

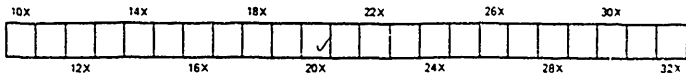
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The Motherland Latest Mills from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

The following statement appears in the London correspondence of The Irish News...

The Antrim Orangemen should be happy, says The Freeman's Journal. They have decidedly scored against Mr. A. J. Balfour.

The potato crop in the parish of Kilmurray, on the Oraro side of the Shannon, is seriously attacked with the blight.

We much regret to announce the death of Father P. Moran, P. P., Whitegate. The funeral obsequies were held at Whitegate on July 20th.

The unhappy struggle on the Caher estate, which has continued East Clare for the past three years, has, thanks to the efforts of the good priests of Upper and Lower Keale, especially Rev. Father McKeena and Rev. Father Courtney, been at last amicably settled on a basis which is to the mutual satisfaction of the parties interested.

After lying at the bottom of the Atlantic for 10 months, Daunt's Rock Lightship, Puffin, has been raised four fathoms, or about 24 feet.

On Aug. 8, James and Thomas Maguire, in custody since March, 1896, and four times tried in connection with the death and robbery of Wm. Funston, cattle dealer, residing near Fintona, were liberated from Derry jail.

At the Magherafelt Board of Guardians, Mr. Henry McErlane moved the following resolution which was adopted: That we, the guardians of the Magherafelt Union, ask the English Government to withdraw all restrictions on the growth and cultivation of tobacco in Ireland, and give the tobacco the free use of their land for growing any crops that the land will produce...

A public meeting was held at the Harbor Office, West Pier, Howth, for the purpose of presenting to each of five fishermen the silver medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote of thanks of the Institution inscribed on vellum, and handemanded framed...

On the 11th of May last a small trawler in charge of Samuel Howlands, and a man named Edwards, of Ring-

send, was boating up for Howth harbor in a strong N.W. wind, with heavy squalls and a bad sea running, when the little vessel, about a mile from Howth, sprang a leak, and began to sink. Showing a signal of distress, the hooker Storm King threw them a line and took them in tow...

Considerable indignation has been created in the Limerick district owing to the action of a local resident in taking the farm from which the Widow Flynn was recently evicted.

More evictions notices have been received by the different Poor Law Boards in this county during the present season than has been the case for some years past. These are principally against small landholders, of whom an unusually large number were deeded for rent at the last visit of the County Court Judge...

On Aug. 1st, the beautiful Church of St. Joseph attached to the Redemptorist Monastery, Dunadul, was the scene of most imposing ceremonies in celebration of the Feast of St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop, Doctor of the Church, and founder of that great missionary Order...

The Navan Show has been considered the best for young horses in the Emerald Isle. It would, indeed, be hard to point out better men or women than met in this, one of the richest grazing sections of the most feeding land in the world.

A Carnival of Venice Bazaar and variety entertainment in aid of the Catholic Cathedral in Waterford opened in the Court House grounds in charming weather. The splendid Artano band, of Dublin, were specially engaged, and they went through a choice programme.

The citizens of Waterford were alarmed when the Protestant Cathedral bells pealed forth the customary intimation that a fire had broken out. Crowds rushed from their beds to find the rear portion of the premises of the large drapery firm of Messrs. James Hearno and Co. enveloped in flames.

The people of Tralee have learned with extreme regret of the death of Rev. John O'Reilly, late P. P. of Trough, South Kerry, which occurred at the residence of his brother, Rev. Michael O'Reilly, P. P., Dromod, where he had been staying for some time past.

On Aug. 3, the annual Convention of the Irish National Foresters opened in the City Hall, Liverpool. There was a large attendance of delegates. Mr. John Geraghty, the Grand High Ranger, presided. Mr. Hutchinson, T. O. Dublin, General Secretary of the organisation, was present.

the Marxist Order, and labored in Ireland, England and America before being selected for his present exalted position.

Universal regret is felt throughout Birr district in consequence of the death of Somerset, Lorrha, of Mr. John O'Meara, A.B., J.P., one of the most highly respected and popular county gentlemen in Lower Ormond. Mr. O'Meara belonged to a great old Irish family, most of whose princely possessions in the vicinities of feudal system passed into other hands, still leaving a considerable and valuable estate on which the deceased gentleman lived, the happiest relationship existing between him and his contented and numerous family.

A young draper was bathing near the Corporation Baths, Limerick. He went out beyond his depth and being able to swim his position became very dangerous, and perhaps a sad fatality would have occurred were it not for the courage of Mr. Albert Enright, an employe of J. and G. Boyd's, who, without divesting himself of his clothing, jumped in; a buoy was thrown out, and by this means both rescuer and rescued were enabled to reach the shore in safety.

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audience in the Assembly Rooms, Stoke Newington, where the exhibition took place.

Here, in this country, he said, the Jesuits had noble colleges in which were gathered the sons of the aristocracy and gentry in very large numbers. They were educating the greater part of the Catholic gentry and aristocracy. But there was a great middle class in England, which might be called the backbone of the English population. The future of England, the prosperity of the Empire, the future of the world, would more and more be grasped by the middle class (applause). The educational laws which were being introduced, and the determination of the mass of the English people to bring the very best education within the reach of the industrial and professional classes were such that we might feel perfectly sure that in the course of a few years secondary education, which the middle class, commercial, and industrial classes were determined to have, would be offered to them in its perfection in every part of the country.

SCOTLAND.

Great goldfields in British Columbia. Two Glasgow prospectors who were sent out on behalf of a Glasgow mining house to British Columbia recently cabled home that British Columbia would be the principal goldfield in the world. Not a single mine developed to 150 feet had been abandoned or shut down, and some were paying dividends before actual mining commenced.

The annual conference of the Catholic young men's societies of Great Britain was opened in Glasgow. A reception and conversations was held in the Waterloo Rooms, when the delegates (numbering something like 150) were welcomed by Bishop McGuire. The opening meeting was held in St. Alphonsus' Hall, Charlotte street, Mr. M. Fitzpatrick (Liverpool), President of the Central Council, presided. Satisfactory reports were submitted from the various branches.

The conference was opened in St. Alphonsus' Hall. It was divided into three committees, in each of which papers were read. Mr. Johnston (Cardiff), presided over the first committee.

The Editor Explains.

Sir,--Your kind statement about the thrice blessed Euvre Exploireur for the succor and release of holy suffering souls in purgatory (established some dozen years ago at Chapelle Montligeon, on the Orne, France) in the issue of 20th May has given great satisfaction to the members of the English Secretariat, and through them to other employees--for these are secretaries for the many other languages and nationalities--and they beg to offer you their cordial thanks. And now you add to your kindness by a sympathetic notice of the nice little book about devotions to the great St. Anthony of Padua, published in English by the English secretaries at the office of Chapelle Montligeon.

The devotion to St. Anthony has spread wonderfully through the United Kingdom within a few years. Very many of his clients will doubtless be glad to have the little book for their devotions. It can be had for 6d., including postage. One of the greatest religious marvels of this century is undoubtedly the rapid spread throughout the world, and especially the English-speaking world, of the blessed Euvre Exploireur of Chapelle Montligeon within a dozen years. It was established in an out-of-the-way little village in the Orne by a holy devoted priest, the cure of that little country parish. His name is Paul Buaquet, and this name is now a name of benediction on the tongues of millions and millions of people in every country of the world. He is another Cure d'Ars--for surely inspired it must have been--with the warm approbation of Bishop, the late Mgr. Tregaro, of Soez, has already spread to countries beyond the seas, where the name of the Venerable Joan Marie Vianny was never heard to the day of his death in 1850. But still thousands of people in France believe, and so

does the justly venerated Father Buaquet himself, that the holy cure of Ars had not forgotten his poor Franco when his blessed soul went up to heaven from his poor worn body, so that he pleaded before the great white throne for the poor suffering souls...

and who deservedly held the high position he held, to use his influence with his colleagues? He felt sure that the influence of the right hon. gentleman was so great with his colleagues that if he would put political considerations on one side and act upon his own kindly disposition and secure the release of these men after their 15 years of penal servitude, he would stand higher than ever in the estimation of his colleagues. (National cheers).

Parliament in the Fifties.

In The Contemporary for August there is a racy article by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in which he gossips pleasantly of the House of Commons in the fifties. He entered the house in 1852 in order to found an Irish party of independent opposition, a method which he had recommended when in 1817 the Irish Confederation asked him to report on the most effective method of repealing the Union.

More than fifty members pledged themselves to oppose any Government who would not make Sharman Crawford's Land Bill a Cabinet measure. In this connection, Sir Charles tells a good story. Sergeant Shee, one of the leaders of the party, anxious to get facilities for the Land Bill, told Mr. Hlayter, the Government Whip, that he would gladly support the Whigs whenever he agreed with them. "You are very obliging," rejoined the Whip, "but we want men who will be glad to support the party when they don't agree with them." Sir Charles kept a diary in those days, and from it he draws some capital stories about Disraeli. Here is one which we do not remember to have heard before: "Somebody asked him lately if Lord Robert M--- was not a stupid ass. 'No, no,' said Benjamin--'not at all; he is a clever ass.'" Here is another: "Some of the young bucks on the Liberal side are fond of sneering at Disraeli's devotion to his wife, who would not, perhaps, be a suitable Queen of Beauty at a new Eglinton Tournament, but to whom he owes everything. McCallagh Torrens says he saw them one night leaning the grand opera; when descending the grand staircase one of the lady's shoes got untied; she stopped suddenly, and cried, 'Dizzy, tie my shoe.' Dizzy went down on his knees and performed the service required."

Irish Political Prisoners.

Speaking in the House of Commons on Aug. 4 Mr. Davitt said he wished for a few moments to raise the question of Amnesty to a few remaining Irishmen in prison. He was certain there was not a single member of the Ministry that would be opposed to the release of those men upon personal grounds. Either individually or collectively there could be no desire to use political vengeance upon political foes. But after what had taken place, and after those men had been reduced to a state of bodily and mental wreck as a consequence of what they had undergone there ought to be a desire on the part of the Government to let the remainder of the men go free, and that they should be added to the victims of penal servitude. He hoped the Government would give some hope that these men would not be kept in prison many months longer. Within the next few weeks there was to be a Royal visit paid to Ireland. He did not say anything for or against that visit, but surely it would appear to the Leader of the House as to other members of the Government that it would soften the feeling considerably in Ireland and make that visit a pleasant one all round if this little mercy, this small act of clemency, were extended to these few political prisoners at the present time. Might he therefore appeal to the right hon. gentleman who had led the house with such success and such conspicuous ability,

and who deservedly held the high position he held, to use his influence with his colleagues? He felt sure that the influence of the right hon. gentleman was so great with his colleagues that if he would put political considerations on one side and act upon his own kindly disposition and secure the release of these men after their 15 years of penal servitude, he would stand higher than ever in the estimation of his colleagues. (National cheers).

Clarke Wallace Corrected.

The following appears in The Ottawa Journal: In your issue of the 5th inst. is contained an interview with Mr. Clarke Wallace which merits a little attention. The worshipful grand master returns from Ireland in a hurry to deliver himself of the following: "Hon. Gerald Balfour has almost given a pledge to the Irish Catholics that he will establish a Catholic University in Ireland, notwithstanding the fact that Trinity College, Dublin, is open for adherents of all denominations. This is creating considerable excitement and Orangemen are just entering upon a struggle similar to that in which we engaged a year ago."

He goes on to speak of resolutions passed threatening the government if they do justice to the two thirds of the Irish people, that the Orangemen will enter on a sturdy opposition, rise en masse and stop the government. To the Canadian people who love truth and justice Mr. Wallace's sophistry ought to be exposed. When he tells us that Trinity College is open for the adherents of all denominations he tells but half a truth, which logicians call a fallacy "suppressio veri," or suppression of truth.

But Mr. Wallace was in Ireland and what he does not know about everything there after his junketing is not worth knowing. The knowledge of Prof. Mahaffy--one of the best known of Trinity's present staff of teachers--would vanish into thin air if compared with the profound speculations of the Orange grand master of Canada. Trinity College from its foundation to the present time, an interval of three centuries, has been essentially Protestant in its practice and teaching.

This is a proposition easily susceptible of proof and if so, were Catholics expected to crowd the halls of the University? "In founding the University," says Prof. Mahaffy, "the hope of Elizabeth and her advisers was to tempt Roman Catholics to be educated under Protestant influences, and so win them from the influence of the Pope and his Irish priests." In other words Trinity College was established purely and simply with the object of proselytizing the Irish people.

But Mr. Wallace says it is open to the adherents of all denominations to-day, and Prof. Mahaffy whom nobody who knows anything about the philosopher, and free-thinking divine will derogate of saying one word that is not derogatory to the adherents of the Catholic Church, thus continues: "The present government and policy of the college, though secular and admitting all persons to its honors, is distinctly Protestant."

Prof. Mahaffy is one of the pampered professors who like Mr. Wallace would find have the present condition of the University continue. The vast majority of the Irish people have no objection to this, but they do object to be taxed by the government for the support of an institution which they cannot conscientiously avail themselves of. The Irish Catholics wish Trinity to go on and prosper, but their grievance is this. Trinity College and the Protestant institutions in Ireland receive \$600,000 a year as a government grant and not one cent is given to support any one Catholic institution. This is the injustice Mr. Balfour wants to redress by establishing a Catholic University. Orangemen profess to aim at justice and liberty. I believe if the facts above stated were pondered over by them they would not be so easily led away from the paths of rectitude by the shibboleths of a man whose ostensible object in life is religious strife and the tenor of whose ways is ever at variance with all liberal minded Protestants. Doing under the tuition for four years of two Trinity professors, whose memory I revere, it will be granted that I know whereof I speak.

M. Monaghan, B.A., Royal University of Ireland.

Sir Wilfrid's Audience With the Pope.

[DRESS CIRCLE.] ROM, Aug. 12.--The Pope to-day received the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Lady Laurier. The audience which began at noon, lasted an hour, and was of a very cordial nature. His Holiness asked for detailed information regarding the situation of affairs in Canada, and especially questioned the Canadian statesman on the subject of the Manitoba schools. STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.--Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Superintendent, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Eclectica Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

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A Dialogue.

He— They heart that is silent, its music unsung, Wild impulse has swept through its gold chords too long;

He— From across the grey mountain, adown its green side, The winds fiercely play with the ocean's blue tide.

He— The name of our King in Truth, Goodness and Love, Creation reflects that bright Light from above;

He— For His face is His image, on mountain and glen, Truth, Goodness and Love are united since then.

He— The forest's deep glens, on the shores of the sea, Where the wild waves roll over in rapturous glee,

He— With the primal passing of heavenly light, Who brought Goodness and Truth from the mazyous above.

He— And thus as in nature to man it is given, To reflect in his life the perfections of Heaven,

He— While Goodness and Love should o'er hallow his youth, The chill winds of age should re-echo God's truth.

making a profound impression on Parliament and on the people of this country. We have also taken the leading part in the House of Commons this year in fighting the cause of an oppressed nation...

Considering its difficulties, I have no hesitation in saying that on the whole, the Irish party has done excellently this session, and in view of that fact, I confidently appeal to the friends of the Irish cause in the United States for a renewal of their support.

DEAR SIR—It seems for some time past that the correspondents for the A. O. H. have taken a rest. The warm weather must have affected them. I hope they will soon be able to continue their work.

THEIR DRILL INSTRUCTOR O'Meara, and his fellow-galant old Tipperary, The Boston Knights of the Red Branch want to look to their laurels apart from exhibitions military and otherwise.

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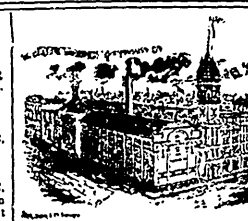
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Cast Out the Devils. (GEO. T. ANGLIN IN OUR DUBLIN ARENAS) A correspondent thinks we rather hard on the students in some of our Protestant colleges, on account of the rowdiness and outrages of comparatively "a few." Answer—These outrages include too often nearly whole classes, and often very considerable numbers. In this evening's paper alone (June 23rd) we find in the Tombs Police Court of New York City a batch of Yale students belonging to a party of about fifty, all sailing badly on a New Haven boat, smashing bottles, knocking at doors, breaking blinds of staterooms, keeping every passenger awake, etc., etc.—Also a bloody battle of Chicago University students in which heads were thrown, backs wounded, president of senior class badly injured, another student thrown down a flight of stairs and picked up with a dislocated shoulder, and many others hurt.



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THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 19—S. Louis. 20—S. Bernard, Ab. 21—S. Anne & St. Chantal, Ab. 22—S. Joachim. 23—S. Philip Benit. 24—S. Bartholomew, Ab. 25—S. Louis, King of France.

A cable correspondent affirms that Sir Wilfrid Laurier started off for Ireland on Monday night to consult the leading prelates of Roman Catholic church on the Manitoba school settlement.

The excitement occasioned by the famine riots in India was intensified a few days ago by a report that the Amoor of Afghanistan had announced and would support the insurrectionary tribes in the north.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has had an interview with Pope Leo, an account of which the cable correspondent represents him as giving to a delegation from the Cobden Club.

In his first circular letter to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Montreal Mgr. Bruchet renders the following striking apostrophe to the faithful of that great Catholic city: "Oh, dear church of Montreal, what alliances we have contracted with thee."

The editor of The Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, is the truest type of a Protestant that we encounter in our exchanges. He doesn't believe anything that he cannot measure by his own mental and spiritual capacity.

dictatorial standard. One draws a comparison between Newman and Renan. We find it dogmatically asserted that: "Renan was led astray because there was no pure gospel offered to him in the church of his youth."

The other article in The Witness is conceived in a becomingly patronizing tone towards The Rooster's report of the recent pilgrimage from Kingston to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. It is headed: "How they are Taught."

It has been more than once suggested that Lord Salisbury's government is a consenting party to the game Turkey is playing with Europe over Greece. Mr. M. W. Ramsay, LL.D., of Aberdeen University, who has resided many years in Turkey, has just published a volume of his impressions in which he bears out this opinion.

Acting on a proposition of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, the Holy Father has created in Oceania the Vicariate Apostolic of the Gilbert Islands. "The mission is to be entrusted to the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of Issoudun; and Pore Joseph-Marie Leroy, a missionary in the Gilbert Islands, has been nominated the first Vicar-Apostolic."

The Corporation of Toronto.

The Globe says it is "quite as much opposed as THE ROOSTER can be" to the "riag of lodgement" in the Toronto City Council. This would be a consoling assurance if The Globe had a better reputation than it enjoys at the present writing for bestowing its support and influence in line with its professed sentiments.

Now if Ald. Hallam's words do not mean the same thing as our remark we would like to see a special interpretation of the language made by The Globe.

We were illustrating the contention that it is a false pretence to say the business of the city of Toronto is conducted upon the lines of a business corporation. It is a contention that hardly needed an illustration.

The point of our article, which The Globe thought well to overlook, was that Catholics are denied both representation and employment under our ring-ruled Toronto administration.

There is one way in which civic administration can be made to reasonably resemble the business of a private corporation. The present government of Great Britain has applied to some of the Orange centres in the north of Ireland the principle of minority representation.

The Disgrace of Canada.

It has long been a Canadian fashion to preach the superiority of Canadian over American politics and law. The Canadian press can never tire of pitying the United States on account of the "spoils system," among other evils.

The American law, for instance, prohibits removal on account of political or religious belief. Both of these causes are the rule rather than the exception in the dismissals from office since the change of Government at Ottawa.

Let us refer once more to the dismissal—ouphismatically, euporantiation—of Mr. Daniel McAllister, deputy collector of Customs at Cobourg. Mr. McAllister had been twenty years in the service.

Contrast the injustice of this high handed proceeding with the state of the law across the border, as revealed in a decision delivered the other day by United States District Judge Jackson, of West Virginia.

The Baltimore Sun commenting upon Judge Jackson's decision says: "It was no doubt the intention of congress to give to the faithful and capable servant of the government a 'vested interest' in his position, that interest to be protected as long as his work was efficiently done."

The legal interpretation of the American civic service act, and the order of President McKinley conforming thereto, leaves the Canadian civil service the most degraded in the world by reason of the spirit of partisanship that rules it.

Fourth Lambeth Conference.

The Rooster abstained from making any comment upon the proceedings of the Fourth Lambeth Conference as reported by cable. This was a precautionary measure.

The idea of these conferences had its origin in Canada. In 1865 the Anglican body in Canada proposed an imperial council of the English Establishment, together with those colonial communions giving nominal adherence to its doctrines and forms.

But this year, when English pride had soared into dizzy heights, calling forth from Rudyard Kipling's trem-

bling lyre the "Reocasional" petition, the Bishops of the "gratational institution," thought they would be in the jubilee fashion, and give the Archbishop of Canterbury like the Queen, "dominion over palm and pine."

We observe that this enterprise not only ended in failure, but it very nearly brought disorder and disruption upon the Lambeth Conferences. Out and dried the proposition was that the Archbishop of Canterbury be given an official status as head of the pan Anglican communion throughout the world.

The London Daily News, commenting upon the failure of the scheme, says: "The keenest interest was felt in the question of raising the Archbishopric of Canterbury to a Patriarchate. This received—probably once for all—a final settlement."

In an interview the Bishop of Minnesota said: "The American bishops have maintained from the first Lambeth Conference that the American Church must always stand upon its rights and maintain its autonomy as a national church, and their English and Colonial brethren all recognized that this is their position."

The obvious motive for springing the proposal on the Conference and the American objection to an Anglican Pope are alike interesting. The Episcopalians of the United States were naturally pleased when Pope Leo condemned the Orders of Anglicans.

When the legal Establishment failed to secure Catholic recognition, its bishops thought that, by making a pope of their own, they could Catholicize Anglicanism. Observe now where the shoe pinches Episcopalianism in the United States and the Colonies.

Presbyterian Journalism. The Canada Presbyterian of August 11 announces the amalgamation of that paper and The Westminster.

The Canada Presbyterian of August 11 announces the amalgamation of that paper and The Westminster. The CANADIAN ROOSTER begs leave to extend its congratulations, and to wish the happy couple a very prosperous future.

The editor is Rev. J. A. Macdonald, who will continue to edit the amalgamated journals. Rev. Mr. Mac-

donald is a forceful and fearless writer. Many of our readers will remember him as the St. Thomas minister who first exposed in her real character the notorious impostor Margaret L. Sheppard. The Canada Presbyterian—all honor to it—was the paper that opened its columns to Rev. Mr. Macdonald's scathing letters. We were glad to welcome Rev. Mr. Macdonald into the ranks of journalism.

Freemasonry and Public Education.

The Hamilton Herald, smiling all over its face with good nature, steps up to defend the performance of Masonic rites and ceremonies at the laying of the corner stones of public school buildings in Ontario. Its defence is delivered on two wholly unconnected lines. In the first place we are told that: "Without the Masonic ritual and the presence of the aproned and bejeweled brethren of the ancient craft, the laying of a corner stone is a dull and prosaic affair."

The age and land we live in are certainly remarkable for great popular straining after the theatrical. If the only end aimed at in giving the public schools Masonic dedication is to bring in a touch of the picturesque, then, perhaps, we should merely say with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!" and have done with it.

Again The Herald assures us that "Past Grand Master the Hon. J. M. Gibson is a Presbyterian in good standing and passes round the collection plate twice every Sunday"; that "Grand Secretary Mason is also secretary of the Anglican Synod of Niagara"; and that Rev. Dr. Burns is at once a Mason, a Methodist and a staunch advocate of Irish Home Rule.

We always endeavor keep our attacks upon institutions entirely impersonal. However, if the admission is consoling to The Herald, we go so far as to say that Hon. J. M. Gibson and Rev. Dr. Burns may be the highest types of the Presbyterian and Methodist faith found in Canada. We also know that the latter is a sincere Home Ruler. Both gentlemen in all their personal relations with church and politics may be,—and are, as far as we are concerned,—beyond the breath of criticism.

But why should THE ROOSTER rage anyhow, over if the corner-stone of every public school in the province were laid by the Freemasons? THE ROOSTER is fond of calling the public schools "Protestant" schools. Well, if they are Protestant schools there doesn't seem to be much reason for a Catholic journal to make a fuss because the corner-stone of these buildings are "well and truly laid" after the Masonic manner.

This is the point. We thank The Herald for having mentioned it. We have said the public schools of Ontario are Protestant schools; but we have not heard the proposition admitted. On the contrary most newspapers declare that the schools are entirely non-sectarian. Of course if they are, as we say, Protestant, they cannot be non-sectarian. Again, if, being Protestant, they are on that account Masonic, and Freemasons have the right to dedicate them, it is not asking too much to urge a complete concession of this point. Then we shall be content.

The Chapter of the Dominican Order, which held a sitting in Paris last week, elected Father Montpeut, Prior of the convent in the Rue du Bac, to succeed the late Pere Houllanger as Provincial.

Chats with the Children.

"DRESS PARADE." Of "dress parade" you all have heard. And, doubtless, you have seen The wondrous hues of solid blue Wheel steadily on the green. But I've no stry whiff, I'm sure, The you look far and near, Tho' you hunt north, south, east and west, I have not to-day a peer.

And every night at eight o'clock, Its line of march is made, And the noise of drums tells me it comes To give "Udress Parade."

A prouder general than I, Never issued a command; A prouder army than my own, Exists not in the land. Two drummers always lead the way, Then come the "rank and file," With heads erect, and faces front. They march, then halt, the while I make inspection of them all. Of uniforms and guns; And then I call, "Attention all!" "Now, march! By twos! By ones!"

At last, when I am satisfied That everything is right; That curls are brushed, and faces clean, And uniforms are white, I cry out, "Company, break ranks!"

The sound of each one's alarm; For straightway, on the "double quick," They run into my arms. The drums are dropped and muskets, too, Each hides its curly head, And hugs me tight, and says, "Good night!" Then scampers off to bed.

—Francis Churchill Williams.

A HELPING HAND.

One day a visitor to the school found Sydney Smith during play hours absorbed in the study of Virgil, gave the lad a shilling, and with it a few kind words of sympathy and praise. "Clever boy, clever boy!" exclaimed the stranger. "That is the way to conquer the world."

Such unobscured encouragement broke like a gleam of sunshine across the dreary and troubled life of the neglected boy, and roused within a capable heart the laudable ambition for distinction. Sydney Smith never forgot that man, and to the end of his days praised his deed. The stranger went his way, little dreaming of the good his pleasant words had accomplished; while the lad he had cheered afterward rose to the proud position of prefect of the school.

THE BOBOLINK.

Where rosy maids move through the meadow's clover, In opulent June, with her blue sky held over, Comes now the rarest bird-song yet, I think— That of the breezy, boisterous bobolink. See him go up, up, up, with dulcet phrases, Out of the thick green grass, snow-white with daisy buds, and blue and yellow flowers. His frenzied screech he hurries to deliver, And shoots them off like arrows from a quiver.

"Cho-riek, a-runk, a-ruck, cho-riek, a-rucky, I've met my summer love, am I not lucky?" Is what he seems to say above the grasses— A song that fits the hearts of lads and lassies.

How well this black-white singer, keen and knowing, Keeps his exhaustless music fountain flowing! Far over road and field, and dell and river, His warblings spread from plumage all a-shiver.

How fair the lush rich landscape all about him! June would be less than half of June without him. "Cho-riek, a-runk, a-ruck, cho-riek, a-rucky, I've met my summer love, am I not lucky?"

The rosy maids still move amidst the clover, Wishing the pretty song was never over. A single gun re-echoes on the mountain, But nothing duds the bobolink's bubbling incantation.

O joyous harlequin of Orpheus mettle, If for a moment on some rural you settle, 'Tis only as a pause, just to re-troscuro A fuller trill in your most matchless measure.

—Jool Benton, in Harper's Weekly.

TRUTH.

Whoever utters a lie, which is an intentional act or saying for the purpose of concealing the truth that ought to be known, wounds fearfully, not only his own moral nature, but the social compact as well. Father Hill, in his Moral Philosophy, thus expresses the important fact: "The faculty of speech, or the power of manifesting one's thoughts in outward signs, is intended by nature and ordained only for truth; it is the means of making us that known to other persons which ought to be known, and which cannot otherwise become known, at least naturally and directly."

A CHINESE SCHOOLBOY.

Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study. At the age of five a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he is given a task, and after

it is completed is allowed an hour for breakfast. Again, later, he has an hour for luncheon, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. All the time that he is not saying his lessons he is learning aloud at the top of his voice. He is taught rudimentary astronomy, physics and natural history, but greater stress is laid upon writing and his literary studies than upon any other branch.

FACTORIOUS CHILDHOOD.

Youth is the time to teach your children habits of industry. Never encourage idleness or sloth in the young. A lazy boy or girl should have their laziness drummed out of them, even if you should exercise yourself madly and judiciously as Solomon directs. When the lazy youngster comes to maturity, it will be that he inborn feeling of being tired, which will make all his days a reproach, and of which you, the fond parent, will be largely to blame. If you inculcate habits of industry in the children do not be afraid they will think you cruel. The day will come when your ashes will be blest by them for doing your duty.

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is the dog. It was Sunday morning and everyone was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care—his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp bark said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

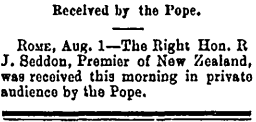
The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please excuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would remember to tie up his dog.—Our Little Ones.

Received by the Pope.

Rome, Aug. 1.—The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, was received this morning in private audience by the Pope.



Intelligent people in this day and age all the most important reception, protect themselves against the liver is inactive, the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food is imperfect, the blood gets impure and the body is weakened. These conditions get worse and worse. The heart through the arterial system is pumping thin, poisonous blood into every organ of the body. The organs that are inherently weakest break down first. Ordinarily the lungs are the first to break, but the cancer's back comes a cold, however slight. This, with the accompanying cough, completes the work of an invasion of the germs of consumption on the lungs. It is the greatest blood-maker and flesh-builder known.

K. C. McEla, M.D., of Kempsville, Prince George's Co., Va., writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Discovery' I was very low with a cough, and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to get up, and I was very weak. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles, and now I do not feel like the same man. I feel well, and I am able to do my work as usual. I feel that your 'Discovery' is a great discovery, and I feel that you are a great benefactor to the world. I feel that your 'Discovery' would have resulted in my death."

—Jool Benton, in Harper's Weekly.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Everyone who is interested in the progress and material development of Ontario, and more especially every farmer, ought to read the annual report of the Bureau of Forestry for Ontario just issued. Like its predecessors it is full of information on the subject of forest preservation and tree planting, and contains an epitome of the latest practical conclusions and observations bearing on the forestry question. The seriousness of the situation in Ontario has been recognized by the Provincial Government, which have lately appointed a commission to make a tour of the Province and ascertain the feasibility of replanting some of the waste lands with timber. The figures presented by this report, compiled from the returns of the Bureau of Industries, show the extent to which the denudation has been carried in some of the frontier counties and the urgent need of some active measure to counteract the evils which have resulted. The report deals briefly with the broader and more general aspects of the question, inasmuch as the commission is now at work. It gives some figures showing the extent to which the lumber supply is drawn from lands belonging to farmers, partial statistics obtained from 1,500 lumber mills indicating that 965,000,000 feet, board measure, is cut every year from land under settlement, in addition to other than pine timber. It is urged that farmers should look to the wood-lot as a permanent source of revenue, and carefully guard such remains of the original forest as they possess from reckless destruction. In view of the growing scarcity and value of many kinds of timber they are recommended to plant their waste and unproductive lands with such kinds as are likely to be in demand in the future, and some interesting and convincing facts showing the value of plantations on farms are given.

The latest scientific experiments as to the value of trees as windbreaks in preserving the moisture of the adjacent fields are set forth at some length. Among other features of the report are papers on the study of nature in schools, showing how Arbor Day might be made a much more useful institution than at present; on the manufacture of charcoal, by Alex. Kirkwood; and on insects injurious to forest vegetation, by Dr. Brodie, a leading authority on entomological sciences. A postcard addressed to Mr. Thomas Southworth, Bureau of Forestry, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, with name and address of the sender, is all that is requisite to obtain a copy of this interesting report.

Old fanciers find something new every year. Men who have been breeding fowls for decades have to take the place of learners. New revelations are made in the poultry-yard. The veteran breeder, Mr. L. K. Felch, says, in a contemporary publication:

"I packed eggs which were less than thirty-eight hours old, and they went to Rhode Island—longer than thirty miles—and the patron reported them 'rotten, for they shook.' I sent them to Ohio, some eight hundred miles; the eggs started less than forty-eight hours old, and a letter came back, they 'shook.' Last year I received three shipments with a railroad carriage of fifty-seven miles. They 'shook.' I investigated and found the eggs were fresh laid—all laid inside of four days before shipment. The eleven eggs so shaking were set, and eight chickens were hatched." Such a state of things was naturally a surprise even to a veteran like Mr. Felch, and shows that it is necessary for every one to be cautious about claiming to have ascertained the whole truth. The following from Mr. H. S. Babcock, also an experienced breeder, will be of interest to our readers: "I thought if there was one thing that was definitely settled, it was that an egg which would shake when it has been set upon for three weeks was past all possibility of hatching. But I have learned differently. In recently examining a clutch of eggs due to hatch, I removed several which shook freely, and supposed them to be rotten, but upon breaking them I found in one a full-grown chick, alive, and just ready to break the prison walls which confined him. I shall hereafter have more confidence in shaly eggs than I formerly had." The moral of these two facts is not to be too hasty in condemning eggs which shake. Without doubt, many a breeder has been thought to be dishonest, and many an egg deemed to be worthless without a cause. The fact that eggs shake is not a positive proof that they are stale, or that they will not hatch.—Poultry Keeper.

Mrs. C. R. Scholl, in American Agriculturist: Before frosts come pick all sound, green fruit from the vines, and carefully wrap each one separately in a 6x12 inch sheet of white wax paper, taking care not to twist it. Spread out in a single layer on trays in shallow boxes, and place in partial light in a cellar. To hasten ripening they may occasionally be exposed to the sun half an hour at a time. Once a week I examine and pick out the red ones and those that may decay. This may be done easily, as the transparency of the paper does not necessitate unwrapping. Thus I have a constant supply of plump, palatable and beautiful tomatoes, till Christmas usually, with but trifling expense and trouble.

DOMESTIC READING.

Ho who will not bond shall be broken.

Ho who flatters men is corrupt at heart.

Let every man beware of his own reason.

Let no man fear others so much as himself.

Every man has sufficient cunning to deceive himself.

The custom of the world is the open gate to destruction.

Ho that climbs not above himself shall never sit in Heaven.

It is for many too late to-morrow, because to-day is too soon.

Have more religion in your heart than you carry in your head.

Let thy words be few and thy heavenly and mighty deeds be many.

Pray much before you talk much about how big a sinner you used to be.

Beware of hardening thy conscience by frequent hearing and cooling.

Keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

The time of man is his portion, and was unto him who spends it in vain.

It is always a duty to enlighten conscience; it is never a duty to disobey it.

A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

There is a worm in the bosoms of men which, if not destroyed, will destroy them.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.

The lusts of the flesh are horses of war; come down from them, and delay not.

Death to those who die is always sudden, to those who mourn is always premature.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a moth's love.

The reason of man is a bush of thorns; whose denies himself will flee from it.

The spirit of a talkative man is a horse for the devil without a bridle in his mouth.

To seek ourselves is to deny ourselves, and to deny ourselves is truly to seek ourselves.

We must never think the door of hope shuts against us if we have a purpose to turn to God.

As soon as a word is spoken it is printed in the air, and the angels convey it to the other world.

Happiness is not found where the world seeks it, in worldly wealth; but in heavenly dispositions.

Evolution, by disclosing to us the marvelous power and accuracy of natural law, compels us more than ever to refer all law to a supreme originating intelligence.

Music, like a silver moonlight, floats across us with invisible and restless power. It gives to the soul a double life, so that it can listen to itself. It commences, dreamlike, with our highest hopes and deepest memories.

It is one thing to forgive ourselves, another thing to have God's forgiveness. It is one thing to reconcile our selves to the our thing that runs through our life, another thing to be reconciled to God and so defeat the course.

A parent, next to maintaining a child's health, should cultivate his will to cheerful obedience and industry. These are the qualities which it is first possible for a child to acquire, and acquired qualities are those which bring the most training and are the most praiseworthy.

We need all the social agents there are to lift us out of the daily routine of life; music is one of these factors. Parents who fail to cultivate where evident the musical gifts of their children deprive them, and through them the coming generations, of that moral and intellectual agency which is their due.

Music, like a true coin, rings best on the domestic hearthstone. The essence of it no more belongs to the concert-room than—recently let it be said—does religion to the church. It must needs be an everyday matter, entering the hearts and homes of the people, otherwise its true functions remain unfulfilled.

It is perhaps worthy of more note than it has received that music does not lead itself to the base or the evil in the same way that other arts have sometimes done. It may occupy itself with the trivial—a very great deal of ephemeral music does so—but it cannot give voice to the corrupt, as poetry and painting can; none of the evil passions of humanity are capable of direct expression by music.

If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be wretched indeed who will not give them to him. We superiors should endeavor to keep this in view; yes, were all mankind to observe it, how much happier would the world be than what it is! It is like lighting another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains."

Pill Clothes. The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a brick pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years' experience, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. The only one you will find in full in Ayer's "Cure-book," with a hundred other. Price, Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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The Seal

By KATHARINE TYNAN
IN ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

It was a week after Mairo Terence Lally's wife had died, at the birth of her fourth child, that the seal was flung up out of the storm on the sand-strewn slope before Terence Lally's cottage door. Lonely, lonely in Dorracran, where they laid Mairo to rest, with its three tall cypresses blown slanting by the sea-wind, and the one globe of its ruined abbey standing shoulder-high among the long grasses, grey with sea-sand and whitened with the bones of the dead. Mairo had ever been timid and feared of them that walk between the dusk and the dawn. It was hard that she must come to lie in the place that had always been most foreboding to her, and to lie there under the earth with the dead bones for company while the feet of the living tramped away to warm firesides and talk and laughter.

Terence Lally was for flinging the seal back in the sea at first, but as he stood looking at it, all wet and shivering, it lifted its great pitiless brown eyes to him with a more than human appeal. Terence started and turned upon the creature.

"The creature has the eyes of Mairo when I was angry," he said, as he crossed himself and turned away. The seal dragged itself over the threshold, and none forbade it. It came to the chimney corner where the cradle was, and cropt into the warm shadows. One or another of the neighbors came in to see the strange beast.

"'Twill abide with you," said one, "for 'tis easy to see the creature is young, and not used to its own element."

And another—
" 'Tis a terrible lucky thing entirely to happen to you, Terence Lally. I wish it was by my door it had come insinuating itself, Lashins and lavins' of gold it 'd bring in its train, an' you mark my words."

Mauro Brennan, who said this, was a wise woman, and her words weighed with Terence Lally, for every Lally of them that ever lived was eager after the money.

"It shall abide then," he said, "and my blessing on it;" and when he had said it, the poor dumb beast, crouched by the cradle, turned a look of gratitude on him that gave him a pain in the heart. So used Mairo look at him when he gave her the soft word, and that was not often. God forgive him!

Well, whether there was anything in the wise woman's talk or not, as the time passed the greatest prosperity that ever was came to Terence Lally. His crops thrived and his sheep increased, and he took to fattening a few bullocks now and again, and to rearing an odd little horse for Caher-on-Fair. The time came that the cottage was so smothered in gold and yellow ricks that you could hardly see it for substance, and the fields were dotted over with the little mountain sheep, with here and there a fine black or strawberry calf among them. The neighbors said that the Lallys could have meat to their dinner every day if they liked; but Terence wasn't one to like spending. It pleased him better to hoard the gold in a long stocking stuck in a hole of the thatch, and to live hard, as his father had done before him.

Terence was out mostly all day seeing to his land or his stock, or his fishing, and little Oona, ten years old, kept the house and minded the children. It was happier so, for Terence was a surly man, and not much comfort in it when he was in the house. Still, it was noticed that he never had an ill word for the seal, and the creature seemed to be as happy as a much-petted dog, sitting there in the chimney corner by the cradle, and looking lovingly out of its soft brown eyes.

Every night it returned to its own element, and sometimes in the day as well. That would be after Terence was out of the way, and when the baby was asleep. If the child happened to wake during these times it would miss the seal and begin to whimper, and presently the seal would come dragging up the field and hurrying into the house on its great wet flappers; and when the baby would hear the sloshing of it on the clay floor he would stop crying and put his thumb in his mouth and sleep again.

All the children loved the seal and the seal them, but the baby most of all; perhaps, because the first thing he took notice of was the sleek head and the kind eyes looking over the water of his basket-cradle.

In the afternoon, when little Oona had swept up the house and set a few sods of turf on the fire, that was a happy time for the children. The elder child, who was a little mother to the rest, would gather the curly heads about her and sing songs or make them stories, and the seal, you would have said, was the happiest one in that circle.

Then the time came when the baby began to walk alone, and in the long summer days, when the other children had gone off to school to the iron hut

in the valley, to find his toys and his playmates on the sandy slope before the cottage door, with its drift of seaweed and shells and gaily colored pebbles such as a child loves. There he would sit all day in the sun with no other companion than the seal, who, if anyone came by that way, would make them laugh with its serious air and clumsy gait. Oona was weighed down with the cares of housekeeping, the scrubbing and cleaning, and washing and mending. She would not have known what to do if she had had a great, wifely baby-boy on her hands as well. How could she have followed him up and down, and put by her work to be his playmate? All this the seal did for her; and the child with the seal was like a lusty child with its nurse, coming and laughing and confiding, and as often as not bull-dogging the boy grow strong and big and would wander to the rocks and the shore, and would pursue his playmates, the waves, as they confronted him and retreated, the seal's task was no light one to turn him from the danger, and coax him to the safe places. No harm ever came to the child. The neighbors used to wonder, seeing the seal and the little lad together, at the wisdom that love had put into the heart of the poor seabeast.

And so all went well till in an hour Terence Lally took his head to marry again. It was another Mairo, but whereas the first Mairo was known as Mairo Bawn, that is the Fair, because of her milk-white skin and pale hair, this Mairo was known over the island as Mairo Rue—that is the Red.

Terence Lally was led to her by the money, as people said, she was able to put her smother on him soon enough, money or no money. She lived the other side of the island, and was an heiress in her own right. Land and stock and beasts had come to her from her father, and nothing had lost value in her hands. She had had many seeking her in marriages, but she was suspicious that they wanted her gear more than her. Yet she might well be sought for herself. She had the white skin of the red-haired, powdered with golden freckles. Her bare throat was like a pillar of snow. The great twist of her red hair she could hardly carry upon her small head, and her reddish-brown eyes had a golden fire in them. But her temper and her tongue frightened away the lads.

She was no longer young when Terence Lally sought her in marriage. He was richer than she, so that her gifts to her other suitors was out of place to him. He was still handsome and young enough; and if he, too, had temper, she thought no worse of him for that. The children, to be sure, were a drawback, but then little Oona was a useful child and would take much of that care off her hands.

Terence Lally for her sake spent some of the contents of the stocking in making the house fit to receive so handsome and well-dowered a bride.

She would have the children in one end of the house and herself in another. She was not a bad hearted woman, except for her temper, and it was not to be expected of her that she should be ready to mother the dead woman's children. She was so busy with her dairy and her calf-feeding and pig rearing that she did not meddle much with the children. Oona looked to them as of old, and the step-mother was a stranger to them, which was perhaps the best thing that could have happened.

For the seal she had never any great warmth, but so long as it did not come bringing its trail of sea-water and sea-sand in her end of the house the thing did not matter. She was richer than she, so that her gifts to her other suitors was out of place to him. He was still handsome and young enough; and if he, too, had temper, she thought no worse of him for that. The children, to be sure, were a drawback, but then little Oona was a useful child and would take much of that care off her hands.

"Oh, my God!" she cried; "the children! Good in Heaven, my Oona! God! what am I to do?"

She ran to the edge of the sea distracted and up and down the sands crying to God. Unless a miracle should save them she knew they were doomed. Their father was away at a distant fair. Oona and the others were at school. There was no one to help but her. Therefore she cried to God, though Mairo Rue was never good at the praying.

Suddenly an answering shriek smote upon her ear. It was something so strange, half human, half brute, in its terror and anguish, that the distracted woman stood and trembled. The boat was still churning about in the waves but no longer up and down with them. It was setting heavily with its weight of water, and though she could not see it, the two little ones, still clinging together were half buried in the sea.

But the seal, the seal! There it was bobbing up and down in the waves. She could but see its sleek black head and it was making fast to the children. She stood like one turned into stone and the prayers froze on her lips. She saw the boat sink at last, and then two little specks of white, the pinafores the children were wearing came to the top and went rising and falling in the waves with a horrible helplessness. They were still tangled together for Terence had caught little Owen's pinafore and held it in a drowning clutch. She could not pray now nor scream. She felt her brain and her heart hang dead within her.

But still there was the seal. The black head reached the children and then turned and made for land. The little white pinafores followed in its trail. Mairo Rue's life came back to her as she watched the seal struggling against the outgoing tide.

After a long struggle it reached the rocks and dragged itself up. Mairo Rue was there before it, on her knees, with all her wild hair about her, hold imploring hands for what the seal brought. Little Terence clung to the seal's neck with what might be a death grip. Her baby Owen, dragged over

the rocks and the sands, he held by the pinafore. Mairo Rue flung herself down, and tore her boy from Terence's cold hand. She saw that the little face was bruised and disfigured. Flinging the other child from her she rushed to the house, and, stripping her boy, laid him before the fire. Big alas! what fire on earth could warm the limbs to life? The life, never very strong in the little lad, had been washed from its resting place, and when Terence Lally came home it was to find his wife, with the face of a corpse, rocked in her arms a dead baby.

But Terence the seal had warmed with her body and brought to life, so that even as his father looked down on the dead child, the living, snatched from death, stood in the doorway.

Little Owen was laid to rest, and the young grass grew over him, but the fire of his mother's anguish knew no abating. She was in rebellion against the Will, and went to them that are so. Why should Terence be left and Owen taken? All day she flung the questions against the walls of heaven, and there came back to her no answer. Her beauty became disfigured. Her beautiful hair was dull and clogged; her golden skin had turned yellow, except for the two fierce fires that burned in her cheeks, and in her eyes smouldered an anger and unrest terrible to see. She looked like a woman devoured by an inward fire, and there were those who said that Mairo Rue was dying.

There had grown up in her heart a fierce anger against the seal. To Terence, indeed, she grudged the sun while her own little boy lay in the dark, but the seal she hated worse. It had saved Terence, and it had not saved Owen. If you said to her that the creature had done its best, she would answer that it had brought the ill-luck on her and here. She had always known it would be so. Didn't the world know that it had always loved Mairo Bawn's child and hated hers?

The seal, as if it knew, poor beast, kept out of the house and out of the distraught woman's way. But that was not enough. Day after day, night after night, she brooded upon it that the seal must cease to trouble her. If it could be killed, so much the better; but if it could not, it must go or she would kill it with her own hand. Perhaps in her heart she knew that the seal would rather die than be sent away, poor dumb thing that had set its love on Terence Lally's children.

The man was lost with trouble over to a change in his wife.

"What is there to do for you, pulse of my heart?" he would say; "tell me, and no matter what it costs, it must be done."

And she, with the fires of madness in her eyes, and her hand pressed to her side, as though she had a mortal hurt, would answer back the dead? "Can you bring back the dead? You cannot, and that you can do, you will not do."

Terence Lally stood out for long. The seal had brought him good luck, and had saved the life of his child. But could he gove resisting the woman who had taken the heart out of his body?

The day came when, amid the screams of the children, the seal was dragged with ropes to a fishing-boat that put in below Terence Lally's house. The man stood by as white as death, his face turned from the exploring eyes of the seal, that were like the eyes of a woman, and were full of heavy tears.

"Do not hurt it," he said to the captain of the fisher fleet, that was bound for Scotland, as he counted the ripples on his palm. "Drop it overboard when you are a day's journey from land."

The second night after that, as the children sat lonely round the hearth-fire, there was the dragging of a heavy wet body outside the door, and when they had opened it, the seal, sorely spent, dragged herself over the threshold into the midst of them.

Terence Lally did not dare tell his wife. Since the seal had been taken away she had been kinder to him, and something of the madness had gone out of her eyes.

Early in the grey morning his boat came to the shore. Once again the seal was dragged aboard, and the boat's head turned for Westport.

There was a ship bound for America, and to her captain Terence Lally bade himself. The captain held his palm for his money.

"Do not hurt it," said Terence Lally, "but when you are two days from land put it overboard."

At last the seal saw his head so that he should not see the seal's eyes, which were like those of Mairo Bawn, and had great tears in them.

A week later, betwixt the day and the dawn, the seal dragged herself, faint and half-dying, to Terence Lally's threshold-stone.

Then he went to a wise man and asked his advice.

"The best of evil," said the wise man, "or could she have come with-out chart and compass, those miles and miles of sea? The thing to do is to put out her eyes, and then let her be carried to sea."

Many days passed, and there was no word of the seal; Mairo Rue looked almost happy, but Terence as if a heavy sickness had fallen on him. By day he wandered without ceasing, muttering to himself, and at night he would start out of his sleep sweating, and crying that he had burnt out Mairo Bawn's eyes. And the love of his wife became without comfort to him.

At last, one morning when little Oona opened the cottage door to the dancing sun, there lay the blind seal sobbing her breast. Fearfully had she fought the sea and the tempest, and the rocks her blind eyes had not warned her of had torn great wounds in her breast and her side.

And even as the children came running to her with cries of love she uttered a great sob and turned on her side, and was dead.

After that neither look nor grace had Terence Lally.

His prosperity withered off him as the flesh from his bones.

All at once he was an old man, and bitter. The love between him and Mairo Rue ceased, and they sat in each end of the house with the wife of it between them for hatred.

Once more he saw the seal. It was the night when he was waking Terence Lally, and there was many a one saw, eye, and pressed close to the great black shape crouched by the threshold. But surely the seal came in forgiveness, not in anger, for a gentler woman than Mairo Bawn never walked this earth.

Her one sin was that she loved those she felt beloved better than the joys of Heaven, and that sin God had permitted her to expiate.

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An Unrehearsed Performance.

An amusing scene was recently enacted at Lillo. At the conclusion of one his performances, Sarban, the conjurer, addressed the audience as follows: "Coming to the sensational part of the programme, I now propose to decapitate one of the spectators. Any gentleman who would like to undergo the operation is invited to step on the platform."

At these words there arose a young man from Armentieres, who, in a fit of jealousy, had quarrelled with his intended, and he ran up the steps leading to the platform, firmly resolved in his despair to have his head cut off. Everything was now ready for the decapitation, and the audience sat waiting in breathless suspense, when suddenly the sweetheart of the "knight of the rueful countenance" rushed upon the stage, exclaiming:

"No, Paul! You shall not die!" whereupon she clasped her lover in her arms and dragged him with main force out of the booth.

As may be readily conceived, this pathetic scene had quite an exhilarating effect upon the spectators.

Where "Poor Jo" Was Buried.

An English exchange says that the Consistory Court held in the Wellington Chapel, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Chancellor of the Diocese of London applied on behalf of the rector and churchwardens of St. Mary-le-Strand for a faculty to enable them to construct a road through the disused burial ground, now a children's playground, and through some of the most striking and pathetic passages in "Black House." Here was buried the broken rake, Captain Hawdon, and here his victim, Lady Dedlock, was found dead at the iron gate, after her tragic flight from Sir Lester's house. "Poor Jo" in his last illness desired to be buried here, near his unknown friend the captain, who "was very good to me, he was."

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FIRESIDE FUN.
Hoax: "Du you ride a bicycle?"
Joax: "Well, oil and on."
She: "Who had the face to tell you I painted?" Ho: "You."
She: "The Miss Browns usually sing duets, do they not?" Ho: "Yes they divide the responsibility."
"What is pronunciation, Uncle Jim?" "It is something you bump up in a dictionary one day and forget the next."

Place: Hotel St. Antoine, Brussels. Enter English tourist: "Waiter, have you any good whisky?" "No, sir, only Scotch."

A man who had been fined several times for drunkenness coolly proposed to the justice to take him by the year at a reduced rate.

"I suppose you found out immediately what a poor typewriter girl the school had sent you?" "No; I discovered it by spells."

Wedwell: "Why don't you get married?" Singall: "Alas! I am too poor. Wedwell: "Huh! When I was your age I was so poor that I had to marry."

"That was rough on Davis." "What?" "He stepped on a piece of orange peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a licence."

"Why did you dismiss your doctor, Miss Sprightly?" "I had five prescriptions from him, and there was not a bicycle in one of them."

The American Grocer says, editorially: "We paid last year \$1,001,127,300 for drinks." This is the worst instance of editorial thirist we can recall.

Perambulating Penfold: "Say, pard, don't yer tink it's a poor rule that won't work 'bot ways?" Ambling Anderson: "I tink it's a blame poor rule dat'll work anyway."

Scene: A back street. Mrs. Triggs (whose two little boys are industriously christened after the great African explorers), shouting to the younger hopeful, playing in the gutter: "Stanley! Stanley! go and find Livingston!"

"I don't like the way her hat is trimmed," said the woman at the theatre. "No," replied her husband, who was immediately behind the headwear. "It was a great mistake not to trim it carefully across the top a pair of scissors."

An Irish sailor fell from a lower part of the rigging on the first lieutenant, carrying him to the deck. "Where did you come from, you rascal?" said the lieutenant, as soon as he had gained his feet. "From the North of Ireland, your honor."

"I heard you were on shtrike," said Mike to his friend Pat. "I was that," answered Pat. "A shtrike for what, Pat?" "For shorter hours, Mike."

"And did you get them?" "Sure we did, Mike. It's not workin' at all I am now."

Olumpley: "That hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night." Pokely: "Of course he had some excuse." Olumpley: "Yes; he said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh."

Mother: "Gladys, dear, bring me down the blue bottle with red label that is on my window-sill." (Waits for about five minutes and then requests. Sm: voice from above: "I can't catch it, mamma; he's fled to the top." Comment is needless.)

Here's unadulterated and unlimited gall for you.—A Pittsburg merchant recently wrote a debtor as follows: "Will you kindly send amount of your bill, and oblige me." To which the delinquent made the brief reply: "The amount is \$0.85. Very respectfully," etc.

"I wonder," said Mr. Dickhorn, as he filled his glass with the oak of an expert, "I wonder who started the custom of calling a drink of liquor 'a smile'?" "I wouldn't call that there one a smile," said the barman. "It is nothing short of a horse-laugh."

Little Bobby, aged four, is the proud possessor of a penny, which he contemplates with great interest while his mother tries to explain to him that there are four farthings in a penny. Bobby, after shaking the penny close to his ear, suddenly exclaims: "But, mamma, I can't hear them!"

Mrs. Bruchet! Receives Zouaves.

MONTREAL, Aug. 11.—The Union Allet, composed of ex-Panfili Zouaves, called on Archbishop Bruchet yesterday and presented him with an address on the occasion of his consecration. Recorder de Montigny as President of the Association read the addresses, in the course of which he said: "We are but the debris of a battalion blessed by your predecessors, but as long as there remains one of us to bear the flag which was displayed beneath the walls of Rome, we will always find this banner displayed for the defence of religious authority. Our sons will uphold it when the old men have disappeared to demonstrate their devotion to the sacred cause of the Church. Our names, Monsiegnor, are engraved on the marble of the Cathedral and when the bugle sounds for the defence of principles, let its thro' reach them who bear those names. You will find them all at the post of duty with the device 'Aime Dieu et va ton chemin.'"

