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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IV.—NO. 30

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NATIONAL CONVENTION

Kimberley, South Africa, Appoints its Delegate.

England will have a Great Representation—Hamilton holds a successful meeting—Grand meeting in Toronto—The Freeman's Journal to July 12.

The Freeman's Journal to July 12 takes the most encouraging reports of all over Ireland showing that the city north and south is organizing the great National Convention on October 1.

The Convention will take in the Leinster Hall, Dublin—the largest hall in the city of Dublin—on the 1st and 2nd and 3rd of September.

Great Britain will send a great delegation. All the delegates to the annual Convention of Great Britain are appointed to go to Dublin in a body.

The following circular has been issued to the branches of the Irish organization in Great Britain:

Executive Offices, 40 Victoria street, Westminster, S. W., 10th July, 1896.

ANNUAL I. N. O. B. CONVENTION, 1896.

DEAR SIR—Our annual Convention is to take place this year in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, on Saturday, 5th September.

Saturday, 15th August, will be the latest day for receiving contributions to be included in this year's accounts. It will also be the last day for receiving notices of motion.

The report of the executive, with balance sheet, list of contributions from branches, and notices of motion, shall be issued as early as possible after 15th August.

Circulars shall at the same time be sent to the branches on the usual basis, viz—one delegate for every fifty (or portion of fifty) members' cards taken out from the executive since the last Convention.

THE GREAT CONVENTION OF THE IRISH RACE.

We are now in a position to satisfy the desire of our branches for an outline of this engrossing topic. The Convention will be held at the Leinster Hall, Dublin. It is to begin on Tuesday, 1st September, and is expected to continue for some days.

The representatives allotted to the branches of this organization at the rate of one delegate for every fifty paying members, but less than fifty will not qualify for a delegate.

Separate credentials will therefore be issued by us for the coming Convention. It is hardly necessary to make any effort to arouse your interest in this the most remarkable gathering of the Irish race that has ever taken place.

It will be ever memorable, bringing together as it does from the very ends of the earth the leading men of the Irish race—thus focussing upon the imperishable cause of Ireland the attention of the whole world.

But it is, perhaps, still more memorable for the sake of its coming together—namely the desire to put an end to the cruel discord which for the past six years has so grievously impaired the power of the Irish Parliamentary Party and of our great organization, and has made the cause of our beloved country the sport and the mockery of our enemies.

These considerations cannot fail to powerfully stir the Irishman of Great Britain and we feel confident that every Branch of the I. N. O. B. will vie in the desire to be well represented at this historic Convention.

It is worth remembering that while doing so you will at the same time enable our executive to place before our representative Irishmen of the world our statements of accounts, a creditable record of our great organization, which through good and ill report, in sunshine and storm, has done such splendid work for Ireland since 1873.

Faithfully yours,
T. P. O'CONNOR, President,
JAS. F. X. O'BRIEN, Gen. Sec.

A KIMBERLEY DELEGATE TO DUBLIN.

From the "Diamond Fields Advertiser," June 18th, 1896, Kimberley.

On Monday morning of Irishmen resident in Griqualand West was held at St. Mary's Hall, Curry street, for the purpose of electing a delegate to the conference which will be held in Dublin a few months hence to try and unite the various sections of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Mr. McKenna, J. P., occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance, those were present including Messrs. Mosen Cornwall, J. P., Coghlan, Advocate, Murphy, Sullivan, Murphy, Boyton, Mandy, Invernie, Murray, Kelly, (2), Palmer, O'Sullivan, Lawrie, Vaughan, Broughton, Moloney, Fitzsimons, M'Carthy, Casey, Keoghlan, Savage, Power, Shackleton, Murphy, Molloy, O'Doherty (2), Quado, Daly, O'Mahony, O'Leary, Morris, M'Nally, (2), Donoghue, (Johnsunburg), Varie, Dolanoy, Barrett, O'Toole Nolan, Harrison, Kershaw, Noonan, and O'Connor. Mr. Coghlan acted as hon. sec.

Mr. Boyton called attention to the fact that in addition to Irishmen, there were English, Scotch, and Africans present. So long as the gentleman present recognized that fact he did not object, but he wished the fact to be known.

The chairman said that all who wore of Irish parentage recognized as Irishmen were present.

Mr. Cornwall—Let the Irish born man stand up.

Nearly all present rose, and cheered heartily.

Mr. Cornwall—That settles it. Mr. Coghlan, and that Mr. Mosen Cornwall be elected, and that Mr. Mosen Cornwall be chosen, said the speaker was born in South Africa, but at the same time he was as much an Irishman as any in that room. He considered that those who were there, like himself hadn't been born in the dear old land but had heard from their father's lips the story of Ireland's wrongs, and so had come there to show their sympathy with the Irish cause, the fact was as far as he could remember he had loved Ireland best of all—better even than South Africa. If a man's political faith and religion were those of the majority of Ireland, what did it matter where he was born? (Cheer.) Mr. Freeman regarding the conference and said that in the list of colonies which that paper expect to send delegates South Africa, did not appear but all the same he hoped that not only Kimberley, but Natal, Cape town, and Johannesburg would be represented at the Conference, and he ventured to add that none of them could be better represented than Kimberley would be in Mr. Cornwall.

Mr. Coghlan referred to the many differences which at present divided the Irish Parliamentary Party, and said it behooved South African Irishmen to send good and worthy men to try and bring about unity, for which purpose they should not spare time, energy, or money.

He then turned to the prospects of Ireland becoming self-governing were very bright. To day they were less pleasing, but the thing would come all the same sooner. All they wanted was that Ireland should have the right to legislate for themselves, which the rest of the British Empire has, every land but Ireland. If they sent Mr. Cornwall to represent them, they would at all events try something towards unity once more. He didn't need to say much about Mr. Cornwall. He was known to most of them. No man in South Africa, no man elsewhere he believed, took a greater interest in Ireland or had more loyalty towards her than Mr. Cornwall.

Mr. Coghlan concluded the resolution, and said that the name of Mr. Cornwall was a household word. It would be a tribute of respect to elect Mr. Cornwall, and no man was more deserving of such an honour (cheer).

The speaker then appointed Mr. Cornwall was carried unanimously.

Mr. Cornwall then mounted the platform and was received with immense enthusiasm. He said he felt proud of the honour done him, and he was glad to represent his country (loud cheer).

He hoped to be spared to see a Home Rule Parliament on College green (great cheering), because would come as surely as the rising of the morn's sun (cheer).

He intended to go to the conference on a Dilworth or a Hanly or a M'Carthy but as an Irishman great cheering. He was proud to say that during his twenty-five years experience here he had known Irishmen of all shades of opinion, and he has always tried to do his duty as an Irishman (hear, hear).

He defied any man to say that Mosen Cornwall had ever done a thing unworthy of an Irishman. All Irishmen wanted was the right to make her own laws for her own land, and that the resources of the island could be developed, industries set going and the happiness and prosperity of the people promoted.

Mr. Farrell and Mr. Sullivan referred to instances of Mr. Cornwall's public spirit and private benevolence, and on the proposal of Mr. M'Carthy, a committee, consisting of Messrs. M'Kenna, Coghlan, Mandy, Casey, Dolanoy, Sullivan, M'Carthy, Farrelly, and Moloney, was appointed to draw up a testimonial to Mr. Cornwall.

There was no further business of public interest, and the meeting closed after passing a vote of thanks to the chairman for presiding.

The Diamond Fields Gazette, commenting on the selection of Mr. Cornwall as delegate, says: "The Irishman of Griqualand, West, may be unreservedly congratulated upon their decision to send Mr. Mosen Cornwall to represent them at the conference to be held in Dublin shortly for the purpose of trying to restore unity the Irish Parliamentary Party."

HAMILTON APPOINTS DELEGATES.

HAMILTON, July 17.—Harmony, with a big H, prevailed at the meeting of Irishmen held in St. Lawrence Hall last evening to decide on the steps to be taken to show the feeling of Hamilton Irishmen regarding the proposed movement and also to have the city represented in the Convention of representative Irishmen from all parts of the world, to be held in Dublin on Sept. 1st. There were no ladies present, which was a mistake. On the platform were Rev. Dr. Burns gallantly about was Rev. Father O'Reilly, Brady, Kinchey, Rev. Dr. Burns, Messrs. M. D. Nelligan, J. B. Nelligan, Wm. Magill, James O'Brien, John Rouan, P. J. McBride, James

Shea, M. Foley, A. O'Brien, J. B. Mulvally, M. P. Flann, Rev. Dr. Burns was appointed Chairman and Rev. Father Kinchey acted as Secretary. Rev. Mgr. McEvoy announced that Bishop Dowling was unavoidably detained, but sent his regrets for his inability to be present.

Rev. Dr. Burns made an excellent speech in describing the object of the meeting. At a meeting of leading men of the National Parliamentary party of Ireland, and the Council of the Irish National Federation, held in Dublin on Nov. 14th of last year, the letter of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, suggesting the holding of a convention of Irishmen from all parts of the world, was considered, and the convention decided on a motion to have sent to leading Irish societies in all parts of the United States, Canada and Australia, as well as individual invitations to well-known sympathizers abroad, in the struggle of the Irish people for Home Rule.

It is hoped that the convention will be productive of many suggestions from the ablest legislators of the countries represented, both as to the way in which the present struggle should be pressed and as to the mode of government to be adopted when the movement is crowned with success.

"The intention is," continued the doctor, "to show our friends in Ireland what our free institutions are like, and also the methods of self-government, as practised in Canada, the United States and Australia. Irishmen had made a success of legislation in other countries, and they should be able to do the same in their own country."

The main resolution of the evening was carried by a large majority.

Moved by Rev. Father O'Reilly and seconded by James O'Brien: Whereas we consider self-government to be among the unalienable rights of all peoples, the right to choose their own rulers who shall be responsible to them for legislation and the administration of affairs; who shall live among them sharing in their fortunes and understanding their necessities, and

Whereas, our native land, Ireland, has been deprived of this right for almost a century, being governed by another land, many of her rulers living abroad and drawing millions annually from the sweat and toil of the tenant to enrich a country already suffering from a crushing financial depression, and also having been forced upon the country that a local parliament would have known to be contrary to the genius, the political, religious and social predilections of the people, and calculated only to disappoint, to irritate and alienate, and

Whereas, the desire for self-government has never weakened, much less died out among our countrymen, but on the contrary has grown into an unchanging determination to press its claims; and whereas it is our duty, as a people, to insist on all things else but dress compared with our one great central principle, therefore,

Resolved (1) That we as Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen reaffirm our unchanged conviction, not only in the rights of the people to self-government, but also of the necessity of that principle for the peace and development of the country.

(2) That we urge upon our countrymen at home to stand firm by the rights thereto pressed, without any abatement.

We, in Canada, know the blessing of self-government, and the general satisfaction that flows from it. Each Province attends to its own affairs, and the interference of the general government is neither needed nor sought. Indeed, it would hardly be tolerated in provincial matters. With a population differing in creed, race and politics, we have practical unity and enforced patriotism. A little while ago the whole of the Dominion was one of the empire felt by the death of the Premier of Canada, who was a profound Catholic and, in politics, a Conservative. We have just passed through an election contest which places at the head of our government a man who is avowedly a Frenchman and Catholic, but in politics a Liberal. Yet we have no fears that British authority or religious liberty will be endangered by the accession of Premier Laurier. We rejoice in our liberty and we rejoice in our countrymen at home that they can count on our fullest sympathy and most cordial co-operation, in their heroic and patriotic struggle for Ireland which bids her so closely to the empire.

Speaking to the resolution, Rev. Father O'Reilly said: The English people, through the House of Commons, had already declared for Home Rule, only the opposition of the House of Lords delay it. It is our duty to give the English people had always recognized the nationality of Ireland, but as long as she made laws for Irishmen in what was in reality an alien land those laws would not be properly observed. No man in Ireland would care to see the Government of a loyal to the core, but want to make their own laws. Ireland had suffered much injustice at the hands of her English law-makers. A parliamentary commission, of which Edward Blake, M.P., is a member, has been investigating Irish finances during the past few months, and state in a recent report that they discovered that for the past ninety-five years Ireland had been paying \$15,000,000 annually in excess of her proper share of the cost of maintaining the British army and navy. Yet people wondered that Ireland was impoverished. Irishmen were capable of governing themselves. They showed this the only time they had a chance. In 1895 an Irish Parliament was framed and, although it was two-thirds Catholic, the

first act was one granting civil and religious liberty in the broadest scope of the word. The salaries of the Protestant Bishops were also paid by that Parliament. Ireland was the only country in the world that had never persecuted.

The resolution was carried with a standing vote.

The following resolution was then moved by J. B. Nelligan, seconded by James O'Brien: Whereas we believe that that great boon self-government has been denied to our people, and ready to be appropriated and enjoyed which through intricate dissensions, bigotries and most honorable intentions, men who would have given life itself for their country have been doomed to see the prize recede and appear farther away than ever.

Therefore be it resolved that we entreat our representatives at home to meet their minor differences, their personal or party views on subordinate questions for the sake of the common cause. To us it appears that there should be no north, no south, no east, or west, no Protestant or Catholic, but Irishmen all, home rulers all. Our enemies exist in our divisions and we perpetuate them. Irishmen everywhere deplore them. We indulge in no re-remembrance against the brave men who have differed from each other. We would not magnify the cause of the cleavage between them, but with yearning hearts we would implore them to present an unbroken front, a unanimous voice. Sympathy abroad demands harmony at home; both are necessary to success.

On motion of John Rouan, seconded by M. Foley, the following were appointed delegates: Bishop Dowling, Rev. Dr. Burns, James Shea, Dr. Balfo, Rev. Father O'Reilly and James O'Brien.

Each name was received with applause, and that of Mr. Rouan was added to the list.

On motion of Andrew O'Brien, seconded by W. Flavin, it was decided that, in the event of the delegates being unable to attend the convention at Dublin, then resolution be forwarded or handed to the Toronto delegation or sent to the Hon. Edward Blake, as the voice of the Irishmen of Hamilton.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE POPE.

Interesting letter from Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.

LONDON, July 18.—Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., has given out the following highly interesting letter from Mr. Gladstone, which he received some weeks ago:

Hawarden Castle, Chester, June 8, '96.

DEAR MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.—I thank you very much for your volume on the Pope's Life, which has just reached me, and I have begun to examine it with great interest.

Mr. Gladstone, but I hope not an unfortunate coincidence, it comes to me just at the moment when I have been induced to express in public opinions about the holiness of which I will only say that they are very sincerely entertained. The church of this kind is much more congenial to me than controversial matters.

I continue to watch the course of affairs with deep interest especially as they bear on the fortunes of Ireland, and as the church of this kind is much more congenial to me than controversial matters.

Very faithfully yours,
W. F. GLADSTONE.

St. Peter's Church.

Rev. Father Slewin S. J. preached in St. Peter's Church, Bathurst St. on last Sunday evening. His subject was "The Catholic Church in its glorious past, its struggles and its triumphs. He pointed out its position at the present day, its world-wide extent and its perfect unity. Then he went on to refute the calumny that the church is taking an active part in the progress and progress, and quoted contemporary non-Catholic authorities of distinguished rank to show that the Church has been the best friend of true enlightenment and the jealous encourager of the various branches of art. In support of this position he referred to the many names of Catholics, who whilst devoted children of the Church became under her fostering care the brightest luminaries in the realms of art and science. He also related some of the sermons with several amusing anecdotes of the curious ideas of Catholic practices entertained by many educated non-Catholics and concluded by appealing to this audience to be proud of the grand traditions of the Catholic Church. A fitting sequel to the sermon was an "Ave Maria" sung by Mrs. Ward with a clearness, purity, and sweetness which made her singing such a treat.

St. Paul's Picnic.

St. Paul's annual picnic will be held on the grounds of the House of Providence, August 8th. The committee in charge have made arrangements for an attractive programme. The societies of the parish are all taking an active part in preparing for the picnic. Distinguished visitors have been invited to be present. Already the Hon. M. S. Fitzpatrick of Quebec and Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario, have signified their intention of accepting the invitation of being present. The picnic promises to be a great success.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

E. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch No. 39, Kirkcaldy, the following resolutions of condolence were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to her eternal reward Cora, young sister of our highly esteemed Brother, Joseph Long, be it resolved—that we, the members of Branch No. 39, E. B. A., do extend to Mrs. J. Long and her children, and to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy in the sad loss they have sustained and hope that they may be comforted by the promise of a happy reunion, where there shall be no more parting, and where sorrow shall be no more. Be it further

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Joseph Long, be spread on the minutes of the meeting, and that a copy be sent to the Grand Secretary for publication in the official organ.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to call to her eternal home Mrs. Theresia Guinane, beloved mother of our much esteemed Brothers, William and Patrick Guinane, be it

Resolved—That we, the members of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 39, E. B. A., while bowing with humble submission to the decree of divine Providence, extend to Brother William Guinane our sincerest sympathy in his deep affliction and pray Almighty God to grant them grace to bear their sad loss with true Christian fortitude and submission.

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brothers William and Patrick Guinane, spread on the minutes of it is meeting and sent to the Grand Secretary for insertion in the official organ.
P. E. BROWN, Sec. Sec.
W. LANE, S. T.

Daughters of Erin.

A brilliant, enthusiastic and admirable assemblage of the Daughters of Erin and members of the A. O. H. was held in Temperance Hall on Sunday afternoon, July 14th, for the purpose of being duly summoned for 2.30 p.m., but long before the hour either seating or standing capacity was unable to procure a place on time the esteemed County President of the Daughters of Erin of Ontario, Mrs. J. D. H. O'Leary, stepped on the platform and called the meeting to order, and stated the object of the meeting was for the purpose of forming a Provincial Board of the Daughters of Erin for the protection and guidance of the Society in the Province of Ontario.

The first order of business taken up was the appointing of a committee on the reception of credentials, when the committee retired and investigated the different credentials, returned and reported the various credentials entitled to seats in the convention: Mrs. Burke, Miss Mahony and Miss Grace C. Farrell, of Auxiliary No. 1, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Mrs. F. Mohan, Miss M. Kelly and Miss K. McBride, of Auxiliary No. 2, Toronto; Mrs. J. D. O'Leary, Mrs. J. Brennan and Miss Colgan from Auxiliary No. 2, Toronto; Miss Barry, Miss Gallagher and Miss Croake from Auxiliary No. 1, Toronto; Miss Bigley, Miss McDonald and Miss M. Mahaly from Auxiliary No. 3, Toronto. The County President Miss Kelly then called upon Hugh McCaffrey, Provincial President of the A. O. H., to take the chair and then conducted the election of officers. He was assisted by the County President, Mrs. J. D. H. O'Leary, A. O. H., and Joseph Rutledge, President of Division No. 1, P. W. Falvey, President Division No. 2 and R. J. Taahy, President of Division No. 4. After interesting and also content for the various Provincial divisions the following were declared duly elected: Miss M. Kelly, Provincial President, Toronto; Miss McDonald, Prov. Vice President, Toronto; Miss Grace C. Farrell, Provincial Secretary, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss M. Mahaly, Provincial Treasurer, Toronto. After the officers were duly installed and conducted to their respective seats some very interesting and stirring speeches were delivered by a number of the grand officers and members of the A. O. H., among whom were Provincial President Hugh McCaffrey, Secretary John Falvey, County President W. J. Moore, Joseph Rutledge, Pres. of Div. No. 1; P. W. Falvey, Pres. of Div. No. 2; John D. Taahy, Pres. of Div. No. 3; R. J. Taahy, Pres. of Div. No. 4; Hugh Kelly, Pres. of Div. No. 5; Bros. Patrick Boyle and M. J. Ryan, of Div. No. 2; and M. J. Maddox, of Div. No. 3. Several committees were then appointed on various matters pertaining to the constitution and by-laws. After the committee's reports were received and satisfactorily acted upon, strong resolutions were unanimously passed urging on Provincial President M. Kelly to be more active in organizing an auxiliary of the Daughters of Erin in every county of the Province of Ontario. The Daughters of Erin intend to boom their society in Ontario and as well to help their brethren in the A. O. H.

The Convention decided their next place of meeting to be Niagara Falls, Ont., in 1898, at the call of their Provincial President.

At a late hour the Convention closed its business on a note of good cheer and "God Save Ireland," with Mrs. D. J. O'Leary presiding at the piano.

Mrs. Maureen Laurier, wife of the Premier, is described as a lady who entertains a great deal on account of the social respectability of her husband. She is really does not care for society. She is fond of home and the pleasures of housekeeping. She was educated in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Sherbrooke street, Montreal, and as a school-girl showed a great deal of musical ability. She is a strict Catholic and without a shadow of bigotry in her character.

The Late Mother Joachim.

The community of the Ladies of Loretto has sustained a great sorrow in the death of their dearly loved Mother Joachim Murray, one of the pioneers of the Institute in America. This estimable lady and saintly religious was born in the city of Dublin on April 4, 1829, entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Loretto, Abbey, Rathfriland, August 1st, 1847, made her novitiate at Loretto Convent, Dalky, and pronounced her solemn vows on May 7, 1851. On the same day, generously severing the last link that bound her to her loved country, set sail for America in company with another inmate sister, Sister Rita. She over a year ago celebrated her golden jubilee in God's service, and who still remains to mourn the loss of her faithful companion, whose golden jubilee she had hoped to witness in August, 1897. But God, as if unimportant to reward the generosity of His spouse, called her "home" to receive the crown of "eternal jubilee," with the richly deserved "well done." One who was well acquainted with Mother Joachim says of her: "Never was a heart as sympathetic as that of our beloved mother. She had a new ray of sunshine for every joy and a tear for every sorrow. No one ever left her without receiving the soothing words of sympathy. To the constant stream of visitors, who thronged the little convent chapel to pay their last tribute of love and respect, bore witness to the high esteem and affection in which they held this saintly religious."

Mother Joachim was for many years Superior in Guelp, also in Loretto Convent, 81 Bond street. She also founded Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, in June, 1860.

The funeral took place on Thursday morning. The remains were taken from the convent to St. Michael's cathedral, where a solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated. The celebrant of the Mass was Father Rohde, deacon, Father Bergin, sub-deacon, Father McNulty, organist. The eulogiums was Rev. Dr. Treacy. The priests present in the sanctuary were Father Hand, Father James Walsh, Father Minahan, Father William Meenan, The pall-bearers were Messrs. Egan, J. O'Keefe, C. W. Phelan, Wm. Mounghan, Dr. Guinane, M. Duau, Patrick McCarty. The interment took place in St. Michael's cemetery, R.I.P.

A. O. H. National Convention.

The following Canadian delegates attended the National convention of the A. O. H. in Detroit: Hugh McCaffrey, Toronto; Michael Guerin, Stratford; John Falvey, Toronto; Redmond Keys, Montreal; Patrick Scullion, Quebec; Thomas F. Smith, Quebec; Barry Wall, Quebec. The Toronto delegates have returned home bringing the most satisfactory reports from the convention. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, P. J. O'Connor, (re-elected).
Secretary, James O'Sullivan of Philadelphia.
Treasurer, T. J. Dundon, Columbus (re-elected).
The next convention will be held in Boston.

Among the resolutions passed was the following:

For years the Irish people and their leaders have looked to America for material and moral support in their struggle for liberty, and such support has been freely given. Foremost of all among those who have so generously responded have been members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. We therefore demand of the official representatives of the Irish people in Parliament unity of action and singleness of purpose, the putting aside of all personal animosity, and the putting forward of the presentation of a united and solid front in their demands for the redress of Ireland's wrongs, and we warn all who would put individual私利 before duty to their country that history will hold them responsible for all delays and suffering caused by their ceaseless inaction and want of united effort. We therefore demand of the representatives of our race in Ireland we pledge them our most hearty co-operation and support.

Sad Drowning Accident.

The deepest sorrow fell upon a respected Catholic family on Sunday last when it became known that Edward Ryan, son of Mr. J. J. Ryan, was drowned in the Dou. The sad accident occurred about 3:30 o'clock opposite the boathouse of the Dou Rowing Club, of which William Ryan was a member. The young man was on the boat when a heavy fog set in at 3 o'clock to take a spin in his shell. He had not gone 50 yards when the shell went over. Before a boat was able to reach him Ryan had sunk for the last time, and it was nearly an hour before the body was recovered from the water.

At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the remains were taken from the family residence, 178 Deerness street, to St. Paul's church. The casket was reverently carried to the boat, and a solemn requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father Hand, assisted by Father Cline as deacon, and J. S. McGrath as sub-deacon.

At the conclusion of the impressive service the remains were again borne to the hearse, and the cortege formed to proceed to the cemetery. The attendance of the friends and acquaintances of the dead boy was very large. The Dou Rowing Club was present in full force, and there was a large representation of the Athlone Club. The floral tributes were very numerous. The remains were interred in St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

Northern Farmers' Task of 'No Rent' Manifesto. A somewhat startling story from Tipperary—Pilgrimage to Canterbury.—The Centenary of St. Columba.

In the Belfast Municipal Court on July 2 two prosecutions with regard to refuse heaps were heard. Fines were imposed.

On July 2nd at a meeting of farmers of Ballinacree district, county Antrim, held on the Fair Hill to express an opinion on the Land Bill, several Protestant clergy were present, including Rev. J. Bartly, Rev. M. Gotty, Rev. J. Stuart, Rev. D. Steer, Rev. H. H. McCreedy, Rev. Milner, and Rev. J. R. Bartly.

A farmer 86 years of age named James Ritchie, of Polee, near Ballymena was out in the field looking after some cattle when he was attacked by a young bull, which was running with the cows, and so severely gored that he expired in about an hour afterwards.

At the Belfast Police Court Charles Macaulay was put forward charged with assault. An officer found the prisoner beating a man for all he was worth on the footpath.

On July 5th an alarming fire occurred at the house of Mr. Bartlett, of 829 and 881 Albert Bridge road, Belfast.

The Belfast City Council have advertised for designs for the proposed new city hall, and are apparently determined to proceed with the erection of the new building without delay.

A case of sensational shooting was reported to have occurred at Craigs, Oullshackey, about three and a half miles from Ballymena.

His Grace Dr. Alexander, Protestant Primate, has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Augustine Fitzgerald, D.D., Portadown, to be Dean of St. Patrick's Protestant Cathedral, Armagh.

Mr. John F. Small, coroner for South Armagh, held an inquest touching the death of a man named Laurence Hanratty, aged 49, who had hanged himself in a byre at his own house in Longfield, near Forkhill.

The announcement that his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, would pay his first visit to his native parish of Leighlin was glad tidings to its whole community.

A railway porter named Patrick Garry, in the employment of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, was crushed to death by a train from Dublin at Sydney Parade Station.

An inquest has been held at Vestry Hall, Claring Cross London, concerning the death of Mr. Michael Kehoe, aged 77 years, an independent gentleman, lately residing at 64 Rathmines road, Dublin, who died suddenly at Howard Hotel, Norfolk street, Strand, London.

The hon. secretaries of the Irish Peis Executive Committee are anxious to learn the names of players on the ancient Irish harp and pipes.

A further effort is being made to effect a settlement of the building trade dispute. Some time ago terms agreed upon by the masters were submitted to the carpenters and joiners at an aggregate meeting of the men held in the Mechanics Institute.

Patrick Wilton is charged with having bigamously married Minnie Harington on the 21st of June.

It was unfortunate for the Cork Agricultural Society that the lengthened drought was broken off on the morning of the opening of the annual show. Most complete arrangements

had been made to ensure a successful exhibition, and undoubtedly a record would have been made, but for the miserable weather.

The Norwegian barque Stanley, Capt. Olsen, reports having picked up out of a small boat at seven o'clock on July 21st, forty miles south of Ballycotton, three bodies and two boys who composed the crew of the hutch Katie, of Bideford.

The published facts of the refusal of the Presbyterian Church authorities of Derry to grant the use of the First Presbyterian Meeting house to the Orangemen on the 21st has caused a sensation in Derry.

At the Magherafelt Quarter Sessions before his Honor Judge Owerend, Q.C. Recorder of Derry, a number of objections came on for hearing at the suit of the Drapers' Company against several of their tenants for non-payment of rent varying from three to six years.

At the meeting of the governors of the Asylum Board at Derry a proposal was put on the notice paper, to be moved by Sir Horvey Bruce, Erry Councillor and chairman of the board, that the governors at their next meeting take into consideration the advisability of acquiring the grounds and buildings of Foyle College if they be for sale.

At a representative meeting of farmers of all persuasions held in Rathfriland presided over by Mr. William Anderson, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That as a sale of the landlord's rights in our holdings on fair terms can only be the finish of land legislation, and a termination of the distraction attending upon land bills and litigation seemingly without end, we pray Mr. Balfour may distinguish himself, and rise equal to his present opportunity by introducing into the purchase clauses of his bill such encouragement and inducement to all landlords to sell, and an opening up of such prospects to tenants to buy, as may speedily bring about an end to the otherwise endless strife between landlord and tenant, and an increased interest in the welfare of the Empire at home and abroad."

St. Paul's Church, Episcopalian, Castlewellan, County Down, was broken into by some unknown person or persons. The letters I H S which adorned the communion cloth were torn out, and a brass plate underneath the cloth was torn off.

A serious assault was committed at Lisnaghmalier, near Rathfriland, and in connection with the affair Arthur Downey, of Drumore street, Rathfriland, has been remanded in custody, the life of the injured person, a 14 named Hugh Greenan, being in danger.

Edward Hughes, 42 years of age, water, residing at St. Andrew street, Dublin, was drowned at Blackrock.

A railway porter named Patrick Garry, in the employment of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, was crushed to death by a train from Dublin at Sydney Parade Station.

An occurrence which had all the appearance of a shocking murder, took place in Gloucester lane where a man was found lying in an unconscious condition. The injured man's name was John McKenna, 9 Henrietta lane.

The death has been reported of Captain S. F. O'Donnell of the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, North Tipperary Militia, but serving with the Gold Coast Constabulary for nearly six years.

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Steps are being taken to hold an indignation meeting at Headford, in the direction of Baltimore, on an early day, to protest against the eviction of Mr. Dennis Healy, who, with his family were put out by the sheriff and a party of police on the 21st ult.

A revolting narrative of a painful occurrence by which an old woman, about 65 years, lost her life transpired at a coroner's inquest in Killarney. It appears that the deceased, Mary Sullivan, who resided with a niece of hers at Beaufort, within four miles of Killarney, came out of the house early on the morning of the 24th June, and took her seat at a ditch side.

The owner of the donkey was arrested by Sergeant Russell, of Beaufort. Dennis Healy, a farmer residing at Headford, near Rathmore, and who had been imprisoned for six months in the year 1889 under Mr. Balfour's Crimes Act as hon. sec. of the Bandful Branch of the Irish National League, applied to the Killarney Board of Guardians on Wednesday for relief. The application was refused.

At the Courthouse, Listowel, Mr. Robert Haire, C.E., held an inquiry into the merits from an engineering standpoint of the proposed line of railway between Listowel, Ballylongford, and Tarbert.

Mr. Charles Drummond, an English absentee landlord, and whose agent is Mr. Matthew H. Franks, residing at Wakefield, in the Queen's County, effected a wholesale sweep of the tenants at Knockree, near Killylain.

Mr. Wm. Dowling, Secretary of the Killenny Teachers' Association, has received the following letter from the Bishop of Ossory:—"DEAR SIR: I am glad to have from the above body, through an anonymous and unequivocal acceptance of the address recently given to the teachers of Ireland by the bishops assembled at Maynooth."

Very interesting news coming in the destruction of religious teaching in connection with our National schools, and also at the removal of the only check that renders the National system at all tolerable to the Catholic people of Ireland, have for a long time been in the air.

I feel a considerable degree of pleasure at finding that the National Teachers of this diocese have been the first to wake up and to repudiate a propaganda so dangerous. It is only what I can expect of them, knowing what an estimable, zealous, hard working, religious body they are.

The removal of the rack rents on the large number of the poorest and most industrious of his King's County tenants is receiving confirmation.

A monster land and amnesty meeting held in Ballinamore under the presidency of the Rev. Dominick McCreedy, P.P., V.F. The pronouncements on amnesty were in particular received with the greatest enthusiasm and evidence was not wanting that the Nationalists of Leitrim are as sincere and as anxious about this good cause as their fellow Nationalists of other parts of Ireland.

A Mullingar correspondent states:—"Whilst some laboring men were removing the roof of an old and disused house at Timarstown, about ten miles from Mullingar, they came on an oblong tin box, which they found contained a mouldy and partly discoloured roll of vellum, which was subsequently discovered to be a map of Ulster bearing the date of 1607.

A young man named Isaac Fleming, accidentally met his death driving to Monaghan on Sunday with several other young men. He accidentally fell off the wheel of the car passed over his neck.

A meeting of the Castlereagh Board of Guardians Mr. A. W. Lamphy, J. P., brought under the notice of the guardians a case of extreme destitution in the district of Ballinlough. The family was named Murray, and the mother had had scarcely a meal for a week past, while one of the children had developed symptoms of suicidal mania.

A story of an extraordinary nature has just reached from the district of Four Roads, a few miles from Roscommon. A man named Healy was digging potatoes in a field when suddenly he fell down beside the ditch and lay there apparently unconscious, until some of his friends, wondering at his absence from his dinner, went to the place where they knew he had been working, and were surprised to find him lying beside the ridge evidently in a sound slumber.

We regret to announce the death of Father Morris, a popular clergyman, which took place at the Parochial House, Knockaney. Father Morris was a native of Gortahoe, near Thurles, and brother to the late Father Michael Morris, O.C., Newport, County Tipperary.

An extraordinary and romantic story of an unclaimed fortune is just now the subject of investigation in North Tipperary and quite close to B. x. It appears that just twenty years ago Mrs. Helen Blake, nee Sheridan died testate at Kensington, London.

The balance of the intestate's estate remains in the hands of the Crown, amounting to about £180,000. This intestate, Helen or Nellie, was born in 1800 between Borrisokane and Cloughjordan.

On July 7 the members of the Guild of our Lady of Ransom made their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas (Thomas a Becket) at Canterbury.

The pilgrims assembled at the Church of St. Cathedra, Ely place, Holborn, where Mass was celebrated, and afterwards left the Holborn Viaduct Station by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway for Canterbury.

At various stations en route other pilgrims joined the train, and Canterbury was reached shortly after 11 o'clock.

The Rev. Philip Fletcher, M.A., Master of the Guild, having delivered an appropriate address, the pilgrims proceeded to the cathedral and visited the various parts of the structure associated with the labours and martyrdom of St. Thomas.

Several other churches on other places of interest to Catholics were afterwards visited, and in the afternoon the pilgrims again assembled at the Church of St. Thomas, where a pilgrimage service was held.

Foreman—What have we to do with a monument? What do you want to put up?
Mr. Barry—Last July the jubilee of Archbishop Orok was celebrated, and the people wish to erect a memorial in Cashel to commemorate this ecclesiastical event.

Foreman—Have you a memorial?
Mr. Barry—I am their solicitor.
Foreman—That won't do. If they think their powers insufficient, and that they want our help, they should send a memorial to us.

Scotland.
The Thirtieth Anniversary of St. Columba.
A great deal of attention is being directed at present to the thirtieth anniversary of St. Columba, on June 9, 1897.

At the Convent of Mercy, Tipperary, at the advanced age of 74. Her name was Ann McNamara, and she was a sister to Mr. Thos. McNamara, Corbally, Limerick. Six years last June, she renounced the world to devote herself to the cause on which she has left her imprint of distinguished success. In October, 1861, she founded the Convent in Tipperary, and commenced her devoted labors in the building now occupied by the Christian Brothers, and a year later she transferred the convent to Rosanna, where the community now occupy extensive buildings, including a beautiful church, several day schools, and an industrial school.

The town of Nenagh, the capital of the North Riding of Tipperary, is excited at present with the bustle of preparation for its big bazaar, to be held on the 21st inst. and three following days.

A meeting of Tyrone farmers has passed the following resolution:—"That we can look upon no settlement of the land question as final until the question of dual ownership is abolished.

At Strabane on July 6, Patrick Meenan, of Derry, was charged with leaving, on the 29th June (when the annual sports were being held in the Recreation Park), assaulted and carried off actual bodily harm to one Thomas Mallon.

The horse attached to the mail car at Portlaw, county Waterford, took head, and Mr. E. D. Wyclan, representative of The Chicago Catholic News, was thrown violently to the ground and had a narrow escape from death.

Denis Walsh, aged 23, an ex-army man, who resided about four miles from New Ross, at a place called Roundmoun, on the border of Wexford county, adjoining Carlow, had an altercation with a servant man named Doyle, in the course of which Walsh received the injuries from the results of which he died.

The schooner Active (John Lynch, master), bound from Newport to Oahore Point with coals, reached the harbor of Arklow in distress and sank immediately after crossing the bar.

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At a Glance... Sunlight Soap... and other laundry soaps, but you'll know the difference between the two when you use it because it cleans with Less Labor Greater Comfort... Books for Wrappers.

interest in the matter. At the restoration of the monastery in Scotland the present Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's, who at that time was Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, petitioned the Holy See to allow St. Columba to be constituted the patron of the new diocese, and the petition was granted.

The Rev. Father Murphy, who has lately been transferred from Greenock to Springburn, Glasgow, was the recipient of a handsome presentation from the pupils of St. Laurence's Girls' Schools, Greenock.

The Bishops of Scotland have taken up the question of the extension of Blair College, Aberdeen, the national establishment for the education of priests for the Scottish mission.

A three days' bazaar was held in the Public Hall, Blairgowrie, in aid of the fund for paying off the debt on St. Stephen's new presbytery.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends, there is no occasion for your running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

A Kingston Wedding.
Kingston July 16.—(Special).—A very pretty wedding took place in St. Mary's Cathedral this morning at 10.30 in the presence of an exceedingly large congregation.

The family of the late Mr. Henry Murty, Arbroath, who are about going abroad, have just presented to St. Thomas' church, Arbroath, a new tabernacle and two new side altars as memorials of their deceased father and mother.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.
Guelph Convent and Separate Schools.

A Fine Exhibition of Art from Loreto Convent - The Examination Lists of the Separate Schools.

The Guelph Mercury notes with pleasure and some degree of pride the creditable exhibition of pictures on view during last week on Upper Wyndham street.

The following is a complete catalogue of the whole exhibit: Horse's Head, W. Montgomery; Pansies, Miss Cummins; Onions and Lettuce, E. Reinhardt; Water Color, Miss Passmore; Child's Head, Miss Cummins; Chrysanthemums, E. M. Anderson; Landscape and Waterscape, Miss K. Armstrong; Gipsy, in collodion, Miss Passmore; Fruit, Miss E. M. Anderson; Yellow Roses, Miss K. Armstrong; Horse's Head, Miss Passmore; Flowers, Miss I. C. Winter, Miss K. Armstrong; Gluecose, Miss N. Bernhardt; Fruit, Miss M. Wagner; On the Rhine, Miss G. Flood; Moonlight Scene, Miss B. McQuillan; Fruit, Miss N. Armstrong; Irish Party, Miss M. Ryan; Abbey, Miss Passmore; Winter Scene, Miss Emma Reinhardt; Dessert, Miss Nora Bernhardt; Land and Waterscape, Miss Osborn; Flowers, Miss C. Switzer; Farwell, Miss Anderson; Spotted Beauties, Miss M. Ryan; Vegetables, Miss E. Reinhardt; Winter Scene, Miss B. McQuillan; Child at Prayer, Miss N. Ryan; French Girl Tending Sheep, Miss K. Armstrong; Moonlight Scene, Miss K. Armstrong; Lilies and Autumn Leaves, Miss E. Reinhardt; Flower Pot and Flowers, Miss M. Wagner; Flowers, Miss Osborn; On the Rhine, Miss Osborn; Sweet Peas, Miss Bernhardt; Portrait of a Girl, Miss A. Yearley; The Deaconess from the Cross, Miss Coghlan; Original Sketch, Miss Coghlan; Mill Sketch, Miss A. Yearley; Fruit, Miss Cummins; Marine Painting, Miss K. Armstrong; Portraits in pastel - Dr. Herod, Dr. Pringle, Miss Campbell; Portraits in oil - Miss E. Reinhardt; Portraits in oil - Miss E. Reinhardt; Portraits in oil, Miss B. Cummins; In Suspense, Miss Bernhardt; Niagara by Moonlight, Loreto.

The Separate School examinations are as follows: JUNIOR FIRST TO SENIOR FIRST. William Bickers, Joseph Johnston, James Peary, Joseph McMillan, John Searle, Joseph Costigan, Gerald Hefferman, John Brabson, Joseph Brohman, James Drummond, John Keleher, John O'Halloran, Charles O'Drowski, Joseph O'Flynn, John Smith, George Scario, Edward Norman, John Murphy, Leo McGibbon, Robert Cardy, Walter McGowan, Arthur Brooks, John Binoski, Norman King, William Rafferty, John Henry, John Boyle, William Towell, Andrew Brohman, Frank Arnold, Eric Hazelton.

SENIOR FIRST TO SENIOR SECOND. Charles Steller, John Baliski, James Savage, Joseph Gibson, Stanislaus Burns, George May, Albert Foltz, John Barrow, Joseph Bergin, John McAstocker, Leo Kennedy, James Henry, Martin Weeks, Aloysius Higgins, James Smith, Henry Hazelton, Alexander McGibbon, John Billing, William Coghlan, Wm. Clark, Frank Dugan, John McGuire, Leo Kennedy, Thomas Kennedy, Russell Daly, Joseph Sosnoski, Joseph Koblack, Jeremiah Hurly, John Drumm, monski, Patrick Keleher, Joseph Drohan.

JUNIOR SECOND TO SENIOR SECOND. Henry Hoffmann, Joseph Hegg, Arthur McCabe, Patrick Drohan, Barnell Keleher, Peter O'Drowski, Robert Powell, Henry Bickers, Felix O'Donnell, Joseph Hasson, Robert Lynch, Herbert Oakes, John Dean, James Walsh, James Weeks, Victor Hurly, Edward Mulrooney, Benjamin Tryon.

SENIOR SECOND TO SENIOR THIRD. William Drohan, Daniel Cernichael, Charles Carroll, Antonio Dalo, Richard Carroll, James Sullivan, William Tryon, Samuel Beattie, Leo. Doyle, Robert Drummond, William McAstocker, Austin Lynch, Parrell Keleher, Frank O'Drowski, Lawrence Tracy, Henry Brabson, Austin Hughes, Frederick Foltz, Joseph Flaherty, Richard McGrogan, Augustino Readwin.

JUNIOR THIRD TO SENIOR THIRD. Henry Bickers, Joseph Oakes, Henry Day, Frank Forman, Vincent Lynch, Thomas Welsh, John Steller, Edward Manning, Ignatius Hoban, John Stewart, Stanislaus Foster, John McCann, John Malone, Thomas Readwin, Joseph Sauer, Frank O'Connor, Arthur Savage, Thomas Carroll, Leo McAstocker.

SENIOR THIRD TO SENIOR FOURTH. John Fitzpatrick, Frederick Ehlmann, Hilton Desroches, David McAstocker, James Lingwood, Oscar Wagner, Timothy Keleher, Norman Reinhardt, Frederick Hegg, Vincent McElroy, James Blanchfield, Cornelius Hoffmann, George Walsh.

JUNIOR FOURTH TO SENIOR FOURTH. Frank Hughes, William Hoffmann, Stanislaus Doran, George Wagner, Milton Griffin, Charles Day, Edward Keough, Joseph Birmingham, Charles Bickers, Frank Bickers, Austin Duggan, Austin Kennedy, Hugh Healy, William Beattie, John Oakes, Michael Weeks, Thomas McGunnigle, Edward Foster, Thomas Mulrooney, James Keough, Frank Keleher, Hugh Bruntton.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. FORTY YEAR ANNUITIES.

The underwritten will receive... The amount of the annuity... The first year's annuity... The total amount of annuities to be paid...

SENIOR FIRST TO SENIOR SECOND. Mary Korman, Lily Howe, Grace O'Connor, Mary O'Halloran, Clara Blonk, Mary Kennedy, Rosa Kumpenski, Teresa Walsh, Blanche Oakes, Hattie Tryon, Rosa Cox, Madeline Horn, Annie Kelly.

SENIOR SECOND TO SENIOR THIRD. Marcella Blanchfield, Florence Clark, Agnes Foster, Dolores O'Boyle, Nellie Kennedy, Mary Hurley, Christina Hurley, Marnard Boyd, Ethel Lowry, Nellie Bruntton, Mary Johnson, Ann Smith, Mary McMichael, Rachel Brady, Katie Hurley, Mary Savage, Maggie Drummond.

SENIOR THIRD TO SENIOR FOURTH. Isabella Brohman, Mary Coughlin, Agnes Keleher, Rosa Kumpenski, Hanna Hurley, Rosa Rylo, Regina Foster, Lezlie Johnston, Florence Johnston, Jennie Clarke, Eliza O'Connor, Mary Kennedy, Ellen McCarroll, Jennie Smith, Annie Brabson, Mary Smith, Annie Manning, Blandina Hoban.

REV. FATHER RYAN. Preaches the Opening Sermon before the Catholic Summer School at Plattburgh. The Plattburgh Press contains an account of the opening of the fifth annual session of the Catholic Summer School of America on July 12th by pontifical mass at St. John's church.

SENIOR FIRST TO SENIOR SECOND. Charles Steller, John Baliski, James Savage, Joseph Gibson, Stanislaus Burns, George May, Albert Foltz, John Barrow, Joseph Bergin, John McAstocker, Leo Kennedy, James Henry, Martin Weeks, Aloysius Higgins, James Smith, Henry Hazelton, Alexander McGibbon, John Billing, William Coghlan, Wm. Clark, Frank Dugan, John McGuire, Leo Kennedy, Thomas Kennedy, Russell Daly, Joseph Sosnoski, Joseph Koblack, Jeremiah Hurly, John Drumm, monski, Patrick Keleher, Joseph Drohan.

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Niagara River Line. NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO. FOUR TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, steamer "CHIPPICWA" and "CHICORA" will leave Young Street Wharf... On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, steamer "CHIPPICWA" and "CHICORA" will leave Young Street Wharf...

TRY Robt. Powell, 336 YONGE STREET, GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS, & C. SMOKE THE BEST GOLD POINT AND BOARD OF TRADE 50 CIGARS.

ROYAL CROWN THE KING OF 10c CIGARS. SPILLING BROS., SOLE MANUFACTURERS, 137 JARVIS STREET. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO.

Church Pipe Organs. EDWARD LYE & SONS, TORONTO. SEND FOR LIST OF ORGANS AND TESTIMONIALS. ESTABLISHED 1864.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE - During the month of July 1896, mail is closed and are due as follows: G. T. R. East, G. T. R. West, G. T. R. N. & N., G. T. R. S. & S., G. T. R. C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U. S. West's States.

English mail close on Mondays, and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m. on Saturdays at 11.30 p.m. on first and third Tuesdays at 9.30 p.m.; and on second and fourth Wednesdays at 11.30 p.m. Supplemental mail to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 p.m. The following is the date of the first mail for the month of July: 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 31.

Mr. Billus (looking over the household expense account): "Maris, what does this item for 'church expenses' mean? I have no recollection of paying out any such sum for the support of the church this month." Mrs. Billus: "That was what my Easter bonnet cost, and I think you're as mean as you can be!"

ARTISTS COLORS. Every Art Store has a complete assortment of WINSOR & NEWTON'S colors. These colors are the best in the world and they cannot get along without them. In fact, upon having them, they are low enough in price for any body and always insure happy results.

CEZEMA CURE SWORN TO. Mrs. Ann Richards, 28 Aikman Ave., Hamilton, Ont. had Cezema so badly that she was unable to do any work or sleep with any comfort. Medical attendance failed to cure her. Her system was run down and she gradually grew worse until Ryckman's "Kootenay Cure" entirely drove the disease out of her and she is completely cured of Cezema and is strong and healthy.

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

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

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THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896.

Calendar for the Week. July 23—S. Apollinaris, Bp. and M. 24—S. Vincent de Paul.

The Western Watchman asks the question: "Must the Presidents of the United States, like the rulers of England, be Protestants?"

Although anti-Catholic bigotry helped to give Mr. Bryan the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, our American Catholic exchanges would lead us to think that the Free Silver candidate will receive the great bulk of Catholic support.

The Globe announces the re-organization of the Ontario Government following Sir Oliver Mowat's removal into the Federal sphere.

The National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians met in Detroit on July 4. In the report of the proceedings so far to hand the Convention heard two statements which deserve particular attention.

A great deal of emphatic comment has been heard as to the effect of the Encyclical letter on the Anglican movement towards the Church. Unfriendly critics have hastened to tell Lord Halifax and those associated with him that further looking to Rome is out of the question now.

Our news columns to-day show that the organization of the Irish Race Convention is rapidly proceeding to success all over the world.

The letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Justin McCarthy, published to-day may be read as a sign of the deep interest with which the friends of Ireland, not of Irish blood, are watching all the preparations for the most unique assembly of Irishmen ever held in the history of the world.

Before this issue of THE REGISTER reaches the hands of its readers it is probable that the Canadian cities in which delegates are not yet chosen will have taken action. One thing more remains to be attended to. The various cities should at once come into communication with each other for united action.

The Causeway. Last summer one hundred thousand strangers visited the Causeway, not counting bicyclists and coast road tourists. From these figures it may be predicted that the phylloxera of the syndicate is likely to turn out a very profitable speculation.

The Toronto Week describes itself on its title page as a journal devoted to the encouragement of "politics, literature, science, music, drama and art." The list is misleading and incomplete.

Whether political conditions in Canada are likely to be improved by the declaration of such a narrow and un-patriotic view as the foregoing is a question to be left to the common sense of any politicians who may be readers of The Week.

Another editorial article in the same issue undertakes to deal with the Encyclical letter of the Pope on "Unity of the Church." It does so in a manner that compares quite unfavorably for narrow sectarianism with any comments we have read in the Protestant sectarian papers of Canada, not excepting The Orange Sentinel.

There is a broad distinction between the practical working out of our system of party government and the theory of popular government which The Globe must mean when it tells us that Mr. Laurier has got his direct mandate from the people.

When the day has dawned in Ontario that a party convention will no longer keep back from nomination in any constituency a Roman Catholic, for the sole reason that he is a Roman Catholic, we will throw up our hat with The Globe and say to party organizations: God speed you, the sooner you eliminate all claims of religious classes and creeds the better.

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Catholic Representation.

On Monday The Globe published a reply to THE REGISTER on the question of Catholic representation in the Cabinet. The Liberal Thunder made out a very plausible case. "The Liberal Party," it said "owes its victory to the unbought independent masses of the people, and not to any class creed or corporation."

Let us all hope that for the future we shall hear less of the "Catholic vote" and less of the "Orange vote," but that the politicians shall appeal to the whole people upon the common ground of Canadian citizenship, and that we shall all vote, not for the aggrandizement of any creed or faction, but for a real national policy and the true interest of the commonwealth.

A thoroughly patriotic wish one would feel inclined to say at the first blush. But sober second thought must convince us that the writer only anticipates the millennium and ignores the facts presented to our observation by the institution known as party government.

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A Catholic constituency elects Sir Henry Fry when he is opposed by a Catholic; in Ireland the number of Protestant members returned in Catholic constituencies over Catholics who opposed them has often been remarked. But in Ontario, even where the convention had no other choice than a Catholic nominee we witness the spectacle of the Catholic candidate being followed from post to pillar by opponents a-touted solely by religious hostility to him.

French Evangelization.

Signs are multiplying that the political and religious partisan press of Ontario will sustain indefinitely its triumphal yell over what is called "the revolt against priestly tyranny" in Quebec. These intelligent papers affect to see the triumph over which they shout so loudly in the result of the Dominion elections in Quebec constituencies.

What are the facts? The so-called mandement of the Catholic Bishops told the people to be misled by no party, but to give their support to the candidates pledging themselves to remedy the grievance of the Manitoba Catholics. Immediately there was a grand rush of candidates to take the pledge; and we can say without fear of successful contradiction that the Liberal candidates got there first and pledged themselves so deeply that the Conservatives, even if so inclined, could not excel them.

Amongst all the ridiculous pretensions put forward on account of the way the Quebec vote went, The Presbyterian Review breaks the record. It appears that last year the contributions for the dissemination of Calvinism in Quebec were not up to the spending capacity of the Evangelists.

A second reason for liberality is the hopeful condition of the work as the present time. The work done in past years is now selling on the condition of French Catholic thought. Some part of the surprising result of the recent election is no doubt due to the great half-century of Evangelical effort.

Now we think we can appreciate a joke fairly well; but we would be in favor of drawing the line against the bucco man passing as a humorist. For what is the meaning of the claim The Review makes upon the pockets of the Presbyterians? It is this that political work has been done by the French Evangelization Society; that it has helped to win the French-Canadians over to the Liberal party.

They (the political converts made by the French Evangelization Society in Quebec) are possessed with something of the unbelonging spirit of the French Revolution. This is much to be deplored. Bad as Roman Catholicism is, infidelity is infinitely worse. We may not be able altogether to prevent such an outcome of the present movement.

The words in parenthesis are ours. This is a very remarkable corroboration, coming from such a source, of the prediction declaration made by Mgr. Lafleche to the effect that the political Liberals of Quebec are not to be distinguished from the religious (or irreligious) Liberals of the French Revolution. But even though Mgr. Lafleche and The Presbyterian Review should be right on that point we cannot see how it makes the claim of the Evangelization Society on the private pockets of Ontario Presbyterians any stronger than before.

That is the argument of the Evangelical society is deceiving its patrons from first to last. It has not yet put in evidence one single convert from the Catholic faith to Calvinism. We do not believe it has ever succeeded in proselytizing or preventing the faith of one individual whom it would be worth its while to bring forward and ask a price for. But the money must be extracted somehow; and in order to gain that all important point the society and the Presbyterian papers are driven to the pretence that they are leading the people of Quebec en masse from the true faith to the error of Calvinism via Liberalism and Infidelity.

The Antigonish Casket.

We regret The Antigonish Casket will not admit the impropriety of referring to an individual member of the House of Commons as "a Catholic in name." On the contrary it tries to justify its language by the plea that the object of its attack belonged to a political party that had "engaged in a most bitter warfare against the educational rights of his co-religionists."

Therefore Mr. Laurier, Premier of Canada, is only "a Catholic in name." We contended him, says The Casket, "for the very same reason that we condemned the Liberal leader in Federal politics." Therefore Mr. Laurier, Premier of Canada, is only "a Catholic in name."

It is well to have this point made perfectly clear. We appreciate the allusion of The Casket to the "broad" mind that presides over THE REGISTER. Well, well, we cannot all be as narrow as The Casket. All minds are not fashioned on the plan of a tape line. The natural utility of such minds is, of course, for the measurement of other people's merits and demerits.

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Oh, but he was deflected by the P.P.A.! Yes, it is a wise dispensation of Providence that, as a rule, such bigots do not believe in the sincerity of the Catholic who is willing to sacrifice the interests of his religion for the sake of securing their support.

We will only comment on this by saying we are not impressed by nice assurance regarding the ways of Providence. The Casket undertakes a big contract when it assumes to vilify the ways of God in the operations of the P.P.A.

A Discredited Organization.

In a temperance convention one would naturally look for sober argument and the absence of all violence. If any display of zeal were needed in such an assembly one would expect there one composed and well governed earnestness becoming a good cause. An impossible image of a temperance convention would be a political bar garden. Yet that is the lively description given by an old lady who attended the temperance convention of the Ontario Alliance in this city on Saturday last.

Party politics provoked the row. Sure feelings engendered in the late elections had driven a line of cleavage straight through the Alliance, and broken it into two factions so angrily disposed one towards the other as to make the title of the organization a misnomer. The temperance vote had not gone solid in the Hamilton election. Several gentlemen, lay and clerical, declared that it should have done so.

The treachery of Mr. Ross, it appears, consisted in his having taken the stump against a brother temperance officer, Mr. Buchanan. All the opponents of the Minister of Education professed their single devotion to the temperance party and platform. Rev. Dr. Stone upon their professions, however, when he declared that Mr. Buchanan stood behind Dalton McCarthy. This would show that Mr. Buchanan was not solely allied to the temperance party, but had the P. P. A. on his side as well.

We do not say that there are not sincere men connected with the Alliance. We are very sure there are; but we think the exhibition of temperance ways given at the convention on Saturday last should lessen their number in the organization. As far as the action of Mr. Ross is concerned the practical issue of it was surely not amiss if it defeated the success in Hamilton of the P.P.A.-Patron-Prohibition combination.

Permanent Arbitration.

A speech made last week by Lord Salisbury and a long diplomatic correspondence published from Washington by Secretary Olney, disclose the amount of progress made between Great Britain and the United States towards the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitration. This great object it will be remembered lately received the public commendation of the English, Irish and American Cardinal Archbishops, and had the approval of the Pope. But no one then had cause to think that the diplomatic negotiations had progressed to the point where the sanction of public opinion was desired, or could be invoked, by the governments of the two nations. It is curious to note now how exactly the lines of agreement in Lord Salisbury's and Secretary Olney's notes coincide with the arguments put forward some months ago by the

FARM AND GARDEN.

It is not reasonable to expect a cow which will calve in a month or two to give much milk. In fact, a cow should go dry at least two months before the next calf is expected. This is necessary for the good of the cow and the calf, too, and it is an unusually good milker that will keep on milking to within this time. What good feeding is is not always understood by those keeping cows. A good milking cow is always thin, but when too thin, unless the food is kept up and the milking stopped, the cow will be injured for her coming season. Under the circumstances, the cow doubtless wants better feeding than she is getting, and a mess of scalded bran once a day and two or three quart of oatmeal, with plenty of good hay, will be far better than medicine. It should be remembered that at this season a cow needs more feed than usual to keep her in good condition, and there is no reason to be alarmed if she should be even fat for a cow. It is the thin weak cows, and not the hearty, good-conditioned ones, that have hard times when the calf comes.

When bones are burned the most valuable part of them is lost; this is the nitrogen contained in the gelatine of them. The ash left has, however, all the phosphoric acid of the bones, and this is valuable as far as it goes. The best way to make a bone fertilizer is to put the bones in a pit with quicklime and unleached wood ashes with them in alternate layers, then to wet the whole with enough water to slake the lime; the bones are thus softened so that they may be crushed with the back of a shovel, and with the ashes will make a valuable fertilizer for all crops. It is not desirable, in fact, it is dangerous, for any person not experienced to use acid for reducing bones. The acid is a most dangerous thing to meddle with. Better take the above way.

Soft spot in a cow's tail is a disease of the bone, and is not caused by worm in the tail, as is sometimes thought by those not well taught about these things. It is due to imperfect feeding, for which bran is a good remedy, as the common food may be deficient in bone-making material. Sometimes liming the land has wholly removed the trouble from a farm, as this enriches the grass and other crops in this necessary bone-making material. There is no good done by cutting the tail, except, perhaps, to create nutrition in the part and strengthen it somewhat. The best remedy is to apply some active liniment to do this, rather than make a wound that may not heal readily, and to give plenty of bran to the animals.

It will be a useful thing when the hay is stacked to figure out how much more it costs in this way than to store it in a safe barn or shed. Taking 800 cubic feet of good meadow grass hay as a ton, a shed 20 feet square and 15 feet high will hold ten tons. This is about the weight of the new hay from the field, which will settle down one-fifth. It is a simple matter to build a shed of this size, or a row of them, or a long one to hold the hay safely from the weather, at a cost of not more than \$2 for every ton space. A mere barracks, with open sides, and a roof supported on the four posts, will cost not over \$1 a ton. This will soon be repaid in the saving of hay otherwise spoiled by the exposure to the weather.

We in this country do not begin to realize the full scope for economy in matters of the farm. In the manure, for instance, we not only expose it to the wasteful elements, to the washing of the rain and the drying heat of the sun, and in a few days time lose half or more of its value, but we omit all those economical means of adding to its bulk and value by the use of other waste matters easily saved, and which now go to make the atmosphere impure and imperil health.

The art and practice of making composts are far too much neglected by Canadian farmers, who spend money for fertilizers instead of availing themselves of the ready means of supplying themselves with a much cheaper substitute in the form of weeds and other waste materials that might be gathered and made useful with a little well-spent labor only.

There is much misinformation in regard to the behavior of plaster (sulphate of lime) in the soil when used as fertilizer. It is supposed that it exercises a destructive effect on the ammonia existing in manure or in the soil in decomposing organic matter; that the ammonia evolved from its compounds—chiefly with carbonic acid, as carbonate of ammonia—is lost when it comes in contact with the plaster, and that if plaster is mixed with poultry manure, for instance, the chief value of the manure is lost. It is supposed, too, that it gathers ammonia from the air and fixes it as sulphate of ammonia, changing itself to more carbonate of lime. It is easily seen that these beliefs are conflicting, and that both cannot occur. The truth is, that plaster is a neutral compound of sulphuric acid and lime, and that it is inert, and has neither of these alleged results in the mixtures mentioned.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Mimmo: "The man I marry must be a hero." The Mame: "Yes, indeed." He: "From whom does he inherit his talent in drawing?" She: "From his father. He is an artist." "That man has made a fortune with his voice." "Is he such a fine singer as that?" "No, auctioneer." Miss Flora (in a pair of stupendous sleeves): "How do I look, Ned?" Ned (rapturously): "You're simply unapproachable." "Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him." "Perhaps he was yawning. He may have been trying to say something." Social Philosopher: "Is marriage a failure?" Furniture Man: "Great Scott! No. I made \$300 last year on my baby couches alone." Teacher: "What does the reign of King Charles I. teach us?" Tommie: "Please, sir, not to lose of our heads in moments of excitement, sir." He waxing serious: "Do you believe in the truth of the saying, 'Man proposes, God disposes'?" She (archly): "It depends upon whom man proposes to."

Fish Merchant: "You want a situation as a herring-packer? Have you had any experience?" Applicant: "Yes, sir; for two years I was conductor on a street car." It is said to be a bad habit for a man to put his hands into his pockets, but there is one habit that is much worse, namely, to put his hands into someone else's pockets.

He (admiring a vase of flowers): "Are they not beautiful? Do you know they remind me of you?" She (softly): "But they are artificial." He: "Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."

Patient: "Say, doctor, that's a whopping bill you sent me." Doctor: "I am not in this business for my health." Patient: "No, nor for mine either. I judge, by the way you are working."

"Yes, sir," said the fat gentleman in the too good clothes, "I am a self-made man." "You look it," said the blase individual. And the self-made man is not sure whether he was complimented or not.

"My dear, if I cannot leave the office in time for dinner-to-night, I will send you a note by a messenger." "You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found the note in your overcoat pocket."

When a friend, speaking to Jerrold about an intolerable bore of their acquaintance, asked him if he had read his "Descent into Purgatory?" "His 'Descent into Purgatory,'" said Jerrold. "No; but I should like to see it."

"Why are you for ever humming that air?" Foote asked of a friend who had no sense of tune in him. "Because," replied the other, "it haunts me." "No wonder it haunts you," said Foote; "you have murdered it so often."

The following dialogue is related of Mr. Pope and the Prince of Wales:—"Mr. Pope, you don't love princesses." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love the kings, then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown."

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader. The editor of the country weekly sneered his pen. "Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?" "Ploughing," said the farmer.

Agent: Can't I put a burglar alarm in your house?" Lady: "No; we don't need it." Agent: "But, Lady, I don't; I mean it. The family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen."

"At my last place," said a cook, "I should have been very comfortable if the master hadn't been a photographer." "Why, what difference could that make?" "You see, at the dinner table he used to photograph the joints before they were removed to the kitchen."

Very happy was Sydney Smith's rejoinder to the young lady who remarked, when they were going through the garden, that "she feared she would never be able to bring that pea to perfection." "Permit me, then," said he, taking her by the hand, "to bring perfection to the pea."

Tramp: "Why, this cheese you've given me is all alive, mum." Cook: "Well, some people consider that a luxury. It won't hurt you. Eat it." Tramp: "Oh, no, mum, I ain't going to eat such a rare thing as a luxury. I'll let it trot alongside of me ter keep me company. I'm werry lonely at times, mum."

Two young fellows, seeing a Bishop coming along the street, thought to poke a little irreverent fun at him. "Please sir," said one of them, stopping suddenly as they were passing, "can you tell us the way to Heaven?" "Yes," said the Bishop cheerfully, "first turn to the right and hold straight on."

FREE TO MEN.

Any man who is weak or run down can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure. Address, with stamp, P. O. Smith, P. O. Box 388, London, Ont.

DOMESTIC READING.

We conquer our fate when we submit to it cheerfully.

The mind's health is the best security for that of the body.

The man who pardons too easily often invites injury.—Cornelio.

Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal-tree perfumes the axe which strikes it.

He that possesses a susceptible heart has an inexhaustible fund of sweet emotions.

Show me the man that is a lover of animals, and I will answer for his philanthropy.

In a truly loving heart either jealousy kills love or love kills jealousy.—Paul Bourget.

See Temperance, Exercise, and Virtue as often as you can, and the doctor as seldom as you can.

He who has a spirit of harmony in his nature will exhibit it in every other direction as well as that of music.

It would tire the hands of an angel to write down all the pardons God bestows upon true, penitent believers.

To form an opinion of human nature from a perusal of history is like judging of a fine city by its sewers and cesspools.

The great secret of cheerfulness and content is not to be annoyed by petty thwartings, and not to aspire to unattainable objects.

None are either so miserable or so happy as they are thought, for the mind soon habituates itself to its moral atmosphere, whether rough or gentle.

Hath any wronged thee? Do bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work is begun; pardon it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

Do not love pleasure? Read thy heart, see what sources of delight are found in God Who is goodness, including every sweetness and every joy.—Ven. Louis of Grenada.

To my mind music is an important part of education, where boys have a turn for it. It is a great resource when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point, employs their thoughts.—Cardinal Newman.

Oftentimes, it is true, we find those not of our own kin who fill a brother's or a sister's place in our affection, yet even from these true friends it is well to reserve a few confidences. "Every man must bear his own burden," and it is not necessary to advertise just how large that burden is.

The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me that sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."—Thomas Carlyle.

When one discovers anything more true than what one has known until then, it is clear that it becomes a duty to adopt it. If a man were to remain in a religion for the sole reason that he was born in it, a Jew or a pagan would never become a Christian.—"A Sister's Story," by Mme Craven.

Nothing is more difficult than to reform character, but nothing is so permanent as character when it is reformed. The inner struggle which gives life its tremendous meaning and its dramatic interest is not only to the strong, to the brilliant, to the versatile; it is more often to those who bear patiently with their own weaknesses, and, by patience with themselves, secure the eternal victory.

And this name, Michael ("Who is like God?"), may well be borne with pride by every Christian lad, ready not only to battle for the right, but to honour God with his lips and render to Him the homage of a loving obedience, while the same battle cry, "Who is like God?" is the one to which all the faithful must rally for the defence of the Church and its everlasting and subsistent truth.—Eliza Allen Starr.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it converts itself into conduct. Nay, properly, conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as a speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex among vortices; only by a felt, indubitable certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve around, and so it is often itself into a system. Most true is this, as a wise man teaches us, that the doubt by which a sort cannot be removed except by action. On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart: "Do the duty which lies nearest these," which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "We are selling more of Paronolo's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: 'Paronolo's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has had a troubled winter, severe headache, but these pills have cured her.'"

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE BREWERS SHOULD TO MALTA GO, THE DUKER IS ALL TO GALLY, THE QUAKERS TO THE FRIENDLY ISLES, THE FARRERS TO CHILL, SYMPHONY SHOULD TO THE NEEDLES GO; WE'RE BITTERS TO BRIGADY, G. ARNOLD IS ONLY HONK AT SANDWICH ISLES, WE SAIL FOR BAY OF FUNDY, COOKS, FROM SPITHEAD, ABOUT TO GO TO GREECE; AND WHILE THE MIST WATERS HIS PASSAGE TO THE GALLES COAST, SPODTHRIFTS ARE IN THE STRAITS, THE TABLES BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS; THAT BREAK OUR NIGHTLY REST MIGHT BE SENT OFF TO ITALYON, TO LAYARD OR TO BREST, MUSICIANS HASTEN TO THE SOUND; IMMORTALS TO ROME; AND LET THE RACE OF HYPOCRITES AT GANTON FIND THEIR HOME, LOVERS SHOULD TRY TO LAPE GOOD HOPE, OR CASTLES BUILD IN SPAIN; DOBATORS SHOULD GO TO ON-LO-OWE; OUR SAILORS TO THE MAINE BOLD BACHELORS TO THE UNITED STATES; MAIDS TO THE ISLE OF MAN; THE GARDENER SHOULD TO BOTANY GO; AND SHOE BLACKS TO JAPAN. THIS ALL ARRANGED, AND MISPLACED MEN WOULD THEN NO LONGER VEX US; WHILE ANY NOT PROVIDED FOR SHOULD GO, AT ONCE, TO TEXAS.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN. I will tell you while I can Of an absent-minded man, And an absent-minded man was he Who forgot an unkind word Just as soon as it was heard, Such an absent-minded man was he. In political debate, Now, I can most truly state, Such an absent-minded man was he, His opponent on the street With a hand shake he would greet, Such an absent-minded man was he. Once he left a gooly store At a poor old widow's door, Such an absent-minded man was he; And, although 'twas all the same, Quite forgot to leave his name, Such an absent-minded man was he— You see— Such an absent-minded man was he. —St. Nicholas.

TO PUT AN EGG IN A BOTTLE. An egg in a bottle is a great curiosity to the uninitiated. Soak an egg in strong cider vinegar till the shell softens, and it will bear sufficient pressure to be gently forced lengthwise into a wide mouthed bottle. Pour cold water over the egg repeatedly and it will resume its natural shape and color.

BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES. The little Crown Prince of Germany the oldest son of the Emperor, is although still only a boy, a very imperious boy, and does not forget that some day, perhaps, if he lives, he will be Emperor. His father is wise enough to check this feeling whenever he knows of its cropping up. The other day he had a dispute with his brother, the little Prince Eitel Fritz, in the course of which he boxed his ears several times. Having heard of the occurrence, the Emperor sent for the offender and sternly demanded how he dared treat his brother so? "I am Crown Prince and may box his ears if I like," was the instant reply, "And I am the Kaiser, and therefore I shall box your ears when you are naughty," said Wilhelm II., promptly suiting the action to the word. Which was an excellent lesson for the youngster.

"HOME SWEET HOME." John H. Payne, the author of that touching and immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home," was not only poor in pocket, but a homeless wanderer. In conversation with a friend, he once gave expression to the following remark: "I have often," said he, "have I been in the hotel of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons playing 'Home Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a poor wanderer from my boyhood. My country has ruthlessly turned me from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my daily bread. He had the most exact and beautiful expression of the heart's emotion regarding home, and yet personally he was a stranger to all its tender, loving influences. A wanderer, and some times a vagabond, he has moved the human heart to its very depths by his exquisite lines.

Discontented with his treatment in his own country, and still impelled by his disposition to roam, his only wish was to die in a foreign land and to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. He obtained an appointment as United States consul at Tunis, where he died. We now turn to a period antecedent to the composition of his song. At times he was greatly depressed, and seemed to feel most acutely his utter loneliness. One day a friend called to see him, and, on entering, said: "Low are you to-day, Payne?" "Down-hearted enough; but last night had one of the most glorious visions in a dream that ever met mortal eye."

"Ah, indeed; what was it?" "Well, I will tell you. I suppose you imagine it a scene of vast wealth, of a palace or something else of the kind that man's desires are set upon. It was nothing of the kind. I don't often have dreams, but when I do they greatly impress me. In this dream I was in a home of the most transcendent rural beauty. It was all the poet and painter could imagine. The landscape was composed of gently rolling hills, and sweet, still valleys, with meandering streams. There were flowers and birds, crops, flocks and herds. In the midst of this stood various habitations of men, women, and children, and I heard pleasant voices, laughter, music, and song. "Truly, a beautiful picture of human contentment," said the friend. "The life long imagery of my brain," cried the poet, "of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Ah, how my soul revolved in the picture! But gradually it faded from my sight. It was trans fixed. I strained my eyes to catch its outlines, as they grew fainter and fainter; but at last it had faded. I then looked up, and saw a dark cloud gathering, which grew dark and terrible indeed." "And," said I, "that cloud is significant of my own lot." "As I said these words, I saw traced up on it, in burning letters, these words of the Almighty to another miserable man: 'A fugitive and vagabond shalt thou be on earth.' In terror I recognized my doom, and awoke to find it both a dream and a sad reality."

Lament of the Lay Brother. Iona, O Iona, My days go sad and slow, For 'mid your island meadows I hear no cattle low, I miss the troughs of Korry, The green fields and the kine, And in my brother's chinking I heard no voice of mine— Iona, O Iona! Iona, O Iona, My notes are glad of cheer, But I, the Kerry peasant, Dwell and I lonely here. I send an exile's sighing Across the sounding sea; I would I were in Kerry, Or the kine were here with me: Iona, O Iona, The Saint sleeps well, I trow, Nor dreams that you poor brother's Heartbroke for Ireland now— Heartbroke to be a herd boy And call the cattle fold, And call the cattle homewards Across the darkening mead. Iona, O Iona, All summer swallows atay About your towers; the seaulls To Ireland take their way, And would, I cry with weeping, The seaulls' road were mine— To hear and see the loving, The kind eyes of the kine! Iona, O Iona! —Nora Hopper.

Lloyd Leighton's Wooing. (WILLIAM J. DELANEY, BY CORA EXAMINER. Grace O'Donnell will be home tomorrow. Home at last after four years' absence in that quiet Norman town where she had been finishing her education with the good Sisters of the community of Notre Dame. I have seen her only once in these four years, for failing health confines my longest journeys within the limits of Willow Farm. I have been strangely nervous and excited to-day, since I received my Grace's letter announcing her return on the morrow. I've read her sweet feminine note a dozen times before placing it away in the secret drawer of my desk beside another letter, on which the writing has grown faded and faint, for the hand that traced the characters has long since mouldered into dust; a letter which, in the passionate utterances of a loving, sorrowing, remorseful woman, beseeches forgiveness for what most men would call an unpardonable wrong. To-night in this lonely house on the Willow Farm, the ghosts of a dead past seem to haunt and hold communion with me; and an impulse which I cannot control urges me to write a chapter from my life, although no eye but Grace O'Donnell's will ever read the some, these pages for the first time reveal. In plain language, as best befits a plain man like myself I shall tell that story.

It is just a quarter of a century ago since I returned from the University of Louvain, after a by no means distinguished collegiate course, to settle down to the monotonous, uneventful life of a country gentleman. I was then in my twenty-second year, but even at that early age I had sown the seed of my wild oats, and hopefully looked forward to a life of quiet domestic felicity if I should win Mary Clifford for my wife. Mary was the orphan child of my father's oldest friend, a medical practitioner in one of the midland counties. He had lost the young wife he dearly loved after a short period of connubial bliss, and he himself, shortly after her death, was stricken down with a fever caught in the discharge of his professional duties. Convinced that his illness would end fatally, he sent for my father, and implored him, in the sacred name of a life-long friendship, to give a home to his little girl beneath his roof. The income of Dr. Clifford had never been a large one, and his death would leave his only child penniless and totally unprotected. The promise so eagerly sought was solemnly given, and two days later Mary Clifford was an orphan. Though forty years have passed since then, how vividly I remember the day when the pale and dark-eyed child first entered this room in which I write to-night, clinging timidly to my father's hand. I was in my tenth year then, and five years Mary Clifford's senior. A boy of shy and retiring disposition, I would have resented if I dared, this intrusion of a stranger in our quiet home—and a girl, too, with a mingled feeling of aversion and contempt.

"Lloyd," said my father, as he beckoned me to his side, "I have brought you a little playmate and a sister. Like yourself she is motherless; but your lot is far happier than hers, for her father, too, has been taken from her. She has, therefore, no one to love her—no one but you and me, Lloyd. And now hear me, boy. From this day forth you will not only be her playmate, but her companion and protector also. She has been confided to us as a sacred trust; and if a day should ever come, when I am in my grave, that Mary Clifford in an hour of need should want a friend, I charge you, boy, sacrifice everything—mark me, Lloyd everything, save your own honor to secure her happiness."

He placed her little hand in mine as he spoke and as her eyes met my own, with something of childish entreaty in

What can a boy do and where can a boy stay, If he is always told to get out of the way? He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there, The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired. A boy has no business to ever be tired. The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom On the floor of the darkened and delicate room Are not made to walk on—at least not by boys; The house is no place, anyway, for their noise. Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet, Sent out of our houses, sent into the street, Should step around the corner and pause at the door, Where other boys' feet have paused often before? Should pass through the gateway of glittering light; Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice, And temptingly say: "Here's a place for the boys?" There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere; And if our own homes are too dimly lit air For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet, They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street, 'Mid the glidings of sin and the glitter of vice; And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs. If we fail in providing a place for the boys, A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray, As cares settle down round our short earthly way, Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds, To show we remember their pleasures and needs. Though our soul may be vexed with problems of life, And worn with besetments and toiling and strife, Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine— If we give them a place in their innermost shrine; And to life's latest hour 't will be one of our joys That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys. —Boston Transcript.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—DO NOT, SO FAR AS KNOWN, EXIST. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, cures a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

their glance, I gave that promise, which, as God helped me, I remembered to the end.

My almost unconquerable dislike for the society of other children was quickly dispelled by the winsome, winning ways of little Mary Clifford. My father's house-keeper a woman of superior attainments, became her governess; but she soon learned to come to me for help in her lessons, and for sympathy, in all her childish sorrows. Before she was a month beneath our roof she had become, indeed, my playmate and constant companion in all my boyish sports. A quiet, thoughtful child, gray beyond her years, she seemed to love solitude, and make rapid progress in her studies. But at any moment she would joyfully throw her books aside to accompany me to the river for a morning's fishing, or to the woods behind the house on a bird-nesting expedition. It has been said, with truth, that while youth lives in the future, old age exists in the past; and I could linger for hours now among the memories of those childhood days. But it must not be.

In my seventeenth year I left my home to enter the Belgian college I have already named, as a student, and how bitterly I felt the parting with Mary Clifford. I remained five years abroad before I again returned to Ireland, for it was my father's wish that I should spend each succeeding vacation in travelling through the country in endeavoring to acquire a general knowledge of the methods of Flemish farming. Those five years of my student life were not the least happy of my existence; but as the period of my college course was drawing to a close, how impatiently I looked forward to a meeting with my former playmate. The picture of Mary Clifford as I had last seen her, remained through all those years, photographed on my memory. A dark-eyed, dark-browed and somewhat untidy little girl, whose unruly curls had shaded her tear-stained face, as she gave violent expression to her feelings on the morning of my parting, and sobbed out her sorrow in my arms, as if her very heart would break.

I had anticipated the date of my expected arrival home by a day or two, I believe, and therefore no vehicle awaited me at the little station where my journey by rail terminated. Avoiding the ordinary road I chose a narrower pathway that led more directly to the Willow Farm. A walk of half an hour through meadows fragrant with the breath of the new-mown hay, through cornfields where the full-eared golden grain awaited the sickle of the reaper, and I was at home. The hall door, as was usual, lay hospitably open, and unnoticed I entered the house. Let me confess, it was with an accelerated action of the heart that I turned the handle of the door, and passed into the quaintly furnished old-fashioned parlour. I had prepared this surprise for Mary Clifford's consummate mistress I argued, who, with slight preparation to sustain a role rarely fails to hide her real feelings, when it is not her one to "wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at." Entering on her presence unexpectedly, Mary Clifford was taken at a disadvantage, and by some apparently trivial sign, a heightened color on her cheeks, a tremor in the intonation of her voice, perhaps, I might discover with what feelings she remembered me. As I closed the door behind me, a young girl entered the open French window from the garden, and pausing abruptly, regarded me earnestly for a moment. Could I believe the evidences of my startled senses? Had the little girl with whom I had parted five years ago ripened into the promise of such a glorious womanhood? Was this tall and stately and beautiful girl who stood before me, with a smile upon the sweetly mobile mouth, and a slender hand stretched out to greet me, the Mary Clifford whom I had known?

"We did not expect you until Thursday, Lloyd," she said quietly, "and my father is at the fair of T—but I am glad to be the first to welcome you home."

"Mary," I said, "Mary can this be you?"

"It would be strange if you doubted my identity," she said meaningly. The perfect composure, the sang froid of her manner annoyed me. Her imperturbability was in striking contrast with my own nervous excitement. This unobtrusive idea, which I thought suddenly would effectually turn the tables on Mary. By a rapid motion I seized her in my arms, and before she could resist, I pressed a dozen kisses on her lips and cheeks and brow. With an effort she released herself from my embraces. Her face was crimsoned with blushes, and although I thought a smile still lurked around the corners of her mouth, her voice was grave almost to severity as she said:

"Mr. Leighton, you may have acquired the intellectual culture of a scholar in the University of Louvain, but I fear you have not learned the manners of a gentleman."

The days passed on, and the knowledge had already dawned upon me that I loved Mary Clifford. How could it be otherwise, living as I did in the closest intimacy with a refined and lovely girl, whose every thought and every word was womanly. Was there ever yet a young fellow of two and twenty who believed in that stupendous aliam called Estatico love? Such an intimacy as existed between Mary and me could only result in a passion warmer than friendship or a feeling born of indifference. A frosty platitude I admit, but in its very triteness lies its application.

After the lapse of many years, how well I remember the day when I revealed the secret of my love to Mary Clifford, and asked her to be my wife. It was an evening late in October, and down among the willows by the river-side. The keen air and a brisk walk from T—had brought the color to the pale olive complexion which she had inherited from her Castilian mother, and never had I seen her look more lovely. It was not in the stilted phrases which a modern novelist puts into the mouth of a lover, but with a plainness which suited me best, that I spoke to Mary. It may be that she was not unprepared for the avowal. She looked with girlish frankness in my eyes, and placing her hands trustingly into mine she said: "If you wish it, Lloyd—if you are willing to take me with all my faults and imperfections, I will try and be a good wife to you."

And that was all. A very prosaic wooing, no doubt; but, my God, what a full tide of happiness surged upon my heart as I pressed the betrothal kiss on the lips of my affianced wife. "That night I told my father all," Lloyd, he said, "it has been my hope for many years to see you and Mary united, and congratulate you, for the man who succeeded in winning the affections of my darling little girl, may, indeed, be envied."

And it was arranged that we should be married in the following spring. Early in December business of some importance with my father's lawyer brought me to Dublin. I was detained in the city a much longer period than I anticipated, or, indeed, desired, for with the anxiety of a lover, I counted the hours until I would be back again at the Willow Farm with Mary. What puppets mortals are in the hands of destiny. On the morning of my last day in town, I was walking rather aimlessly down Graston street, when an arm was thrust within my own, and a familiar voice exclaimed: "Good day, Leighton, a maiden aunt left me two hundred pounds. I immediately left college determined to see life as you, and I often dreamed of seeing it. I spent the summer in that delightful Val d'Arno we had often read of, scribbling sonnets to every Italian girl whose face or figure chanced to catch my fancy, and for the rest enjoying the dolce far niente so grateful to a lazy beggar of a poet. In winter I formed acquaintance with one Baron Von Fingerstrait and the blue-eyed, fair-haired fraulein, his daughter. My days were impartially divided between the pair. In the mornings the Baron obligingly initiated me into the mysteries of ecarte, and in the evenings the charming, amiable Caterine gave me lessons in the conjugation of German verbs—a beginning and ending with 'Ich liebe.'"

"I got through half my inheritance before I escaped from Baden, and now here I am on a farewell visit to this dear, delightful Dublin before I leave the haunts of civilization behind me forever. In a week I depart for the backwoods of Canada to begin life anew as a frontiersman."

"Well, O'Donnell, you will remember the promise you made me long ago to visit the Willow Farm. Come and spend the Christmas with us."

"Agreed; and now you will be my guest for the remainder of the day. A dinner at the Shelbourne, a visit to the Jude's. That's the programme, old man."

That Christmas at the Willow Farm was the pleasantest I can remember in all my life. Aubrey O'Donnell would have been a welcome addition to any family circle. He possessed a useful voice, and was a capital raconteur, while his high animal spirits and unflagging good humor were positively infectious. His visit had been prolonged to a month, and my father, with whom he had become a great favorite, resolutely pressed him to spend the summer with us; but Aubrey resolutely refused. He was impatient, he told us, to begin his new life on the Western Continent.

On the evening before his departure he rode into L— to bid farewell to the dispensary doctor, whose acquaintance he had formed at the Willow Farm. "We shall be very lonely when Aubrey leaves," my father remarked in the course of the evening. "Do you not think, Mary, you could induce him to remain until after your wedding even?"

"I think not, sir," was Mary's answer, "and, indeed, I believe he is wise in his resolve no longer to fetter away his time in idleness here. When a young man has his way to make in the world the sooner he tucks up his sleeves to the work the better for himself."

We had waited long beyond our usual dinner hour for Aubrey, who promised us when leaving that morning that nothing would detain him in T—more than a couple of hours. The night had already fallen, and still he had not returned. "There is no use in waiting longer, and letting the dinner spoil, if it isn't spoiled already," my father said. "Prosy old Dr. Kerr has held fast to the poor boy, and is boring him for the last time with some of his infernal crochets about evolution and the origin of species."

We had just taken our places at the table when a man servant, pale and agitated, entered the room. He approached my father, and in a voice little above a whisper, said: "There was an accident, sir, I am sorry to say, Mr. O'Donnell—"

My father started from his seat in a state of excitement as he exclaimed: "What of him—what accident has befallen him?"

"He was thrown from his horse at the lodge gate below, and I'm afraid he's badly injured. They're bringing him up the avenue now."

My father rushed from the room, bare-headed as he was, and I turned to where Mary sat. She had grown very pale, but sought to hide her agitation under an outward show of calmness, which, it was evident to me, she was far from feeling.

"Mary," I said, "Our poor friend, Aubrey, may not be seriously hurt; but as they are likely to bring him in here, had you not better retire to your own room. I shall immediately ride into T—for Dr. Kerr."

"No, no, Lloyd," she answered somewhat impatiently. "Do you think a woman must necessarily be a coward in such an emergency as this. Surely I may be of some use in attending on the sufferer."

There was a shuffling of feet in the hall as she spoke, the door was opened by my father, and four farm laborers bore the unconscious form of Aubrey O'Donnell into the room. They laid him gently on the sofa, and my father, who possessed some little skill in such matters, proceeded to make a hasty examination as to the nature and locality of his injuries.

"Is he dead, do you think, Lloyd?" Mary whispered, in a voice that trembled despite her effort to control it. "He looks so pale and still."

My father overheard her question, and answered quickly, "No, no, Mary, his heart still beats; but I fear he is badly injured, Lloyd, you had better go at once for Dr. Kerr; and do not let the grass grow under your horse's hoofs."

Within an hour I returned, accompanied by the doctor. By the use of restoratives, Aubrey had been brought back to consciousness, but he was still suffering great pain. "From the extent of the stroke, the doctor expressed the opinion that the injuries he had sustained were severe, but not dangerous. A displaced shoulder, and fractured rib would, however, hold him a prisoner in the house for many days to come."

As Mary Clifford nursed the patient through his illness, they spent of necessity much time in each others society. The spring work on the farm kept me out of doors from early morning until the dinner hour; and it was only in the evenings I had a chance of seeing either. A change had come over the girl, which, as the days passed on, became more and more apparent. She had grown pale and thinner, and seemed to have altogether lost her spirits. The sweet melody of her voice was no longer heard in the house, and she had lost all interest in pursuits which had formerly filled up the measure of her duties and enjoyments. I spoke to her once regarding my fears of her health; but she told me those fears were altogether groundless. Unsatisfied with this assurance, I pressed her to consult a doctor, and she answered me almost impatiently. "No, no, Lloyd, there is no necessity. My spirits are not the best of late, I admit; but with the coming of spring flowers, you will see me myself again. Under her care, Aubrey O'Donnell had rapidly recovered strength, and was already making preparations for his departure, when a telegram from my father's lawyer one morning suddenly summoned me to Dublin. I would just have time to walk over to the railway station to catch the mid-day train, and as the day was a particularly fine one I decided not to bother with a car to take me over. At the lodge gate I met Mary, who had been out for a morning walk, and was aware of the messages that called me away from home. Her face flushed suddenly when I told her, and as she quickly pale. A frightened look stole into her eyes, and a shiver ran through her frame, as I placed my arm round her waist and drew her gently to me.

"This is our last parting, Mary," I said. "In another month you will be all my own. I wish we could induce Aubrey to remain until after our marriage."

To my surprise she was weeping—weeping bitterly in my arms; and the memory of the day five years before, when on that very spot I held her a sobbing little girl to my breast, came back with tender recollection to me.

"O, Lloyd, Lloyd," she exclaimed, "I am not worthy to be your wife."

"My poor child, you are growing quite nervous, and I shall insist on your seeing Dr. Kerr when I return."

I pressed a kiss upon her lips and said good by. Mary had always been chary of her caresses; but now, with an impulse of tenderness which was not usual with her, she returned the kiss.

"Good by, dear Lloyd, and may Heaven guard you."

Though many years have passed away, the memory of that parting with my affianced wife has never faded from my memory. Even now as I write these lines I can, in fancy, see her as she stood there at the gate, wearing a last farewell before, at a turning of the road, I was lost to her sight.

On the evening following I returned from Dublin, and somewhat to my astonishment, my father was awaiting me at the railway station. His manner was unusually grave as he caught my hand; and the fear that he was the bearer of evil tidings, made my voice unsteady, as I asked, "Is there anything wrong, sir, is Mary ill?"

His eyes flashed angrily as I asked the question, and thrusting his hand within my arm, he said in sharp, stern tones, "I brought no car over. We will walk home, I want to talk to you."

"For God's sake, tell me, sir, is Mary ill?"

"I wish she were dead," he exclaimed, and his voice trembled with the passion he could not suppress. "I wish she had died before she came beneath my roof, dissembling, hypocritical wretch. 'My poor boy,' he continued, in a calmer voice, as he marked the look of seared amazement on my face, 'I have had news for you. I know, Lloyd, there are sorrows in life for which there is no anodyne in the pharmacy of philosophy, yet

I interrupted impatiently. "What is your news, sir? What of Mary?"

"My son, my son, your betrothed wife, Mary Clifford, has died with your dear friend, Aubrey O'Donnell."

"Mary died with Aubrey O'Donnell," I echoed hoarsely. The hedgerows were swinging before my eyes. As a drowning man will hear the sound of surging waters in his ears, so I heard my father's voice, but his words to me were meaningless. We had reached the lodge gates before I could fully realize the bitter truth that Mary Clifford was lost to me for ever. 'Twas here I parted with her yesterday. Her kiss gave me even while she mediated her flight with Aubrey O'Donnell.

Here is a letter for you, directed in her hand-writing," my father said as he entered the parlour, and placing the missive in my hand, mechanically stretched forth to receive it, he quietly left the room, and I was alone.

I broke the seal of Mary Clifford's letter, and read the story of a sweetheart's treason and the treachery of a friend. It was the confession of her love for Aubrey O'Donnell—a love which overmastered reason, she confessed; and tempted her to repay all the love which had been lavished on her since her childhood by ingratitude too base for the hope of forgiveness on this side of the grave.

A week later I received a Dublin newspaper containing a brief announcement of her marriage with Aubrey O'Donnell.

Two years passed, and I was alone in this old house of the Willow Farm. My father died after a brief illness, six months after Mary Clifford's flight. Never once, from the day she left our house, did he mention her name to me. It would seem as if he had blotted every remembrance of the girl he loved with a paternal affection from his memory. But I knew he thought of her constantly, and felt her desertion with a bitterness that soured the milk of human kindness in his breast. I knew how keenly he felt the disappointment to his most cherished hope on the very eve of its fruition.

Well, two years had passed, and one gloomy evening in March I was seated in this room musing, as some men will, on the vain regrets which add a poignancy to sorrow—thinking of Aubrey O'Donnell's wife, of whom I had never heard since I read the announcement of her marriage. To distract my thoughts with another channel I took up at haphazard one of a dozen newspapers lying on the desk beside me. It was an old copy of the London Times, and almost the first lines which met my eyes was the following short notice in the obituary column: "On Dec. 19th, at 4 Cambridge Grove, London, Aubrey O'Donnell, aged 24."

The paper fell from my trembling hands, and may heaven forgive me if my first feeling was a mad joy that Mary was again free; but the next moment my conscience smote me with a sense of my own baseness. She had lost the husband she so passionately loved; and the grief of

the young widowed wife had thrilled my being with a selfish exultation. She was friendless, amongst strangers in a strange land; and then flashed on my memory the promise I had made my father when I first beheld her: "If, in an hour of need, she should ever want a friend, I would sacrifice everything to secure her happiness."

Two days later I rang the bell at the door of No. 1 Cambridge Grove. A grave, elderly woman answered the summons, and, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that Mrs O'Donnell still resided in the house.

"The poor lady has been ailing since a month before her husband's death, and saw no visitors," she told me; but upon my assurance that I was a very old friend of Mrs O'Donnell's she consented to bring up my car, and ushered me into a sitting-room to await Mary's answer.

Five minutes later the door opened softly, and Mary O'Donnell and I stood face to face.

If I had ever entertained a feeling of bitterness towards the woman who had jilted me, it would have been dissipated as I gazed on the pinched and pallid face, that retained little traces of its former beauty. In a moment her hands were clasped in mine, as she said:

"Oh, Lloyd, you have come at last, when I was almost despairing of seeing your face again."

"It was only by the merest accident I saw the announcement of Aubrey's—of your husband's—death, and thus learned where you resided."

"But we lived here from the time we came to London, as the three letters I wrote to your father should have informed you. How I waited and waited for one word of forgiveness, Lloyd—the word of forgiveness that never came."

Then she had written; and my father had concealed all knowledge of her letters from me. Truly he was relentless in his anger.

"Tis he who needs forgiveness now, Mary. He is dead."

The next moment I regretted that I had so abruptly broken the sad intelligence to her.

"Dead!" she repeated in a faint voice, as she sank to a seat, and covered her face with her hands. The heaving of her bosom told me of her agitation, and when she spoke again her voice trembled with emotion.

"Dead! My guardian, benefactor, father, dead, without a word of forgiveness from his lips!"

"Mary," I whispered, as I took a seat beside her, "believe me, he had no anger toward you in his heart on his death-bed. He always loved you, as if, indeed, you were his own child."

Before I left Mary that evening, I learned the story of her brief married life from her own lips. Aubrey O'Donnell had brought his young wife to London to spend the honeymoon. Always imprudent and reckless in money matters, what remained to him of his fortune quickly melted from his hands; and when his pockets had dwindled to shillings, he turned to literature as a means of earning a livelihood, with a light heart. London embraced a wide field for men of brains and education, he argued. "To be sure it was the city where Goldsmith drugged for booksellers, and Otway died from starvation; but times had changed since then, and fame and fortune might be won by the man of talent, who believed with Richelieu, 'there is no such word as fail.'"

And so Aubrey O'Donnell wrote articles and stories and poems for various magazines, and poor Mary, who had unbending faith in her husband's abilities, could not conceal her contempt for the mental stupidity or aberration of editors, when his manuscripts were returned to him with the ominous words, "Declined with thanks, or as suitable."

I afterwards learned from some Bohemian friends of Aubrey O'Donnell, that repeated failures and disappointments drove him to excesses; but his wife was silent about his follies. Well, let us think charitably of those poor wayward sons of genius, who, if they err much, suffer more, it may be, than other mortals for their sins.

Success, however, came to the struggling litterateur, but when it was too late. A novel he had written in those days when despair had fastened on his heart, had been accepted by one of the leading magazines; but the letter that brought the welcome intelligence found him on a sick bed, delirious from brain fever. And the end soon came. Ten days later he was laid to rest in the quiet cemetery of Kensal Green.

As I looked into Mary's eyes she told me that mournful story of her husband's last illness and death, I knew as well as if she revealed the truth to me herself, that all her earthly love was buried in the lowly grave she visited every day. And yet not all. There was something left to her still to love. The baby girl twelve-month old, which later that night she placed in my arms—a pink and white morsel of humanity, that showed a chubby little fist between my eyes as I attempted to kiss her.

"I called her Grace because it was your mother's name," was Mary's simple remark.

No persuasion of mine could induce Mary to return to Ireland.

"With the exception of a week's visit to the Willow Farm, I spent the whole of the weary summer months that followed in London. I now know that the foreknowledge of approaching death haunted Mary at the time, although she bravely strove to hide the bitter knowledge from me. Doctors the most eminent in their profession were consulted with the forlorn hope that their skill might conquer her insidious disease, but only to hear the one verdict repeated. All earthly aid was unavailing to prolong her life. When the yellow autumn leaves were scattered on the roadside, the only woman I had ever loved was lying on the bed of death.

In the twilight of an evening in October I was seated by her couch, and the little Grace was sleeping calmly at her side.

"Lloyd," she said in a feeble voice, "have you truly forgiven me the wrong I once did you? It was a bitter wrong—but, oh, my best of friends, the temptation was greater than I could struggle with."

How often she had spoken to me like this before; and the Alpha and Omega of her plea, in extenuation of her flight with Aubrey O'Donnell was even the same. She was a woman and she loved him.

"Before I die, dear Lloyd, say that you forgive me, and have forgiven him."

"My darling, my darling, the heart that loved you through a lifetime had no room for bitterness towards you and him."

"Lloyd," she murmured, after a painful silence of some duration, "your father took me, when I was a little child, to his heart and home. Will his son not take the little one who will be motherless before the light of another day, and—and love her for my sake?"

I can write no more. In the grey dawn of the following morning Mary O'Donnell breathed her last. We laid her beside her husband in Kensal Green; and I was, indeed, alone in the world with the little girl she had left in my keeping.

"That little girl has grown into a woman now, and to-morrow, for one sweet moment, I shall hold her in my arms as I welcome her back to the Willow Farm; and some day in the future she will learn the secret of my lonely life when she reads this story of 'Lloyd Leighton's Wooing.'"

LOST FORTY POUNDS.

AN ILLNESS THAT ALMOST CARRIED AWAY AN ONLY CHILD.

She Suffered Terribly From Pains in Back, and Was Unable to Get About Her Feet—Almost Deprived of Her Recovery—How It Was Brought About.

From the Axtor Chronicle.

Perhaps there is no better known man in Axtor and vicinity than Mr. Martin Brennan, who has resided in the town for over a quarter of a century, and has taken a foremost part in many a political campaign in North Lanark. A reporter of the Chronicle called at his residence not long ago and was made at home at once. During a general conversation Mr. Brennan gave the particulars of a remarkable cure in his family. He said: "My daughter, Eleanor Elizabeth, who is now 14 years of age, was taken very ill in the summer of 1892 with back trouble, rheumatism and heart disease. She also became terribly nervous and could not sleep. We sent for a doctor and he gave her a medicine which seemed to help her for a time, but she continued to lose in flesh until she was terribly reduced. When first taken ill she weighed one hundred, but became reduced to sixty pounds, losing forty pounds in the course of a few months. For about two years she continued in this condition, her health in a most delicate state, and we had very little hope of her ever getting better. Our friends, who were all well, were entirely shattered when she was taken with a second attack far more serious than the first. This second attack took place about two years after the first. We were fully made up our minds that she could not live, but when she was taken ill there is hope, and, seeing constantly in the newspapers the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we decided to give them a trial. Before she had finished the first box we noticed that she was slightly improving, and by the time she had used the second box, a decided improvement had taken place. By the time she had used four boxes more she had regained her former weight of one hundred pounds and was as well as ever she had been in her life. Her back trouble, heart affection, rheumatism and sleeplessness had all disappeared. She now enjoys the best health, but still continues to take an occasional pill when she feels a little unwell, and she passes away. Mrs. Brennan, together with the young lady who is an only child, were present during the recital, and all were loud in their praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Brennan stated that he had used the pills himself and believing that there was no other medicine like them for building up a weakened system or driving away ahead of all other medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have effected cures where all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LATEST MARKETS.

Wheat—The offerings of wheat are smaller, there is a better inquiry from the millers and the market is steadier. Care of red and white sold north and west at 63c and 63c; new wheat is quoted outside at 63c to 61c. Old spring wheat sold, delivered at a mill outside at 60c. Manitoba wheat is steady, a 6,000 bush lot of No. 1 hard sold at 60c to-day. Midland No. 2 hard is quoted there at 60c. No. 1 hard is quoted about Fort William at 63c, at the Toronto and west, and 67c, Montreal freight.

Butter—The demand holds slow and only the most choice lines show any rapid movement. Any stuff the least bit off condition has to be disposed of at a sacrifice price. We have 100 lbs. of choice creamery butter, 10 to 12c; low grade dairy tubs, 6c to 7c; choice large rolls, 10c to 12c; dairy pound prints, 13c to 14c; fresh made creamery tubs, 14c to 15c; creamery pound prints, 15c to 16c.

At the auction mart on the Millway wharf there was quite a lively sale and good prices were realized. There were sold 200 cases of fancy Illinois tomatoes, 150 boxes of California Bartlett pears, 50 boxes of fancy plums, 100 boxes of peaches, 35 barrels of pineapples, 100 cases of fancy Minnesota lemons, 200 barrels of new potatoes, a quantity of buckberries, and a lot of other stuff. Huckleberries were plentiful at the Scott street market, and were lower in price, selling at 15c to 17c per basket.

MONTREAL MARKETS. MONTREAL, July 20.—Grain—Oats are firm at 20c; peas, per 60 lb. afloat, 24c to 25c; oats, No. 2 white, in store, 20c; barley, 44c to 45c; buckwheat, per 37 lb., 37c.

Buffalo Markets. East Buffalo, July 20.—Cattle—162 cars through, 104 cars on sale; market light and quiet; half fat mediums and good heavy export steers, slow and shade lower; best heavy export steers, \$4.30 to \$4.45; good heavy shipping steers, \$4.25 to \$4.35; good butchers' and medium, \$3.90 to \$4.20; half fat mediums, \$3.85 to \$4.10; fair to choice fat heifers, \$3.50 to \$4.10; good fat cows, \$3.50 to \$3.75; fat bulls, \$2.75 to \$3.30; steers and feeders, active and 10c higher; stockers, \$2.50 to \$2.75; fancy, \$2.90 to \$3.35; feeders, \$2.90 to \$3.40; fresh cows and springers, \$3.00 to \$3.45; veals, steady, \$4.00 to \$4.25.

THE ALE AND PORTER

JOHN LABATT, LONDON. CAN. MEDAL AND HIGHEST PRIZES AWARDED ON THIS CONTINENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893.

TORONTO: James Good & Co. Yonge Street. MONTREAL: P. L. N. Beaudry, 127 E. Lorimer Ave. QUEBEC: N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul Street.

Wines, Lignors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO. MARSALA ALTAR WINE. SAULIER'S PERFECTED SANCTUARY OIL.

HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King St. West, Toronto. Concert Grands Uprights Baby Grands Transposing.

WASH FABRICS. An enormous purchase—a million and a half yards—of wash goods in very newest designs, and some of the daintiest effects ever shown in Toronto, to be cleared at half and one-third regular prices.

NEW NECK THINGS. As soon as they are produced you get a sight of them here. We don't know a better way to keep you up to date.

M. J. CROTTIE, 344 Yonge St. LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY. HEADQUARTERS: 256 Queen Street West, Opp. Fire Hall.

WEDDING CAKES. ARE AS GOOD AS THE BEST MEAN AND THE BEST MATERIALS CAN MAKE THEM. WE SHIP THEM BY EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION. SAFE ARRIVAL GUARANTEED.

THE ROBT. SIMPSON CO. LTD. S. W. COR. 170-2-4-6-8 1 and 3 YONGE AND YONGE QUEEN STS. QUESN STS. STREET. WEST.

ICE CREAM. Delivered to any part of the city. Healthful and Delicious. Fruit Flavors.

NASMITH'S. 51 KING ST. EAST. MONUMENTS. D. MONTGOMERY & SONS. Manufacturers and Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments.

PLUMBERS' AND WIPEING SOLDER. HARRIS. 25 to 31 WILLIAM STREET. TELERPHONE 1729.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Recovered hearing. Zurich, Kas. Sept. 15, '94. I gave Father Koening's Nerve Tonic to a boy 9 years old who had lost his hearing the consequence of a severe cold. He had been 2 bottles. He was again able to hear and talk, although the doctor had pronounced him deaf. He is now in all respects well.

Heart Disease and Sleeplessness. Mrs. J. B. Vorholt. My wife suffered from heart disease and sleeplessness for several years. I procured for her a bottle of Koening's Nerve Tonic and she was cured.

FREE. A valuable booklet on Nerve Tonic. Koening Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle. 6 for \$5. IN TORONTO BY LYMAN BROS.

JAMIESON'S. Men's White Flannel Trousers. Only \$1.25. They were never intended to sell for less than \$2 and \$2.25.

Men's Fine Outing Coats. Only \$1.75. All English importations for this season. There are white flannels, the newest cutting patterns, and the lightest things in neat stripe and check tweeds.

Men's Finest Cashmere Vests. 99 Cents. Regular \$1.75, \$2. and \$2.50 vests and you have your pick of all the different patterns.

Men's and Boys' Straw Headwear. 5 Cents Up. The boys' straw saleros start at 5 cents. They're the kind that have been 25 cents.

Philip Jamieson, Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts. Successful Candidates. The following are the successful candidates at the entrance examination.

Among those from a distance who were present to pay their last tributes of respect to the deceased we noticed: Ex-Mayor McLanahan, John Chisholm Postmaster Masson, Captain John Simpson, and Mr. J. O. Miller.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parnell's Pills the best medicine for these diseases."

Do La Salle Institute—St. Mary's School—C. McQuillan, C. Zeagman, J. Prindle, H. Cannon, J. Henry, St. Patrick's—F. O'Grady, J. O'Grady, P. Hoffmann, D. O'Donoghue.

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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WE shall be pleased to forward Catalogues on application, if goods required are mentioned, and should you require anything in the music line, whether in...

St. Michael's College. (An Affiliation with Toronto University.) Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

COLLEGE MONTREAL DAME. COTTED-ROSE, MONTREAL, CAN. This institution, directed by the Basilian Fathers, has 114 boys, occupies one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in Canada.

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St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, ONT. Thorough Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses—\$141 per annum; covers all necessary expenses except books.

PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter, erected by the New York Filter Co.

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