northern part of the diocese of Peterborough. The tour was of an official character. He returns with a fine color of health and agility of movement that indicates he has been benefited by his trip. He travelled all day and even at night sometimes. His journey covered a vast territory in the roughest part of the province. He preached here, lectured or addressed a congregation there, blessed churches and inspected schools at other places, and is back to the head of the diocese buoyant in spirit, and prepared with fresh vigor for his work.

The tour began on July 28th, when, accompanied by Mr. John O'Brien, a student for the priesthood, he left Peterborough for Owen Sound. There he took one of the O.P.R. steamers and sailed through beautiful Georgian Bay to Sault Ste. Marie, and thence to Port Arthur. Bishop O'Connor's labors commenced at Port Arthur. In Fort William the Catholic Church has a convent and church, both of which are now structures, the original buildings having been destroyed by fire two years ago. Across the river from the town is an Indian reservation where there is a school and an Indian orphanage, in which the Bishop takes pardonable pride. The orphanage is the home of forty Indian children, who are trained in religion, education and mechanics. To the Bishop the visit to the Indian missions, which number eight, was very interesting. He found the work flourishing, though the labors of the priests were of the most arduous nature. The Indians are Ojibways and are nearly all Catholics. That is the case nearly all along Lake Superior and in Algoma, but in southern Ontario, as his Lordship remarked, the Indians are mostly Protestants. The livelihood of the Indians is obtained principally by fishing in the summer and hunting in the winter. The reserves are many, but the population in each small. The Catholic Indian population is over two thousand. The priests in charge have no easy task. They travel by canoe in summer and in different ways in the winter.

On coming down the O. P. R. from Port Arthur the Bishop had to leave the train and take a 68 mile trip by canoe to Michipicoten. He was accompanied by some Indian canoeists, Mr. O'Brien and a priest, and the trip was one of the experiences that the Bishop will always remember. They had to make several portages, ranging as long as three or four miles. A portage in that part of the country is not to be compared with one in Eastern or Michigan. In Algoma the path is wide enough to walk and no more. The bottom is rock, which one would think had been trodden around carefully to prevent a passage. A thick forest fenced the path off, and several times the bishop got into camp wet to the skin, after a rain the trees and underbrush soon soaked the traveller through. At other times the heat was intense, as it was during the first three weeks of trip. The flies and mosquitoes were abundant. At night the party camped in the best spot available and were away early in the morning again. Nearing the end of the trip the exciting incident occurred and a bear was the cause. The canoe was gliding along a long narrow lake when a bear, black and thin, was espied swimming towards shore. The Indians' hunting spirit was aroused and they started in pursuit. Being without guns the chances of procuring the animal were small, but two of the red men were armed, and proceeded to slay and made wooden arrows while the others the bishop amongst them, prevented the bear from landing, which was a difficult thing as brain shooting fight and they could not risk coming close to his person. The rude weapons did not prove fatal and finally the animal got to shore and ran over the rocks to a berry patch and the party proceeded on their journey, the longest and most tedious of the tour. At an Indian service the Bishop preached in English, his sermon being translated into Ojibway by the priest. The priest always preaches in the Indian tongue, though some of the Indians understand French and English, but they prefer their own tongue. One of the Indian missions, that of Rev. Father Specht, is 460 miles in extent, an indication that the missionary's life is one of toil and hardship. Speaking of the honorable trait of an Indian, his lordship alluded to the fact that Indians trapped in distinct sections of country and never trespass on each other's grounds. The Indians were not increasing in numbers, but were only holding their own. The priest usually said mass about every two months at each reserve and the Indians always turned out well. The schools were fairly well attended, and on the whole the Indian missions were found in an encouraging condition. As an instance of a missionary's life the bishop said that during the winter while the priest was travelling to one of the reserves he frequently slept in a bed in the snow, a blanket being his only covering. The English parishes which his lordship visited are situated on the line of the O. P. R. between Sudbury and Port William, and along the Soo branch

80 miles south west of Sudbury. None of these places are large, being only railroad points, and the priest usually is pastor over half a dozen places. From Sudbury west, Chapleau, Cartor and Schreiber, railway divisional points where the railroad employees reside, are the leading stations. In Balfour and Rayside the principal Catholic settlement is found, there being 250 Catholic families. The land in these townships is good and in Balfour coal was being found. Lunenburg and Biezard, two unorganized townships, further north, were unsettled, but the land promised to be fertile. During the Bishop's absence he confirmed 517 candidates; blessed three new churches—Custer, Blind River and Wahpatoe—erected during the past twelve months, as well as two cemeteries. At every point he visited he was cordially received by the people.

The Bishop thinks the section of country along the O. P. R. will never amount to anything unless there comes a mining boom. The rock is plentiful, but the ferriol land is scarce. The occupation of the land is principally railroading and the little villages are inhabited by them, along with a few business men. Along the Soo line, in or around Wahpatoe and Massey, his Lordship says things are at present dull, the inactivity in lumbering being the cause. The reason is attached to the uncertainty regarding the Government's intention towards the lumber duties to be imposed to meet the action of the American Government through the Dingley Bill. In other years, the Bishop states, traffic was large at this time of year, as men were beginning to move into the lumber camps, but this is not the case this year and the people in the north are certainly depressed, feeling the winter will be hard for the men who usually go into the woods to earn a livelihood.

Bishop O'Connor leaves next month on another trip, which will take him in the parishes between North Bay and Sudbury and those in the upper part of Parry Sound. He will be away for six weeks. The diocese of Peterborough is one of the most extensive in the province, extending from Lake Ontario, through to Lake Superior, and the Bishop's task in supervising these is onerous.

Mayor Bingham Honoured.

OTTAWA, Aug. 24.—Mayor Bingham was invited to preside with the insignia of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, to which he has been admitted by the Pope. The honour is bestowed by his Holiness upon those who have proven themselves zealous sons of the Church and excellent citizens. The title of his Excellency wherever the Pope has temporal power. Chevalier Bingham, as he is now designated, gave his half year's salary as Mayor to the charitable institutions, both Catholic and Protestant, and the last half year's salary is to be divided among the hospitals. He has founded a public square in a hitherto neglected part of the city.

LATEST MARKETS.

FLUCTUATIONS IN WHEAT. New York, Aug. 25.—The wheat market here is somewhat lax. Foreign buyers bought and sold wheat on opening, but sold most. The main cause of the break was the liquidation of long wheat in both markets, higher prices are expected to rule again. The following are the quotations on the New York Produce Exchange to-day, together with the closing prices of the previous day:—

Table with columns: Previous day, Open, High, Low, Close. Rows include Wheat, Sept., Oct., and Chicago, Aug. 25.

Wheat is dull, two loads of hay selling at 88c. New York is nominal at 25c. Hay steady, 16c loading, at \$3 to \$9 a ton. One load of straw sold at \$7 75 a ton. Dressed hog nominal at \$7 25 to \$7 50.

Table with columns: Wheat white, do. red, do. goods, Buckwheat, Oats, Corn, Barley, Hay, Straw, Dressed hogs, Eggs, Butter, do. lbs, do. daisy, do. extra, Turkeys, Potatoes, Spring lamb, Mutton, Beef, do hind, Veal.

All round the market is steady and unchanged. Pumps, per basket, 30c to 50c. Blackberries, per basket, 25c to 30c per crate, 50c. Black currants, per basket, 40c to 50c. Lawton berries, 40c to 50c. Peaches, 75c to 90c per basket. New potatoes, 25c per basket, 40c to 50c per bushel. Watermelons, 20c to 25c each. Tomatoes, 20c to 30c per basket. Cucumbers, 10c to 15c per basket. Lima beans, per pound, 4c. Capasins, white per bushel, 10c. Oatmeal, yellow Danvers and silver skins, 20c to 30c per basket. Peas, 25c to 35c per basket. Apples, per basket, 15c to 35c. Sweet potatoes, per basket, 50c to 60c. Apples, per bushel, 50c to 60c. Currants, per basket, 20c to 30c. Huckleberries, per basket, 8c to 10c; per case, \$1 25 to \$1 50.

Friend (making a call): "You are not looking very robust. Do you enjoy your health?" Mrs. Stay-at-Home (with a sigh): "Indeed I do! But I hardly ever have a chance to."

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