

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

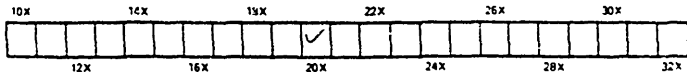
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il  
lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet  
exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue  
bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image  
reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification  
dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués  
ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.





THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

DUBLIN.

The announcement of the death of the Rev. Thomas Kelly, S. J., will call forth very genuine and wide-spread regret...

The Mansion House Committee entered into the administration of the Famine Fund...

Mr. Gerald Balfour cut his reply very short to Mr. Patrick O'Brien's query...

A quarterly meeting of the Standing Committee of the Archbishops and Bishops...

The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"That we have seen with considerable surprise statements recently made in the public press...

"The views of the Irish Bishops as to the constitution of the new University have been expressed in a document given to the public on the occasion of their meeting last June..."

"We take this opportunity of requesting the Irish Members of Parliament to oppose by every means in their power the Estimates for the Queen's Colleges until the Government pledge themselves to bring in a measure to meet the above proposals..."

"It is likely, so far as we can foresee, that it will not be long before we shall see election under the Local Government Bill except under rare circumstances..."

"Governor, April 27.—Gratifying to every reader of these statements which President J. E. McElrath has submitted to the Board of Trade at its annual meeting on Tuesday evening..."

"Caution is given from Newport: Judging by present circumstances the prospect of the poor tenant farmers of this district is not at all bright..."

ENGLAND.

Cardinal Vaughan's Candidate. It is stated in a Roman despatch in a Sunday paper that Rev. Father Gasquet is about to be appointed Coadjutor to Cardinal Vaughan in the Archdiocese of Westminster...

An Interesting Bill.

A Bill of interest to Catholics has just been drafted by a syndicate of members who have taken it. It is intended to abolish the disabilities still affecting Catholics in the Three Kingdoms...

SCOTLAND

His Lordship the Bishop of Aberdeen is ill, and it is thought best to remove him to Edinburgh so that he might have the best medical advice...

New Church for Perth.

There seems to be no need to do anything for new Catholic churches in and around Glasgow. During the past year was witnessed the solemn opening of nearly a dozen edifices for the worship of God according to Catholic ritual...

The Irish Distress Fund.

This fund is mounting up but slowly, caused a little, no doubt, by the attitude taken up by a few busybodies who thought that the Lord Provost's fund was not good enough for them...

COULDN'T WRITE HIS NAME.

Nerves Withered—Business Gone—Hope Gone—A Physical Weak—Restored Completely by South American Nervine.

"Two years ago I was completely prostrated with nervous debility. I was so completely unable to do any business, I tried best physicians and numerous treatments and proprietary remedies with no relief..."

A. O. H. Stratford.

STRAZBURG, May 6.—On Monday May 2nd, Dr. A. O. H. Stratford, of Hibernalians of this city, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing a division of the Ladies Auxiliary...

Guelph Is Prosperous.

GUELPH, April 27.—Gratifying to every reader of these statements which President J. E. McElrath has submitted to the Board of Trade at its annual meeting on Tuesday evening...

Spanish Side of The Cuban Question.

In Massey Hall, on Thursday evening, Senator Du Bose, late First Secretary of the Spanish legation in Washington, lectured on the causes of the Cuban revolution and the present Spanish-American war...

Dr. Ryerson presided, and in introducing Senator Bose, explained that the lecture was under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, a branch of which had been recently established in Canada...

Sensor Du Bose was given a most flattering reception. He spoke, he said, in a purely private capacity, and would endeavor not to be too violent. It might appear as though the last word had been uttered on the Cuban situation, so much had been said on the subject, but he ventured to think that such was not the case...

History, he said, unfortunately, can never be, even with the best care, absolutely neutral. How much more, then, do we need this to be the case in the so-called history of the Cuban question, as related by the sensational writers of the American Yellow Press...

My purpose to-night is to explain the history of the actual insurrection in Cuba, from the commencement, in March, 1895, to the moment immediately preceding the beginning of hostilities by the United States...

This, I think, can be sufficiently proven by quotations from proclamations issued by different Presidents of the United States, with the object of reminding American citizens of the duties they owed to foreign nations with whom they were supposed to maintain friendly relations...

Further proclamations were issued by President Johnson in 1860 and by President Grant in 1870, both of these relating to attempts on the part of evil-disposed citizens of the United States to make trouble in this Dominion...

I cite these, as I said before, to bring home to you the fact that the territory of the United States has invariably proved a source of constant danger and irritation to neighbouring friendly countries. And yet, this is the nation which claimed and obtained from Great Britain the immense indemnity which was paid in the Alabama case...

We have heard a great deal about the overtaxed and downtrodden condition of Cuba at the time of the commencement of the actual insurrection. The following are a few statistics on the subject, taken from the United States Treasury Department Report of Foreign Commerce and Navigation for the year ending June 30th, 1898...

I may say in parentheses that the yellow press and the jingo Senators, like Gallo, care for none of these things.

A total trade of \$102,864,264. I think that for a population largely composed of negroes, mulattoes, and Chinese, this is not a bad showing, and that an Administration under whose rule such results are obtainable cannot be wholly bad.

The taxation per capita, as compared with other South American countries, was as follows:—Chili, \$28; Brazil, \$22; Uruguay, \$20; Costa Rica, \$10; Argentina, \$10; Cuba, \$16. What are the figures as to the expenditure subsequent to the Zanjon treaty...

A new factor had, however, to be taken into account, and without which no insurrection would have been possible. As you are doubtless aware, the wealth of Cuba is due primarily to the sugar crop. The price of this commodity had been steadily decreasing under the influence of the competition of beet sugar...

Do you imagine the sensational press published this denial? On the contrary, they completely ignored it, and proceeded to invent new horrors. The proprietor of one of the most respectable journals in the world, so personal and even obscene that it is banished from the reading-room of every respectable club in America...

But, let me pass, ladies and gentlemen, from the contemplation of these border ruffians, whose illiterate boorishness is only equalled by their venality and unscrupulous hypocrisy, to a consideration of the steps which the American Government, yielding to the pressure brought to bear through fit to take to coerce Spain into the surrender of part of her territory...

The Maine question was brought forward, and the report of the American Board of Investigation published, stating that the cause of the explosion was from the outside. This conclusion was founded upon the following piece of logic. The evidence of Captain Sigbee and the officers of the ill-fated ship, the parties principally concerned, showed that every precaution had been taken, therefore the explosion could not have been from the interior...

Finally, the American Government suggested that an armistice should be proclaimed for a few months, and if by that time the island were not completely pacified, that President McKinley should be appointed as arbitrator of the whole Cuban question between Spain and the insurgents...

Europe, Canada and Mexico are today confronted by a most dangerous problem, which God forbid, whose

will be the next turn? What practical profits have the States given of their theoretically friendly feelings for neighboring nations? Are the citizens, even of this fair Dominion allowed to work in the merchant marine of the United States? Or are they treated as Chinese coolies? And yet the American Government is only too glad to obtain their services in her ships of war...

"There is one thing that I am at liberty to speak about, and I do it cheerfully and anxiously, as I wish to correct a false and stupid impression which has been created by some newspapers I refer to Senorita Casanova. This young woman has two lean rooms in the Casa Recojidas, and is well clothed and led. It is all tommyrot about her scrubbing floors and being subjected to cruelties and indignities. She would have been pardoned long ago if it had not been for the hubbub created by American newspapers."

"I do not believe the Spanish Government ever for a moment intended to send her to the penal colony in Africa or elsewhere. I believe her name is now upon the roll for pardon. That she was implicated in the insurrection on the Isle of Pines there can be no question. She herself, in a note to me, acknowledged the fact, and stated that she was betrayed by an accomplice named Arias."

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. The following pupils of St. Michael's School recited testimonials of merit for April, 1898: Form IV.—Excellent—W. O'Connor, J. Doyle, G. O'Leary, L. McGinn, C. Gallan, G. A. Gook, E. Curko, E. Thomson, F. Annot, F. O'Leary, H. Baker. Form III.—Excellent—E. McMillan, L. Lee, F. O'Halloran, J. Millan, A. Grant, M. Ryan, Good—R. Dowling, P. Pinfold, Thos. Wheeler, G. Murphy, J. Brazall, R. Creagh.

Form IV.—Excellent—J. Dea, J. Madigan, Leo O'Connor, F. Kelly, W. Oster, R. Murray, J. Maloney, A. Drohan, H. Haines, F. Walsh, Good—C. O'Brien, F. Read, F. Cartan, C. Smilie, P. McGarrigle. Form III.—Good—B. Brown, J. Fennell, H. Lavelle, A. McDonald, L. Landreville, J. Landreville, A. Grossi, T. Cain, W. Lynch, J. Donovan, P. Kennedy.

Form III.—Excellent—G. O'Brien, J. Glynn, T. Glynn, F. Glynn, W. Wright, Good—P. Dea, W. Kirk, Form II.—Excellent—R. Dyon, F. Martin, E. Lee, J. Garland, Good—F. O'Brien, C. O'Brien, J. Glynn, O. Glynn. Form II.—Excellent—E. Keating, P. Murphy, O. Grossi, F. Walsh, J. Madigan, L. Chappelle, Good—E. Duffy, W. Bennett, E. Fennell, M. Montone, G. Kennedy.

Form III.—Excellent—E. Kelly, T. Donovan, W. Quinn, F. Mulhall, J. Harris, Good—J. Tracy, J. Lister, E. Ward, R. Turner. Form III.—Excellent—W. Skelton, J. Cooney, Good—W. Slack. Form and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promises this in the best manner is to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Block's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant and adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Form IV.—Excellent—E. Kelly, T. Donovan, W. Quinn, F. Mulhall, J. Harris, Good—J. Tracy, J. Lister, E. Ward, R. Turner. Form III.—Excellent—W. Skelton, J. Cooney, Good—W. Slack. Form and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promises this in the best manner is to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Block's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant and adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Form IV.—Excellent—E. Kelly, T. Donovan, W. Quinn, F. Mulhall, J. Harris, Good—J. Tracy, J. Lister, E. Ward, R. Turner. Form III.—Excellent—W. Skelton, J. Cooney, Good—W. Slack. Form and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promises this in the best manner is to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Block's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant and adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Form IV.—Excellent—E. Kelly, T. Donovan, W. Quinn, F. Mulhall, J. Harris, Good—J. Tracy, J. Lister, E. Ward, R. Turner. Form III.—Excellent—W. Skelton, J. Cooney, Good—W. Slack. Form and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promises this in the best manner is to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Block's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant and adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

One day last week I was carried off by an enthusiastic friend to see the new wing at Loretto Abbey.

It may surprise some of my readers to hear that this was my first visit to the Abbey. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment with which I viewed for the first time the magnificent pile of buildings on Wellington Place.

My friend is herself an accomplished and enthusiastic musician, and she waxed eloquent afterwards over the congregational singing, which was quite spontaneous and showed the careful and excellent training the young voices had received.

After Benediction two sisters took possession of us and we commenced a tour of the, as yet, unfinished work. It is scarcely possible to attempt a description until the new building is finally completed; it is promised this will be in another month, at all events, as one of the sisters said: "We are living in hope."

Does the chivalrous American government realize that it is fighting a weak woman and a young boy for a more efficient and a manly one?

But the war is not over yet, and no one can predict the end with any certainty. There are, however, many and numerous difficulties for the United States whether the issue be defeat or victory.

THE DESTINY OF THE IRISH RACE.

The following appears in "Britannia," the organ of The British League, published in London, Eng.

Attention in Ireland has been long and so exclusively occupied with the effort of the Irish to shake off the degrading disabilities which they have endured under English misgovernment, that few have cared to look into the future and attempt to forecast what it may have in store for us.

We are all already familiar with the ideal of a separate Irish State. That ideal has been only contemplated because it has been so far removed from the possible that no really serious attempt has been bestowed upon it.

All honor to the Queen Regent of Spain for the noble and courageous efforts she is making in the face of terrible difficulties and imminent danger. She is a mother fighting for her son, and motherlike, she will stand in the front while a shadow of hope remains.

Does the chivalrous American government realize that it is fighting a weak woman and a young boy for a more efficient and a manly one?

ACRES OF PIE ARE EATEN ANNUALLY BY THE PEOPLE OF THIS DOMINION

And Almost Half a Dozen of Dyppepsia Tablets Would Do It.

There are thousands of bakers in Canada. Each one bakes hundreds of pies every year. There are thousands of housekeepers in the Dominion. Each one eats a pie without a pie every year. Think, then, how much pie does every person in Canada eat in a year!

Now, the pie is called the "seed of Dyppepsia." And the pie baked in Canada in a year would cover acres of ground.

There's no uncertainty about it, but you can satisfy yourself, and cure your dyppepsia, indigestion, heartburn, etc., by buying an "Acres of Pie" box.

THE DESTINY OF THE IRISH RACE.

The following appears in "Britannia," the organ of The British League, published in London, Eng.

Attention in Ireland has been long and so exclusively occupied with the effort of the Irish to shake off the degrading disabilities which they have endured under English misgovernment, that few have cared to look into the future and attempt to forecast what it may have in store for us.

We are all already familiar with the ideal of a separate Irish State. That ideal has been only contemplated because it has been so far removed from the possible that no really serious attempt has been bestowed upon it.

All honor to the Queen Regent of Spain for the noble and courageous efforts she is making in the face of terrible difficulties and imminent danger. She is a mother fighting for her son, and motherlike, she will stand in the front while a shadow of hope remains.

Now, the pie is called the "seed of Dyppepsia." And the pie baked in Canada in a year would cover acres of ground.

Englishmen who desire a real union with the Irish from higher motives than mere political expediency. That feeling is reciprocated by many Irish men, who, like the present writer, have bitterly resented English mis-conduct in the past, but to whom nevertheless it appears certain that the only safety of the English speaking races lies in their complete reconciliation, and in the closest alliance with each other.

When all the disabilities of the Irish have been removed in Ireland when, in their own country, as in every other part of the Empire, they have the same liberties and enjoy the same privileges as other citizens—the past will soon be forgotten, and Ireland will come to look on things in a different light.

For the Irish there have really been all along only two alternative policies; unless they are satisfied to play in the history of mankind a small, undignified and unimportant part—a suggestion which they will, I am sure, repudiate with indignant scorn.

The Sage of Arr.

The Montreal Star, of May 4, commenting on the result of its successful defense of a libel suit brought at the instance of Dr. Howard, Carleton Place, says:

Vapo-Cresolene. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

"Made in Canada" THE E. B. EDY CO. LIMITED

Professional. THOMAS MULVEY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, PROCTOR.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

J. T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY.

ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARY.

TYTLER & McCABE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

CAMERON & LEE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES.

CHARLES J. MURPHY (JUNIOR & CO., ESTABD 1842) Ontario Land Surveyor, &c.

St. Michael's College (An Institution with Ontario University) Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Directed by the Sacred Fathers.

The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST. ... CARDIAC REGISTER Pkg. and Dub. Co. of Toronto, Limited.

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM, \$2.00.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop, Bishops and Clergy.

ADVERTISING RATES: Transient advertisements 10 cents per line.

A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Express Money Order, or by Registered Letter.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents each.

TRAVELLING AGENTS: Mr. Patrick Murray, Esq., Mr. A. A. Neven, West City Agents, De La Roche & O'Keefe.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- May 12--SS Nereus and Achilleus. 13--S. Walburga. 14--S. Monica. 15--Our Lady of Grace. 16--S. Simplicius. 17--S. Paschal Baylon. 18--S. Vincent.

A Cornish paper contains an account of the re-decoration of the Established Church at St. Germain. The rector of Jacobstown, Rev. P. J. Mitchell, officiated at the dedication of a handsome stained glass window, which represents 'St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. Thomas Aquinas, the last named bearing in his hand an open volume, on which are inscribed the words, according to a tradition ad- dressed to him in a vision by our Lord, 'Thou hast written well concerning Me, Thomas.' While orthodox Anglicans in Cornwall are erecting stained glass windows in honor of the Angli- co Doctor, Anglicans in Ontario, as as- sured by Dr. Laughey that St. Thomas was a 'Romanist' writer of idolatrous doctrines. Under such circumstances there appears to be a crying need for the progress of Anglican unity.

The yellowest of New York's 'yellow journals' publishes a striking picture of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the day of celebrating Archbishop Corrigan's jubilee. Between the twin spires of the noble church an enormous flag droops almost to the roof. The picture is entitled 'Old Glory' floats above The Catholic. The following particulars are given: 'From the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, where Archbishop Corrigan's silver jubilee is being celebrated, 828 feet above the ground, floated upon the breeze this morning a great American flag, which was hung on a wire between the twin spires. The flag is the largest in the city. The patriotism of the Church could not be more fully illus- trated than by this exceptional demon- stration.' The newspaper connects the flag with the war enthusiasm. Why the connection? If there was any doubt felt or expressed as to the loyalty of Catholic citizens in the United States towards the Republic, one way--the American way--to remove the impres- sion certainly would be to buy the largest flag to be had for money and float it from the twin crosses of St. Patrick's. Another way would be to let the deeds of Catholic sailors and soldiers in the fighting lines speak for their unselfish and undimining attachment to their country and its institutions, even if the country has provoked an unjust war upon a Catholic nation. But the real explanation of St. Patrick's 'biggest flag' may be that the Catho- lics of New York are as crazy for war as their neighbors the Methodists. It may be difficult for outsiders to understand this American war feeling; but no matter what religious body fans the fire by its demonstrative loyalty, the world will judge the Hispano-American struggle by the official acts of the United States, which have scarcely been consistent with the principles of Chris- tian civilization. Of course the country being in a state of war, it is every citizen's duty to promote the national success of the issue. At the same time the shorter the duration of the unwar- rantable the better for the reputation of the American nation.

Messrs. Scott and Mills, after fencing for many days with Senator Landry over the nature of Mr. Charles Russell's mission to Rome in connection with the school question, were finally put into a corner on Wednesday, the 4th, when Senator Landry challenged the Govern- ment either to deny or admit the genuineness of a letter written by Mr. Russell to His Eminence Cardinal Ram- polli, dated at Rome on the 26th Nov., 1897, wherein Mr. Russell stated that he had 'just arrived at Rome once again at the urgent request of the Catholic members of the Government,' and in the course of which he made frequent allusion to his 'principals,' his 'instructions' and so on. Before the letter was read, Senator Scott had emphatically denied that the Government or any of its members, had either direct-

ly or indirectly, carried on any negotia- tions through Mr. Russell, acting at Rome in any representative capacity whatever. The ostentatious intention of Messrs. Landry, Bernier and others in keeping the school question before the attention of the Senate is to insist that the Government shall accept responsi- bility for some set of its shuffling acts. The Government shuttled at Rome, in Quebec, in Ontario and in Manitoba, making contradictory representations at each place in turn, to suit the various opinions it had to encounter in operat- ing its great scheme to kill the Catholic side of the school question. And now that it is in the position to declare the school question 'dead,' it makes whole- sale denial of all its acts, words and representations. It is not even respon- sible for the death--or 'settlement'--of the question. There is absolutely no responsibility. That is its case. It is a most extraordinary position to occupy. What about all the credit that has all- so recently been claimed, for having 'settled' the dispute? Senator Landry was able to show from the columns of THE REGISTER that the majority in Mani- toba have not respected the 'settle- ment,' and that the ostracism of Catho- lic teachers from the so-called 'natio- nal' schools of Manitoba is of the most rigid description and is certain to continue so. It is well for the Govern- ment to have such a light-hearted disposi- tion, that it is not ashamed to disclaim responsibility for its boasted acts of a few months ago. We appear to have arrived in Canada at the proud po- sition of ir-responsible government.

The Catholic Telegraph, of Cincinnati, The San Francisco Monitor, and Catho- lic papers in other parts of the United States are raising a disgusted protest against the swarm of pseudonymous sheets that are foisted upon the ad- vertising public, and the canvassers of which do not hesitate to represent them- selves as the wearers of all possible forms of ecclesiastical bless- ing and approval. Particular examples are given of this class of 'Catholic organ.' One is published by a Protestant printing firm to advertise a private business, and the general adver- tisor is deceived into paying the bill. Generally speaking the sobriety of fake religious prints is now, and like most frauds committed in the name of the 'Cross' upon the public, is of American invention. Favoring the philosophy of the late Mr. Barnum, the authors of these 'organs' and 'calen- dars' go upon the assumption that ad- vertisers are all fools; or that at least it takes some little time for them to see that they are fools. Business men, Protestants as well as Catho- lics, are told that one, five, or ten thousand copies of The Irrepressible Fakir will be put into the hands of the faithful, as they emerge--in pious and credulous frames of mind--from the Sun- day worship; and that they are quite liable, through religious enthusiasm, or ecstasy, to swallow as truth all the 'ads.' mentioned in The Fakir on Sunday, and rush off in hot haste to buy its wares on Monday morn- ing. It matters not what the sheet contains in addition to the 'breath of its circulation'--the 'ads.' Paste and scissors from a prayer-book or some oft-reprinted ser- mon are much too good for those selected for the distribution of pious literary aims. Our American contem- poraries wonder why the game is never tried on any religious body outside the Catholic Church. Advertising sheets other than so-called Catholic 'organs' and 'calendars' do not in fact find it profitable to wear a religious cloak. The Monitor thinks the reason is because the Catholic priesthood is not in the way of every day business; but this is only half the explanation. The other half is found in the uncomplicat- ed assumption that Catholics as a body are not educated up to the standard of discriminating between the pestilent prints of the advertising fakirs and legitimate public journals. It is no wonder that Protestant publishers should form such an estimate of Catho- lics. But after all is said and done, it is the advertiser who is the greatest fool, because he throws his money away, whereas the people who have the sheet thrust into their hands lose nothing. We are not so sure that the church is not hurt in its dignity by the wholesale importation of its ecclesiastical approval being used by the agents of those publications who pestor the daily lives of business men.

Catholic Assessment Companies. Although there are many Catholic insurance companies on the assess- ment plan doing business in Canada, the only one appearing in the annual statement of the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa, Mr. W. Fitz- gerald, is the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. According to the ab- stract set for 1897 just published, the total amount paid by members during the year under review was \$211,521; the number of certificates reported as taken 1,372; the amount of certificate

new and taken up \$1,701,400; the number of certificates in force at date 11,848; the net amount in force \$17,899,600; the number of cer- tificates become claims 117; net amount of claims \$195,000; claims paid \$189,000. The total assets of the company amount to \$26,905, largely in cash in banks. The total liabilities (not including reserve) are given at \$4,117, mostly in unsettled claims. The excess of income over expenditure for the year was \$16,280.

The Anglo-Saxon 'Glad Hand.'

John Bull's 'glad hand' is more in evidence than ever since the confirma- tion of the news from Manila; and what with Uncle Sam's 'big head' and glory-dazzled eyes, the toadying is all right as long as it lasts. But how long is it likely to last? While we, in common with all right- minded persons, ardently desire the continuance of friendly relations with the United States, we think Cana- dians cannot too soberly consider the possible effects of all this over- dosing of our laudatory Uncle with fat and fawning praise. He is certain to draw his own conclusions as to his increased rights and privileges on earth when his conclusions are likely to be may best be conjectured just now from the ut- terances of the least hysterical of the organs of public opinion in New York. The New York Commercial Advertiser, for instance, has been noticing the comment of The Toronto World on Uncle Sam as the self-appointed peace- officer in the society of nations. The New York paper offers the following explanation: Uncle Sam's commission as interna- tional policeman exists under the Mon- roe Doctrine, and his boat lies only on North and South American soil. If the Spanish fleet keeps scrupulously on the other side of the Atlantic it is off the policeman's boat and safe against arrest. Uncle Sam proposes to execute his war- rant right on Cuban soil. Of course, if a Spaniard interfered with that work he would be liable to arrest for resisting an officer. But the Spanish fleet is welcome to stay in European waters while it behaves itself.

We wonder whether our 'Anglo- Saxon' friends are prepared to give Uncle Sam the 'glad hand' on this doctrine. Even so sober a paper as The Commercial Advertiser takes it for granted that Canada falls within the bailiwick, or beat, of the interna- tional policeman. Here in Canada we are quite satisfied with the same form of responsible government that Spain has conceded to Cuba, Canadians, like Cubans, had to fight for this great concession. The position we occupy should not subject us to the necessity of deterring a policeman whose warrant we do not recognize; and this is exactly what Uncle Sam under- stands the 'Anglo-Saxon' gentry of the 'glad hand' are now doing.

The Future of Spain.

The first crash of defeat, has called into the streets of Madrid, and several of the Spanish provincial cities, a mob, the elements of which may constitute a far more serious problem for Spain than the bitterest losses result- ing from the mere victory of the United States in the war. Not only the government but the dynasty is threatened, and even the loyalty of the army to the Queen-Regent has its dangerous side. The people have paid tribute upon tribute to the state in order to safeguard the 'national honor,' which is as dear to the humblest as to the proudest Span- iard. But when the foreigner struck the long-threatened bow, the arm of Spain was weak to strike back. The fault lies with the state. The people suffer doubly. With war has come an increase in the price of bread bringing suffering upon the families at home, after calling the bread-winners by thousands to do battle in distant colonies. Bread riots have occurred in several places, and in more than half the provinces martial law has been proclaimed. It is, of course, impossible at this distance to grasp the actual facts; but it does seem as if the popular provoca- tion had not been continued long enough to justify a blood-shedding policy that may precipitate civil war, if revolutionary leaders are only dar- ing enough to seize the opportunity. The loyalty of the people is strained by the machine-like use of the loyalty of the army. The national peril is formidable and not remote. General Weyler is not the only military spirit who is scheming to adventure a Napoleonic role. But he is reported

to have the support of a strong group in the legislature. Whatever change occurs at the instance of this military party is certain to favor a severer and more daring martial policy within Spain as well as against the United States. The penalty will come home to the people in the form of increased tribute of men and money; and the end of it may be a trial of conclusions between the people and the army--a terrible outlook for Spain.

A Hopeless Resistance.

The United States despatch boat 'High Macolloch,' from Manila, duly arrived at Hong Kong with in- telligence of the destruction of the Spanish Pacific squadron by Com- modore Dewey. The American version of the affair may be taken as correct in the main. The Spanish defeat was complete annihilation, every vessel being burned or sunk, and the loss in men very great. The dead count about three hundred and the wounded double that number. Not one casualty occurred on board the American fleet and not a ship received a scratch. The obvious meaning of these facts is that the Spanish condition of unpre- paredness was one of positive impot- ency. If none of the American ships were struck, it must have been be- cause the Spanish guns, both of the feet and the forts, could not reach them. All Commodore Dewey had to do was to run his vessels to and fro over against the Spanish line of battle, but out of reach of their shot, and with his guns of far greater range massacre the enemy with ease. The news brought by the despatch boat says the Americans stopped the work for break- fast, and came back at leisure to finish it. This is not unlikely. They could afford to rest with the coolest con- tempt an impotent foe completely at their mercy. The American fleet did not bombard Manila, and before such a proceeding is commenced notice must be given to all foreign resi- dents. The Spanish troops have, however, evacuated the city, and are reported as determined to die to the last man, resisting American occupa- tion as the sailors in the miserable collection of antiquated hulks called a squadron died in the bay, going down in their ships, with colors nailed to the mast. There is great jubilation in the United States over the victory; and certainly, as far as it may be con- sidered a cheap victory, costing not one life to the United States, and de- stroying not one American home, there is much practical reason for the national rejoicing. Spanish wives and mothers may weep for their men who died like Spartans. To the victor belongs the booty. And it looks as if such horrors of an unequal strife are to be repeated. Whether the Spanish Government stands in terror of in- ternal danger of Carlism, or whether Spanish pride is simply obstinate to the last, there yet appears not the least disposition to accept the pen- alties of national weakness. Spanish valor whipped the Moors and defeated the great Napoleon. But that was on land. In modern battle on sea, valor is only a second-rate consideration; and the valorous Spaniards who met their death at Manila were sacrificed like sheep, even if we compare them with the craven-spirited Chinese in their late war with Japan. The only valor the Spaniards do not appear to understand is the spirit that recognizes the inevitable.

Bread Riots in Italy.

Not the least instructive result of the present speculative excitement in wheat is the instant and dire confusion produced in Italy. The Hispano- American war is not responsible for the recent advance in prices reported from European countries. There is a great scarcity of supplies in the old world, France, Russia and England contributing more or less to the crop failure, and poor reports coming from Australia, Argentine and other places. The fact that America is in a state of war does not help the situation of course; but the actual causes of the scarcity are not sentimental, as the working classes in Europe are already finding out. Naturally the poorest country is the first to suffer. Ireland's cup of distress was filled to overflowing long before the present scramble for breadstuff supplies had begun in Russia, France and England. Italy, taxed to the limit and never far from the ragged edge of want, was the first of the European countries to feel the pinch. There is a striking contrast in

the demeanor of the Irish and the Italians, when brought face to face with hunger. Long accustomed to the 'bucket' system of Govern- ment, the Irish poor in the remote west endure and die, knowing that there is no remedy for them other than the compassion of the public. The Italians, on the other hand, rush into the streets and raise the cry of 'anarchy.' On the one hand we see a patient people realizing fully their weakness and restraining the impulses of desperation; on the other an im- pulsive people dissatisfied with their extravagant Government and prompt to view their necessity as a sum- mons to violent measures. We do not blame, but sincerely pity, the Italians. They have sacrificed much for Italian unity, and that which they have realized has only crushed them to the earth. Their condition for a long time has been such that it is impossible to imagine its continuance for many years. A change may come even before it is expected; and whether a Republic is to arise at the will of the people, or the mailed hand of Europe is to impose some new plan of Italian national existence, is for the future--possibly the near future--to reveal. In every corner of Italian population since Sunday last riotous demon- strations of the laboring classes for work and cheaper bread have taken place. The army has only given the rioters a liberal share of lead, and in Milan the dead are described as piled up in the door-ways, while the hospitals are filled with wounded. Anarchy has broken loose in Rome, but is held at bay by the military. The outbreak has spread into the country and the peasants are joining the revolt. Because the government is incapable of supplying relief, and as the distress is more likely to increase than to diminish for some months, it is hard to conjecture what new features the outbreak may assume.

Justin McCarthy's Career.

Miss Marie A. Belloc, in Saint Peter's, contributes an interview with Mr. Justin McCarthy. In her introduc- tion, Miss Belloc says Mr. McCar- thy's father was a man of con- siderable literary distinction, and was the founder and proprietor of the Cork Magazine. It need hardly be said that it was in the pages of this periodical that the future historian and novelist published his first story, in which, oddly enough, the hero was 'Mr. Parnell.' He began his literary life as a reporter on The Cork Ex- aminer, then edited by a very famous Irishman, John Francis Maguire. He left Ireland in 1863 in order to take up journalistic work in Liverpool. While there a great piece of good fortune befell him. He met and mar- ried Miss Charlotte Allman, who shared both his struggles and his triumphs, and encouraged him to go to London and try and make his mark as a novelist. Mr. McCarthy did not give up journalism when he took to fiction. In 1866, when just thirty years of age, he became a member in the House of Commons. Asked by his interviewer what his particular advice would be to any young Irishman anxious to enter the profession of letters, Mr. McCarthy replied, 'I should advise him to learn shorthand with a view to becoming a reporter, and if he has time and op- portunity to master also the rudiments of two or more foreign languages. When I was a young man Pitman's was not known, and I learned a very clumsy, old-fashioned system, but I invented new arbitraries. I need hard- ly say that a good all-round education is a very necessary portion of a jour- nalist's equipment. I found my knowledge of French and German very useful to me, and I very soon picked up enough Spanish, Italian and Scandinavian to be able to read a newspaper in those languages.' Miss Belloc, at the conclusion of her arti- cle says: 'Mr. McCarthy has spent the last few months at West-gate-on-Sea, one of the quietest and most beautiful watering places on the South Coast. There he is often cheered by the presence of some of even the busiest of his friends, for his absence has been keenly felt both in the House of Com- mons and in the literary world, where he is known as the most generous of critics and the most brilliant of after- dinner speakers.'

Obituary.

The angel of death in his pitiless rounds paid an unexpected visit to the happy home of Mr. John Curtin, claiming as his victim his second son John Joseph, a bright smiling boy of almost fifteen years. Doctor Guineau was called in on Sunday, but not being able to detect the disease at that stage of development, he advised that the boy be taken to St. Michael's Hospital. Despite the most assiduous care he gradually grew worse till no danger was apprehended. The unexpected

Revolution in Italy.

ROME, May 10--A state of siege has been proclaimed in the Province of Florence and at Livorno, Pisa, Siena, Massa and Grosseto, and also in the town of Spezia, the naval port of Spezia being excepted from the decree. At Messina a crowd of women and children proceeded to the town hall demanding food. They were dispersed by the police and the crowd then began breaking street lamps and tried to seek a provision store. The proprietor shot one of the rioters with a gun, which increased the disturbance. Troops are now occupying the town. The Rome correspondent of The Times says: 'It is believed that mat- ters are steadily growing worse. The Government is clearly unequal to the difficulties of the situation and great anxiety prevails in political circles.'

Oak Hall.

Now is the time to renew the 'outlet man'--to rehabilitate and make him presentable in garb up to date in out- and pattern. When Oak Hall tells the public that their clothes are out of date, they are loaded with the choicest clothing goods there is no exaggeration in the statement; and when the Hall quotes prices at which these goods are sold, they can be relied on as fair to the purchaser as well as close in the margin of profit to the vendors. Oak Hall is a matter-of-fact establishment, and the business of the house is conducted on methods equi- table alike to buyer and seller.

happened. An attack of hemorrhage which though finally controlled, did the deadly work and the coolly breath- ed forth his pure soul into the hands of his Creator about four o'clock last Thursday morning. The deep sorrow felt by all who knew him was shared by the pupils of De La Salle Institute and St. Michael's School, who had been his former schoolmates and found expression in a very handsome wreath which they placed on the bier of their departed companion. The funeral took place last Saturday from his home on Mutual Street. A large num- ber of boys accompanied by their teachers marched from the house to St. Michael's Cathedral, where the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered by the Rev. Father Murray, O.S.B., of St. Michael's College. Rev. Fr. Rohleder presided at the organ and the boys' choir sang the Mass. The remains were conveyed to St. Michael's Cemetery, where he rests with his silent friends awaiting the archangel's call to a glorious resurrection. R. I. P.

The Syrian Catholics.

A well attended and very pleasing musical entertainment for the benefit of the Syrian priest, Rev. Father Mas- carios Nasr, was held on Thursday evening, May 6th, in St. Vincent's Hall. The following programme was produced: Duet, 'Byzian Song,' Messrs Nasr & Bouhama; Song, 'Star of my Heart,' Miss Foley; Duet, Banjo and Guitar, Messrs Sparr- ner & Owen; Song, 'Off to Phila- delphia,' Mr. J. D. Richardson; Song, 'For all Eternity,' Miss Tymon; Recitation, 'The Defense of the Bride,' Miss Kate Halley; Song, 'Mamma's Little Yellow Cooon,' Miss L. Brennan; Song, 'Out on the Deep,' Mr. O. Hall; Song, 'A Rose in Heaven,' Mr. M. Costello; Recita- tion, Selected, Miss Kate Halley; Song, O'neir, Mr. J. Brimstin. All the numbers were well received. Miss Halley was received with par- ticular favor. Mrs. Joseph Penner by whom all the arrangements were carried out was accompanist, and Rev. Fr. Rohleder occupied the chair.

St. Patrick's School.

Following is the Honor Roll for April: Form IV--Excellent: M. Damphey, P. Flanagan, O. Lavory, G. O'Dono- ghue, N. Schreiner, W. Tobin, J. Adams, P. Bradley, J. Costello. Good: O. Fox, J. Dillon, J. McCand- lish, H. Clark, P. Sisco, F. Hanna. Form III--Senior Third--Excel- lent: F. Osgrove, E. Mezhans W. Hanna, J. O'Hearn, J. Ryan, J. Hal- loran, J. Dalton, G. Gliona. Good: T. Damphey, E. Smith, B. Roche. Junior Third--Excellent: J. Tobin, F. Ryan, L. McDonald, A. Schreiner, W. Warren, Good: O. Smith, G. Gilmore, A. Finnigan. Form II--Excellent--G. Giblin, J. Moran, H. O'Connell, J. O'Toole, E. Halloran, F. Boehler, F. Callagher. Good: J. Gilmore, J. Tobin, Vincent O'Hagan, J. Barak.

Confirmation at East Toronto.

Last Sunday, the 8th inst., will long be remembered by the Catholics of East Toronto. On that day his Grace the Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to 48 candidates, 19 of whom were pupils of the Industrial School. After the solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock His Grace made an impressive address to the children and to the congregation. He complimented the choir and the service, and expressed his warm appreciation of the taste that the ladies of the Lynn Association had shown in their choice of the school's godfather to the boys of the parish. Father Felix to the pupils of the In- dustrial School and Miss Molloy for the girls. [Communicated.]

Revolution in Italy.

ROME, May 10--A state of siege has been proclaimed in the Province of Florence and at Livorno, Pisa, Siena, Massa and Grosseto, and also in the town of Spezia, the naval port of Spezia being excepted from the decree. At Messina a crowd of women and children proceeded to the town hall demanding food. They were dispersed by the police and the crowd then began breaking street lamps and tried to seek a provision store. The proprietor shot one of the rioters with a gun, which increased the disturbance. Troops are now occupying the town. The Rome correspondent of The Times says: 'It is believed that mat- ters are steadily growing worse. The Government is clearly unequal to the difficulties of the situation and great anxiety prevails in political circles.'

Oak Hall.

Now is the time to renew the 'outlet man'--to rehabilitate and make him presentable in garb up to date in out- and pattern. When Oak Hall tells the public that their clothes are out of date, they are loaded with the choicest clothing goods there is no exaggeration in the statement; and when the Hall quotes prices at which these goods are sold, they can be relied on as fair to the purchaser as well as close in the margin of profit to the vendors. Oak Hall is a matter-of-fact establishment, and the business of the house is conducted on methods equi- table alike to buyer and seller.

May.

THE MONTH OF MAY—lovd' Mary's month... The fairest, sweetest, best, Who's here are springing everywhere...

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States have agreed upon a letter to be read in all the churches on Sunday.

St. Michael's Field Day.

The 6th of May is ever a gala day on the St. Michael's College campus, where one hundred and fifty young athletes try their strength and skill.

Standing broad jump—1 McCarthy, 2 Hart; 10ft. 2in. Hop, stop and jump—1 Hart, 2 Gibbons...

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

and Fathers Hand, Finnegan, Dollard and Wm. McCann.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Division No. 4, A. O. H., held their annual Church parade Sunday evening May 1st, to St. Paul's Church, Power street, there being about 100 members of the order present.

Higher Than Gilderoy's Kite.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

This kite went pretty high, but not as high as we knocked a case of ROZEMA of over two years standing; for the kite came back but the Ezcurra disappeared forever.

Men's Clothing. The showing of new Spring Suits is at its best now. There isn't anything new or desirable that is missing from the display.

SUITS. 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00. At any of these prices you can have the widest selection in colorings and patterns.

OVERCOATS. 7.50, 9.50, 10.00, 12.00. Made in the short box back or centre seam style now so popular.

MEN'S TROUSERS. 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Cut in the latest style and made from desirable and choice patterns.

OAK HALL, CLOTHIERS. 115 to 121 King St. E., opp. the Cathedral TORONTO.

CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT KOOTENAY PILLS. PRICE, 25 CENTS. FROM YOUR DRUGGIST.

Rheumatic Slavery Abolished! Release at last from the racking tortures—rheumatism, lumbago, and neuralgia!

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

Niagara Falls, Ont. Thursday, the 19th day of May. And will remain in session until all business is transacted.

Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO. Terms: \$1.50 per day.

C. O. F. Fatigue race—Griffin and Sheridan. Juniors (First Division)—100 yards dash—1 Boucher, and Dooly, 2 McCrossen.

St. Leo Court, 681, is making rapid progress. At the last meeting new members was initiated.

TENDERS FOR COAL 1898. Wednesday, 25th May, 1898. For the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next.

TRY THE CONTOUR. That does a woman more good than any other corset.

WE WANT YOUR WORK. And we are going to have it if you give us the chance.

No such Printery in ye West and no such Types since ye discoverie of printing, as ye Printerman now has.

\$100 REWARD. One Hundred Dollars will be cheerfully and promptly paid for any case of Drunkenness (the Liquor Habit) or Tobacco Habit that is cured by Dr. R. Ryan, R.A.C.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. We carry everything found in a first-class music and musical instrument supply house.

Dress is the Only Medicine. That does a woman more good than any other corset.

EMPIRE HOTEL. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO. Terms: \$1.50 per day.

WE WANT YOUR WORK. And we are going to have it if you give us the chance.

No such Printery in ye West and no such Types since ye discoverie of printing, as ye Printerman now has.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL.....\$ 6,000,000 PAID UP CAPITAL.....2,000,000 ASSETS.....1,400,000

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. The simple resources of this Company enable it to make advances on REAL ESTATE with-out delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of payment.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. The simple resources of this Company enable it to make advances on REAL ESTATE with-out delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of payment.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. The simple resources of this Company enable it to make advances on REAL ESTATE with-out delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of payment.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. The simple resources of this Company enable it to make advances on REAL ESTATE with-out delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of payment.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. The simple resources of this Company enable it to make advances on REAL ESTATE with-out delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of payment.

**Chats with the Children**

THE ROAD TO BABYLAND.

How many miles to babyland?  
Any one can tell,  
Up one flight, to the right,  
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in babyland?  
Just the sweetest sight;  
Downy heads, cradles beds,  
Faces pure and bright.

What do they say in babyland?  
O, the sweetest things;  
Might as well try to tell  
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of babyland?  
Mother kind and sweet;  
And her love born also,  
Guides the little feet.

—Kindergarten Song.

**CAUGHT.**

A number of guests were congregated in the smoking room of a hotel one evening. The conversation turned on the question of physical exercise and endurance. Several of those present gave exaggerated stories of what they had done and could do at one time.

"Why I remember three years ago," said one young man, "I was staying in a house near the Thames. I got up at five every morning, walked ten miles, took off my clothes and plunged into the river and swam across it three times."

There was a minute's silence.

"Three times did you say, sir?" asked an old Scotchman who had hitherto kept silence.

"Yes, sir; three times every morning," repeated the boaster.

"Well, then, I'm thinking you'd find your class on the wrong side," was the quiet rejoinder.

**CHRIST THE CONSOLER.**

During the first Revolution, in a gloomy dungeon at Paris, a noble lady was imprisoned. Outside was her little girl, twelve years old, under the care of an old servant. Her father was absent with the army of Oude, and her mother was taken away too suddenly even to bid the child good-bye.

The little girl's one thought was to get admission to her mother's prison. At last she made the acquaintance of the jailer's wife, and the kind soul dressed her in her own child's clothes, and put her in her mother's cell.

After that, for three months, she was with her mamma and have just lovely talks with her as you would have with your mamma if you had been parted from her for a long time.

But one day the mother took the little girl in her arms and with sobs and tears, told her they must soon part—she was called to trial and certainly would be condemned. When they had spent the violence of their first grief, the mother told her child to go to a certain aged priest, and ask him to let her make her First Communion during her mother's life.

The same evening the little girl went to the priest, and he readily granted her request, heard her confession, and bade her return the next morning. When she went back the following day, she had in fact offered Mass for her mother's intention, and had put aside two parties.

"My child," he said, "I am going to trust you with a sacred mission. In early Christian times, children used to carry the Blessed Sacrament to martyrs; I am going to let you carry it to your mother, and you shall make your First Communion in her presence."

The child went in solemn joy to her mother's cell bearing Christ the Consoler. The jailer's wife left the two alone, knowing that it must be their last meeting. They fell on their knees, and praying on the table the Sacred Host, adored in silence a long time. The mother then bade her to say some prayers which had taught her in her infancy; and taking one of the hosts in her hand she received it in Viaticum, and then gave to the child her First Communion.

The next day the little girl went to the prison to see her mother, but the jailer's wife said that the orders were positive, and she could not be admitted until next week. She went to the old priest, but he pointed up to heaven, and said: "Your mother is in heaven, dear, and there you must look to meet her."

The child grew up to womanhood, and to old age; and telling this wonderful story to her friends, she said: "It happened sixty years ago; but I have never forgotten the scene of my First Communion or ceased to join my prayers to those of my dear mother."

**PUZZLES.**

**HIDDEN INGREDIENTS FOR DINNER.**

To be effective a dinner should have variety, and the giver feel ambitious to have all in good taste, no ombre adjuncts, but everything cheerful to keep things going. No sparing of lugs, ample scope as to room at each place, no smut toning the linen, every bed vapor kept out. Pack routine to the winds and have all things jolly; in fact, beg a merry lot to be happy. It is a universal money-spending busi-

ness, especially if you let a cab bag every guest and take him home. At the end have some long stories and a little monotonous talk.

**TRANSPOSITION.**

I am a word meaning sweet-tempered. Separate the letters and I form a sentence moaning—"Can I do it?" Transpose the words and I give the answer to the question.

**Answers to Puzzles, April 28th.**

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

M A M M O T H  
C O R O L L A  
K O C P E R  
I N V E N T O R  
N A O M I  
L U S T R O U S  
E M B R O  
Y A W N

**DEGRADATION.**

Prostate, relate, elate, late, ate.

**TOTAL LIST OF MARKS TO APRIL 23RD.**

J. A. Doyle, 77 Ann St., 86; J. E. Thompson, 610 Yonge St., 19; Martina La Cassey, Toronto, Ont., 17; Camilla O'Casey, Tottenham, Ont., 17; (a) the Ottawa, the third, A. Blouin, Ottawa, 16; S. J. Murphy, Brookville, 15; J. O'Malley, Ottawa, 14; T. Boland, 1891 Bloor West, 8; M. E. Morrison, Woburn, 7; Maxie Foy, Toronto, 6; F. McCarthy, Hamilton, 4; Teresa Lannan, Port Colborne, 4; Nettie O'Hara, Hamilton, 4; Amelia Lavery, Caistor Centre, 4; Ollie Blaine, 3; A. S. Oulliton, B. Maher, Lotie Ousome, Mary Boyle, Edward Malloy, Leo Pyman, 2 each; M. H. Smith and Mary E. Murphy, 1 each.

There is still a certain number of marks to be finally recorded, but they will probably not affect the total result very much, excepting between the two who mark tie for third, M. McGoy and G. Cassey. All the competitors who have totalled 16 marks will receive a card. The last of the first series of puzzles will be published on May 19th, so there is still a chance for the second and third prizes. One cousin in the city sent two letters to me each containing 8 correct replies, making 8 marks but as no name and address was given I cannot record them.

J. E. Thompson is being run very close for second, and will have to hurry up.

Several correspondents have complained that their letters have not reached the office. Perhaps they wrote in too great haste and forgot to address their envelopes properly. Always address in full.

**Cousin Flo.**

Catholic Register,  
40 Lombard St.,  
Toronto, Ont.

I have had some letters without the number and name of street, and some without OSMOLOC ROSSITER on them, they should always be addressed fully to prevent mistakes. The reason many of the marks have not been recorded is that if the letters do not reach me at a certain date they are too late, but the marks all appear in the total, so it makes no difference.

**THE PRAYER BOOK.**

The winner of the prayer book is Thomas Boland, 1891 Bloor W. How the contest was made of A. F. Drohan and Teresa M. Barratt, who have both written exceedingly good letters. In deciding this contest, age has been taken into account also, and as Cousin Thomas is only 8 years old the editor thinks his composition is deserving of the prize as it is quite up to the standard of the older cousins.

**Cousin Flo.**

The men who do daring deeds in battle, are men whose arteries pulsate with the red blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the competitive world of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach weak, his blood is impure, and he is in a state of impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it impure every vital organ in the body is impure and he is in a state of impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it impure every vital organ in the body is impure and he is in a state of impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it impure every vital organ in the body is impure and he is in a state of impure.

**Does it Pay to Tipple!**

You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay five cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way. In both health and pocket and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

**Farm and Garden**

As we pointed out in a former issue Canada is becoming an important factor in supplying Great Britain with oats in competition with Russia, the United States, Turkey and Holland. During the past season of 1897 and 1898 she has exported for Great Britain and the Continent over seven million bushels of oats as against half that quantity in the season previous. Owing to the shortage in the Russian supply it is expected that Canadian oats will continue to be wanted right up till next harvest. At Montreal at present the stock of oats amount to 1,049,705 bushels as compared with 826,838 bushels a year ago, but a considerable portion of the same is already engaged for early shipment, principally for British ports.—Farming.

J. A. Macdonald, of King's county, P. E. I., writing in "The Country Gentleman," says: "There is not the usual enthusiasm in cheese-making in England and the reasons for this are: First, in the raw price of cheese in British markets, caused by the great over-production of last year in Canada, and the quantity held in stock late in the season for high prices; and secondly, the establishment in the province of two large bacon-curing plants, which opens a market for twice as many—nay, four times as many hogs as our province ever produced, and at good prices. Farmers find that milk is a necessity in profitable hog production, and as 60. per lb. for a live hog, weighing 100 and 200 lbs. is much more profitable than 65 cents for 100 lb. milk, it is apparent that the producer of milk will find it justicious to extract the fat from his milk and for the residue for hogs. All the co-operative dairy plants established this season are to be run for butter only, and our leaders of dairy thought have advised directors of cheese factories to work their plants for butter till July.

The culture of pears has been steadily growing and that there is profit in them for growers who are willing to give them care and treatment has been proved. Pear trees come into bearing earlier than apples and are surer crops. They always bring good prices in all markets. Pear trees do best in land having a clay subsoil, although they succeed well on any moderately heavy soil if well drained. Orchards should be set out with both dwarf and standard trees; the former will come into bearing early and if they have proper care are not so short-lived as popularly supposed. If the standard trees are set thirty feet apart the dwarf varieties may be set between them without detriment. The dwarf pears will require more attention than the standards in the matter of pruning but when this is given they will bear profitably for many years. In preparing the land for pears plow the ground deep and harrow in both directions so that the soil may be thoroughly pulverized. Set two-year-old trees. As to varieties, be guided by those that have succeeded in your vicinity, and also by the market you intend to supply. By planting summer, fall and winter varieties, pears may be had for use from July until January.

In one of his publications intended for instruction in agriculture in the common schools of New York, Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University (Ithaca), explains something of the science of farming as follows: "If you cannot find a water pipe your garden with a rake! The first great lesson in farming is how to save the water in the soil. If you learn that much this summer, you will know more than many old farmers do. You know that the soil is moist in the spring when you plant the seeds. Where does this moisture go? It dries up—goes off into the air. If we could cover up the soil with something we should prevent the moisture from drying up. Let us cover it with a layer of loose, dry earth! We will make this covering by raking the bed every few days—once every week, anyway, and often than that if the top of the soil becomes hard and crumbly, as it does after a rain. Instead of pouring water on the bed, therefore, we will keep the moisture in the bed. If, however, the soil becomes so dry in spite of you that the plants do not thrive, then water the bed. Do not sprinkle it, but water it. Wet it clear through at evening. Then in the morning, when the surface begins to get dry, begin the raking again to keep the water from getting away. Sprinkling the plants every day or two is one of the surest ways to spoil them."

**Does it Pay to Tipple!**

You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay five cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way. In both health and pocket and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

**Domestic Reading**

Possessed of wisdom with microscope in hand, we shall need a sympathetic eye to be really in search of truth. There is no Gospel in reminding men continually of their sin, it is the cure they need.

Ill-breeding is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humor; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour.

Thoughts are the ailments upon which the mind feeds. If they are kept pure and in constant exercise, they impart health and vigor, and are like fertilizing currents running through the soul. There is one view respecting them which should awaken the greatest anxiety to have them under proper control. A simple thought, whether good or evil, will introduce other trains of reflection of a kindred nature. Thoughts love company, and will gather round them others of a congenial character, and it is therefore of the highest importance that we should convene within the chamber of the mind those of an ennobling and purifying nature.

I have heard men of business and I have heard working men speak as though Christianity was opposed to buying and selling and getting gain; but I find its Founder, on the contrary, commending those who had gained by trading, and condemning the man who had made no use or increase of his capital. Religion says to us: "Get as much wealth as you can, but get it honestly, because a false balance, a false sample, a false brand, is abominable in the Lord's bosom; as it is written, a faithful man, a man who can get trust, shall abound with blessings; but he that maketh haste to be rich, he who is not satisfied with a fair profit, a fair wage, he who speculates and gambles shall not be innocent."

The hour of death is a crucial moment of existence, that on which hangs our eternal lot. No one who doubts its importance, but many give no heed to it while in the enjoyment of health. Many unwisely relegate to their preparation for eternity. To all, wise and unwise, it is a dread moment, full of suspense, for the soul is leaving its earthly tabernacle to go forth alone on a journey of which it knows but little. In order to impress on the minds of her children the need of assistance at that awful moment, the Church teaches them in the prayer, second only to Our Lord's own, to beg Our Blessed Lady to pray for them at the hour of death, when her powerful intercession will be such a consolation. Then, above all other times, we entreat her to show herself a mother, and to plead and intercede for us, her sinful children.

Many are the uses of conversation. Besides abiding in the formulae his knowledge and to exercise those faculties which would otherwise soon rust and actually decay from want of use, it helps to strengthen or throw doubt upon the knowledge that he already possesses, and also to enlarge its boundaries. It is by the process of continual experiment and sifting that a man's ideas are gradually crystallized into the clear transparency, and symmetry of real wisdom. No school-teaching would ever make a man talk well. All that is required of him is that he should be patient in listening, desirous and quick to learn, frank and honest in his reply; and then, if Providence has given him weapons to defend his position, with eloquence sufficient to meet his opponent, he may taste the joys of a combat by the side of which other contentions seem flat and unprofitable, and give as much pleasure to a worthy adversary as he receives from him in return.

**A Telephone Saved a Life.**

The King's Daughters of Hamilton, Ont., whose good deeds are known all over Canada, received a telephone message that George Ball, living on Sanford Ave., was in distress, being a hopeless and helpless invalid on account of Chronic Rheumatism. They responded quickly, talking with him a bottle of Ryokman's Kootenay Cure. The first bottle gave relief and 4 bottles cured him. King's Daughters had his cure was successful, and Kootenay alone did the work. Mr. Ball is now employed at hard labor, and gives his sworn statement to the above facts. If you have Scallo-Rheumatism take KOOENAY and get rid of that dire disease. Price \$1.00 per bottle, or 6 for \$5.00, at druggist or direct from The S. S. RYOKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, Ontario. Write for particulars and chart book, free.

**IF** Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties.

**TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES**

**JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER**

THEY are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. TRY THEM.

FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS

TORONTO - James Good & Co., cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts.  
MONTREAL - P. L. N. Beaudry, 137 De Lorimier Ave.  
QUEBEC - N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul St.

**THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

**White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter.**

Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on.

**W.M. ROSS, Cashier.**

**JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT.**

MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

**Premier Brewery of Canada**



One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne refrigerating machine, 75 horse-power, with water tower in connection—a 35 horse-power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors—a large water filter, capacity 2000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewing, and our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American exports have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large, mail house and storage in connection.

**THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LIMITED)**

**The Cosgrave Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Ltd.**

Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their specialties

**ALES AND BROWN STOUTS.**

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Barley and Hops. They are highly recommended for medicinal purposes and for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention Paris, 1875. Gold and Silver Medals, 1889.

**Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 364.**

**GEO. J. FOY. — IMPORTER OF — Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO.**

**MARSALA ALTAR WINE. SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.**

**BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS**

TILES, GRATES, HEARTHES, MANTELS.

**RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.**

**CHURCH WINDOWS MEMORIALS**

THE Robert McCausland Stained Glass Co. LIMITED

87 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

**McGABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS**

2938 338 QUEEN STREET EAST TORONTO

**F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER,**

146 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Telephone 1084.

**J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer**

559 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE 678.

**M. McGABE UNDERTAKER**

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY

318 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO

TELEPHONE 1408

**MONUMENTS.**

Now is the time to select.

**J. HAZLETT, 454 YONGE STREET**

For Latest Designs, Best Material and Workmanship at Lowest Living Price. Telephone 4200.

**F. B. GULLETT & SONS.**

Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Memorials, Tablets, Altars, Baptismal Fonts, Crosses, Headstones and Slabs. All kinds of Cemetery Work Marble and Granite Tiling, etc. For 21 Years in Charge of Church and City Cemeteries.

740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors west of St. Lawrence. PHONE 408.

**MONUMENTS**

For best work at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Tombs, etc., call on us to write to the

**Wolfech Granite and Marble Co., Limited**

OFFICE AND SHOWROOM, 184 YONGE ST., TORONTO—YONGE ST. DEAR PART, COR. OF CHURCH ST. RICHARD'S CEMETERY. High class work at low prices a specialty.

**TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO Lemaitre's Pharmacy**

256 Queen St. West

OPPOSITE FIRE HALL

N.B.—No connection with any other Drug Store.

**DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST.**

Cor. Queen and Baskin Sts., Toronto Telephone 5378

The Violet.

Here she is again, the dear, Sweetest vestal of the year, In our little purple hood Brightening the laudomoe wood.

Tim... Daly's Repentance

When the story was told to me I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having scant skill as a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, but badly and barely; and if in my reading will be found no trace at all of the awe which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and futile repentance—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, but rather is gathered by him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

"Whisht, sobora, whisht! I sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child!" The woman, slightly young and slight, she spoke, was half sitting, half lying, in a low rush-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farmhouse. Her small, pretty face was marked with premature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid, dark bruise, as if from the blow of a heavy fist, and over the pathetic, drooping mouth there was a cruel, jagged cut, this evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp, projecting point. By her side, in a wretched cradle, lay a puny, small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers, claw-like in their leanness, outstretched closely, and with such a gray shade over its pale forehead that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down before his wife in an attitude of beating utter amazement, and his face, which was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands were bent softly, with caressing, tender strokes, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him, the tears rolled one after another down her little face, while her low, soft voice went on tenderly, "Whisht, alanna machree, whisht! I sure I'm broakin' my heart ye! Sure, how can I bear it all, at all, to listen to ye sobbin' like that!"

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble—Jim Daly that courted her, her husband, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public-house, who would go from it on a morning with his dogs, the young marquis consenting, for a hunt on the lord's land. Always ready to take a treat or stand one; always the first in every scheme of conviviality, drowning heart and mind and conscience in cheap and bad whiskey; while at home, on the little hillside farm, crops were rotting, haggard lying empty, land unworked, and poverty and hunger threatened the little home, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining young wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepening in her face where no lines should be. Three years had gone by since the wedding day that seemed but the gate of a happy future for these two young things, who loved each other truly, and almost since that wedding day Jim Daly had been going steadily downhill. Not that he was vicious at all; he was only young and gay and good-natured, and so sought after for those things, and he had a fine baritone voice that could roll out "Colleen Baa cruinneen na mo" with rare power and tenderness, and when the rare spirits were in the little home, and the Widow Doolan's public-house mightily would come seeking to draw him thither with many flattering words, so was not strong enough to resist the temptation; and the young wife—they were the merest boy and girl—was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had gone steadily from bad to worse, and instead of only the nights, much of the days as well were spent in the gin-shop, and at last the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome boy in the face getting a sadder look, and the once frank, clear eyes refused to look at one either faintly or clearly, but shrouded from under a friend's gaze usually and painfully.

Last night, however, the climax had come, when, roiling home after midnight, the tender little wife, with her baby on her breast, had opened the door for him, and had stood in the doorway with some word of pain on her lips, and he feeling his progress barred, but with no sense of what stood there, had struck out fiercely with his great fist, and stricken wine and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had been with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and she had had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little son were both bruised and injured by the fall.

We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to himself out of his drunken sleep, and in presence of it his wife, womanlike forgot everything but that he needed her utmost love and tenderness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his little brown old mother, who had been sent for hastily to her farm two miles away, spared not at all to him what she called the rough side of her tongue.

And when the doctor came from his home across the blue moor, and he shook his head ominously over the baby, and dressing Winnie's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a deathblow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, because Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in all Tipperary, and, despite her very rough side to her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except for the man's occasional great sob, and the low, sweet comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit a priest, a hale, ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spraddled and gaited as if for riding, who coming to them quickly with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes, and drawing a chair closer, laid one large hand on Jim's bent head, while the other went out warmly to take Winnie's little, cold fingers. "My poor, poor children!" he said, and under that robe, loving pity Winnie's tears began to show now. He was sorely grieved for these two who had baptized them, had admitted both to the sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and had tried vainly to stop this poor boy's easy descent to evil, and now it had ended so. In the new silence he was praying rapidly and softly, asking the Lord to make this a means of bringing back the strayed lamb to His fold. Then he spoke again:

"Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't tell me anything about it. I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going with me to the altar of God to kneel there and ask His forgiveness, and promise Him that you will never again do anything of the kind; has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great mercy that both are spared to you to-day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up. And it will be a new life, with God, my poor boy, from this day, will it not, my poor boy?"

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly: "God bless you, Father, for the kindly word. 'Yis, I'm comin' back to gett' with His help, and I thank Him this day and His blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. Oh, sure, Father, to think of me layin' a hand on my poor wife or on the little wren of a life, no life, no life, and the little weany child that lagged up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowded for me to lift him out of his cradle! But with the help of God, I'm going to make up to them for it was day. But, Father, I won't stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had nigh murdered my wife and child. Sure I could never rise under such a shame as that. Give me your blessing, Father, for me and Winnie has settled it. I'm goin' to Australia to begin a new life, and the mother's snug, and'll keep Winnie and the child, I send for her, or make money enough to come for them."

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before he replied: "Well, I don't know but you're right. God nigher you to do what is for the best. It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events, and as you say, the mother'll be glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

And a week later, wife and child being on the high road to convalescence, Jim Daly sailed for Australia. This was in February, and outside the little golden thatched farmhouse, the birds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummings—because spring was riotous in their blood—that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, but that rather it was June, and the close leafy bowers lay through only a little blue sky, a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perform signal to each other their whereabouts.

Some in the thatch were neat building, but those little weany drons were away to and fro on the bare boughs, delicious with the now delight that had come to them, for spring was here and there was a subtle fragrance of her breath on the air; and all over the land, for the sound of her feet passing there was a strange stirring of unborn things somewhere out of night, and where she had trodden she was springing sudden rings and clumps of faint snowdrops, and tender, flame-colored crocuses, and double garden primroses, and the dear red-brown violet of the wall-flowers lovingly against the dark leaves.

February again—but now far away from the mountain side. In the city, where no sweet premonition of spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch miserably about the stately cathedral of St. Patrick's huddling squidly around its feet, where the lovely tower of its spires far away into the blue heart of the sky. It is a blue sky—blue as it can be over any spreading range of solemn hills, for poor Dublin has few tall factory chimneys to defile it with smoke—and there are little feathers, wisps of white cloud on the blue sky, that he quite calm and motionless, despite the fact that a bright west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of the room in which he stands is quite unopened, and the wind steals in softly, and ways to and fro the clean, white curtains; for this room is poor, but not squalid and grimed as the others are. The two small beds are covered with spotlessly white quilts, and the wooden dresser behind the door is spotless with its few household utensils shining in the leaping daylight; and opposite the window is a small altar carefully and neatly toned, whereon are two pretty statues of the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy, artificial flowers, but a snowdrop or two and a yellow crocus, laid lovingly in a wingelass of water.

It is all very clean and pure, but alas! it is a sad room, now, despite all that, because—oh, surely the world is such a thing in its way and world! there is a little child dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from Tipperary and the good priest, and the pleasant neighbours who would have been neighbours to her, at her here, in the cruel city, she is watching, her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed with his eyes closed—a little, pretty, fair body of seven—his breath coming very faintly, and the golden curls, dank with the death dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, with the two gentle little hands crossed meekly on each other on his breast. His mother, her face almost as deathly in its pale and emotionless at this, in kneeling by the bed, her yellow hair wand'ring over the pillow, her head bent low beside his, and her eyes drinking thirstily every change that passes over the small face. They have lain so for a long time with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once, when her hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the little, cold, damp one. But she is not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling each side of the bed, and their sad, clear eyes are very tender and watchful; they will be ready with help the moment it is needed, but now the great heads of the brown rosary at each one's girdle are dropping noiselessly through the white fingers, and their lips are moving in prayer. One is strongly beautiful, with a stately, imperial beauty; but it is etherealized, spiritualized to an unsexed degree, and the flowing serge robes throw out that noble face into fairer relief than could any empress's purple and gold brocade. Both women are wonderfully sweet-faced; these nuns are always so pitying and tender, because their daily and hourly contact with human pain and sin and misery must keep them so. I think, the warm human sympathies in their hearts always were to help always in a faint moment over the child's face and limbs, and the tall, beautiful nun rises quickly, because, well-skilled in death-bed lore, she sees that the end cannot be very far off.

His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty, he touches her thin cheek caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mamma, life me up."

"Yes, my poor lamb, poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gaze wanders around the room as if seeking something, and one of the nuns understanding, goes gently and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and a happiness it always were to the little crippled child, for Jim's little lad was crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly a moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping with painful pauses between each: "Mamma, will there—be—great fields in heaven—an' primroses—an' will I be able to run them? I wouldn't go to Oxrumlin last summer with the boys—'kase I was lame—but they got primroses—an' gay me some."

And it is the nur who answers, for the mother's agonized white lips only stir dimly. "Yes, Jimmy, darling little child, there will be green fields in heaven, and primroses; and you will run and sing, and our dear Lord will be there, and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His feet."

Then she lifts the great crucifix of her rosary, and lays for a moment against the wan baby's lips that smile dimly at her, and the white eyelids fall over the pensive eyes, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly, painlessly into death. And one nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smooths the little fair limbs and passes a loving hand over the transparent eyelids, and the other nun transports poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short interval of rest. And the nun turns to the other, with a sweet, soft fluttering sigh stirring her white mouth, and says, "Poor darling! the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home now comparatively a wealthy man, with money earned by steady industry in the gold fields. There he had worked steadily for three years with always the object coloring his life of atoning for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness, and drunkenness of the camp. He would have been the city, the girl-wife was waiting her feet for death; but the little child, crippled by the drunken father's blow, had never run or played gladly as other children do—never would do those things unless it would be in the wide, green playing fields of heaven.

I will tell you how he found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, and he found then that till morning there was no train to take him home; and with what fierce impatience he thought of the hours of evening and night to be lived through before he could be on his way to his beloved ones, one can imagine. Then he remembered that by a fellow-digger, who parted with him in London, he had been intrusted with a wealth to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a certain sense of relief at the prospect of something to do, he unpacked the wealth from among his belongings on his arrival at the hotel, and, ordering a meal to be ready by his return, he set out for the cemetery.

It was almost dark when he reached it, and not far from closing time, and the wreath deposited, he was on his way to the gate again. Suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing, and turning in the direction from which it proceeded he saw a woman's figure kneeling by a small, poor grave. For the dusk he could hardly see her face, which also was partly turned away from him; but he could see that her hands were pressed tightly to her breast, as if striving to repress the frightful prostrations which were shaking her from head to foot.

Jim was tender and pitiful to women always, and now with a thought of Winnie—for the figure was slight and girlish-looking—he went over and laid his hand very gently on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now, for it's nigh on clostin' time; and, sure, kneelin' on the wet earth in this raw, foggy evenin' is no place for ye, at all, at all."

Hearty Jim came—who saw the golden sheaf of it given to the dame, the honest, proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly neighbor, where neighbors' hands carried her gently, she also went out, a few days later, to join her husband and babes in the churchyard house, whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened, and famine and fever and death came; and the good priest died too—of a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone—for the people, with pain and death shadowing every heartache, were overwhelmed with their own troubles—and poor Winnie and the little crippled son drifted to the city.

And at the times all these things were happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his tent in the evening, gazing gravely away westward, his soul's eyes fixed on a fairer vision than that camp, or the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw the long, green grass, in the pastures at his home in Inisukee. And he saw Winnie—his darling, colloony—coming from the little house-door with her wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and singing, and her step was light; and by her side the little son with cheeks like apple in August, and his violet eyes dancing with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the fat baby hand clutching at the mother's apron, till, with a sudden, tender laugh she swung him in her arms to a throne on her shoulder, wherefrom he shouted so merrily that Cusha, the great gentle white cow, turned about, and ceased for a moment her placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despoilers of her milk.

Oh, how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter, the cruel, the longed-after end, among the few who could have known the life of Jim Daly to join in a sorrow. But the worst living among the diggers knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a gentle, kindly act was done by him in his quiet, unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those beloved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence, and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the goldfields, and he coming on a lucky vein, found himself steadily making a "pile" and so determined that when a certain sum was awarded he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious, and the time occupied in transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him each day nearer home. In his wandering life no letter had ever reached him, but he never doubted that they were all quite safe; and that little peaceful hillside village and cluster of farmsteads, life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient and they managed to pay the rent he asked without the starvation and misery that existed on other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from disease, and the little grave-yard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldom, unless when sometimes an old man or woman came to a patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the sod, but he never saw any sorrow and the gray stars.

This had all been in his day, and he did not know all how things had changed. First, after he had said things had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back to her some day. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed it became worse with time, and as the years slipped by the ailing, puny baby grew into a delicate, gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly.

Then, when she was after Jim went, there came a bad season of crops, and the cow died; and then, fast on these troubles, the kind old landlord died, and his place was taken by a school boy at Eton, and, alas! the agency of his estates was placed in the hands of a certain J. P. and D. L., tales of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their firesides in the winter evenings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by writs, and then the sheriff and the dreaded evicting parties. And one of the first to go was old Mrs. Daly, and when she saw the little brown house whence her young husband, dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose doors one after the other the little frail things dead at birth, had been carried, fell at last her strong

He said, "God's will be dono," mechanically, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lips except over and over again, "Wife and child I wife and child! My little crippled son! My little crippled son!"

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Mamma, I dese you'll h'v to turn the hose on me." "Wly, dear?" "Fausa I've dot my 'lookings on wrong side out."

"Any amusement in this town tonight?" asked the stranger. "I fancy there's going to be lecturs," replied the grocer; "I've been sellin' eggs all day."

Beginning of the Year.—First Imp: "The old man seems to be pretty busy these times." Second Imp: "Yes. This is the time he gets in his paving material, you know."

A Home Out.—Teacher: "What do we learn from the story of Samson?" Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): "That it doesn't pay for ave women folks out a feller's hair."

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Berry wull, massa." "What did you have for your breakfast this morning?" "Well, you see, massa, I had three eggs for myself, and gave me do prof."

An Omission.—Literary Editor: "What a burning of Rome!" Fire Editor: "Yes; but it's incomplete. There isn't a word about the loss to the insurance companies."

Possibly the Explanation.—Benovolent old gentleman (poluting a "rural to village school-children): "Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my home and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me?" Bright Child (innocently): "Pleasee, ar, p'haps yeow folks to 'ar yourself 'eak, ar!"

"My good man," said the reverend lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted each year for tobacco and rum?" "No, mum, I hasn't," answered the object; "it's a-takin' up all my time just now to figger out how many pore families could be supported on the price of the extra cloth women puts in their sleeves!"

One of the Deans of the Exeter Cathedral was walking along one of the lanes adjacent to the city recently, and appeared to have got somewhat out of his stride. He was met by two littleurchins returning from school, when the Dean stopped and asked one of them: "How far is it to the station, my boy?" The lad eyed his knees breeches and short coat, and replied: "About a mile, mister. Woi's up? Yer an' los' yer bicycle, 'ave es?"

This venerable joke turns up in "Tit-Bit": A gentleman calling at a hotel left his umbrella in the stand in the hall with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card has been left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not come back."

There was a storm blowing and the steamship rolled a little. "Captain," said the nervous Colonial Bishop, who was returning homeboard after the Jubilee, "Captain, do you think we are in any danger?" The captain looked grave. "The way the men are swearing in the engine-room is something shocking. Do they know their peril?" whispered the Bishop. "I can assure your Lordship," said the captain, "that the men wouldn't be as much as whisper an oath if there were any danger." The sea grew rougher. Half an hour later the Bishop might have been seen listening to the men's voices over the gangway. "Thank Heaven!" he murmured, "they are at it still!"

St. Joseph's Union.

OTTAWA, April 30.—St. Joseph's Union—French-Canadian benefit society—10-day marks an important event in his history. The first session of the federal council of the union, since its establishment in 1893, will commence this evening, and continue during next week. A grand parade will be held to-morrow morning before mass, and then all will proceed to the Basilica, where service will be held and a special sermon given by Rev. Father Knapp, the Dominican preacher.

HEART HOPE

Based in an Instant After the Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—A Pleasant Relief—Medicine Sold in Bottles and Cases.

I cannot tell you how she broke it to him or in my feeble words speak of this man's dreadful anguish; I only know that when she told him that I was here, he was standing stupidly by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the poor, worn body into the happy burroughs of his arms, and for a minute, in the joy of the reunion, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which he had found her; and mercifully for those first moments the dusk hid from him how deathful was the face his kisses were falling on. Then, suddenly with a dreadful thunderous shock, he remembered where they were standing, and I think even before he cried out to know whose was the grave that in his heart he knew.



