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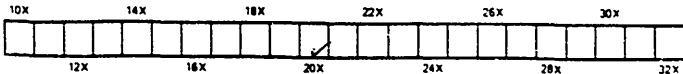
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PASTORAL VISITATION.

Bishop O'Connor in Muskoka and Parry Sound.

Two hundred and three candidates receive the Sacrament of Confirmation...

The love and devotion of a Catholic people to their bishops and priests have endured above all others...

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough during the past three weeks received evidence of his innate love and devotion from his Catholic people throughout the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts.

CONFIRMATION ADMINISTERED. The following Sunday St. Peter's Church was thronged with people, some of them coming a distance of fifteen miles...

At the end of the ceremony Mr. Robert Clarkson came forward on behalf of the congregation and presented his Lordship with an address, which gave expression to the kindly feelings entertained by the people towards their bishop.

On Monday his Lordship, accompanied by Rev. Fathers McGuire and Fleming, set out for Edgington, McMurrich and Montoith, and after confirming the candidates of these places, arrived at Kearney on Wednesday evening.

Friday evening His Lordship arrived by train at Huntsville, where he administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Saturday morning to 21 persons and took the train that same afternoon for Gravenhurst.

On Sunday morning at the 8 o'clock mass, celebrated by the Bishop St. Paul's Church was a scene of lively interest, when the young aspirants for Confirmation and a good number of others were gathered in the sanctuary.

The Bishop's sermon was an eloquent exposition of the Gospel of the day and listened to with rapt attention by the crowded congregation, amongst whom were many respectable professionals.

of hands and invoking the Holy Spirit, 10 candidates were confirmed in the faith.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME. After the ceremony was over a committee representing the congregation advanced towards the altar and presented the Bishop with an address. Mr. Jos. Clairmont read the document, which heartily welcomed his Lordship to the parish.

At the evening devotion the Bishop preached on the Blessed Sacrament and Penance, and explained in detail the nature of these sacraments, when they were instituted, and the salutary effects they have on the souls of those who forfeited God's grace by sin after baptism.

The choir deserves to be sincerely complimented, both on the part of the organist, who so well sustained her reputation as a player and singer, as well as the rest of the members, for their excellent rendering of choice selections, which in no small degree contributed to the solemnity of the occasion.

On Monday His Lordship took the boat for the lakes, giving confirmation the following day in the Peninsula, where 19 persons received the Sacrament. Roseau was next visited and a repetition of the same work.

Wednesday afternoon His Lordship left by train for Utterson, and from there, having driven six miles to Port Sydney, leaving been delayed on the road a considerable time by the breaking of the spring of the wagon.

On Sunday the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in St. Joseph's Church, where a large congregation assembled, amongst whom were about 60 people from Gravenhurst, who arrived by the steamer Kanocha to witness the solemn and impressive ceremony.

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the Church, he exacted from them, as from all the others confirmed, a promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors until they attained the age of 21 and from those over that age for the term of three years.

PROGRESS OF THE VARIOUS MISSIONS. His Lordship was highly pleased with the thorough manner in which the children at Bracebridge and the various missions throughout the parish had been prepared and instructed and the careful attention that had been paid to them by those in charge.

A carefully prepared address, which was to have been presented after Mass, had to be dispensed with by reason of the lengthy ceremonies and the excessive heat. His Lordship accepted the address as read, and expressed his gratitude for the good will and tender feelings of the congregation.

At the evening devotion the Bishop preached a masterly sermon on the commission given by Christ to His Apostles when He established His Church and gave them full authority to go and preach His doctrine to all nations.

During His Lordship's visitation confirmation was given at twelve different places, when 203 candidates, amongst whom were about twenty converts, received the sacrament. His Lordship's visit to the parish closed on Monday and he returned to Peterborough by the 2.30 train.



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"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough, that allowed me no rest, either day or night. My doctors pronounced my case hopeless. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As soon as I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. And I believe have many others who have used it. W. H. WARD, 8 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass."

Table with columns for location, time, and fare. Includes entries for Toronto, G.T.R. East, O. and Q. Railway, N. and N.W., T.G. and B., Midland, C.V. B., G.W.B., and U.S.N.Y.

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The Catholic Register.

Published Every Thursday, at the Office, 40 Lombard Street Toronto. Terms of Subscription: Two Dollars per Annum.

TRAVELING AGENTS: Messrs. Patrick Mungovan, C. N. Murphy, John P. Mallon and L. O. Byrne.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

September 7—St. Martin III, Pope. 8—Nativity of St. V. 9—St. Margary, I, Pope. 10—St. Hilary, I, Pope. 11—St. Nicholas of Tolentino. 12—The Octave of the Nativity.

Mr. Justice McCarthy has taken final action against Mr. Healy and his faction, and there can now be no hope of peace or unity in the party till Mr. Healy has been expelled.

We call the attention of our readers to Father Ryan's remarks on Sunday in reference to the reopening of the schools. Our schools are a credit to us here in Toronto; the Minister of Education acknowledges as much, and Mr. Miller, the Deputy Minister, assures us that results prove them to be quite abreast of the most efficient schools of the province.

Catholic Schools.

The old stereotyped objections made against Catholics in regard to education received a sharp reply from the recent successes of the Catholic pupils in Ireland. We in this country have just recovered from one of the periodic rhapsodies about Catholic inferiority in education; but, while all this inferiority is very speculative, existing only in the minds of a few antiquated idealists, our superiority on the contrary is very manifestly apparent to the whole world, and, what is more, is based on reality and founded on fact.

"It may be pertinent to offer a few remarks on the distinguished success achieved by the Catholic University at the recent Summer examinations. University College has not only ranked the Queen's College of Galway and Cork, and cast further ridicule on their pretensions to the standing of University institutions, but wrested the enviable first position from its formidable and respectable rival, Queen's College, Belfast. The total of the distinctions won in the two University Examinations proper by the now renowned college in St. Stephen's Green is 47; the total gained by the Northern College is 67—while the other Queen's Colleges lag far behind, and must be pronounced weak and wasteful failures. They are not worth to a poor country like Ireland, as the Freeman's Journal observes, the twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds the Government insists in spending upon them.

University College has simply swept the field. Of the sixteen honours awarded University College secured nine. Queen's College, Cork, five; and Queen's College, Belfast, two. The only honours in Botany and Zoology were secured by University College. These results, indeed, form a brilliant achievement, and we congratulate the College on the magnificent service it has rendered to the cause of Catholic education.

The Christian Guardian.

The Christian Guardian of August 25th honored THE CATHOLIC REGISTER with an entire page of editorial comment upon our views regarding education. We are pleased to observe so generous a capacity in the organ of the Methodist body for the sensible discussion of so important a subject. The Guardian proposes to welcome whatever friendly help we may be able to afford it, and we are most desirous to be fair and friendly in accepting its proposition. Therefore, at the outset we must disabuse the editor's mind of one erroneous idea which he has been laboring under. He has stated that THE CATHOLIC REGISTER made a definition of the word "clericalism" (as employed by the Guardian and the Methodist conference) of its own to suit its own purpose, our objectionable definition being: "The control of her share of education by the Catholic Church in Canada."

The Guardian says we have told but one side of the story of elementary education in England. It thinks we should have described the Board schools of England as "a truly Christian and public system of education," and it recommends to our consideration the resolutions of the recent Wesleyan conference in that connection. The resolutions in question are especially important and significant and we propose to rely our case upon them when we deny that Board School teaching is accepted as a truly Christian system of education. Moreover, in whatever we may say in reply to the Guardian, we undertake not to quote any Catholic authority or opinion, but to draw our arguments entirely from Protestant sources. We say this because we recognize that Protestant prejudice is a fact and must be accepted as such.

Now then, the resolutions of the Wesleyan conference speak throughout of the Methodist policy as advocating "Christian unsectarian" schools. Paragraph 6 we quote in full: "And lastly, that with respect to our congregational day schools, the Conference regrets its often-detracted sense of the great services they have rendered to Methodism, and to the cause of national Christianity, and it emphasizes their special importance in those localities where it is impossible to establish School Boards, acting in districts of sufficient area, and having under their control Christian unsectarian schools."

This declaration means that where Methodists cannot avail themselves of Board schools they must establish and support their own schools. It proves our contention: if we are able to offer reasonable evidence that the Board schools are not in regard to religious teaching all that the Guardian esteems them. Whatever was taught in the English Board schools in the name of religion up to a year ago was authorized by a compromise rule framed by the late W. H. Smith and Samuel Morley and passed on March 8, 1871. That rule read:

"That in the schools provided by the Board the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instructions thereon in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of children. After three and twenty years it began to be feared that all was not right, and in the London School Board upon a division it was decided to insert the word "Christian" before the morality and religion. Now, let us enquire what Protestant opinion is concerning this rule.

On the eve of the last London School Board election Lord Halifax, speaking from the chair of the English Church Union, declared that the amended rule or compromise was "a veil for Socialism and Infidelity." Mr. Diggle, the chairman of the Board, described it as "taking everybody's money to teach nobody's religion." Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to Lord Salisbury, wrote: "I will not undertake to say what precise scheme as to religious instruction was in contemplation of the Act of 1870." Lord Salisbury wrote to Mr. Gladstone that the thick and thin supporters of the rule were "men who are hostile to religious education." Mr. Athelston Riley, of the Exeter Church Congress, declared that Unitarianism only was being taught in the schools. Bishop Ryle, at the 13th annual Liverpool

Dioecesan Conference, said: "I am sorry to say that I can offer no solution of the problem before us." The London Daily News, a paper in entire sympathy with the Nonconformists and hostile to the Church of England, admitted that Jewish teachers had been appointed in some of the schools and that the teaching of the New Testament by a Jew was unquestionably a conscientious difficulty. We might go on multiplying such expressions of Protestant dissatisfaction with the compromise rule regarding religious education in the Board schools; but we think enough has been quoted to justify the statement of the Christian Commonwealth that the system is "a false, unreal, hollow attempt at compromise between different beliefs."

The Guardian also says: "If the education is public in name, then let it be public in reality and not sectarian in shares." Let us examine this statement. Our contemporary does not deny that religious teaching is essential and that Christians if they are in earnest, or even wishing to be logical, must keep it in the schools. How are we to keep it in the schools? Either by the voluntary assent of parents or by the compulsory act of the state. We interpret the Guardian as championing state authority when it pronounces for education public in reality with religious instruction a sine qua non. But if the state is going to undertake such authority, it must become necessary for the state to say precisely what religious instruction shall be imparted in all the schools whether Protestant or Catholic now. When we have said that, we are clear; but not that we are clearer. We do not declare that amongst the educated men of the continent, the doctors, the lawyers and the journalists, there is no education as thorough as that of the Catholic priests. Those priests shall see that the Catholic Church is not left without her home missionary work. The average Protestant missionary on the other hand is the one who has not succeeded with his congregation or parish work. That is not the case with us; we are priests who have by desire and in the Providence of God taken the whole country for our parish. Nothing can stand before us; the truth of God must prevail. It is only the impossible hypothesis that the Catholic religion is a fraud that can make us suppose America. Our work is bound to succeed if God will; and we have the most perfect organization known to history as I have said; we are equipped with a personnel thoroughly in touch with those among whom we are to labor, and behind us is a noble, generous, thoroughly united people. And you, my dear brethren and sisters of the laity, bear in mind that your part in this work is anything but a small part. It is to you that we look, not for money, but for edifying lives and fervent prayers to the throne of grace for the quick accomplishment of our task. We look to you, too, for conversation, when opportunity and good taste offer, upon religious subjects with your non-Catholic friends. Open up questions of religion, talk about them, offer your own consciousness, your own personal experience, and above all, an example of your edifying lives to Protestants.

There is only one enemy that I know of that we have to fear in the community—the bad Catholic. The bad man or woman who bears the Catholic name is the one we have to fear. We cannot do as our Protestant friends—turn them out of the church. If a man gets drunk the Protestant church drops him from her roll; if a man is an open adulterer the Protestant church is not responsible for him. It is not so with us; we have to treat our fallen brethren as if we were father and mother in a Christian family. There is the wayward girl; she is spoiled, and on her turn she into the street turns the picture to the wall. It is not so with the Catholic Church. Now, she needs father and mother more than ever before; take her closer, closer, closer to your heart. There is the boy who has become a thief. His parents wish to strip him of their name; they want to see his face no more. But that is not the Christian way; it is not the way of the church to cast him into disgrace and darkness. And so we take greater concern for the wayward girl and the wicked boy, and we bear the scandal as we must, as Jesus bore the scandal of Judas.

Ah! but the hardest burden we have to bear is this: the one Catholic malcon keeper is a worse foe to the Catholic missionary than twenty Protestant ministers. One Catholic brawler or vice-peddler in a community is a worse enemy to the propagation of the true religion than twenty Protestant ministers, let them be as eloquent as Henry Ward Beecher. Oh! if our Catholic people will live as a community of men and women loving God as stalwart Christians, showing in their lives that they are a benefit to the community as well as an exemplar for their non-Catholic neighbors, we shall soon see a very general movement towards Church union. My beloved brethren of the laity you shall soon be called upon to give your aid to the conversion of this

REV. FATHER ELLIOTT.

Continued from Page 1. and most glorious of the Church's martyrs, when filled paradise with the saints who interceded for us to-day. Oh! these might have been causes for you and all in courage, gentleness, generosity and goodness, the things that come of divine love and the love of mankind. Open wide your hearts and let non-Catholics enter. Show them your own experience of divine truth, and though it may be long, 300 and 100 years, before this mighty continent shall be brought to the knowledge of the true religion, Jesus Christ shall be known as the one only Shepherd, and there shall be but one true religion and one only faith.

In the work in which I am engaged I am associated with other priests who will become missionaries, secular priests and priests of religious orders, and they will be engaged by their bishops to devote themselves for a certain number of years to non-Catholics exclusively. They will do their work for nothing; apostolic poverty being the supreme condition of the work. We take no money and whatever may be given us we have it behind in the parish for the use of our own people. This is the advantage which we have over our Protestant friends in missionary life. They want money; we don't. The Northern Presbyterian Church of the United States, that is the Presbyterians north of the Mason and Dixon line spent last year in home missions exclusively the sum of \$927,000; the Congregationalists spent more than that, nearly \$1,000,000, and the Methodists spent more than \$1,000,000. We can do with \$100,000 more than they can do with \$1,000,000. Why? Because we are cheaper; not that we are cheaper men or wanting in education, for I do not declare that amongst the educated men of the continent, the doctors, the lawyers and the journalists, there is no education as thorough as that of the Catholic priests. Those priests shall see that the Catholic Church is not left without her home missionary work. The average Protestant missionary on the other hand is the one who has not succeeded with his congregation or parish work. That is not the case with us; we are priests who have by desire and in the Providence of God taken the whole country for our parish. Nothing can stand before us; the truth of God must prevail. It is only the impossible hypothesis that the Catholic religion is a fraud that can make us suppose America. Our work is bound to succeed if God will; and we have the most perfect organization known to history as I have said; we are equipped with a personnel thoroughly in touch with those among whom we are to labor, and behind us is a noble, generous, thoroughly united people. And you, my dear brethren and sisters of the laity, bear in mind that your part in this work is anything but a small part. It is to you that we look, not for money, but for edifying lives and fervent prayers to the throne of grace for the quick accomplishment of our task. We look to you, too, for conversation, when opportunity and good taste offer, upon religious subjects with your non-Catholic friends. Open up questions of religion, talk about them, offer your own consciousness, your own personal experience, and above all, an example of your edifying lives to Protestants.

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section of the modern nations of the world. Let each one of you steel his heart against vice, open his mind to truth and elevate his soul to virtue. The Lord will send us saints without doubt and you and I, the common soldiers, will forth like heroes in the ranks and go forth like flowers to the light. But the best thing for you and all is courage, gentleness, generosity and goodness, the things that come of divine love and the love of mankind. Open wide your hearts and let non-Catholics enter. Show them your own experience of divine truth, and though it may be long, 300 and 100 years, before this mighty continent shall be brought to the knowledge of the true religion, Jesus Christ shall be known as the one only Shepherd, and there shall be but one true religion and one only faith.

RE-OPENING THE SCHOOLS.

Special Mass at the Cathedral—Address by Father Ryan.

At the 9 o'clock mass on Sunday at St. Michael's Cathedral Rev. Father Ryan in announcing the re-opening of the schools and academies in the coming week took occasion to speak to the parents on the necessity of sending their children in time to secure all the advantages of the education they were to receive during the coming year. It is most important he said in this as in other things that a good beginning should be made, that the work may go on well and be brought to a satisfactory ending. He was glad to be able to tell them, and it was well for them to remember, that they had every reason to be satisfied with the efficiency of those who took the parents into the education of their children. Whether they may be seen or thought of Catholic education in other parts of the Dominion he was glad to be able to assure the parents of Toronto that their Catholic teachers are equal to the best in the Province. He had it from the highest educational authority in Ontario, Hon. G. W. Ross, that he was quite satisfied with the superior excellence and perfect efficiency of our teaching sisters, and he had taken occasion to assure Mr. Ross that from his personal knowledge the same could be said of our teaching brothers. The minister of education himself was glad to admit this. "Therefore realizing the responsibility of having their children receive a thorough Christian education as well as perfect secular instruction, and knowing that those who were officially qualified and perfectly competent to impart such education was no reason for parental neglect in a matter so important as the true education of their children. He announced that in order to improve God's blessing on the important school work of the year there would be high mass on Tuesday morning, the day of the opening of the schools, to beseech the Holy Spirit, to bless and guard the good work they were about to begin. He hoped to see all the school children, boys and girls at St. Michael's to attend the mass which would be sung by the boys of De La Salle, and if possible, hoped to see the parents accompany the children to the church to pray God to bless the work in which they were so much interested.

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RE-OPENING THE SCHOOLS.

Special Mass at the Cathedral—Address by Father Ryan.

At the 9 o'clock mass on Sunday at St. Michael's Cathedral Rev. Father Ryan in announcing the re-opening of the schools and academies in the coming week took occasion to speak to the parents on the necessity of sending their children in time to secure all the advantages of the education they were to receive during the coming year. It is most important he said in this as in other things that a good beginning should be made, that the work may go on well and be brought to a satisfactory ending. He was glad to be able to tell them, and it was well for them to remember, that they had every reason to be satisfied with the efficiency of those who took the parents into the education of their children. Whether they may be seen or thought of Catholic education in other parts of the Dominion he was glad to be able to assure the parents of Toronto that their Catholic teachers are equal to the best in the Province. He had it from the highest educational authority in Ontario, Hon. G. W. Ross, that he was quite satisfied with the superior excellence and perfect efficiency of our teaching sisters, and he had taken occasion to assure Mr. Ross that from his personal knowledge the same could be said of our teaching brothers. The minister of education himself was glad to admit this. "Therefore realizing the responsibility of having their children receive a thorough Christian education as well as perfect secular instruction, and knowing that those who were officially qualified and perfectly competent to impart such education was no reason for parental neglect in a matter so important as the true education of their children. He announced that in order to improve God's blessing on the important school work of the year there would be high mass on Tuesday morning, the day of the opening of the schools, to beseech the Holy Spirit, to bless and guard the good work they were about to begin. He hoped to see all the school children, boys and girls at St. Michael's to attend the mass which would be sung by the boys of De La Salle, and if possible, hoped to see the parents accompany the children to the church to pray God to bless the work in which they were so much interested.

MOST REV. DR. COMERFORD.

The Coadjutor Bishop of Killdare and Leighlin Passes to His Eternal Reward.

Writing from Carlow on Aug. 19th, the correspondent of the Dublin Freeman says: Recent announcements in the Freeman have prepared Catholic Ireland for the loss to the Church sustained this morning in the death at the Palace, Braganza, of the Most Rev. Dr. Comerford, Coadjutor Bishop of Killdare and Leighlin. The sad event occurred at 6.40. Up to a very recent period there was no anticipation that the end would come so soon. His lordship was attacked some ten days ago with his fatal illness, yesterday congestion of the lungs supervening. He was a native of Carlow, and was also a mainly successful of Saints Conleth and Lamerian—Dr. Keefe. His ecclesiastical education commenced and was completed in Carlow College, where, about forty years ago, he was the first of many holy priests upon whom the late Most Rev. Dr. Walsh laid consecrating hands. His first curacy was Edenderry; subsequently at Kill Arles, Maryborough, Naas, and finally he was located with the Vicar (an affectionate expression then prevalent), Father Healy, at Monaster-evean, and with whom he spent many years of ministry, and whom he subsequently succeeded. In 1868 Dr. Comerford's pastoral retirement was broken by the call of the Sovereign Pontiff, Dr. Comerford being one of three ex-sequo voted for the Coadjutorship of the diocese of Killdare and Leighlin, to the supreme position which he has occupied.

Samson, Kennedy & Co.

This progressive firm are always in the van, whether as to the quality or quantity of the goods stored in their old and well-known house. The public are advised by announcement in another column that Messrs. Samson, Kennedy & Co. have now in stock a larger and more extensive assortment than at any previous season; and they solicit inspection by the trade, and also by visitors to the Exhibition generally. Those who have not yet placed their orders would make no mistake if they called at the corner of Scott and Colborne streets.

St. Thomas Catholic Schools.

The St. Thomas Daily Times of Aug. 20th says: In the R. C. church Dr. Flannery announced the opening of the schools for Monday, and admonished all parents to insist upon the punctual attendance of their children on the first day, and upon every other day after school opening. He dwelt upon the advantages secured by an education based on religious instructions and practices, which rather helped than hindered advancement and progress in secular knowledge and literary attainments. Our school compares favorably with any school in the province, one of our sanatory boys, Master P. Reynolds, obtaining the highest mark of all the boys at the July entrance examinations in this city and district. You should not grumble at your school tax, no matter how high. Your trustees ask for no more than what is absolutely requisite for the school equipment. Your teachers, the good sisters, ask for no more salary than what supplies the bare necessities of a retired and frugal life—two hundred dollars each. But we are handicapped by the corporation taxes, such as those coming from railway property, of which we do not receive one cent. In the province of Quebec one-third of such taxes are handed over to the Protestant separate schools. As corporations have no souls, they have no religion, and should insist on their taxes being fairly meted out per capita to all the country's schools.

York County Loan and Savings Co.

We have in our midst many excellent associations whose aim is the improvement of the financial condition of their members; but few of them are so wise as the simple ones existing in the precincts of the York County Loan and Savings Company. The particular care of the Company is first: To help all who become members to secure their own home. Secondly: To promote thrift and saving, especially among the young. Thirdly: To carry fair profits for its members. These three important propositions can be proved—and that easily by President Phillips, at the office of the Company, Confederation Building, corner of Yungo and Richmond streets, Toronto.

I. C. B. U.

Election of Officers—Mr. Hehan of Kingston First Vice-President.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union held its annual Convention here to-day in Carroll Institute Hall. The amendments to the constitution having been disposed of, the Union elected officers. President Flanagan having declined a re-election, D. W. Lynch, of Wilmington, Del., was unanimously chosen to succeed him. The other officers elected are as follows: Vice-Presidents, John J. Bohau, of Kingston, Canada, and Miss Kate Gorman, of Providence, R. I.; George T. Doherty, of Pittsburg, Treasurer; A. A. Boyle, of Philadelphia, Secretary; Executive Committee, Francis B. O'Brien, Camden, N. J.; T. F. Lavelle, J. W. Gessner, Ohio.

Exhibition Notes.

The Truro Condensed Milk and Canning Co., Ltd., of Truro, N.S. have a very tastefully arranged exhibit of their far-famed "Reindeer Brand" of Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee, Condensed Cocoa and Evaporated Cream. The exhibit is to be found on the ground floor, south side, near western entrance, main building, Mr. J. Sutherland, the Toronto agent, is in a house, and will be pleased to receive your visitors.

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including Wheat, Butter, Eggs, and other commodities. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

OUR BOOK REVIEWER.

The Book of the Fair. The Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building Chicago and San Francisco.

We have received Part IX. of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's publication, which in the opinion of the public press and the leaders of public thought all over the world, is one of the great literary works that will mark the close of the century.

For artistic beauty and luxury of paper and letter press nothing to excel it has ever been issued from the press in any country. Two hundred and thirty beautiful illustrations are to be used. Descriptively the aim of Mr. Bancroft is to present with that power and attractiveness which have won for him the eminent position he holds in the world of literature, the whole realm of art, industry, science, and learning exhibited at the World's Columbian exhibition.

To Catholics, and especially to Canadian Catholics, there are many strong reasons why the part which they took in the World's Fair should not be forgotten. The progress made by mankind in the closing days of the nineteenth century as shown at Chicago was by the consensus of opinion a spectacle proving in many ways the use and necessity of religion in society.

Mr. Bancroft's work cannot fail to endure as the only adequate and worthy record of the Fair. Both the eye and the mind are delighted by very page of his, whilst the admirable system with which he has arranged his work, and the consummate ability with which he has handled it, are beyond praise.

He in short reproduces the exhibition in its entirety; there is not an object of interest that has not been photographed and not a fact of importance that has not been recorded. Moreover the subject has been illuminated by the writer's vast historical knowledge by which the work is given a most comprehensive interest for the reader.

No one who visited the World's Fair should hesitate to become possessed of this its complete record.

MAGAZINES. The Strand Magazine—September. The Strand is one of the wonders of the day—a 10 cent magazine. The contents of the new number are not lacking in the brightness, interest and high literary quality which have made the magazine so popular.

Conan Doyle, Henry W. Lucy, Grant Allen, and Charles J. Mansford are a few of the English lions of the hour who contribute. Their admirers will not be disappointed in them. But the real attractions of the number are Arthur H. Broadwell's description with photographs of the Gladstone family and the Ladies of Queen Victoria's Court also admirably illustrated.

Mr. Broadwell tells us that one of Mrs. Gladstone's girls has been intuitive knowledge in matters of health and nursing; in fact, though Mrs. Gladstone has the greatest respect for doctors and nurses she is herself an excellent doctor and nurse combined.

Ladies will be greatly interested in the descriptions and portraits of the ladies who give attendance and companionship to Her Majesty. Of these we are told the mistress of the robes is always a duchess, the ladies of the bed chamber are always wives or widows of peers, the women of the bed-chamber, with the exception of some of the "extra" ladies who have previously been maids of honor, are entitled by birth or marriage to the prefix of "Honorable," and the maids of honor are all young ladies of good family who are selected by the Queen herself, and they receive for life the courtesy title of "Honorable."

In the present number of the Strand there is an illustrated interview with Dr. Grace which excites every eye.

September North America. The September number of the North American Review presents a table of contents wide in range and most authoritatively treated. The opening article is by the Right Rev. Wm. Crowell Doane, Bishop of Albany, who forcibly illustrates "Why Women do not Want the Ballot." Admiral P. H. Colomb, of the Royal Navy, discusses "The Evolution of the British Empire" while in "Reminiscences of Prof. Huxley," Sir William H. Flower throws a charming light upon the private life of the great scientist.

A most important contribution to the political literature of the day is that by the Right Hon. the Earl of Crew (Lord Houghton), late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the recent Liberal party. Lord Houghton amongst other things says:

"Unionist England, as she values her repose, must remain contented by the unqualified necessity of beseeching Providence not to raise up a new O'Connell or Parnell. At this moment the various sections of the Nationalist party include men of high character, men of brilliant eloquence, men of striking business capacity; it is an instance of the ill-luck which haunts Ireland that no one of them combines all the qualities needed for an Irish leader. England, in her secure and settled condition, does not



Women wearing Worth dresses and men wearing diamonds, are just as unhappy and uncomfortable as are those who have only calico and bow-tie buttons.

None of us live natural lives. We eat too much and are careless about our health. Advised nature finally revolts. The rebellion is slight at first, but it grows.

Occasional constipation becomes chronic. Bowels won't work. Stomach gets sour and generates gas. Liver gets full of bile. It gets into the blood. Headaches come, dizziness, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, foul breath, distress after eating—and all because Nature did not have the little help she needed.

One of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets would start the poisonous matter in the way it should go. If there's a good deal of it, better take two—that's a mildy cathartic dose.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets never gripe and they cure permanently. You needn't take them forever—just long enough to regulate the bowels—then stop. In this way you don't become a slave to their use as with other pills. Once used, they are always in favor.

Some designing dealers do not permit their customers to have Dr. Pierce's Pellets because inferior pills afford greater profits. Such dealers are short-sighted. They overlook the fact that next time you will go where you are supplied with what you ask for.

... INVESTMENT ... THE - York County Loan & Savings Co. of Toronto. Offers until further notice, its 6 Per Cent. Coupon Stock.

Certificates with Coupons attached. Dividends payable semi-annually. Certificates redeemable after three years at par. This Company's funds are loaned only on first mortgages.

ask for lenders. She requires public servants. These she uses to the utmost of their strength, gives them honor while they are alive, with money if they desire it, and buries them in Westminster Abbey when they are dead.

But she reserves the right to criticize with utter freedom the most eminent sons, and if they displease her she is not above breaking their drawing-room windows. Ireland, on the other hand, as a nation who has suffered much, calls for a leader—the Liberator, the Chief. He must be a man to appeal to the imagination, either by the burning eloquence masculine bombast of an O'Connell, or with the magnetic influence and mysterious aloofness of a Parnell.

Such a leader—who knows?—is perhaps approaching market to-day and it is the dreams of an Ireland made prosperous and contented by his guidance, or, perhaps, unconscious of his destiny, he is now being wheeled in a perambulator along the pavements of Dublin or Cork. At any rate, appear he will—by the ordinary law of averages, which allots a hero to every nation now and again—and, when he comes, the problem of how to govern Ireland, unless solved already by more than thirty self-styled eyes of the weary predominant partner."

Late Literary News. Fiction and travel are the strong points of the September issue of the Strand, which, by the way, illustrates better than any previous number the perfection of its plant for printing a magazine of the highest class.

Conan Doyle, H. H. Boyesen and Clark Russell, are among the story-tellers. A well-known New York lawyer relates the story of "A Famous Crime," the murder of Doctor Parkman by Professor Webster. A delightful sketch of "An English Country House-party" is from the pen of Nina Larro Smith, the house at which she wintered being no less than the historic Abbotsford, still occupied by the direct descendants of Sir Walter Scott.

"The Realm of the Wonderful," is descriptive of the strange forms of life discovered by science in the ocean's depths, and is superbly illustrated in a surprising and marvelous way by the author, who is a member of the Smithsonian staff. An article on Cuba is timely. Without bothering the reader with unnecessary description of the famous yachts now so much talked of, the Cosmopolitan presents four full-page illustrations showing these noted boats. Thomas Moran again contributes a series of the most exquisite landscapes of western scenery, twelve in number, illustrating an article by Col. John A. Cockerill, on "Modern Utah."

St. Mary's—Blessing a New Organ. 'The fine new organ placed in St. Mary's Church during the past week will be blessed at the 11 o'clock Mass on next Sunday, Sept. 8. The Very Rev. Father Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, will preach. In the evening at 7.30 there will be grand musical Vespers and a lecture by Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of the Cathedral. Mr. Moore, organist of St. Basil's will preside at the organ, morning and evening.

Following is the list of the most punctual and efficient servers, with ten months' merit marks; Joseph Marvyn, 1,574; Daniel Murray, 806; Maurice Walsh, 818; Frank Fulton, 660; John O'Reilly, 640; Joseph McEhin, 578; Wm. Kennedy, 507; Wm. O'Reilly, 495; John Prindle, 402; Frank Barry, 455; Albert Carleton, 428; Frank Carten, 412; Robert Fulton, 411; John Carolan, 886.

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Everybody admits that who has tried it. Have you? The woman's friend is undoubtedly ECLIPSE SOAP.

So easy to use, so safe and economical. Send for a bar at once—twin bar or a large one. One trial will convince you.

JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Toronto, Manufacturer



EXHIBITION FOLK

Will read this little ad. and we hope they'll tuck it away in some corner of their brain there it will haunt them when Ontario's cool breeze blows over them on the Fair grounds and puts into their hearts reasonable thoughts about A Fall Suit or Overcoat.

Our high-class Ready-to-Wear Clothing is unrivalled in style, cut and workmanship and our motto is one price to all and a Holiday Price that will make their savings jump from dimes into dollars.

Boys' Well-Made Suits From \$1.50 up. Gentlemen's Fall Suits From \$5.50 to \$10.00. Goods honestly worth almost double. Light Weight Fall Overcoat From \$6.00 to \$11.00, worth \$8.50 to \$15.00.

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"Up to two years ago I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and indigestion. I was recommended to try Dr. Lee's Water by a medical doctor who details it regularly himself, and am glad to say it has completely relieved me of my trouble. I hope my water every morning, and in so doing it keeps my system regular and my health in the best condition." DAVID D. DUNN, 79 Cumberland Street, Toronto, Ont.

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ARRESTED

Her Majesty's Guard of Honor

The Chasseurs des Alpes—the sixth of England's guards of Honor serving Her Majesty's recent visit to Nice—a corps proverbial for its soldier-like bearing and the courtesy of its officers, to whom the writer of this paper can bear testimony, as it was his good fortune to fall into the hands of the sixth battalion as a prisoner on the charge of being a German spy, while he was unwittingly covering the escape of that most innocent looking of modern assassins, that most uncertain of quiet, intelligent country lads, that most accomplished of valets and handiest of grooms, Leon Walroff.

An unappreciative judge and jury have, for the term of five years, deprived the world of the advantages it might derive from the varied accomplishments of this interesting though slightly dangerous member of society, because he stabbed with a Corsican dagger the wife of the Portuguese Consul at Nice, and then lodged a bullet in her maid's head, which still remains there as a parting souvenir from her accomplished fellow-servant.

When finally arrested, this fine de siècle youth of nineteen summers calmly avowed that he had done all that was laid to his charge, but stubbornly maintained that nevertheless he was innocent, as it was a somnambulistic freak for which he was not responsible—a peculiar form of nocturnal entertainment which he was at any time liable to indulge in.

As I am, however, only an old soldier and not a doctor or man of science, I will not venture to offer even a passing opinion on one of the greatest scientific puzzles of the day. But since Leon Walroff—who will certainly be taken by medical experts as the most striking and prominent example of a modern assassin who asserts his innocence on the grounds of somnambulism—was my servant, I will content myself and perhaps satisfy a certain number of unscientific readers by recounting a strange adventure in company with this curious individual, who was the best, and apparently the best-conducted, servant I ever had.

When last in Italy, spending some months with my family in that quiet little Riviera health resort, Bordighera, I was in sore need of a groom, and I hastened off to the nearest town which resided a representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and asked if he could possibly find a groom to replace the trustworthy, valuable specimen whose term of office had so abruptly terminated; but before a suitable candidate had presented himself through the consular office, a young man accosted me on Saturday afternoon, the 14th of May, at two o'clock, with the remark:

"Do you want a servant, sir?" "Show me your papers, my lad." "Blindly he replied that they were at Mentone with his clothes, de France, for eight months, and as the season was now at an end his services were no longer required, so he strolled over to Bordighera on foot to look about for a place.

"But you can hardly expect to get a situation without a character." A pleasant smile, inviting confidence, played over his open, good-natured face, beamed in his intelligent eyes, and drove suspicion to the winds; and I, being sadly in want of a servant, and having planned an immediate excursion into the mountains, which my wife strongly objected to, my undertaking alone, lest I should encounter robbers and assassins in lonely places, took this opportune applicant on trial—"because you have an honest face, my boy," which he undoubtedly had. How I must have enjoyed my simplicity!

So it came to pass that on the following Monday morning I started in a pony-carriage with my new groom, who called himself "Leon," and my old umbrella, which has been my valued protector for fifteen years in many climes and hot corners.

For some time we drove along that lovely road which runs by the Roya from Ventimiglia to Breil, where it enters French territory, but before quitting Italy a cool olive grove invited shelter from the broiling sun, and the keen mountain air prompted the words, "Prepare déjeuner, so Leon sedately lit out after the manner of a well-trained servant, but when my stars that such a reassurance had been thrown in my path. But, alas! he quickly made his first faux pas, for which he was called to order on the spot, "Leon, that olasp fork (a handy weapon of defence) is not meant for you. You will find a kitchen knife and fork in the luncheon basket." He returned, placed it on the improvised table, and set his repeat while standing at the horse's head. When the basket was repacked and we proceeded on our journey, the kitchen knife was not replaced in it, but lay at the feet of my groom in the carriage. But I never concern myself with the peculiarities or doings of servants, so long as they do not incommode or hurt me.

"What did you pay for those cigars which you bought in the last village we passed through?" "Two sous each, sir." "I made a note of it. It will be seen later on why I record this simple fact. "Take the reins, Leon, I will walk quickly through this tunnel—it feels chilly after the hot sun."

The mountain view was lovely as we issued from the tunnel. I secured some time to admire it, and consulted a map to see how far we were from the next village.

The oil carter passed us again. "Look, sir," cried my simple-minded servant, "little later, there are two soldiers running at the top of their speed down the hill. They are afraid of something."

The word "afraid" struck me as strange. Were they pursued by a wolf, or an assassin?

Quickly we drove in their wake, but they had reached the frontier guard-house before us.

"Halt!" cried the corporal of the guard, not to his treaty scouts, but to the astonished occupants of the pony-carriage.

Although more accustomed to command than to obey a corporal of the guard, I instinctively drew rein as he ordered, followed by the words, "Show me the paper you have in your pocket."

My only "permit" to pass a horse and carriage across the frontier was presented and rejected. "No, it is not that I mean. I want to see the plan of the frontier which you have made, which is in your pocket."

Here a lively scene began: "The imperious demand of the corporal for the 'plan of the frontier.' The calm denial of its existence by the accused.

The peremptory refusal to believe this on the part of the accuser, and the haughty reply of the offended Irishman, who was now informed that he was a prisoner, in tones which reached the top of the mountain frontier. "Vous etes Allemand, et vous etes pris!"

Now my temper, which hitherto had been held under control, was on the point of getting into an alarming state, my Irish blood began to boil, but quickly clapping on the lid of dignity and pressing it firmly down, lest it should burst forth, I said to myself, "so dangerous when at such a moment, should boil over and mingle with that of my captor, I said calmly, "How old are you?"

"I am twenty-two," he replied. "Well, my young man, before you were swaddling-clothes I wore the jacket of a soldier. I was in Paris in 1870, when the Prussians, of whom you take me to be one, were investing it. One of your best generals is one of my most valued friends, and I think I know the duty of a soldier as well as you do. You have a right to arrest me, if you consider it your duty to do so, but you have no right to insult me."

The words were spoken, but the sun was broiling hot, and I attempted to seek shelter in the guard room, when the watchful sentinel intercepted me with the order, "Enter not there!" adding ominously, "Our rifles are loaded."

Smiling at his polite insinuation of putting a bullet in my ribs if I disobeyed him, but admiring nevertheless the way in which he guarded his post, and rewarding him with a nip of brandy from my flask, I inquired how long this sort of thing was to continue.

"I have telegraphed to headquarters for instructions," said he, "and you must remain here till I receive them."

When the instructions finally arrived, through the medium of a sergeant from regimental headquarters, the quartermaster, prisoner, in charge of groom, set off for Breil. Here the carriage was seized by the custom-house officers, and while I was quizzing and cautioning them to touch lightly the small packages it contained lest a dynamite explosion might take place, they discovered, to my amazement, a revolver under one of the cushions. This gave a new aspect to affairs, and turning to my servant, I demanded why he hid a revolver in the carriage without my knowledge.

"I meant no harm, sir. It incommodes me in my pocket, so I put it under the seat."

"What do you want it for? Where did you get it?" "I won it in a lottery into which I put fifty centimes."

All this sounded very possible, and the lips on that honest looking face appeared incapable of forming a falsehood but I did not like this sort of conduct, and requested the official to seize the revolver. They searched Leon (which was all the name he had as yet given me) and found no ammunition. It did not appear to have occurred to them that he might have thrown fifty cartridges into the ditch or river while he followed us along the road, sometimes hidden by projecting rocks and turns.

companied by the Commandant du Place, the corporal, and my servant. The oil-carter stood before us as we entered, and I at once took in the situation. He was the informant! How I giggled internally. The play was nearly played out, and the time had arrived for the farce. My excited captor again came to the front and made a very creditable speech to me, and I saw the audience was so small. "Monsieur le Capitaine, I received information that a German officer and his orderly were discovered on the frontier. The German officer went into an olive-grove, where he concealed himself, his orderly remaining at his horse's head on the road. When he came out he re-entered his carriage. A little farther on, nearer to our frontier, he again left the carriage, and his orderly conducted it alone through a tunnel on the plan. Here this German officer made a plan of the frontier. He made it with a yellow pencil, and he has it in the small railway-ticket pocket on the right hand side of his coat."

The theatrical, excited way in which this eloquent speech was poured forth was something to be remembered, and his cultured delivery deserving of the highest praise. Unfortunately I do not appreciate it, but nevertheless felt strongly inclined to interrupt him from time to time clapping of hands and acclamations.

Now the Commandant du Place, addressing me, said, "This is a very serious charge. What have you to say? What papers have you to prove your identity?"

"I have no papers; my passport is at the Douane. And allow me to add that the whole thing is perfectly absurd, and all this fuss has been made on the false report of this impertinent carter. I did certainly go into the olive-grove, but it was to eat my dejeuner, as it was cooler there than on the road. I did get out of the carriage at the tunnel and walk quickly, it being chilly driving through. I looked from time to time at a small map (here it is), for which I gave three sous at Ventimiglia, that I might see the distance from village to village. I also made an entry in my pocket-book of the price of some cigars I bought on route (and very bad cigars they were). The corporal says I made the plan of the frontier (that is, the price of the cigars), with a yellow pencil. Now I have three yellow pencils in my pocket—two are of gold and one is of wood—they are all yellow." Here I ostentatiously laid them out on the orderly-room table, saying, "which is the culprit?"

"That one, that one! Monsieur le Capitaine!" cried my half-vanquished captor, who felt that the ground was getting shaky under him, but determined to die game.

The farce was dragging itself out too long, and becoming tiresome, and I wished to proceed on my journey, so I requested the commanding officer to telegraph to the British consul at Nice, who would satisfy him as to my identity. Then it suddenly struck me, surely Monsieur de G— who is perhaps the best officer on the General's staff, is also an officer of the Chasseurs Alpins. He was himself arrested on the other side of this frontier by the Italians a few months before on a charge of having made a plan of their frontier, and lodged in an Italian prison. So I quietly remarked, "Do you know Monsieur de G—?"

"De G—, de G., do you know him?" he exclaimed. "Yes," I replied, "and I think the best horse he has in his stable is one I bred in England, and sold to him lately."

"Oh, we have made a great mistake, and I must apologize to you for what has occurred," said the commanding officer, who quickly explained that a serious mistake had been made on account of the blundering report of the oil-carter, and that my papers were "perfectly en règle."

"You would do me a favor by seizing that revolver, gentlemen," said I. "I cannot do that, sir, unless I arrest your servant for having tried to conceal it when crossing the frontier."

"Pray do not arrest him, or I shall have to groom the horse myself."

"Then I will reprimand him, sir, and make him give the pistol into your charge. Gargon, come here. Are you aware that you could get three months' imprisonment for hiding a revolver when crossing the frontier? Next time you come this way have it slung to a button on your jacket. Will you now hand it over to your master?"

"With the greatest pleasure, Monsieur le Gendarme, and I should have done so long ago if I thought all this fuss was going to be made about it."

So the revolver was handed over to me, and I proceeded on my journey about three o'clock, feeling that if my paragon did wish to murder me in my sleep it would not be with a revolver.

When we arrived at Fonten (still in France) I decided to spend the night there, and engaged rooms in the Hotel des Etrangers, a small wayside inn, directly opposite the gendarmes.

Leon, having attended to the horse, walked up and down, smoking a cigarette, the puffs of which went into the eyes of the good natured gendarmes, whose minds were quietly taking a much needed rest after the excitement which they experienced during the past three days, on account of the enormous number of telegrams they

had received, describing and ordering them to be on the lookout for an assassin, named Leon Walroff, who would probably (if he had not committed suicide) attempt to escape across the frontier.

My honest-faced, innocent-looking attendant wrote, as required by law, his name (which he invented for the occasion) in the livre de Police in the hotel, and it and he were duly in receipt by the frontier guard.

When dinner was announced I was ushered into a very grassy looking room containing a very grassy wooden table adorned with some very grassy wooden spoons and forks, and beside it a very grassy wooden bench, on which—being rather accustomed to this unsophisticated sort of a thing in my mountain excursion—I contentedly sat down and called for my servant to wait at table, being anxious to see whether he included this among his accomplishments; but the dirty kitchen maid who served me said that Monsieur, my groom, was tired and had gone to his room, and he hoped that I would not disturb him this evening. This riled me, and I said: "Send my servant here at once. She fetched him. He walked into the room and sat down on the bench beside me!"

"Oh, yes! my paragon! By Jove! this was too much. What next, I wonder?"

I bestowed on him one of those silent, speaking looks which surpass words. The electrical effect was instantaneous and most satisfactory. He sprang to his feet and placed himself in a graceful attitude of dignified servitude, which would have done credit to the best-trained laquais in Grosvenor Square.

Suddenly there was a call for "Monsieur" from the kitchen, and Leon, knowing that it was for him, responded with alacrity.

When the kitchen maid again appeared I informed her that my servant was not a "Monsieur," and the next call from the kitchen was "Gargon!" Again Leon responded, and then there was much fumbling at a glass cupboard in a room near the kitchen door; a number of electro-plated spoons and forks were produced, the leaden ones quickly whipped off the table and replaced by those which were considered more suitable to the dignity of the very curious, old-fashioned man who held the silly, eighteenth century idea that a servant was not a "Monsieur."

But my salad was not palatable. "Prepare me a salad, Leon. He did it capably!" "Oh, how fortunate I am," thought I, "in finding such a useful servant, who requires but a look—a stern one, I grant you—to attend to all my wants."

At an early hour next morning this estimable and highly valued personal attendant brought my shaving water in the only available utensil to be found—a large, open, tin saucepan—and laid down my boots which, with his own useful hands, he made to shine like ebony.

Functionally at the appointed moment the carriage, beautifully washed, was at the hotel, my sleek, well brushed groom standing at the horse's head, and we started to cross the French frontier into Italy. But ere we left France, one act more in the comedy, on which I thought the drop scene had fallen yesterday, was to be put on the stage.

It was necessary, before leaving the country to get my "permit" for horse and carriage revised. Accordingly I pulled up at the Fonten Douane and handed it to a custom-house officer, who took it into his bureau. A remarkably pompous looking gendarme was standing at the door, and apparently thought that he could not better while away the time than by interrogating me. Who knows what dangerous enemy to his country he might not discover in this seemingly inoffensive traveller. "Show me your papers," quoth he.

"Now for a bit of fun," thought I, for I felt dangerously hilarious, perhaps the effect of the broiling mountain air and my determination not to lose any opportunity for enjoyment. I bit my lips to repress facial evidence of hilarity, which, I fear, however, showed itself in my un governable Irish eyes, and possibly offended my pompous, all-important looking interrogator.

"What papers?" "Your passport?" "Oh, my passport! Well, here it is."

I took it out of my pocket with the most methodical, prolonged deliberation, lowering my unmanageable eyes and severely biting my lip during the process.

He unfolded it in a slow, judicial manner, which would have done credit to a judge, who was about to read the death warrant of a king. My passport begins:

"We, Robert Arthur Tabot Gascogne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury, Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne Baron Cecil, a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland a Member of Her Britannic Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," etc.

Long and steadily he looked at these ponderous words, and then addressed me: "Vous etes Robert Arthur."

"No," I replied, "that is not my name."

"But here it is," he exclaimed, "look at it!"

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"No," I replied, "I am not Robert Arthur."

Confusion, worse confounded! His official dignity began to give way, and puzzled annoyance to take possession of his countenance.

"Oh, my poor lip, how it bleeds!" "You are not Robert Arthur! Mais la voila, la voila!"

"No, I am not Lord Salisbury. I am not the Prime Minister of England."

This was a complete puzzle to him. But I have a soft vein somewhere in my hard heart, and taking compassion on his helplessness, I told him my name. Instead, however of looking for it in the body of the passport, where he, and all others whom it might concern, were requested and required, in the name of Her Majesty, to allow the holder to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he might stand in need, he discovered and scrutinized with the greatest care my signature in one of the corners, and then retreated with the puzzling document into the bureau.

Returning, he carefully folded and courteously handed it to me with the polite remark, "Parion, monsieur, de vous remercie. Merci beaucoup, monsieur. Monsieur est en règle," with a military salute, he wished me a bon voyage, feeling doubtful whether I was not really Lord Salisbury in disguise. But he never deigned to cast an eye on my innocent-looking groom, whose escape I was so unwittingly covering.

San Dalmazzo di Tenda at last! What a charming spot! What a delightful, cool retreat, with its rushing, rattling, rolling waters, and green fields, and shady trees, under which my accomplished valet-groom contentedly, though seeming very thoughtful, smoked his cigarettes, after having carefully rubbed down and fed my faithful steed, which had brought him so safely and unrecognized through the enemy's country into kindly Italy, so rich in sunshine, shade, and paper money, so thoroughly taxed, so perfectly drained of liberty and gold.

The afternoon was passed in much-needed mental and bodily rest—on the morrow the gendarme had again to be run—but no evidence of anxiety or fear was portrayed on the pleasant, good-humored face of my useful attendant.

Back over the same road we travelled yesterday! At Fonten the "permit" duly inspected and vised—on to Breil—here another inspection and visé, which done, an official of the Douane politely asked if my servant had been spoken to by any gendarme en route this morning.

"No, we have not met one since we left San Dalmazzo this morning."

"May I ask your servant's name, sir?" "Certainly, Leon, go into the bureau and write your name."

This he seemed very reluctant to do, but had to obey. When he again got into the carriage, I said, "By-the-by, what is your full name? You have not yet told me."

"Jean Vincent Leon, sir," he replied.

On my arrival at Bordighera in the evening, I told my wife that I intended to keep Leon, as I found him a very useful servant, and next morning gave him leave, at his request, to return to Mentone and fetch his clothes, giving him at the same time a letter to the British Vice-Consul (to ascertain his character).

The letter turned up some hours later in the coach-house, but the groom turned up no more! Two days later I went to Nice and gave the British Consul an account of my arrest, showing him the revolver which was hidden in the carriage; then went to lunch with an old friend, whose children played with the pistol while I recounted my Alpine adventure.

"Do you know," said my friend, "I feel convinced that you deceived servant is Walroff, the anarchist assassin."

"Nonsense," I replied, "he is a most innocent-looking youth, and is just the sort of quiet, intelligent servant that would suit you. But what assassination has taken place? I have heard nothing of it. I have not looked at a newspaper for more than a week."

with a dagger. She sprang out of bed, flew at the assassin, who had a revolver as well as a dagger, rolled him over on the floor, while he stabbed her again in the struggle, and then fastidiously bleeding into her maid's room at the end of the corridor. He followed in hot haste and fired two shots at the maid, one of which lodged in her forehead, while Madame de Coconato escaped into another room and, opening the window, called into the street for help. In the meantime Walroff went to his room, changed his clothes, and walked out of the house, and it was thought that he had committed suicide in the sea, and I am now certain that your servant is the man."

Yes, he undoubtedly was. Instead of committing suicide he had quietly walked across the frontier in the night and at two o'clock next day was being quickly regaled in the kitchen by the cook as "Monsieur's new groom!"

"I never saw such a thirsty man in my life," said the cook; "he drank three decanters of water without stopping."

Then, after luncheon, I went with my friend to the procurator of the Republic at Nice and handed him the revolver, which was at once identified by Monsieur de Coconato as his property, telegrams were sent flying across the frontier into Italy in all directions, and after a few days Master Leon Walroff was discovered in a prison in Genoa awaiting his trial on the charge of attempting to swindle.

This innocent youth, being under the impression, probably, that the law of extradition could not affect him, as I had told him he need not fear the three months' threatened imprisonment so long as he kept the frontier between the gendarmes and himself, and possibly wishing to safely pose as a hero made the following statement to the police of Genoa: "I come from Nice. My name is Leon Walroff, valet of Monsieur Martin de Coconato. I was born in the Vosges. I am the assassin of Madame Garin de Coconato and of her maid, at whom I fired two revolver shots."

But in the eyes of the law of extradition there is a slight difference between hiding a pistol when crossing a frontier and lodging its contents in another person's head; so Master Leon after serving his term of two months' imprisonment for attempted swindling in Genoa was brought back to Nice on an extradition warrant, and there took place one of the most curious and sensational trials of recent years. His plea was somnambulism, and for three days some of the cleverest lawyers and scientific medical experts from Paris, who had put him through the most searching examinations for several months between his arrest and trial, fought it out pro and con. It was the most interesting and clever discussion on this intensely interesting scientific question I ever heard, but the result was neither conclusive nor satisfactory.

Determinedly and doggedly he held his ground day after day, this self-possessed youth, before some of the most powerful lawyers and doctors, and unshaken by the searching cross examination of an experienced judge, with always the one avowal: "Yes, I did it, but I was asleep at the time, and am not responsible," and with always a plausible explanation of any suspicious circumstance or occurrence which might be brought forward in evidence.

But the lady and her maid recovered (through the latter still carries the bullet in her head), and gave evidence at the trial, but no motive for the crime could be discovered. He was at first supposed to be an anarchist (but this was not proved), as he had been heard to say that all the rich should be killed. The supposition that it was for robbery was untenable, as there was a large sum of money in a purse, which he could have taken, but did not. Other motives were also suggested, but dismissed.

Finally, after a long and exhaustive trial, which will certainly hold a prominent place among modern cases celebre, the jury brought in the following verdict: "We find the prisoner, Leon Walroff, guilty of having voluntarily, but without premeditation, attempted to assassinate Madame Garin de Coconato and Caroline Brocco."

And the judge awarded him five years' imprisonment.

So it ended.

But why he did it remains an unsolved mystery.

"Do you know," said Monsieur de Coconato to me when this rare avis was made, "I engaged that young man without a character, because he had such an honest face."

And I replied: "So did I.—London Month."



QUEBEC TO CACOUNA.

On leaving St. Anne de la Pêche, it was decided between your correspondents and a few friends that we should take advantage of the privilege allowed in our programme to take a stay over at the lake and vicinity.

The present city of Quebec no signs of decay or backwardness on the contrary the inhabitants seem to be active, alert and full of business. Hundreds of visitors arriving at the hotels or returning to the wharves and depots, and wagons laden with goods are constantly rolling up or creeping down the sloping avenues of the ancient capital.

Our fellow travellers were American tourists for the most part. There were also a large number of Canadian, French and English, on their way to the watering places and cool resorts, such as Murray Bay, River de Loup, Cacouna and Tadoussac.

Two years ago when passing Cape Trinity, a large number of French Canadian priests who had just finished their ecclesiastical retreat under Bishop Begin at Chicoutimi, and were on their way home to their parishes, gathered on the forward upper deck and sang in unison the "Ave Maria Stella."

The country for many miles east, west and south of Levis offers to the view a most charming landscape, of cultivated fields dotted here and there with small villages, each having its descent church and gleaming spire; while wooded hills in the distant horizon close in the magnificent panorama.

We visited several of the churches Quebec may proudly boast of. The Basilica is very gorgeous and imposing, the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart on the Gospel side, with bright light falling on it from some hidden source, is very remarkable, the impression for which it leaves on the devout beholder cannot soon be effaced or forgotten.

Having passed through the art gallery and museum of Laval University, we sought repose and needed refreshment at our Hotel, the Victoria. This with the Frontenac are the principal hostleries of the ancient city. The Frontenac is the more pretentious and more costly of the two.

The Victoria, in charge of Monsieur Trudel, is a very commodious and popular place of call. Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Sheriff Brady, of Woodstock, and County Crown Attorney Donohue, of L'Epine, were among the guests during my short stay.

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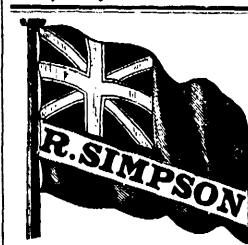
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From the Timesbury Observer. Mr. W. J. Kennedy, who resides on the 8th continent of the Province of Ontario, is one of the most respected farmers in the township. Recently an Observer representative visited his home for the purpose of learning the cause of his recovery of his daughter, Miss Alice Kennedy, from a severe and trying illness, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after medical assistance had failed. Miss Kennedy was present at the appearance of a healthy and active young woman of twenty, and bears no indication of having passed through an illness that baffled the doctor's skill.



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