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VOL. X. No. 33

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Lady Day In Harvest

(For The Register.)
The Feast of the Assumption is known in many parts of Ireland as Our Lady's Day, In Harvest. This title serves to distinguish it from the Feast of the Annunciation, which is often called Our Lady's Day in March. The Feast of the Assumption is usually kept on the 15th of August, but owing to the difficulty of duly observing the solemnity on that day it is transferred to the following Sunday, when it is solemnized at the principal Mass and at Vespers to the exclusion of the occurring festival.

The various feasts of the Catholic Church commemorate some mystery in the life of the Saviour or of Our Lady or bring before our minds some of the prominent events in the lives of the Saints. This is done for the purpose of honoring the mystery of virtue thus commemorated and at the same time to excite in our souls the desire of emulating the lives of those who are brought before us in the ecclesiastical calendar. Hence it is the wish of the Church that her children should make themselves familiar with the Church's calendar, should endeavor to commit to memory the different feasts of the ecclesiastical year, know the dates upon which they fall and have at the same time a general knowledge of the spiritual truths which the Church wishes us to derive from the celebration of them. This may be easily done by having recourse to the ecclesiastical calendar for the week which is usually found on the first page of The Register. The calendar for the month is given in the monthly almanac of the Sacred Heart League. In the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady we honor the mystery of her corporal assumption into Heaven. According to the belief of the Church after the death of the Blessed Virgin her body was by the power of God raised from the tomb and it was united to her soul in the Kingdom of Heaven. This is the doctrine which has come down to us from the Tradition of the Church. Gregory of Tours A. D. 598 says: "The Lord commanded the pure body of the Holy Virgin to be taken into Heaven, where joined with her holy soul, it now enjoys eternal glory." St. Epiphanius compares the assumption of the Blessed Virgin to the miraculous manner in which Enoch and Elias were taken up into Heaven. St. Augustine, who is such an eminent exponent of Catholic tradition, says: "Who could be so presumptuous as to assert that the most holy body

in which Jesus Christ assumed flesh would have been delivered to the worms as food." In the Synod held by the Bishops of Armenia in 1342 we find that the "Church of the Armenians always believed and held that the Holy Mother of God was by the power of Christ assumed into heaven with her body." Martigny, in the "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," says (page 270), that the Feast of the Assumption dates back to the earliest ages of ecclesiastical history and is mentioned in the earliest martyrologies of the Eastern and Western Churches. We know that already in the 5th century the Ecclesiastical Calendar in use in Arabia says under the date of the 15th of August: "This day is celebrated the ascension of the body of Our Lady according to the belief of the Church in Syria, Gaul, Armenia and Rome."

Nay more, the Greek schismatics in the Council of Jerusalem held to protest against the errors of Calvin in speaking of the Blessed Virgin: "She is said to be a sign in the heavens because her body was assumed into heaven and although she was buried in the grave yet on the third day following the example of her Divine Son she was assumed into Heaven."

That this has been the universal tradition of the Catholic Church in every age and nation is patent from the writings of St. Peter Damian, St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas. Of all the Fathers of the Church St. John of Damascus is most clear in his explanation of the death and assumption of the Blessed Virgin. This great saint, who has been called "the last of the Fathers of the Church," lived in the seventh century. In his writings on the mystery of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady he may be justly said to sum up the belief of the early Christian Fathers. He says in his second discourse upon the Falling-as-Sleep of the Mother of God.

"It hath been handed down to us from old time that when the Blessed Virgin so gloriously fell asleep all the holy Apostles who were wandering to and fro in the earth for the salvation of the Gentiles were in a moment carried off into the air and assembled together at Jerusalem. And being there, there appeared unto them a vision of angels and there was heard the sound of the heavenly powers singing Psalms and so amid the manifestation of His Glory into the hands of God she resigned her holy soul. Her body which by an unspeakable mystery had held God was carried forth amid the chants of angels and Apostles and laid in a sepulchre at Oethemane, and there for three days the songs of angels never ceased. After three days the sound of angels' singing had ceased and at that time the Apostles who were there along with Thomas, the only one who had hitherto been absent and who had come three days late, but was now fain to honor that body which had held God, opened the tomb. But the holy body was now nowhere to be found."

"There remained only the clothes in which it had been enshrouded and an unspeakable savour which proceeded from them and they therefore again closed the tomb. Confronted by this strange mystery they were only able to imagine that the same whom it had pleased to take flesh of the Virgin Mary and of her to be made man and to be born, being God the Word and the Lord of Glory and, who had kept her maidenhood unbroken even after child-birth, had also been pleased after her departure hence to honor her stainless body while it was still kept free from corruption by taking it away before the common and universal resurrection."

"There were then present, along with the Apostles the most holy Timothy, first Bishop of the Ephesians and Denys the Areopagite as he himself testifies in that which we wrote to the aforesaid Timothy concerning the blessed Hierotheus who also himself had been present. In these words: 'For when as they knowest we also and many of our holy brethren, came together with the God-inspired rulers in holy

things, to gaze upon that body which had given life its spring and held God, (there were present also James the brother of the Lord, and Peter, the highest and oldest and most excellent of all theologians), and when we had seen the sacred body we were all pleased to sing hymns, every man as well as he could, to proclaim the unbounded goodness of Divine Power." Such is the graphic description from the pen of St. John of Damascus, which the Church places in the Roman Breviary in the office of the 4th day within the octave of the Assumption. This mystery gives us another title to honor Our Lady. It is the finishing stroke that the Master Hand has given to that beautiful Tabernacle wherein He reposed and from which He took human flesh. Honored on earth by the Apostles and the early Christians how must she have been honored in heaven by Her Divine Son when throwing off the garments of the tomb, by the power of God, she came up from the Desert of Life and appeared amidst the courts of Heaven leaning on the arms of Her Son. The Father crowns her as His fairest daughter, the Son as His Mother and the Holy Ghost as His Spouse.

"The King arose to meet her, and bowed to her and sat down upon His throne; and a throne was set for the King's Mother; and she sat on His right hand." (3 Kings II., 19).

St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay

Results in Entrance, Commercial Class, High School and Department of Music for 1902 are:

Entrance—Total, 1100; Laura MacEvoy, 795; Cora Taylor, 739; May MacDonald, 708; Annie Curtin, 696; Jennie Meehan, 666; Katie Tangney, 644; Charlotte Dagenais, 581.

Commercial Diplomas—Mary Hurley, Departmental; Ethelida O'Gorman, Departmental; Mabel Sutton, Violet Siddle, Ethel Smith, Nellie Reid, Loretto Healey.

Part I. Jr. Leaving—Mary Hurley, Part I. Jr. Matriculation—Nettie O'Boyle.

Part II. Jr. Leaving—May Butler, Minnie Cain, Nellie Leahy, Hanna Lebane, Delphina Piggott.

Department of Music—Toronto Conservatory of Music—Annie Casac, harmony, pass; rudiments, first class honors; history, first class honors.

Mary Lobergan—Harmony, pass; rudiments, first class honors; history, first class honors.

Mollie O'Connor—Harmony, pass; rudiments, first class honors; history, first class honors.

Toronto College of Music—First Piano—Cora Thompson, first class honors; Lily Collins, second class honors; Gertrude William, second class honors; Pearl White, second class honors; Primary Piano—Bladina Primeau, first class honors; Nora Walsh, first class honors; Katie Bush, first class honors; Jennie MacDonald, second class honors.

Violin—Maggie Killen, second class honors.

Second-Vocal—Agnes O'Brien, first class honors.

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Tribute to Convent Education

Editor of The Catholic Register:
Within our city of Chatham is an educational institution, the Ursuline Academy, of which our citizens have great reason to be proud. The ladies of this institution have done and are doing such magnificent work that its merits should be known far and wide, and yet their extreme modesty prevents them from advertising themselves. I therefore ask you to make known through your excellent journal some of the results of their work this year.

These ladies conduct the Ursuline Academy, Chatham; St. Joseph's Separate School, Chatham, Tecumseh Separate School and Tilbury Separate School. At the High School Entrance Examination seven candidates wrote from the Academy and all were successful; 21 from St. Joseph's, of whom 19 were successful; four from Tecumseh, all successful; two from Tilbury, both successful; or a total of 32 successful out of 33, being 97 per cent.

At the Academy 12 wrote Part I. Junior Leaving or Part I. Junior Matriculation, and eleven succeeded; eight wrote Part II. Junior Leaving and seven succeeded, one obtaining honors; or a total of 45 per cent. successful.

In the examinations conducted by the Toronto Conservatory of Music the success of the ladies trained at the Academy could scarcely have been more brilliant. Of the ten who tried the practical examination "Piano," all passed, two receiving first class honors and eight honors. Of the seven taking the theoretical examination all were successful, four taking honors. The papers were set by the Toronto Conservatory of Music, of which the Academy is now a local centre, and the practical examinations were conducted by Prof. J. D. A. Tripp of the Conservatory.

These results speak most forcibly of the thorough and practical character of the education given by the Ursuline ladies. It is an honor to the city of Chatham to have within its bounds an institute so capably conducted.
ROBERT PARK,
Public School Inspector, Chatham and West Kent.

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SUMMER LIFE OF LEO XIII

The Vatican correspondent of The Chronicle of Rome gives an interesting account of how the Pope spends his days in summer time. He is now in good health, and rises every morning at six. He says Mass in his private chapel, and then has breakfast. Cuttings from all the principal papers are brought to him, and he sees Cardinal Rampolla, with whom he discusses State affairs. Other audiences are granted until lunch. A siesta follows that meal, and then sometimes a drive in the gardens of the Vatican.

At the entrance of the garden is a exact reproduction of the Louvre's grotto, presented to His Holiness by a group of Frenchmen beyond is an old tower, which formed part of the walls of Leo IV's garden. Close to this tower is a small pavilion built by the present Pope, where he formerly spent the hot hours of the day during summer, sometimes dining there with a few friends. This summer, however, he has not yet entered it. On the ceiling of the principal room is a representation of the firmament, with electric lamps for each star. Near the pavilion is the vineyard planted by the Pope's orders, no one, save His Holiness and one gardener, is allowed to enter it. The wine produced is not very good, and is sold cheap to the inferior Vatican officials. There are few flowers in the gardens, and none of them rare.

The Pope is carried from his apartments to his carriage in a sedan chair, going down the Scala Papale, through the Loggia and the rooms decorated by Raphael, and then down stairs into the gardens. The carriage is drawn by a pair of black Hungarian horses, presented to him by the Bishop of Osnabrock. The Cameriere Segreto who happens to be on duty sits opposite His Holiness. An officer of the Guardia Nobilita rides beside the carriage, and two others follow. The drive lasts about three-quarters of an hour, during which the carriage is generally stepped over, so that the Pope may get out and walk a few steps. He seizes the occasion to talk to the Guardia Nobilita, asking them about their families, and telling them anecdotes of his past life.

After the drive the Pope reads, looks over some of his old poems, or composes new ones. Sometimes Monsignor Angeli reads passages from the classics, usually from Virgil, to him. At 7 p. m. the Osservatore Romano, the only paper which His Holiness reads in full, is brought up to him.

In spite of his great age, he is in good health, and wishes everybody to know it. The other day, when some nurse had come to pay their respects to him wished him health and strength to reach his hundredth birthday he replied, "And why the hundredth?" Do not place limits to the decrees of Providence." He has, indeed, lived to a much greater age than was expected when he ascended the Papal throne twenty-four years ago, even then apparently a frail old man. Of the sixty-four cardinals who were living when Pius IX. died, only three survive—that is, His Holiness, Cardinal Oreglia (the Dean of the Sacred College), and Cardinal Patrocchi.

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MINORITY RULES IN FRENCH REPUBLIC

Dr. Quigley Says there is a Strong Reaction to Religious Belief—The Law of Association

"That there is a strong reaction toward religious belief in France can no longer be doubted, for although I went to Paris over a year ago prepared to meet evidence to the contrary, I can safely say that I have never seen, either in Canada or the United States, a more pronounced manifestation of religious sentiment than in the capital of the French Republic."
The speaker was Dr. R. F. Quigley a prominent lawyer of St. John, N. B., and author of Ipse, Ipse, Ipse, who during the past twelve months has been studying French literature and law at the Sorbonne and other leading universities of Paris.

"Then, as for the Law of Associations," Dr. Quigley went on to say, "I gave much of my time to studying it, and found that in many cases its execution at the hands of the officials before being pronounced illegal had been infamous. Nothing can be less true than the charge of clerical interference in political matters. As a matter of fact, many of the priests are Republicans."

"There cannot be any doubt that a small minority rules in France. When chatting with many clerical friends I made, I told them to refuse to accept the State aid, to go to work and build their churches, and provide for them as we do here in Canada, and then they would be independent of the Government."

"It was this indifference that permitted incapable men to rule France, for while every boy or girl in Canada is either a Liberal or Conservative, and knows all about political matters, thousands upon thousands in France are supremely indifferent as to the political future of their country. They save a Republic and a Parliamentary system, but neither is suited to their tastes; consequently, Government by party becomes an impossibility. Why," said he, "there are hundreds of French-Canadians here who could give them pointers every day of the week, and as for Israel Tarte, he would smash their Government in a week."

The doctor, having received his degree from the Pope, also took occasion to spend a month in Rome, where he had the pleasure of being received in private audience by the head of the Catholic world.

FREE FROM DEBT NOW.

Rev. Father Phelan has made the pleasant announcement to his people of the parish of Young's Point, that the parish is now free from debt. When Rev. Father Phelan took charge of the parish about six months ago there was a debt of \$786 on the parish residence. This has been wiped out and now the parish stands relieved of any debt burden.

Rev. Father Phelan and the people of his parish are to be congratulated on the fact, and to be commended for the good work and liberal support that achieved it. It bears witness in a practical way to the excellent work Rev. Father Phelan has accomplished and the loving and faithful support he is receiving from the people.

AN AUGUST WEDDING.

St. Mary's Church, Young's Point, was the scene of a pretty wedding when Mr. Martin Hobbs, of Blomidon, N.S., was united in marriage to Miss Catherine Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Patrick Kennedy, of Burleigh Falls. The Rev. Father Phelan performed the ceremony and there was a large gathering of friends of the contracting parties to witness it.

ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND. — In health and happiness we need no friend, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

Bretons Fight for Their Faith

Brest, France, Aug. 18.—The attempt made by the authorities to-day to close the Sisters' schools at Ploudaniel, Folgoet and St. Meen, the last villages in Brittany where unauthorized schools were still open, met with determined resistance. The inhabitants were on guard throughout the night, and the tocsin was sounded when the approach of the gendarmes and troops was signalled at 9 o'clock in the morning. At Ploudaniel, in spite of a heavy fall of rain, a crowd numbering several thousand people replied with boots to the summons of the police commissaries, while the ringing of church bells drowned the voices of the officials. When an attempt was made to force the strongly-barricaded door, it failed, the defenders in the meanwhile crying "Judas," slinging Breton hymns, cheering for liberty and shouting "Down with Combes."

The commissaries tried to attack the school by the garden wall, which they ordered the soldiers to breach. This was done in the face of the defenders, who manned the breach armed with clubs, and prevented the commissaries from penetrating into the garden. The soldiers attempted to scale the wall with the aid of a pile of faggots, but the defenders dented the faggots with petroleum and set them on fire, whereupon the commissaries and troops drew off amidst cheers for liberty and for the Sisters.

After their repulse at the garden wall of the school at Ploudaniel the commissaries decided to await reinforcements. In the meantime Senator Pichon and Counsellor General Seabigou persuaded the defenders of the school to open the doors. After this had been done the Sisters walked to the church, accompanied by the evasions of the crowd. The commissaries entered the school and made an inventory of the property. They then sealed the doors. In the course of the rioting two gendarmes were slightly wounded. The leading inhabitants of Ploudaniel have taken the expelled Sisters to their homes. Similar though less violent scenes attended the closing of the schools and the expulsion of the Sisters at Folgoet and Saint Meen.

The Paris Temps says that Commandant Leroy Laduric of the 19th Infantry, who refused to obey an order to aid in closing unauthorized schools, has been placed under arrest.

FATHER HINCHEY VERY ILL.

The Register regrets exceedingly to hear that Rev. Father Hinchey, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, who has been in St. Joseph's Hospital in that city for over a week, suffering from typhoid fever, is in a very critical condition.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE LITTLE WATCHER.
My papa's gone around the world,
Way off, past Grandpa's farm,
And every night I make some pray-
ers
To keep him safe from harm

My Mamma tells me curious things
About the land and sea
If Papa keeps on walking straight
He'll come round back to me!

He started on the turnpike road,
And I just thought to-day
That when he does come home again
'Twill be the other way!

He has been gone a long long time
For just a child to wait,
And every day I go and look,
From out the big front gate

Way down the road toward Willow
Pond,
As far as I can see—
For that's the way my Papa'll come,
When he comes back to me
—From Little Folks

LITTLE HINDRANCES.
A writer in Success says that every boy and girl should look well to the little things which cut down the average of success possibilities. For instance, little mannerisms, such as nervous twitching of the hands, fumbling with the fingers, fooling with whatever is within reach, peculiar movements, undignified postures in sitting or standing, a slouchy gait, a habit of saying sharp, unkind things, indulging in sarcasm—all these things interfere very materially with one's success possibilities.

Many a man with great brain power and fine physique who started in life with good prospects has failed to attain great success because of little idiosyncrasies, peculiarities of speech or manner, things not in themselves vicious or wrong, but which render him disagreeable or unacceptable to those who have dealings with him.

If it were possible for us to write of all the little things which have cut down the average of our success, and to calculate just how much each has contributed to the whole, it would be most helpful.

For example, one young man's advancement has been cut down twenty-five per cent. by bad temper, a surly, disagreeable disposition, an oddity, by carelessness in dress, an unbecomingly slovenly appearance or an unkind habit of criticizing.

Many a brilliant and capable stenographer has failed to advance because she had disagreeable habits, which annoyed her employer, who, while he recognized her ability, preferred a less able stenographer who had amiable and agreeable qualities.

A HAPPY LIFE.
William Blake, the poet and painter, whose delicate and mystical work, both in words and on canvas, was quite unlike that of any other man, had a singularly happy life. It was full of discouragement and greatly cramped by poverty, but of this he seemed to take no account. His mind was always filled with lofty and beautiful thoughts, and this world seemed to him but the entrance to a nobler state of existence.

One day when he was an old man a little girl was brought to him. He looked at her tenderly, stroked her long curls and said:
"My child, may God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me."
He had not been well for a long time before his death. When his old friend, the artist Flaxman, died, Blake said:

"I thought I should go first. I can't think of death as more than going out of one room into another."
A little more than a year after that he died. On the day of his death he composed and uttered songs in praise of God so sweet that his wife as she stood by was enraptured by them.
My beloved he said to her they are not mine. No, they are not mine! —Youth's Companion

A STRANGE NESTING PLACE.
What Mr. W. Grey, proprietor of a sawmill at Neston, was working at a large hand saw worked by machinery he heard a squeak which suggested to his mind that some of the parts might require oiling. He removed the board which covers the hand wheels and belting and was greatly surprised at finding instead of unoiled machinery a couple of newly-hatched chickens, which traveled down to the soft earth beneath. Further investigation elicited the fact that the bird, which belonged to Mr. Grey, had made its nest almost immediately below the top of the belting, and later in the day six other chickens were found, the mother strongly resenting the intrusion, which was made into her strange nest. The saw is working from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening, and the fact that the hen must have been there for at least weeks and has not been heard in any way during the whole time is truly remarkable. —Liverpool Catholic Times

THE "MANDOLIN QUARTET"
A Northern woman who has a winter home in one of the Southern States tells many amusing stories of her experience with the negroes of that region.

Not long ago she wished to give a little entertainment to some New England guests, and bethought her of a mandolin quartet of which one of her servants had talked to her on many occasions. She therefore commissioned the maid to ask the quartet to come to the house and play for her guests.

The next evening three coal-black men bearing banjos appeared at her piazza, and one of them announced himself solemnly as "de leader ob de mand'lin quartet."
"But where is the fourth musician?" asked the lady.
"We's all dere is," said the leader, with pride. "We's de mand'lin quartet."
"But aren't those banjos you have in your hands?" feebly inquired the lady.
"Yas'm," said the man, patiently, "yas'm Dere's three ob us, an' we play de banjo, but we's de mand'lin quartet."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S SONG.
During Archbishop Ireland's recent visit to Rome he was often invited to pass his evenings at the Vatican with the aged Pontiff and some of the Cardinals. On one of these evenings the conversation having drifted to music and national airs, as expressive of the character and aspirations of a people, Cardinal Satolli, who during his stay in America had learned to know the Pauline prelate, suggested to the Pope that he invite him to sing one of the Irish national songs of course, on such an occasion the desire of the Pope is taken as a command, and immediately after some members of the Papal choir had rendered Verdi's "Misereere," the Archbishop arose and sang a well-known Irish song, in his own inimitable voice, with such volume of resonance and feeling that as it swelled and rose through the ancient halls of the Vatican those venerable princes of the Church were visibly touched. The Pope himself seemed astounded and said to the Cardinals around him: "What pathos, what sincerity of feeling! 'Your Holiness,' answered the Jesuit, Cardinal Mazzella, 'it is not feeling, nor sincerity, nor pathos—it is Ireland's agony.'" —The Pilgrim

HOW DO YOU WRITE?
When the instructors at Rugby took a lad to task for his poor penmanship, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse sermons than I do, it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army doing service in the German War. An order he received for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and cost many brave fellows their lives. —Saturday Evening Post

FOUR TYPES.
The correspondence column of The New York Sun is one of the most interesting features of that great metropolitan journal. In last Sunday's edition one correspondent, answering the query of another, writes:
"Some ten or twelve years ago I helped an Armenian friend to put into English an Arabic saying. Our version was published in The Independent and since then it has occasionally reappeared in public prints, in practically the same wording. I quote from memory, but think it might be called the 'correct form':
"Man is four:
"The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—sun him
"The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—teach him.
"The man who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—waken him.
"The man who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him."
Another correspondent furnishes a vetted version of the Arabic maxim:
The man who knows not that he knows aught—
He is a fool, no light shall ever reach him,
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught,
He is simple, take thou him and teach him

But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
He is asleep, go thou to him and wake him,
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—
Cleave thou to him and nevermore forsake him

THE POPE'S BIRDS.
There is nothing about this great man, who is diplomat, statesman and theologian and holds the highest position the world has to give, that is anything but human. Elevated from the rest of mankind as he is—the prisoner of the Vatican, as he has been called—the Pope is human to the core. One of the nicest things I ever heard of him is his love for birds. There were once certain bushes in the immense garden of the Vatican in which the birds loved to build better than anywhere else. One day the Pope was being wheeled about in his chair, when he saw two gardeners preparing to prune and reduce these bushes. "The birds' homes must not be touched," he directed, "let the garden be untidy if necessary, but do not touch those bushes." In winter huge sheaves of wheat are fixed to poles in that part of the grounds overlooked by His Holiness's rooms, and he often sits for half an hour at a time watching his feathered friends at their welcome meal. —The Week End.

FOR THE SUSPICIOUS.
A young ladybird coming home was asked by her mother whether she had had a nice walk. "I met some very disagreeable people," was the answer. "Who were they, and what did they do?" "Mrs. Toad did not even turn her head when I passed." "Does she ever turn her head?" "Miss Mole pretended not to know me." "Does she every know anyone?" "Mr. Hedgehog turned his back on me." "Are you sure he was not asleep?" "Hector at the farm barked as I went by." "Is he not always barking?" "Mr. Bull came charging down behind me, I suppose it was the sight of my red coat, but I thought it very rude." "Was that all that happened?" "No, I met Farmer Brown." "Surely he was polite?" "Far from it! He shut the gate in my face." "I don't believe that one of them ever saw you," cried the young ladybird's brother. "And that was the simple truth—Fireside Fables.

FOR LOVERS OF INDOLENCE.
"I am sorry for you," said a toad on the bank to a May-fly in the air; "I understand you live only for a day."
"To a winged life, a day may be a lifetime," returned the other.

TO A DYING BABE.
O bubble, break! All heaven thou hast
Insulted in thy heart!
Ere Time its shadow on thee cast
Love calls thee to depart.

WHICH.
"I've found a four-leaf clover!" Nell said,
And up she hopped from the clover bed,
"Take it, Wamma—it will bring,
they say,
Good luck through all the whole
long day!"
"Let me sweep Mamma!" said little Dan,
"I'll sweep, and dust and do all I can!"
Which, tell me now, helped Mamma the more,
The little girl with the luck-leaves four,
Or the little lad that swept the floor?
—Our Young Folks.

DEATH OF A CATHOLIC PEER.
An English Geraldine.
On Wednesday morning last week Lord Gerard died, at Eastwell Park, Ashford. William Canfield Gerard, second baron, was born in 1851, and was, therefore, in his fifty-first year. The deceased peer succeeded his father in 1887. Ten years previously he had married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Henry B. Milner. He was educated at Oscott College, and served in South Africa, 1899, 1900, as A.D.C. to Sir Redvers Buller, being mentioned in despatches. He held the D.S.O. Lord Gerard was the premier Catholic baronet but he was only the second baron. Every charitable movement had his support. He is succeeded by the Hon. Frederick Gerard, who was born in 1883.

The late Lord Gerard could trace his ancestry back to 1096. William Fitzother was then castellan of Windsor, and he had three sons, one of whom was Gerald. He married Nesta daughter of Rees son of Theodoro the Great, Prince of Wales, and had issue, William, the ancestor of the Geraldts, or, as they were called in those days, the Fitzgeralds. The family took a prominent part in the Crusades of the 12th and 13th Centuries, and they retain a memorial of their services in Palestine in the 13th century the name was changed to its present form "Fitz," meaning "son of," was dropped out, and Gerald became Gerard. On the family settling at Inco Hill, near Wigan, William Gerard married Joan, daughter of Peter de Bryn and Brindie, and hence the name Bryn in connection with the Gerard family. Sir Thomas Gerard attended Parliament in 1836 as one of the knights of the shire for Lancashire, and he was High Sheriff of the county. He died in 1816, and was succeeded by John Gerard, who was then twenty years old. The family do not appear to have taken any part in the famous battle of Agincourt, and they were not very prominent in the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster. They were deeply attached to their religion, and a chantry chapel was erected at Windleshaw, and endowed by Sir Thomas Gerard, knight, to celebrate Mass for the souls of his ancestors. During the reign of Henry VIII, the family were loyal to the Crown, as is proved by the fact that the then head of the family took part in the war between Henry and the King of Scotland. Later on that loyalty to the Crown was put to the test, for the endowments of the chantry at Windleshaw were confiscated by Parliament, but we find a Gerard High Sheriff for Lancashire in the reign of Edward VI, and this same ancestor held the office in 1553 and 1558. The adherence of the family to the faith of their fathers was very marked during the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth. It was this adherence which probably impelled Sir Thomas Gerard in 1750 to consider how to effect the escape of Mary Queen of Scots, who was held prisoner at Chatsworth. The plot was discovered, and Sir Thomas and his confederates, Sir T. Slatney and Lord Dudley, were lodged in the Tower of London. Sir Thomas Gerard wrote to the Privy Council that the Queen (Elizabeth) had spared greater offenders, and he hoped she would not deal sharply with him. He desired opportunity for such service as might be a recompense for his past follies. Elizabeth took a serious view of the matter, and Sir Thomas was fined so heavily that he was compelled to part with his manor at Brynhill or Brindie, which had been in the family for many years. When the son of Mary Queen of Scots ascended the English throne, the Gerardts reaped some rewards for their fidelity. They were amongst the first creations of

Laver's V.Z. (Wig Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects it.

baronets who were instituted to establish an English colony in the Province of Ulster in Ireland, and this was not the only instance of the King's appreciation of the sympathy of the Gerardts for his unfortunate mother. Loyalty to king and faith marked their conduct during the disastrous dispute between Charles I and his Parliament. Most of the Catholic families in this district also took an interest in the Royalist cause. "Richard Gerard was a distinguished colonel, and courageously shared the misfortunes of his master. He himself raised and led an army of foot. After many vicissitudes of fortune, he was appointed, after the Restoration, cup-bearer to the Dowager Queen Charles II, in his futile efforts to oust the Puritans, stayed one night at the "Bryenne," as the guest of Sir William Gerard. This was in August, 1650. During the stirring days of 1715 and 1745, the Gerardts kept aloof from the mad dening strife of parties, and it was during this period the family built the present splendid residence at Garswood, then called New Hall. Hereabouts the coalbeams under the estates added greatly to the wealth of the family. In 1876, the thirteenth baronet, Sir Robert Tolver Gerard, was elevated to the peerage as Baron Gerard of Bryn.

MY SECRET.
"T is not what I am fain to hide,
That doth in deepest darkness dwell,
But what my tongue hath often tried,
Alas, in vain, to tell.
IT HAS MANY OFFICES.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

AFRAID OF AIR.
I wonder why so many are afraid of air. The one great foe of peace of mind is a "draft." Consumptive patients are kept in the open air all day long. Are we to wait until we are consumptives before we take advantage of it?
Air is cheap. It is almost a pity that it is, if it were an expensive commodity, the people across the way, whose bedroom windows are closely shut at night, would certainly insist upon their share. We must have air and we must have sunshine in our homes, if they are not to be asylums for invalids.—Herald of Health

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IN A NEW YORK COURT.
Judge—Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case?
Man (drawn as juror)—No, sir. But I have sometimes thought—
Attorney (rising indignantly)—Your honor, this man acknowledges that he sometimes thinks. It is hardly necessary to say that we shall challenge him as a juror in this case.—Texas Sittings.

Old-Fashioned Grandmother—Now, Rhoda, you know you wear that towering hat with all those feathers on it just to attract attention (Up-to-date Descendant)—Why, grandmother, that's what they built the Parthenon for.

"What is your occupation?" asked the old physician, as he felt the patient's pulse. "I'm an opera singer," was the reply. "Ah!" exclaimed the M. D. "What you need is a change of air. Suppose you try singing in a church choir."

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I HAVE glorified Thee on earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. John XVIII: 4.

Table with columns for 'EIGHTH MONTH OF DAYS', 'August', and 'THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY'. It lists liturgical events for 1902, including the Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Sundays After Pentecost, with corresponding feast days and readings.

Indulgenced Prayer. To thee, O Virgin Mother, never touched by stain of sin, actual or venial, I recommend and commend the purity of my heart. An indulgence of 300 days, once a day, to all the faithful who, devoutly and with contrite heart, recite this ejaculation.

...The HOME CIRCLE

THE BOY WHO KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine As I went down the street— A woman whose hair was silver, But whose face was blossom sweet, Making me think of a garden Where in spite of the frost and snow Of bleak November weather, Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me, And the sound of a merry laugh, And I knew the heart it came from Would be like a comforting staff In the hour and time of trouble, Hopeful and brave and strong, One of the hearts to lean on When we think that things go wrong.

He lit up the pathway singing; I was the woman's eye Grown light with a wordless well-oo. As white warms the skies. "Back in, sweet mother," He called, and bent to kiss The low face that was lifted For some mothers mis.

That boy will do to depend on, I hold it this is true— From love with their mothers Our bra heroes grew. Earth's best hearts have been loving Since the world began! And the boy who kissed his mother Is every day a man. —Eben E. Rexford.

THE LEGS OF THE DEATH AND ASSUON OF MARY.

We are told after the dispersion of the disciples, the Blessed Virgin dwelt in her house beside Mount Zion, and she sedulously visited all the parts of her Son's life and passion as she lived, and she is said to have lived twenty-four years after the Ascension of Christ. And when a certain day, her heart burned with longing for her so that she broke out into loud tears, the Angel Gabriel

and reverently saluting her, told her, on behalf of her Son, that after three days she should depart from the flesh and reign with Him forever. And the Angel gave her a branch of palm from paradise, which he commanded should be borne before her bier. And the Virgin, rejoicing, gave thanks to God, and besought two boons of the Angel—first, that her sons, the Apostles, might be assembled at her death, that she might die in their presence, and that they might accompany her to the tomb, secondly, that in expiring she might not behold the Evil One. And the Angel promised her that these things should be. And the palm-branch was green in the stem, but its leaves were like the morning star.

And while John was preaching in Ephesus, behold it thundered, and a cloud caught him and set him down at Mary's door. He entered in, and Mary marvelled and wept for joy. She told him that she had been sent for, that Christ had brought him to her. She besought him to take charge of her burial, and to bear the palm-branch before her bier. And while John was wishing for the presence of his brother Apostles, behold they were all transported in clouds from the places where they preached, and set down together before the door of Mary. To whom, while they gazed on one another, greatly astonished, John went forth, warning them of Mary's summons, admonishing them not to weep, nor let it be imputed to them that they who preached the Resurrection feared death.

And when the Holy Virgin beheld the Apostles assembled around her, she blessed the Lord, and they sat around her, with lights burning, and watched till the third day. And toward nightfall on the third day Jesus came down with hosts of saints and angels, and they ranged themselves before Mary's couch. Sweet hymns were heard at intervals till the middle of the night. And then Jesus called her softly twice that she should come to Him; and she answered that she was ready joyfully to yield the spirit. And thus her spirit quitted the body and flew into the arms of her Son. And she neither suffered pain nor her body corruption. Now the Lord commanded the Apostles that they should carry her body into the Valley of Jehosaphat and place it in a new tomb that had been dug there, and watch three days beside it till she should return. And when she thus returned her

flowers of zion, which are the blessed company of martyrs, and lilies of the valley, which are the bands of angels, confessors and virgins. And the angels that had remained in heaven came down to meet the angels that ascended up from earth and the latter answered and said. "This is she who is beautiful among the daughters of Jerusalem, even as you have seen her full of grace and love." Thus her soul was received up into heaven, rejoicing and was seated on the throne at the right hand of her Divine Son. And the Apostles saw that her soul was such that no mortal tongue could express its whiteness.

And when the body was laid on the bier, Peter and Paul uplifted it, and the other Apostles ranged themselves around it. John bore the palm-branch in front of it. And Peter began to sing, "In exitu Israel de Egypto," and the rest joined softly in the psalm. And the Lord covered the bier and the Apostles with a cloud, so that they might be heard but not seen. And the angels were present, singing with the Apostles. And all the city was attracted by that wondrous melody.

But the Jews ran to arms that they might seize and burn the body. And the high priest put forth his hand to overthrow the bier, but his hand straightway withered, and the rest of the people were stricken with blindness. Then the high priest besought Peter, who promised that if he confessed that Mary was the Mother of God he should receive his sight. And he confessed and saw. And taking the palm-branch, by command of Peter, he touched each man among the people, and such as believed in the Most Blessed Virgin received their sight, but such as believed not remained blind.

And the Apostles laid the body of the Virgin in the tomb, and they watched beside it three days. And on the third day the Lord appeared with a multitude of angels and raised up His Immaculate Mother, and she was received, body and soul, into heaven.—From the "Catalogus Sanctorum," by Peter De Natalibus.—Ave Maria.

JESUIT MISSIONS OF THE YUKON

Holy Cross Mission, Koserelsky P. O. Alaska, June 1, 1902.—Dear Sir—The Alaska Mission of Yukon finds itself in sore need of help, owing to a devastating plague which has raged among the Eskimoes and which in a short time carried off one-half of the native population. It would take too long to describe the tale of horror witnessed by the missionaries during the plague. Suffice it to say that the well ones fled from shelter, from food and from home, abandoning the sick to their fate amidst the unburied remains of the dead, and exposing themselves to the horrors of starvation. The missionaries exerted their selves to their utmost, nursing the sick, assisting the dying, burying the dead, and distributing with an unparing hand every means at command, leaving the mission exhausted and in a crippled condition, struggling to keep on with its schools and its work. We cannot think of abandoning the field or of sending adrift the orphans whom the fearful plague has left on our hands, but we shall continue the work begun, confiding in God's Providence and trusting in the efficacy of this appeal to your generosity. Hoping that your readers will contribute their mite and pray for the conversion of these natives, I am yours sincerely in the Sacred Heart, REV. J. L. LUCCHESI, S. J.

Contributions may be sent directly to above address, or to Rev. J. M. Plot, S. J., Gonzago College, Spokane, Washington, U. S. A. We have 16 priests on the Yukon, and Mass intentions would be most welcome.

THAT BABY.

It ain't no trouble now to find The things that used to be A-scattered round about the house, Or hid away from me. The paper's allus right to hand, The tid's on the chair, My hat don't leave the front hall. "Most 'fore I hang it there. An' everything is orderly An' just the way it's put, Without a trait of cur's truck A-kickin' under foot. But when I look around the room, An' see the chairs just so, An' all the things that settin' in The place they ought to go, I'd give the rest o' this ol' life If I could only see That baby strewin' things around The way they used to be." —J. J. Montague, in Portland Oregonian.

The War on the Church in France

Cardinal Richard's Earnest and Eloquent Letter of Protest to President Loubet

To the President of the French Republic.

Sir—A profound and painful impression has been created throughout all France by the decree which has closed one hundred and twenty-five schools and by the ministerial circular which has shut up two thousand five hundred additional schools.

It is our duty to communicate to the official head of the State the solicitude we feel on this occasion, on religious as well as patriotic grounds.

The first question which suggests itself is: What are the motives which have called for this sudden and violent measure? There has been no scandal, no disorder in these educational establishments, which are under the direction of teachers holding certificates, as the law requires. The only reason there can be advanced is that the instruction given in these schools is in keeping with the principles of the Catholic Faith and that the teachers belong to religious congregations. An additional reason is that the Freemasons openly declare that every Christian idea shall be eliminated from the education of the young.

This is a violent attack upon conscience directed against families. As a bishop, it is our duty and our right to protest in the name of these families against this sort of tyranny which is the most cruel of all tyrannies. It is to be noted that these attacks have been systematically planned by the anti-Christian sects. In 1886 a law dealing with schools eliminated religious instruction from the school curriculum. Four years later teachers who were members of religious congregations were excluded from the public schools on the grounds that these teachers, being Catholics, taught things the State could not permit teachers in its pay to refer to.

Families, by way of reproof to these laws, established schools at the cost of many sacrifices frequently renewed. Great crowds of children flocked into these schools. As a counter stroke to this continuous manifestation of the wishes of families, the Freemasons enacted the law of association, which aims at making the establishment of free schools impossible. The simultaneous closing of about three thousand schools has no other object in view than the doing away with religious instruction in the free schools after it had been excluded from the public schools.

After the statement of these self-evident facts, we deem it useless to stop to discuss in detail the measures adopted for the closing of the schools. After the declaration made by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, a great number of the directors of these schools felt they were safe. Their sincerity cannot be called in question. The ministerial circular closing two thousand five hundred schools had not made its appearance, and, besides, a ministerial circular cannot order the closing of educational establishments. If the authorities desired to afford, we shall not say in a spirit of kindness, but in a spirit of equity, to the teachers who had not done so an opportunity of complying with legal formalities, they could have manifested this desire by granting reasonable delays. The granting of such delays was rendered more necessary by the fact that persons versed in knowledge of the law and of administrative regulations question the necessity and the legality of the formalities required of the teachers. The measures adopted manifest an evident desire to close the schools after every means had been employed to bring this about.

These measures are the more regrettable because France needs an era of good feelings. You yourself, Mr. President, have given expression to this view on more than one occasion. We all share it. Now, there can be no harmony of feeling unless due regard be had for religious and civil liberty. The history of the past teaches this lesson. At the dawn of the century, just closed France manifested a cessation of the tyranny which the anti-Christian sects had imposed upon her. Very instructive is the spectacle of the legislative assemblies studying in 1803 the essential conditions on which social order depends.

The first cry, so to speak, that went up from all parts of France was that religion was absolutely necessary. M. Portalis, a man of eminence, who was intrusted with the task of presenting to the legislative body the grave questions involved in the restoration of social order to the country, declared: "The laws and morality will not suffice. The law can only stay the uplifted arm, religion rules the heart."

The conscience of the Nation manifested itself in a most unmistakable manner, especially in respect to the vital question of education. M. Portalis asserts that the voice of all good citizens was heard in the departmental assemblies, proclaiming: "The time has come when theories must give way to facts. There can be no instruction without education; there can be no education without morality and religion." Then, recalling the marvellous works accomplished by the Catholic Church among us, M. Portalis adds: "Catholic piety has founded and sustained our charitable institutions. What have we done? After this general devastation, when we desired to re-establish our hospitals,

we recalled those Christian virgins known as Sisters of Charity, who generously devote their lives to the service of distressed, suffering and infirm humanity."

M. Portalis, summing up the situation, concludes that "France cannot deliberately abjure Christianity... without effacing the monuments of her own glory. He then adds: "There is no religion better adapted to the prevailing conditions in all well-governed countries, nor more suited to the political life of all governments. It is not the religion of a people, but of Man, it is not a national, but a world-wide, religion."

Pius VII came to us, and, though the Concordat sealed the religious peace, France resumed her centuries national traditions, which had been swept away by the tempest of the Revolution. To-day Leo XIII comes to us in the same spirit of love for our fatherland. "We have omitted no effort," says Leo XIII, "to accomplish for France the work of pacification which will secure for her incalculable advantages, not only in the religious, but likewise in the civil and political order." The French bishops share Leo XIII's desire to bring about harmony. Thus do we respond, Mr. President, to the wish you recently expressed in reference to the subsidence of animosities and the union of our dearly beloved France. Respect for religious and civil liberty will bind mind to mind, and heart to heart. If France is attacked to existing political institutions, and we unhesitatingly recognize that she is, she does not desire religious persecution.

The Free Masons are unceasingly at work trying to create division by attacking Christian institutions. As for us, Mr. President, we will continue, with God's aid, to fulfill the duty of a bishop—of a French bishop. We will defend religious liberty, we will defend the liberty of the family in matters touching the education of children, we will defend all legitimate liberties to which as citizens, we are entitled. We ask no privileges but we demand that Catholics shall not be deprived of rights which they share in common with all French citizens. We are convinced that in acting in this way, we shall be working for the general pacification.

In closing this letter, we express, as our venerable predecessor, Cardinal Guibert, before us expressed, the hope that France will never permit herself to be despoiled of the sacred beliefs which were the source of her strength and of her glory in the past, and which placed her in the first rank among nations. I commend, Mr. President, these grave considerations to your wisdom, and beg of you to accept the expression of my most respectful consideration.

FRANCIS CARDINAL RICHARD, Archbishop of Paris, Paris, July 19, 1902.

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Advertisement for The Dominion Brewery Co., Limited, featuring an image of a beer bottle and the text: 'THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.'

Advertisement for The Brown Bros. Limited, featuring an image of a fountain pen and the text: 'We are Headquarters for Account Books Stationery Office Supplies Leather Goods Bookbinding Fountain Pens THE BROWN BROS. LIMITED 61-63 Wellington Street West, Toronto.'

Advertisement for Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited, featuring an image of a beer bottle and the text: 'COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, brewers and bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN STOUTS Brewed from the finest Malt and best Barley brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities. Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, 1892. Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.'

Advertisement for F. Rosar Undertaker, featuring an image of a casket and the text: 'F. ROSAR Undertaker. 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 104.'

Advertisement for McCabe & Co. Undertakers, featuring an image of a casket and the text: 'McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS Telephone Main 222 QUEEN STREET EAST TORONTO.'

Advertisement for Alex. Millard Undertaker & Embalmer, featuring an image of a casket and the text: 'Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER Telephone 679 349 YONGE STREET TORONTO.'

Advertisement for D. Mann & Co. Undertakers and Embalmers, featuring an image of a casket and the text: 'D. Mann & Co. UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS 507 Yonge St. Phone North 2862 No extra charge for house service Open Night and Day. Employee of the fire departments in Minneapolis and Buffalo have been organized under the banner of the A. F. of L.'

Advertisement for Memorial Stained Glass Windows and Household Art Glass, featuring an image of a stained glass window and the text: 'MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HOUSEHOLD ART GLASS Robert McCasland, Limited 65 Wellington St. W., Toronto'

Advertisement for Good Serviceable Rugs, featuring an image of a rug and the text: 'HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS MADE INTO Good Serviceable Rugs. TORONTO RUG WORKS 99 QUEEN ST. EAST'

Advertisement for The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co., featuring an image of a granite block and the text: 'The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1116 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car House.) Telephone North 1943, TORONTO.'

Advertisement for Church Bells, featuring an image of a bell and the text: 'CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Pells. Best Quality Bells and Chimes. See our prices and specifications. Telephone Main 1043, Toronto.'

The Catholic Register
CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK P. CRONIN
Publisher and Editor

THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1902.

THE PREMIER IN EUROPE

It would have been a most wonderful thing had the Premier of Canada gone to Europe, taken a prominent part in the Colonial Conference and visited the continent without some discordant voice being heard to the credit of Canada and the honor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier...

INDEPENDENCE OF CATHOLIC OPINION

The resolutions passed by the American Federation of Catholic Societies are direct and straight in their wording. Where sympathy is expressed for the Philippine friars and where approval is bestowed upon the Catholic press and Catholic societies for championship of the friars' cause the language employed is simple, honest and becoming the free citizenship of Americans...

GLASGOW'S NEW ARCHBISHOP

The Holy Father has appointed the Right Rev. Dr. Maguire to be Archbishop of Glasgow. Dr. Maguire, who was ordained in 1871, has been Auxiliary Bishop of Glasgow since 1894. The new Archbishop is the son of Irish parents and has always been Irish as the Irish themselves. He is only 50 years of age, and brings to his important office a physical frame capable of any exertion...

beyond their own boulevard, not over the rest of Paris, much less the whole of France—and far less this New France, three thousand miles away. We in Canada also have an organ called "La Patrie" and it is thus it characterizes that mean and vicious, as well as baseless attack. La Patrie of Montreal, in a trenchant editorial, says "The violent assault that has just been made upon our Prime Minister, is born of that irresponsible clique which for several years has kept France in turmoil and which has on several occasions endangered the friendly relations existing between France and England..."

It is our opinion that such attempts to cast mud upon the person of the Premier can only result in giving more eclat to his well-deserved popularity the world over.

GOVERNMENT A MOCKERY IN IRELAND

Mr Wyndham, Irish Chief Secretary, has been taken into the Cabinet and the Lord Lieutenant excluded. The Government feels probably that it must support Mr Wyndham. He sent a Mayo sheriff and five hundred police last week to prevent the Council of that County from presenting an address to Mr William O'Brien in the Council Chamber. And prevent it the sheriff did, else the Councilors would have been murdered. This sort of dragooning is on a par with the Sheridan case, which still shocks honest Englishmen, and of which The Speaker says "The Sheridan revelation gets worse and worse every time Mr Dillon opens his mouth, and every time Mr Wyndham opens his mouth. The original cause of Mr Wyndham was that he could not prosecute the ruffian Sheridan, because he promised absolute silence and safety to Sheridan's accomplices. It was a poor enough plea even then. Who ever heard of the preposterous paradox of bribing a criminal to turn King's evidence, and promising at the same time that he should give no evidence at all? But even this plea has vanished, for Mr Dillon pointed out that one at least of the protected accomplices had actually expressed in the public press his desire to be examined by the law. Mr Wyndham could not be deprived of his reasons, for he has none, but it is at least satisfactory that he should be deprived of his fallacies. To say that a scoundrel could not be punished because other scoundrels must be protected, was in itself a wild remark, as wild as a saying, that Ireland could not have Home Rule because peacocks came from America. But there is some satisfaction in pointing out that among other things peacocks did not come from America. Mr Wyndham has now on his side absolutely nothing at all, except that impertinent languor which prevents the majority in Parliament from listening to anything that comes from a minority. If Mr Dillon had proved that the Viceroy had kidnapped 20 Irish farmers, he would have been answered with the same urbane and meaningless paraphrases. The English rule in Ireland stands sensationally condemned. This fact has not been answered; it will not be answered; it cannot be answered."

AN ITALIAN SENATOR'S WILL

The will of the lately deceased Professor Porro would be striking by reason of its religious sentiments from whomsoever it proceeded, but it is doubly remarkable as coming from an eminent scientist and a member of the Italian Senate: "Face to face (as I am) with the terrible thought of eternity, whoever wishes to remember me should pray to God that He protect me with His infinite mercy. Never as at the close of my life have my belief in God and the thought of the future life been so big to me. Those who say that science is destined to undergo materialization, deceive themselves or wish to deceive (others)."

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crated Bishop Auxiliary of Glasgow, and during that time he has had a heavy task among a rapidly increasing Catholic population. He has rendered immense assistance to the Scottish Catholic Truth Society, and made numerous converts to Catholicity by his lectures and addresses. The enormous growth of Catholicity in the Glasgow archdiocese is mainly due to Irish immigration, and it is only fitting that one who is an Irishman in all but the accident of birth, should be their future Archbishop.

SIR EDMUND BARTON

Sir Edmund Barton, Premier of the Commonwealth of Australia, is now on his way to Canada. Among British statesmen, whether Imperial or Colonial, few there are who deserve a larger recognition at the hands of Canadians than the great Australian commoner who in a few days will be our guest. With a true appreciation of Colonial rights and a high confidence in the destiny of the Commonwealth of which he is the first citizen, Sir Edmund Barton, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, stands as a bulwark against latter-day Jingo Imperialism of which Mr Chamberlain is the apostle and the stock jobbers and exporters of Britain the beneficiaries.

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harmonic everything in an instant with a potent "that."

"God, who beholdeth me and for whom my spirit is invaded with love and terror, save me and save the souls of my parents, of my friends, and of those who believe."

Then the Garibaldian who fought at Mentana in 1867 concludes the religious declarations of his will thus "I express the hope (favorevoli) that my country, having cast off the yoke of sects will make peace with the Roman Pontiff, and recognize in him the Head of that religion which alone can bring (to it) peace, comfort, and strength against its enemies and the dangers which may assail the public good, private energy, and the greatness of the nation."

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porting the Bill loyally on its merits, though it means, of course, giving their support to the Tory party in a critical measure. The Irish members have been reminded very often of late that the English Tories deserve no support at their hands, that the strongest opponents of the Irish national cause are Catholic Tories, and that the English Catholic episcopate cannot be supposed for a moment to be free from the anti-Irish tendency of the Conservative Party. The Irish members however would not be deserving of their independent position if they were easily led into prejudice. They are liberal-minded men, and concede to all Englishmen—Catholic or Protestant, perfect freedom of political opinion. Nor are all English Catholics so anti-Irish as they are painted. As The Freeman's Journal well says "the race of Manning and Bagshaw is not quite extinct yet." But even though it were, it would still be unworthy of Irishmen to remember their political color in the discussion of the Education Bill which promises some little improvement in the condition of Catholic schools.

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Dr. Ryerson had a set of "essential principles" which, he fully believed, could be made to suit this country for all time. But, since popular education must always rest upon the people, and since the pendulum of the popular temper is liable any day to be played upon by aggressive, strong-opinioned individuals, like Dr. Ryerson himself in his heyday, it must follow that security and continuity could hardly have been guaranteed in Dr. Ryerson's official hour. Dr. Hodgins worked side by side with Dr. Ryerson so long that we are bound to respect the near view he had of the aspirations of his friend and co-laborer and of his methods of working out those aspirations. Nor can we deny the net profit to the public which Dr. Ryerson's aggressiveness realized, although happily he was not allowed to have his own way at all times. But as to whether the system which we boast in Ontario is the best in the world, or what changes it may undergo in the next twenty years to make it the best—all such things are dependent upon the intelligence of the rising generation. Dr. Ryerson did not make a perfect or a lasting system, but if it was even good as a basis or starting point, criticism of its author at this time of day would be unfair. Dr. Hodgins deserves no little credit on this account for his generously penned history of Dr. Ryerson and his times.

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at Quebec. You can easily pick out McGee in the group. His Celtic face, dark wavy hair and dreamy eyes tell you that he had birth in the land of idealism, where the spirit is richly endowed and the imaginative world greater than the real.

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The following appeared in an American paper: "We had a small crowd at our debate last night, on account of bad weather. We hope for a larger audience Saturday night. The subject which is the most despicable of the Hypocrite or the Liar?"

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY

Solemn Investiture of the Holy Habit and Profession of Vows

The retreat for the Community of St. Joseph, which has been conducted by Rev. Father Hanley C.S.S.R., was terminated by the very beautiful and imposing ceremony of the taking of the veil and profession of vows, which took place yesterday at the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in the Convent chapel, says a Lindsay exchange.

The following are the newly professed sisters: Sister Mary Beatrice, Sister M. Elizabeth, Sister M. Rose, Sister M. Genevieve, Sister M. Berchmans. Those who were invested in the holy habit were Miss Labau, of Sturgeon Falls, in religion Sister Mary Eugenia; Miss Greenan, of Lindsay, Sister M. Præpetua, Miss Carmody, of Downeyville, Sister M. St. Cyril; Miss Gilman, of Lindsay, Sister M. Rita; Miss Kirley, of Lindsay, Sister M. Agnes, Miss McInerney, of Duoro, Sister M. Camilla, Miss Sibley, of Toronto (born in Lindsay), Sister M. Francis Joseph.

As many of the postulants were natives of the parish, a large number of their relatives and friends were present, who, together with those from a distance, filled the chapel to its utmost capacity. At 10 o'clock the seven postulants, dressed in bridal costumes of white satin with wreath and veil, filed into the chapel, followed by little maids of honor, and knelt on the prieu dieux before the altar Mass was then celebrated by Ven. Archdeacon Casey. In the Sanctuary were His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, assisted by Fr. McCall, Rector of the Cathedral, and Fr. Fitzpatrick, P.P. of Ennismore, Fr. O'Leary, P.P. of Fenelon Falls, Fr. Phelan, P.P. of Young's Point, Fr. O'Sullivan, P.P. of Victoria Road, Fr. Kennedy, C.S.B., of St. Michael's College, and Fr. O'Sullivan, of Lindsay.

The profession sermon, which was preached by Rev. Fr. Hanley, was a masterpiece of pulpit oratory and made a lasting impression on all who heard it. Practical, logical and convincing, it was delivered with that earnestness and unction that is characteristic of the sons of St. Alphonsus. Taking as his text the reply of Mary to the Archangel when he re-

vealed to her the plan of the Incarnation, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word," he applied it to those who were consecrating their lives to God in holy religion by the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, which were the three nails that bound them to the Cross of Christ.

The world seeks after wealth and splendour and pays homage to the rich, but to-day those young ladies who have separated themselves from the world are to cut asunder the ties of worldly affections by the vow of poverty, choosing to be poor for the sake of Him who had not where to lay His head. By the vow of chastity they were especially separated from the world as souls apart, wherein as in a beautiful garden their Divine Spouse might wander among the fair lilies of a virginal life, and at whose gate He stands to ward off the dark miasma of sensual desires.

Lastly human nature loves to follow its own will. It is much to give up what one is, and this the newly professed have done by the vow of obedience, surrendering their own will that all their actions from morning until night might be in conformity with the will of God as expressed by their rule and the voice of their superiors. The world may call this madness, but it is the madness of saints—the madness of a St. Francis of Assisi, a St. Bernard, a St. Clare, a St. Teresa. The newly professed take upon themselves the sweet burden of Christ, and though at times they may feel the discouragements and weariness inseparable from human nature, though Christ may seem to hide his face that He may prove their faith and virtue yet His grace will ever assist them on their journey up the rugged hill of life and at death He will welcome them His faithful spouses—at the gate of the holy city, and henceforth they shall be numbered among those chosen ones that follow the Lamb; whithersoever He goeth.

After the sermon His Lordship, in cope and mitre, assisted by Archdeacon Casey and Fr. McCall, blessed the habits of the seven postulants and received the vows of the newly professed sisters, which were made kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony was terminated

Notes for the Farmer.

Good stock look better, do better, and pay better than scrub, and it is the farmer that puts his money into this class of stock that receives the best returns.

The result of the extended investigations concerning cheese curing at the New York Experiment Station in Geneva may be summed up briefly as follows:—The loss of weight in curing at 55 degrees is very much less than at 70 to 80 degrees. The larger the cheese the less the loss of weight in curing.

All crops have two values—their feeding value and their manure value. Neither should be neglected. If the manure is wasted the fertility of the farm is certain to be lost, and if good crops are grown fertility is necessary. Feeding out the farm crops to stock on the farm is essential, but saving and applying back the manure is equally so.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

The arrangements in connection with a great gathering of the Irish race in America are rapidly proceeding. The convention will be held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on October 20 and 21, and it is expected that delegates will be present from all parts of the United States. The Irish delegation will be Messrs J. E. Redmond, M. P., J. Dillon, M. P., and Michael Davitt, and they have arranged to sail for Boston on the Dominion Line steamer New England, which leaves Queenstown on the 11th of October direct for Boston. It is expected that in addition to the Convention the delegates will address eight or ten meetings in the large cities, but there will be nothing in the nature of a prolonged tour.

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.

Parmelon's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use as demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

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Tramping Seed Into the Earth.

Peter Henderson some years ago called attention to the use of the feet in planting vegetable seed in dry weather. If small seeds are sown and loosely covered with dry earth, they often fail to germinate, or, just after germination, they lie and perish. If, however, the earth is compressed about the seed at the time of planting, such drying does not occur, and the seeds germinate well, even when the ground is very dry. It is sure, if the ground is full of moisture, this method would not be followed.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

An unknown philosopher says: That boasters are cousins of liars. That one hour to-day is worth two to-morrow. That he has hard work who has nothing to do. That the girl who possesses a heart of stone is truly a peach. That ice is about the only thing that it what it is cracked up to be. That keeping the nose to the grindstone sometimes sharpens the wits. That a bald headed man delights in hair-raising experiences. That it takes a great and wise man to suspend his own judgment. That a tombstone always has a good word for a man when he's down. That a man is rarely wise enough to know as much as his eighteen-year-old son. That it is better to advertise your goods for sale than to wait for the sheriff to do it. That the devil cannot be less merciful to men than they are sometimes to each other. That even at church you won't see many umbrellas left standing in the hall. That among the few possessions of a shiftless man you will always find a worthless dog. That if you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

FUN AT THE CARPENTERS

The carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon. "Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Augur. "I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank. "There is no art in this country," observed the Screw Driver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes." "You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue. "That's just it," said the screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do." "Tut," cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust." "Regular grind," said the Grindstone. "I agree with you," observed the bench. "It don't make any difference how well I do my work; I'm always sat on." "Let's strike," said the Hammer. "That's it," cried the Augur. "You hit the nail on the head that time." "I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer, and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nail the hammer struck.—Stockton Federalist.

POLITICS AT THE CAFE.

Parliament Meeting To-morrow Under Peculiar Circumstances. New York, Aug. 19.—The Cape Town correspondent of The London Times, in a despatch to The New York Times, points out the peculiar circumstances under which the Parliament of Cape Colony will meet on Wednesday. Mr. Chamberlain, when refusing the suppression of the constitution, advised that Parliament be convened early for the purpose of passing indemnity acts and the budget, which Sir John Gordon Spring, the Premier, assured Mr. Chamberlain he could effect. As the Premier cannot rely on the support of more than ten of his own followers, it seems he must depend on the Afrikaner Bond for support, which cannot be had for nothing. Sir John appears to ignore his own party, which has indicated that other legislation is necessary for the welfare of the country. He apparently desires a short session. Slightly or wrongly, says the correspondent, Premier Spring is believed to be inordinately keen of retaining office. His present attitude, when nearly his whole party is in revolt, and the services of the Bond have been enlisted for the purpose of securing a majority, lends color to this report.

SAVED BY THE AMIADRE.

A Steamer Headed Straight For Stone Wounded by the Cyclone. St. John's, Nfld., Aug. 19.—The British first-class cruiser Amiadre (14 guns) of Vice-Admiral A. D. Don, R.N., saved a large ocean steamer supposed to be a Montreal liner, filled with passengers, from going ashore off Cap. Race during a severe fog yesterday. The steamer was heading direct for the sea when the Amiadre signalled her danger.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE ROENIG MED CO. 9 Franklin St. Chicago. Sold by Druggists at 5¢ per bottle, 6 for 30.

THE POPE IN GOOD HEALTH

Rome, Aug. 17.—The Pope is in such good health that it was not thought necessary to suspend the Saturday audiences, as has hitherto been the custom in order to give the Pontiff strength for a fatiguing ceremony such as the great name day reception of to-day. Dr. Lapponi, the Pope's physician, had insisted upon limiting the number of guests to 200 instead of the usual 500, but the Pontiff overruled his physician's advice, and had an additional hundred guests included. Innumerable letters and telegrams of felicitation were received by the Holy Father. The Pope held the reception in his private library. He showed no signs of fatigue and spoke with almost everyone present.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

An unknown philosopher says: That boasters are cousins of liars. That one hour to-day is worth two to-morrow. That he has hard work who has nothing to do. That the girl who possesses a heart of stone is truly a peach. That ice is about the only thing that it what it is cracked up to be. That keeping the nose to the grindstone sometimes sharpens the wits. That a bald headed man delights in hair-raising experiences. That it takes a great and wise man to suspend his own judgment. That a tombstone always has a good word for a man when he's down. That a man is rarely wise enough to know as much as his eighteen-year-old son. That it is better to advertise your goods for sale than to wait for the sheriff to do it. That the devil cannot be less merciful to men than they are sometimes to each other. That even at church you won't see many umbrellas left standing in the hall. That among the few possessions of a shiftless man you will always find a worthless dog. That if you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

FUN AT THE CARPENTERS

The carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon. "Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Augur. "I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank. "There is no art in this country," observed the Screw Driver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes." "You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue. "That's just it," said the screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do." "Tut," cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust." "Regular grind," said the Grindstone. "I agree with you," observed the bench. "It don't make any difference how well I do my work; I'm always sat on." "Let's strike," said the Hammer. "That's it," cried the Augur. "You hit the nail on the head that time." "I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer, and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb nail the hammer struck.—Stockton Federalist.

POLITICS AT THE CAFE.

Parliament Meeting To-morrow Under Peculiar Circumstances. New York, Aug. 19.—The Cape Town correspondent of The London Times, in a despatch to The New York Times, points out the peculiar circumstances under which the Parliament of Cape Colony will meet on Wednesday. Mr. Chamberlain, when refusing the suppression of the constitution, advised that Parliament be convened early for the purpose of passing indemnity acts and the budget, which Sir John Gordon Spring, the Premier, assured Mr. Chamberlain he could effect. As the Premier cannot rely on the support of more than ten of his own followers, it seems he must depend on the Afrikaner Bond for support, which cannot be had for nothing. Sir John appears to ignore his own party, which has indicated that other legislation is necessary for the welfare of the country. He apparently desires a short session. Slightly or wrongly, says the correspondent, Premier Spring is believed to be inordinately keen of retaining office. His present attitude, when nearly his whole party is in revolt, and the services of the Bond have been enlisted for the purpose of securing a majority, lends color to this report.

SAVED BY THE AMIADRE.

A Steamer Headed Straight For Stone Wounded by the Cyclone. St. John's, Nfld., Aug. 19.—The British first-class cruiser Amiadre (14 guns) of Vice-Admiral A. D. Don, R.N., saved a large ocean steamer supposed to be a Montreal liner, filled with passengers, from going ashore off Cap. Race during a severe fog yesterday. The steamer was heading direct for the sea when the Amiadre signalled her danger.

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SHINE LIKE DIAMONDS. ELECTRIC POLISHING FIBRE. Unequaled for Polishing Silver Plates, etc. Makes Glass Shine like Diamonds. The Medicated Self-Polishing Cloth. The Agency is a Saver for Merchant in every Town. MONARCH MFG. CO. St. Catherine's.

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN. The Best of Any Price. \$1.00. LAUGHLIN MFG. CO. DETROIT, MICH.

KITCHEN FURNISHINGS. We carry a full line of Sundries including Coffee Grinders, Meat Choppers, Kith Cleaners. Gurney's Scales all kinds. Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED 52 and 54 King St. East, Toronto.

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THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED. Woodstock, Ont.

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What One of Canada's Leading Business Men Think of Our Paper. Toronto, March 8, 1902. The Catholic Register Co., Ont. We have been using the columns of The Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory. The contribution made by The Register is an important one, and we know of no other medium so well adapted for this respect as The Register. Yours truly, CROCKFORD BROS. TYNAN & CO. J. E. Smith, Ont. Editor

The Canadian Catholic Almanac and Directory for 1903.

containing fullest information and statistics concerning the Catholic Church in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, is now in course of preparation.

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A MAN AND HIS NEIGHBOR

The proud reader hurried along a dingy corridor, and as she entered the composing room she narrowly escaped falling upon the neck of an un-laudered youth in a burlap apron.

"Do you always move in fannies, Miss Matheson?" asked a broad-shouldered man who was sorting over battered electrotypes.

Miss Matheson smiled abstractedly as she rustled through a bunch of page proofs impaled on a jawing book. The big blank windows of the composing room looked out upon roofs and chimneys, varied by uncleanly water tanks, and etheralized by a pervasive haze. Within were dusty cases and dingy imposing stones, the thud of adjoining presses keeping the paper shredded electric bulbs above them swaying to and fro.

"Are you still getting a little fun out of life?" continued the former speaker as he passed Roberta.

"Well, at least, I'm getting a little fun into it," responded the girl. "I had one joyous query this morning; a woman in Idaho wrote to ask me whether or not parrots when she has an audience or whether she purrs for gladness when alone."

"That's easy," said Adamson with an answering smile. "Tell her you never happened to be with a cat when pussy was alone."

Roberta laughed and hurried back to the editorial office where, enclosed within glass partitions like a choice specimen in a museum, she spent her working hours at a volcano desk—a species of hospital where lame rhetoric and limping grammar were rendered sound and whole before being led to the hungry linotypes.

Roberta went out into the pale spring sunshine at noon, and ate an unappetizing lunch in a business restaurant which was as the tents of Kedar for noise and contention.

Having a few sprays of sweet narcissus from a shabby, wistful-eyed Greek, she walked up the broad, dingy steps of the big bridge.

"When a good New Yorker is caught in the act of going to Brooklyn, his first effort is to prove an alibi. What is yours, Miss Matheson?" asked Adamson, overtaking the girl with his long stride.

"This is my usual noon hour walk," said the girl, seriously. "I always come here to blow away the office cobwebs. And you—but then, you've been accused of living in Brooklyn."

"Madam, I have that honor," said Adamson, with dignity. "I'm going across now to look for a book; won't you come, too? There's a jolly little bookshop just across, managed by an indirectly reformed newspaper man with a replica of Falstaff; it's worth visiting, if you've not been there. Have you had your lunch?"

"I've eaten something," said Roberta, dubiously. "I sat opposite a man who junched on hot buttered scones, cream stew and hot mince pie."

"Probably an English author striving to acquire local color," suggested Adamson. "Look, isn't it worth visiting at the wrong end of the bridge to see that night and morning?"

They were in the car now, the many voiced river below them. He bid were the tall buildings of the ragged sky line that New Yorkers love, a flock of sophisticated city pigeons wheeling above the nearby roofs as contentedly as in some rural farmstead. The girl, at the wheel and brown-haired, smiled pleasantly at a stout mother across the bar, murmuring Yiddish consolation to a crying child, while Adamson made an eulogistic memorandum in a fat little notebook.

"Thought of a good expression just before I met you," he murmured abstractedly. "Hope you'll forgive me my notebook habit once more."

"I believe you only recognize the earth and the fullness thereof as possible copy," said his companion. "You dramatize your friends and emotions, and yet—"

"I'm running a trade journal and growing gray at it," said Adamson with a full rucel little laugh.

"Oh," blurted Roberta, "what a change! I thought you endeavored religiously to avoid the subject of gray hair."

"It's not to keep it dark," said Adamson, as they walked down the

lent sparrows stirred their domestic difficulties around the tombstones, or saluted one another with actional language as they flattered through the ivy on the church wall. Roberta walked slowly, taking off her trim sailor hat and pushing back the heavy waves of bronze hair that broke into a foam crest of tiny curls around her forehead.

"That looks better," observed Adamson, approvingly. "Why will women cover their faces with a furze bush thatch of untidy hair? Yours has such nice little ripples in it at the sides."

Roberta gazed at the mural tablet commemorative of a gallant soldier long dead, as if strongly impressed by the faded loops of blue and yellow ribbon that tied a dusty laurel wreath beneath it. Adamson recognized the frigid zone into which he entered whenever he became personal.

"I didn't call you Roberta, did I?" he asked suddenly, with an air of concern. "I'm always afraid of doing that, and you know when I get to the point where I may call you Roberta, I shall certainly want to call you something else. Surely you're not going"—as the girl moved towards the gate. "It isn't time to get back to the office, and it's a cool here—especially when you look like that."

Roberta paused, looking at a couple of chattering girls who stopped to crowd a bundle of papers into the red hospital box near by, then she turned back to the worn flagstones again.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Adamson, pointing to a flat, brown-stone tomb, whose half-obliterated lettering showed a long-forgotten name. "You see, I want to talk to you, and you're always a bird of passage—perhaps you don't really care about the things that interest me."

"Your work—that is the most interesting thing in the world to you isn't it?" asked Roberta, busily dissecting a leaf that she had pulled off a spindly bush honeysuckle.

"Oh! Yes, that's always worth while—but it is only the most interesting thing in the world when it's done for one woman. Will you let me work for you, Roberta?"

Adamson's fresh color had paled a little, he took a few steps along the worn pavement, then turned to her again.

"But we're hardly friends," she stammered. "You don't know me a bit—how can you?"

"Love you? How can I live and breathe? The one includes the other besides, isn't love always an exploring expedition? We're all searching for the Islands of the Blest."

Roberta was standing by the church wall, her bright hair outlined by the tender-hued ivy leaves. She ruffled the leaves nervously to the indignation of a secluded sparrow, who asked acidly if he wasn't safe from intrusion even in his own house.

"If I knew you better—she began, timidly.

"I'm entirely willing you should—don't you know, Miss De-light, that you're always held me at mile's length, until I've been afraid to talk of anything nearer than the total depravity of a linotype? And think how I've had to catch tantalizing glimpses of you, day after day, working here, when you ought to be making a little bit of heaven for one man—for me, Roberta!"

Roberta trembled a little, still looking at the sprig of anemic city honeysuckle she held in her hand. The sparrows twittered with their accustomed flippancy, or hopped disparagingly about the tombstones. Roberta looked at the busy sparrows—looked out at the hurrying street—looked for a moment at Adamson, whose honest grey eyes were intent upon her.

"An exploring expedition would be very lonely if—if the explorer started out alone, wouldn't it?" she said, hesitatingly, showing for a moment one fleeting glimpse, that retired as though startled by Adamson's look of boyish glee.

"Roberta—anima mea!"

"It does seem unreal, though," commented Roberta, shyly, as Adamson conveyed her across the crowded street. "When you always assert that you dislike professional or business women."

"I mean business women who are put in quotation marks," said Adamson. "You're not one of them—those women who are half man—you're the man's other half."

"But a woman doesn't always want to be just the other half of any man," said Roberta, shyly.

"That's not the way when she's the better half," said Adamson.



"IMITATION IS EASY"
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STARS AND CHILDREN

Quietly, one by one,
 The two stars are withdrawn,
 And go in raiment white
 To God's high House of Dawn—
 Baptized in floods of light,
 With stoles of Morning on

Quietly, one by one,
 The little children die
 And go, clad all in white,
 To dawn's broad rimmed on high—
 Our best-beloved—O, Life,
 And Love, that dare not cry!

Yet when He shall send Night,
 And we have walked its wild,
 Again our loved and lost
 We shall in joy behold—
 Our best-beloved—O, Life,
 The stars in stoles of gold
 —Gerald Keith, in Catholic Telegraph.

WALTER'S SACRIFICE

"Say, fellows, I'm going to try for what Mr. Harrison said this morning, if Willie is willing."

"What's that?" questioned one of the group of five boys, who were either sitting or lounging around the playground of St. Vincent's College.

"Why, he said he did not know who to give the Regina to sing for Easter Day, because both Willie and I have fine voices. You needn't cough," he interjected, giving Jack Smith, the boy at his right, a kick. "You know that we have Anyway, he says that he can't give it to both and so he's going to make us try for it by conduct. Whoever gets the most points will sing, see?"

Adamson's fresh color had paled a little, he took a few steps along the worn pavement, then turned to her again.

"But we're hardly friends," she stammered. "You don't know me a bit—how can you?"

"Love you? How can I live and breathe? The one includes the other besides, isn't love always an exploring expedition? We're all searching for the Islands of the Blest."

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"But a woman doesn't always want to be just the other half of any man," said Roberta, shyly.

"That's not the way when she's the better half," said Adamson.

"Hullo, youngster, look out, don't knock a person down," was the greeting he was met with outside the door, and looking up, saw he had pushed against Mr. Thompson, the prefect of studies.

"O, I beg your pardon, sir," he said, half sullenly.

"What is the matter?" asked the professor, "you look out of it."

"Well, sir, would you believe it—the very last fellow I ever thought would do it has gone and turned a cry-baby. I s'pose he wants to go home to his mammy!" ended Walter with a sneer.

"Would it be asking too great a favor if you told me who that fellow is?" questioned Mr. Thompson.

"Why, Willie Conway, of course," answered the boy.

"Oh!" answered the professor, with a world of meaning in the ejaculation. "Now supposing you come with me for a few moments, perhaps I can tell you a little of what the trouble is."

Walter acquiesced, for to talk with one of the teachers was always enjoyed by the boys.

"Now," said Mr. Thompson, when they got away from the chapel, "you think it strange for another boy of your age to be crying his eyes out, while you are just enjoying life to the utmost?"

"Well, sir, it does seem strange, and he would not even answer me."

"When I am through, Walter, I think you will change your mind. When Willie started college the beginning of this term, he was almost certain of being able to continue, and we certainly would have been happy to keep him, for, although he is full of mischief, there is a great amount of good in him. But unfortunately it is not necessary for you to know it will be impossible for him to return after next summer. He earned a great deal of the money to keep himself at school, but has to give it up for another purpose. Now just think, if you knew that you would be unable to return to school after summer vacation, what would you feel like? Playing football? I think not. Another great trouble to him is the fact that his best and only chance of singing the Regina is practically gone, because, of course, you are ahead of him in points. But that, do you think you understand his case, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Walter, "and he realizes, in his own lookout now, thank you for telling me. Now if the other boys tease him, I shall be justified in standing up for him."

"You may stand up for him, but I do not wish you to tell a single person what I have told you. Understand?"

"All right, sir," answered the boy, rather disappointedly.

"Very well, then, and now goodbye."

"Goodbye, sir," answered Walter, and each went his own way. Walter slowly walked to the playground, where a rather exciting game of football was going on. But football had no attractions for him just then, and so he informed the many boys who came to ask him to join the game.

"Yes, I'll do it," he exclaimed aloud, just as the bell rang.

"Did what?" asked a small boy, who was standing near him.

"Mind my own business, which you don't know how to do," shortly answered Walter.

Walter had made up his mind to get behind Willie in conduct points for the next few days, so as to give him at least a chance of singing the Regina before he left them for good. The consequence was that the prefect of studies was very very much surprised that he had to speak two or three times to Walter before he could get him into proper rank. Having eventually accomplished that feat, he was still more surprised when they reached the class room that Walter suddenly broke from the ranks and rushed downstairs, calling back at the top of his voice: "I'll be back in

a couple of minutes, I just want a book."

"Come back right now," sternly ordered the prefect, and Walter had no choice but to obey, but he had accomplished what he wanted, for as he reached the prefect the latter said in even tones. "That takes five points off your conduct, Walter." But Walter only tossed his head, marched into the class room, and continued in his puzzling conduct. The prefect, however, was lenient with him, and it took longer than he had expected to get rid of the points, with which he was ahead of Willie, and then he calculated that he had and then he had calculated that he must get at least twenty behind Willie now, so as to let there be no chance of catching up again.

"The prefect of discipline gave him a reminder in private about the contest, but Walter only tried to look indifferent as he declared he remembered all about it, and knew perfectly well what he was doing, and stalked away, trying to whistle cheerfully.

"Something is certainly wrong with the boy," mused the prefect to himself, "I wonder," and then, as if struck by an idea, he exclaimed aloud: "I wonder if what I said to him this morning had anything to do with it," and he, too, went away whistling but with a happier heart than Walter.

It took Walter two days to less the thirty points, but he succeeded. Many of the boys declared that both of them would not be able to hold out, and they had known that long ago, and so were not surprised at Walter's giving up, but they were surprised to see after a couple of days, Walter's conduct change for the better, but this only convinced the prefect that his thoughts on the subject were correct.

Walter had kept on steadily trying hard to win the reward but was puzzled as much as any one as to why Walter should have acted in such a queer way. He had become in-body of late, so much so as to cause most of the boys to seek other society than his. But Walter was always with him, although he would never answer any of his questions about the reason of conduct.

The long-looked for day arrived when the winner would be announced, and of course, no surprise was manifested when it was heard that Willie had won. Every one cheered heartily, Walter among the rest, but the prefect alone noted the disappointment beneath his smiling countenance.

Willie put all his strength into his voice that Easter morn, knowing that he would possibly never sing there again, and to Walter it seemed as though it were really an angel singing. For although a sorrowful tear trickled down onto his prayer-book, he felt happy in the consciousness that Willie had been able to have this happiness once, and anyway, he thought, "I shall perhaps be able to sing it next year and he won't."

At the first opportunity, Mr. Thompson called Walter to him, and in kind tones insisted on knowing the reason why he had deliberately given up his chance of honoring our Divine Lord's Resurrection with singing the Regina. Walter tried not to tell his professor, but the latter insisted on knowing, at length, little by little, with much questioning, he got the reason from him.

"Well, my boy, that was a rather peculiar way of making your sacrifice, but I am certain you have honored our risen Saviour more than if you had sung the Regina in your first voice. But tell me why didn't you just give up your chance to Willie? All you had to do was to tell the choir master that you did not wish to sing, and given him the reason, and that would have ended it. What could have been easier?"

"Shaw! And have all the kids know why I did it? Guess not! And please don't tell anyone, will you, sir?" pleaded Walter.

"Well, no, not if you don't wish it, except Willie, and I insist on his knowing it."

"I'd rather he did not know, but if you prefer it, sir, all right," answered Walter.

"Very well," said the professor, "now run and have a good time, and may you spend a very happy Easter, my boy, and" (this to himself) "God grant that you may never know what it is to have a drunken father to drive you away from school."

"Goodbye, sir, and the same to you," said Walter, in response to the professor's spoken wish.

So it happened that only three people know the reason why Walter did not sing the Regina that Easter Sunday, and the friendship which had always been between the two boys was strengthened and made durable for life.—The Young Catholic Messenger

IN MEMORIAM

The Well-Beloved and Revered Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel—The Father of His People!

Not dead! Not dead, our great High Priest, the true, the noble-hearted.

To Heaven's eternal Home of rest his spirit hath departed!

Poor Erin weeps 'till her full heart is o'ery fibre aching,

At this sad, solemn, long farewell, this lonely last leave-taking!

Not dead! Not dead, our Peerless Priest, tho' our sad tears are falling,

Yet hearts beat high amid those tears, his lustrous life recalling,

His hero-heart, his giving hand, his life-long firm endeavor,

To right the wrong that crushed his land, shall be forgotten—never!

Not dead! Not dead, our Patriot Priest, with star-like genius gifted,

In whose brave hand his Country's Flag was ever kept uplifted;

Whose dauntless heart kept onward still, when craven souls were flying,

Whose voice had more than magic ring, his country's foes defying!

Not dead! Not dead, his name shall live in Erin's tear-stained story,

And many a page shall brightly gleam with Royal Cashel's glory!

The light we loved shall still shine on in all its stainless splendor,

Embalmed in Irish hearts with love the truest and most tender!

Not dead! Not dead, our Sainted Priest, in the long fight victorious,

Now safe within the "Better Land," he reigns all crowned and glorious!

Where every pain shall be repaid with over-flowing measure,

The Lord of all hath given him God's eternal treasure!

Not dead! Not dead, our Shepherd true, his spirit watches o'er us,

His memory, like a living lamp, shall light his path before us,

His prayer at Mary's Hallow through the Martyr-Queen of Heaven,

Shall plead his martyr-land's cause for a bright, better morrow.

Not dead! Not dead, our Prelate grand, how glorious his swathing,

"Mid Welcomes from the Victor band in rapture round him breaking,

Another Saint from Erin's Land that land that faltered never,

And Erin's God hath welcomed to His own Home forever!"

—Irish Catholic

"A LITTLE COLD, YOU KNOW will become a great danger if allowed to reach down from the throat. Nip the germ at the bud with Allen's Lung Balsam, a very remedy containing no opi-

What frayed your linen? Not Sunlight Soap—No, indeed!

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

T. A. S. BANNER IN PETERBOROUGH

Demonstration of Welcome to Rev. Dr. O'Brien who brought it

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS BY THE BISHOP

Peterborough, Aug. 20.—The circumstances attending the enthusiastic welcome last night, tendered Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Chaplain of the St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society and the banner so splendidly won at the Dubuque Convention, emphasized in a most decided manner the work done by Dr. O'Brien and the Society over which he has spiritual supervision.

The members of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society and the affiliated organization, St. Michael's Cadets, assembled at their hall on George street at seven o'clock and, headed by the Fifty-Seventh Regimental Band, marched to the C. P. R. station to await the arrival of their popular, and more than popular, beloved, Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Dr. O'Brien, and the captured banner, the spoil of the peaceful battle at Dubuque, Iowa. The parade formed on George street, in front of the hall, and during the process the time was brightened with spirited selections of Irish airs performed by the band.

The reception committee, consisting of Messrs. John O'Brien, president, M. J. O'Brien, Provincial Separation School Inspector; Fred McGrath, secretary; Leo Callaghan, financial secretary; and Jos. Begley, ex-president, together with the Catholic clergy, welcomed Dr. O'Brien, and escorted him to a carriage in waiting.

The marshals of the occasion were Messrs. P. Kane, W. Crowley, C. Woodhead, W. O'Brien, F. McAuliffe, M. Dainey, E. O'Brien and T. Corbett.

The band was stationed in front of the Cathedral doors, and the procession which filed into the church to attend the strains of the "Rakes of Malvern" took a considerable time to pass the band. The members took their seats in the front half of the church, which was reserved for them, and the rest of the church was densely packed with people. As the hymn was filling, and the clergy entering the Sanctuary, Miss Annie Williams sang from the organ loft a lovely accented sacred solo, "Peace be still." The clergy present were: The Lordship Bishop O'Connor, Rev. Father McColl, Rector, Rev. Father John O'Brien, Rev. Father F. J. McMillan, Lindsay; Rev. Father C. J. O'Connell, Young's Point; Rev. T. J. Courtney, and P. J. Kelly, Grand Secretary, Montreal.

The reception committee took their places with the banner at the altar, and Mr. M. J. O'Brien read an eloquent address of welcome and congratulation.

REV. DR. O'BRIEN'S REPLY.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, who in spite of the station and satisfaction natural to the occasion, was deeply moved, joyously said that there were times when no matter how full of feeling was it was impossible to give expression, and such was the present time. He was grateful for the magnificent reception and the kind wishes given, not so much on his own account as on account of the victory the banner represented. He congratulated the society which had won the banner—the victory was theirs. He then spoke of the keenness of the competition—1,000 societies—some of them in large centres of population. It was due to the work of the society. He referred to its rapid growth till now, its membership was over 1,000. He congratulated them upon their splendid success made, not so much on winning the banner as upon the noble work done in promoting temperance

which was doing the will of God. The society deserved the highest credit. The banner won represented a greater victory than that won by warriors. The latter won victories over others, but the members of the society had won a greater victory. They had conquered themselves, overcome their passions and appetites. The winning of the banner was not his work, he was only the instrument of bringing it to them. None could do much without the grace of God, and the help of others. The bond of charity, the greatest of the graces, impelled us to help one another. Dr. O'Brien then referred to the growth of the society. It had been started two years ago under a good and devoted priest and with the good will and favor of their beloved bishop. It had grown. This growth among other causes was due to the noble influence of the devoted women of the parish. Women are united in doing work for God. So great had been the increase of the society last year that so great an increase this year could not be expected, because the members not already enrolled in the society were less. But they would not rest in the good work till every man, woman and child in the parish were brought under the banner of total abstinence. This was not a question of mere sentimentality. Temperance was not a matter of sentiment, but a matter of duty. Man was separated by reason and higher instincts, from the brute creation, but the separation ceased when man became a slave to drink, and lowered himself to the level of the brute. Temperance was a matter of reason. Reason and nature would dictate temperance, even without the light of divine revelation. Dr. O'Brien went on to point out that total abstinence was the only safety—the first glass led the way to the downward path—this was the principal cause of drunkenness. The work and stand of the T. A. S. was wiping out the false idea that a man could safely take a glass or do without it. This was not a mere theory but a fact that was demonstrated every day. In view of the terrible danger to home, wife and family, a man should not take the risk involved in the first glass. Total abstinence was not necessarily so good in itself, but it saved men from the fate of the drunkard, dying in drink, unable to make an act of contrition, or ask for God's mercy. He hoped the present demonstration would make a starting point for greater effort. It was sad to see fathers of families hold aloof from this society. They were asked if they wanted to see their children become drunkards for lack of the good example the fathers might set. The importance of the Scriptures placed upon example was referred to, and it was declared a sin for a father of a family to hold himself aloof. Taking the total abstinence pledge was a sign of weakness; it was harder to say "No" to temptation. Those who had the courage to say "No" had conquered themselves. In conclusion, Dr. O'Brien prayed God's blessing upon the society. He regretted that all the members were not at the convention to see prelates and priests from all parts of the United States working so earnestly for the cause of total abstinence. The convention would be at Pittsburgh next year, and he urged greater activity, not so much to win the banner, which generally remained with one society only one year, but to bring every member of the parish into the society. Reference was made to the strength of the society in Pennsylvania, in the coal strike region, and the comparative lack of violence and disorder, was due to

the large total abstinence element among the miners. Total abstinence was not only a virtue, but a requisite in business, where sobriety was the demand. The Bishop and the Rector had given every help and encouragement to the local society, and that was an incentive to go to work with new energy. They should never say they had done their whole duty till they laid down their weapons at last. Rev. Dr. O'Brien concluded with a prayer for the success of St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society.

THE BISHOP'S REMARKS.

His Lordship then briefly addressed the society and the great congregation. It was a great pleasure to him to see so large a demonstration, and the great reception given to Dr. O'Brien, who returned with the banner, which did not represent a material, but a moral victory, implied in so large a number during the year being enrolled in the ranks of the society. The members had experienced the good done to their moral and physical condition and to their families. He was greatly gratified at the progress of the society, and gave it every encouragement. Temperance was absolutely essential to spiritual and temporal progress. Intemperance neutralized the most brilliant talents. The local society had set a great example, its fame had gone abroad and they should see that they lived up to their good name. His Lordship paid an earnest tribute to the zeal and earnestness of the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, the Chaplain of the society. He had thrown his whole heart and energy into the work, and the bishop hoped that they would continue to second his efforts. His Lordship closed his gracious address by praying God's blessing upon the members and their families and that their good work would continue to prosper.

Tissot, the Artist, Dead in Paris

The Master of the Life of Christ Passes Away—An Memorial Work Paris, Aug. 11.—James Joseph Jacques Tissot, the artist and illustrator of the life of Christ, is dead.

Few, if any, French artists are so well known on this continent as Tissot. Probably more copies of his great series of water colors and pen and ink drawings depicting the life of Christ are found in the homes of the humble than of any other one man's work.

Born in Nantes in 1836, Tissot early won fame both as an artist in water colors and an illustrator, and was a member of many art societies. But it was not until his return from Palestine, in 1896, and his subsequent exhibition of 540 water colors, and sketches of the life of the Saviour, now the property of the Brooklyn Institute of Art, that his fame became world wide.

From 1893 to 1898 M. Tissot lived in the Holy Land, inspired, he declared, to give "a personal interpretation" based upon serious study of the life of the Saviour. The 540 drawings were a result. From whatever point of view they were regarded critics united in pronouncing them remarkable. Rich in color, admirable in detail and historically correct, they vividly portrayed almost every known incident in the life of Christ. Their exhibition in New York and Montreal and Toronto drew great crowds.

At the conclusion of the exhibition of the collection on this side of the Atlantic, in 1900, it became known that it was for sale for \$60,000. Art dealers declared if broken up it would easily bring three times that amount.

But to this the artist would not consent. Several cities and museums offered to purchase, and the directors of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts obtained an option.

It was planned to make the purchase by popular subscription, but this lagged at \$39,000 until it was feared the collection would go elsewhere; but at the ninth hour twelve men, whose names are not known, stepped forward, paid the money, and saved the day.

M. Tissot was unmarried.

IT HAS MANY OFFICES.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would do much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

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MALE TEACHER; GOOD FOR highest division of Penitentiary School; second-class professional. State salary, experience and testimonials. Duties to commence Sept. 1st or before October. Applications received to Aug. 25 by Rev. Father Labourecq, Sec.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. Separate School, Vespera. Apply to Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie, Ont.

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FALL TERM at the NORTHERN Business College OWEN SOUND, ONT. COMMENCES SEPT. 1, 1902. Announcement for 1902-1903 sent on application. Address C. A. PLEWING, PRINCIPAL.

THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! By Michael Davitt, 608 pp. Profusely Illustrated—125 pages. Price (Special) \$2.25. Express Prepaid. Blake's Catholic Book Store 808 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO Phone Park 332

The Mercer Renovated

Toronto Globe: Hon. J. R. Stratton and Inspector Noxon paid an official visit yesterday (Aug. 15) afternoon to the Mercer Reformatory. During the past twelve months the reformatory has undergone complete renovation. Many alterations have been made in the interior of the building, wooden ceilings, and almost the whole of the building has been repainted and the plumbing has been refitted and improved. The floors in the basement, where they have been decayed, are being replaced with concrete.

The reformatory is now in excellent condition. The new superintendent, Mrs. O'Sullivan, has shown ability and judgment in the management and control of the institution. The Minister had the superintendent visit the most modern reformatories in the United States during the past summer, and many of the ideas and new regulations in vogue are being carried out in this institution.

It is the intention next year for the Refuge for Girls to be thoroughly overhauled and repainted throughout. Some of the floors are to be replaced with new floors, and several other alterations will be made in the refuge. The Protestant chapel is being made more suitable, and a large school room has been created to give more accommodation for the classes. At present the only amusement for the eighty odd girls is to walk around the enclosure. This will be enlarged twice its size, and the Minister arranged for grounds for two sets of eight-ball croquet, and a lawn tennis court will be added.

Those interested in the work of the Mercer will be pleased with a visit to the institution to see the excellent condition in which the reformatory has been placed.

The Minister is desirous that the public shall visit any of the institutions in the Province at any time that their convenience will permit, when the superintendents will be glad to show those interested in the work how these institutions are conducted and managed.

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For further particulars apply to: JOS. F. DOLAN, R. FORTIN, CLAYTON, C. P. A., Montreal, Que. W. P. A., Toronto, Ont. OR TO THOS. HENRY, Trade Manager, Montreal, Que.

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THE MARKET REPORTS.

An Advance in Wheat—The Live Stock Trade—Latest Quotations, Tuesday Evening, Aug. 19.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Receipts of grain on the street market, this morning were heavier than usual, totaling 1,700 bushels. Prices were easier, new oats falling down as low as 35c on account largely of the heavy receipts.

Wheat—Was only steady, 150 bushels of new white selling at 80c to 85c and 100 bushels of red at 75c.

Oats—Were much easier, 400 bushels of old selling at 45c to 48c and 1,000 bushels of new at 35c to 40c.

Hay and Straw—Are steady, 12 loads of new hay selling at \$10 to \$12, and one of old at \$16 per ton. One load of straw sold at \$11.

Butter—Is easier, pound rolls selling at 16c to 18c. Crocks at 17c to 18c. Eggs—Are off from 16c to 20c, at 15c to 17c. Butter—Are easier, selling at 45c to 50c per pair, both live and dressed.

Cheese Markets. Campbellford, Aug. 19.—At the Campbellford Cheese Board today 1,440 boxes were loaded. Prices: Cheddar, 20c to 22c; Watsin, 15c to 17c; Gouda, 16c to 18c; Swiss, 16c to 18c; St. Lawrence, 16c to 18c; Balance unsold.

Ingersoll, Aug. 19.—Offers to today, 600 boxes colored cheese. No sales. One high-quality offering in the afternoon, but generally speaking, the offerings show more the average quality. The cattle show coming are all grass fed, and are much better than they were a few weeks ago, when the part of the small cattle were offered. The distilleries are now again in the market looking for feeding cattle to eat their waste, and as soon as they commence offering in the necessary quality the demand will be found awaiting them. Feeding bulls from 1901 to 1902, 1000 lbs. from 1000 pounds up are the class wanted.

The trade in sheep was easier, but the market for the small cattle were steady. The market for the small cattle were steady. The market for the small cattle were steady.

Butter—Were steady, selling generally at 22c to 25c per cwt. Choice ones were worth 25c to 30c. The latter, however, were not offered.

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