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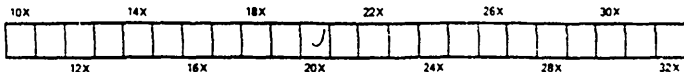
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THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

An eloquent Tribute to the Mother of Father Tom's Book - A Letter from John Daly. The New Bishop of North-west Scotland.

ASTORIA

Abraham Thompson has been discharged in connection with the death of the Blinley woman.

A woman named Moorcraft has been sent to jail for a month for beating her husband black and blue. It was the 10th time she had treated him in that way.

A plibiscite of the people of Belfast taken on the Corporation Bill shows that more than one fifth of the population oppose it.

CARLOW

The Tory majority in the Carlow Board of Guardians have lately been displaying intolerance towards the Nationalists.

CLARE

Seizures for rent have been made on the farms of John Nugent, James Corry, and Pat Maloney, on the estate of Pat. Dwyer, Dublin, at Osher, East Clare.

Sergeant Major Sparling, Clare Artillery; Mr. Hartigan, army pensioner; J. R. Roy of the Ordnance Survey and an Ennis shoekeeper were drowned on April 2nd when fishing in Ballybeg lake.

COEK

The Duke of Devonshire's property in the Bandon district is to be sold and there is a strong feeling that the tenants should have the first claim in purchasing their farms.

John Donnelly, of Two Pot House, Malow, committed suicide.

An Englishman named John French has been arrested on the charge of robbing the poor box at Ballinrosgig Catholic church.

J. Hynes, national school inspector at Youghal, has charged Mrs. Drury, wife of Lieut. Drury, R. N., and her sister with presiding at a snuffing him. The case was dismissed as one that should never have been brought into court.

Thomas McCarthy, 2 Buckingham Place, died from the effects of poison taken in mistake.

Very Rev. Dan O'Regan, Mitchalstown, will shortly celebrate the 88th anniversary of his birth.

James Daly, a scaffold maker from Skibbereen, was it feared mortally wounded at the Mileston New Church on April 2nd.

DOERY

Charles Ross, drapers assistant sued at the Derry assizes his employer J. J. Pollock J.P., for wrongful dismissal and false imprisonment. A verdict for £105 was given.

DEWLA

The Irish agriculturalists at their meeting on April 30th, resolved to keep the depressed state of the country before the attention of the government.

At the meeting of the Blackrock commissioners on April 1st, a number of lively interchanges occurred between the chairman and Mr. Wingham.

The tramway companies' competition is growing keener.

Mr. Redmond's organ suggests that Redmondites retaliate on the priests by lowering their Easter dues.

Lord Mayo has succeeded in establishing the Arts and Crafts Society on a sound basis.

Very Rev. Dr. Delaney delivered the concluding discourse on the Re-union of Christendom on March 29th.

PERMANENT

Canon Moegan, Lismacloe, has been given the title of Monsignor.

WATWAY

White gloves were presented to Judge Richards in the Castlebar Sessions.

The tenants on the Handcock estate, at a meeting in Dunmore agreed to make an offer through Canon O'Dwyer for the purchase of their holdings from the landlord.

Very Rev. Father Lyons O.P., who preached the sermon at the recent unveiling of an altar in Galway to the memory of the late Father Tom Burke draw the following picture of the domestic purity of the family in which the great pupil orator of the Order of Preachers was brought up:

The warmest nursery of the choicest spiritual fruits is the fireside of a pious Catholic home. As a rule, a man, if he is made by the good or evil influence of his home. Happy the man to whom, through all the temptations of life, the thought of a mother's frown is as a second conscience! Thomas Burke had received his birth in a Providence many rich gifts of nature and of grace—so richer, so more fruitful, gift had he received than that of a simple, austere, pious mother. And if the man of the world say to me: "Was it not hard on your Church to encourage that young man, with a heart made to enjoy life, to abuse against himself the avenue to pleasure; was it not cruel to allow him to renounce his birth-right of liberty, with the prospect of a great career before him?" I answer: "It must have come natural to him to aspire to a life of virginity who had never heard of his father's lips a coarse expression, and when he had but his eyes in his mother and sisters a shrinking modesty of look and gait and gesture that reminded him of what he had read of the immaculate Mother herself. Nor could the yoke of religious obedience gall the shoulder of him who, when he bade the last farewell to his mother before the lid was screwed down under the coffin, was able to say of her: "Good-bye, mother! I was your mother who knew how to rear a son for the altar of God; for I cannot recall that, after darkness had fallen, you permitted me to leave the shelter of your roof."

Kerry. At Killarney, on March 20, the counting of the votes in the East Kerry election took place, and the declaration of the poll was made in the Court-house. The result was as follows:
Roche 1,001
McCarthy 650
Majority 351
There were 118 spoiled votes.
Mr. James Roche, M.P., said:
"I beg your permission to make a personal statement which will be very short. During the course of this contest a certain portion of the Press who were opposed to me throughout this contest cast on my good name what I can only consider is the very greatest stigma that could be cast on the name of any man. The advertisement of that case has been placed in other hands. I can assure everybody here assembled that it was taken many days before the election of the 15th of March. I am sending it to you. I will ask the electors, the men and women of East Kerry, my fellow-representatives and the country at large, to accept my appeal and that advertisement is placed in front of holding the position to which I have been elected to day.
John Ryan, steward, has been seriously injured by an accident at the G. S. W. Station, Tralee.
King's County
Judge Mahony declares King's County is almost without crime.
Limerick
Although in feeble health, Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, celebrated Mass on St. Patrick's Day.
Limerick
The Mayor, aldermen and citizens of Limerick have memorialized the Lord Lieutenant in reference to the treatment of the Catholic claim as to the Roxborough schools.
Mr. James Daly, brother of John Daly, has received the following touching letter from his brother in Portland Prison:
Wednesday, Jan. 15th, 1896.
DEAR JIM.—Your more than kind and very interesting letter of October 31st was given to me on the 12th November, but let me tell you that I have not yet answered it—should I be restored to liberty, and should I have cause to differ with J. Redmond, I will first go to him and shake hands, for I am sure he will then come to me, like a man, if needs be. Because he not only brought me a beautiful little photo of Jimmy and portion of his hair, but he got permission for me to have and keep them in the cell, and the same applies to Sister Nellie, as it was she who sent them to me. I had a spider in this cell some years ago, which got to know me right well, and when I had got fond of him the spider bit me on the nose. I caught it. And last summer I had a fly in the cell that became quite familiar with me, but the cold banished him. But Jimmy's beautiful picture makes me quite independent of fly or spider by helping me in a great way to destroy that awful feeling of all alone that kills a man slowly but surely. When I rise now I bid Jimmy the top of the morning, and when I come to bid him the time of day, and also the good night. And oh! Jim, if you could have got a peep at me on Christmas Night you would have seen me standing in front of Jimmy's picture, and I would have said, "God bless old Ireland, boys, hurrah! to you and all at home, and to all my kind, good friends, in Limerick and elsewhere—out of an empty nest, and an honest acknowledgment of it, and would be to mother. I think, more than silver or gold. And I fancy I was wanting in that. . . . Yet I feel confident now that had mother been able to see me, that that future she that is thirty years ago, she would have done just as she had done; and at that time I know she would rather have seen her two sons lying dead at her feet than that their names should be mentioned in any obituary notice of their country. It is due to my mother that I should say so much; as we never met again on earth, and as this is the only comfort for all that has been done for me here. However, the great compliment which the citizens and the United Corporation of Limerick have paid me was, I am sure, more pleasing and compensating to my mother than that they should get on her; and I hope and trust that Limerick's people and Limerick's Corporation will be as united in defence of their own dignity as they have been in offering me no honors which I have not honestly earned, but in which I am truly and sincerely grateful, regardless of the consequences. . . . I have only space now to say that we have not long had the news of what is going to be my fate, as the opening of Parliament must decide that. And, while I am strong in the hope of being restored to freedom, yet should it be otherwise I think I have inherited an account of mother's patient endurance to meet it in a manner worthy of her and as becomes a man. With kind love to home and friends, I am, as ever, yours, J. DALY.

England. The Daily Chronicle understands on good authority that the Pope has appointed the Right Rev. Monsignor Bourne, Bishop Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. But, Catholic Bishop of Southwark. Mr. Bourne is rector of St. John's Diocesan Seminary, Guildford.
Pauper Children. The Daily News says: "The ghastly and gruesome sensation produced by the report of the Poor Law Guardians School Committee is likely to be immediate. The Government's Education Bill will be opposed by the entire Liberal Party both in the House of Commons and in the country with all their strength. But the clause which deals with pauper children, and which transfers them from the Local Government Board to the Education Department, cannot, when this terrible report has been read and digested, be seriously resisted by anyone."

Scotland. The Heir of Abbotford. A committee has been formed of the principal Catholics of Galashiels with a view to taking the steps necessary towards making a suitable presentation to Lieut. Joseph Maxwell Scott on the occasion of his coming of age, which occurs in April. Lieut. Maxwell Scott is heir to the Abbotford estates, and is the descendant of the great Sir Walter Scott, while the family are staunch in the support of Catholicity.
James McCullagh Released. James McCullagh, who was sentenced at Edinburgh in December, 1883, to penal servitude for life in connection with the attempted explosion at Buchanan street railway station, the Tradeston gasometer, and the Possil Bridge Canal—all in Glasgow—was released from Portland Prison on March 27.
St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. The services of Holy Week began on Sunday, His Grace the Archbishop officiating at the High Mass and at Vespers. Before High Mass the Archbishop blessed the palms, and the usual procession took place, the music of "Gloria, laus, et honor" being excellently rendered by the choir and a number of boys.
The Palm Sunday services were carried out with due solemnity at the Sacred Heart church. At the evening service the retreat for women was brought to a close by Father Hession, who preached an eloquent and learned sermon on "The Christian Warfare," and imparted the Papal blessing.
Mr. Legge, Her Majesty's Inspector of Industrial Schools and Homes, visited on Sunday last, and made his annual inspection of the Catholic working boys Home 60 and 62, Lauriston Road, Edinburgh.
The mission of St. Patrick, to which special attention is being drawn by the laying of the memorial stone of the new church, was opened in 1860, being one of the three missions opened in that year in Glasgow, the other two being St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, Canon Condon, the present pastor, entered on his duties in May, 1883. The Catholic population numbered then 7,000 souls. Three years later the school average had risen to 788.
The school attendance in 1890 was 1,800, and in the present year exceeds 2,800, and the sum expended in the mission on education wants but a few pounds of being two thousand. Canon Condon has done more than one man's share of the work in the Glasgow archdiocese already, according to the opinions of all who know him, and he celebrated his golden jubilee last year. But when other men would be seeking well-earned repose, he is actively engaged in the building of a magnificent new church. Since St. Patrick's was made a separate mission there were baptised 19,441 persons, 6,087 persons were confirmed and 8,900 married.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. lived a young girl who answered to the name of Nellie. She was just turned eighteen. Her father had died when she was only a baby in her mother's arms. Before she was ten her mother had become a confirmed invalid. The home was supported by an older brother and sister, and, at present, Nellie, too, was bringing home her mite. The house was an ordinary five-story tenement. The first floor was occupied by the German housekeeper, the second by Nellie's mother, the third and fourth by Italian families, and on the top floor lived Mrs. McCarthy, a widow, who incidentally presided over the destinies of those beneath her. What she said went, with the Germans, the Italians, and even the Jews. The name of the German housekeeper was Koolhor. "It's too hard a name to remember," said Mrs. McCarthy, "we'll call you Mrs. Kelly for short." After that everybody called the housekeeper Mrs. Kelly, and her children answered to the name in the street. The two Italian families sought Mrs. McCarthy's reason for this was that the "Irish lady" had nursed four little Italian children through the scarlet fever, and not one of them died, though there were several deaths in the next house. When Mrs. McCarthy would cry out, "Come in out of the rain little spaghetti!" all the Italian children tumbled over each other in their eagerness to obey. One Jewish child would threaten the other with "You better look out, I tell Mrs. McCarthy."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. On Summer evenings the residents of Orchard street were on the sidewalks, excepting those who were on the roofs and fire-escapes. So when Nellie, one evening in July, having arranged a bow of blue ribbon at her throat, and fixed a clasp straw hat in a jaunty fashion on her head, made her way down stairs to the street, she found everybody there. The asphalt pavement was alive with children, dancing to the music of a parlor organ. Further down the street the blind girl and her father were singing, with cracked voices, a doleful melody. Peddlers of cheap fruit were trying to make themselves heard. It was an ever-changing panorama, full of life and movement. In the midst of this shifting scene, with one of the "little spaghetti" in her arms, sat Mrs. McCarthy, acting as chaperon to the whole block.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Good evening girls!" Nellie cried, to a group of her own set who were standing on the sidewalk, watching with infinite sympathy the blind girl and her father. The girls addressed responded, and one of them said in a low voice to another: "Ain't it strange, no matter what Nellie was doing, she never got on her? Do you know I've tried to kiss her, but I can't seem to make it go."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "She does look sweet, doesn't she?" Like strawberry and vanilla, mixed, her companion answered. The blind girl and her father gathered up the liberal supply of pennies, which had been put into the hat or showered down from the windows above, and departed. The Italian organ-grinder raised his cap, and bowing with the dignity of a Montague, wheeled his organ away, and the usual shouting of children at their games filled the air again.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Let's take a walk," one of the young girls proposed. "Yes," the others, with the exception of Nellie, answered. "Where shall we go, down to Grand Street or up Second Avenue?" "Down to Grand Street, for a change," answered the girl who proposed the walk, "and if I have enough money in my pocket-book, we can have a glass of cream soda at Norton's."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Arnt' you coming, Nellie?" one of them asked, while the others halted. "No, thanks, Madam. I don't feel much like walking to-night"—then, noticing that Mamie looked disappointed, she added, with an attempt at a careless laugh, "I'll buy a penny's worth of cream at John's stand, and mix it with ice-water."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "I mean that Nellie is not altogether too tired to walk, but that she has other fish to fry, as Mrs. McCarthy says."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Who is she in love with?" Mamie asked. "Johnny Morrissey." "Not much; there is nothing serious in that."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "No, I wasn't thinking of Johnny Morrissey," the accuser answered, "but of that man with the black moustache, who is bookkeeper in the factory opposite Nellie's house."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "I began to dawn upon the others that they had seen Nellie on several occasions, talking to this strange man. Then they commenced putting this and that together. "I wonder if he could have given her that pretty silver bracelet, which she told us a friend gave her?" one of them ventured. "That's just it!" another exclaimed. Mamie, who was Nellie's bosom friend, bit her lip for a moment, and then said quietly, "Don't you think girls, we have been a little bit inconsiderable in our conversation?" The others realized how far they had gone in their surmise, and dropped the subject.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. Shortly after Nellie's companion had left her, a young man came out of an office on the opposite side of the street, and Nellie walked over to him. "The man with the black moustache," as he was called, was about thirty years of age. He was rather good looking, and his clothes fitted him very well. Mrs. McCarthy said that he had "a bad eye." Nellie heard that remark, and said to herself, "Mrs. McCarthy says more than her prayers. When Nellie made her way across the street Mr. Courtney offered her a chair, but, after she positively declined it several times, he sat down again. She had not yet admitted, even to herself, that she cared very much for the man with the black moustache. It was true that she had gone out walking with him once or twice, and had even accepted from him several invitations to eat ice cream. In so doing she felt that she was not acting just right, but she settled her scruples in some vague way. Mrs. McCarthy hinted to her that she ought to be more discreet, but as the young girl resented her interference, Mrs. McCarthy said no more.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. Mr. Courtney and Nellie chattered away for a time, until in an evil moment, the conversation turned to fortune-telling. It was the custom in the store in which Nellie worked to the girls to make tea for dinner every day. At dinner that day one of the number started telling the future of the others. Nellie narrated this incident to Mr. Courtney and he was not slow to follow up what she said with enthusiastic praise of fortune-telling. "I think I'll have to have my fortune told some day," she remarked with a laugh.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "You ought to," he returned, if you can find a fortune-teller." "Oh, I know where one lives. Her name is Madame Beline; she charges twenty five cents to read quarters of the cards, fifty cents to read half, and a dollar to read the full pack."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "You ought to go then and have your fortune told you," he urged her, smiling; "I'm sure it is going to be full of roses and a very happy one."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. He said that so nice, she thought. She smiled and bowed to him, saying, "Thanks, I hope it will be; and yours, too." She felt that was the right thing to answer, because on New Year's Day, when anyone greeted a friend with "Happy New Year," the answer always was, "the same to you and many of them."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "It would be fun to go to a fortune-teller wouldn't it?" she exclaimed, as the idea began to take possession of her.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Yes you would find it very interesting, and I am sure you would be surprised at all the things you would hear," he remarked seriously. "I'd like awfully much to go, just for once," she answered, "but then it's wrong and would be a sin." She said this to herself in "maiden meditation." Then she turned to him and continued: "You know I'm a Catholic and we are forbidden by our Church to consult fortune-tellers."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Yes, but to go once out of curiosity, cannot be very wrong, it seems to me. Though I'm not a Catholic myself, still there are many things about your Church which I admire. However, I must say, that in some trivial things, it is a little too strict, or rather, perhaps I ought to say that in some things you Catholics are stricter than the Church itself. If there were not so many "musts" and "must nots" in the Catholic Church, I think I would become a Catholic myself."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. She listened attentively to his words, and he won on her, by protesting a leaning toward her religion. "Perhaps it wouldn't be wrong for me to go to a fortune-teller, just once, for the fun of it?" Nellie queried. "As long as I don't believe in it, there can't be any harm."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "It will be an experience for you." Then he joked her a little about making a mountain out of a mole-hill, and ended by saying that her fear was a good sign, as it proved she was still very young. Nellie had worn long dresses a year before the other girls of her own age. To laugh at her because of her youth, was the strongest weapon that could be used against her.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. Looking far down the street, she noticed her friends returning, and as she did not care to have them see her talking to Mr. Courtney, she started to go.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "What about the fortune-teller?" he asked, with a peevish smile, which dared her. "To-morrow night, after supper, I will make an experiment. I will try Madame Beline in Delancey Street. Good night."

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Good night, Miss Jackson." he answered, raising his hat with considerable solemnity.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. "Miss Jackson" sounded in her ears like sweetest music. And the way he raised his hat! There was no doubt about it, he was a gentleman.

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. When the girls returned, they found Nellie waiting for them. It was now night, and the glare of an electric light fell upon Mrs. McCarthy, with a little Italian child sleeping in her arms. The girls gathered about the door-way, and after admiring the

Madame Beline—Fortune-Teller. Continued on Page 7.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE OUTLAW OF CAMARQUE. A. De Lamoignon. Translated by Anna T. Sedgwick. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

A readable book from cover to cover, but the interest belongs more to the style than to the plot, so that the translator deserves the particular thanks of the reader. We may dispose of the plot itself in a very few words.

Frederic, an officer of the King's guards in the time of the Reign of Terror, is foster brother of the beautiful Theresina. According to the customs of Provence a girl marries to please her father, not to consult any happiness of her own. Thus it happens that Theresina wedded Marius, the foundling, to please her father, Bernard.

The plot is tragic, indeed it is that accretion of all the romance of that unhappy period in French history. But the gloom of the story is greatly relieved by the pleasing descriptive powers of the author, which the translator must have preserved very admirably in his translation.

The task of the translator has evidently been most agreeable to her, and the reader gets the benefit of this. People who love an old time tale, told in the old time way, will welcome the "Outlaw of Camarque."

BEAUTIFUL JOE. By Marshall Saunders. Toronto: Standard Publishing Co.

An introductory note in praise of this book for young people has been written by the Countess of Aberdeen, and is inserted in the present edition in facsimile. Praise from so high a quarter is not addressed in vain to the general reader, and it has been bestowed here for a two-fold reason. The book has a good purpose, and it is written in a charming style.

A SHORT STATEMENT OF THE QUESTION OF ANGLICAN ORDERS. Baltimore, John Murphy & Co.

The Baltimore publishers here give us in pamphlet form an article translated from the Civitas Catholicus, Dec. 31st, 1895, which is full and fully enough into this question. A more exhaustive statement might easily have been presented; but it is doubtful whether it would have been more useful. Anyone who desires to understand the origin of Anglican orders thoroughly without reading up the matter exhaustively should obtain a copy of this pamphlet.

Donohoe's Magazine for April. P. O'Neill Larkin contributes a trenchant paper on "Abuses in the Stoorage," to Donohoe's Magazine for April.

Following the article in the March Atlantic on the Irish in American life, we have this month a description of the Scotch element in the people not alone of the republic, but of the northern half of the continent of North America.

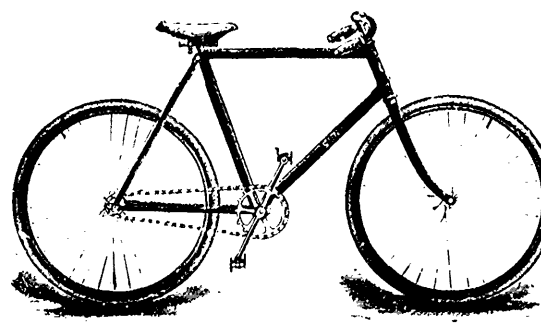
Donohoe's Magazine for April. "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," which begins in the April issue of Donohoe's Magazine, promises to be one of the most interesting stories written by that fascinating story-teller.

The fourth installment of "The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone for April, and deals with speculations on the future of the righteous and the unrighteous.

To the April Review of Reviews Albert Shaw contributes a sketch of "Murat Halstead, Journalist," which all newspaper men will appreciate and enjoy.

The Ladies' Home Journal. A particularly bright number for April is the one which begins with "Consider the Ladies," (Nancy Waddle) and "The Ladies of Cloth," (Lillian Bell).

John Stone, mason, Antville, Ont., had Salt Rheum so severe that for seven years he wore greased gloves. He writes: "I used a quarter of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Salt Rheum now." Chase's Ointment cures every irritant disease of the skin, always itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations. 50c per box.



It's very hard to decide which is the best wheel by simply reading the ads. But you'll make no mistake buying a "SUN" \$85 \$85 HE'S NO BETTER BICYCLE MADE. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LTD. BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porters. Our Ales and Porters are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on. ROBT DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier.

THE DOCTORS WERE WRONG. THEY SAID MR. REUBEN PETCH WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED. They Apparently Had Good Grounds for Their Report and on the Strength of It He was Paid a \$1,500 Disability Insurance - Another Case in Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Brought Health After All Other Means Failed.

Mr. Reuben Petch is a resident of Grimsbyville who has been known to the editor of the Monitor for a considerable number of years. For several years Mr. Petch has been in poor health, has been an intense sufferer and was declared incurable by a number of physicians, and was paid a disability insurance of \$1,500.



The article that is given the place of honor in the April Popular Astronomy is contributed by one of the editors, Mr. William V. Payne on the planet Mars. Accompanying it is a map of Mars on Mercator's projection, showing the so-called canals. Mr. Payne tells us that the observations of different astronomers show that there is water upon this neighboring globe.

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DR. JAS. LOFTUS, DENTIST. Mr. J. P. Whitney, member for the County of Dundas in the Ontario Legislature, has been elected leader of the provincial opposition in the room of Mr. Martlet. Mr. Whitney is one of the best type of men in public life in Canada.

The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- April 16: St. Benedict, Joseph Labre. 17: St. Anthonis, P. and M. 18: St. Leo I., P. C. and I. 19: 2nd After Easter, St. Leo X. 20: Of the Feria. 21: St. Anselm, Bp. and I. 22: St. Soter and Causus.

Mr. Parcell's life of Cardinal Manning is quoted by certain Anglicans as proof that for many years Mr. Gladstone was at heart a Catholic. Who can say what he is now?

M. Zola asks "why do I feel that the beasts belong to my family like men?" The Journal des Debats answers that M. Zola's inclination has always been to mistake men for beasts.

The Register regrets that the attack of illness which Mr. Davlin, M. P. has had in the House of Commons has developed into pneumonia. We sincerely hope the hon. member will be soon restored to health.

Prince Charles of Denmark, the affianced husband of princess Maud of Wales, is the great-grandson of Desiro Olary, the daughter of an exiled member of a famous Irish family, that of O'Clery of Tyrconnell.

The London Daily Chronicle says: It is announced that the fourth International Scientific Congress of Roman Catholics will be held at Fribourg next year. The first and second Congresses were held in Paris in 1888 and 1891, and the third in Brussels in 1894.

These be the days when it is flat stale and unprofitable to speculate upon anything. But, for all that, we wonder what ax the lynx-eyed Inland Revenue officer had to grind who stuffed the Montreal reporter with the piratical yarn concerning the seizure of a "still" at the Oka monastery.

The courts of the Province awarded Mr. Kelly, a citizen of Toronto, pecuniary damages for the outrage put upon him by an over officious policeman who has made himself an utter nuisance as the tool of a body of persons who call themselves the Lord's Day Alliance.

would know quickly and to their sorrow their position in the community.

There is a striking relationship between the methods of lynchers and the way of the A.P.A. Very often lynchings hang the wrong man, and the fellow who meet in dark cellars to select their victims are up to make the same error.

The Evangelical Churchman had an unusually bad fit last week. Again we quote it: The United Service Gazette, of England, has been reflecting with deserved criticism upon a Roman Catholic demonstration held recently at the Benedictine Church of St. Anne's, Liverpool.

The casual reader of the above would be led to believe that the "demonstration" if not a Fenian rising must have been a Land League meeting or something distinctly "disloyal" at the very least.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States is a not a body remarkable in any way for friendliness towards Catholics. Its members at their session the other day, worked themselves up to a high state of excitement over an apparent delay on the part of the Senate of the United States in cutting off the appropriations for Catholic Indian schools.

Of course she is. The Conference attacked the statue of Pere Marquette. But even there the vice-president of the Methodist University had to consider that the statue of Marquette, considered as a work of art, overshadowed in merit anything else in Washington, even the statue of Lincoln.

A correspondent, who signs himself "L. H. B.," treats the editor of The Evangelical Churchman to a lesson in logic, thereby performing an act of charity and some public service. He points out to the editor that opposition to the Remedial Bill is an injury to "Christ's little ones in the Anglican Church."

failed in England, but that some Methodists and Evangelicals are anxious to graft upon public education in Canada. It is all very fine for the editor in lieu of argument, to bluster about the Bible being the bed rock of all religion.

A Catholic journalist in the United States asked the question the other day in a tone of contempt what have Catholics on the secular press ever done for Catholic truth?

Attention has recently been called to a mischievous which has been for many years silently effected by the illustrations in Punch. Since a Roman Catholic became its editor, any number of caricatures of dignitaries of the Church of England, as well as of Nonconformists, have appeared in its pages.

This paragraph sharpens the untruth it conveys by containing a modicum of truth. The editor of Punch, as all the world knows, is a Catholic. Many Catholics buy Punch; but the great bulk of its patronage is Protestant, necessarily must be so.

The Northwest Review comes forward with unobtrusive kindness to advise its Catholic contemporaries how they should act in regard to the Remedial Bill. Some of these contemporaries have, it appears, said too much while others have not said enough to please their disinterested friend.

The Catholic papers surely need advice upon the Remedial Bill at the present juncture. They are confronted on the one hand by their plain duty to press for and support the cause of remedial legislation by the Federal authority, and on the other hand they see the gross mismanagement of the session, not to apply at the present time a stronger word to what is taking place in the Parliament at Ottawa.

The Catholic press has borne with patience a great deal of advice which it has received of late from a motley crew of political hacks, and it is high time there was an end to the humbug. Anyone who is not a political partisan can see that the educational rights of the minority in Manitoba are in more danger now than at any time during the past six years.

the long run, but only as far as the present session of Parliament gave grounds for hope. That is the point upon which the Catholic press needs advice.

Catholics have looked to the patriotic statesmen of Canada to settle this question outside of the political arena. They have been looking in that direction a long time, and if they have not been bitterly disappointed we do not understand the opinion afloat.

Catholics then will look to the bishops of their Church, who from the commencement of this struggle have maintained an unflinching confidence in Canada and in the Constitution, depending on no party for the restoration of the just right of the Manitoba minority.

A Revolution in English Primary Education

What we said last week about the new English Education Bill was based upon brief and unsatisfactory cable messages. We have now before us the statement in the House of Commons of Sir John Gorst, who explained very lucidly the provisions of the measure.

For a general survey of the field of English primary education a few figures will suffice. At present the voluntary schools of England are educating 1,879,000 children and the Board schools 1,445,000 or a proportion of seven to three. The maintenance of a child in the voluntary schools is £1 15s 11d as against £2 7s 1d in the Board schools.

Sir John Gorst explained the principle of the Bill forcibly and clearly. It proposes to establish in every county and county borough a paramount educational authority, which is to be the one channel for distributing public money to all primary schools.

It only remains for us to make a few comments upon the general character of the Bill. Mr. Aisland, the idol of the Board school party in English politics, describes the bill as the greatest upheaval England has ever seen. The powers of the School Board are gone as a sweep, so are most of the powers of the English Education Department.

understand the system, as the education of all children, no matter for what occupation in life they may be intended, on a level. They say that this system and doctrinal teaching cannot exist together. The Catholic view has been that schools can only be national when they admit religious instruction to all according to the conscientious conviction of parents.

And now comes the most important proposal of all, that dealing with the religious difficulty. Here as in the provisions of the Bill already reviewed, it strikes out in a directly opposite direction from the present law. As we explained last week the religious difficulty was compromised in the Act of 1870 by diluting the religious teaching proscribed for the Board schools to the utmost possible limit.

It cannot satisfy Catholics, however, with Board schools; but of course it does not contemplate any sort of compulsion. Sir John Gorst told the House that the voluntary schools were in England to stay.

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achieved this result in any country will be justified in characterizing the English Bill as reactionary. The Radical party in England will fight the Bill with uncompromising hostility. The country is brought face to face with the bitterest battle over education in English history.

Catholic Population of Canada.

We have received Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1896, which, as usual, is found complete in official information concerning all the dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., in the United States and Canada.

Table showing Catholic population of the Dominion: Halifax 50,000; Ottawa 125,000; Toronto 60,000; Charlottetown 5,000; Hamilton 70,000; Nicolet 80,872; St. Albert 15,000; Sherbrooke 62,000; Atholbrook 60,000; Mackenzie, Gulf St. Lawrence 7,000; Kingston 60,000; Quebec 320,000; Alexandria 25,000; Chatham 65,000; London 60,000; Peterborough 60,000; St. Hyacinthe 110,000; Three Rivers 60,000; Pontiac 36,650; Montreal 400,520; St. Boniface 29,000; Antigonish 75,000; Chicoutimi 60,000; New Westminster 28,000; Rimouski 81,500; St. John, N.B. 60,000; Valleyfield 66,125; Saskatchewan 8,200. Total 2,098,067.

This shows a satisfactory increase in our Catholic population, which is steadily gaining ground; and bids fair in the near future to be fully 50 per cent of the total population of the Dominion.

An International Court of Arbitration.

A noble and persuasive appeal has been sent forth by the three great Cardinals of the Catholic Church in England, Ireland and America inviting all "who hear our voices to co-operate in the formation of a public opinion which shall demand the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitration as a rational substitute among the English speaking races for a resort to the bloody arbitrament of war."

"We are well aware that such a project is beset with practical difficulties. We believe that they will not prove to be insuperable if the desire to overcome them be genuine and general. Such a court existed for centuries, when the nations of Christendom were united in one faith. And have we not seen nations appeal to that same court for its judgment in our own day?"

Madame Belino Fortune-Teller

Continued from Page 3

sleeping baby, the conversation turned on fortune-telling, or rather Nellie who was full of the subject, brought the talk around to it.

"Madame Belino has a great name as a fortune-teller," said one of the girls.

"Well, if she has, she never deserved it," answered Mrs. McCarthy. "She never told anybody's fortune."

"A great many persons think she is a splendid fortune teller," Nellie remarked, with a faint trace of contempt in her voice.

"If you live to be as old as I am, Nellie, you will find that a great many people are fools," Mrs. McCarthy had very decided opinions about such things.

"It's strange then, if she don't know how to tell fortunes, that so many go to her. She owns a house uptown and she bought it with money she made telling fortunes," Nellie argued.

"She got rich," Mrs. McCarthy answered, "on the quarters of silly schoolgirls, who were always running to her to know whether their future husbands would be light-headed or dark-headed. And since if they only came to me I could have told them for nothing, that the men who would marry them would be light-headed, for none but light-headed ones would be foolish enough to marry girls that are always running to fortune-tellers."

All the girls laughed at this, with the exception of Nellie. She made a face, and whispered to her friend Mamie: "Mrs. McCarthy thinks she knows everything."

"Let me tell you about Madame Belino, as you call her," said the chaperon of Orchard Street, as she gathered the "little spaghetti" closer to her breast. "One day a good many years ago, I was sitting upstairs alone. A few days before I had buried my youngest baby, and I was feeling pretty lonesome. Madame Belino knocked at the door and when I opened it, she came in. She looked about the room for a moment, and then informed me that she would tell my fortune for twenty-five cents. Anything for a distraction, I thought, so I sat down to have my fortune told for the first time. She told me that I had crossed a large body of water in my life—she knew that from my sweet brogue. She said I was married; seeing that there was marriage certificate in a frame over the mantel, I didn't think that piece of information was wonderful. Then she said very sadly: 'You never had any children and you never will have any.' I bowed my head as much as to say, 'right again.' There's fortune-telling for you. 'Never had any children and never will have any!' Mrs. McCarthy exclaimed, 'and me the mother of twelve and one of them breaking my heart because he won't go to Mass on Sundays.'"

"Well, to make one mistake is nothing," Nellie argued.

"Ah! that's not the only mistake she ever made. She's a stupid woman anyhow; because on the chair beside me, while she was telling my fortune, there was a new pair of baby's socks that I had just bought for my little angel in heaven, before she took sick. If Madame Belino was even a smart woman, she would have noticed them and known why I was so sad and lonesome. But as long as there are fools in the world, there will be fortune-tellers to take their money. Why it's only the other day," continued Mrs. McCarthy, rocking the waking baby back to sleep, "that I heard a woman praise Madame Belino because she had told a man and his wife, that they would both get money and would live in a mansion. 'And sure enough,' this woman said, 'about ten years afterwards, they got a legacy of five pounds from a friend in Ireland, and they both died last year in the poor house.' And what about the mansion, says I. 'Isn't a poorhouse a large mansion sure,' says she. May the saints protect us! but's no wonder Mrs. Benzine got rich."

The girls laughed at Mrs. McCarthy's new name for the fortune-teller and the meeting at the hall-door broke up.

Nellie's conscience bothered her a little when she knelt down that night to say her prayers. The next evening, however, after she had finished her supper and made her evening toilet as was her custom, she left home in search of a girl whom she knew to be a past-master (or is it mistress?) in the knowledge of fortune-tellers; and, having found her, the two of them went to consult Madame Belino. The fortune-teller answered the bell and ushered them upstairs into her apartments. She was profuse in her welcome and talked incessantly. Nellie's friend underwent the ordeal first, and came back smiling, because of the glorious future and the man with the blonde moustache, which would be hers. Nellie then entered the parlor in which the fortune-teller was sitting. A lamp turned low and covered with a pink shade threw a soft light about the room. Nellie was very nervous and almost on the point of being hysterical. Madame Belino took the girl's trembling hand, and looked into her eyes for several moments. Then a pack of cards was produced. The fortune teller shuffled them with great dexterity, looking

at first at the cards, and then at her client. Nellie's face was ashen, the pretty tint in her cheeks seemed to have run down into her pink fadora. "This is the first time you have been to a fortune teller," Madame Belino began. "The cards tell me that you are in love." Nellie's hand trembled still more, and she could feel one of her feet nervously tapping the carpet. "You are in love with a real gentleman. He is tall and has a black moustache. He is very devoted to you. He loves you with all his heart. He is of a different religion, but when you marry him, he will join your Church." Madame Belino looked attentively at the cards a moment, and then added: "The man I speak of you will meet before you get back to your house to-night. The fortune teller dropped the pack of cards, saying: "That is all the cards tell me this evening."

When the girls were about to go Madame Belino called Nellie back and whispered: "The next time you come, you will hear more." Nellie paid the dollar for herself and friend, and departed.

They walked down the street chatting over their experiences with the fortune-teller. Just as they turned the corner, the man with the black moustache came hurrying along with several account-books under his arm. He stopped, and bade the girls good evening, and then excused himself, saying that he was in a great hurry. The words of the fortune teller returned to Nellie. "The man I speak of you will meet before you get back to your house to-night." She grew pale so suddenly that her companion asked:

"Are you sick?"

"No," Nellie answered.

The girl looked at her for a moment and then exclaimed:

"Oh, I understand! Madame Belino told you something about that man."

Nellie acknowledged the truth of the guess, begging her friend not to mention the matter to anybody.

A few mornings afterwards Nellie and her brother and sister were at breakfast. He was reading the morning paper and the two girls were talking.

"Don't you like blonde hair?" Nellie asked.

"On some girls," her sister answered.

"Oh, I think it's fine!" Nellie said.

"It looks so sweet when it's worn in a fluffy bang. There's a girl works in our store who used to have dark brown hair and now she bleaches it, and she looks like a wax doll. I'd like to bleach my hair just for fun," she added, laughing.

Her brother put down his cup of coffee.

"See here, if ever I hear you speak again of bleaching your hair, I'll break your neck."

Nellie blushed and tried to smile. Nobody spoke for several moments. At the end of the painful silence, her brother looked up from his paper and continued:

"I notice that you stand talking to that fellow across the street that has a black moustache. You better drop him. He's too old for you. Besides, he ain't no good."

Nellie's courage came back, and she answered:

"I suppose I can't talk to anybody?"

"You can't talk to him."

"Yes, I can, you're not my boss."

He raised the newspaper in anger, as if to strike her, exclaiming:

"Shut up!"

It was the first time he had ever lifted his hand to her and she burst into tears. Her mother was sitting up in bed taking her breakfast, and the noise of Nellie sobbing attracted her attention. "What's the matter, children dear," she asked in a mild voice, "are you quarrelling?"

Nellie left the table and coming to the bedroom, buried her head in her mother's lap. She was the youngest and the invalid mother had always made a pet of her. Her brother left his coffee unfinished and slipped on his coat to go to work. As he passed out of the door, his mother said:

"You mustn't be so rough with her, Eddie, she's only a baby yet." He made no answer to his mother.

When he was gone, Nellie found her voice again. "I'd rather have Mr. Courtney than ten like that old bear. Mr. Courtney knows how to speak a girl. Besides he's a gentleman. He doesn't say, 'He ain't no good!' He knows how to talk English."

The older sister smiled, and the sick mother patted Nellie's head, telling her to dry her eyes. After that time Nellie waited until her brother was out of sight, before she crossed the street to talk to Mr. Courtney.

Several weeks passed by, and Nellie gradually fell more and more under the influence of the man with the black moustache. She was fast captivated by him. He flattered her and vying her. He flattered her and made her see life as a rose during these days. The temptation to hear the other things which the fortune-teller had promised to tell her, grew up in her again. She fought it off for a while, but finally her curiosity overcame her, and she went again with a friend. Madame Belino was glad to see them and expressed wonder at their remaining away so long.

After Nellie's companion had heard her fortune told for the tenth time, Nellie entered the room. On this

occasion the cards were not used, but Madame Belino went off in a trance. Her eyes grew large, her bosom heaved, and she seemed to Nellie like something the girl had once seen in an ugly dream. "There was another young lady crossing her path—the man with the black moustache had spoken of this young lady to Nellie. No time must be lost or Nellie's life would be wrecked. She must do something immediately to win his affections once for all, otherwise she was forever miserable."

Madame Belino came out of the apparent trance breathing heavily, and saying that she was much exhausted. She gave Nellie a powder and told her to drop it at her lover's feet. This would increase his love for her. Madame Belino explained that the powder cost a dollar, but as she was so interested in her, she would only charge fifty cents for it. Nellie was further directed to buy five cents worth of dragon's blood from a druggist, which she was to burn at midnight, as a charm. When Nellie was going downstairs the fortune-teller confided to her, that while in the trance, she saw something that told her, that if Nellie did not marry the man with the black moustache, she would marry a man who would beat her and ill-treat her, and finally kill her.

The next evening, on her way home from work, Nellie bought the dragon's blood. The drug clerk smiled as he handed it to her, and Nellie blushed and hurried out of the store. She retraced her path until she reached a street at a few minutes before twelve left her room and came into the kitchen. The fire was burning low in the stove. She lifted off one of the lids, and stood over the fire holding the dragon's blood, and waiting for twelve o'clock. The night was a hot one in the latter part of August. Through the open window she could hear strains of music coming from a neighboring concert saloon. People were sleeping on the fire-escapes and on the roofs of the adjoining houses. Some of the men, who found it too warm to sleep, were smoking. She could see the light in their pipes flare up and then die away. Once in a while an elevated train dashed by in the next street, shaking the houses and drowning the sound of the music. From the room off the kitchen the uneasy breathing of her sick mother came to her. It made her nervous, and she wished the clock would strike.

The sound of her mother's breathing seemed to grow more distinct. The clock ticked, which was a sign that it would soon announce the hour. A low rumble, and then it began. "One—two—" Nellie held the dragon's blood over the fire. The sound of her mother's breathing grew still louder, and Nellie repented of what she was doing. She turned to go away, and, as she did so, the words of the fortune-teller came back to her. "If you do not marry this man you will be miserable all your life," came back to her.

"Seven—eight—nine," the clock struck slower as if waiting for her. She returned to the stove, and, dropping the dragon's blood in the fire, repeated the talismanic words, which Madame Belino had taught her.

"That's my love to me may turn; But she may not eat, sleep, or peace find, Till he comes to me and speaks his mind. Just as she finished the last line, she was startled by her mother crying out:

"Nellie! Nellie!"

The girl stood spellbound and a cold chill passed over her. Then she heard her mother breathing heavily again, and she realized that she was not caught.

"But why did mamma call 'Nellie! Nellie!' just at that time," she asked herself, and, not being able to find an answer, she went back to her room, and, burying her head in the pillow, wept through guilt and shame.

It took her several days to recover from the shock she had received, during which time she did not see Mr. Courtney. Saturday night came, and, noticing her sister getting ready to go out, she asked her where she was going.

"To confession; don't you want to come?"

"I guess I ought to go," Nellie replied.

"How long have you been away?"

"Over three months."

"What!" exclaimed her sister in astonishment; "I never knew that you remained away for so long a time."

"I never did before," Nellie answered, bowing her head.

"Well, you had better put on your hat and come with me."

"Not to-night, Annie. I don't feel like it."

"But you will when you get there," her sister reasoned. "If you keep putting it off until you feel like going I'm afraid it will be a long time. None of us feel just in the humor very often to go to confession."

Nellie listened to her sister, and when she had finished, begged to be excused, promising to go another time. After her sister had gone, Nellie opened her pocket book, and, taking out the little package containing the love powder, which Madame Belino had given her, she crushed it in her hand and threw it into the stove. "I won't do that, anyway," she said to herself. This heroic action seemed to ease her mind and make some concession for her not

going to confession. She dressed and went down to the street. Mr. Courtney was at his post as usual, and, when he smiled, she felt the attraction and crossed over to him. Under the spell of his conversation she gradually brightened up and forgot all about the fright she had received when she heard her mother calling her as she was dropping the dragon's blood into the fire. Mr. Courtney was full of little compliments. He noticed her hands, and told her how pretty and symmetrical they were. She worked in a candy store, and all the girls there were expected to have pretty hands. Nellie was proud of hers. She mentioned the name of the other girl whom he spoke of occasionally, and he said that he had met her a few evenings before, and that they had quarrelled. He did not wish over to see her again. Nellie thought of the verse Madame Belino told her to recite.

"Is not this blood I wish to burn, But that my lover to me may turn."

Everything seemed to happen just as the fortune-teller predicted. At that moment Nellie became possessed with the idea that, so as she would, she was destined to marry this man. Before they parted that evening he had told her that he loved her, and she had acknowledged her love for him.

Another week passed away. He had asked her to marry him. She told no one of this. She went again to Madame Belino, and the fortune teller said that the cards showed that the man with the black moustache had asked Nellie to marry him, and if she did not do so at once her life would be spoiled. The girl came away more convinced than ever. Finally Mr. Courtney persuaded her to go with him to a priest and talk the matter over. She would not go to one of the priests of her own parish because she knew them all. The two went to another church. The priest they saw said he could not marry them, as Nellie did not live in the parish. He added that he had more mixed marriages than he cared for without taking those outside of his jurisdiction. He told Nellie that she looked young enough to be playing jack-stones instead of thinking of marriage. Mr. Courtney took her away before the priest could say any more.

This attempt proving a failure, Nellie was for putting off the marriage for a time. She was really miserable. The man with the black moustache was insistent. He proposed that they go to a minister and be married, and not count the ceremony as a real marriage until they could get a priest to marry them. After that the marriage would be pronounced, and then they would go housekeeping. He brought her to a furniture store. He asked her to choose the furniture that pleased her. She fought against him for a time, but at last his will overcame hers, and she consented.

It was a beautiful Sunday evening early in September. Nellie met Mr. Courtney at the corner of the street on which she lived, and they joined the procession which moves up Second avenue, from the district below, every Sunday night. They were not long in reaching the house in which the minister lived. As they stood up before him to be married Nellie thought of her sick mother and of the terrible sin she was committing. When the minister told her to repeat after him the words which would make her Mr. Courtney's wife she burst into tears. The minister asked what was the matter, and the bridegroom explained that Nellie was a Catholic and had some scruples about being married outside her own Church. This seemed to satisfy the minister, and, after a little had recovered, the ceremony was performed. She dried her eyes, and Mr. Courtney reached her his arm and they both started away. It had been agreed that she would go home after the marriage was over, and then try, in a day or two, to get a priest to perform the real marriage. Mr. Courtney breathed easier as he came down the steps. He felt that at last, after a great deal of hard work, that she was his.

The bridegroom came through the narrow iron gate first, holding it open for his youthful bride to follow. Just as he did a woman rushed at him and, catching him by the arm, shrieked:

"You villain, now I have you!"

For a moment the man with the black moustache seemed dumbfounded. The next instant he gave the woman a violent fling against the railing and then rushed for a passing car. The woman struck against the gas, thus closing it, and it was several moments before she recovered from the shock occasioned by her being thrown with such force against the iron railing. When she revived, seeing that the man was gone, she turned to the pale, frightened girl, who was her prisoner.

"I have you, anyway!" she cried, angrily.

Several persons stopped to find out the cause of the trouble, one of them being a priest. He recognized the excited woman, and asked her what was the matter.

"I found him, Father," she exclaimed. "He was with her."

The priest looked at the girl before him, and saw that she was Nellie. He understood the case in the same instant.

"Have you been in there?" he asked Nellie, pointing to the house.

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Mr. Joseph Morrow, Merchant of Burlington Ont. writes: "William Cornish says that Scott's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever tried. His son William who works for a farmer was laid up and unable to work. His system was generally run down. One bottle of Scott's Sarsaparilla cured him immediately. For further facts write either Mr. Morrow or Mr. T. J. Fish, personally. Then

Scott's Sarsaparilla

All Dealers, \$1.00 per large bottle. Use SCOTT'S SKIN SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION!

She answered faintly that she had been.

"Did you get married?" was his next question, and she answered it with a burst of tears.

"Did she marry him?" the woman asked.

"So it seems," the priest said.

The strange woman grew suddenly calm, and shaking her head sadly, said, "The poor little fool; she's his second victim."

As several persons had been attracted to the spot, the trio moved down the street and Nellie found to her sorrow that she was walking at the side of Mr. Courtney's wife, whom she had abandoned several years before, after the birth of her baby. The first wife had never seen or heard of him during that time. When she married him she was living in a Western town. After he abandoned her, she came on to New York, to live with an aunt. The priest knew her history, as she had told him everything. He had no difficulty, therefore, in immediately grasping the situation, which he witnessed in front of the minister's house.

Nellie was completely broken down by the turn things had taken. She was afraid to face her mother and her brother. "The priest thought differently. All was not lost. Mr. Courtney having a wife living, could not marry another. The marriage ceremony performed that evening was therefore null. Mrs. Courtney agreed never to mention the matter to anyone. The priest saw the minister, explained the case, and no entry of the marriage was made. Nellie went home and complaining of a sick headache retired early. The next day she started out to work as usual. Mr. Courtney was never heard of afterwards, and it was rumored in Orchard Street that he had forged some checks and had to fly.

Mrs. McCarthy said his going was a blessing for Nellie, as he had "a bad eye," and for all anybody knew, he might have had another wife some where else. When Nellie came to her senses, she could not understand how she had ever acted in the way she did. She was convinced that Madame Belino must have cast some spell over her. She and Mrs. McCarthy became better friends, after the passing of the man with the black moustache, although she still believed that Mrs. McCarthy's opinion of the fortune-teller was wrong. In her own eyes Madame Belino was a wonder. Everything that had been foretold previous to the marriage had come true.

As for Madame Belino, she was a happy woman. Mr. Courtney had called on her a few hours before Nellie made her first visit, and gave the woman several useful points of information. It was fixed that Madame Belino should tell the young girl that she would meet the man she was to marry on her way home. Mr. Courtney accidentally was on hand. All the other things which the fortune teller said to Nellie, had been arranged also. Madame Belino received twenty-five dollars for her trouble. A neat sum for an East-side fortune-teller.

As for Nellie, when her girl friends asked her afterwards to go walking, she always went.

"Isn't it strange," says Mrs. McCarthy, "how young girls will go to fortune-tellers. Now—But Mrs. McCarthy is beginning to murmur, and we all can do that for ourselves, there is no use in wasting time, listening to the commonplaces of an old widow woman."

GLAD TO SEE SPRING.

City people don't begin to know all the discomforts a long cold winter brings to people in the country. There is no hardship in leaving a warm house merely to step into a heated street car and be rapidly conveyed in comfort to wherever one's business takes one. But when one must go right out and face the elements either walking or driving with no protection except what one's clothing affords, it is different. No one cares to be weighed down with the burden of many garments, and yet warmth must be had by some means; and thus the idea of using a FINEST CLOTHING interlining in all winter clothing has become deservedly popular. Its warmth, without weight, and wind and waterproof qualities are highly appreciated by all who require to be much out of doors.

A witty retort sometimes answers quite as well as a long argument. There are some things not easy to explain, and no better answer could have been made to the Englishman criticizing, in remarkably bad taste, American social customs, than that made by Mr. Lincoln: "You see, sir, there is a tremendous difference between the English customs and the American. For example, no gentleman in England," remarked the Londoner, "would ever think of blacking his own boots." "Wouldn't he?" inquired Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully. "Why, whose would he black?"

JUST AT THIS TIME.

A Few Valuable Hints To Those Who Are Quick To Take Advantage of Suggestions.

Can you afford to risk your life during this Spring? This is a question which a great many people will do well to consider just at this time.

How many people there are, just now, who complain of tired worn out feelings. They feel listless, languid, have headaches, backaches and continually suffer from stomach troubles. Their symptoms plainly show that their liver and kidneys are out of order. Others are sufferers from dizziness, palpitation and pains near the heart. Their blood does not circulate properly and it needs purifying. Unless these things are attended to, the first cold which they catch is very apt to turn into pneumonia, consumption or some other dangerous malady. Can anyone afford to run these risks?

These dangers are not exaggerated. They are actually serious, they must be faced and it is a serious matter for people who have others depending on them. Such people cannot afford to be laid up by a severe illness, loss of work and pay heavy doctors' bills. It is wiser to guard against the possibility of losing up the system and putting every organ of the body in perfect condition. This is easily accomplished by the aid of Warner's Safe Cure, which for years has been recognized as the greatest and best remedy for removing the strength and building up the health.

Every doctor knows this truth. Thousands of prominent people have proved its value in their own experience. Ask them and they will tell you they always make it a practice to take Warner's Safe Cure whenever any ill health approaches. That is why they can face the most dangerous exposures without risk and always keep in perfect health. There are few people who can afford to ignore these suggestions, few who should fail to avail themselves of the valuable hints they contain.

Our readers, says the Westminster Gazette, will remember accounts that have appeared of "Another Father Damien." Don Ulick, the Leprosy Chaplain at the Lazaretto, of Agua de Dios. After partial recovery from apparently hopeless illness, he resumed his work among the lepers, again fell sick, and was sent to Italy, but only to die. He passed away peacefully while ago at the Mother House of his Order (the Salesians), at Turin, having lived, indeed, few years, but a superabundantly full life. He did not die of leprosy. He succumbed to a complication of maladies contracted in the arid and scorching mountains of Colombia.

SUNLIGHT SOAP. The Twin Bar WITH ITS Twin Benefits. Less Labor Greater Comfort. If you wish your Linen White as Snow Sunlight Soap will make it so. For every 10 Wrappers sent to Laver Soap, Ltd., 25 Scott St., Toronto, a new and improved book will be sent.

REGISTER JOTTINGS.

The church of St. Anne, 141 St. James St. has been destroyed by fire. The famous actress Madge...

"The Rounded Corner."

Every article reported to "think the man" as he is made by the tailor...

The performance of "Ma Beth" by the students of St. Michael's College...

Mr. J. Powell, of the Young street, in showing a rich stock in marble and granite...

A chair of journalism has been erected and endowed in the Catholic University of Lille, France.

Mr. Sydney Buxton is writing an article on the work for social reform done by the late Cardinal Manning.

The sailors in the French navy compelled the government to admit the religious observance of Good Friday on the fleet.

Congressman Henry Clay Milner has been baptised into the Catholic church in Brooklyn, New York.

There is a vacancy in the New Zealand hierarchy through the death of Dr. Luck O.S.B., Bishop of Auckland.

Rev. Gerald T. McMurray, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Dunmore, Penn., is dead. He was a native of Manor Hamilton, Ireland.

A branch of the Catholic Truth Society has been formed in Rome. The innovation is a feature of the re-union movement.

The remains of Lady Barton have been interred according to the rites of the Catholic Church to which the deceased belonged.

The Freeman's Journal trusts that the release of Mr. William O'Brien from bankruptcy is but the prelude to his return to Parliament.

Rev. Father Drockmann, S.J., Principal of St. Francis Xavier College, Bombay, has been elected a syndic of Bombay University.

Mr. Arthur Balfour addressed the House of Commons the other day with his arm in a sling. He had a fall from his bicycle.

Rev. Dr. Carson, Presbyterian, Detroit, who addressed the Catholic Colic League in Toronto on St. Patrick's night is dead.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has returned to his home in Arthur from New Orleans where he lectured before the Catholic Winter School.

Mr. J. L. Carey, Parnellite, has been returned unopposed for the College Division of Dublin in the room of Dr. Kenny, resigned.

Her Majesty the Queen has conferred a colonelcy in the King's Royal Dragoon Guards on the Emperor of Austria. This is an indication of friendship between England and Austria.

On St. Patrick's Day a bunch of Shamrocks placed on the grave of the saint was presented to the Pope. His Holiness expressed great pleasure in the receipt of the emblem.

Wilson Barrett's religious play "The Sign of the Cross," is to be followed by another entitled "Credo" by Mr. Ogilvie. The leading part is to be taken by Miss Kate Horke, the well known Catholic actress.

Rev. Dr. Zahn, the well known American theologian, author of "Evolution and Dogma" has been appointed procurator of the order of the Holy Cross with a residence at Rome.

Lord Russell, of Killowen, will visit New York in August. He will be accompanied by Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Montagu Clackenthorpe and Mr. James Fox.

The French Government will not interfere with the meeting of the bishops at Rheims in celebration of the fourteenth hundredth anniversary of the baptism of Clovis.

The London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal says the illness of Mr. Blake which the cable correspondents have made so much of was not serious enough to deserve recording.

MISS. NORTHROP & LYMAN Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering...

Do it! DODD'S Kidney Pills. See that you get DODD'S imitations are dangerous!

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EVERY TEACHER SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR The Educational Journal.

LATEST MARKETS. TORONTO, April 15 1896. Business was not active on the local street market.

Wheat—Steady, one load of white selling at 80c. Oats—Steady, one load selling at 27c.

Wheat, white... 80 00 00. Wheat, red... 78 00 00. Wheat, goose... 68 00 00.

Montreal, April 14.—Grain—The local market is still dull and lifeless. Wheat, No. 1 hard, nominal; wheat, No. 2 hard, nominal.

THE "NEW WOMAN" NOT IN IT. With all her freaks and fads the "New Woman" does not commence to enjoy the same comfort with her mannish clothing that a man does.

In the Spring: Purify the Blood by way of the Kidneys. This is Nature's way of doing it, and the way.

DODD'S Kidney Pills. Do it! See that you get DODD'S imitations are dangerous!

Ale and Stout JOHN LABATT LONDON. Are Pure and Wholesome. TORONTO. MONTREAL.

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