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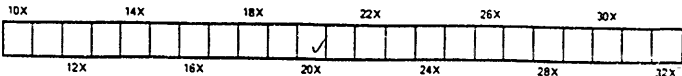
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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Rev. Father and Dearly Beloved Brethren... The following pastoral was read in all the churches...

On April 22nd a convention, summoned by the All Ireland Committee... The meeting was very large.

On April 22nd a meeting of Mr. T. M. Healy's friends was held in the small room of the Antient Concert Rooms... The attendance was very large and of a thoroughly representative character.

A committee is being formed in the City of the Violated Treaty to celebrate the seventh centenary of incorporation of the city under the Charter first granted in 1177.

On the 21st inst., in the Chapel of Athleague, a solemn Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of the soul of Mr. Mulry.

On April 28th the funeral obsequies of Sister Mary Aloysius Flanagan, of the Presentation Order, Mullingar, took place in the presence of a number of friends and several clergymen of the diocese.

The Catholic Truth Society of England held the annual meeting at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, on the 10th inst.

A very numerously attended reception was held at Archbishop's House, Westminster, prior to Cardinal Vaughan's departure for Rome.

The subordination of the Right Rev. Dr. Bourne as Bishop of Southwark is announced by Bishop Butler.

The Right Rev. Canon Allen, of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, at Shrewsbury, has been appointed by the Pope to the Bishopric of Shrewsbury in succession to the late Bishop Carroll.

Among the distinguished visitors to London at present is Bishop Lonnard, of Cape Town, who is staying at Nazareth House, Bishop Lonnard, who is an Irishman and an old Mayoist student, intends shortly to leave for Ireland to stay with his sister Mrs. Brady, at Blackrock, county Dublin.

CABOT'S VOYAGES.

By Right Rev. Bishop Howley. (CONTINUED.)

MAPS AND RECORDS.

The peninsula of Greenland, stretching out west from Scandinavia, and encircling Iceland on the north, and coming down on the westward of Iceland as far as the 60th degree of North latitude, is distinctly shown on the map of Claudius Clavius, dated 1497. It also appears on a map in the Pitts Palace, Florence, dated 1447, and in one recently found by Nordenskiöld, in a codex of Florentine, at Warsaw, dated 1407; also in a map of Nicolaus Denis, of 1471, again in a map of Henricus Martellus, 1480-90. In all these maps, and indeed until long after the time of Columbus and Cabot, Greenland is represented as a territory appendage of Scandinavian Europe (Winsor, Columbus, page 140). It is quite impossible to think that Cabot, who had bent his whole mind to the study and exploration of this passage to the North-west, should have been ignorant of the position of Greenland. Immediately after the voyages of Cabot and Cortereal, we begin to find the first glimmer of the truth of Greenland's separation from Northern Europe. This appears first on the Cantino map, 1500, drawn in explanation of Cortereal's voyage, and in vindication of his claim for Portugal of Cabot's New-found-land. There Greenland appears very distinctly and correctly as a land, showing Cape Farewell in latitude 60° North; and, though the upper portion of it is left undefined, it seems clear that it has no connection with Europe. Nevertheless, its exact position was not well understood for more than half a century afterwards. Thus, on the map of Ruysch (1608), we find Greenland not only separated from Europe, but by going to the opposite extreme, it is attached to the New-found-land of Baccalaos. But in the celebrated Ribero map, of 1529, it is again made a northern peninsula of Europe, stretching out west from Norway; while on the maps of Russell (1644) and Gastaldi (1648), a continuous belt of land connects Norway, Greenland and Baccalaos. In all cases, however, Greenland is a prominent feature in the cartography of the Northern Atlantic ocean. On the maps of 2-nd, and the codex found in Warsaw (1497), Greenland is professedly named with prominent rivers and settlements. It can not then be doubted for a moment that Cabot knew of this land, and that it would be necessary for him to make the southern point of it (Cape Farewell), and doubling this point, bear away towards the north-west. This is what he tried to do, as we shall see, and which, to some extent, he succeeded in doing.

HARD STUDY IN SCHOOL.

BRINGS ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miserable—Could Not See Her Hands and Feet—From the Naples Express. Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus' dance. A correspondent tells of a young lady at Naples who had lately had a very bad case of this trouble. He says: "I never saw any person suffering so badly before from nervous disorder. She was violently jerking and twitching all the time, and could not use her right hand at all. Anything she would try to do with it it would instantly fall. When she would attempt to walk, her limbs would twist and turn, the ankle often doubling down and throwing her. Lately I heard that she had been cured but doubted the truth of the statement and went out to see her. The statement proved quite true, and believing that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was readily granted. The young lady is Miss M. Gonyon, general favorite among her acquaintances, and it is thought that her trouble, as is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school." Miss Gonyon gave the following statement: "All through the fall of 1896 I had been reading French. I did not speak to anyone about it, for I was going to school and was afraid I said anything about it to my parents they would keep me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last, some weeks ago, I was unable to get up. My right side was affected most, though the trouble seemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I was constantly growing worse. I could not use my hands, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been taking for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and getting better, so I thought as they were so good for him, I would try them. Before the first box was done I was feeling much better, and after using the Pink Pills for about a month, my health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I felt the effects of the pills, and I have not had the slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for all such troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a most wonderful triumph of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing to buy that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

SCOTLAND.

Tables of and and Lady Bute.

The noble and Catholic earl of Cumbrock mindful of their great indebtedness to the generosity of Lord and Lady Bute, their noble benefactors and patrons, gladly took advantage of the chance afforded them by the silver jubilee of the wedding of your Lordship and your Ladyship to express at once their hearty felicitations and their grateful sentiments by means of the following address, designed and tastefully executed with true artistic skill by Mr. Frank Tipping, organist of St. John's Church, Glasgow, and organist of St. John's, Old Cumbrock, and St. Margaret's, New Cumbrock, and their respective congratulations on the great event of the silver jubilee of your Lordship and your Ladyship. They take this opportunity to nearly express their deep sense of lasting gratitude for the great and generous works accomplished and supported by your Lordship and your Ladyship in promoting the sacred cause of religion, education and charity in their midst, and they beg to assure you of a constant remembrance in their prayers for you and your Ladyship, and abundant blessings and happiness to your Lordship and your Ladyship and family—Charles O'Malley, priest in charge; Alexander Stewart, St. John's, Glasgow; John Curran and John Gordon, for St. Margaret's; Frank Tipping, organist and choirman; Alexander Dillon, President of Association of Prayer and Young Men's Society, Mitchell Street; Patrick St. John, for St. John's Society; Catherine Haffey, President Children of Mary; Andrew Luffery, President St. Aloysius Guild; Sister Ignatia, for St. John's School; Catherine R. Hamill, for St. Margaret's School.

NAVIGATOR'S EXPERIENCE.

One of our veteran navigators, the Hon. Capt. Cleary, has recently described to me a voyage which he made over forty years ago (1858) on the very route run by Cabot.

One of our veteran navigators, the Hon. Capt. Cleary, has recently described to me a voyage which he made over forty years ago (1858) on the very route run by Cabot. He left Copenhagen on October 19th, came out thro the Gattegat and Skager Rack, passed between the Orkneys and Shetlands (exactly in latitude 60° north), and he tried all he could to make southward, during the passage across, he could not gain an inch that way. The first land he saw was Cape Farewell in Greenland. He was then carried southward and westward by the Arctic Current. The next land he made was Signal Hill, near St. John's harbor, on December 9th—fifty-nine days out, incidentally, the captain stated, that it would be impossible for Cabot, having in view to make land to the westward of Greenland, to make Cape Breton. "He might have made Labrador coast, near Domino, or Indian Tickle, or he might have made some point on the north-east coast of Newfoundland such as Cape Bonaville or Cape St. John; it would depend on the wind. The Arctic or Labrador current would carry him southwards at about two to four knots per hour, or forty-five miles in twenty-four hours.

DR. DAWSON'S ARGUMENT.

Dr. S. E. Dawson, in his recent monograph, has a paragraph on the variation of the compass on the Northern Atlantic, at the time of the voyages. He acknowledges his indebtedness, on this scientific question, to the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for 1880 and 1889. The general result of the observations is, that the variation at that time was much less than it is at present—about one-half. The variation at present is nearly three points (33 1/2) west in Cabot's time it was about one point

AMONG THE CLERGYMEN WHO OCCASIONALLY HAVE CALLED UPON US AND shown interest in the education and general welfare of the deaf is the Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, of this city.

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CABOT'S VOYAGES.

By Right Rev. Bishop Howley. (CONTINUED.)

MAPS AND RECORDS.

writers indeed, have only known of one voyage of Cabot, and some have spoken of three into these northern latitudes. Now the statements of the various writers, at first sight, appear to be utterly irreconcilable. They range over a space of twelve and a half degrees, or 750 miles, namely, from North Latitude 55 to North Latitude 67 1/2. Thus, Ramusio (Sommario dello Julio) gives 55 as the extreme limit. But, in another place, the same writer (Conversazioni a Caffi) gives 58. Again, he says Sebastian Cabot wrote him, saying he went as far north as 67 1/2; Gomara says 67; Sir Humphrey Gilbert says 67 1/2. It has become the fashion for modern writers, especially Harrison, the latest author on the question, to attribute all this confusion to the mendacious and deceptive statements of Sebastian Cabot; in fact, Harrison, in his late work, does not leave Sebastian a shred of a character. Dr. Dawson follows suit, and I am sorry to see he is imitated by some of our most prominent local writers. It very often happens that modern writers when they meet with an apparent contradictory statement, are immediately ready to accuse these early voyagers of ignorance and bad faith. It never occurs to them that the ignorance may be on their own side. I am fully convinced it is so in this case, less on Cabot than on Sebastian Cabot. A little more careful study, and especially the consideration of this northern detour of Cabot, will help to show how all these apparently conflicting statements can be reconciled. The mystery is unraveled; the fog, which has so long beset these voyages, as once rises, and all is clear to our vision. Those writers, who speak of 55, 60, 67, 68 and 69, are speaking of the point to which Cabot sailed north westerly, along the coast of Ireland and Scotland, before turning westward towards Greenland and Labrador. This is no mere supposition. It is clearly stated by Gomara, "he took the route to Iceland" (says that historian) "until he came beyond the latitude of the Cape of Labrador, until he reached the fifty-eight degree or more. The cape or outsp (as he very appropriately calls it) of Labrador is Cape Obidley. It is, however, a little north of the 60° of latitude. It will be seen, then, that all these above statements, concerning the latitude, do not refer at all to the position of the landfall, as many have thought, but to the point reached before turning west. The other statements which speak of 67, 67 1/2, 67 1/2, and 68, refer to the second voyage, as I shall show further on.

THE LEARNED DR. DAWSON, IN HIS pamphlet, p. 55, admits something of a northering on the part of Cabot after rounding Cape Clear. Thus he says: "The course of the first voyage was south of Ireland, then for a while north, and afterwards west." On page 68 he says, "If Cabot laid his course to the west by compass from latitude 53° north, &c."

Now, then, when Cabot had sailed for some days north towards Iceland, and had reached some 600 miles, or about the 60° of latitude—the exact latitude of Cape Farewell—he began to land his course westwards, and face the unknown waters of waters. We have no reliable statement as to the exact course steered by Cabot when he turned his prow westward, but his own log book tells us, we must trust to the statements of men such as Soncini and De Ayala, who, not being nautical men, were not particular as to a point or two. His object was to make Cape Farewell in Greenland, in latitude 60° north, and, as well as he could judge from information then available, about four hundred leagues or 1200 miles, to the westward. He would not be much affected by winds or currents until he had made Cape Farewell. In fact, any effect their might have would be to facilitate his making that point.

A VENERABLE PRIEST.

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The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

THE BREAD THAT FEEDS THE CRADLE BEHIND THE WORLD.

Canterbury! What misgiving there is in the name of the quaint old town, especially for those of the old faith, to whom it brings visions of the days long departed when the Church reigned in the hearts of English folk gentle and simple, and when some of her noblest sons stood up against tyranny, and battled for her freedom even into death.

One name stands out above all others, a name so indelibly united with that of Canterbury that the mere mention of the place instantly recalls it, and the memory of St. Thomas A'Beckett revives as the mind's eye conjures up a vision of the magnificent face wherein the martyred archbishop was cruelly done to death by the emissaries of Henry II.

A quaint old place truly; when one has left the railway station and the puffing and hissing train, one seems to have left the nineteenth century behind, and to have stepped suddenly into an old world, place where steam engines, tramcars, gas and electricity, are, or ought to be, unknown.

The gabled houses, small paved windows, narrow streets, and little lanes leading apparently nowhere in particular, the cobble stoned roads, with here and there tiny patches of grass, give a delightful sense of novelty that is only attained nowadays by the return to something old and long forgotten.

And above everything, with a strange personality of its own, which such places always seem to possess, towers the great Cathedral, the monument of the departed glory of old Catholic days, the scene of that crime the like of which was never known before or since, and that still sends a thrill of horror through ones mind, spite of the lapse of more than seven centuries.

It is not until one has advanced some distance into the town that the first glimpse is obtained of the hoary structure, and then, owing to its situation on a part of the ground that dips slightly below the town only an occasional spire or turret is visible.

Perhaps it is this fact that makes the subsequent sight of the Cathedral so inexpressibly grand and awe inspiring, bursting as it does, full upon the beholder, without any preliminary revelations of its structure. I shall never forget my feelings, when having passed through the centre of the town, and crossed a kind of square, we turned down Mercury lane, and came suddenly right out upon the Cathedral close. We were just sufficiently far away to see the whole of the splendid church as one glance. The view was from the north-west door, through which St. Thomas so often passed, and it was with mingled feelings of awe and a sensation almost akin to sorrow that we traversed the broad close that had been trodden by the sainted martyr nearly eight hundred years before.

As we approached the Cathedral the vast grandeur of the structure impressed us more and more at every step, and though I have seen nearly all the old Abbeys and Cathedrals in the old country, not one of them impressed me as did Canterbury Cathedral.

the ethics of Protestant vandalism? And so one is scarcely surprised on reaching the door of the nave to see a kind of money box on each side bearing the notice, "Visitors are requested to contribute sixpence each." An old visitor stands about it, keeping a wary eye on visitors, and woe to the one who omits to drop a tallman into the box, he or she is not likely to penetrate much further.

It is when one approaches the high Altar that the sensation of strangeness and isolation strikes one most forcibly. It is indeed the "abomination of desolation" spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. Accustomed to bow the knee before the throne of the King of kings it is impossible to realize at first that He is not there.

A railing has been placed around the spot on which St. Thomas was killed, and he is eulogized in the most unflattering of fact voices, "Thomas A'Beckett was killed here."

We two appeared to be the only Catholics present, and after seriously debating the propriety of kneeling down and saying a Pater, we decided that it would be better to content ourselves with a silent prayer.

At the time of our visit they were making excavations in the crypt with the object of discovering any remains of the supposed original foundations; and these excavations led to a remarkable discovery, an account of which I have just been reading.

This discovery is none other than the supposed remains of St. Thomas A'Beckett. In 1539 the Shrine was destroyed by the arch tyrant Henry VIII, who ordered the remains of the Saint to be burnt and cast to the winds. Up to the present, this order is believed to have been carried out in its entirety, but the discovery of the remains before alluded to evidently interested in haste at about the spot where the Archbishop's body was originally buried, before its removal to the famous shrine, casts a reasonable doubt upon the matter, and leads to the enquiry whether, after all the persons responsible for the carrying out of Henry's sacrilegious order, might have substituted something else to be burnt in place of the real relics and restored the latter to the original grave.

Such a supposition is by no means improbable when one considers that in the reign of Henry VIII England was not so Protestant as she subsequently came in succeeding reigns, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the old Catholic leaven was still strong enough to prevent the commission of such a shocking crime, which was practically only one degree less than the very murder itself.

The remains were found in a stone box evidently made to do duty in some hasty emergency. The bones are described as those of a tall powerful man, there were the marks of the indentation of some sharp weapon upon the skull just above the left eye, the very spot upon which the sword of Fitzurse struck the Archbishop down.

The features showed that the owner had possessed a large mouth of very determined character; a forehead somewhat low, but remarkably broad and with prominent temples; features familiar to anybody who has seen authentic portraits of A'Beckett. The remains were evidently been hurriedly but carefully placed in the stone box, which was not shaped like an ordinary coffin, and must have been used in an emergency.

I, for one, have scarcely any doubt that the remains are those of the martyred Archbishop, preserved from sacrilege by the hand of God. I think that the correct explanation is to be found in the hypothesis that the myriads of Henry VIII, or at least some of them had consciousness sufficiently alive to the utter futility of the commission of the atrocity they were about to perpetrate in burning the bones of one whom Catholics as they were at heart, they could not but recognize as a saint, and therefore as a kind of savior to their troubled minds, they determined upon the expedient of burying their real remains and burning something else, perhaps the empty coffin in their stead.

Perhaps England may yet see another shrine of St. Thomas A'Beckett at Canterbury, with the relics restored to their rightful place. Nothing is impossible with God.

St. Thomas of Canterbury, pray for us. In a small crypt chapel beneath the Cathedral is the French Huguenot Church. The first thing we saw upon entering was a large glass case standing near the door, containing among other things several replicas of the medals alleged to have been struck at Rome to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew. While we were examining this case, a young man evidently in charge of the church, approached us, and began a voluble explanation of the massacre, winding up with a triumphant exposition of the iniquity of the "Pope of Rome," adducing as a proof the alleged medal, struck, as he repeatedly asserted to commemorate the rejoicings at the summary disposal of so many French Protestants. I calmly replied that I had heard that story several times before and did not believe a word of it, whereupon he said that it was quite true and there was the medal to prove it.

I pointed out that the medal itself was no proof, since anybody might have had it struck, and that, even supposing it had been issued by the Pope's order it merely commemorated, not the massacre, which, when he heard the truth, the Pope strongly condemned, but an entirely false version of the affair, wherein the King of France was supposed to have escaped a dangerous conspiracy against his life and throne, only after much fighting and slaughter. But of course, nothing would convince our positive friend, he would regard us as a couple of fanatics, and it never seemed to occur to him that possibly our version of the story, might after all be the true one. Such is religious prejudice, it says every feeling of magnanimity and justice, from the minds of those unfortunate enough to come under its influence.

When we emerged from the crypt chapel, my companion, who had waxed very indignant burst out with "the idea of a Pope doing such a thing!" and forthwith launched out into a tirade against the British Government for allowing the libel to be perpetuated right under the very Church in which St. Thomas died in defence of the See of Peter against a tyrannical king.

My readers must not forget the House of Providence picnic on the 24th; there is still time to make some articles for the different stalls. Candy, cakes, tea, sugar, &c., are equally acceptable for the refreshment booth. Offers of assistance are always welcome. Those of you who work hard and have very little time, can at least spare an hour or two in the evening to visit the grounds; plenty of fun will be going on. Come with the crowds. TERESA.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Branny and Liver Complaint, and Bud Parsons of Philadelphia has sent me one of these bottles. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Goulaine Coated, and rolled in the Juice of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

It irradiates all our days with beauty and makes them all hallowed when we feel that not the apparent greatness, nor the prominence nor noise with which it is done, but the motive from which it is done, determined the worth of our deed in God's eyes. Faithfulness is faithfulness on whatever scale it be set forth.

scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says: "It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE VIA LONDON/ENRY. Steamers: From Halifax. Labrador: March 14th, 1 p.m.; March 24th, 5 p.m.; Vancouver: March 18th, 1 p.m.; March 28th, 5 p.m.; Labrador: April 1st, 1 p.m.; April 11th, 5 p.m.; Vancouver: April 5th, 1 p.m.; May 1st, 5 p.m.

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SPENCERIAN PEN CO. Sample Card SIXTEEN PENS, different patterns, in every style of writing, including the VICTORIAN SYSTEM, sent prepaid on receipt of TEN CENTS.

New Fancy Work Book



for 1897. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and dollies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Ditch, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells just what shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also gives for working Baby's Shirt and Cap and Patching Baby's Bonnet. 96 pages, over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps. Membership for 1897. Corticelli Home Sewing Book.

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CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt." THE ALE AND PORTER

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, CAN. AWARDED ON THIS CONTINENT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893. TORONTO—James Good & Co., Cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL—P. L. N. Baudry, 127 De Lorimer Ave. QUEBEC—N. Y. Meunier, 277 St. Paul Street.

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

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MARSALA ALTAR WINE SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO. F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER, 240 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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MONUMENTS D. McINTOSH & SONS, 224 YONGE STREET. GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS. Estimate and prices low. Call and see our Display. Show to us a 2x4 inch block of wood. We will give you a Free Copy of our Catalogue. Tel 1250

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE 40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO.

Advertisements... Single copies 10 cents... Annual subscription \$2.00 per annum.

The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

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THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- May 13-S. John the Baptist, B. 14-S. Boniface, F. 15-S. Lidore, C. 16-Ath. St. E. 17-S. Paschal Baylon, C. 18-S. Venantius, M.

One of our bright English exchanges is The Monitor of London. An excellent column in its issue of April 15, is a review taken from The Register.

All our recent exchanges from Ireland bear out the correctness of the views expressed in last week's issue of The Register concerning the collapse of Redmondism.

An honor, quite unique under all the circumstances, has been conferred upon Dr. Thomas O'Hagan.

In gratitude for her rescue from drowning Lady Aberdeen has presented the Catholic church at Gatineau Point with a bell bearing the simple inscription: "Gracias Domino."

The news from Greece is sad reading. The nation, though drenched in blood, stands sullen before the uplifted sword of Islam.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Daniel O'Connell falls within this week, on Saturday the 16th inst.

good fight. That being so, the absence of any preparations to commemorate the anniversary now so near at hand, except in the centre of the Catholic world, and perhaps one or two other places outside of Ireland, is to be noted with regret.

O'Connell, on his death-bed, bequeathed his heart to Rome, as he had dedicated his life to the defence of the faith of the Roman Pontiffs.

Peace! We really had no intention to discredit The True Witness when we suggested that it was somewhat optimistic about the starting of a Canadian Catholic daily.

On Saturday next the citizens will vote once again on the Sunday car question. That this vote is being demanded over and over is a proof, for one thing, of the tyranny of custom.

like an end is denounced as a criminal desecration of the Sunday. And people are even asked to declare by their votes whether it is not so.

mercy, only ask that she will protect and assist in it. It is a fact that the Blessed Virgin has been overlooked in the Scriptures.

The past week was crowded with signs of international unamity. But the most momentous incident, and one that in future history must stand forth with striking significance among the events of our century's close, was the rejection by the Senate of the United States of the Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain.

WELCOME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

confident devotion to our Blessed Lady, it may not be out of place this May evening to speak of this devotion in detail to our Catholic hosts.

the cordial welcome which you have tendered me as its representative. I think that if there is one thing however to regret it is this, that instead of his representative who has witnessed this entertainment the Holy Father is not here himself.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE. TWO ADDRESSSES—MR. MERRY DEL VAL ON CATHOLIC TRUTH.

On Tuesday the Apostolic Delegate held a conference with the Archbishops and Bishops of the province at St. John's Grove. Their deliberations lasted until late in the afternoon, when they proceeded to St. Michael's college, where a hearty reception was tendered the Delegate.

therefore, we welcome your Excellency to our midst, and ask you to tender to His Holiness the loyalty and love of his flock...

We welcome your Excellency on account of your nation, which has given such distinguished saints and doctors to the Church...

In conclusion we respectfully ask the benediction of the staff, the students and their friends.

We hope that your Excellency will carry back pleasing recollections of Canada, and that not the least pleasing will have been your brief visit to St. Michael's College.

St. Michael's College, Toronto, May 11th, 1897.

THE DELEGATE'S REPLY.

After Mr. J. G. Costello had sung a solo, "Alone on the Hills," Mr. Merri del Val made the following reply to the two addresses:

Rev. Fathers and dear students of St. Michael's College, I have listened with very great interest to the two addresses presented to me in the name of the Community of St. Michael's College.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to visit and meet those who are engaged in the work which is so dear to our Holy Father's heart, with those who are preparing themselves for the contest of life to carry the intensity of Catholic truth into the light of the world.

The lecture hall at St. Joseph's convent was most artistically decorated with the Papal colors and there was a profusion of flowers. On the walls and pillars were displayed notices in various languages.

The address touching, beautiful, delicate in expression and sentiment was read by Miss Walsh who presented it to His Excellency, accompanied by the little Misses Carrie Murphy and Mamie Foy, and Miss McEachern bearing flowers.

Father not knowing English, not knowing who he says might be understood, but when it had been explained to him...

AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

A CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT—FELLOWSHIP OF SPEECH OF THE DELEGATE.

From St. Michael's College the Delegate drove over to St. Joseph's convent. The present at St. Joseph's included the following: His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Rev. Dr. Walsh, His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, His Lordship the Bishop of London, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, His Lordship the Bishop of Alexandria, Right Rev. Dr. Macdonell, Vicar General.

The lecture hall at St. Joseph's convent was most artistically decorated with the Papal colors and there was a profusion of flowers. On the walls and pillars were displayed notices in various languages.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Chorus—St. Joseph's Greetings to His Excellency. Address, Spanish May Hymn—"Flores de Mayo." Instrumental—"The Muses Chorus, Shannon, Quinn, Downey, T. Shannon, B. Curtis, Cassidy, Walsh and Hughes; Organ (solo) p.m.—Miss Clavet. Recitation—"A Castilian Air," Miss Quinn. Welcome Chorus—"The Little Ones."

Instrumental Solo—"La Paloma." Yradier. Miss Clavet. Part Song—"Gumbert. Instrumental Duo—"Mendelssohn's Violin." Ratin. Violins—"The Muses Chorus, Kenny, Hughes, Downey. Harp—"The Muses Chorus and Convey." Recitation—"Spain's Thanksgiving." Instrumental—"Guillou's Trio." Archer. First Piano—"Miss Clavet. Second Piano—"The Muses Downey and Walsh. The Choral Class.

The address touching, beautiful, delicate in expression and sentiment was read by Miss Walsh who presented it to His Excellency, accompanied by the little Misses Carrie Murphy and Mamie Foy, and Miss McEachern bearing flowers.

the dramatic beauty of majestic Italy, nor the gorgeous loveliness of your own country, the heart of the rugged of its climate, the hearts of its children, and true and proudly they bend and adore...

THE DELEGATE'S REPLY.

Mr. Merri del Val replied to the address in substance as follows: My dear young friends, I will begin by pleading guilty to some embarrassment...

TO THE TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY.

On behalf of himself and other lot-holders in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, April 30, 1897.

TO THE TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY.

TO THE TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY.

TO THE TORONTO RAILWAY COMPANY.

ONE FARE TO THE CEMETERIES.

A Continuous Service to Mount Pleasant and St. Michael's Cemeteries on the Sunday Car.

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FACTS FULL OF SUNSHINE.

FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.

There is no mistaking its wonderful power. Thousands of Rheumatic Sufferers have had the sunshine of hope and health come back through its use.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

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PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

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DOMESTIC READING.

Necessity is stronger than human nature.

A man's great deeds are always greater than himself.

Much bending breaks the bough; much unbending the man.

If I am faithful to the duties of the present God will provide for the future.

God's will done on earth as it is in Heaven alone can make Heaven on earth.

To be innocent is to be not guilty, but to be virtuous is to overcome our evil feelings and intentions.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Our incomes are like our shoes: If too small they gall and pinch, as if too large they cause us to stumble and to trip.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of the life began here for eternity.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little and others much.

There are as many degrees of happiness as there are choosers of it; the luxuries of a poor man's lot would be the poverty of a rich man's palace.

Involuntarily is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices: of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others, and jealousy.

Natural abilities can almost compensate for the want of every kind of cultivation; but no cultivation of the mind can make up for the want of natural abilities.

None fall into so few mistakes, none so free from the pain of doing wrong, as those who walk amid the errors of our tainted life clothed habitually with candour.

Let us take time to speak sweet, foolish words to those we love. By-and-by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Disagreeing in little things and agreeing in great ones is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men breaks it.

There are but two kinds of men who succeed as public characters: men of no principle, but of great talent, and men of no talent, but of one principle—that of obedience to their superiors.

Let us take time to hear the Word of God. His treasures will last when we shall have ceased to care for the wars of political parties, and rise and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

A child's neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy.

When a man allows pain to get the mastery over him—when he is anxious to avoid it on all occasions, and is ever moaning over what is unavoidable, then he becomes an object of contempt rather than pity.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted, or the fame for which we have struggled.

Let us take time to know God. The hour is coming swiftly, for us all, when one touch of His hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day-book and ledger, or in the record of our little social world.

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, burdened father, may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautiful kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to your daughter whom you have no time to caress.

We do not half realize how much the happiness and prosperity of our life depends upon our own effort. We blame our parents, our circumstances, our ill health, everything but ourselves; yet there is no situation in which we can be pleased that we cannot be great in if we make the most and the best of ourselves.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses if sought for are ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that whenever a great sacrifice is called for he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than his neighbor's.

Why will you allow a cough to invade your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

FIRESIDE FUN.

All the world's a stage, and too many of the actor's suffer from the delusion that they are being called before the curtain to make a speech.

"Are you sure you married me for myself alone?" "Hoika." "Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine."

Mr. Fussy: "I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them with." Mrs. Fussy: "Do you fill your silk hat?"

Stone: "I'll bet that young fellow yonder is wearing his first silk hat." Jack Lott: "How can you tell?" Stone: "Didn't you see how he ducked his head on entering the passage?"

A little girl of six said to her mother one day: "Mother, I am not feeling very well." Her mother asked her: "In what way do you feel ill, darling?" She replied: "I feel as if I had cultivated of the brain."

Of a certain Piskop the following anecdote is told: While presiding over a gathering a speaker began to tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding for a few moments, the Bishop interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that Mr. X. is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer; "you can put it that way if you like."

"Well, all I have to say," said the Prelate, in sweet and musical tones, "all I have to say is that Mr. X. has much to be thankful for."

"No, sir," said the president of the trust, "if we cannot succeed by legitimate methods I, for one, prefer to fail. Let us do nothing dishonourable."

"But this man stands in the way of the entire enterprise. He will neither sell his plant nor sign the agreement," urged the suave promoter.

"Be that as it may," insisted the great man whom the evil genius of the age had not yet corrupted. "I can never sanction the plan you suggest. Freeze him out if you can; boycott everybody who has anything to do with him; hire his men to strike, and notify the railroad companies that they can't carry our goods if they carry his, but I shall never countenance the proposition to blow up his building."

James Pain tells of an amusing incident which took place on board an Australian liner. A shy Australian major, after spending the first evening very late with his friends in the saloon, suddenly returned to them, after saying good-night, and requested an interview with the purser. He was very white.

"There is a lady," he said, "in my cabin, No. 42."

"Rubbish," exclaimed the purser. "Here is the list. Your companion is Captain Higginson."

"Nothing will induce me to go into that cabin again," said the major. "Well, I'll go," returned the other. He returned with great alacrity, and with as white a face as the major's.

"Upon my life, you are right. We'll put you somewhere else for the night, and see about it in the morning." With the earliest dawn they sought the steward and demanded an explanation. "It's all a mistake, gentlemen," he said; "it's Captain Higginson, all right; here's his luggage." "We must have this explained," said the purser. "This portmanteau is unlocked; let us see what is in it." It was a wearing apparel. "Ay Jingo!" cried the steward, "that's what comes of taking names as don't belong to us. She said she was Captain Higginson, but she didn't say as it was only in the Salvation Army."

GRAPE VINES are now sold so cheaply by reputable growers that there is little advantage in saving the few cents required to purchase them. However, if one wishes to get improved varieties with no money outlay, let him procure cuttings and insert them at an angle of forty five degrees in loose, well cultivated soil, packing it closely around the lower end, which should be smoothly cut with a sharp knife at a bud. The cuttings should be two, three or four buds long, and each of the buds except the top cut off with a sharp knife. The top bud should be left even with the surface or it may be slightly covered. Nearly all the cuttings thus set will start their buds, and one half or more will form roots and become vines. Sometimes the buds below ground are left on the cutting, and in that case they will push up to the surface, making as many new ones as there are buds, but a much stronger growth is made by leaving only the top bud to form a plant. The object in setting the cuttings is to keep the soil in a constant position, rather than periodically, is to keep the lower part where the soil is somewhat dry and warm. It is very important that roots be ready to form as soon as the leaves push forth. If not, the top quickly withers when it has exhausted the sap in the cutting. No manure should be used, as the cuttings may rot instead of forming roots.

THE tests of the Ohio Experiment Station indicate that home grown seed potatoes will give as good crops as any northern grown seed of the same varieties, provided the seed potatoes are well kept, but the yield is materially lessened and the ripening retarded if the seed potatoes are allowed to sprout and the sprouts are broken off, as usually happens when the potatoes are kept in a dark cellar. Many potato growers keep their potatoes successfully, especially in the northern part of the State, by burying the potatoes in pits, covering to a shallow depth at first and adding layers of straw and earth as the weather becomes colder. The ideal method of keeping seed potatoes is in cold storage. Potatoes thus kept at the Ohio station have come out sound and fresh, with no indication of sprouting and the vitality unimpaired, even so late as the first of June. It is important, however, that the temperature of the cold storage room should not fall below 35 degrees, nor should it rise much above 40 degrees. When cold storage is not available, sprouting may be in some measure prevented by shading the potatoes over frequently. While the sprouting of potatoes under ordinary conditions is very objectionable, they may be so sprouted as to materially advance their earliness. This is done by placing them, stem end down, in single layers in shallow trays on the floor, in a light and moderately warm room. Thus placed they will send out short, stubby, green sprouts which will remain in that condition for weeks. Such potatoes, planted with breaking the sprouts, will grow immediately and produce an early crop.—Farm News.

SKIN DISEASES.

One Remedy Which has Never Failed—Tried and Tested Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scurfa, eczema eruptions, scald head, chafing, itchy heads, and skin diseases generally have proved useless, we commend Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyerberg, Ont., writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching Piles, and was recommended to try it. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease."

Peter Vanellen, L'Amable, Que., had the combs for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturer, Edmundson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto. Price 50 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised in a most pleasant to take. Large bottle 25 cents.

True ornament is the expression of the beautiful, the representation of the good, wherever it may be found.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the remedy for consumption, which he had speedily and permanently cured of consumption, scurfa, chafing, itchy heads, and skin diseases generally, and a postscript to the effect: "Your Pills cured me of my consumption, and I have never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyerberg, Ont., writes: 'I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching Piles, and was recommended to try it. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease.'"

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FARM AND GARDEN.

In setting an orchard one will do best who consults successful orchardists in the vicinity. One must be governed by the market demand in the locality as well as by the varieties that do best there.

The Spitzenberg is bringing extra prices in Boston, but it is a difficult apple to grow east of New York State, the place of its origin. The Rhode Island Greening is a better apple than the Baldwin, and it is in better demand for home markets, but not for shipping to Europe. It is not as heavy a bearer, but may be depended on for annual crops under the best treatment, which is hardly true of the Baldwin. The Roxbury Russet has been a valuable variety on account of its long-keeping qualities; but since Southern strawberries have been flooding our markets every spring before our own natives are ripe, the demand for Russet apples has become almost a thing of the past.—A. W. Cheever, in New England Farmer.

To grow cabbage successfully one needs very rich, heavy land, and it is better to rent suitable land of "the other fellow" at \$10 per acre than to grow the crop on your own land; for the effects of a cabbage crop can be seen for two or three years. I grew one hundred heads that weighed a ton on an acre of rich bottom land. The ground was virgin prairie until 1891, when it was broken up, and produced one hundred bushels of corn per acre. In 1892 it grew squash and celery; in 1893, potatoes; and in 1894 and 1895, watermelons.

Although naturally very rich, it received twenty five loads of manure in 1894, and was manured again just before ploughing in the fall of 1895. It was ploughed very deep again in May of last year, then harrowed and planked until fine and smooth. The seed was drilled in rows three feet apart with Elnet, Jr., drill, June 1. We sowed to have one or four plants to the foot, and then we were sure of a stand. At three weeks old the plants were thinned to two feet apart. The acre from which the one hundred were selected grew over four thousand heads, and they were disposed of at an average of four cents per head.—Henry Field, in Iowa, in Rural New Yorker.

GRAPE VINES are now sold so cheaply by reputable growers that there is little advantage in saving the few cents required to purchase them. However, if one wishes to get improved varieties with no money outlay, let him procure cuttings and insert them at an angle of forty five degrees in loose, well cultivated soil, packing it closely around the lower end, which should be smoothly cut with a sharp knife at a bud. The cuttings should be two, three or four buds long, and each of the buds except the top cut off with a sharp knife. The top bud should be left even with the surface or it may be slightly covered. Nearly all the cuttings thus set will start their buds, and one half or more will form roots and become vines. Sometimes the buds below ground are left on the cutting, and in that case they will push up to the surface, making as many new ones as there are buds, but a much stronger growth is made by leaving only the top bud to form a plant. The object in setting the cuttings is to keep the soil in a constant position, rather than periodically, is to keep the lower part where the soil is somewhat dry and warm. It is very important that roots be ready to form as soon as the leaves push forth. If not, the top quickly withers when it has exhausted the sap in the cutting. No manure should be used, as the cuttings may rot instead of forming roots.

THE tests of the Ohio Experiment Station indicate that home grown seed potatoes will give as good crops as any northern grown seed of the same varieties, provided the seed potatoes are well kept, but the yield is materially lessened and the ripening retarded if the seed potatoes are allowed to sprout and the sprouts are broken off, as usually happens when the potatoes are kept in a dark cellar. Many potato growers keep their potatoes successfully, especially in the northern part of the State, by burying the potatoes in pits, covering to a shallow depth at first and adding layers of straw and earth as the weather becomes colder. The ideal method of keeping seed potatoes is in cold storage. Potatoes thus kept at the Ohio station have come out sound and fresh, with no indication of sprouting and the vitality unimpaired, even so late as the first of June. It is important, however, that the temperature of the cold storage room should not fall below 35 degrees, nor should it rise much above 40 degrees. When cold storage is not available, sprouting may be in some measure prevented by shading the potatoes over frequently. While the sprouting of potatoes under ordinary conditions is very objectionable, they may be so sprouted as to materially advance their earliness. This is done by placing them, stem end down, in single layers in shallow trays on the floor, in a light and moderately warm room. Thus placed they will send out short, stubby, green sprouts which will remain in that condition for weeks. Such potatoes, planted with breaking the sprouts, will grow immediately and produce an early crop.—Farm News.

SKIN DISEASES.

One Remedy Which has Never Failed—Tried and Tested Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scurfa, eczema eruptions, scald head, chafing, itchy heads, and skin diseases generally have proved useless, we commend Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyerberg, Ont., writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching Piles, and was recommended to try it. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease."

Peter Vanellen, L'Amable, Que., had the combs for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturer, Edmundson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto. Price 50 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised in a most pleasant to take. Large bottle 25 cents.

True ornament is the expression of the beautiful, the representation of the good, wherever it may be found.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the remedy for consumption, which he had speedily and permanently cured of consumption, scurfa, chafing, itchy heads, and skin diseases generally, and a postscript to the effect: "Your Pills cured me of my consumption, and I have never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyerberg, Ont., writes: 'I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching Piles, and was recommended to try it. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease.'"

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Chats With the Children.

SAP is a watery fluid found in the interior of the cells of plants and trees, and contains dissolved or suspended in it the materials required for the life and growth of the cell. The idea that in winter the sap goes down into the roots, and in spring rises again, is quite erroneous. Trees and plants are full of watery sap all the winter. The phenomena of freezing in the case of trees and plants are but little understood. The sap in leaves and in smaller branches is often frozen. This is especially in the case of twigs of hickory, which in very cold weather are as brittle as glass, though the same twigs at a higher temperature cannot by any possibility be broken with a hand. For various causes the water contained in the cells often begins to crystallize to some degree below the ordinary freezing point. This is partly due to the chemical composition of the sap, which contains various salts, starch, etc., in solution. Besides this, the bark of the trees is a bad conductor of heat, and the interior temperature of trees and plants is generally higher in winter and lower in summer than that of the surrounding atmosphere.

From the Epipheta Union, St Joseph's Home for the Deaf, 40 South May street, Chicago, the first issue of a strikingly attractive and very able written Journal has reached us. Its title is The Voice of the Deaf, and it contains a large amount of excellent reading matter, including three articles specially contributed by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, and also a poem by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. Most of the reading matter has special reference to the education of deaf-mutes, but other matters are also treated. The magazine contains handsome half-tone illustrations, also a handsome full page cut of Our Savior restoring hearing to the deaf and dumb child. This publication will be the messenger of the Epipheta Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The price of the periodical will be 25 cents per year, and subscribers are entitled to a share in the benefits of "One Thousand Masses," which may be applied to the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory. The objects in establishing the Epipheta Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus are: 1. To provide a comfortable home and education for deaf and dumb boys and girls; 2. To give them Catholic training; 3. To teach them a useful trade or industry which will secure their maintenance in the future; 4. To give them a solid education that they may be able to take their place in the world as intelligent citizens.

The importance of Catholic education for Catholic deaf-mutes cannot be overestimated. Numbering about one to every fifteen hundred of our population, they can easily be computed how many there are in our midst. The Catholic Church, through one of her sons, the Abbe de L'Eppe, made the instruction of deaf-mutes possible and successful. Through the Abbe Sicaud, Gallaudet was enabled to make a good start in the United States. The Voice of the Deaf has the approval of Archbishop Feehan.

DEAF MUTES AND THEIR EDUCATION.

The Abbe de L'Eppe, the apostle of the deaf-mutes of France, and it may be said, of the whole world, was the son of an eminent architect. He was gifted with a high order of talents, and completed his studies with unusual success. A brilliant career opened before him, but to the heart of the young man it failed to offer the allurements which his friends had expected. He yearned to devote himself to the welfare of mankind, and was treated to be allowed to follow his attraction for the ecclesiastical state. His father did oppose his son's vocation, and he was admitted to the priesthood. From the very beginning of his career he was distinguished by that forgetfulness of self, which, united to a zealous and ardent charity, fitted him for the great work that came to him later on. And it came thus, says an article in The Voice of the Deaf. Walking one day, during a period of leisure, through the environs of Paris, he chanced to enter an humble dwelling. Near a widow sat two young girls, silently engaged in needlework. He addressed them, but received only a smiling look in reply. Thinking he had not been understood, he once more repeated his question, and to his astonishment no answer was returned, but one of the girls rose and left the room, leaving him to reflect upon his singular reception. A moment later she reappeared, followed by her mother, who immediately began to explain her daughters' seeming rudeness. In sorrowful tones she told her affliction; her two daughters, she said, were twins, and they had been deaf and dumb from birth. It was with the education of these two children that the Abbe's great work began.

Scaris, Man, Sept. 2, 1896. Messrs. Edmundson, Bates & Co. Dear Sirs—I find your goods taking remarkably well with my customers and they appear to give every satisfaction, as indicated by the fact of our having sold one-half gross of your Kidney Liver Pills along during the month of August. S. S. SMITH, Scaris, Man.

THE TIME OF WAR.

A fine turnpike road of stiff red clay led in almost a straight line for twenty miles to Kershaw on the south, and stretched northward, beyond the river, twenty miles to Ashton. That road, firm road was destined to echo the name of Sherman's man on their way to the sea; but to-night in the gathering dusk it lay calm and lonely, never minding to Barry Windom's anxious eyes. Across the river the country of broad levels lay open to the slanting rays of the setting sun. Barry noted the ungainly, ragged bushes standing in long rows, looking as though their white wool had blown that way and had caught and clung at random. They resembled a parade of sturdy beggar-men unwillingly drawn up in line, with their stubborn, uneven branches and generally top-sided appearance.

A moment later tired horse and rider turned sharply to the left and entered the bit of woods that lay between the turnpike and his own beautiful valley. In the dense shadow of these pine and fir-trees a soft, green twilight reigned. It was absolutely still. In the deep, brooding silence not a leaf stirred, not even a bird's sleepy note was heard—nothing but the soft thud of his horse's hoofs deadened by the thick, brown carpet of pine-needles. Just ahead of the light's arch where the woods opened out to the road again lay home—and home held Winona and Baby Win.

All day long his thoughts had been anxiously peering into the future, but now they reviewed the past. He remembered the first time he had come down into this lovely land to spend the Christmas holidays with his aunt, Thornton Nelson, and the royal welcome he had received from the family with that generous, spontaneous, whole-souled hospitality which for generations had been one of the distinguishing features of Southern civilization. He had had pleasant times before and since, but never while life lasted would he forget that first visit; the long ride through the light snow in the big family carriage, filled outside and in with Nelsons, young and old, in every degree of relationship; and the creaking cart that followed piled up with trunks and boxes containing the innumerable Christmas gifts. At last they had reached the "big gate" and had dashed through with great noise and clatter. Suddenly a shout had gone up, "There she is; I see her!" and he had leaped far out the window to catch the gleam of a lamp in a window of the distant house, which for hours had been waiting, the light in the mother's window which was to carry the welcome that shone like a beacon, as pure, as glowing, as steady as the tender love in that mother's heart.

He remembered their swarming into the house, the glad cries of welcome, the hearty embraces between mother and sons. There were a number of girls there, sisters and cousins, all young, all charming in their sweet, gracious hospitality; but from the first moment there had been only one Winona. She was like her mother, so gently bred and so exquisitely fine. Then to think of his winning her the next year, of taking her from the host of admirers, who had hotly resented a Northerner wearing their lovely Southern rose. She had been an acquiescent, but had toyed with hearts as innocent as the wind tosses flowers in the sunshine. She had played upon every chord of the human soul, for hers was a masterpiece. Perhaps it was because of her untrammelled freedom that when she did give up the surrender was absolute. She made a perfect wife. She had urged his buying the old Frankton estate and becoming a Southerner by choice and adoption, since he had missed the instinctive blessing of being born born below Mason and Dixon's line.

His first child was two years old now, and Barry was going home to-night with his heart heavy and sad with forebodings. As he emerged from the shadow he could see the house and his wife standing waiting. A great lamp rose in his throat as he looked on the fair, quiet scene and the tender, primrose April sky arching over all. The low, brick house seemed to warmly glow, even in this light, with deep russet tints that told of honest manufacture in the beginning and a century of unbroken seasons since.

Barry lifted his hat in return to his wife's salute, and only then remembered the unused gun slung over his shoulder. He had gone out that morning to hunt. He had to pass through Pendleton, and he had found the little town in a ferment.

Three days before Sumner had surrendered.

To many in that secluded little corner of the world that meant little, their peaceful lives had been only faintly stirred by the rumors of war that for months had been gathering force. The fierce wave of secession had risen in their own little State and had broken on the shores of Maryland. The momentous election that had put Lincoln into power had little significance for those quiet hamlets.

But to this thoughtful young rider, slowly picking his way in the dusk toward waiting home and wife, the news he had heard that morning meant a great deal. His youthful figure seemed to have lost its jaunty poise, and he was turning over grave questions in his troubled mind.

First Winona had to be told; and he wondered how she would take it. And then—and then—

He flung himself from Victor's back and clasped his wife in his arms with a wild,

"My dear Barry," said Winthrop emphatically, "to pretend that we have no the legal and constitutional right to secede from the Union is to stultify ourselves and falsify history."

"I am afraid that is a question that only the sword can answer now, Winthrop. Winona, you can see if our land were less stable these convulsions would have wrecked it long ago."

But Winona could only lay her head on his broad shoulder and picture her own fair little world that was about to be wrecked by a convulsion as awful to her as those impersonal questions were to the commonwealth.

Barry turned and looked at her. Her white, intense little face peered into the darkness and smote his heart.

"I am a brute," he said; "you are cold and tired. We will talk no more to-night, my dear; but let me say just one word. Is my action as in comprehensible as it was? And he held her soft cheeks between his palms. She looked up at him; her lovely eyes filled up with tears that slowly gathered and gathered and at length rolled over and wet his hands. She said no word, but Barry felt he was answered.

Barry, clear-headed, cool, loving, but determined in what he thought was right, made what preparations he could for Winona's comfort and safety while he was away. He advised her not to return to her father's plantation. "I am pretty sure that most if not all of the fighting will be done on the border line." From the first he was not one who thought "the trouble would blow over in sixty days"; nor did he think eleven dollars a month, and future unsubstantial glory, large-pay for an able-bodied man; but nevertheless he enlisted, and as a private. Upon arriving at Washington he was made sergeant in Company A, 14th New York Volunteers; wrote two letters from head quarters to his wife full of love and devotion, and as death that anything, even patriotism, should have been as a shadow between them; then came an unaccountable silence. Weeks and months went by; but not a word of any description, came to cheer her bewildered, lonely heart.

Her old home was on the Sand Hills, twenty miles from the cotton fields and the river levees. Her mother had been dead just a year when the war broke out. Her father was an old man now, too old to enter the field himself, but he had given both his sons to the Confederacy. Thorne, his first-born, was shot at Fredericksburg in the depths of the first winter. It had been history, more than bitter for the Southern boys trying to throw up entrenched positions on the heights with pointed sticks for spades. The cold winds played havoc with their health, but could not dim their courage. Thorne, it was told them afterwards, said no word after being shot but "How cold How cold!"

Then John, the second son, went on his northern way to corp-strewn Virginia, who in her constant storm and stress of war could not take time to count the many thousand brave boys in gray who found a grave in her blood-stained breast.

"War is cruelty," said our great general. It is, it must be so; but to the men who offer up their lives for the maintenance of a principle there is an exhilaration, a divine uplifting of the spirits that sustains them in their hours of struggle; but no words, however eloquently said or sung, could portray the suffering of these Southern women who, like Winona, become personally acquainted with the cruelties of war.

Two months after her return to her father's house, while, all unknown to her, Barry was lying in prison, her son was born. She wanted the little one called Barry, but shut her lips in proud silence when her father called him Nelson. Her father had lost his old reverence in regard to her husband; age had not subdued him, but sorrow had. He never forgave Barry's desertion, as he insisted on calling it; but lately he never mentioned his name. Winona understood the proud old heart, and without remonstrance called the baby the good old family name. The child seemed to have inherited grief; he grew and thrived in a silent, joyless way that nearly broke her mother's heart to see. At two and a half, when other children are playing and laughing about the house like human sunbeams, little Nelson was silent, grave-eyed, and serious. He would lie in his mother's lap for hours, his big dark eyes, so like to Barry's eyes, looking up into her face with haunting questions in their depths that tried her very soul. Often she would hold him close in a passionate embrace and murmur "Barry, Barry!" in her ear to ease her aching heart of its load of silent grief.

In the third winter of the war her father died. Then she and Baby Win and the grave-eyed little boy lived on alone in the old house with Marm Hizzie, the one servant who had remained faithful to them. They suffered as only the tenderly reared can suffer when reduced to poverty; but Winona never complained, never rebelled. The greater griefs had swallowed up the less. As yet they had seen no real fighting in their quiet retreat; but there soon came sorrowful times for the little Palmato State. The great army crossed the swelling

yellow tide of the Savannah, and South Carolina exulted her sin. "Chile, hullo, day is come!" cried Hizzie, bursting into Winona's room one afternoon, her withered black face gray with fear. Cavalrymen were sweeping through the village, but Winona never looked out. Nelson was sick. For hours he had been lying in a semi stupor, each labored breath being like a blow on the mother's heart. What were war or the issues of war to her now?

The house was some distance back from the road, and broad grounds separated it from the neighboring residences. Hizzie piled up pillows and cushions against the windows and doors so that the noise in the road outside would not disturb the tiny sufferer. There was a meise going on a little way down the road, caused by an ill-advised attack by the fiery people of the village; but Winona still kept by the bed and prayed as she had never prayed before for help to God the fatherless. All night she knelt watching the flickering breath. She felt dimly grateful for being left unmolested by the crowd whose tramping feet she could hear going past the house until after midnight; as the small hours came on she felt horribly alone with sorrow and memory and overshadowing death. Every now and then she could hear on the gallery outside her window the tap, tap, tap of her faithful collic's tail as he switched it against her window, and the soft tuck of his step as he moved about. How welcome in her sorrowful vigil was the brute's dumb constancy!

When morning broke there was a change. She made no outcry, she shed no tears, but rose from her knees stiff and cold, chilled to the very soul with speechless woe. She threw open the long window and found her looking into a soldier's face. It was not Hektor, then, that she had heard, but this man's sword tapping against the rail.

"You had better give up what you've hidden here," he said roughly; "there's a guard at every house of this accursed town."

She stepped aside. "Come in," she said quietly. With his bayonet ready at defense, he crossed the sill. Instantly he uncovered and silently withdrew. Yet no armed man had met him, no resist ing foe had compelled his retreat—only a still, baby form lying on the bed, clothed in the majesty of death.

All that day the sun shone down on the streets full of blue-coats, thousands upon thousands of them. One wing of the great army was marching through. There was still not anger against the little town for its show of resistance, and the guards had orders to shoot any man or boy who showed himself outside his doorway.

Late in the evening, in the long, silvery twilight, Winona said to Hizzie: "We must bury Nelson—you and I together, Hizzie." There was no one to help them; the neighbors, without an exception, had suffered some loss the previous day. The old woman followed her without a word. Had she been hidden to go alone even as far as the gate she would have covered at her "oh!"s feet in abject terror, but she would follow to the world's end. The family burial-place was on the grounds, as was the custom, and in silence the two women hollowed out a grave as best they could. The guard near by watched them for some moments, and terrified them by calling to another soldier.

Hizzie trembled as if in agony. "Do not fear," said Winona; "we are only two women and a dead child." "What are you two doing there?" said the second soldier.

"Digging a grave for my son," said Winona, in slow, measured voice. No more was said and the women went on with their work. They lined the shallow hole with roses and a fine linen sheet, and, holding the corners of a blanket, lowered the little body into it. Then, opening her prayer-book, Winona read aloud the prayers for the dead. Hizzie wailed and cried aloud, rocking her body to and fro; but the mother did not weep. She worked with feverish haste, and saw with tearless eyes the last shrouded outline disappear under the stifling, heavy clouds. When it was all over she turned to go, and for the first time raised her eyes. There at the entrance stood a row of Federal soldiers, silent, attentive, with bared heads, the utmost respect and sympathy in their faces. As the two lonely women moved slowly up the slope to the house a volley rang out over the tony, freshly made grave, and the Federal soldier's son had received a soldier's last honors.

During all the next day, too, the blue-coats were marching by; there seemed to be no end to the glistening muskets. Winona watched them passively. She felt as though she could never suffer anything again, as though she had come to the limit of human endurance. Yet there were moments when she actually smiled at the grotesque things she saw in this strange procession.

Cook fighting, a straggler had told Hizzie, had become one of the past times of the "flying columns." Many fine birds were brought in by the foragers. "Those with no fight in 'em we put in the stewpan," but those of valor were now holding an honored name and place on the front seat of an artillery caisson, or were carried

tenderly under a soldier's arm. After the army came the army followers, like horrid carrion birds who flew behind the conquerors and devoured what was left. The fine old Nelson place did not escape; every nook and corner, every chest and drawer, was ransacked, even the old family portraits on the wall were out to ribbons. A soldier coming in from the smoke-works with his hands dripping with time; deliberately wiped them on Winona's wedding veil, which had been taken from its box by a former intruder. The boy was young, he could not harm; but how it hurt!

The next night Winona, little Win, and old Hizzie went away, for their time was up. It is one thing to be "the fortunes of war," and another thing to experience them. They struggled on and on in a rude caisson, driven by Marm Hizzie's nephew, who was following in the wake of the advancing army when he was sought and his conveyance pressed into her mistress's service by his old aunt, who was loyal to the very core of her honest heart. On, on they went, jolting over the rough corduroy roads, till they reached the mountains, these flying bills that stood in silence, calm, majestic, and imperturbable, amid the wreckage of human hearts and homes.

Here they found a refuge with Lon Loomis and his wife, who lived on a straggling level where the great mountain peaks are crowded close together near the end of the chain. There was but one entrance to his upland home, a narrow gorge opening to the west. Loomis had found this shelf, and seeing it grassy and good for grain, had built his house there. Even to this remote spot the echoes of war had found their way. Lon was a neutral. He was neither a Southerner nor a Northerner, he said, but a mountaineer; like the little Sunday-school boy who was neither a Gentile nor a Jew, but a Presbyterian.

It was to this haven of peace that Winona and her child came, after battling with the worst of fate. At first she was simply crushed by the weight of her griefs and loneliness; but soon the magic influence of high regions effected a gradual cure of this tried soul, and she lifted her head again. She and little Win used to take long walks back into Hickory Gap, the wild loneliness of the place being their sole protection. One evening, when they had lingered late, they heard the unusual sound of hoofs coming up the Gap; they had never heard anything there before but the sound of birds and the rush of running water.

"Sit close," whispered Winona; "put your head in mother's lap. The trees will hide us. The frightened child obeyed. Winona's heart beat high with fear. There were no farms in that direction, and no one rode through wild, dark Hickory Gap for pleasure. Presently they saw a man ride by on horseback supporting another, wounded and bleeding. The horse galloped for a moment, then he stopped. The sound of the hoofs grew fainter and fainter, the blue coats became but a blurred vision, and then the familiar sound of the rushing river filled up the silence again. In that brief glance Winona had recognized her husband. She wanted to rush out, to claim the wounded man as her own Barry, but something restrained her—fear, pride, she knew not what; but before she could act on impulse or reflection she was alone with the child, who was sobbing with fright.

That night the war reached even these upper levels; it had come even to neutral Lon Loomis on his shelving ledge. It was only the edge of the storm, but to Lon it was the judgment day.

"Turn out, old man, give us some horse feed," called an imperative voice, while impatient hands knocked at doors and windows. "Ah! you you are there, are you? Whom are you for?"

Lon raised his candle on high. Its sickly little gleam flashed uncertainly in the high wind. "Come out. We've got to levy on your live stock here. Whom are you for?"

"I'm for neither; I'm neutral," said Lon doggedly.

"Oh! that's the story, is it? I've heard that tale before," said the officer. His worn gray uniform hung in folds on his gaunt frame. "Neutral! Why don't you tell the truth and come plain out with Union? You'd have a better chance with us, I reckon, old chap. Neutral, indeed! I'd be on one side or the other, and not on the fence, if I were you. Go ahead, boys; find the pith-pine and light up; give you half an hour for your job."

They did go ahead. Winona and Hizzie, from an upper window, saw the lights flashing in the rain, while the men went to and fro, driving out the animals, collecting and loading them up with all the forage they could gather. Black Bess, the one saddle-horse Lon possessed, was a tricky little mare, and used often to lift the latch of the stable door and meander about at her own sweet will. This little way of hers saved her to-night, and she was the only thing on four legs left on the place; everything else was far down the Gap and away when daylight broke. Hizzie lifted up her voice and wailed, but Lon was furi only angry.

"I've paid dollar for dollar, and does no harm to any man, and now

I've been robbed—openly robbed; and by men in uniform. I'll have the law on 'em, you'll see!"

He saddled Black Bess and rode off to the village, only to find it half in ashes, the people sullen, with but little sympathy to bestow on a trouble not as bad as their own.

"Were your two sons killed in battle?" demanded an old man sternly. "If not, hold your peace."

Lon rode angrily back up the mountain, nor would he speak a word for two days. Then he began to draw up a statement of grievances to be sent he did not know exactly where; but to be doggedly over his unaccustomed work, following the shape of each letter with his tongue, relieved his overcharged feelings somewhat. His wife, however, wept openly whenever she looked at the empty pons and stalls, and the great door of the barn sagging on its broken hinges.

The critics had no politics, anyway," she added.

Before the week was out they heard horses again coming up the Gap. "There's nothing left to take now but ourselves," said Lon grimly. But the victors were bent on addition this time, not subtraction. With them was a wounded man, a youth, who sat his horse with difficulty, one empty sleeve pinned to his breast.

"I would like to leave this young man here for a while," said the officer in charge; "he is badly but not dangerously hurt, and only needs care and attention." May I ask, sir, how this happened?" he added, glancing at the desolation around him.

"You may," said Lon.

"How, then?"

"Are you Federal or Confederate?" "Neither," said Lon, now with a fierce pride in his position; "I'm neutral."

"I believe he would maintain that at the stake," thought Winona anxiously.

"Bah!" said the stranger. "I have no use for neutrals. Here, ride on!" But the wounded soldier settled the question by swaying in the saddle, and would have fallen fainting to the ground had not the elder man jumped from his horse and supported him in his arms. He was carried into the house, and the Colonel Hickey day laid him down on the worn old lounge, he looked up into Winona's white face and said:

"You have no politics, thank God! This is what the war means for women. You will care for him while?"

"He is my cousin," she said, and stooped to kiss Winthrop's white forehead. The colonel went away satisfied with his charge was in good hands, and once more the Gap settled down to peace and silence.

As strength came slowly back to Winthrop he and Winona would sit for hours at the edge of the gorge while he made real to her all the horrors of battle. With little tact and less kindness he pointed every tale with a personal application. He could not revile the North enough, and with subtle cruelty made Barry the scapegoat of all his country's sins. But he overrode the mark. Notwithstanding all her own bitter experience, heedless of her cousin's list of grievances, disregarding the recent sad scenes she had witnessed up here in the mountain fastness, she forgot that she was a Southerner; she remembered only that she was a wife and mother. Her heart yearned for the one who had given her the purest, sweetest happiness of her life, and who even now, perhaps, needed a woman's tender care. She told no one of the fleeting glimpses she had had of him, and to that memory she added these deep, holy thoughts and looked them in her heart, and was so still, so sad and unresponsive to Winthrop's vehemence, that he added another to the long list of ills the North was accountable for. He soon ceased to talk quite so freely to her. "One can never quite trust another whose heart has strayed beyond Mason and Dixon's line."

One morning she saw he was putting his arms in order with great care. He was in great spirits, and sang and whistled as he worked. Twenty times that day he had to go to the foot of Sentinel Rock, if it happened to rain. After each fruitless return he shafed and fumed, and finally, toward dusk, started to walk down the Gap toward the turnpikes with a determined air, as if he could endure the suspense no longer.

That night, as Lon and the women sat at supper, a face appeared at the open door.

"Lieutenant Nelson is here, I believe? What's not in? How provoking! I and I haven't a moment to wait. Just tell him, will you, that the Feds will be at Upton some time to-night or at dawn, and our boys, coming across from the west, are going to pounce upon them and bag them all. General Browne is with them, wounded, I believe. They are tired and fagged out and we shall have an easy catch. They are coming by way of the north road and will probably camp on Upton Hill. Nelson will understand; just tell him, please."

A flourish of his cap and he was off again; only a footlock, hot headed by the Winthrop himself! An older campaigner would not have called through an open door like that, and would infallibly have waited for supper. But hot-headed Southern boys did not wait for supper.

The party at the table sat silently gazing into each other's faces until

the aching hoof-beats had died away. Then Lon sprang to his feet and hurried out into the yard. Winona followed him, he caught her arm in his excitement.

"There's the north road," he cried, pointing to the left. "I'd been the fool you women would have me, I'd be in that scrimmage to-night"; and Winona could not tell whether it was relief or regret that made his tone strident with feeling. As for her, a wave of complex emotion surged through her soul and shook her as if with a chill. Upon was only twelve miles away; tired Federal soldiers were marching toward it; and Black Bess was in the stable!

As the long, dusky twilight was deepening into darkness she stole out, a dark dress on, a black straw hat tied down on her head with a cord. With trembling hands she saddled Bess. Jim, Winthrop's horse, a strong, vicious beast, eyed her knowingly while she labored with the straps, as if to say, "Oh, young woman is that your name?"

She led Bess out, across the grassy slope, through the silent, starlit fields, and down the Gap. At the foot of Sentinel Rock she mounted, and rode away. The valley lay bathed in silver mist before her, the rugged peaks around were softened into velvet in the still air. She knew the road, Bess swift and sure, yet her cold hands trembled on the bridle. She saw a hundred dread forms behind the trees, and unfriendly faces seemed peeping from every fence-corner. She was terribly afraid; but with courage born of the highest fortitude, that conquers fear, she was flying on in spite of her fears. She wondered how long it would be before Winthrop's return; she reckoned he would cross the river first and join his company, who were to "pounce" on Upton. She thought of Winnie, and a sob caught in her throat; she thought of the little grave in the orchard, and her laborer's breath spurred Bess on to new effort.

Hark! the sound of hoofs on the road behind her. She gave one frightened backward glance, Jim, the vicious, the terrible, with his head stretched forward and his ears laid back, was dashing madly after her. Winthrop's voice was urging him on, coaxing, persuading him to outdo him. Winona forgot her fears. She put the whip to Bess and thought with anguish of Jim's wonderful strength, which in the end would tell against all the fleetness of Bess.

"Never more friends nor cousins!" thought Winona fiercely, clenching her hands and shutting her teeth hard.

They were down the mountain at last. The two horses had fallen to a regular gallop—Bess still in front, but the black brute behind gaining by the inch. Winona hastily scanned her chances. Jim was strong, but Jim was also wicked. If he should show his temper now!

Had it been when they came to the little river which they must ford Jim decided to rest awhile with his legs in the water, and take a long, slow drink. There he stood, switching his tail from side to side, while Bess, thirsty too but desperate, clambered up on the other side, got well in the lead again, and kept it.

"Now, Bess! now, Bess!" sobbed Winona. The plucky little mare did her utmost. She flew down the valley like a bird. Winona's heart beat fast. She had won! Dear old Jim! Dear, obstinate, delightful, wicked old Jim!

Winona calculated. Had the Federals reached Upton? Should she gallop straight to the hill, or out the north road to meet them? Winthrop would, of course, turn to the left. Winona hesitated a second. No sound of following hoofs. She turned and looked where a level space between two ridges gave her a view of the town. Camp-fires glowed on the hill beyond!

The tired Federals, resting on the hill tall down, their wounded general under shelter, waiting for a taste of the coffee over the fire, suddenly saw a white gallop into camp. A white-faced little woman, so fagged, so foom-flecked, whose man, who cried:

"To arms! They are coming! They are coming!"

But they had already come. The Federals found themselves surrounded, and the bravest of them could only surrender.

Two days afterwards there was an exchange of prisoners, and Winona was sent back to Hickory Gap under the escort of a special guard, but without Black Bess. That feet-footed mare had run her last race, and had been shot an hour after reaching the camp.

They saw no more fighting in the mountains. Grant's line, like a huge larva, was drawing closer and closer around the doomed capital, and the poor, tired South laid down her arms.

Winona took advantage of Lon's moving away from his "neutral" ground, and she, with Winnie and Marm Hizzie, travelled with them toward Washington. What a scene of desolation they passed through! Wrecked engines, bent and twisted iron rails, blackened ruins, and lone-some chimney here silent, pathetic witness to the terrible ravages of war. As they came nearer and nearer to the river-levees, and at last entered the strip of pine woods that lay between her and her own once happy home, Winona thought her heart would burst.

The straight trunks of the pines shot up to a great height, their branches spreading out into a green roof that made a perpetual shade. Here was peace; what lay beyond? Winona scarce dared to look, but by a happy miracle her horse was not destroyed. The rooms were empty and deserted, bereft of everything that could be removed or burnt. With the child's hand in hers, Winona wandered for hours through the grounds, the orchard, the empty rooms.

Suddenly she heard a footstep overhead. It could not be! Who was this stranger peering at her with great longing eyes? Some holy instinct made the child peer through the change four years had made—the beard, the stain and dust of travel, the hunching touch of two years' imprisonment—and she cried "My father!"

But it was Winona's arms that clasped him close, Winona's soft brown head that lay on his shoulder, Winona's wet cheek that was pressed to his. Little Win could only look on in wistful surprise at her mother's unusual exhibition of emotion, while she clung to the big, brown hand that held hers so close.

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Quelph Notes.

Guelph, May 6.—The regular meeting of the Separate School Board was held in the council chamber Tuesday evening, May 4th. There were present: Messrs. McElderry, Doran, Doyle, Downey, Ryan, J. Kelleher, Frank E. Nunan. The Secretary, F. Nanan, read Government Inspector J. E. White's report on the schools. It speaks of the boys' classes: "Organization and Discipline—"Good classification, admirable order."

Proficiency of classes examined—Aro rated generally as "good and excellent." School Buildings—"Improved during the year and kept in excellent condition. Class Rooms—"Large, clean, neat and attractive, being models of what all school rooms should be."

Ventilation—"Suitable means are provided." Equipments—"A proper supply." The new slate boards were specially commended.

Remarks—"Both for the excellence of its work and for the admirable spirit and deportment of its pupils this school deserves to rank among the most successful in the Province."

Girls' Classes—"The Inspector's remarks on the organization, proficiency, accommodation and equipment of the girls' classes are about the same as for the boys, and in his general material improvements were made since last year in the school building. The trustees deserve much credit for the way they look after the accommodations. The answering of the classes shows that the year's work has been very successful, and fixed their standing in many subjects decidedly above the average."

Rev. Father Kenny reported the attendance for April:

Boys' classes—On roll 222, daily average 198.

Girls' classes—On roll 178, average attendance 160.

TELL THE DRAG.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Ear Cure, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

Frighful Catastrophe.

PARIS, May 4.—While a charity bazaar was in progress in a large wooden building here to-day, fire broke out, demolishing the structure in a few minutes. One hundred corpses have been taken out of the debris and as many more are still supposed to be in the ruins. The dead include a long list of ladies of the French aristocracy.

The managers of the bazaar had arranged the stalls so as to represent a street of old Paris, and it was opened yesterday, an event which was greatly looked forward to in society. The proceeds of each stall were devoted to a separate charity.

The stalls were presided over by Mme. Ferner, the wife of Gen. Ferner; the Marquis de L'Alme, Mme. Jacobs, the Baronne de la Douche, the Marquis de St. Michel, the Duchesse D'Uzes, Mme. Mignotte, the Duchesse de St. Desider, the Comtesse Dastary, the Marquis de Gerville, the Marquis de L'Argence, the Marquis de Pitti, the Duchesse d'Alencon, a member of the Orleans family; Mme. D'Arin, Mme. Boisson, the Baronne F. de Solchicq, Mme. Moreau, the Marquise Comte de Beauregard, Her Royal Highness the Duchesse de Vendome, the Marquise de Maison and the Comtesse de Grefull, nee la Rochefoucauld. Mile. de Florez presided over the refreshment stand. These ladies were assisted by many equally well known society ladies.

Ayer's Pills are recommended by leading physicians and druggists, as the most prompt and efficient remedy for biliousness, nausea, costiveness, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, jaundice, and sick headache; also, to relieve colds, fevers, neuralgia, and rheumatism.

There are but two kinds of men who succeed as public characters: men of no principle, but of great talent, and men of no talent, but of one principle—that of obedience to their superiors.

A THOUGHT

THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by doing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Safe Care is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE.

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As the voters of Toronto will be called upon shortly to decide whether a Sunday car service shall be permitted or not, the undersigned, desiring to bring to the notice of their fellow citizens some of the reasons which induce them to favor the proposed Sunday Service.

The undersigned will be glad if those who sympathize with these views will by their votes at the polls to give them effect. J. Grayson Smith, 233 Richmond-st. west. James J. Warren, Freehold Building. W. N. Murray, 103 Dundas-st. west.

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