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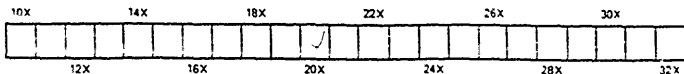
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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTHIM. The foundation stone of the Dub- Wolfe Tone monument was un-

DONEGAL. A number of wells in the neighbour-

DUBLIN. Hitherto the house in which Wolfe

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, Founder of the Society of United Irishmen

He died in Ireland In the Provost's Prison, Arbour Hill, on the 19th November, 1798.

This Tablet was erected by the Ninety-Eighth Centenary Committee.

After being for a considerable period in indifferent health the esteemed and venerated pastor of Newcastle West,

ENGLAND. DEATH OF MRS. WARD. Memories of the Oxford Movement

caslon of a grand demonstration by numbers of Canadian friends and admirers

A CATHOLIC MUSICIAN. The Catholics of Wales are such an unjustifiable body numerically that it is gratifying to find that a well-known

SCOTLAND. THE PRESS AND THE POPE'S LETTER. On the whole, the Protestant press of Scotland commences favourably on Pope

Convention at Loretto Abbey. On Tuesday last began the most instructive and interesting convention at Loretto

LIMERICK. After being for a considerable period in indifferent health the esteemed and venerated pastor of Newcastle West,

ENGLAND. DEATH OF MRS. WARD. Memories of the Oxford Movement

the country affords, for increasing the efficiency of the teachers—efficiency that has been clearly shown by the unparalleled success which has attended

The Late Sergeant-Major Somers. It is our painful task to record, in this issue of THE REGISTER, the death of an old and valued son of the Emerald Is-

Yielding much against his will to the advice of his physicians, Mr. Somers

These Three Kidneys. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills helped kidneys to do the work they must do in you to be a healthy man or woman.

The Redemption of Achill. Achill Island is now quite redeemed from loneliness. It had not a telegraph station.

A BREADED DISEASE. Here People are Tortured by the Pangs of Rheumatism Than by Any Other Cause—There is a Cure for It.

Mr. Richard Dixon, of Lower Beighton, in the West of Scotland, has been one of the most successful of the best known farmers of Caerleon county, N. B.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by making new blood and invigorating the nerves, but you must get the genuine, always put up in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

A Story of South African Life.

(Catholic Magazine).

Justina Erasmus sat half-way down the stony, sloping dam-wall. She rested her elbow on her raised knees and her chin in the hollow of her hand, and from under the broad brim of her print sun-bonnet her eyes looked out with a strange, intent gaze.

The ground, which everywhere else was low and sandy, here in the neighbourhood of the tents had been trodden down so as to form a hard, smooth surface. This was dampened and swept every day, and everything, both inside and outside, was kept scrupulously clean.

The people living here belonged to that strange nomadic race which in some parts of the country forms so large a proportion of our "Poor Whites."

In the "Great Karoo," where the rainfall is anything but adequate to the requirements of the district, where the rivers are flooded torrents for a week and dry, sandy beds between high banks for the rest of the year, the importance of a reliable method of obtaining a supply of water can hardly be over-estimated. The reliable method has yet to be discovered.

Scores of men pursue the calling of "dam-tracker," moving from farm to farm in search of work, making new dams and repairing old ones, staying on some for two or three years at a time. For the work is paid by the amount done and not by the time taken; the dam-makers are supplied by the farmers who employ them; and when they have settled in a place that suits them they are in no hurry to finish and move on.

One of the chief characteristics of these people is that they are never in a hurry. They are irresponsible, bovine creatures, content in the present, learning no experience from the past, and leaving the future to the work they do. It matters not to them whether the season be good or bad, whether South Africa be ruled by the English or the Dutch.

And so they plod on, content in their humble calling, and rarely or never rising above it. Hundreds of children grow up without knowing a home other than the tent in which they were born, and their turn like to the work their fathers have done before them. In their simple manner of life it is not surprising to find the primitive faculties of the race play a large part. They eat when they are hungry, without regard to the time of the day; rest when they are tired, no matter how great a piece of work they have in hand; they work simply to supply themselves with necessary food and clothing.

There is no romance, no question of fitness, very little picking and choosing. As soon as a young man is confirmed, he begins looking for a wife, and usually proposes to the first possible girl he comes across. The courtship, as a rule, is not of long duration—and then the crowning ceremony. A girl generally marries the first man who asks her. It is quite unusual to find an unmarried woman among these people, an old maid, in fact.

These, then, were the people to whom Justina belonged. She had been born amongst whom her life had been lived. As she sat on the dam wall that afternoon, looking out over the veld, she did not see much of what was before her. In reality her gaze was turned inwards. She was thinking—indulging in the luxury of which no one could deprive her. She was always thinking. That was what made her so different from the rest; but while at her work, her aunt's quiet, reassuring voice, the gossip of her cousins, and the coarse jokes of the young men, were distractions there was no fighting against. So she had fallen into a way of putting off her thinking until she could give herself up to it; just as we, with our minds full of some sweet, absorbing thought, will chatter about all else and hug it to our hearts to float over in solitude. At such times all sorts of thoughts and fancies floated through her mind. She would have often found it difficult to define them. She only knew she enjoyed them as she enjoyed nothing else. There was nothing pleasanter than to become oblivious to her world surroundings, to give the reins to her imagination, and let it bear her whither it would.

She felt that out there, far away, beyond the blue hills which shut her in, there must be another sort of life, brighter, fuller, better than any that had come within her experience. She had read no books; she had not met few besides those with whom she lived, but she had her own thoughts about things; and these, while settling a barrier, as it were, between herself and her people, often enabled her to rise above her surroundings, keeping her gentle amusement which was rough, pure-minded much that was coarse.

It was a pathetic young face that showed beneath the pink print sun-bonnet—pathetic because of a dumb yearning and reaching out to something to which it would never attain; more pathetic because of the patience born of an unquestioning submission to a fate it did not understand.

And yet her reveries on this particular afternoon were a pleasant one. The balmy autumn air recalled the spring days that had brought her much happiness, that had, as it were, opened to her the gate of that outer world of which she had always dreamed.

It was then that a stranger had come, and sojourned among them for a short time. The "Eana" of the farm had brought him, and he had pitched his tents and camped out near the dam-maker's home for three or four weeks.

The stranger was an enthusiastic naturalist, who devoted to his researches left him little time to question why the pretty Dutch girl was his constant companion. He little guessed that to her he was the realization of an ideal, the representation of all that was good and true and noble as she had dimly felt these things to be.

He liked her because she knew better than the others the haunts of the flowers, birds, and beetles; where the Busman drawings were to be found, and where it was best to dig for skeletons. He liked her, too (without being quite conscious of it), for her quiet unobtrusive manner and the natural self-respect which showed itself in many ways. So day after day she accompanied him in his wanderings in the field, boiling the kettle for their coffee, helping him to carry his specimens, careful of everything belonging to him.

She never talked much, but when she grew accustomed to being with him, she put questions to which he gave long, rambling answers, with here and there a word beyond the blue mountains which bounded the plain. When people built many houses, and lived together in one place, as he said they did, what did they do? Were the ladies really as beautiful as those in the pictures the Eana's wife sometimes gave her? and so on.

He showed the pictures to Justina so that she might see what the people beyond the mountains and further—beyond the great sea of which she knew nothing—were like. And she grew to love them too, and often asked to see them.

One day a sudden thought struck her. "Is she real, or only a picture?" "She is real," he answered. "She pondered for a long time. 'You will marry her one day?' she said at last.

He shook his head sadly, and bent to watch more closely a group of little insects fighting in the sand. That was all his answer, but it satisfied her. Poor simple soul! She gave her all; she asked but little in return. And he, thinking of her only as one of a species peculiar to that part of the country, and to be studied (if studied at all) as he would study the flora or fauna, never guessed what it all meant. Not even when she asked, still learning by heart the pictured features of English girl, "Is she very beautiful? Is she the most beautiful lady you have ever seen?"

And he, looking into her pathetic, earnest face, with its soft hints of health and rounded curves of youth, answered: "She is very beautiful to me, but no one would think her more beautiful than you. Why, child, do you know that you are very lovely? Yes," he went on, dreamily; she was the specimen once more, not the sentient, equal human being; "yes, and there is a soul in your face, too. Poor daughter of the people! What capabilities may there be in you, only wanting development!" He could see the beauty and the capabilities, but alas! he did not see the love in her face, nor the burning blush which, for the first time in her life, flushed over her, and brought tears to her eyes. The moment in which he saw and understood would have been (CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Knights of St. John belonging to St. Paul's commandery, installed their officers with a good deal of ceremony a week or two ago...

The great need of the present day is to keep the young people together. Mixed marriages are an unmitigated evil...

I have heard it asserted that the reason for so many mixed marriages is to be found in the fact that we educate our girls better than our boys.

I think this argument will scarcely hold water.

Certainly our Catholic girls possess many advantages in the way of education that were undreamed of a few years ago...

Our Separate Schools in Ontario are about the most efficient in the country, those in Toronto especially are excelled nowhere...

The High School and Convent examinations for girls are certainly not beyond those of De La Salle, and Toronto University...

I certainly do not think that Protestant young men are better educated, more refined, or more gentlemanly than Catholics of the same class...

In the first place, how many Catholic girls of the middle class meet more than half a dozen young men of their own faith in the course of 12 months?

It is easy enough for theorists to talk, but life is a very hard reality to the majority of young working women...

There is very great need of a large hall of some kind that Catholics can call their own, and in which the different societies can meet...

St. George's Hall is a very good one, and is well adapted for all kinds of entertainments; the general effect is extremely pleasing and refined.

We are threatened with a new terror now, that is, some of us are, there is a considerable majority who will not be affected by it.

It might be in charge of a board of trustees, and a certain fixed amount charged for the use of it, which could go towards keeping in order and decorating.

St. George's Hall is a very good one, and is well adapted for all kinds of entertainments; the general effect is extremely pleasing and refined.

Antonio Gonzalez Perez, who announces himself as a member of the Cuban Junta, but does not profess his true title to public confidence as a vendor of Cuban bonds...

There is a considerable majority who will not be affected by it. We are told upon good authority that smoking threatens the extinction of kiasing.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALES BY "TRESA"

By holding school young ladies, I must say it is about as rampant as ever. The dear girls never trouble themselves about possible microbes lurking on downy and peachy cheeks...

Mrs. Malaprop was quite exercised in her mind the other day upon hearing of a niece. "I am glad that remains that she never kissed anyone because she considered consolation insanitary."

"No, Holy Father," was the reply; "that is a vice I do not possess." "My dear fellow," retorted the Pope, "it is not a vice, if it were you would be sure to have it."

But it is a very different thing for women to smoke. I suppose it is, and yet, look at the number of women who cycle now, when a very few years ago, a woman on a wheel was considered so awfully decent.

It is easy enough for theorists to talk, but life is a very hard reality to the majority of young working women, and they naturally welcome any prospect that affords them relief from all most incessant drudgery.

There is very great need of a large hall of some kind that Catholics can call their own, and in which the different societies can meet as central as possible, and combining the advantages of a concert room and ball-room.

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liberty." It is remarkable that none of these wealthy, cultured and liberal-minded persons appeared in the ranks of the patriot army...

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

"Oh, Janie, I told you to notice when the apples bolted over." "I did, ma'am. It was a quarter past eleven, when they bolted over."

"I've made one New Year's resolution that I'm going to see carried out." "What is it?" "The world has got to treat me better than it did last year."

"Here, madam, is the very thing you want—a one-minute headache cure for ten cents." "Ah, my, you haven't a ten-minute cure for one cent, have you?"

"No, my dear friend, I do not possess." "My dear fellow," retorted the Pope, "it is not a vice, if it were you would be sure to have it."

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A Story of South African Life.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

the last of their companionship, for he was an honorable English gentleman; he would not have hurt the feelings of the lowest he came across...

There was one thing which she had clung to all these months. It was his parting word that he would return.

All morning she had followed him about, with a dumb misery in her eyes; but men, the best of them are blind at times.

"But you will come back one day?" she faltered. "Oh, yes, one day."

"When the summer is going away; when the days grow cool again." He spoke readily, but rather sadly, and, mounting his horse, he rode after the Scotch car that was taking away his belongings.

There were two indistinct pictures in her mind. One showed a girl lonely and loveless, growing old and hard amid ungenial companions and sordid surroundings, with hopes blighted and possibilities of good unfulfilled.

Her thoughts went on and on, sweet, hazy, undefined. She revelled in the delightful feeling they brought. She seemed wrapped round by a delicious atmosphere of content and joy.

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him, because he rode with a turn in the wheel. He says there are visitors at the farm, and you are to go and see them to-morrow."

"Who are they?" she asked. "You remember the gentleman who came to dig out things here, and wasted his time and yours?"

"Yes, yes." "And very wicked I call it, too," went on the old woman, shaking her head, "disturbing the bones of poor black people who have never done any harm, and sticking little creatures into a poison bottle. Well, he has come back, and he is married. The Bans lady, the gentleman was very sad the last time he was here, because the lady's people had sent him away. You see, he thought he wouldn't get her. But after he had been here they found out he was clever and all that. Lord only knows why they call it clever he has that."

"You don't seem to take it so, and why they should have chosen you I can't tell. Your cousins, Hanna and Marla, are just as good-looking and much quicker and handier. If you don't want to go I'll give one of them. I'll be a good thing to get them trained, and these English people pay good wages. Now be quick and get the water. It's no use talking to you. You don't seem to know your own mind; sometimes I don't know if you have a mind. How my poor dead sister came by such a child is more than I can tell. But she would not take my advice. I told her to leave the Englishman alone. These mixed marriages are never good. But she would not listen, and so she died, poor thing, and left you."

"The woman began descending the wall. "Mind there are the rook-cakes to be made," she called, before her head disappeared over the top. "Having sat immovable for some time, the sweetest hour of her life had been succeeded by the bitterest. The bright vision had fled, blotted out by the other. The face, which she lifted, wore the look of a hunted animal. She rose, and slowly descending to the water, filled the buckets and turned towards the tent."

Her life seemed to stretch out before her, gray and barren, as the desert wastes stretched towards the distant hills, and as she walked slowly homewards, the bitterness of despair and the resignation of utter helplessness bore each other company in her young soul.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 25—S. Louis IX., King of France. 26—S. Zephirinus. 27—S. Joseph Chastantius. 28—S. Augustin. 29—Beholding of S. John the Baptist. 30—S. Rose of Lima. 31—S. Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne.

Readers of THE REGISTER who are members of the O.M.B.A. will have the advantage of reading in our next issue a special report of the convention now being held in Quebec.

At the triennial meeting of the Dominion Educationists' Association, held in Halifax, N.S., during the first week of last month, Dr. MacCabe, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year.

Canadian Churchman—Although the late Archbishop Walsh was not of our communion, we can yet join with those who lament his loss and revere his memory. He was indeed one of whom we could say, "Quoniam talis, utinam noster esset." Being what you are, we could wish you were ours.

"Kit," writing from Santiago, under date August 8th describes the service done by the chaplains during the attack on Sibony. She writes: "One Catholic priest, Father Fitzgerald, a professor of the Catholic University at Washington, of the Twenty-second Regulars, stood with his boys day and night in the trenches, under fire, and in camp. A scholarly, gentle man, he helped to carry the wounded off the field. A little Englishman named Godfrey was shot in the head and left for dead. Father Fitzgerald found him, lifted him up, and fairly carried him a little way apart. There he sat, the kindly Catholic priest, with the wounded man in his arms, while about him the bullets sang. And here he aided and sheltered Godfrey till help came. One night late, this same priest, in rags, almost naked, came to the tent of a newspaper man seeking shelter. The journalist gave him a pair of pyjamas. "The poor man actually cried with joy when he got them," the reporter told us.

That was an edifying story the newspapers "printed" on Friday morning of the career of Rev. William J. Thompson late of Hamilton, Brantford and Toronto, and later of Salem Mass. Thompson, by calling a sailor, came from England to Canada to preach the "Pentecost gospel." He drew crowds to his Baptist meetings in the intelligent city of Hamilton. Then he was "taken up" by Rev. Mr. Bovill and Prof. Campbell of Brantford—put it was not by the police!—was associated with Margaret L. Sheppard and the P. P. A. and married the refined daughter of Rev. Dr. McLaron of Meaford. He is next heard of in Ipswich, Mass., where the young wife dies under suspicious circumstances. There was public scandal before and after the death. The "evangelist" marries again after "farming out" his children, and presently rehabilitates himself in public notoriety by reason of the suspicious circumstances attending the death of the eight-year old child of the second wife. The agents of the law are now on the track of the man. Without wishing to make any comment on the crimes alleged against this evangelizer and Anti-Catholic zealot, it may fairly be said that his general career is deserving of earnest study by that pre-intentioned, discriminating and progressive school of advanced Protestants in Canada, who make war incessantly against the Catholic church

and hesitate not an instant over the means or agents they employ, even such means as the P. P. A. and such agents as this man and the wretched Margaret L. Sheppard.

A missionary of the name of Rooke writes in The Canadian Baptist from Oruro, Bolivia, an account of his "first experience" in that country. His short letter deals in matters of language, bad money and "Roman practices." Rooke at the time he wrote his letter "could not even settle down to a proper study of the language"—"Quichua"; but he was able to talk to the Indians, in what language he does not say. It is evident enough that before leaving Canada Mr. Rooke had also been unable to settle down to a study of the English language, if we are to judge by his attempts in grammar. But his ignorance of Quichua and Queen's English could not hinder his powers of observation. On every hand he found "evidence of the lack of moral principles and abundant proof that the Roman Catholic religion fails to make true character." He means to say that the untutored Indians tried to cheat him, and whenever his money passed to them, they were not "too delicate in ringing it on the counter or sidewalk." For thus he declares the Roman Catholic religion is at fault. An unprejudiced reader would simply come to the conclusion that the Oruro Indians saw Mr. Rooke coming, and for reasons of their own thought it well to be on their guard.

The Ontario Government has recorded for the second time its majority of six in the Legislature. But on this occasion it registered with Mr. Speaker Evan-turel to say whether the Government followers who hold their seats by virtue of the election constables votes could under the rules of the House take part in the division. Mr. Whitney had not chosen to put his point in the form of a substantive motion, and this omission left the Government majority at the mercy of the Speaker's ruling. Mr. Evan-turel was fully aware of the elasticity of rules of procedure in so unique a situation; but his decision against Mr. Whitney was promptly given. Mr. Whitney at the following session of the House tried to recover the precious lost ground by contending that the substantive motion could only be brought up after the vote of the members who are challenged had actually been recorded. This contention at all events drove the leader of the Government for refuge into obvious absurdity. If the points were sustained he held that the result could be practically the unseating of members whom the courts alone can either legally unseat or confirm in their seats. But surely, if the function of the court is in Mr. Hardy's opinion so sacredly exclusive, where is the excuse for holding this session at all? Mr. Hardy's strategic position is truly a difficult one to hold with any show of consistency.

The Osservatore Romano, the Vatican organ publishes the following note: "The Holy See has been informed that the priest of St. Stephen, in Vienna, married on July 31, with religious ceremony, Princess Dorothea of Cobourg a Catholic, with Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Schlewig-Holstein, a Protestant, although it was notorious that the latter had not given the necessary pledges for the Catholic education of any children of the marriage. The Osservatore Romano is authorized to declare that the Pope keenly regrets this fact, because it is customary not to remove religious obstacles to mixed marriages unless the pledges are given which are demanded by the natural and Divine law, and because in mixed marriages consent is never given to the celebration of any religious rite. If sometimes, in order to obviate very serious evils, such marriages are tolerated between those who obstinately refuse to obey the laws of the Church, this is done with an express injunction to the priest to take a purely passive part, without any mark of religion to give solemnity to the act. The Church does not approve of such marriages, but detests and condemns them." The Osservatore Romano declares in conclusion that the conduct of the priest of St. Stephen is very regrettable, and that the Pope and all the faithful are justly afflicted by it.

The registration of Catholic voters was perhaps the most prominent of the many interesting subjects discussed last week at the Sheffield [England] conference of Young Men's societies. Mr. T. A. Sheahan, M.D. read an able paper which has received well-merited praise from the Catholic press. Dr. Sheahan pointed out in one comprehensive sentence the vast importance of registration. He said: "In the great state parties into which we Britishers are divided there is not a single item in the whole range of their extensive programmes to which such arduous care and constant labour are devoted." Then he went on to name the chief causes why Catholic electors not on the lists are relatively much greater in number than others. Had Dr. Sheahan's paper directed reference to Canada instead of England we think his argument would be admitted to have

more forcible application here. Issues of national, provincial, or municipal interest are all the time coming forward which affect the sympathies of Catholics towards a party or the other, and so influence Catholic opinion as to produce neglect of Catholics in the party work of registration. In order therefore to have this most important public duty attended to Catholic organizations must themselves attend to it. It allowed to remain unattended to, apathy among the electors is sure to grow. The organizations have been working well in England. They ought to work equally well in Canada.

During the past few weeks contradictory rumors concerning the health of Pope Leo have been flying thick and fast upon the wings of the press. The correspondents have been insisting that His Holiness is in a dying condition, and with characteristic thoughtfulness several successors have been appointed with more or less unanimous approval. Unfortunately for the positiveness of the alarming statements that have been made, the Pope has not yet lost the habit of appearing serenely at his ordinary functions. If he is dying, he certainly keeps up official routine with heroic fortitude. That he is old, and that he cannot be otherwise than frail are only in the way of nature; and it is for these reasons chiefly that the frequent sensational news despatches sent out about his health are always sure to create alarm. But they have no more real value than if they were manufactured in Timbuctoo instead of Rome.

On August 8 Mr. P. L. Connellan, Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal wrote as follows: "I thought the thermometer registers from 88 to 90 degrees in the shade the dispartitions spirit of the Italian journalist knows no repose. The 'falling health of the Pope' is still his favorite theme. The Catholic organs insist upon the flourishing condition of Leo XIII's health, but that is of no avail. For the anti-Catholic journals say that they are not bound to please the Catholics with their report."

It was when these journalistic disputes were at their height that Monsignor Kelly, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, was received in special audience by His Holiness. The very Rev. Rector returned from Ireland, and his interview with the Pontiff has enabled him to measure the value of the alarmist reports that have been spread abroad. His reception took place in the Pontiff's private library, where His Holiness was seated at his writing-table looking bright and resolute. Having spoken of Ireland and her prospects with his usual interest in these matters, he cordially expressed his appreciation of the inquiries about his health made by the Cardinal Primate and Bishops of Ireland. He said—"I thank God that I am very well, although certain persons announce in the newspapers that I am subject to faintings, that I am dying, etc." On seeing him and hearing him speak, the Rector became convinced that the health and vigor of His Holiness are good enough for his arduous labors even in the present hot season. It was but quite lately that he presided at a special meeting of Cardinals, held in the Vatican, at which an Ecumenical letter of a very important character was discussed. The meeting lasted two hours, and at the end of that time the Holy Father was not at all exhausted, although some of the Cardinals showed signs of having suffered from the heat.

There have of late appeared in THE REGISTER reviews of and extracts from the voluminous Encyclopaedia of Canada edited by Mr. Castell Hopkins and published by the Lincocott Publishing Co. While our articles have dealt exclusively with some of the writings of the Catholic contributors to the work—among others the late Archbishop Walsh—it is almost unnecessary to say that all the other hundreds of subjects comprised within the work are being treated by writers as prominent and competent as the distinguished Catholic contributors. It is not therefore surprising to find as exacting and dignified a critic as The London Times speaking of the Encyclopaedia in the following terms in its issue of July 19. "It is no disparagement of the other books relating to North America to say that by far the most interesting and important is the work entitled CANADA: AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE COUNTRY, edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, and published by the Lincocott Publishing Company of Toronto. The plan is unique, ambitious, and comprehensive. It is intended to give in five volumes a survey of the past and present of the Dominion in all its chief aspects. No side of Canadian life is omitted; it is cyclopaedia of information relative to the whole Dominion; a personal, authoritative and complete record of Canadian history, growth, and resources. Mr. Hopkins has received aid from almost every well known man of letters and publicist in the Dominion. Canada, says the Editor, requires only to be known in order to be great. The encyclopaedia will do much to dispel the

ignorance, which should cease to be a factor in holding back the Dominion from progress at home and success abroad. One result to be anticipated from this undertaking is that it will still further strengthen that love of country which more and more marks citizens of the Dominion. The first volume deals with the history of Canada, the early discoveries and explorations, the struggle between France and England, the wars with the United States, the early constitutional history of the Colony, the trade and tariffs, banks and banking. The contributors are for the most part well qualified to write on the subjects entrusted to them; and the editor himself has touched the volume with valuable notes and narratives connecting the articles of his contributors. We find a difficulty in singling out for special commendation any part of a work in which some three hundred persons have collaborated. On the whole, however, we would give the palm to the sections relating to the Indians and to the banking system. If we would hint at a fault, it is the prolixity of some of the writers to be diffuse and to talk at large. There are many illustrations, and the Lincocott Publishing Company may be proud of the general appearance of the work."

Catholics and Kingston Liberals.

While Mr. Douglas Stewart, Inspector of Penitentiaries, was engaged upon the investigation into the latest phase of the malady that has all but destroyed the efficiency of the Kingston Penitentiary staff, THE REGISTER, for obvious reasons of fairness, suspended the discussion of the case with The Kingston Whig. Before Mr. Stewart began his investigation THE REGISTER made the suggestion that the proceedings be open to the public. In any other country under the sun a matter so vitally affecting the public interest could not by any possibility be sequestered into behind closed doors; but the bosses of patronage have choked the public interests in Canada and huffer mugger and the star-chamber have superseded judicial principles. However as the investigation is now over we feel at liberty to re-open our argument with The Whig as the mouth-piece of the Kingston Liberal Association.

The Whig denies the charge of THE REGISTER that the Liberal Association of Kingston is attempting to reduce the warden of the Penitentiary to the position of its battle-holder. The charge is perfectly true. What else in THE Whig doing in this very instance? Why if the charge is not correct, does Mr. Stewart in his annual report to Parliament pray that the institution be delivered from "the tentacles of the local octopoda?" In every action the warden is hampered by officious interference. His officers are handed to him out and dried by the vote of the Liberal Executive; and if he attempts to discipline them even when, as THE Whig admits, they "trespass prison rules," a howl is raised and the warden is threatened with the vengeance of this same Liberal Association.

Here we have a public institution maintained for the protection of society, supported by public taxes, and THE Whig sets up the monstrous claim that it must be conducted for the benefit of hungry partisan office seekers and along the lines laid down by the Liberal Association of Kingston. No wonder the Kingston Penitentiary is honey-combed with intrigue and dissension. No wonder that discipline is lax and the general morale of the institution lowered, when officers—pets of THE Whig—set authority at defiance and seek their justification in the bosom of the little coterie that surrounds THE Whig. THE REGISTER stated there was no religious dissension under Warden Lavell. It re-affirms this statement, and it defies THE Whig to disprove it. Let THE Whig come on openly and state its facts. It gives a partial statement when it declares the religious feeling of old was intensified by the appointment of a Roman Catholic official. We do not know to whom THE Whig refers; but we can understand that the appointment of a Roman Catholic official was quite sufficient to cause an attack of acute "inflammation" to that small portion of the "Protestant mind" that rules the sanctum of THE Whig. But we are glad to say the "inflammation" extended no further. Nor does it on this occasion. We are proud to say the efforts of THE Whig to stir up a religious crusade in Kingston because two officers "well known to THE Whig staff" have "trespassed prison rules"

and run up against the consequences. Even THE Times of Kingston regrets the attempt of THE Whig to fan the religious fire, and declares that its statements in respect to the recent dismissals are without foundation.

The Whig boasts of its liberality because it supported the Hon. Wm. Hart. And it states in effect that Mr. Hart—and hence no Roman Catholic of course—could be elected in any other Ontario city. What a foolish statement! Have we not Mr. Foy of the city of Toronto, and Mr. McKee from Windsor, and Mr. Kleopfer from Guelph and others too numerous to mention? Elected too without the aid of THE Whig. And let us inform THE Whig that their elections were effected without the slightest "inflammation" on the part of the "Protestant mind."

The statement made by THE Whig that the Catholics of Kingston hung back in scores and refused to vote while the Protestant Liberals—bless their souls!—marched valiantly forward and carried the day is a ludicrous and clumsy falsehood. This same libel that the Catholics of Kingston refused to vote for Mr. Hart till they were "bought" had been bandied about the streets of Kingston; but THE Whig has been the first to give it a public expression.

What are the facts? For twenty-five years, with the exception of one Parliament, the city of Kingston was represented by a Conservative. All this time the mountain was laboring but brought forth nothing. The strong man of the party, the cronies of THE Whig—Protestants of course, the loyal and true instead—went forth to conquer; but for some reason their energy failed to carry the day. True they are better off now. For every one of them, with but one bare exception, are at present feeding at the public crib. They were all "well known to THE Whig staff." It is to be feared that one of them at least is nearer THE Whig in the matter of the penitentiary investigation than is good for either THE Whig or the gentleman himself, or for the public interest.

It was not till Mr. Hart appeared on the scene that the Liberals of Kingston won their first victory. Let us remark in passing that THE Whig like some others fell in line behind Mr. Hart only at the eleventh hour. These facts are known to every man in Kingston; and yet THE Whig would have us believe that the Catholics of Kingston withheld their support from Mr. Hart—all they were "bought" of course. But the Protestants, under the inspiring influence of THE Whig, went forth to death or victory. THE Protestant Liberals of Kingston had waited for nearly a quarter of a century for a Catholic to lead them forth!

Well does THE Whig know that the Liberal Party would not have a ghost of a chance in Kingston should Mr. Hart retire. THE Whig points in triumph to "a list that most prove interesting" and holds it forth as an eye-opener to THE REGISTER.

THE REGISTER knew of this list; knows the situation thoroughly, knew it long before the Government official gave it to THE Whig. Far better would it have been for THE Whig had it not wasted its space in publishing this list. Who made these appointments? How many of them were made by the Liberal Government? It is due to whatever little of the spirit of fairness the Conservatives possessed that these appointments were made and that Catholics were given, if not their rights, at least recognition. And we are happy to say that these appointments were unattended by any "inflammation" on the part of the "Protestant mind."

Not one new office has been opened to Catholics in the Kingston district since this Government came to power. In fact it has been a constant struggle on the part of the Reform Catholics there to hold positions filled by Catholics through the late Conservative Government. No thanks to THE Whig or the Liberals of Kingston if Catholics have some little share of public appointments in Kingston.

THE Whig boasts its fairness towards Catholics. Wherein pray has it been manifested? What has it done? True, it permitted Catholics to come to its office and pay their subscription accounts, a proceeding that we fancy would be rather dangerous for them now and in the future. For its "Protestant mind" is inflamed just now and anything Catholic would have an irritating influence. Let not THE

Whig lay the flattering unction to its soul. However, that it has been the protector of Catholic rights. Its stock in trade during the campaign of '90 was the amendment of the Bishops and the appointments to the Kingston Penitentiary. The Catholics of Kingston are quite independent of THE Whig; they owe it nothing.

As for this journal its course is clear. We will not be deterred by the hysterics of THE Whig from performing our duty. We have no axe to grind; we are not looking for Senatorships, or government printing contracts, or offices for needy relatives. To protect Catholic rights, to fight for justice, to expose oppression and wrong in the public service is our part.

Ireland and the America Cup.

Hon. Charles Russell, son of Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, is the bearer to America of an Irish challenge for the America Cup. Mr. Russell came over in company with Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick to Quebec and left on Monday for New York to meet his countryman Sir Thomas Lipton, of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, owner of the challenging yacht. Although Mr. Russell is not the authorized representative of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, he and Sir Thomas Lipton, both being members, are confident of being able to make preliminary arrangements with the American committee before the arrival of the Irish committee, commissioned to come to New York and decide upon all conditions of the proposed race. Mr. Russell was interviewed in Quebec on Tuesday by a reporter of THE Montreal Star to whom he gave the following information: The members of the Irish committee are: Major Sherman Crawford and Messrs. Mcleodney and Hugh Kelly. The present bearer of the historic name of Sherman Crawford is Vice-Commander of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and a descendant of the well known leader in the Tenant Right fight.

"Is it true that the new challenger is to have a new designer?" "Quite so. The Shamrock will be designed by Mr. Fife of Fairlie, who has prepared the models for numbers of successful boats, some of which have made their mark in American waters. Mr. Fife is a young man full of ambition, enthusiasm and energy. He regards the present as the opportunity of his life, and is most anxious to see the race come off."

"Is the Shamrock to be built in Ireland?"

"Certainly, and it will have an Irish crew as well as an Irish name. It is not the fault of Sir Thomas Lipton that Ireland has not challenged before for the America Cup. Some twelve years ago he made an offer to the Cork Yacht Club, but the matter dropped through. Now that England and Scotland have both challenged and tried their luck, Sir Thomas does not wish that Ireland should continue to be the Cinderella of the family, but is determined that she shall, if possible, take her place amongst the yachting nations of the world. The yacht is to be built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, the well known builders of the White Star and Dominion Line boats and many others."

Extending the Curriculum.

The friends of St. Michael's College, Toronto, and the Catholic public generally will be interested in the re-arrangement of St. Michael's College Curriculum, which the Principal, Rev. Dr. J. R. Teefy, has after mature deliberation decided upon. In close touch as he is with the leaders of the Universities and High Schools of Ontario, through his connection with the Senate of Toronto University, Dr. Teefy could not fail to see that the majority of Ontario students are desirous of fitting themselves for one or other of the public examinations and to respond to their wishes in every particular. According to a circular which he has addressed to the clergy and others he says: "With this in view, we have so arranged our course of studies as to be in a position to prepare young men for Second and First-class Certificates and for University Matriculation on the plan adopted throughout the High Schools and Collegiate Institutions of the Province. Moreover, now that the Educational Department has made the study of Latin compulsory for all these examinations, we have so adjusted the

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hours of class that, with little or no additional effort, the student looking towards the priesthood is prepared for admission to any theological seminary, while giving himself the standing he desires before the Educational Department. Not to speak of the moral and religious training which a Catholic college alone can furnish, it is quite certain that the many students whose homes are at a distance from a High School will find in this a decided advantage, even in the matter of economy."

"In our Commercial course, also, we have inaugurated a system which will recommend itself to all. We have completed arrangements with a business college in the country. The same work will be carried on in our class-rooms, our pupils will write on the same examination, and will be granted, when successful, the same diplomas, in both the Commercial and Shorthand Departments, as the said business college confers on its own successful candidates."

The friends of St. Michael's College will appreciate the importance of the foregoing emendations when they bear in mind that all these advantages are offered with no additional charge. The pupils of the college will therefore be able to obtain their Business Diplomas at a little more than half the expense entailed by attending the ordinary business college in any city or town of the Province.

A Jocosse Editor.

We decline to be provoked into a competition in extravagant humor with our clever contemporary, The Hamilton Herald. In addition to being greatly handicapped in such a contest we feel, from evidence presented in The Herald's leader of August 20, that we would have to deal with an antagonist of very remarkable powers indeed. The article in question is really most provoking. It is unpardonable in such weather as we are now experiencing to write in a vein that is a challenge from a jester. The Herald regards, or affects to regard, the work of putting the names of Catholic electors on the lists as a "dangerous movement." The originators of such a movement, The Herald says, are "unwise." There are several suggestions of extra dry humor in these statements. But we believe that the key to the right interpretation of the thing is in the declaration that "an intelligent and independent Catholic should blush at the thought of it." Now we venture to say that The Herald would not, even by way of a joke, tell an intelligent and independent Protestant that his vote was other than a sacred trust. That is the serious and proper view, of course; and it is the view of the Catholic Registration Association. Really the matter is not one to be treated in any spirit of fun or satire; but we suppose the Hamilton editor now in the dog-days, hies him to the top of his native

mountain and there writes editorials that are so extravagantly and outrageously satirical of all the accepted canons of good citizenship that he simply exasperates those of us who find it hard work to sit in our 90° hot sanctums and grind out the requisite spew in the fluttest sort of ordinary common-sense.

We would like to furnish the editor of The Herald with some facts concerning this work of Catholic registration, as a branch of the universal public obligation of recording to the fullest possible extent when required the conscientious verities of the whole electorate. But we fear that just now it would be a waste of time. The editor probed upon the high altitude of his matchless mountain and feeling jocosse in the consciousness of his natural advantages over the majority of the human race might dry our flattest and heaviest arguments in the ozone of his surroundings and turn them back upon us in such vagabond satire as we are now complaining of.

It is not over-stating the importance of the conference between British, American, Canadian and Newfoundland commissioners, which opened at Quebec on Tuesday, to say that it is the largest event of the kind in the history since Confederation. The future alone can tell whether its decisions will help to swing Canada nearer to the front among the new nations of the world, or thrust her further back beneath the overshadowing figure of Columbia. There is no room for doubt, however, that if the Canadian sentiment is but adequately presented at this conference there will be a better feeling in the future between this country and the United States. But an element of uncertainty, almost of anxiety, looms up in the opportunity which the gathering presents for advancing purely English diplomacy. England and the United States unquestionably have common interests of great moment to both, but remote and uninteresting to Canada. What influence are these foreign considerations likely to have? We shall not know to-day or to-morrow; and the future only can disclose what the Quebec Commissioners will carefully guard. Canadians will fully trust in their representatives. It is their duty to sink all smaller differences of view and give the Canadian sentiment of friendly feeling for the United States no room for doubt, however, that if the Canadian sentiment is but adequately presented at this conference there will be a better feeling in the future between this country and the United States.

Branch 111, C. M. B. A.

The members with their families and friends of this enterprising branch to the number of about 300 held a grand picnic in High Park on Saturday afternoon last. The children and young people, in fact, all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The event of the afternoon was a spirited game of base-ball between the single and married men of the branch which was ably umpired by our worthy President Bro. W. F. Pegg. After some very fine play the victory fell to the married men. In the 300 yard race Bro. J. Cunningham out-distanced all

and carried off the silver cup. The heavy men's race was captured by Bro. A. Karr. Bro. V. P. Faylo led in the half-mile race for the \$10. gold piece. Bro. T. J. Madigan took first money in the 100 yards race with Bro. M. Boland a close second. Bro. M. Boland, sr., took first prize for the coming season. Several events were run off among the young people and children, and prizes useful and numerous were awarded. To such praise cannot be given to the members of the committee, especially to Bro. Cocoran for the satisfactory way in which things were managed. Thanks and praise of all kinds are also due to the ladies, some of whom went to a great deal of trouble to make the affair a success. The members of Branch 111 will not forget them. It is the intention to make such pleasant gatherings as that of Saturday afternoon of frequent occurrence so as to make our members and their friends better known.

The Basilian Community.

The Basilian Fathers are at present in retreat at St. Michael's College, where Rev. M. J. Ferguson of Assumption College, Sandwich, eminent as a scholar and teacher, is the preacher of the exercises. In connection with Father Ferguson, the Basilian Fathers, who emigrated with his family to Toronto the year of its incorporation, 1854. He was younger brother of the late Rev. M. J. Higgins, of Kingston, for fifty years a trusted official in the Department of Finance. Mr. Higgins was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and at the College of Notre Dame in the Province of Quebec. He studied law; and being called to the bar, he practiced his profession for some years at Peterborough, and later at Ingersoll. Meeting with a severe accident he was obliged to give up his practice and enter the civil service in 1878, in which he continued till his retirement a few weeks before his death. Those who knew Mr. Higgins intimately were enabled to properly appreciate his many character. He was a thorough Catholic, and his love of Ireland was ardent, pure and unselfish. He took a deep interest in every reform looking to improvement in the condition of his masses. He was in sympathy with the single-tax policy enunciated by the late Henry George, and gave to its support not a little of his time and means. In his intercourse with his fellow-citizens he was courteous and obliging. He was a loving brother and a faithful friend.

A. O. H.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed:

Whereas—We the officers and members of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians in meeting assembled record with profound regret the sudden demise of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto;

That, whereas by his death our holy Church has lost one of her ablest prelates, one who was possessed of the greatest qualities of heart and head; and whom the exalted position of Archbishop. He was a wise and trusted counsellor of His Church whose works and deeds remain to be cherished in the memory of his people for years to come. Not alone in Church circles was the great Archbishop prominent but also in the Irish cause, in which he was one of the foremost workers, promoting every laudable object for its welfare. This gives a place to his name in the hearts of every true Irish patriot with those of many others of Ireland's great sons who have passed away.

Resolved—That in the death of the late Archbishop the Ancient Order of Hibernians has lost a faithful and most zealous supporter of its principles, and while we recognize the Divine Will of Him who doeth all things well, and while we humbly bow in submission to the decree of the Most High we do not the less mourn for one loving friend who has been called from his labors to everlasting rest.

Resolved—That we offer our sincere condolence to the relatives of the deceased prelate commending them to our good Father whom we pray to console them in their deep affliction.

Resolved that as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of three months.

Resolved that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this Division and copies thereof forwarded to Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Administrator of the Archdiocese, to Rev. James Walsh, nephew of the deceased, and Mrs. McMahon, sister of deceased, and to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication in Division No. 1. A. O. H. Wm. Ryan, Rec. Sec.

Obituary.

Mr. C. P. Higgins, for a number of years employed in the Department of Crown Lands, Ontario, died in this city on Tuesday, the 18th instant. Although he had been in poor health for some time his death was not expected, and the sad event came upon many of his friends with painful surprise.

Charles Patrick Higgins was born on 30th May, 1825, Westport, County Mayo, Ireland. He was the second son of the late Captain Patrick Higgins of the 80th St. John's Rifles, who emigrated with his family to Toronto the year of its incorporation, 1854. He was younger brother of the late Rev. M. J. Higgins, of Kingston, for fifty years a trusted official in the Department of Finance.

Mr. Higgins was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and at the College of Notre Dame in the Province of Quebec. He studied law; and being called to the bar, he practiced his profession for some years at Peterborough, and later at Ingersoll. Meeting with a severe accident he was obliged to give up his practice and enter the civil service in 1878, in which he continued till his retirement a few weeks before his death.

Those who knew Mr. Higgins intimately were enabled to properly appreciate his many character. He was a thorough Catholic, and his love of Ireland was ardent, pure and unselfish. He took a deep interest in every reform looking to improvement in the condition of his masses. He was in sympathy with the single-tax policy enunciated by the late Henry George, and gave to its support not a little of his time and means. In his intercourse with his fellow-citizens he was courteous and obliging. He was a loving brother and a faithful friend.

On Friday, the 19th, the remains were taken to St. Basil's church, where the Requiem Mass was said by Rev. Father Mungovan. The pall-bearers were: Colonel Mason, E. O'Keefe, Alexander Robertson, D. Miller, Major Leigh, B. Hughes, Jr., G. Gibson, Patrick Boyle. Many of the Government employees were also present, and accompanied the funeral to St. Michael's cemetery, where the remains were interred. May they rest in peace.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL KELLY. Another old citizen has joined the silent majority. Captain Michael Kelly, for many years a member of the Ancient Order of the West End, died at his residence, Tecumseth street, on the 19th instant. Captain Kelly was sixty-seven years of age. For over forty years he was one of the most widely known mariners in the inland waters of the Province. He was an expert and successful pilot between here and Montreal. Almost up to the time of his death he sailed the schooner Dundee, of which he was owner and captain. Mortified during the system, these years he passed peacefully to his end. May his soul rest in peace.

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Chats with the Children

LITTLE QUAKER MAIDERS. Two little Quaker maidens Not five years old and three...

POLLY AND THE BARREL. Polly was always ready to try an experiment. When she was about five...

PUZZLES. I am a Spanish word of 18 letters, meaning a neutral party in a rebellion...

PEZZLE. One night the ma stars 20; head Morn and ing found they'd lost their...

CHANGED LETTERS. Take a word meaning a kind of drink, change the final twice and have a breeze...

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF AUG. 15TH. CHARADES. 1. Sunflower. 2. Band-box. 3. Lamp-post.

MARKS. B. Boland, 3; Bolla Macher, 3; S. J. Murphy, 1; R. J. Duggan, 4; B. S. Doyle, 6.

MARKS. A man who works on, in, or by the water, and are exposed to the cold...

MARKS. This is the reason why Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is an unfailing cure for that disease.

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Domestic Reading. The art of conversation is to be prompt, without being stubborn, to refuse without argument, and to clothe great matters in a motley garb...

Domestic Reading. Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mortal arising from this quarter...

Domestic Reading. To every one of us there comes now and then moments of exaltation, when the clouds of egotism and perverse misrepresentation...

Domestic Reading. Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra—a strange, indefinable something...

Domestic Reading. I indicate the opportunity for the great and singular churchman. His work is to bridge the chasm separating the Church from the age...

Domestic Reading. It is only now know how much our actions in supreme moments of life—in times of crisis depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them...

Domestic Reading. A Blow to Vivisection.—She! 'Are you opposed to this cutting up of cats for instructive purposes?'

Domestic Reading. RATS AS A HAIR TONIC.—A Chinese gentleman advocates the use of the rat as an article of diet...

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The Ghost of Heatherleigh Priory.

Do you believe in ghosts? This question has often been put to me. I will not give a direct answer, but if you like I'll tell you my story, and leave you to draw your own conclusions as to whether or not I believe in ghosts.

Many years ago (in fact, more than a quarter of a century has passed away since then) I was an Anglican curate of the athletic type, strong and robust, a fair cricketer, madly fond of shooting and rowing, dearly loving a good cross-country gallop, whenever I got a chance I never thought seriously of my "calling." Like many hundreds of other young men of my day, I had been brought up to know that the "Church" was to be my "profession," and to look forward to the snug family living of my destiny.

My first former open-air life, I spent on the river or on the cricket field, to the close streets and exhausted atmosphere of London told even on my robust constitution. The doctor said my health would eventually break down unless I made an immediate change, so I was obliged to seek a country curacy for a while, and found one likely to be suitable, a small village in Surrey, near the house of London, and the rector being abroad, the correspondence relative to the vacant curacy was carried on by the churchwarden, Colonel Trent. This gentleman suggested an interview, and as I was inclined to see the parish before any final decision should be made, I gladly accepted his kind offer of hospitality, arranging to journey down to Surrey and pass the night at his house—Heatherleigh Priory. One lovely day early in June I found myself in the train rushing through green fields, past densely wooded hills and dales of the prettiest part of Surrey. How delightful was the fresh summer air wafting the sweet smell of clover and hawthorn through the open window, how green the trees, how blue the sky, how putting in a word occasionally, her soft voice like music to me; the time passed pleasantly and all too quickly. The dressing bell announced seven o'clock.

Then my host conducted me up the broad oak staircase and through a long corridor, with valiseot carved with many strange devices.

"What a fine old house!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is, indeed," he replied, "and very old it is, too. Ah, take care, the step."

He had opened one of the doors and entered a room, and I, not observing the descent, had stumbled into the apartment, nearly upsetting him in my efforts to gain the perpendicular.

"I should have warned you sooner. Old houses are full of unexpected steps. So say, my kindly host retired."

The bedroom was one of those overlooking the lawn. From the window I could see the most glistering in the evening sunshine, while far away the Surrey hills looked blue and purple in the distance.

We retired to our rooms about eleven. The first thing I did on gaining mine was to draw aside the curtains and I open the window to get all the country air possible. It was a glorious summer night; the moon was almost full; it shone on the old garden, its silver beams glistering on the moat, while the white gleams cast deep shadows across the lawn. I put out my candle, and from the open window admired the moonlit landscape, inhaling the fragrance of many flowers, with which the whole air seemed laden as with sweet incense.

occasional barking of a dog or the lowing of cattle broke the deathlike stillness of the summer night.

I laid my head on the pillow, with my mind fully made up to be curate of Heatherleigh. The rector would have me, and well pleased I was at the prospect. "Man proposes, but God disposes." That night was destined to change the whole course of my life. I was never to be curate of Heatherleigh, or of anywhere else, either.

I could not sleep. From thoughts and conjectures regarding my future, my mind had gone back to old Oxford, to Trinity triumph on the river and in the cricket field, and mixed up with these thoughts of former days Dorothy Trent's sweet face seemed ever before my eyes. I was evidently smitten, and laughed to myself at the idea of such absurd "love at first sight."

The house was very still; a clock in the corridor struck the midnight hour, and seemed to spend at least half an hour in the performance; then another in a distant part of the house followed suit.

It was a man of medium height, clad in a long white robe, fastened at the waist by a girde of rope. At his side hung a large string of brown beads and a cross of black ebony, upon which a silver image of Our Redeemer shone in the moonlight with strange brilliancy.

Slowly, as if in answer, he raised his left hand, at the same time grasping the large crucifix, and no words of mine can ever describe that vision in its real solemnity as I saw it—that ascetic figure in monastic garb, with pale, spiritual face and large, luminous eyes, standing erect and silent in the moonlight room, that midnight hour, holding aloft the crucifix, the silver image of Our Holy Redeemer gleaming against the dark ebony cross.

Without pausing to consider, I made as if to follow him, but the door through which he had seemed to pass was locked, the key turned just as I had observed it early in the evening. Then a great fear seized me, and I turned a visitor from the unseen world. There no remained no doubt in my mind about what had brought him to me. It must mean something; warning of approaching death, perhaps. The more I reflected the more inexplicable became the mystery. To compose myself to sleep was impossible, so I sat by the open window, waiting for the dawn.

I was obliged to return to town by the first train, and the hustle occasioned by my early breakfast and departure was a great relief, as I was in no mood for conversation, my nerves being thoroughly shaken. I took a hurried leave of my kind hostess and her pretty daughter. The genial colonel insisted on driving me to the station. On the way I asked if he knew anything of the former history of his house, in as careless a tone as I could assume. He replied briefly that it had been a Dominican priory originally, but of its history he knew nothing. I bade my kind friend goodbye with much gratitude, smiling at his assurance of soon seeing me, and next day despatched him a letter briefly declining the offer.

At the first opportunity I visited the Dominican priory in London, and there satisfied myself by the details of the habit, etc., that my midnight visitor was a genuine monk of that order. I also gathered from the priory a few particulars regarding their former settlement at Heatherleigh, but did not mention my reasons for enquiring about it. Being free I went abroad for three months. This period was the most wretched I ever spent. Nothing could amuse or give me rest; day and night that midnight vision seemed ever before me, and those pleading, searching eyes haunted me. The time I had resolved to take in consideration elapsed; I went to the priory and asked the Fathers to instruct me. Two

months after, on Holy Saturday, I was invited into the true fold. The same evening the monastery chapel looked its best, the air was sweet with scent of many flowers, the incense floated up in fragrant clouds, it was my first Benediction as a Catholic.

The last beautiful strains of "Tantum Ergo" died away, the prayer said, a holy stillness fell upon the kneeling congregation who waited for His blessing.

As the silver bell gave forth its first sweet notes I raised my head. There, amid the incense clouds before the altar, stood the priest in rich vestments holding aloft the Most Holy Sacrament, and by his side there appeared a face, that of a monk, with dark and luminous eyes, which looked at me with gentle, loving approval; the pleading look was gone, and a wondrous smile seemed to illuminate the pale face.

Oh, no, I never became a monk, I had no vocation that way. After the first excitement caused by the step I had taken was blown over a bit, my father came round so far as to make me a small allowance, and I obtained some office work.

I married Dorothy about a year afterward, and, looking back over more than twenty years, I can say with thankfulness that I gained the two greatest blessings of my life at Heatherleigh Priory—my religion and my wife.—B. A. Belcher, in the Catholic Fireside.

DAIRY BOY VOYAGERS OF THE ATLANTIC.

A two-thousand-mile journey, unaccompanied by a single friend or relative. That is what a boy only eight years old had to accomplish (says a writer in "Chums"). He was in New York and his mother was in Liverpool, and he had to cross the Atlantic alone that he might join her. Placed under the care of the captain and the steward of the Campania, he set off on his long voyage, and quickly made so many friends that he must have enjoyed himself hugely. When he left the steamer—he was then dressed, by the way, in the attire of a Klondike miner—his pockets were overflowing with gifts from fellow-passengers who sympathized with him in his loneliness. As he rejoined his mother, who was waiting for him, he probably wished that he was about to go through a similar experience again. This youthful voyager is by no means the only boy who has been taken charge of by the officials of American liners, as railway guards not infrequently take charge of children. Only a short time previously one or two very young passengers had made their journey across the Western Ocean in the same way. A boy named Tommie, travelled from Canada to Liverpool some years ago absolutely unattended except by some stewards of the vessel which brought him to our shores. And a terrible time of it, in one sense, he had—a time such as happily falls to the lot of comparatively few trans-Atlantic voyagers. For three whole days heavy seas broke over the boat, and consequently he and the other passengers were cooped up below, doing nothing but eat and sleep. And if several boys have come to England from America without a companion, young or old, so have a few travelled in the contrary direction. A young Scandinavian was once missing from a party of emigrants who were sojourning in Liverpool for a few days, waiting for a boat to New York. High and low was he sought; but he could not be found, nor could any tidings of him be gleaned. In the end the nearly heart-broken parents had to sail for the New World without their son. Late on the following day the missing lad turned up. He had been found by the police somewhere beyond Ormskirk, having wandered thither in an inexplicable manner. So he was put in a party of his own countrymen and sent to America, where he once more became tied to his mother's apron strings. More recently a smart-looking lad of about fifteen years of age, who at an office of one of the leading Transatlantic steamship companies, and wished to book a passage to Boston. For a moment the clerk was decidedly taken aback. "Does your father know you are going to America?" he asked, eventually. "Certainly," replied the boy. In spite of this answer the official felt confident he had to deal with a runaway. The result was that before the lad left Liverpool a telegram was sent to his parents, and, much to the surprise of the police and others, a reply was received, to the effect that they knew of his whereabouts and approved of his intentions. The lad consequently set sail in due course.

Montague, of Dunstable, Grand of Ulverston, Mr. Robert Montague, of Dunstable, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with Itching Piles for five years and was so badly affected that I was very painful, no more able to sit down, and I had tried almost every medicine known when I was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box and from the first application got relief. I have used no more and am now completely cured."

A Venetian Island—When the cable first announced that Prince Bismarck was very seriously ill, it was stated in confirmation of the report, that his diet consisted of coffee, chocolate, caviare, eggs, beer, and champagne, but that he had forgone his favorite pickled pig's feet.

The Photograph.

A hundred miles from Aden her Majesty's troopship Idona steamed along bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams, which those on board endured, cursed, or grumbled at according to their various dispositions.

The sensation of the day had been provided for by a Lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine-room, leaped headlong overboard, mad for one delicious plunge into coolness after enduring the torments of heat.

"Man overboard!" rang out. Engines were stopped. Ladies started from long idleness. A smooth-faced subaltern offered a hundred to one against "the nigger being picked up," but no one troubled to listen to him, for the water heretics was swarming with sharks. However, just as horror became subdued into resignation a black speck was seen still swimming vigorously. A boat was lowered and the poor wretch was dragged back, collapsing utterly when reached safety.

At this, however, had happened six hours ago. The incident had been discussed, commented on and capped by similar cases, and long before the dinner bell rang the customary state of boredom had again set in.

After dinner, when the sun had finally disappeared and the stars shone out of the wonderful luminosity of a Southern night, someone (probably the major's wife), proposed a dance, and presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell, alluring with its languorous line, melancholy sweetness even those who "sawed the log" "didn't dance" to seek out partners.

Among the many who circled around were the officer in command, Captain Asheton, and his partner, Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Dovecote denied that Miss Welsh had any claims to the attractive adjectives by which the men on board the ship described her charming manners and face. They emphatically agreed among themselves that of being "an outrageous flirt."

Whatever her character might really be, to-night more men than Captain Asheton thought Miss Phyllis Welsh looked "uncommonly fetching." Her eyelids, heavy with dark lashes, drooping as though to hide the exulting brightness of the eyes they shaded, while excitement restored the bloom which a year spent in Indian gayeries had somewhat paled.

As she glided round she breathed a softer than the heat of the evening or the molten of the dance accounted for. She wondered at her own sensations. To experience the delight, fear, rapture, and doubt which it had amused her to make others feel half terrified, half charmed her.

Once raising her eyes she met full a glance from Captain Asheton, and a thrill of certainty swept away the last doubt whether or not her love was returned.

"Let's come and sit it out," said Captain Asheton; then he added, "I want to speak to you—tell you Phyllis—"

He stopped abruptly on perceiving an orderly coming up to speak to him.

barrenness of the position. Robinson, however, had reached the time when the world recedes into the background of one's consciousness, and what has to be done must be done at once or left forever unaccomplished.

"Can I reach that for you?" asked Asheton, gently.

"I've waited too long," said Robinson. "I intended to send this back to you, but somehow I put it off from day to day. I couldn't bear to part with it." He stopped a minute as he succeeded in lifting up an envelope, then he continued—"I want to send this back to her, and tell her that though she sent me to the devil—I loved her to the end!" He added, as Asheton took the envelope containing the photograph from him "The address is written at the back of it."

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?" said Asheton, huskily.

"Nothing. Thank you, sir," replied Robinson, and Asheton felt he was dismissed.

He turned away in silence and left the hospital deck.

As he again passed through the dancers the waltz was hastening to its conclusion, and the laughing, talking company were dispersing in search of cosy and comfortable seats.

Phyllis Welsh was still sitting where Asheton had left her.

"You weren't there," she said, smiling. "What did 'Tommy' want to tell you? Do tell me all about it."

Something in her words gratified Asheton's feelings. He sat down, and replied slowly: "He asked me to return a photograph to a girl and tell her that, though she played him false, he loved her to the end."

"Oh!" cried Phyllis. "How interesting it sounds. Have you the photograph there?"

"You must not ask me to do that," said Asheton, gravely.

But Phyllis was not accustomed to have her wishes ungratified. She leaned forward and looked up with her wonderful dark eyes glowing. "Will you refuse the first request I've ever made of you?" she urged.

A STORY OF SIR SPENCER WELLS.

"M. A." tells the following story of the late Sir Spencer Wells—One day, many years ago, Sir Spencer was called in consultation to a fashionable house in a stylish quarter. The case was that of a lady who was at doctor's door, and yet so far as the doctors could discover she was suffering from no specific ailment. They had called in Sir Spencer as a last hope. Left alone with his patient, Sir Spencer soon made the astounding discovery that she was being done to death by slow poison. It was a case for diplomacy as well as for science. He put on a cheerful face, and by kindly questions soon elicited the fact that the lady, who was very wealthy, had no relatives or intimate friends in England, and that for two weeks she had been quiet alone with her husband and the servants. Certain pretences enabled him to get a glimpse of the latter, who seemed to be honest, respectable domestic of the ordinary type.

He cheered his patient by telling her he thought he could cure her, and walk-her up the stairs perplexed and anxious. At the foot of the stairs stood the husband, very proper gentleman, with twitching face, and hands wet with cold perspiration. He appeared unable to speak, but the great doctor simply looked at him and waited. Presently the husband managed to ejaculate, "Will she die?" The doctor played his trump card, and the lady recovered. Sir Spencer kept the husband's secret, and the intended victim lived in apparent happiness with her so-called partner for many years without suspecting the real cause of the illness which so nearly proved fatal.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but runs so bad that will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Two newboys in the gallery witnessed a performance of "Hamlet." In the last scene, after Hamlet has killed Laertes and the King, and Hamlet the Queen has died of poison, one of the newboys exclaimed "Sir, what a time that must have been for 'extra specials'!"

The Late Mrs O'Hare of Quebec.

On Saturday 13th inst at St. Genevieve St., "On the Cape," Quebec, there passed over to the stillness of death, a woman of more than evanescent life, in the person of Margaret, wife of Denis O'Hare, at the comparatively early age of 59 years.

She was a native of the village of Ballybunnion, County of Kerry, which place she left for Quebec in the year 1838. Here, before the lapse of a month, she met the man of her life, the hand of the faithful and virtuous Irish girl was sought in marriage, and although with the good man who now mourns her loss, she soon branched out as the keeper of a boarding-house, which business she conducted with signal success for nearly a quarter of a century.

There were many ties of love, reverence, respect, regard for the intellectual gifts and broad sympathies towards his fellow-men of all conditions and creeds which he brought to the death of his wife. While for many years the Bishop of this Diocese, prompted by his desire for our eternal and temporal welfare and attracted by a close and lasting friendship connected between him and our beloved pastor, he made frequent visits to our midst and for one in his high station he was thus brought into unusual intimacy with the lady here, who, the more they saw of him, learnt the more tenderly to love him.

The funeral service which was large and thoroughly representative left the late home of the deceased on Tuesday morning 16th inst. at St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated. Amongst those whom I noticed in the mournful cortege were Messrs W. Flood, W. S. Flood, Edward Crean, Michael Crean, K. P. McCaskill, J. Kelly, J. Humphrey, Wm. Maloney, H. O. Bosse, W. C. Mackay, C. H. Phillips, H. W. Brinkell, Thomas W. Maloney, F. W. McKnight, John J. Redmond, J. Lynch, J. O'Brien, Jeremiah Gallagher, R. A. Bradley, A. Boisvert, Thomas Carr, A. Russell, Wm. Russell, James O'Riordan, et al.

Bishop McQuaid Ran Down by a "Sorcerer."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 15.—Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid was struck by a wheelman yesterday afternoon near St. Bernard's Seminary and seriously injured while attempting to proceed to a ride from Lewiston using the footpath instead of the sidewalk along this particular stretch of the Charlotte Boulevard in front of St. Bernard's Seminary and Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Society Influence Against the Law

The Toronto World has in several issues of late made a very serious charge in connection with a case of what it calls "perverted justice" in this city. The gist of the charge is that "the officers of the law in Toronto had allowed a man charged with a wicked crime to escape, because he was able to call upon improper influence in his favor."

Reported Cure at St. Anne's Shrine.

OTTAWA, Aug. 20.—Patrick J. Holmes, who for the past five years has been a cripple, returned to-day from St. Anne de Beaupre, practically cured. Ten days ago he went to St. Anne. He was then unable to walk, having to drag his feet, with the aid of two crutches. To-day, however, he was able to plant both feet firmly on the ground and had both

ing to add him but a cane. Moreover, he is able to kneel down, a thing which, since he was crippled, he was never able to do. Holmes says that three days after he had arrived in St. Anne's he was praying in the church. He felt strength gradually coming to him and made an attempt to rise to his feet, without the aid of his crutches. He succeeded. He also made an attempt to kneel down and in this also he was successful. Feeling confident then that he had been practically cured, he left his crutches on the altar of St. Anne, and for the remaining seven days he was at the shrine he could get around with the aid of a cane alone. He is sure that he will in a short time be perfectly cured and able to go about even without the cane's aid. Before becoming a cripple, Holmes was a trainman on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Stratford C. M. B. A. Condoleance.

The following resolution of condolence on the death of the late Archbishop Walsh has been expressed by Mr. E. J. Kneilt and forwarded by the local branch of the C.M.B.A. to Very Rev. Vicar General McCann of Toronto:

To the Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Administrator of the Diocese of Toronto:

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—In common with the community generally the members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Stratford, Branch No. 13, mourn with profound sorrow at the death of your pastor, who had been heard in Canada, His Grace Archbishop Walsh.

There were many ties of love, reverence, respect, regard for the intellectual gifts and broad sympathies towards his fellow-men of all conditions and creeds which he brought to the death of his wife. While for many years the Bishop of this Diocese, prompted by his desire for our eternal and temporal welfare and attracted by a close and lasting friendship connected between him and our beloved pastor, he made frequent visits to our midst and for one in his high station he was thus brought into unusual intimacy with the lady here, who, the more they saw of him, learnt the more tenderly to love him.

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The Emperor William in Rome.

I learn on very good authority says the Rome Correspondent of the Catholic Times that there is every probability of the German Emperor's coming to Rome for a short visit next spring. When he makes his visit to the Eternal City, the Exhibition of the other day Kaiser Wilhelm was particularly struck with the large picture by the well-known painter Trell, which are destined to adorn the Throne Room of the German Embassy in the Piazza del Caffarelli and declares his intention of personally assisting at the ceremony of inaugurating the new Throne Room, which is being restored and splendidly adorned with paintings and tapestries by his special order.

John Macdonald & Co.

We beg to direct the attention of the trade to the advertisement of Messrs. John Macdonald & Co., which appears in to-day's edition of "The Register." Not only need be said in connection with this well-known wholesale dry goods house, so long and favorably known to the Canadian commercial world. The quality of its wares and the manner in which the business is conducted are the best proofs that can be given of the high character of the house. Since 1842 to the present the excellent reputation of John Macdonald & Co. has been retained in tact, and buyers have had the benefit of an uniform treatment which always lets them a fair margin for profit.

Death of the English Orange Grandmaster.

A telegram from Lurgan, Ireland, says that an Orange Grandmaster was caught there by the sad and unexpected intelligence that Colonel Waring, M.P. for North Down, had died very suddenly at his family mansion, Waringtown.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomson's Eucalypti Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is extremely pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or burles, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, cough, and bronchial complaints.

TORONTO'S GREAT EXHIBITION.

Admittedly the most varied, Attractive and Comprehensive Annual Fair in the World.

On Tuesday next, the 29th inst., Canada's Great Exposition and Industrial Fair opens at Toronto. It is no idle boast to say that the arrangements made for this year guarantee that the Exhibition will be easily the most successful held. Owing to the fact, amusement matters have been very quiet in the United States. As a consequence the management have been able to secure special features that otherwise could not have been obtained.

As the Parkers' Vegetable Pills can cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues for the cure of all ailments on the stomach and bowels.

Stammerers! Address Church's Auto-Voc Institute, 9 Pembroke Street, Established 1890. Only institute in Canada for the cure of every phase of defective speech. Open continually. Free Consultation. CHURCH & BYRNE, Principals.

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

Metropolitan Railway POPULAR EXCURSIONS Every Evening car leaves O.P.R. Crossing, Yonge St. at 7.45 o'clock, for RICHMOND HILL and MIDLAND PARK. Returns at 10.15 o'clock. On Wednesdays and Saturdays Afternoon Excursion rate to Richmond Hill and return 25c; children, 15c. On Wednesdays, 3.30 p.m., 5.40 p.m., 7.45 p.m. Last car returning leaves Richmond Hill at 10.15 p.m. Special arrangements for Private Parties and Sabbath-School Parties on application. Telephone 3102.

CASAVANT BROS. Church Organ Builders St. Hyacinthe, P.Q. Organs built with all the latest improvements. Electric Organs in Notre Dame Church, Montreal (largest organ in Canada). St. Louis Cathedral, Montreal. Ottawa and Pembroke Cathedrals; St. Patrick's, Montreal; Halifax and Ottawa, etc., etc.

Ontario Land Surveyor, & Co. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Properties, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Cor. Richmond & Bay Sts. TORONTO. TELEPHONE 5067.

Good! Better!! Best!!! Why pay 12 and 14 cts. for poor bread, when you can get Geo. Weston's Best White Home-made Bread, which is made in 3 lbs. loaves, for only 12 cts. and 4 lb. loaves for 14 cts. This bread has been tried by thousands of the best people in Toronto, and it is the verdict, telling their friends about the same name, you will find it on the top of the B. R. H. M. Bread. Phone 329.

Stammering Cured.... Write for Circulars. GEO. WESTON Model Bakery, cor. Spade and Phoenix Streets. 76 Bond St., Toronto.

Old English Vellum Plashwater and Abbotford Are three unrivalled lines of Notepaper suited to all classes, being either Smooth or Antique Finish. Ask your stationer for these goods. Manufactured by The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited Nos. 43, 45, 47 and 49 BAY ST. TORONTO

can do so either to the President or Thos. M. Harris, 4 Radenbush street, all sums will be handed over and forwarded to Ireland as soon as possible. Division No. 4 of the A. O. H. meets in St. Paul's Hall, Power street. Visiting brothers are always welcome. Tinos. M. HARRIS, Cor. Sec.

Resolution of the Irish Party. Below is the text of the resolution passed at a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party, held on Aug. 5, on the motion of Mr. Dillon, seconded by Mr. Michael Davitt:

"That the Irish Party desire to place on record their deep sorrow for the death of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, and declare that his death is felt as a heavy blow to the Irish cause and a great loss to the Party, to which he has been so loyal and generous a friend, and we tender to his Canadian fellow-countrymen our profound sympathy in the irreparable loss they have sustained."

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THE SIMPSON Co. Limited. Entrances—Yonge St., Queen St., Richmond St. Hosiery Section. Good business is being done in Hosiery. There's the..... logic. If qualities were not correct, and above all prices right, you would not buy.

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THE SIMPSON Co. Limited. Section 32, Toronto. Musicians Praise the tone.

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COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA AND PERFECTION COCOA. St. Jerome's College BERLIN, ONTARIO.

Rheumatic Slavery Abolished!! Release at last from the rackling torturing pains of rheumatism, lumbago, and neuralgia!

Polynce Oil. Imported from Paris, fifty cents per bottle. Sent upon receipt of price in a money order.

DR. A. ALEXANDRE Specialist from Paris, 1218 G. St., N.W., Washington, D.C.