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RELIGION AND SCIENCE

Cardinal Moran's Eloquent Vindication of the Character of the Church as the Mother and Protector of Learning and Culture.

The School the Vestibule of the Sanctuary.

Religion not the Enemy of Intellectual Progress But of that False Progress Which Would Lead us Back to Godless Barbarism.

At the commencement exercises in St. Julia's university College, Sydney, Australia, His Eminence, Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Cardinal Archbishop of the diocese, delivered a most valuable discourse on the relations between the Catholic Church and Science.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In the old and decayed centres of civilization there are to be found scientific men who, in the delirium of their passions or their pride, would bring back paganism with its corruptions and its gloom into our universities and higher schools.

THE CATHEDRAL WAS A TRANSLATION INTO STONE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE. The most poetic testimonial that the hand of man ever raised to the glory of the Creator is the medieval Cathedral. Even Comte has confessed that "the ideas and feelings of man's moral nature have never found so perfect expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of the Middle Ages."

HAS THE CHURCH PROVED HERSELF THE ENEMY OF SCIENCE AND HOSTILE TO INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS?

Let us for a moment accompany the Apostle St. Paul while, bearing his divine commission to the nations, he enters the Areopagus in Athens. This is the great centre of Greek enlightenment, the home of the traditional wisdom and science and polite literature of the Greeks, the University, if I may so call it, in which were grouped the most learned of the philosophers and scientists of the schools of those days.

for he was never weary in searching amid the pursuits of science for the honey of truth. Clement of Alexandria, born in paganism, travelled throughout Greece, Egypt and the East exploring the various schools, in his thirst for knowledge. In the Christian teaching of Christ he found at length the wisdom that satisfied his soul.

centuries were the pillars of truth and adorned alike religion and science no less by their learning and eloquence than by their sanctity? When the Western Empire was overthrown and the spectre of barbarism spread its dark shadow over Europe, nothing good erect except the Church, which was at the same time the sanctuary of literature and science and the guardian of divine truth.

received the laureate wreath. We find at times the literary patronage and protection of the Pontiff extended to men of literary merit, but whose writings were hostile to religion.

was not partial to the Church or to the authority of the Pontiff. Nevertheless, when for his pernicious principles he was condemned by some of the secular states of Italy, he was rescued by the Pope from imprisonment and exile, and the better to ensure his leisure for literary pursuits an honorary place was assigned to him among the household of Leo X. Pontificus was regarded as a free-thinker, and his writings were widely circulated to the times by order of the Venetian Republic.

In the literature the name of Dante, the Christian poet of the thirteenth century, stands alone. He fashioned the Italian language in all its sweetness and led the way in what is called modern enlightenment, and so many were the orders and novelists and poets who followed in his train, that in the language of those days Italy appeared to have become the Parnassus of the new age, which the Muse, driven from Greece, had chosen for her home and cherished abode.

CATHOLIC CULLINGS.

Interesting Items Gleaned from all Quarters of the Globe.

The young Bishop of Ghent, Belgium, Mgr. Lambrecht, is dead. There are 110 colored women in the various sisterhoods in the United States. Ten thousand workmen have already put their names on the lists for the proposed French workmen's pilgrimage to Rome.

The general assembly of the Catholics of Germany is in progress at Bochum, in Westphalia, and will close on the 29th of this month. Several priests and sisters are engaged teaching the Yuma Indians. The country where these poor people live is intensely hot.

The Catholic churches of the United States numbered 7,331 as against 6,231 one year ago, and there are 7,993 clergy as against 7,365 in 1880.

The Indian papers announce that in the last twelve months there have been thousands of conversions to Catholicity among the Kols of the Chota-Nagpore district, in Western Bengal.

Pope Leo XIII. has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory on General de Charette, in recognition of the service he rendered to the Church as commander of the Papal Zouaves.

The Fathers of Reurrection, who have had charge of St. Mary's College, Marion county, Ky., since the summer of 1871 have received orders from their Superior General not to resume classes in September.

There is a movement under way to establish an Italian parish in Providence. With Bishop P. Kim's approval it will be shortly organized by the charge of three priests of the Italian Emigration Union of that city.

Mr. Tomasi, the new Bishop of Breslau was consecrated in the Cathedral of Passavia on the 28th ult. by the Archbishop of Mantua, assisted by the Bishops of Ratisbon and Augsburg. The new Bishop met with an enthusiastic reception from the people.

St. Saviour's Hospital, Knights of the Roman Order of St. Gregory, died in Louisville, Ky., on the 15th ult., leaving an estate valued at about \$100,000. Among his many generous bequests to various institutions, he bequeathed \$10,000 to the Catholic University.

The Rev. Thomas J. McQuigley, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, has been appointed Archbishop of Newark, N. J., and this week entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Md.

A procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Turin was jeered and stoned the other day by the atheistic mob. For the first time the military did not present arms—a thing which even the Turkish soldiers do.

Order of the Holy Ghost, from Pittsburg, Pa. is to be established by the taking of a manual training school for college boys in Philadelphia. He was accompanied by Rev. Father Strub, Superior of the Order of the Holy Ghost in the United States, and by a lay brother.

As a meeting of the Ministerial Council at Paris, Minister of War De Freycinet stated that out of 26,000 officers of the active army 69 had been found guilty of participating in political agitation, and had been dealt with accordingly to the gravity of their offences.

THE IRISH DUNGEONS.

The Home Rule Party Show Up the Fifth of Balfour's Irish Prisoners.

LONDON, August 23.—In the House of Commons this evening, in the debate on the Prisons vote, an attack was made upon the treatment of Irish political prisoners. The case of Mr. Conynbare having been referred to, Mr. Balfour announced that Mr. Conynbare was now cured, and the only question was as to the origin of his disease.

Mr. Blane gave his experiences in London-derry jail. He declared that prisoners were never sent to hospital until they were nearly dying. He had seen prisoners arrive suffering from lice. The closets were filthy. He and other prisoners had been exhibited from the balcony to female friends of officials.

Mr. Sexton violently attacked Mr. Balfour's allusion to Mr. Balfour's imprisonment. He intended no insinuation. Mr. Sexton, continuing, described the London-derry jail as a pest-house where prisoners contracted fever and were thrust out to die. He detailed one case of fever, and another murder.

Mr. Balfour said familiarly with such attacks induced contempt. He produced statistics to show that there was a lower rate of mortality in Irish than in English prisons. Mr. Sexton, complaining of a personal attack drew an indirect rebuke from the chair on both himself and Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Parnell in the course of his speech contended that taking pickings was ill paid work and endeavor was made to compensate even for his own by reducing the food supply. The result was the permanent debilitation of the prisoners. For himself he was convinced the Irish prisoners were half starved. They ought to be provided with plenty of remunerative work and should be better fed.

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PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

What Catholic Priests Did for the Faith Here in North America.

Rev. John M. Mackey, Ph. D., of the Cincinnati Cathedral, gave the following interesting history in response to the song, "The Church in the United States," at the silver jubilee banquet given in honor of Rev. A. H. Walburg on Tuesday week.

In 1585 a Franciscan father named Mark arrived in New Mexico. The next year he was reinforced by the arrival of five more fathers. The most successful among this band of missionaries to the Americans was John de Padilla.

Eighteen years later came Rodriguez Lopez and Santa Maria, whose labors were so successful that they planned the faith so firmly that it has never ceased to abide in that land until the present time. Indeed, no Catholic in New Mexico has ever long one State in the Union will be known as wholly Catholic.

Fr. Andrew de Almo evangelized many Americans in Texas. In the same year the Dominicans added a jewel to their crown in the person of Louis Chancel, who was martyred in Florida, as he effected a landing in Tampa Bay, bearing the message of redemption to the Greeks and a Cherokee. Many other Dominicans suffered martyrdom in this field. In 1591, Fr. Pedro de Ribadeneira, who had been sent to the island of St. Augustine, was followed by other devoted missionary hands, who tilled the soil and planted where the harvest is so abundant.

The Jesuit Fathers and the disciples of St. Francis labored with success in Canada and in the North in Acadia, which comprised Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, and by the waters of the great inland seas, the St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence, established missions in Carolina and Virginia, and coasted as far north as the Chesapeake, which they called St. Mary's Bay. They suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Indians, and of want and fatigue in the wild forests. They were followed by other devoted missionary hands, who tilled the soil and planted where the harvest is so abundant.

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WHAT IT MEANS.

Different Interpretations of the Familiar Monogram I. H. S.

We clip the following from one of our Australian exchanges:—"The meaning of the letters I. H. S.?" That question has often been answered; but to refresh the memory of our readers it may be said that the precise meaning of the letters I. H. S. has been a matter of much dispute.

The Rev. Mr. Marchand, for twenty-four years parish priest of Drummondville, P. Q., has been removed to the parish of Nicoles. His parishioners were unwilling to let him go and petitioned Bishop Gravel asking him to let him remain in that parish. The reverend father had taught them to love temperance, and they thought that his going away would be detrimental to the cause. The bishop, however, could not see his way clear to grant their request, but promised them as worthy a successor as possible.

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PHENIXOR.

When my happy childhood's days, My path I humbly trod, In innocent and peaceful ways Into the Church of God;

"On this bleak earth thou comest, Oh! Lord, To rescue us from sin, Upon the Cross to die for us, Our sinful souls to win."

My heart is heavy now, Oh! God, For since those days ago I've wander'd from the path— My life, a life of woe.

But kneeling here, before Thy throne, In bitter, heartfelt grief, Oh! may I ask Thee, gracious Lord, To give my soul relief.

J. R. M.

WHAT ARE THEY?

Faithful and Theologians, but not Politicians—The Society of Jesus.

From the Catholic Columbian we borrow an extract from an admirable lecture delivered by Father Eis, of Columbia, Ohio, on the subject of the "Jesuits." This lecture is one of the clearest contributions to the literature and learning of the day.

Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order, was a soldier. He was a worldly man, whose martial training had not been marked by piety. Wounded at the battle of Pampelona he found, during his convalescence, nothing to read but a volume of Lives of the Saints.

As soon as he was well, he gave himself up to the new life, and, in order to fit himself for it, went back to school. He finally sought the university of Paris and there made the acquaintance of St. Francis Xavier, and other students, to whom he communicated his spiritual ideas and whom he soon filled with his own spirit.

With them as a nucleus, he laid down the rules of his organization, which he fashioned on military lines, and to which he gave laws that would admit of its indefinite expansion and aims that would embrace every work of charity that leads to the greater glory of God.

The Jesuits began to increase and to spread. St. Ignatius used sometimes to sit in his room with a map of the world out spread before him, and seeing the many places that were left without the knowledge of Christ, would sigh because he had not missionaries enough to send to every tribe and people.

He sent St. Francis Xavier to the far East. This Jesuit missionary traversed India and Japan and was about to enter China when he died. He did more wonderful work than St. Paul. He often baptized so many converts in a day that at night he could no longer raise his arm from exhaustion.

The Jesuits came early to America. They discovered the Mississippi. They penetrated the Rocky Mountains. They were the beloved Black Robes of the Indians. They established the famous missions in Paraguay. In China, they became Mandarins; in India they adopted the manners of the Brahmans; in Canada they were taken into the Indian tribes; in South America, they adapted themselves to the customs of the country—everywhere all things to all men that they might lead them all to Christ.

But they did not all go to heathen countries. Europe was the first field of their activity. In the South of Germany, for instance, they saved the people from the new heresies. In Spain and France and elsewhere on that continent they were teachers, preachers, administrators of the Sacraments, every where useful to God and men.

The Jesuits are patriots. They have made it a rule of their Order to adopt the manners of the people among whom they dwell, to speak their language, and to identify themselves with them so far as their best interests are concerned.

The Jesuits are theologians. In all disputes, their teachers, like Maldonado, are consulted. They have examined every question, down to the latest scientific theories that impugn the dogmas of revelation. And all their teaching is pervaded by the truth—"Thou art Peter and upon this rock, I will build my Church."

In their moral theology they have been calculated. It is said that they teach that the end justified the means. In no book written by them is there anything to be found that has been repeatedly made of a thousand dollars reward to any one who will produce an authorized work of theirs which contains that doctrine.

They oppose Luther's and Calvin's doctrine of total depravity, for if man is totally depraved he has no free will. Hence, in overthrowing this falsehood, the Jesuits upheld the banner of human liberty.

They showed that faith alone will not save without good works, as the Scripture says that God will render to every man according to his works. They were the first to foster devotion to the Sacred Heart. They founded the first sodality.

They practice what they preach. By their fruits they asked to be judged. On the battlefield, in the hospital, at the bedside of the plague-stricken, in the virgin forests of the new world, in the jungles of Africa, in every spiritual and corporal work of mercy, the Jesuits are found. By their fruits you shall know them.

They have devoted themselves especially to the work of education. In the most primary classes of the highest orders in universities, Jesuits are at work to-day, and the training their pupils receive is thorough sound and lasting.

The Jesuits are not politicians. The Jesuits are forbidden by rule to meddle in partisan political contentions. They teach respect for constituted authority and other doctrines that make peaceful, law-abiding, industrious, honest and honorable citizens.

In this country they are to be found in many places. Their lives are open to the world. They live in the service of God and man. They go about their mission of peace, fulfilling their duties of charity and of self-sacrifice.

See, as teachers, pastors, missionaries, and the world is benefited by them at every turn. They, and we all, Catholics, desire to live in peace with our non-Catholic neighbors, desiring no contest, seeking neither strife nor unjust superiority, but wishing only that truth may be known and that the hearts of all may be won by charity and there be brought under the yoke of Christ.

THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

A Teaching Order with 12,000 Members—Their Discipline and Work.

Of the daily life of a Brother of the Christian Schools but little is known to the outside world.

He is known as a religious teacher, as one devoted wholly to the Christian education of youth. But the requirements of community life are rarely brought to the notice of even pious Catholics.

As a religious, self-abnegation, retirement from the pomp and vanities of the world, enter largely into his every-day life. Only prayerfulness, study, heroic forgetfulness of self, can ensure his success in the vocation to which God has called him. Early merriment sees him up and bowed in adoration before his Creator. Mental prayer and Holy Mass bestidly usher in a day to be employed in God's service. Then study, careful study, prepares his mind for the tasks of the school-room.

When the Blessed De La Salle founded this Order it was his intention to combine the contemplative with the active life. He thus pointed out to those who would be called to this Institute a means to reach a high degree of perfection. For this end he gave them rules specifying each and every action of the day, the time, manner and place in which it was to be performed. The rules written by the blessed founder are still obeyed in their entirety.

In his class-room the Brother views each of the little ones confided to his care as a charge for which he is responsible to Christ Himself. His rules enjoin the practice of the virtues that ought to adorn the Christian master. Wisdom, piety, patience, most characteristic of his proceedings. On no occasion must he allow an opportunity of forming the mind and heart of his pupils to virtue to escape.

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools wishes each member to be a model in the school-room. School duties terminated, he betakes himself once more to study and prayer. In the peaceful society of his brethren his life is passed untroubled by turmoil and undisturbed by the exactions of a selfish world.

The details of the life of a Christian Brother are as follows: He rises at 4.30 o'clock every morning in the year; goes to the chapel at 5 o'clock for morning prayer and meditation, both of which last one hour. He then assists at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to call down God's blessing on his labor of the day.

After having breakfasted he again goes to the chapel and says six decades of the Rosary to place his little flock under the protection of the Most Blessed Virgin; after which he betakes himself to his class-room, there to carry out the words of our Blessed Lord, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." In his class-room the Brother makes himself all to that he may gain souls to Christ. He joins with happiness in the innocent amusements of the little ones. Whilst exercising the office of master he guides and directs with the heart of a father. After finishing his class duties he seeks rest and retirement before the Blessed Sacrament in meditation. Evening beholds him enjoying recreation in the company of his brothers.

At half-past eight he goes to the chapel to say night prayer, and at 9 o'clock he returns. The members of the order throughout the world number 15,000 and are scattered among all the continents of the globe. Their work is chiefly confined to the education of boys in common schools and asylums. Certain of their members are bound by the solemn vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, while others have only temporary to be kept for a number of years. In general the life is exacting and severe, and those who lead it with regard to the letter and the spirit both are worthy of the respect and affection of sincere men. Wherever the Brothers have had an opportunity to establish themselves their work has challenged the admiration of experienced men, while their character has won for them the strong affection of the parents whose children are confided to their care. —Northwest Review.

480 ACRES FREE.

Dakota offers a free claim, a pre-emption and a homestead—in all, 480 acres—free to each settler. The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry. reaches the Devil's Lake, the Turtle Mountain and Mouse River land districts. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

The History of the "Hall Mary."

The "Hall Mary," as we now recite it, dates from the year 1515; originally it consisted only of the words of the arch-angel and St. Elizabeth. Pope Gregory the Great (590-604) ordered this psalm "Hall Mary" to be said at the Offertory of the Mass of the fourth Sunday in Advent, and there we find it as follows: "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum, Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictio fructus ventris tui." "Hall Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." In the thirteenth century, according to Durandus, it was recited after the "Our Father" in beginning the divine office. Pope Urban IV. in 1263 added the holy name of Jesus after the Scriptural sentence, as the devotion of the faithful had introduced the name Mary after the first greeting. ("Grandoeles, l'Anden Sacramentaire de l'Eglise," vol. I, 1649, p. 419). The title "Hall Mary, pray for us sinners, Amen," was made in 1508, and the Franciscans were accustomed to say, "now and at the hour of our death." A few years later Pope Pius V. showed his approbation of the prayer, as we now have it, by allowing its insertion in the Roman Breviary.

The Greek Church has employed the words of the angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth in her rituals from the earliest days of St. James and Basil, and claims to have received the addition "Hall Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," as early as the Council of Ephesus, in the beginning of the fifth century. It is an undeniable fact that the Greeks had the "Hall Mary," almost as complete as we have it now, as early as 647. St. Saverios, Patriarch of Alexandria, wrote in his formula of the Sacrament of Baptism in the following manner: "Peace be to thee, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit that is in thy womb, Jesus Christ, Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, I say, sinners, Amen."—Grandoeles.

It was in about this form that St. Hildon, Bishop of Toledo, knew the Hall Mary, 900 years ago. Still the Western Church did not accept it as a general prayer until the

eight century. From the time of the Crusades it became the custom to say the "Hall Mary" every morning and night at the sound of the church bells. Pope Urban II, 1090, ordained that from the day of the army of the Crusades started, the church bells should ring thrice—morning, noon, and night—to remind the faithful to recite this prayer. There exists a document from Rudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1185, by which he urges his priests to see that the people know and recite the "Hall Mary." From that time forward the sweet "Hall Mary" became the universal prayer of the Christian world.

St. Bonaventure at the general chapter of the Franciscans, held at Pisa in 1222, ordered his religious to encourage the faithful in honoring the mystery of the Incarnation by saying the "Hall Mary" three times at the sound of the church bells toward evening. Hence the ringing of the Angelus bell, which became a general practice in the Franciscan Order. On the 13th of October, 1318, Pope John XXII. issued a bull at Avignon, by which he indulged this pious practice. But the indulgences which are now attached to this devotion were not given until the 14th of September, 1724, when Pope Benedict XIII granted them by the brief "Injanota Nobis."

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

When we Meet Them we Wonder that Everybody does not Imitate Them.

We are sometimes surprised to find how many pleasant people there are sojourning on this earth. How ready they are to say and do pleasant things, and fill the world with "sweetness and light" for others.

Sometimes when we least expect it, when it has seemed to us as if almost everybody was made up on the bias, so to speak, we suddenly happen upon one of these pleasant people, and the whole complexion of things is changed. They make a dull day cheerful; they have something of the same effect in a room as an open fire or a bouquet of flowers; or they are like the trill of a brook hidden in a still wood, or the unexpected whistle of a bird in early spring. They make us feel for the nonce as if every body were as pleasant as they are. There is a charm about them which is reflected upon their atmosphere, which to analyze would be like "mistrusting the sunbeam."

We cannot always explain exactly why they are so pleasant; they may not be beautiful; they are often, indeed, what those who insist upon symmetry and harmony as the first principles of beauty, would call plain; they are not always robust people, who raise our spirits by the mere fact of their strength and health, they are sometimes invalids, who spend their days upon the couch, with pain as a companion; they are not people of leisure, with nothing to do but make themselves agreeable, but often the busiest mortals under the sun; they are not always the wisest or the most clever among our acquaintances; they possess a magic superior to all these, which dwells in the wit and cleverness of all others, and makes these of small value besides their own attractiveness.

Perhaps their spell resides in the fact that they have the kind of common sense which may be said to amount to genius in dividing the feelings and the judgments of others, by making themselves acceptable, for making us pleased with themselves. An aroma of good nature pervades their neighborhood; they have essentially that "sweet, attractive sort of grace" of which the poets sing. When we meet them we wonder that everybody has not attempted to imitate them, that everybody does not acknowledge their excellence and best of all, that it seems as easy for them to be delighted as it is for a rose to be sweet or a star to shine. They always say the right thing; they never remind us, if we are rich to-day, that we were poor yesterday. They never repeat the disagreeable things others have said of us, nor criticize our friends in our presence, nor snub or embarrass us.

How the Dutch Insure Their Workmen.

An interesting experiment in workmen's insurance is being made in Amsterdam. The leading idea of the promoters is that the question is one which can be better dealt with by voluntary co-operation than by the State system of insurance for old age projected in Germany, but at the same time a State guarantee for the premiums to be paid by employers and workmen jointly is desired. The "Employers' Union of the Netherlands," which has initiated the scheme, propose to secure to workmen now in or in future entering the service of members a pension of at least 5s per week after their sixtieth year, and not payable before their fiftieth, by the contribution on the part of the employers of at least 3d per man per week toward the premium. The balance to be paid by the workman would vary according to his age on commencing payments from 1 1/2d at 21 to 8d at 35. In the case of apprentices under fifteen, the payment of the whole premium is made by the employer until he is twenty-one, after which he would only have to pay 3d per week in order to enjoy his pension of 5s weekly at sixty.

The State income tax system may be viewed as a right at the moment as a slim, the citizen is to pay his own dues. In the case of those citizens, however, who do not possess the means of paying a truly socialist clause provides that the dues shall be paid by the local commune or parish of which he is a member. For every such person the commune is to pay 18 kronen yearly into the National Insurance Office. This amount of contribution has been calculated upon the returns of the census of 1886. The "insurance obligation" of the citizen begins with his nineteenth year with 25c weekly, which he will continue to pay until his twenty-eighth year. The enjoyment of his annual pension of 72 kronen a year will begin on his sixtieth birthday. Any one who pleases and is able to do so may pay 1 kronen 25c weekly, whereby he will earn an annual income of 432 kronen at his sixtieth year, or, if he prefers it, an income of 138 kronen for the remainder of life at his forty-fifth year. Employers, domestic or commercial, are to pay for their servants, but have the right to deduct the sum from their wages. Every case seems to have been taken to meet the weak points of any such scheme. Thus the weak point of a fund to be established by benevolent contributions, from which the premiums of the workman will be paid when they are incapacitated from continuing their contributions from causes beyond their own control. Should the payment of the premium cease the contributions will not be lost, as a corresponding amount will be paid after the sixtieth year. Again, if a workman wishes his pension to begin at fifty, that can be arranged, but it will be proportionately smaller in amount; or, if he wishes it to be postponed beyond the sixtieth year the payments will increase. Workmen who have already passed the age of thirty are not likely to gain any benefit from the scheme, owing to the heavy premium, but for the young generation it offers a security for old age on the payment of an infinitesimal weekly sum.

Masculine Vanity.

"Yes," said the little woman with the dark eyes and sensitive mouth to a Chicago Journal man, "men are awfully vain creatures." She is employed in a State street hair-dressing establishment where many ladies call every day in order to have their tresses washed, curled, frizzed, crimped or otherwise attended to by lady operators. When pressed for an explanation of her statements, the little woman continued: "We do not care for male customers at our store, but, of course, we can't put up a sign, 'No gentlemen need apply,' or 'For ladies only,' or something like that, and if male customers appear we have to look after them—a handsome blonde man—I know he's a drummer, because of his curled mustache and the compliments he pays me—whose hair I wash and dress for him about twice a week, tell me that he has no use for men barbers any more. But you ought to see him watch me at my work and criticize every thing I do. He's very polite, but if he isn't suited with my work he gets awful cross. And when I have finished with him he sits for fully twenty minutes staring into the glass and smiling at the reflection of his own beauty. There are others who come there who are not nearly so handsome, but quite as particular. One or two of them scold dreadfully, but they are all alike so far as being struck on their personal loveliness is concerned. I can forgive that dear drummer, because he's handsome enough to make anybody conceited, but that the men who are ugly as Jim-crows and don't know it. Would I like to keep all the men in the shop? Yes, I would, all but the drummer. Oh, go on, now; you're trying to have fun with me, aren't you? But men are awfully vain creatures."

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

—AT THE TIME OF THE—

CRUCIFIXION.

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by the thousands of people who have seen it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificence of conception, beauty of color, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous work, almost worth coming many miles to see, apart from the CITY, MOUNT OLIVET, MORIAH, MIZPAH and ZION. This grand PANORAMA to be seen at the CYCLOPAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urban streets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 p.m. Street cars pass the door.

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HOSTESS AND GUEST.

Their Respective Duties Ably Defined by a Lady Writer.

The first duty of the hostess is to make her guests acquainted with each other, writes Jane Allen in the Christian Union. In some circles it is considered etiquette not to introduce, but, as a young lady justly observed:—"It may be etiquette, but it is not a polite etiquette." The very origin of "introductions" suggests its limitations. It means nothing more than "a ticket," and was at first the token tag on a bundle indicating its contents. To-day it represents the mark placed by society on its approved usages, and may be freely translated by "good form." It is, of course, only a mirror which reflects ever change of fashion while politeness is substantial and permanent expression of good will and kind feeling.

If we accept it as the dictate of courtesy that one's guests should be introduced, it follows that they should be introduced in such a way as to make it easy to fall into conversation. It is not necessary that the hostess should present Mr. Smith as "the Australian explorer," or Miss Brown as "the author of that charming poem in the Age." Such an introduction is most necessitates a personal turn to the conversation, and makes it decidedly awkward for the other person, who may never have heard of the Australian expedition or the poem. In nothing is the skill of the hostess so clearly shown as in this word with which she shoves the boat of new acquaintance off the social strand. A hint of some topic in which the guests introduced are mutually interested, an allusion to an acquaintance which they hold in common, a mention of some place, book or picture familiar to both, launches them successfully; and the hostess may turn to her other guests with her mind at ease. If she is wise, she will have asked several persons, preferably young girls, to act as assistant hostesses, to share the duties of introducing and entertaining. She will also have invited several more men than women, in order to have a circulating medium; as a man may without awkwardness be left standing alone, a woman never.

Nothing in the line of party-giving is so easy as a small evening party. It is often pleasant to see a man as an assistant hostess, to share the duties of introducing and entertaining. She will also have invited several more men than women, in order to have a circulating medium; as a man may without awkwardness be left standing alone, a woman never. Nothing in the line of party-giving is so easy as a small evening party. It is often pleasant to see a man as an assistant hostess, to share the duties of introducing and entertaining. She will also have invited several more men than women, in order to have a circulating medium; as a man may without awkwardness be left standing alone, a woman never.

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ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

A Jeweler Chats About the Kind of Mottoes Engraved in Them.

"What kind of mottoes are engraved in engagement rings? Well, usually ancient ones, sometimes in old English letters. You see the fashion of having mottoes, or 'poetes' as they were called, in rings, is very old. It was quite common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both for betrothed and wedding rings, and just now is being revived. An English firm of jewelers has published a little pamphlet on the subject, giving examples of 'poetes' found on rings which have belonged to celebrated people, some of them in English, others in Latin, French and German. One, in the ring with which Bishop Bede wedded his wife, runs: 'Bene parere parare det mihi Deus.'—'God make me a good mother and an obedient housewife.' I don't imagine there will be many orders given for that motto nowadays. 'The poetes were either double or single, the double ones being usually verbs, and the single lighter in tone. A favorite in the seventeenth century was: 'God our love continue ever, That we in Heaven may dwell together.' 'And another: 'Let him never take a wife, Who will not love her as his life.' 'A six century gentlemen felt confidence in his future happiness when he had inscribed in his wife's wedding ring: 'I did, then commit no folly, When I married my sweet Molly.' 'And another justified his matrimonial plunge by: 'Tis fit men should not be alone, Which made Tom to marry Jane. 'Single poetes are more popular now, and not many modern rings are large enough to admit of two lines. Some of the old single poetes which are being used are: 'God above send peace and love; 'God and thee may comfort be; 'Love me little, love me long; 'I bid adieu to all but you; 'This and my heart; 'Love me and leave me not.' 'Sometimes we have an order to engrave a few words from Browning. The last of 'Lone Among the Ruins,' seems to be a favorite, and also several quotations from Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.' Occasionally some one comes in and orders an inscription in which there seems no earthly sense, but it is intelligible enough, I suppose, to the particular fiancée for whom it is intended. 'Solitary rings are not in fashion any more for engagements. Half hoop are considered the proper thing now, either one row of stones or two, like this one, with diamonds and rubies. Burned topaz is coming in once more. It was very much worn about forty years ago, and people who have jewelry of that date will find it useful. The prettiest bracelet we have in the place has two rows of burned topaz, each stone included in a ring of small diamonds."—Chicago News.

Rivers of Burning Oil.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 21.—At 3 o'clock this morning an explosion occurred in the refinery of A. D. Miller, Allegheny City. Theorist Miller, engineer of the establishment, is missing, and doubtless perished. The fire swept all before it, starting from the gasoline still which was the cause of the explosion. A tank of white oil was the first to ignite, but was soon followed by a large receptacle of the ordinary brand, and 25,000 barrels were ablaze at once. Near the corner of Proble avenue and Adams street stood a cooper shop, a long brick building, stered with empty barrels and with rows of them standing outside. The latter were soon on fire, and it seemed but a question of a few minutes when those inside must follow. Within 15 minutes the entire square, except a narrow strip along Proble avenue, was one mass of flames. At half-past five o'clock the fire was under control; so far as containing the flames within their original limits were concerned. The destruction of the refinery is practically total. The plant was valued at \$225,000. The insurance, if any, is light.

ALWAYS BEHINDHAND.

An Exasperating Habit Which Causes Much Irritation and Discomfort.

Numbers of good people are spoiled by their habit of being behindhand. For it is a habit, and it can be overcome by a little will, and a good deal of perseverance. We have noticed that a man who is always punctual, usually is married to a woman who is never quite ready, and vice versa, and nobody knows, or will know till the books are balanced at the final winding up, how much mental and moral wear and fret there is about such a union. These every-day martyrs are so common that nobody notices them, and yet it surely must be easier to die once at the stake, seeing as all have got to die some day, than it is to live on for fifty years—three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours to a year—with a "partner" who is never quite ready, but who is going to be "in just a few minutes."

The punctual woman has her meals ready on the stroke of the clock, and her unpunctual husband knows that they will be ready, he stops, and does a little or work that, and the potatoes get cold, and the beef-steak tastes like tough leather in consequence. The man who is on time has to sit round drumming his fingers on the window-pane, and fingering the curtain pole, and making himself disagreeable generally, waiting while the unpunctual wife gets things on the table, and wonders what does make men folks so fidgety. And that man suffers a small martyrdom while he is waiting, and if he does not swear about it, put it down to his credit, or, recording angel. An unpunctual person never can conceive what a trial it is to a punctual one to have to wait, and wait, for what could just as well have been attended to in time. You are going somewhere at ten o'clock. You tell your wife to be ready at the time. You hurry to keep your appointment, and you keep it. She knows that you will. But she thinks there is plenty of time. People who are invariably behindhand always think there is time enough. That is the root that splits on. You come home and find her not ready. But she tells you reassuringly that she has only got to change her dress and comb her hair, and see about dinner, and it will only take a few minutes. And by bitter experience you know that it will take a good hour to accomplish all these things. Of course you fret, and you keep calling out up the stairway to know what in the dickens she is about, and you tell her that you could have built the City of Jerusalem in the time she has been combing her hair and getting into another dress, and you get out of doors, and stamp about in the yard to pass the time away, and you resolve that the next time you ask her to go anywhere with you, you won't ask her. So we say to all our friends, do try and be ready when the time to be ready comes. It would save so much discomfort, so much irritation, so much friction and fret. And it is just as easy after you make up your mind to it. Try it—try it in earnest—ye who are always behindhand, and see if we are not right.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Pleasure of Editing.

Editing a paper says a provincial editor, is a pleasing thing. If it contain too much political matter, people won't have it; if it contains too little, they won't have it. If the type is too large, it doesn't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it. If telegraphic reports are published, some folks say they are nothing but shashes up; if they are omitted, they say there is a want of enterprise. If we put in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle-head; if we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving them selections; if we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not giving them what they have not read in some other paper. If we give a man complimentary notices we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say we are a great bore. If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous; if we do not do it in their wishes, the paper is not fit to be in their homes. If we attend church, they say it is only for effect; if we do not they denounce us as a desecrated and desecrated wicked. If we speak well of any act; folks say we dare not do otherwise; if we censure, they call us a traitor. If we remain in our office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows; if we go about a bit, they say we had better stay at home and get on with our work. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.—Ex.

Coughlin Would Confess.

CHICAGO, August 21.—Coughlin, one of the Cronin prisoners, is reported as losing flesh, sleeping poorly and even shows symptoms of insanity. It is reported that three times he has asked to see the State Attorney, but each time countermanded the order. It is said Coughlin's wife is breaking down, and she has been urging him to reach an understanding with the State Attorney. Prisoner Woodruff has drawn a picture of his own execution and has presented it to a deputy sheriff. The police claim to have discovered a tinSmith who has identified Marvin Barko as the man for whom he solders. The tin box as the Monday following the Cronin tragedy, and which is thought to have held Cronin's clothes. Another tin box was soldered for the suspect, and is supposed to have held the instrument case.

GOVERNMENT LAND IN DAKOTA.

Millions of acres of free government land in the Mouse River, Turtle Mountain and Devils Lake regions of Dakota, near the great markets of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, are to be secured to the State. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. P., M. & M. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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Numbers of good people are spoiled by their habit of being behindhand. For it is a habit, and it can be overcome by a little will, and a good deal of perseverance. We have noticed that a man who is always punctual, usually is married to a woman who is never quite ready, and vice versa, and nobody knows, or will know till the books are balanced at the final winding up, how much mental and moral wear and fret there is about such a union. These every-day martyrs are so common that nobody notices them, and yet it surely must be easier to die once at the stake, seeing as all have got to die some day, than it is to live on for fifty years—three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours to a year—with a "partner" who is never quite ready, but who is going to be "in just a few minutes."

The punctual woman has her meals ready on the stroke of the clock, and her unpunctual husband knows that they will be ready, he stops, and does a little or work that, and the potatoes get cold, and the beef-steak tastes like tough leather in consequence. The man who is on time has to sit round drumming his fingers on the window-pane, and fingering the curtain pole, and making himself disagreeable generally, waiting while the unpunctual wife gets things on the table, and wonders what does make men folks so fidgety. And that man suffers a small martyrdom while he is waiting, and if he does not swear about it, put it down to his credit, or, recording angel. An unpunctual person never can conceive what a trial it is to a punctual one to have to wait, and wait, for what could just as well have been attended to in time. You are going somewhere at ten o'clock. You tell your wife to be ready at the time. You hurry to keep your appointment, and you keep it. She knows that you will. But she thinks there is plenty of time. People who are invariably behindhand always think there is time enough. That is the root that splits on. You come home and find her not ready. But she tells you reassuringly that she has only got to change her dress and comb her hair, and see about dinner, and it will only take a few minutes. And by bitter experience you know that it will take a good hour to accomplish all these things. Of course you fret, and you keep calling out up the stairway to know what in the dickens she is about, and you tell her that you could have built the City of Jerusalem in the time she has been combing her hair and getting into another dress, and you get out of doors, and stamp about in the yard to pass the time away, and you resolve that the next time you ask her to go anywhere with you, you won't ask her. So we say to all our friends, do try and be ready when the time to be ready comes. It would save so much discomfort, so much irritation, so much friction and fret. And it is just as easy after you make up your mind to it. Try it—try it in earnest—ye who are always behindhand, and see if we are not right.—N. Y. Weekly.

The pleasure of editing. Editing a paper says a provincial editor, is a pleasing thing. If it contain too much political matter, people won't have it; if it contains too little, they won't have it. If the type is too large, it doesn't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it. If telegraphic reports are published, some folks say they are nothing but shashes up; if they are omitted, they say there is a want of enterprise. If we put in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle-head; if we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving them selections; if we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not giving them what they have not read in some other paper. If we give a man complimentary notices we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say we are a great bore. If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous; if we do not do it in their wishes, the paper is not fit to be in their homes. If we attend church, they say it is only for effect; if we do not they denounce us as a desecrated and desecrated wicked. If we speak well of any act; folks say we dare not do otherwise; if we censure, they call us a traitor. If we remain in our office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows; if we go about a bit, they say we had better stay at home and get on with our work. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.—Ex.



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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1899

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 23, St. Augustine. THURSDAY, Aug. 24, Beheading of St. John Baptist.

THE betrothal of the last unmarried niece of Leo XIII., with Count Salvatore Salimei, a member of the Guardia Nobile, will soon be announced.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Toronto Globe is authority for the statement that four persons were last year expelled from the Benevolent Order of Sons of England in Canada: two for drunkenness, one for maligning the society, and one for marrying a Roman Catholic woman.

IRELAND'S population has increased from 175,000,000 in 1800 to 350,000,000 in 1899. Ireland's population during this century has decreased from 9,000,000 to 4,500,000.

AMONG the innumerable letters of congratulation received by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on the occasion of their golden wedding none were more happily conceived or more beautifully worded than that of Cardinal Manning, referring to "our long climb up those eighty steps," and expressing his warm sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy and Mrs. Gladstone's indefatigable zeal in works of charity.

REFERRING to his advanced age, Mr. Gladstone said on a recent occasion: "Lord Palmerston is the only person who ever attained to the rank of Prime Minister of this country that I have not already outstripped and left behind me. And the distance between Lord Palmerston and myself is now so short that, if my days be prolonged but to a small extent, he may be in the rear and I in the front."

Messrs. Balfour, Goeben and Chamberlain have put in legislative shape an Irish land scheme. It deals with Ireland as consisting of two distinct parts. The poor Western district, covering an area of 7,000,000 acres, and having a population of 1,800,000, is to be acquired by the State by compulsory measures.

THE following tribute to the inestimable services rendered by the late Cardinal Massias to religion and civilization we find in a non-Catholic exchange:—"Cardinal William Massias died in Naples on August 6. He was born in 1809, and was created a Cardinal in 1894. He was one of the many heroes sent into the wild places of the earth by the Church to teach and preach, to convert and civilize. One need not be a Catholic to admire these men and respect them for their deep, unquestioning devotion. The work appointed for this Capuchin monk took him to Shoa, a land bordering on Abyssinia. His adventures in the kingdom of Menelik would make a strange romance. For years he was a power in Shoa, second only to the King, who claims descent from Solomon. He baptized thousands, and was greatly honored of his royal patron. Thanks to his efforts Shoa was thrown open to Europeans, some of whom repaid the confidence reposed in them but scornfully.

The Irish Prisons.

The brave William O'Brien has again been sentenced to a two months' term in the late Irish prisons so appropriately described in a recent debate as the worst of disease breeding pestholes. It is scarcely to be expected that the Irish Secretary will make a thorough sanitary inspection of these prisons. He does not take any interest in it, as he cares nothing for what becoms of the men he hates, and regards their suffering with complacent equanimity. The sad case of Mr. Conynbears has elicited considerable sympathy on both sides of the House, irrespective of political affinities, and the brutal Balfour administration of affairs in Ireland is coming to be regarded in its true light even by the Tories.

The Italian Penal Code.

In view of the present persistent persecution of our Holy Father, the Pope, by the Italian government it may be interesting to quote the articles of the new penal code with regard to the Italian clergy, and which come into vigor on January 1st 1900. "Article 182: A church minister who in exercising his office publicly blames and despises institutions and laws of the State; or the actions of the authorities, is punished with detention varying from a few days to a year, and a fine varying to 1,000 francs.

"Article 183—A church minister who taking advantage of his position, excites contempt of the institutions, of the laws, or of the action of the authorities, is punished with detention varying from three months to two years, and a fine varying from 500 to 3,000 francs, with the interdiction, either perpetual or temporary, of the ecclesiastical right. If the fault has been publicly committed the detention may be prolonged to three years. Article 184: When a church minister, taking advantage of his position, commits a fault differing from those prescribed in the above articles the punishment will vary with the case and will be increased by a third or a sixth." The legislation distinctly aims at legalizing the system of flagrant injustice already inaugurated by the government against the Church. The government are actually preparing additional prison room in view of the expected large number of clerical "criminals."

A Hope—Will it be Realized?

The following editorial paragraph appears in the St. John's, Newfoundland, Colonist of 17th inst:—

"Amongst the passengers by the steamer Coban, for the round trip, from Montreal, is Mr. J. J. Curran, the distinguished lawyer and parliamentarian of that city. We regret that his stay here will be so short; that he will not have an opportunity of seeing much of the metropolis of Newfoundland. He called upon His Lordship, the Most Reverend Doctor Power, this morning, and having been shown the cathedral, convent and Christian Brothers' school he expressed himself much pleased with the progress of religion and education in this colony. Our readers will remember that Mr. Curran was the mover of the anti-coercion resolution which passed unanimously in the House of Commons. He is an Irish Canadian, of whom his countrymen may feel proud, and we hope soon to see him occupy a position for which he is eminently fitted—a seat in the Canadian Cabinet."

Mr. Curran is more fortunate than we are told even a prophet has a right to expect. For while the above shows he is honored abroad, he is decidedly not without honor in his own country. The hope which the Colonist expresses is sincerely joined in by Mr. Curran's fellow-Catholics of this Province—and this irrespective of party predilections. The member for Montreal Centre occupies, and has for some years occupied, the most honorable position in the gift of the English-speaking Catholics of this Province. While some have differed from his political views, all, we think, are agreed as to his ability and high character. His own political party certainly should have registered to his credit a long list of unselfish services which, so far, have not met that reward which a less self-sacrificing man would long since have insisted upon receiving. With that party rests the recognition of those services,—and so an outsider it seems strange that they have not hitherto thought proper to fittingly recognize them. However, that is a matter between them and the gentleman himself.

There is another point of view from which the matter is to be regarded. As we have said the hope expressed by our esteemed contemporary in the above paragraph is shared by the English speaking Catholics of this Province generally. The hope of representation in the Government of Canada has been long entertained by that important body of voters. Assuredly in our days when Governments are admittedly constituted with a view to race and creed representation, it is not an over-weening ambition on the part of the English speaking Catholics of this Province, that leads them to aspire to an occasional representation in the Government of the Dominion. Since Confederation they have not had one. Will the party actually in power at Ottawa, ever have an opportunity of gratifying that ambition to greater advantage than by calling to their counsels so tried and trusty a supporter as Mr. Curran? If the hope we have above referred to is not to be fulfilled, it certainly cannot be pretended that it is because Quebec's English Catholics have not furnished the man. The only conclusion to be drawn will be that the present Government do not think it worth while to recognize their aspiration. This is a conclusion we should regret to be forced to.

We prefer to believe that it is but a matter of time—and a short time—till Quebec shall have an English-speaking Catholic representative in the Ottawa Cabinet. The subject will bear more extended treatment. We will return to it. What we have to-day written is but a response to the kind wish, kindly expressed, of our Newfoundland contemporary.

The Manitoba Schools.

Since we ventured last week to express our modest opinion as to the constitutional power or rather want of power of the Manitoba Legislature or even the Dominion Parliament, to interfere with the separate schools of the Prairie Provinces, the Hon. Wm. MacDougall, has expressed a similar opinion upon the question. He is upheld as saying:—"The Provincial Legislature is unable to alter the fundamental law. I may add that the Dominion Parliament is under the same disability." The second point is that the Provincial Legislatures are inhibited by the 93rd section of the B.N.A. Act from passing any law which shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law at the union. Now, at the union of Manitoba with Canada, under the Act of 1867 and subsequent Imperial Acts, the French-speaking and Catholic inhabitants had a by-law, namely, 33 Victoria, chap. 3, called the Manitoba Act, a constitutional guarantee against prejudicial legislation affecting any right or privilege with respect to the maintenance of the separate schools of persons had by law or practice at the union. Moreover, these denominational schools in Manitoba are protected by provisions for appeal to the Governor-General in Council and remedial laws to be passed by Parliament if necessary.

"It has been suggested, however," said the reporter, "that the Manitoba Act of 1870, being a Dominion statute, is not so binding as the British North America Act and that the Local Legislature, under the clause allowing it to amend the Constitution of the Province, may alter that section of the Manitoba Act." "I am afraid," he replied, "if Mr. Martin is basing his proposed legislation to abolish denominational schools and the use of the French language on that assumption, he may have overlooked the Imperial Act of 1871, cap. 28, which confirms the Manitoba Act of 1870, or in other words, gives it the force and effect of an Imperial Act, which can neither be repealed nor amended by Provincial or Dominion legislation."

On reading this we experienced something of the feeling of a certain learned and witty judge of a court of last instance, who said he never began to entertain doubts as to the soundness of his judgments till he found them confirmed by

a Court of Appeal. However the Statutes are short—and are so clear that even the assent of "Wandering Willies" to the correctness of our interpretation of them cannot obscure them.

THE POPE AND THE FREEMASONS.

The condition to which our Holy Father, Leo XIII., is reduced by the persecutions of the Masonic lodge, and under orders from the imperial thiel, hampered constantly in the exercise of his divinely constituted rights, subjected to the basest indignities by the low bred, atheistic and refractory minions of the usurper, the august victim of suffering and persecution to the world. Hence they strike at the root. But the overthrow of the altar would be quickly followed by the destruction of the throne. The catchword "Equality" means the leveling of all distinction, no matter by means accomplished. It means the overthrow of all existing systems of government, and hence the reigns of disorder. It means the cutting loose from all moral restraint, and the proclaiming of the lowest and most unscrupulous chaos where the strongest and craftiest and the most unscrupulous shall survive. Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, as understood and practiced by the Freemasons of Italy, mean unbridled license, rebellion against lawfully constituted authority and hatred for the same and for the servants of Jesus Christ. The motto of the Masons is "Liberty," the bloody overthrow of law and rulers is "Equality," and foul slander is "Fraternity." Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! Noble words, and worthy to be written always in the purest gold; but words prostituted to the basest purposes by the continental, and especially the English, Freemasons. Their war against the Church of Christ in the person of His Vicar in Christ, the Pope, is a war to the death. They see in the Church the worst enemy of their cause, the only force in the world capable of checking their mad career of moral devastation. For centuries they have labored with an energy seemingly infernal in its source to undermine the very foundations of all society, civil and religious, but at every step they have been met by the mystic agonies of Christ, bleeding, it is true, and suffering, but unconquerable in her defense. Her popes, bishops and priests went down before their fierce onslaughts, and even—Oh shame on the Freemasons!—helpless and defenseless women wearing the religious garb were shot down and guillotined in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. So that the demonic warfare now waged against the Church of Christ in the person of His Vicar in Christ, the Pope, is a war to the death. They see in the Church the worst enemy of their cause, the only force in the world capable of checking their mad career of moral devastation. 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HAPHAZARDS.

To the Memory of Father FROST.

BY DENIS FLORENCE O'NEIL.

(Printed here in connection with Haphazards of last week.)

In deep dejection, but with affection, I often think of the pleasant times in the days of "Frazz", ere I touched a razor...

Full many a ditty both wise and witty in this social joy I have heard since then—(With the glass before me, how the dream comes o'er me)

The song melodious which—a new Harmonium—"Young Ireland" wrenched round its rebel sword.

There's a grave that rises o'er thy ward, Deviza, Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar, And a white stone flashes over Goldsmith's ashes.

I have heard indirectly that the idea of Haphazards meets with some approval. Indeed I'm told that the opinion seems general that with the co-operation of some of the more literary of my readers, there is reason to believe that this column can be made very interesting.

However all this may be, I do not at all imagine that Dr. Brown-Séquard and his small school claim for their civit of life the property of making man immortal.

Because I like everything that my friend "Barry Dan" writes, I shall turn over to the printer a note in which are enclosed some verses of his which I admired several years ago:

Mr. DEAR PAUL.—In response to your flattering request for a copy of "The Bells of Notre Dame," I enclose you the juvenile production.

Associated with the TRUE WITNESS from its inception are the names of able and devoted men who, when they were assailed "on front and flank," went boldly into the fray and did the fighting well.

And my tongue is mute as a broken reed, But my soul takes up the glad refrain, While I feel the birth of a heaven on earth, As I drink the sound of the joyous strain.

The vision changes, and twilight ranges, Where the golden sun-beams fall before— 'Tis the vesper hour and the massive tower Speaks out with its brazen tongues once more.

George Clerk survived for several years the fury of these attacks; but, though his services were simply invaluable, he received nothing in return, for the paper was not able to give its editor more than a journeyman's pay.

Afterwards came Father Murphy, who, gifted almost with genius, seemed to promise to lift us up and give us all some reflected share of his own greatness.

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I am not serious by habit, therefore to come back to my normal mood. The latest fad in the art of medicine seems to be Dr. Brown-Séquard's "Vase" writes me about it.

quoting three of the following lines which he says Oliver Wendell Holmes has written somewhere:—

"Little of all we value here "Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year "Without both feeling and looking queer, "In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth, "So far as I know, but a tree and a tree."

The lines occur in "The logical story of a One-Hoss Shay." This latest attempt in the *Time* line (which was thought exhausted by this *Time* my correspondent) condemns as the sheerest folly, and he relies on the experience of six thousand years to prove that death is to be the end of us all in our turn and thinks it is time we should make up our minds to accept the inevitable.

But on the other score, as to desire in the aged to live longer, I am not prepared to be so much surprised as "Vase" evidently is. If we had no other authority, the experience of all time seems alone sufficient to bring the belief that it is appointed for all men once to die, but the same experience is there also to show that in our age man has persistently sought to prolong life, and that in the early stages of the world's existence men did often succeed in living many times as many years as we do now.

"Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all." And again—since mankind was not originally created to die, the desire to evade the approach of death, which came into the world as a punishment of sin, would seem to be perfectly natural.

"And so, methinks, by most 'twill be confessed That death is never quite a welcome guest" (Faust.)

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RETURN OF SISTER THERESE.

The Results of Her Visit to the Government.

Rev. Sister T.eresa de Jesus, Superior of the St. Jean de l'Asne Asylum at Longue Pointe, returned to the city from Europe on Saturday, accompanied by Rev. Sister Marie-Edelene, her secretary, and Mr. Gustave Lamoth, her reception at the institution was a most enthusiastic one.

In an interview Sister Therese said: "My trip was a very pleasant one. Dr. Bourque and Barolet accompanied us while we visited the asylums in England, then we went to Paris. Our reception in the forty institutions which we visited, both in Europe and America, was of the most cordial nature, and could not be the more pleasant, from England we went through Belgium, France and Italy.

"What is the business before the court this morning?" asked Judge McConnell, as innocently as though he did not expect the Cronin case to be called until some time next year.

"If the Court please," said state Attorney Longenecker, advancing to the front, "I have received notice from three of the defendants in the Cronin case asking a separate trial and saying they would apply for a separate trial on the opening of the court this morning. Their application, I presume, is on file."

"If Your Honor please," said Attorney Donohoe, "I desire before argument for a separate trial to present a motion on behalf of my clients, John Kunze, James Kunze, and saying they would apply for a separate trial on the opening of the court this morning. Their application, I presume, is on file."

A FOOD FAMINE IN LONDON.

Threatened Because of the Great Workmen's Strike.

LONDON, August 26.—The strike which was begun by the dock laborers and which subsequently spread to the carmen, has now extended to the Thames ironworkers and the gas stokers threaten to join forces with the strikers.

The coal porters at King's Cross have also joined the strike. A conference to-day between the dock managers and delegates from the striking laborers was without result.

Four of the largest mills in Blackburn have shut down, owing to the dulness of trade. This strike touches the very vitals of London by stopping its food supply.

The strike is gaining new adherents hourly. Eight thousand and two hundred dockmen at Isle of Dogs, where several large docks are located, have gone out. The authorities have become apprehensive of trouble, and are holding the military in readiness to suppress any outbreak.

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CRONIN SUSPECTS IN COURT.

Application Made to Stop the Incriminating Evidence.

CHICAGO, August 26.—That interest in the Cronin murder case has in nowise abated since the disappearance of the defendant at the physical trial on May 4, was demonstrated by the multitude that clamored for admittance as the trial of Judge McConnell's court room at 10 o'clock this morning. At that time the door was thrown open, and Burke, Woodruff, Coughlin, Begg, Sullivan and Kunze entered and took their seats facing the court and in the order named.

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A DISGRACE TO CIVILIZATION.

The Manner in which the Behring Sea Sealers are Acting.

LONDON, August 26.—The news of the fresh seizures in Behring sea has renewed the discussion. The Government regards as a disgrace to the nation the manner in which the United States' sealers are acting, and demand a cessation of the outrages upon the rights of British subjects.

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BEAUTY OF SKIN AND SCALP RESTORED BY THE CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the efficacy of CUTICURA in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing dandruff, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply eruptions of the skin, scalp, face, neck, chest, arms, hands, feet, etc.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from the best, externally, and CUTICURA HEAVY, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Prepared by THE CUTICURA MANUFACTURING CO., 251 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sole Importers for the U.S.A., J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A DISGRACE TO CIVILIZATION.

The Manner in which the Behring Sea Sealers are Acting.

LONDON, August 26.—The news of the fresh seizures in Behring sea has renewed the discussion. The Government regards as a disgrace to the nation the manner in which the United States' sealers are acting, and demand a cessation of the outrages upon the rights of British subjects.

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URIEL:

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

By Sister Mary Raphael (Miss Drane).

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued

The words escaped his lips before he was aware that Aurelia was standing by his side. She had come to the chapel to watch the progress of the work, according to their daily wont, and had approached the spot where Geoffrey stood, without his having perceived her entrance.

"Is Mr. Wyvern in Brittany?" asked Aurelia, in surprise; "has he written to you?"

"No," said Geoffrey, shortly. He was wholly inexperienced in evasion, and his resolution not to communicate any injurious reports to Aurelia did not avail to prevent him from exhibiting a most innocent confusion of manner. Then he betrothed him that the idle rumors of which Gales had spoken would certainly reach her ears, and that it might be better for her to hear of them from one who would at the same time qualify the impressions they might convey.

"I heard it from Lady Annable," he said, "and dressed up, needless to say, with plenty of gossip. He is at the Chateau de St. Brieno, and has been there three weeks."

"And he never wrote to you himself?" said Aurelia, "how strange! don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey; "he wasn't bound. He is after some of his own hobbies, I fancy; life-boats or paintings, matters of that sort."

"And the gossip," said Aurelia; "it concerned his name with that of Imogen de St. Brieno, I presume?"

"Who cares for gossip?" was Geoffrey's not very straightforward reply.

"Not I, certainly," said Aurelia; "but one cares for well—for consistency, for fidelity."

"I am as certain of Julian's fidelity as of my own," said Geoffrey, earnestly. "Appearances are against him; but what is the worth of friendship if not to trust?"

"Amen to that, with all my heart," replied Aurelia; "and a friend's trust is not to be blown away by every idle rumor. But, if it were as they say, I confess—for his sake—I should be sorry."

She spoke with dignity, but without a particle of wounded feeling. Geoffrey felt pained, perhaps the least in the world disappointed, at the way she took it. It was a comfort, certainly, that she would not be broken-hearted at Julian's defection, if, indeed, the report were true; but, at the same time, it was mortifying to think that, perhaps after all, Aurelia was too closely and too self-contained to have any heart to break. But no, that would be misanthropic; Aurelia, a woman of the highest character, and a friend of his friend. For, in truth, there was in Geoffrey's soul that character of true chivalry, "which needs not the gilded spur or knightly oath" to make its owner cling to fidelity, as to some sacred obligation. No, he did not understand what seemed the state of the case between these two beings, to him the warmest in the world; only until forced to own himself deceived he must continue to believe that Julian was true, and Aurelia worthy of his devotion.

He took his leave, promising to let her know when he should hear from Julian, to whom he secretly resolved to write, and stating what was currently reported, obtain his own explanation. With this resolve he turned his steps in the direction of home, intending to write and despatch his letter without delay.

But home he was not destined to return that day, which unknown to him, held within it the unraveling of many a thread connected with the fortunes of Meryllin.

CHAPTER XV.

STIRRING SCENES.

Geoffrey's absence during the day excited no remark at Laventor, as his ordinary avocations, whether agricultural or ministerial, often so fully engaged him that nothing was seen of him from breakfast to dinner. But when the dinner-hour came, and still no Geoffrey appeared, the exception to his generally inflexible punctuality was felt as an alarming domestic phenomenon.

Very reluctantly, and after waiting for the best part of an hour, they set down without him, and had hardly done so when a note was brought in and delivered to Mrs. Houghton. It appeared hastily written, and contained only the following words:—

"DEAR MOTHER:—Have been unexpectedly detained at Tremadoo all day. Must be at Penmore tonight. Don't expect me till you see me. All right."

"G. H."

"How unaccountable!" exclaimed Mrs. Houghton; "who brought the note, Davis?"

"A countryman, I should say he was," replied Davis, the old butler; "I made bold to ask where master was, and he says as how by this time, he takes it he will be at Penmore, having set off an hour ago with Captain Lindesay."

"Something more about the smugglers," said Mrs. Houghton; "don't be anxious, mamma; you see, he goes under ample protection."

Needless to say, however, Mrs. Houghton felt it a strict part of her maternal duty to be exceedingly anxious, and to spend most of the evening in vain conjectures as to Geoffrey's business, and equally vain regrets that he should have started for Penmore without carpet-bag or portmanteau. Anxiety and curiosity, however, were both at fault, nor did the early post next morning bring anything to throw light upon the mystery.

But at about ten o'clock an unusual visitor was announced in the person of Mr. Lindesay, the Vicar of Tremadoo, of whose powers as a teller of legends an example has been given in former chapters, and whose brother was the officer in command at the coast-guard station of Tremadoo. Although on neighboring terms with Geoffrey and his family, yet his visits were sufficiently rare to make his appearance on this particular morning premonitory of something uncommon.

"I feared," he began, "lest you might have heard rumors of last night's affair at Penmore, or so have felt uneasy. I have just received a hurried despatch from my brother, who says they have had a complete success in their expedition, though it seems to have been a sharp business."

"But we know nothing," said Gertrude, "except that Geoffrey was unexpectedly called to Penmore last night, but why or wherefore he did not explain. Was it about the smugglers?"

"Ah," said Mr. Lindesay, "I believe the discovery of this desperate gang, smugglers or wreckers, or even worse, as they think, has been entirely due to Mr. Houghton's exertions. He has been indefatigable in hunting out these fellows; and it seems my brother, having received some fresh information yesterday, on which it was necessary to act without a moment's delay, sent a messenger in search of Mr. Houghton and pressed him to accompany them, thinking the presence of a magistrate might prove necessary if things

became serious. But he is perfectly safe; you need have no fear about him," he continued, observing Mrs. Houghton looking agitated and bewildered; "here is my brother's note," and he read as follows:—

"DEAR J.—All over and a first rate job. The rascals showed fight and three of them were winged; one seems in a bad way; turns out to be H.'s protégé. Two of our men have got a scratch or so, but nothing to signify. Let them know at Laventor that H. is safe. My word! but he is a fellow."

"Who does he mean by H.'s protégé?" said Mrs. Houghton; "it is all Greek to us, for Geoffrey never speaks to us of these matters."

"I don't know much about it," replied Mr. Lindesay; "but, there is a certain Bill Fagan, for whom he has been on the lookout for some months past. Mr. Houghton came to me to make some inquiries about him, for he is said to be of these parts. I believe it has been his search after this man that has led to the seizure of the whole gang; and I take it, it must be he of whom my brother speaks."

"Clara's father, no doubt," said Mrs. Houghton; "but how rash of him to go on such an expedition! I felt sure something was wrong when he did not come home for dinner."

Mr. Lindesay was going on to Penmore, and promised should Geoffrey still be detained to call in the evening and give them a fuller report, and he departed, leaving the little party agitated by mingled feelings of alarm for the past, thankfulness for the present, an excusable feeling of pride that old Geoffrey should have done so well, and impatience for his appearance that they might know more about it.

But he did not appear, only about midday came a mounted messenger in haste, who left a letter and said he was bound for the castle, but that on his way back he would call for what Mr. Houghton wanted. The letter was to Mrs. Mary, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR MARY.—Lindesay will have told you of the scrimmage here. They have taken the rascals off to prison, all but one poor fellow who is badly wounded, and can't be moved. I can't leave, for he looks like dying, and there may be a disposition to take down. The man, is, or ought to be, a Catholic, so I have sent for Father Saugrave. Send me some torgery by the bearer of this, and don't be in a flutter, all of you, but say a few Hall Marys for a special intention of yours, ever,

G. H."

The "torgery" was sent, and the two girls resolved on walking over to Tremadoo, and gathering what information they could from the countrymen as to their wives. They found the little village in a state of some excitement, every tongue busy with the events of the previous evening. Accounts varied, but all agreed in representing that the plan of surprise had been wholly devised, and partly carried out by Mr. Houghton, and his coolness and promptitude were extolled by all.

"It is pleasant to hear old Geoffrey praised," said Gertrude, "though I should as soon have expected him to distinguish himself in a ball-room as on a battlefield."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Houghton; "if it had been Mr. Wyvern—"

"Oh, of course, if it had been Mr. Wyvern, fighting single-handed against ten giants with two heads each, would have been quite apropos. By-the-by, we shall have news of him, at last, I fancy. The post came just as we were going out, and I saw a letter."

"A letter from Mr. Wyvern?" said Mrs. Houghton; "are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure, my dear," said Gertrude; "I saw the postmark; so we have only to retain our curiosity till Geoffrey returns, and then, I suppose, we shall hear the great announcement."

Mary did not reply, but it appears probable that speculations as to the contents of the letter from Brittany occupied her quite as much during her walk home as her brother's gallant behavior in the fray at Penmore.

CHAPTER XVI.

JULIAN'S DISCOVERY.

Not until the second day after his departure did Geoffrey reappear at Laventor, and then only to announce that he could stay but half an hour, as he had pressing business at the castle. He was received with pardonable enthusiasm by his two sisters.

"Business or no business," said Gertrude, "you do not stir hence until you have reported yourself to mamma. You are becoming a regular Bratton. Geoffrey; setting the defiance of your country against Bill Fagan & Co., above your natural affections."

"Poor Bill Fagan!" said Gertrude, gravely; "the country has nothing more to fear from him. He died this morning."

"Was it Clara's father?" said Mrs. Houghton; "the girl whom Aurelia nursed at Penmore?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey; "a wonderful business altogether. His name wasn't Bill Fagan, you know. They carried him to his own cottage when he was hit, and his daughter did what she could for him. He has confessed everything; but I'll tell you about that to-morrow."

Mrs. Houghton received her son as a mother might be expected to do who had endured eight-and-forty hours' suspense with more than the confused impression that had been in danger, and had shown himself a hero.

Geoffrey laughed, and bade them not to be in a flutter. "They have told you a lot of lies. I'll be bound," he said; "you shall hear it all this evening, from one end to the other, only don't keep me now, there's a good people, for I'm bound to be at the castle."

He was in such evident impatience to be off that even Mrs. Fagan for a moment felt aggrieved. It seemed so hard that after such a serious adventure his first interest should be at the castle and not at home.

"But you will look at your letters first?" he said; "sit there, and I will bring them. There is one from—Brittany."

"Ah," said Geoffrey, tearing open the envelope, and rapidly glancing his eyes over the contents, "so he has written at last. I'd best see that before I go."

Mary watched his countenance as he read, and the next minute was startled by his sudden exclamation: "Angels of heaven, but he has found him!"

"Found whom?" she exclaimed in her turn, "found whom? Oh, Geoffrey; do speak!"

"Uriel," answered Geoffrey; "here, read—read aloud; I can't," and he handed the letter to Mrs. Fagan.

She took it with trembling hands, but her voice faltered when she began to read, and she said a piteous little prayer towards Gertrude.

"Give it to me," said her sister; "you are no better hand at reading writing than Geoffrey is. What a packet!" she added, glancing at the well-filled pages. "Now, listen, all of you, to the third volume of the Wyvern romance:—

"DEAR GEOFFREY:—'Twas on a day when I was wondering at my silence, and a dozen times a day during the last three weeks I've wished to write, only it seemed better to wait till I could speak for certain. I

was afraid of any wind of the business getting to Meryllin, and didn't feel sure if you were equal to keeping a secret. Well, I'll tell you now. Uriel is alive. Aurelia was right, and I was right too, in a way, for it was he whom we saw on the night of the shipwreck. From the moment Imogen recognized his likeness in the cartoon, I felt sure that the French fisherman was really the man, and had no power till I could get upon his track. But no end of business that had accumulated, while I was busy with the cartoons, had to be got through before I could leave England. When I wrote to you three weeks ago I saw no prospect of being able to do so, but, a day or so after, there came a letter from the St. Brieno people which at once decided me. Would you believe it that Imogen had taken it into her head herself to set on foot a search for 'our deliverer,' as she calls him? She had got together a lot of information about tall fishermen with yellow hair, who, if you were to believe her report, were waiting for examination in every port from Nantes to St. Malo; and she and her mother begged I would come and pay them my promised visit, while at the same time, I could help in the search after 'grand homme bleu.' So, to make a long story short, I went, and had a most hospitable reception. I shall not take up your time with descriptions of scenery and French chateaux, none of which could hold a candle to Laventor (to say nothing of Meryllin). As to the coast, it is almost as fantastic as your own, and the wrecks about as numerous. They have lifeboats, too, and, of course, I could not keep myself from inspecting them. None compare with our own 'Snowdon patent,' but good enough in their way, and with fine crews to man them."

"Now on a certain day I had gone to a place called St. Florian, to look at a boat, which was reported to have done great things in the way of saving life; and asking some questions about the crew, I learned that amongst them was a 'big Englishman,' who was reported to have saved more lives than any other single man in the province. 'An Englishman? what was his name?' It seemed odd that any English sailor should have a fancy for living in a French fishing village. They could not tell me his English name; the name they knew him by was Arohanje, which had been commonly given him after he had made the pilgrimage to Mont St. Michel. Now, Geoffrey, when I heard the name something went through my mind that told me I had found the man. I had them tell me all about him; learned that he had come about seven years previously, no one knew exactly why or whence. He gave himself out as an Englishman and a carpenter, and, in fact, he followed that trade, though he kept a fishing boat also, and feared neither wind nor weather. About a year after he had settled there he married a young peasant girl—a Jacqueline something or other—the village beauty. They had lived happily together for a year, but she died at the birth of her first child—the petit Uriel—a charming little angel, who was his father's darling. That was enough; and it was with my heart beating hard, Geoffrey, that I asked one of them to guide me to his cottage."

"It was a queer little place, somewhat up the cliff, overlooking the sea, with a rough sort of carpenter's yard on one side, whence, as we drew near, I heard the sound of blows as from an axe or hatchet. I dismissed my companion with a small gratuity, and drew near quietly that I might observe the workman, whoever he might be, at my ease. A man stood before me, of gigantic stature, wielding an axe, as if it had been a feather. I had but a moment to admire his noble figure and well-set head, when the sound of my footsteps caught his ear, and leaning on his axe he turned to see who was approaching. As he did so, his cap fell from his head, and at that moment the beams of the western sun fell on his countenance and illumined his golden hair. Impossible to forget that countenance! and without waiting for more I sprang into the yard, exclaiming aloud: 'Uriel! Uriel!'

"'Stain it?' said a child's sweet voice beside me, 'me voici donc, voici le petit Uriel!' I looked down, and beheld a little fairy figure, with sunny hair and violet eyes—a boy, who had been playing among the chips, as he watched his father at his work, and who, hearing his own name called, had answered to my cry. It did not take many minutes for me to tell my tale. I spoke of the wreck of the French steamer at Tremadoo, and the rescue of the passengers by the crew of the 'Speranza;' of my desire to find out the stranger who had that night joined their number, to whom, as I believed, I owed my life, and whom I could not doubt I now saw before me. But when I named Sir Michael and Meryllin, told him how the rescued passengers had been taken there and cared for, and how every one at the castle had heard of the brave man who had done this gallant deed, he could not stand it, but sat leaning forward and covering his face with his hands, and, as he did so, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and I cried, 'Uriel!' and he started, and looked up; 'there is no room for concealment,' I continued; 'you are he, and you cannot deny it.'

"No, he could not deny it; I sat down beside him, and he told me all. His terrible disgrace for a crime of which he solemnly declared he was innocent; those five dreadful years on the rock of Portland, abandoned, as he felt at first in his bitter anguish, both by God and man—all the floods of despair that surged over him in his felon's cell, as he thought of his blighted name, his dishonored family, and his father's broken heart. But God was merciful to him. There came to him in his misery, poor outcast of society, as henceforth he knew himself to be, this thought, that if all the world were to misjudge him and condemn him, there was a world of unseen and faithful friends who could not be deceived, and who would stand by him till death. 'You will smile, Mr. Wyvern,' he said, 'because you do not know the traditions of our family; but generation after generation we have been taught to consider our home as under the special guardianship of those Holy Angels to whom our chapel is dedicated. You will think it a superstition, perhaps; all I can tell you is that in my bitter loneliness I turned to them for aid and comfort, and they did not fail me. It was the thought of them that brought me back to trust in God; I do believe that they offered my poor prayers in their golden censers; until I came to see with what mercy I had been stricken down in my pride, and torn out of my place in the false and fleeting world, the love of which would have been my destruction.' Then he went on to tell me of his release from Portland and his departure for America. It was only the second day after they sailed that the accident happened of which we heard. He fell over-board, and felt the waters close over his head, as he thought forever; but rising to the surface again, he was able to grasp one of the life-boats, which had been thrown over, and kept himself afloat till he was picked up by a vessel homeward bound. At his own request he was lodged somewhere on the Cornish coast, and begged his way as far as Penmore. No one recognized in the poor ragged stranger the unfortunate heir of Meryllin, and he was able to make inquiries without attracting suspicion. The tale he heard seemed to shut out all hope of restoration in this world. Sir

Michael, he was told, had solemnly cursed his son, and sworn never to see his face again. He heard his father spoken of as a moody maniac, whose strange fits of melancholy madness made men avoid the neighborhood of Meryllin with a sort of terror. 'I knew,' he said, 'that they would believe me dead—and dead, indeed, I was to all this world could give. My reappearance amongst them could only be a renewal of their bitter disgrace, the re-opening of a deadly wound. (To be Continued.)'

IT RUNS IN THE BLOOD.

Some Peculiar Family History in the Case of Mrs. Maybrick.

OTTAWA, August 20.—Mr. J. A. Holmes, a prominent merchant of Mobile, Ala., is at present visiting relatives in the city. He relates some interesting particulars pertaining to the antecedents of Mrs. Maybrick, now in Liverpool under sentence of death for poisoning her husband, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, Mrs. Chandler, in her day was accounted the handsomest woman in Alabama. Her husband, D. G. Chandler, was a prominent merchant in Mobile and at the time of his death the wildest rumors were current in the state as to the cause. Mrs. Chandler was the sole nurse to her husband, and whenever medicine was administered to him she sent the servants out of the bedroom. After Mr. Chandler's death a negro servant looked for an autopsy, the suspicion being that Mr. Chandler had been poisoned, but through the influence of friends that matter was hushed up.

Mrs. Chandler shortly afterwards, at Charleston, S. C., married Capt. Du Barry, a member of the Confederate Government. Du Barry was ordered to proceed to Europe in the interests of the confederacy and died while on alligance with Baron Von-Grose, a German, but their marital relationship was not a happy one and a separation followed. Meantime her daughter, Miss Chandler, whose name as Mrs. Maybrick is on everybody's lips, had met Mr. Maybrick, and in 1880 they were married. Mrs. Maybrick being then but seventeen years of age. Mr. Holmes is firmly of opinion that she administered the arsenic to her husband, but knowing the family antecedents he believes that Mrs. Maybrick is the victim of hereditary monomania.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 28, 1889. BAILEY REFLECTOR COMPANY. Gentlemen:—We have now used your Reflector about three months. It is very satisfactory. Our audience is 50x60 ft., with ceiling 30 ft. Your 60 inch Reflector lights it admirably. Very respectfully, J. H. HOLMES, Jhn. Bldg. Com. 3d Cong'l Church. (Letter from the Pastor.)

Dear Sirs:—The Bailey Reflector which you placed in our church gives entire satisfaction. It is ornate and gives a brilliant light. It is really a marvel of cheapness, neatness and brightness. Very sincerely yours, G. H. GRANNIS, Pastor of 3d Cong'l Church, of St. Louis, Mo.

Are You Engaged.

Engagements to marry are serious contracts. They are not to be lightly made or frivolously broken. They are next in sacredness to the wedding itself.

Every other day the secular newspapers report the elopements of flirting girls, who have forsaken affianced lovers to marry rival claimants for their hand, and they glorify over the romantic features of these violations of thought. But such stultic elopements generally end in unhappy marriages; for the woman that will break her engagement vow will hardly be true to her marriage promises, and the man who can persuade her to the crime of wronging her betrothed, is apt to have a trifling idea of the most solemn obligations.

Are you engaged? Be faithful to your pledges, for while an engagement is not a marriage, it is the door to that holy sacrament, and it must be respected accordingly.—Columbian.

FIVE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. Co., will sell, on Tuesdays, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill. J17,24,31—A7,28—811,25

There is no remedy for trouble equal to hard work—labor that will tire you physically to such an extent that you must sleep. If you have met with loss, etc., and for days lie awake and think about them. You want to sleep and to eat your meals with an appetite; but you cannot unless you work.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY OF MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA.

Has reached the front rank as the most productive grain-raising region on the continent. Soil richer than the valley of the Nile. Single counties raise millions of bushels of grain yearly. Single states ship from 300,000 to 900,000 bushels of grain each year. Abundant opportunities still open to the homeseeker. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Where charity and wisdom reign there is neither fear nor ignorance. Where patience and humility reign there is neither anger nor dispute. Where poverty and joy reign there is neither base desires nor avarice. Where the fear of God keeps guard no enemy can enter.—St. Francis of Assisi.

CANADIANS IN CAVALRY COUNTY, DAKOTA.

The thriving town of Langdon, county seat of Cavalry County, Dakota, is surrounded by thousands of acres of choice government land. Country settled chiefly from Ontario. Secure a farm from the government land. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

"There is nothing more solidly established in religion and in Christian theology," says Father Faber, "than the infallibility of prayer." Such is the force of it (says St. Chrysostom) "that it renders, as it were, the word of man equally powerful in a manner with the word of God."

TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years duration by a simple remedy. Will send a description of it gratis to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

Penance is a means not the end of the soul; be careful not to measure penance by penitential works; virtue and merit lie in charity.—B. Henry Suvo. Lessing of self remain in your order that He who gives Himself to you without reserve may also receive your entire self.—Francis of Assisi.

THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Thinks Man Should Succeed by Force of Arms.

The young men of Holland gain great numbers to Dutch India to engage in commercial affairs. They have a truly left-handed manner of proposing marriage.

When one of them desires a wife from his own land he sends a rolled left-hand glove to some male friend. This constitutes a power of attorney, and the friend selects a suitable wife, marries her in the name of the absent lover and sends her on her wedding journey alone to join her husband.

In some portions of Western Africa a native who wants a wife is obliged to seek the "Palaver House," where he talks the matter over with the elders and the "fetich men." Then he is granted audience to the presence of the parents of the lady in question, to whom he displays presents and money—and if they are satisfied, after much more "palaver" he is allowed to take his bride away, evidently without asking her consent.

The Indian, in learning his fate from his mistress, carries a lighted torch to her cabin. Should the maiden blow out the torch she accepts the proffered vows, but if she veils herself without extinguishing it she refuses his love.

Chatesaubriand tells of the lover of Atala, who gave her a necklace of nine beads. Three red ones for his love, three violet ones for his fears, three blue ones for his hopes.

A gentleman who was in correspondence with a lady of my acquaintance sent her a piece of card-board enclosed in a letter and requested her to perforate it with her "engagement ring" and return it to him.

There is a pretty poem which represents the lover informing his sweetheart that he is to be married. She pales, chokes, tries to congratulate him—and in the midst of her talk she confuses her laughingly adds: "That is, hope I am, though the lady has not yet consented."

A cuter lover—and the sweetheart, not one whit less cunning, regains her color and answers brightly: "Why, how odd! I too am to be married." A delicious proposal and engagement that.

Personally I do not think a man should ever propose, he should dispose, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He should never say: "Will you be my wife?" He should be so sure and positive of success that he could say: "You will be my wife," even setting the date and certain that she would gladly acquiesce to his commands. But a man must be a born ruler and ruler to be able to do this.

A wife, like a kiss, should be asked for with the eyes alone—and then when consent is evident, should be taken without unnecessary questions or delay.

It Should be in every Irish Home.

Messrs. CALLAHAN & Co., Gentlemen—The Olograph of Mr. Farnell, issued by you, appears to me to be an excellent likeness, giving, as it does, the habitual expression of the Irish Rebel.

Equal to Oil Painting (in 10 colors). The only correct likeness of the Irish Rebel. Matted in tubes on receipt of \$1.00. Sizes, 20x24. Agents Wanted. Address: CALLAHAN & CO., 743 Craig Street, Montreal. 49 12

TO PARENTS! Never neglect the health of your Children during the Summer season. If they suffer from Colic, Diarrhoea, or Teething Pains, use Dr. CODRER'S INFANTS' SYRUP, and you will give them immediate relief.

SALESMEN WANTED! To canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) Chase Brothers' Co., Colborne, Ont. 1-13

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No 1444. DAME MARIE LOUISE BOUTILLIER, of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. CYRILLE LAPOSTOLLE, of the same place, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted. Montreal, 5th August, 1889. ETHER & PELLETIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 2-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME MARIE L. DECARAY, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, authorized a *curator* *ad litem*, of J. DANIEL PROVENCHER, painter, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said J. DANIEL PROVENCHER, Defendant. An action in separation of biens has this day been instituted. Montreal, 17th July, 1889. ETHER & PELLETIER, Atty. for Plaintiff. 51-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 527. DAME ADELE MARIE BÉRE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife *commune* *en biens* of JEAN JULES GIBOUX, of the same place, co-accused, duly authorized a *curator* *ad litem*, of J. DANIEL PROVENCHER, painter, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said JEAN JULES GIBOUX, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this cause on the 5th July 1889. A. ACHAMBAULT, Attorney for Plaintiff. 51-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 1784. DAME ODILE ST. NICOLAS, wife of FREDERICK LOUIS, of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said FREDERICK LOUIS, Defendant. An action in separation of biens has this day been instituted. Montreal, June 27th, 1889. CHOLETTE & GAUTHIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 50-5

CANADA'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR—AND—AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION, 1889, TORONTO, SEPT. 9th to 21st.

Increased Prizes, Greater Attractions and a Grandeur Display than ever before. Newest and Best Special Features that Money can procure. The Greatest Annual Entertainment on the American Continent. CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILWAYS. Over 250,000 visitors attended the Exhibition last year. ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 17th. For Prize Lists and Forms, Programmes, etc., drop a post card to H. J. HILL, J. J. WITTEBROW, Free. Manager, Toronto.

ST. ANGELA ACADEMY.

Und. of the Direction of the Sisters of St. Ann. This Institution, built according to all modern improve. nents, offers, at a moderate rate, all the advantages of city and country. The opening of classes will take place on the 2nd of September. For further information apply to the LADY SUPERIOR, No. 488 St. Antoine street, St. Onsgonda, Montreal West.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. Classes will be resumed on Sept. 4th. Special attention will be given to young English-speaking boys beginning their classical course, that they may learn both French and Latin at the same time. REV. A. D. TURGEON, S. J., Rector. 51 6

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DES NEIGES, MONTREAL. The opening of classes in this special institution for boys on Tuesday, the 3rd of September, will take place at 1-13 REV. L. GÉOFFROY, C.S.C., Sup.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N.Y. [Enjoys the Privileges of a University.] JESUIT FATHERS. Situated 12 miles from City Hall, between Harlem River and Long Island Sound. Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special training for Army, Navy and Civil Service. ST. JOHN'S HALL, for boys from 10 to 14, under same direction. Students received at any time. Apply to 50-10 REV. JOHN SCULLY, S. J., Pres.

RIGAUD CONVENT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN. One of the attractions of this new institution is its thorough in the English language. The course is given in French, vocal music, plain needlework, embroidery and fancy work of all descriptions, cutting and culinary art which are taught free of charge. Piano and Drawing are optional. Board

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Advertisement in Women—The Duty of a Wife in India—New Two Girls Paid a Bet—Fashion Notes.

Romance of a Buttons. He was about to say adieu. Was thinking of some word to flatter, when from his overcoat there flew a button, with a dismal clatter.

He blushed, but she, with woman's tact, as if she saw a good joke in it, cried, laughingly, "There, now, I'll act your tailor's part for just a minute."

He doffed the coat, and watched her thread the needle, with her head low bending. "Now, do you know," he softly said, "I have an awful lot of mending."

"A bachelor, we'll say, like me, is at the mercy of his tailor. And then, there's something else, you see, (At this he turned a trifle paler).

"My heart needs mending much, I fear. Do you suppose that you could do it?" "Well, I don't know," she mused, "but dear, I'll give my whole attention to it."

—From the Ladies' Wear Review.

Wisdoms in Women.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was it, and ever will be to admit it! It is the temper which leaves you incessantly to destroy your peace, which checks you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really has merited your love. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling with tears, will make him all your own.

The Duty of a Wife in India.

The Bombay Guardian calls attention to an extraordinary book which is being distributed broadcast as a prize book in the government girls' schools in the Bombay Presidency. The following quotations are given as specimens of the teachings set forth in the book.

"If the husband of a virtuous woman be ugly, of good or bad disposition, diseased, feeble, irascible, a drunkard, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, hot-tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a slanderer, cowardly, perfidious, and immoral, nevertheless she ought to worship him as God with mind, speech and person. The wife who gives an angry answer to her husband will become a village pariah; she will also become a female jokal and live in an uninhabited desert. The woman who eats sweetmeats without sharing them with her husband will become a hen-owl, living in a hollow tree. The woman who walks alone without her husband will become a fish-eating village sow. The woman who speaks disrespectfully of her husband will be dumb in the next incarnation. The woman who hates her husband's relations will become from birth to birth a muskrat living in a fish. She who is always jealous of her husband's concubine will be homeless in the next incarnation."

To illustrate the blessed results of a wife's subservience a story is told of the great reward that came to the wife of an ill-tempered and wicked Brahmin, who served her husband with a slavish obedience, and even went the length of carrying him on her shoulders to visit his mistress. The British Government in India, says The Women's Journal, of Boston, has banned itself not to interfere with the religion of the natives, but it certainly ought not to inculcate in Government schools the worst doctrines of heathenism.

New Two Girls Paid a Bet.

A couple of Dover's Del., leading belles created a sensation in this staid old capital the other evening by trudging a well-known butcher of sporting proclivities down the entire length of the principal thoroughfare in a wheelbarrow. The young ladies were talking one day about some of the peculiar bets that had been made on the baseball ground that afternoon, when the butcher came along and joined in the conversation.

After finishing that lady never paid her wages if she lost, he bet that there was a letter awaiting him at the post-office stipulating that if there was the ladies were to convey him to the depot, five blocks away, in a grocer's wheelbarrow, while if he lost he was to treat to ice cream. The young ladies accepted the bet, and the trio visited the post-office. The letter was there. It took the girls just about five minutes to borrow the shabby-looking wheelbarrow in town, and in a trice they had it before the post-office, where by this time quite a crowd had assembled.

The butcher tried hard to beg off, but will hands dumped him in the wheelbarrow, and one of the maidens seized the handles. Off they went at a rapid gait without regard to the rider's bodily comfort. Hundreds of persons gathered to see the show, but it was the butcher, and not the girls, who felt out of place. Before they had gone a square he had offered to buy them everything from a quart of ice cream to a silk dress apiece if they would let up.

A Girl's Toilet Articles.

A sensible girl will not keep a lot of cosmetics and drugs on her toilet table, but there are a few articles she should always have in a convenient place. She should have an array of glass stoppered bottles containing alcohol, camphor, borax, ammonia and glycerine or vasoline. A little camphor and water may be used as a wash for the month and throat if the breath is not sweet. Powdered alum applied to a fever sore will prevent it becoming very unsightly and noticeable. Insect stings or eruptions on the skin are removed by alcohol. A few grains of alum in tepid water will relieve people whose hands perspire very freely, rendering them unpleasantly moist. We should always recommend care in the use of scented soap; in many cases the perfume is simply a disguise for poor quality. A good glycerine or honey soap is always preferable. Of course, one may rely on scented soap from a high-class manufacturer, but it costs more than it is worth. In addition to the soap for bathing, white castile should be kept for washing the hair. Occasionally a little borax or ammonia may be used for this purpose, but it is usually too harsh in its effects.—Family Doctor.

Fashion Notes.

Ballets, percales and linen lawn, with stripes, dots or sprigs, are made with dainty dressing-jackets, which are pretty enough to be worn at the breakfast table at home, with skirts of plain white linen lawn. The sheer lawn and batistes are made with fitted bodices and loose fronts, a finely pleated vest being added to some, or three deep tucks separated by rows of ladder-stitching in color.

A tea gown of pale coral silk veiled with black lace is one of the sweetest creations of the summer.

Straight skirts, gathered or plaited waists and full sleeves, increase daily in still greater favor.

Turpentine is a good preventative against moths. The unpleasant odor evaporates as soon as garments are exposed to the air.

Paris fashions indicate that skirts are to shrink in length and to show the boot to the ankle as the wearer moves.

The white wool veiling gowns with brooch borders or stripes in white silk are almost as effective as white silk ones broche with silver.

The popularity of sailor hats is still so great that milliners are using these simple first-crowned, straight-brimmed shapes for dry models in net and tulle. These black tulle is shirred on wires in sailor shape, and trimmed with loops of the tulle and white and tatted roses. While point d'esprit dotted with black is made up in like manner. White felt sailor hats are wholly veiled with silk dot and trimmed with scarfs of the same at the back.

Where nothing but a slight protection for the shoulders is required are provided little Carrot capes which have a handsomely trimmed collar, with long bows and ends of ribbon beneath. The collar is turned over on most specimens, but the high medical collar appears on others, and these are elaborately knitted. A few colored cloth capes, braided at the neck with gold, is lined with Roman red, with ribbon strings to match. Summer cloth is much used, and the edges are not pinked or otherwise ornamented. For very hot days are capes of embroidered muslin, with long scarf-ends of the same, which are tied in a full bow under the chin. These do not have the treble capes, but a single one, with an embroidered collar.

DOMAIN OF SCIENCE.

Startling and Interesting Facts Cleared From the Scientific World.

A tripod case for the use of amateur photographers has recently been invented.

The English photographic societies are striving more and more to get the metric system more generally used.

Chevalier August von Lobe has invented a pocket flash lamp, which is as simple a contrivance that it can be constructed by any tinsmith.

England is the country the best organized in point of photographic societies and schools, where the great encouragement is given. In London alone may be found nearly 60,000 amateurs.

Dr. Cohn, of Breslau, has succeeded in taking a number of photographs of the eye by means of the magnesium flash light, among others of the eyes of a lady whose pupils have attracted much attention by their difference in size.

Photography is fast becoming an assistance, if not a part, of a large number of the branches of industry. It is reported that the latest article in house painting is to forward a picture of the house to a company manufacturing prepared paints.

Artificial freezing is the latest French method of preserving milk. An opposite principle is adopted in Norway, where the minute organisms which cause the fermentation and curd of milk are destroyed by heat. The milk is then hermetically sealed and will keep fresh for an indefinite time.

Electricity has often been applied to designing, and the possibilities of the incandescent light for decorative art are widely understood. One of the latest and most successful accomplishments in this line is that of the freezing of the "glow" light in ice, which was exhibited by an Indianapolis electric company at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, and which attracted so much attention as an ingenious novelty. During the process of freezing various colored aniline dyes were inwrought, the result of which was some striking brilliant effects and formations in connection with the familiar glass bulb and its thread-like wire, these flashing and glowing with the electric current at the operator's will. The possibilities of this beautiful art present a fertile field for study and experiment.

It takes about two fifths of a second to call to mind a country in which a well-known town is situated, or of the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the name of the next month in half the time we need to think of the name of the last month. It takes on the average one third of a second to multiply them. A letter can be seen more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become quite automatic, and a word can be read with much greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged, and in the uneducated.

Chief among the causes of fainting attacks in churches and other places of public meeting are over-heating and impurity of atmosphere. One of the great causes is preventable, but through some success has been gained in the way of prevention, much remains to be done before the air in our large assembly rooms can be regarded as pure enough to meet the requirements of a large audience. The introduction of the electric light has brought some relief, and the purifying effect of artificial ventilation, as represented by the fan system and the heated exit-pipe, is quite appreciable. There is still, however, a wide field open, and the inventor of a perfect system of ventilation for public buildings will not only be a public benefactor, but should also reap a very substantial reward.

According to Le Genie Civil, Dr. Jorjardin Beaumetz recently exhibited at the Paris Academy of Medicine a new alimentary substance—"frotmentine"—which is obtained from wheat by the aid of special mill-stones. Frotmentine is the embryo of wheat reduced to flour, and deprived of the oil which it contains. The substance contains three times more nitrogenous substance than meat and a strong proportion of sugar. Thus, the amount of nitrogenous matter is 51 per cent, while that of the richest meat, mutton, is but 21 per cent, and the proportion of digestible substance reaches 87 per cent of the total weight. Hence it would appear that it might advantageously replace powdered meat as a concentrated food. It can be used for making soups and even for making biscuits, the taste of which would not be disagreeable.

A HOME IN THE WEST.

Join the great army of homeseekers and secure 480 acres of government land in the Devils Lake, Turtle Mountain or Mouse River districts of Dakota. For further information, maps, rates, etc., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul Minn.

A War of Extermination.

SELMA, Ala., August 20.—The Weekly Independent, a paper owned and edited by negroes, in its last issue contained an editorial abusing the whites, saying:—"If you moss-back crackers would leave this southland, in

THE SITUATION IN HAYTI.

Hypollite in a Red Way—Legitimate's Rule as Strong as Ever.

Boston, August 16.—Chief Engineer George B. Plumer, of the Haytian corvette Desallines, who has just returned to Boston on the steamer Andes from Port au Prince direct, says that Legitime is now virtually in charge of the entire island. Hypollite's forces, since their effective repulse, have been in the "banish" and are scattered toward the north of the island. Legitime's men-of-war are thoroughly fitted out, and he is undoubtedly receiving financial assistance from the French Government. When Engineer Plumer received his last salary in Hayti he says that General Contre went aboard the French man and returned with a bag of gold, and then paid off the officers.

The army under General Gaudardre is in Port au Prince, and is in first class condition, the men being well fed and well clothed. Legitime is living in the place with his family, and his special armed guard, which attends him everywhere. All the Americans have left the city. Captain Fischer, of the Bolivar—now called La Defense—was the last white man to leave. Four went to Havana on the Spanish steamer Manuela, others going north on the steamer Saratoga. The city is not entirely tranquil, there being occasional outbreaks of disorder, and several incendiary fires occur each week. The city is without a fire department.

The day on which Engineer Plumer left Port au Prince there were there two English gunboats about the size of the United States steamer Osage, which was also there, and two Frenchmen, a ram and a barque-rigged man-of-war, carrying five guns all Krupp. The present condition of affairs is an entire reversal of what was expected three weeks ago. The only resources which Hypollite has are those which he has secured while occupying St. Marc. When these are exhausted the only course left will be to surrender. This event, if happening within two or three days, would not surprise Engineer Plumer. Hypollite's force are in a demoralized condition, while Legitime's are the reverse. The impressing of men into the latter's service is daily kept up and Legitime is strengthening his position in every way possible.

New York, August 20.—Letters from Hayti says it is only a question of a few days when Hypollite will be complete master of the Republic. Legitime is making preparations to fly by sea.

CRUSHING LABOR.

Bismarck's New Bill Against Strikes and Socialism.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The German Federal Council held a meeting in Berlin yesterday, and demanded Prince Bismarck's new measure against the Socialists. The Chancellor himself was not present, being prevented by a severe fit of indisposition. Notwithstanding this, however, the terms of the bill were finally agreed upon, and only some minor changes not affecting the principle of the measure, were made. Although the bill establishes some very stringent regulations intended to render political agitation on the part of the Socialist party well nigh impossible, its main purpose is to suppress the crying evil of strikes, which for some time past have almost paralyzed German industry, and which are growing daily more numerous and more disastrous to all concerned. The bill throws the entire burden of restriction on one side in the struggle—labor. Capital will have only to look on and reap the benefits expected to accrue. A strike on the part of workmen by the terms of the bill defined as a conspiracy, for which severe punishment is meted out to all taking part, and when an agreement is entered into, either express or implied, to work for a certain fixed period and is violated by a combination among the workmen the punishment is doubly severe. All who counsel others to take part in a strike are declared public enemies and may be imprisoned or exiled.

Strike of Dock Laborers.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The strike among the London dock laborers is spreading rapidly, and 20,000 are out to-day. The shipowners whose vessels are lying at the Millwall docks managed to secure a force of men from Bristol on Sunday and until this morning they were at work day and night. The vessel owners took the precaution to provide food and shelter on the docks to prevent access to the men by the strikers and their sympathizers, and the premises being favorably situated for this purpose all efforts of the strikers to approach the men proved unsuccessful. At six o'clock this morning, however, while the men were at work, Burns, the Socialist, who is taking the leading part in the movement, managed to climb to the top of the high wall which surrounds the dock and from this position he harangued the men for 15 minutes. Before he had finished without dissenting voices all shouted to Burns that they would work no longer. Then they all dropped their work then and there, fell into line and marched out with Burns at their head, and proceeded to the dock laborers headquarters close by.

The Queen's Genealogy.

Sometimes we are puzzled to remember how Queen Victoria came to inherit the throne of England. We remember that she was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, the niece of her immediate predecessor on the throne. Here is a paragraph for your scrap book, giving the names of the lines of rulers through whom the simple-hearted daughter of the wise duke and duchess of Kent came to the English throne:

Queen Victoria is the niece of William IV, who was the brother of George IV, who was the son of George I, who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III, who was the son-in-law of James II, who was the brother of Charles II, who was the son of Charles I, who was the son of James I, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the sister of Mary, who was the sister of Edward VI, who was the son of Henry VII, who was the cousin of Richard III, who was the son of Edward IV, who was the son of Henry VI, who was the son of Henry IV, who was the son of Richard II, who was the son of Edward III, who was the son of Edward I, who was the son of Henry III, who was the son of John, who was the son of Richard I, who was the son of Henry II, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, 800 years ago.

Developing a Young Cow.

E. W. Stewart is considered good authority upon dairy cows and matters pertaining to them. In answer to an inquiry from a subscriber to the Country Gentleman about developing a young Jersey cow soon to drop her second calf, he gives directions that are good. Our idea is that what will develop the milk qualities of a Jersey will develop the milk qualities of a young cow of any other breed. Believing this we give his directions. He says that for some time before calving a cow should be fed on cornmeal. Feed simply clover hay and bran. Let her be fed the same ration for about ten days after calving. Then, if she wishes to drop her, to see how good a cow she may become, let him combine the following ration: Fourteen pounds good oat clover hay, six pounds oat and oat meal, ground together in equal weights, six pounds wheat bran, two pounds linseed meal. Let him mix the corn meal, bran and linseed meal thoroughly together, dry; then mix this with the moistened oat clover hay. Give this in three feeds, smallest at noon. But when he first begins to feed this combination of food, he should not give as much, but gradually increase it up to the

FARM AND GARDEN.

The Farmer Reviewed as a Business Man—Developing a Young Cow—General Notes.

Probably no occupation is carried on with so little regard to business rules as that of farming. The farmer requires more education, and a knowledge of a greater variety of subjects than any of the so-called learned professions.

The man who knows only how to turn a good furrow, prepare the soil for the seed, stop the growth of weeds, and promote the growth of the plant, has not mastered the art of successful farming. Nor has the man who knows only how to raise fine horses, sleek cattle or fat swine, or how to fertilize his fields to the best advantage, raise the best corn or potatoes, or the highest yield of oats or barley.

The man who to-day really makes a thorough success as a farmer must combine all these elements of knowledge and many more.

It used to be said that any fool could be a farmer; but at the present day people begin to realize the fact that the farmer needs the most education. The time has gone by when the haphazard, slipshod go-as-you-please methods of farming can be made to pay.

Agriculture has come to be recognized as a science. Millions of acres of soil in our States and Territories have been opened up to the plow, and their surplus products are forced upon the markets of the world. The products of the cheap labor of foreign countries are also emptied into our midst to glut our markets. The farmer upon the worn soils of the older States, and especially our own New England States, must look closely to the details of their business or go to the wall.

What would be thought of the manufacturer who did not know to the fraction of a cent the cost of the raw material and labor put into a yard of cloth, or the manufacturer of leather who did not know the exact cost of the material and labor required to make a case of boots and shoes, or the manufacturer of oleomargarine who knows what it costs per pound and laughs in his sleeve at the farmer's gilt edged butter?

And yet how many farmers can tell the cost of a pound of butter or pork, a bushel of potatoes or corn, or a ton of hay? They sell their products for what they can get offered, not knowing whether they are making or losing.

The remedy is this: When farmers come to realize that farming is a business as much as manufacturing or banking or buying and selling goods, and by a careful keeping of accounts learn to figure the cost of every article they produce, then a successful beginning will have been made. Let them keep books and credit with every acre of corn or potatoes or beans or grain.

Charge each acre with the interest on its value, the probable amount of fertilizing material used by the crop, the cost of labor in its care. Credit it with the market value of the crop produced. The difference between the two will represent the profit or loss.

Like account should be kept with the herd of cows. If any one of the number entails a loss upon you, dispose of her. Keep a strict account with the orchard, if you have one. Debit it with the labor of its fruit. Credit it with the value of its golden product and learn from the balance on the right side of the ledger that it is one of your best friends. I have said that the farmer needs to be educated for his business. One branch of study I would particularly recommend, that is bookkeeping. I speak from personal knowledge and experience and know it pays. It is like the compass to the mariner.

The farmer's book is one of reference to which he can at any time refer for date of article bought or sold, and prices given or received for the same. The book will solve the great problem: "Where does our money go to?" and perhaps lead to a more careful consideration and economy.

Having learned to calculate the cost of the products of the farm, the next business is to know how to sell them. Make a study of the markets and learn for yourselves the prices of those things you wish to sell. If you cannot fix your own prices you can at least prevent being taken advantage of by unscrupulous traders.

Do away with middlemen. Don't employ your local marketers and expressmen to sell your products, they will return you as little as they dare to. There's too many following in the footsteps of "Old Hutch," the millionaire of Chicago, who figured so largely in the recent wheat squeeze.

Do your own selling. If the price is below the cost of producing, hold on to the product till you can double your money.

DEVELOPING A YOUNG COW.

E. W. Stewart is considered good authority upon dairy cows and matters pertaining to them. In answer to an inquiry from a subscriber to the Country Gentleman about developing a young Jersey cow soon to drop her second calf, he gives directions that are good. Our idea is that what will develop the milk qualities of a Jersey will develop the milk qualities of a young cow of any other breed. Believing this we give his directions. He says that for some time before calving a cow should be fed on cornmeal. Feed simply clover hay and bran. Let her be fed the same ration for about ten days after calving. Then, if she wishes to drop her, to see how good a cow she may become, let him combine the following ration: Fourteen pounds good oat clover hay, six pounds oat and oat meal, ground together in equal weights, six pounds wheat bran, two pounds linseed meal. Let him mix the corn meal, bran and linseed meal thoroughly together, dry; then mix this with the moistened oat clover hay. Give this in three feeds, smallest at noon. But when he first begins to feed this combination of food, he should not give as much, but gradually increase it up to the

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

BURKE—MOLLOY—July 25, at Cammer, county Galway, Patrick Joseph Burke, Carrowasaban, N. S., to Mary Josephine, only daughter of Mr. R. M. Molloy, Anagh, Ballyglonin, CHRISTOPHER—McDONNELL—July 24, at the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Keshmone, Dublin, Michael J. Christopher, Strabane, county Keshmone, to Ellen, eldest surviving daughter of Mr. Wm. McDonnell, of Annville, Callowood, Dublin.

CLUCKERY—McKENNA—July 24, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Formby, England, by the Rev. Wm. McKenna, brother to the bride, assisted by the Revs. W. Carr and T. Hain, Patrick Cluckery, Saint John's terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, to Sophia McKenna, daughter of the late John McKenna, of Maria Villa House, Formby, Lancashire, and 11 Gorre Piazza, Liverpool, merchant.

FAY—TORMEY—July 25, at St. Saviour's Church, Donmillin street, Dublin, by the Rev. Patrick Murray, P.P., Samuella, uncle to the bride, John Fay, of Tigherstown, to Kathleen Mary, second eldest daughter of Christopher Tormey, Reyneda Cottage, Westmeath.

HOWKINS—GILL—July 28, at St. Conleith's Roman Catholic Church, Patrick William Hopkins, son of Patrick Hopkins, R.H.C., R.I.C., to Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Gill, Ballybally, county Down, Tenn.

JOYCE—HANRAHAN—July 24, at St. Michael's R. C. Church, Limerick, Wm. B. Joyce Head Master Saint Vincent de Paul school, to Nell, third daughter of J. C. Hanrahan, Richmond terrace, Limerick.

JENNINGS—TROY—July 30, at the pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street, Dublin, by the Rev. Father Conlan, George Jennings, second son of the late Mr. Joseph Jennings, to Maria, daughter of the late Mr. Troy, builder 16 Mary street.

KELLY—KELLY—July 29, at the Cathedral, Tuam, Thomas Robert, son of the late Patrick Kelly, Esq., Carramonee, Tuam, to Elizabeth Madeline (Lizette), eldest daughter of the late Mr. Kelly, Esq., Dublin road, Tuam.

LEIGH—FINNEN—July 25, at the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar, Dublin, by the Rev. J. Phelan, P.P., Rathvilly, assisted by the Rev. J. Doyle, Rathgar, Thomas Leigh, Raheen, county Wicklow, to Maggie, daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Finnen, Raheen, county Carlow.

DIED.

BERRILL—July 29, at the residence of her son-in-law Rathkenny, county Meath, Mrs. Mary Berrill, aged 75 years, late of Drogheda.

BURKE—July 30, at Hollywell, Ballyhaunis, Henry Burke, R.L., aged 74 years.

BANNON—July 18, at his father's residence, Kyle, Tipperary, Jeremiah Bannon, aged 32 years.

CARROLL—July 20, at Hilltown House, Drogheda, Julia Carroll, for many years the faithful servant of Mr. Thomas Boylan.

CLEARY—May 30th, on board the Royal Mail s.s. Liguria, on her voyage from London to Australia, Thomas Cleary, of Little Moor-cow, county Wexford, aged 82 years.

CLARKE—July 30, at Vandyke Buildings, Lower Bridge street, Dublin, Mathew Clarke, aged 72 years, late member of the Bakers Society, 8 Upper Bridge street.

COLGAN—July 28, at his residence, 126 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, John Colgan.

CONDON—July 29, at her residence, Ballinacorney, county Wick, Catherine, widow of the late Laurence Condon, aged 80 years.

CORCORAN—July 28, at her residence, Walkinstown, Crumlin, county Dublin, after a painful illness, Catherine Corcoran.

DOYLE—July 26, at Ballycilly, Carnew, Mary, the beloved wife of James Doyle, and sister to the Rev. Fr. Denis Canon Kenny, P.P., late of St. Mary's, Dublin.

DOWNEY—July 27, at her residence, Russell street, Dublin, Miss Mary Downey, in the 89th year of her age.

DOYLE—July 29, at Nurney, county Kildare, James Doyle, youngest son of the late Patrick Doyle and Mary Doyle, aged 19 years.

DOYLE—July 17, Christopher Doyle, 22 Seafort avenue, Sandymount, Dublin.

EARLY—August 1, at his residence, Kilmigham, Talagh, co. Dublin, William Early, aged 68 years, after a painful illness.

FAY—July 29, at 5 Belvidere avenue, North Circular road, Dublin, Kathleen, wife of John P. Fay, and eldest daughter of M. Jennings, 38 Henry street.

GABRIEL—August 1, at his residence No. 40 Westworth place, Dublin, Peter Gabriel.

GANNON—July 22, at 15 Nursery street, Liverpool, William Henry, son of the late Thomas Leonard Gannon, of Ballykernan House, co. Westmeath.

GILL—July 28, at 6 Windsor avenue, Fairview, Dublin, Christopher Gill, formerly of Happy Grove, Nenagh, aged 77 years.

KELLY—August 1, at 9 Denmark street, Dublin, Mr. Mortimer F. Kelly, son of Mr. James Kelly, aged 20.

KELLY—August 31, at 26 Mountjoy street, Dublin, Joseph, youngest child of Wm. and Rose Kavanagh.

KELLY—At her residence, Rathcoole, county Dublin, Anne, widow of the late Mr. R. Kelly.

KELLY—July 30, at her residence, Roseberry, Newbridge, county Kildare, Anne, widow of the late Patrick Kelly, aged 62 years.

LEE—July 30, at Freepark, Rathgar, county Kildare, Ellen, widow of the late William Lee.

THREE LUCKY PEOPLE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Ten thousand dollars in new, crisp bank notes from the Louisiana State Lottery were paid to three lucky people. One of the lucky ones, Mrs. J. E. Deconner of No. 52 N. Thirteenth st., held one fortieth of a ticket and got \$5,000 in bank notes, and the other, No. 62, 311, was held jointly by John Kleiber, a blacksmith whose shop is at 1842 N. Tenth st., and Ludwig Wagner, who works for Otto Repp, a pretzel baker, at No. 1715 Myrtle st. All parties are elated over their success. They each sent \$1 to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, July 6.

WHO CAN GET GOVERNMENT LAND IN DAKOTA?

All settlers in taking free government land in Dakota are protected from obligations to the amount of 160 acres of land, and seed, stock, implements and provisions to a reasonable amount; and also, are not liable for obligations incurred in other countries.

To offend nobody, we should have no ideas but those of the world.

Wanted—A good six or eight-room house by a family with good children, grand-children, mother-in-law, and parents or hired girl with a lover.

(At the minister's George—"That actor is an Irishman." Fred—"How do you know?" George—"I can see Cork on his face.")



This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, stum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street N. Y.

TYPICAL BIGOTS.

Three of Them are Graphically Described.

All are Incurable, but the Meanest of Them is a Fortune-Hunting New York Editor.

These interesting delineations of character, drawn by Rev. Dr. Brann, of New York, we find in an exchange:

Bigot No. 1.

A group of bright little children seated on the porch of a New England summer hotel intently studying a book, attracted the attention of one of the guests. He looked and saw that they were gazing at four or five monks, some dressed like Dominicans, others like Franciscans, engaged in torturing with pinners and roasting alive a beautiful woman, half-naked.

"What is that picture?" asked the guest.

"It is a Romish priest burning a Protestant," replied the eldest of the children, a flaxen-haired boy.

"Are there more pictures like that in the book?" asked the guest.

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy; "it's full of them."

And, yes enough, it was full of illustrations, all calculated to inspire the young with hatred of the Catholic Church or cover it with ridicule. The pictured matter was as full of falsehoods as Redpath's history. For it was written in a plain, simple style in good English adapted to the minds of children. It was published by a respectable publishing house, which yearly sends out thousands of copies of books of a similar character to poison the minds of the young against the faith and practice of Catholics.

There is hardly one of our readers who has not come across some of these bigoted publications. They produce the child a bigot. The little mind is filled with lies about Popes, bishops, priests and nuns, and the doctrines of the Church are ridiculed and travestied. Even writers as distinguished as Charles Dickens do not hesitate to stoop to this vile task of trying to inflame the passions of the young against "Popery." His child's History of England is a proof. One of the most prominent American writers who have devoted themselves to this nefarious purpose is Goodrich, or "Peter Parley," whose histories, lacking in truth as the inscription on tombstones, are in the hands of all American children. These books fill the country annually with a crop of young bigots, and, of course, very few of these young minds are able to get over their early prejudices in later life.

Is there a remedy for this evil? Yes; it is to produce a number of elementary histories, well illustrated to make them interesting, written by competent Catholics for the benefit of the young. One of the best things the late Father Hecker ever did was to publish the pamphlet, "It is honest to know the Catholics," which is the latest in a series of similar works. The sense of fair play in every honest man's breast against the common calumnies against the Catholic Church. If it did not always make converts, it certainly killed prejudice in many minds. Our Catholic colleges have clever professors of English literature and history. Will not some of them write truthful histories for the young, to counteract the fairy tales, but called histories, of "Parley" and Redpath? The late John Haseard and John McCarthy did something in this line. But much yet remains to be done by our Catholic literateurs and our Catholic publishers to stem the tide of juvenile bigotry set in motion by attractive but false elementary histories.

Bigot No. 2.

Here is a gentleman from Boston, polite, educated, cultured. His wife goes to the Catholic church to hear the music. He himself, possessed of a sweet tenor, being acquainted with some Catholic musicians, sometimes sings in a Catholic choir, or at a concert for the benefit of a Catholic charity. He is the most amiable of men. He is a merchant, keeps a Catholic hotel and clerks, and is kind to all Catholics who come to his own church every Sunday. He will even invite the priest to dinner, sometimes and doff his hat to him in the street. In fact, he thinks Father A., the "nicest fellow" he knows, and so, when both happen to meet at the seashore in summer, he will invite Father A. to a sail, or to his house for a game of chess. But one Bostonian is like some of these innocents one at Bedlam or Blackwell's Island, sane in everything but one. His crazy point comes out after the first game of chess, especially if he loses it.

"Do you know," he says, "Father A., I have great respect for the Catholic Church? In fact, I would not object to my daughter marrying a Catholic, and I think they do not go to their own church every Sunday. He will even invite the priest to dinner, sometimes and doff his hat to him in the street. In fact, he thinks Father A., the "nicest fellow" he knows, and so, when both happen to meet at the seashore in summer, he will invite Father A. to a sail, or to his house for a game of chess. But one Bostonian is like some of these innocents one at Bedlam or Blackwell's Island, sane in everything but one. His crazy point comes out after the first game of chess, especially if he loses it.

"No, indeed, I am not," replies the priest. "But why do you dislike the Jesuits?"

"Well, they believe that the end justifies the means, and they are plotting against our American institutions."

"Well," replied the priest, "this is news to me, my friend."

"I know nothing of the kind," says Father A. "I know the contrary. I know that the Jesuits condemn the proposition that they are plotting against our American institutions. I know that the Jesuits are staunch supporters of our republican liberties."

"Oh, that is not so," replies our Boston friend.

I want to know the price of dry goods in Boston, or the quality of the goods. I would like your opinion for you are an expert in both. Suppose you gave me your positive opinion on these subjects, and proved from other sources that you did not deceive me, what would you think of me if I persisted in refusing to believe you? Would I not practically be saying that you were a liar? Would I be a gentleman to refuse to believe you? Now, please answer me. You know that as a Catholic priest I know the theology of the Catholic Church, and especially the teaching of the Jesuits. I have read their books. Now, I give you my solemn word of honor that they condemn the proposition that the end justifies the means. Will you persist in refusing to believe me when I certainly ought to know the truth and the Jesuits are not hostile to American institutions. Is not a Catholic priest an expert in such questions, as you are one in dry goods?"

"Oh, well," replies the Bostonian, "we'll not discuss the question further. Have another game of chess!"

But his tone and manner showed that he still believed in the Jesuits, and the condemned doctrine and were foes of American liberty, and that Father A. was a liar. Nothing could change his opinion.

For this kind of bigotry there is no moral remedy. A surgical operation similar to the one required, they say, to get a joke into a Bostonian's head, might get the truth about the Jesuits in the skull of our Boston friend.

Bigot No. 3.

He was a liar, impetuous and briefless. By good luck and good looks a wealthy woman fell in love with him and made him dispossess of her mighty dollars. He was only half-educated in everything except the art of making and keeping money. He became ambitious. His ambition became greater than his talents of desecration, and so he foolishly bought a newspaper in order to have an "organ" to grind out his views and music for his professional march from the bar to the statesman's chair.

So he became an editor. Sometimes he writes editorials, the rhetoric of which seems to have been studied on the basis of bigogifery. He scatters foreign words over his editorial page, till he makes it look like a bill of fare in a fashionable restaurant. In this he imitates the other fashionable Fifth Avenue writers, like the author of "Valentine," and the hysterical Mrs. Rivers Chandler. "Will religion pay?" Will it help to further my political aspirations? There's the nut for our lawyer-editor to crack. It will. So he publishes sermons of the leading Protestant clergymen, texts of Scripture which he does not understand, pictures of the Methodist Bishops, and distributes upon Popery from Dr. John Hall, or any other bigots who will write them. His newspaper became as spotted as a rabid coon dog or a liver with spots and sneers against Catholics. Before the Presidential election his prejudices were held in abeyance lest Catholic Republicans should go back to the Democrats. But, now that the election is over, this treacherous shepherd gives his Catholic sheep up to the tender mercies of the Protestant wolves. He poses as the Pharisaic custodian of the Sunday—because it would not pay to run his cable on that day. He out-Calvins Calvin, yet he holds with Athanasius and Socialists. He dines with Vanderbilt and Depew, and speculates with Herr Mont and the Socialists. He has always a kind word for them, but ever a blow for the Catholic. If the Catholic protests, he pigeon-holes the protest for days and then publishes it with a forged date, permits the carriage to drive out of the Church to caw their roars in his column, and then closes them against the Catholic who feels aggrieved. And this lawyer-editor poses as a typical New Yorker and a Simon-pure American. Is he a bigot? It is hard to say whether he is a bigot, a hypocrite, or an idiot, or all three together. Consider his mental calibre, he is certainly the last in his office of pandering to Methodists and Presbyterian prejudices, and in his attacking the Catholic who feels aggrieved. And this lawyer-editor poses as a typical New Yorker and a Simon-pure American. Is he a bigot? It is hard to say whether he is a bigot, a hypocrite, or an idiot, or all three together. Consider his mental calibre, he is certainly the last in his office of pandering to Methodists and Presbyterian prejudices, and in his attacking the Catholic who feels aggrieved.

Yes, a supernatural one is prayer. The only natural one we know of is a cowhide or the toe of a boot, and every honest man feels like applying it.

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his left ear, seemed to choke him, for he moved his head rapidly once or twice in his brief walk to death. Nolan took his place under the rope hanging nearest the Franklin street wall. Paackenham was four feet away from his companion and next to the priest.

Both men turned and grasped the priest by the hands, wringing them furiously. The rope was sprung, and the man fell. The sound of the falling weight plunging to the ground. For an instant there was not a movement and then a tremor passed through the frame of Nolan. His legs were drawn up slightly, and his chest heaved faintly. Paackenham remained motionless for fully 30 seconds, and then came a violent tremor from head to foot. He body swung from the hips downward for a half minute and beams still. As the expiration of four minutes there was a mighty shrou, almost together, in the suspended murderers. Paackenham's pulse had gone up to 96 and then sank rapidly to 60 beats a minute. Nolan's pulse at the fourth minute was 70, but it rose to 100 in ten minutes and then came the expiration of five minutes was no contraction there in Nolan. As his body swung round a tiny stream of blood could be seen trickling down his neck. The rope had abraded a small sore on his neck. At 10 minutes past 7 o'clock both men were pronounced dead, but were permitted to hang 15 minutes longer.

While this scene was being enacted preparations were being made for what proved to be the most shocking spectacle that has ever taken place within the walls of the Tombs. Two minutes after seven Carolin and Lewis, with the priest, came through the door. Lewis unsteadily the first dozen paces, but quickly recovered himself. Carolin had the bus of a cigar between his lips, and was puffing vigorously blowing great clouds of smoke into the face of the attending priest. He glared at the priest as he turned around and felt the rope touch his shoulders. Spitting the cigar stump from his mouth, he broke out into blasphemy that horrified the spectators. Atkinson had just pinioned his legs when he spoke. Looking solemnly at the three priests, he suddenly exclaimed: "I die an innocent man. God is good. I didn't do this thing." Lewis, who had then been doing his thing, turned his head and addressing his companion, said:

"What's the matter with you any way? Why don't you die like a man?"

"I will die like a man," shrieked Carolin, his face turning perfectly livid. "I will die like a man—an innocent—"

A SHOCKING SPECTACLE. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Atkinson had clapped the black cap over the murderer's face at the same moment. Atkinson gave three deliberate raps, with a perceptible interval between them. The sound of a blow came from within the box, and the weight fell. Instead of bounding up, as Paackenham and Nolan had done, the miserable wretches went into the air with so little force that there was scarcely any rebound at all. Lewis immediately began the most and the most violent. He threw his legs about so violently as to kick off his slippers. Then he began to gurgle and choke. The rasping, wheezing sound came from under the black cap for fully ten seconds. His body turned and swayed and the contortions were so painful that half a dozen men turned away their heads. The poor creature was slowly strangled at Carolin's body was violently convulsed, but he uttered no sound. The weight fell at 7:03 o'clock, and at 7:10 both men were dead. The four bodies hung half an hour and were then cut down and put in plain coffins. All the murderers were strangled, but the deaths of Paackenham and Nolan were comparatively painless; that of Lewis must have been killed his wife on March 13, 1888, because she would not give him money to buy liquor. Jas. Nolan shot his mistress, Emma Albert, on November 23, 1888, because she had tired of his abuse and his dependence and had determined to get rid of him. Ferdinand Carolin butchered the woman with whom he lived on March 15, 1888, with a hatchet. Patrick Carolin, the neighbor of Alice Jackson, a widow girl, on July 17, 1888. The motive with him was almost identical with that of Nolan. Alice Jackson had been his mistress and he had followed and persecuted her.

There are fifteen other murderers in the Tombs awaiting trial. Most of them are liable to be executed by electricity, if the new law is held to be constitutional.

A DESPERADO HANGED. SAN ANTONIO, Tex., August 23.—Jim McCoy, the noted desperado, was hanged to-day for the murder of Sheriff McKinney.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS. The Extraordinary Age Reached by a California Indian. SAN FRANCISCO, August 23.—For several years there has been domiciled at the Monterey County hospital an Indian known by the name of "Old Gabriel." As to the exact day, month or year of his birth proof is absent, but of the fact that he has passed the wonderful age of 150 years there is a quantity of proof. Gabriel was born in Tulare county, this state. Father Junipero Serra arrived in California in 1774, and it is well known that at that time Gabriel was a grandfathers. The youngest age at which Indian married was fifteen years. If Gabriel followed the custom and married at that age he would necessarily have been at least thirty-two or thirty-three years old to have been a grandfather at the time of Father Junipero landing here.

Father Junipero taught Gabriel the art of cutting and laying stone, and at the time of the building of the first chapel on the site of the present Carmelite mission below Monterey, in the years 1771 and 1772, Gabriel was present and assisted in the construction of the walls. He became so very expert at his trade that he managed and assisted in the construction of all the other old buildings. He was then known by the name and name of Gabriel, while the special train, engineered by Captain Rowland, is said to have had orders to pass the accommodation at Silver Run.

The train came together with a crash at the curve east of Petroleum. Both trains were running rapidly, and when they collided the special

train and the engine, tender and baggage car of the accommodation went over the cliff in one indescribable mass. James Layman, engineer of the accommodation, one of the oldest engineers of the Baltimore and Ohio road, was crushed to death. Alex. Bailey, fireman, was also crushed in the wreck of the engine. Cephus Rowland, assistant of the old engineers, of Parkersburg, was caught under the wreck and received injuries from which he cannot recover. John Fletcher, fireman on the special, was crushed to death.

The special car, occupied by officials on an inspecting tour, was smashed into smithereens. Roadmaster J. A. Hunter, was badly injured, with several others, including Geo. Douglas, engineer of the accommodation. The train was many passengers, all of whom received a terrible shaking up, and about twenty of whom were more or less injured. R. J. Malley, trackmaster, of Parkersburg, and a member of the city council, was badly injured. J. Rose, baggage-master of the accommodation, was also seriously hurt. Many of the injured passengers were hurried off on trains going east and west, and it was impossible to get their names.



Dr. SEY'S REMEDY, the Great French Remedy for Dyspepsia, Bilious Affections, Constipation and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Dr. SEY'S REMEDY is composed of the purest aromatic which stimulate the digestive organs, and which, far from weakening like most medicines, imparts tone to, and strengthens the system. Further it contains a substance which acts directly on the bowels, so that in small doses, it prevents and cures constipation, and in larger doses it acts as one of the best purgatives.

It is important to note that Dr. SEY'S REMEDY can be taken in any dose without disturbing the habits or regime of those who take it.

Sold by all Druggists, \$1.00 per Bottle.

S. LACHANCE, SOLE PROPRIETOR, 1538 & 1540 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

COMMERCIAL. MONTREAL MARKET QUOTATIONS. FLOUR, GRAIN, &c.

Receipts during the week were 23,728 barrels against 18,120 for the week previous. Receipts for the week were 23,728 barrels against 18,120 for the week previous. Receipts for the week were 23,728 barrels against 18,120 for the week previous.

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to 12; Morrisburg, 16 to 18; Brockville, 15 to 16; Westman, 14 to 16; Rolla, 14 to 16.

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Receipts during the week were 23,728 barrels against 18