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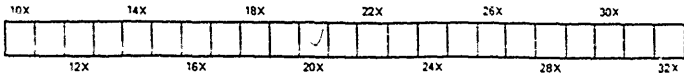
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The Irish Half of the American Revolutionary Army.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., writing in the Nation, supports Michael Davitt's statement that the Irish comprises half of the army of American Independence.

land previous to and during the American war of independence. "An thing like a considerable immigration from Ireland," he says, "did not begin until 1758."

What I really wanted to speak about is Mr. Davitt's amazing statement that over half of Washington's army was Irish.

So great and wide was the discontent that many thousands emigrated from those parts of Ulster to the American settlements, where they soon appeared in arms against the British Government.

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After some references to Irish generals on both sides in the war of independence, of which I shall have some remarks to make presently, Mr. Frederick goes on to say:

"But, leaving general aside, where were those great masses of Irish troops? Where did Mr. Davitt imagine they came from? To have a big number of Irish recruits you must have a very large Irish population.

THE QUEEN'S OLDEST SUBJECT

Mr. Taylor, the late postmaster at Scarva, was much the oldest man in the United Kingdom, probably in the whole of the Queen's dominions.

Mr. Taylor bore the burden of his years very lightly. He first saw the light in a humble cottage situated between the towns of Tandragee and Scarva.

On that point I have no doubt that Mr. Frederick will receive enlightenment from Irish-Americans who are well versed in the records of the countrymen.

Mr. Taylor used to tell many stories of this highwayman. Here is a typical one: "One time, when closely pursued by the soldiers, O'Hanlon went the whole way from the Newries to where Belfast now is on the branch of the trees, for it was all a wood in them times."

Mr. Frederick mentions General John Sullivan, who was well known in the early days of the American Revolution.

He has often stated that in 1780, when in his sixteenth year, he played music in front of a troop of light infantry raised about Tandragee.

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AN UNGRAMMATICAL AM-BASSADOR. The British Foreign Office has perpetrated an absurd joke. It issued a Parliamentary paper in relation to the China question.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm Vander-voort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Paroselle's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used."

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 THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 18—S. Helen Emp.
- 19—S. Louis.
- 20—S. Bernard.
- 21—12th aft. Pent.
- 22—S. Timothy and Cps.
- 23—S. Philip Brail.
- 24—S. Bartholomew, Ap.

True Witness, Montreal.—Our contemporary at Toronto, THE CAZARIN. ROUSSET, appears in a bright and attractive dress this week. The change is a step in the right direction, and one which should entice for the sturdy advocate of Catholic claims in the Queen City a future full of years of success and prosperity.

The London "St. James' Gazette" is informed by a correspondent that the Catholic Bishops of England have unanimously agreed upon the following regulations when mixed marriages are celebrated in the Catholic Church:—1.—No flowers, plants, or shrubs to be allowed on the altar or in the sanctuary. 2.—No Mass is to be said or sung, nor the Nuptial blessing to be given. 3.—The contracting parties are not to be allowed to enter the Sanctuary. 4.—The officiating priest must not wear cope or stole, but only a cassock or surplice. 5.—No bells are to be rung. 6.—No bishop to be present even as a spectator. 7.—No vocal or instrumental music until the bridal party is leaving the church, when the organ may be played. The "St. James' Gazette" may be well informed; we give the statement without the authority of any of the Catholic papers of England, so far at least.

The Philippine rebel leader Aguinaldo appears to be a "hopeful youth." The London Daily Chronicle has been looking up his record, which is quite interesting. He is now twenty-seven years of age. He was born at Imus in Cavite, and his parents, the cultivators of a small rice and sugar plantation, had to pinch themselves in order to send him to the college of St. John Lateran and the University of St. Thomas, both of which are in the hands of Dominicans. The Dominicans appear to have regarded Aguinaldo as a hopeless duce, and he was transferred to the care of the Jesuits in the Normal School. A year ago Aguinaldo joined the Socialista Katipunans, which soon numbered 250,000 members. It was resolved to arrest him, but he shot the officer entrusted with the task and converted the soldiers under his command. This was the starting point of the revolution.

The excitement in provincial politics in British Columbia is intense. The Lieutenant governor is for the time being the most prominent figure in the distant mob of furious partisans. Having summoned to the task of forming a cabinet one who had not the ghost of a chance of succeeding, he has in turn called in a second and a third emergency Premier in the persons of Mr. Semlin, and Mr. Joe Martin, of Manitoba fame, who hopes to accomplish what is expected of him. The Conservatives are raving at what they profess to regard as an official conspiracy against their party; but the cabinet, however constituted, must lick itself into harmony with the Canadian constitution sooner or later. In other words the last choice, Mr. Martin, will have to show a majority in the Legislature. Unfortunately it is possible in Canada to gain majorities by bribing men elected as popular representatives; but however the majority may be made up, the rest will be plain sailing after that step has been accomplished. Jerrymandering and the potent influence of government patronage will make the Pacific province solidly "Liberal." The Montreal Star says Joe Martin is to get the chief-justicehip. Well, it will then at least be time to have an end of prating about the dignity and capacity of the Canadian judiciary. Politicians of Mr. Martin's style are fitted for anything but the bench.

In the Ontario Legislature Mr. Hardy has recorded his first majority of the session of six over his opponents. He will now proceed as quickly as the tactics of the Opposition may allow to carry out his somewhat altered programme of entrenchment. It will be

seen that Mr. Hardy's policy varies only to the extent of a small syllable from that of which his predecessor, Sir Oliver Mowat, used to boast. Sir Oliver used to call his government one of constant economy and retrenchment. Mr. Hardy has made a little change in the word. Although it spells entrenchment it means economy just the same—economy of Cabinet material for one thing. Two gentlemen who cannot sit in the House are still retained in the Government. With the passage of the proposed Fisheries Bill it is likely that a seat will be allotted for one of them by the translation of the rubbish that now fills it—an office-seeker—from the chamber to a brand new job. That is all right under the Canadian constitution, but there ought to be a law against it. It is a vicious plan at best. We make this comment without any thought of reflecting upon the innumerable superiority (as Mr. Hardy declares) of Messrs. Gibson and Deydion over any other gentleman who have been spoken of in connection with Mr. Hardy's Cabinet. The great bone of contention in this dog-day session is the election constables' vote, by which the Government holds power. It depends very largely upon the tact and ability of the Opposition what influence this question is to assert in the destinies of the government. The people appear to be in the mood to do what is right, and there are enough bye-elections ahead to bring defeat or safety to the Government, according as the electors are impressed by the arguments advanced on the floor of the Legislature.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, returned on Friday last from his pastoral expedition—in a diocese such as his it cannot be comprehensively visited—to the extreme north-west section of his territory. The trip occupied six weeks through a veritable wilderness. His Lordship's party was composed of nine persons, himself, Father Specht, of Heron Bay, and seven Indians, with three bark canoes. The route taken was by the O.P.R. steamship line up Lake Superior to Port Arthur, then to Nipigon, by canoe up Nipigon River and sixty miles across Nipigon Lake to the Hudson Bay company's post; and after returning over the Nipigon waters, by way of Schreiber and Rosport to Heron Bay. The canoe voyage was there resumed up the Pick River, a long and wearisome experience with black flies. Long Lake was reached after five days of hard paddling and portaging and another day brought the party across the lake to the Hudson Bay company's post at its northern end. The bishop administered confirmation at the following points: Port Arthur, Fort William, Red Rock, Nipigon Lake (where the candidates were twenty five Indians) Schreiber, Rosport, Heron Bay, and finally at the Long Lake post (where fifty-one Indians received the sacrament). Once before a Catholic bishop went north as far as the Long Lake settlement. This was Bishop O'Connor's first visit to the region, although a veteran backwoodsman he has probably not an equal on the American continent. In the trip he slept under the stars fifty nights, and worked from 5 o'clock each morning till late at night. He returned home as hard all over as whipcord. Some days after the funeral of Archbishop Walsh, Bishop O'Connor heard the sad news of his friend's death at Heron Bay.

Bishop O'Connor is now the senior bishop of the ecclesiastical province of Kingston. Newspaper reports published more than a week stated that a successor to the late Dr. Cleary had been appointed to the vacant See of Kingston but that there would be some delay in making the announcement. The unexpected death of Archbishop Walsh was mentioned in connection with this reported delay as a possible cause. The absence of Dr. O'Connor would in itself be sufficient explanation why no announcement could be made, as it would be his duty to open any letter expected to arrive or that may have come from Rome. We desire simply to offer a correction of the newspaper reports to this extent, without any reference what, ever to the proportion of accuracy, or error they may have contained. If they had any foundation the announcement of the filling of the Kingston diocese will not be longer delayed, as the Bishop of Peterborough is not a man who allows important business of any nature to wait.

Wolfe-Tone Centenary Celebration

DUBLIN, Aug. 15.—The whole city is on foot to-day in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of the monument in memory of Wolfe Tone. The Municipal offices and many business houses are closed. Scores of thousands of excursionists are arriving, and Delegates are in attendance from the United States, Australia, South Africa, France and Italy. There was an immense procession to the site of the monument. It included representatives of all the civic bodies and societies, who followed a magnificent car containing the foundation stone, which was decorated with flags presented by the Daughters of Erin '98 Association, of New York city.

Catholic Electors and their Duty.

Some weeks ago a newspaper article under sensational headlines appeared in one of the Toronto dailies, and a great deal of excitement among the partisan journals of the province was the immediate result of the strange allegations which it contained. But along with the foolish strictures passed upon the new association and all connected with it, there was also not a little of common-sense discussion. Notably an article appeared in The Oakeset, Antigonish, in which several eminent lay sensible observations were offered. The writer of the article wondered for one thing why the Catholic press allowed the Toronto article to pass without comment. Perhaps the best explanation of such silence could be found in the natural suspicion with which information coming from this obscure source of knowledge in this case was viewed by the Catholic press. At all events more trustworthy intelligence was awaited; and now it is possible to discuss the matter with a clearer view of the real character of the new movement. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the generally admitted fact that Catholic electors throughout Ontario, especially of the younger generation, have been — we shall not say conspicuously, but certainly to a marked degree — indifferent to what Mr. George W. Ross last week described as the exercise of the "kingly act of citizenship." There is no venture to say an electoral district in this province in which a considerable number of the names of Catholics entitled to the franchise are not missing from the voters' lists. The principal cause of this lamentable state of things is the inactivity of Catholics as party men. In municipal, provincial and Dominion politics Catholics have not taken either a forward or an adequate share of responsibility. In so many instances they have found the influence which they might have exercised hampered by the exclusiveness of the party organizations that they were discouraged and prevented from seeking nomination as candidates in any political sphere. From this condition it has come to pass that our Catholic young men are steadily forsaking political effort for the more congenial interest of strictly non-political organizations. There can be no second opinion but that this tendency displays a lack of patriotism and public spirit. In a country like Canada it is every man's duty to cast his ballot according to his conscience for the party or candidate of his choice. We understand that the new association will follow the example set by the Catholic registration associations that are doing excellent work in England. Its object is not to win Catholic electors away from one party or the other, but to turn their attention to the work of both parties, interfering not at all in a spirit of exclusiveness, or with any man's right to sympathize or identify himself with Conservative or Liberal principles as he pleases. The work which the association has set out for itself is to see as far as organization can be effective to the end in view, that every Catholic elector throughout the province has his name on the voters' lists. The title chosen is "The Catholic Registration Association of Ontario," branches of which it is hoped may be formed in rural districts as well as in all cities and towns. It is expected by the promoters of the movement in Toronto, who numbered at the start fully one hundred men of both Conservative and Liberal opinion, that better representation of Catholics in the municipal councils as well as in the legislature and the Parliament of Canada must necessarily follow from the placing of the full strength of the Catholic electorate on the lists. That expectation we, having good faith in the intelligence of the Canadian body politic, believe to be justified. It is

certainly a manly position to assume that the indifference of the Catholic electors themselves is mainly responsible for the rather slight sprinkling of Catholic names now appearing in the councils of the nation.

End of the War

Peace has been restored between the United States and Spain, on a basis which involves, practically, the loss by the latter country of the last of her ancient colonies. But if this were the sum of Spanish humiliation the cup would not be so bitter for that unhappy nation. The war has withal exposed a condition of poverty and weak government in the home country that leaves no room for regret over the separation of the colonies. This, of course, only emphasizes what has been said from the beginning viz. that the United States should have gone about the Cuban business on arbitration principles; it was unworthy of so great a nation to have forced war upon a cripple.

The future troubles of the Spanish nation will be purely domestic, that is if the spirit to face, and if possible to improve, the present miserable situation exists. Sooner or later the domestic situation will have to be confronted, for although the present system seems to have destroyed the energies and blinded the vision of the Spanish people, they themselves are richly endowed with that physical vitality and national pride that rise superior to losses which would completely overwhelm a degenerating race.

The recompense that the United States finds for the immense war expenditure poured out at the rate of \$1,000,000 a day during the last hundred days or more, consists not simply in the acquisition of a little territory, for the Monroe doctrine has been writ large in letters of blood across the eastern and western hemispheres. What import both the old world and the new may learn therefrom is for the future to reveal. Still, if we are to judge by the tone of the American press, the greatest of republics is satisfied to taste such glory, be the latter effects what they may.

The Americans have yet to decide with regard to the Philippines and Cuba. They will have to confer with Europe about the former, and in respect to the latter they may do as they please, although the whole world would now wish to see them annex that island as well as Porto Rico. Our respected contemporary, The Freeman's Journal, New York, edited by Rev. Dr. Lambert, is still an optimistic friend of the Cuban cause of a free republic. The Cuban practice of murdering Spanish prisoners when the Americans were not looking, and the attitude of sullen hostility adopted by the Cuban leaders towards the United States have not affected Dr. Lambert's admiration in the least. In the Journal of August 6 he rebukes THE REGISTER for its lack of confidence in the justice and ability of General Garza and his friends, and observes that a "Canadian political philosopher" cannot be in a position to judge of the capacity of the great Cuban race. The sarcasm has been called forth by our quotation of Mr. John A. Ewan's letters in The Globe, but we might just as well have quoted half a dozen Catholic papers of the United States. We preferred to cite Mr. Ewan's observations because the writer was known to us as one of the most competent of the newspaper writers accompanying General Suflet's army. The idea may present itself to Dr. Lambert that Canadians can have little real interest in the Cuban problem; but we do not close our eyes to the fact that a small minority under arms in Cuba prevented the colonists from trying the experiment of responsible government when it was offered by Spain, and precipitated a war that was calculated to secure to the blood-thirsty leaders of the minority the control of the island. Such an episode has its significance for all neighbors of Uncle Sam. Nothing that may be said now can alter the fact that the United States only is Spain's conqueror; and the territory wrested from the crippled Spaniards should be retained by the foe who seized it. At some future time when the history of the present Spanish-American affair may possibly be repeated, it would be more instructive to all the world to know

by this piece of history that when the United States goes to war with a European power the fight is as plainly for stakes as is invariably the case when European powers fight between themselves.

Russia Against England.

Persons who profess to tell the future ways of diplomacy are declaring that England and Russia must fight before long for supremacy in Asia. The immediate cause of all the trouble is the rivalry between the two empires as to which of them shall be the Chinaman's pawnbroker. Russia's pawnshop is marked "protection of Chinese integrity," and John Bull's establishment is under the sign of the "open door." These, opposing trade names practically stand for all the differences between the British and Russian policies from the Chinaman standpoint. The "open door" means European manufactured goods for the Chinese market, and free entrance thereto, no matter how badly off the natives may be for want of employment and revenue. Russia on the other hand promises to close the Chinese markets forcibly in the face of the "foreign devils" and develop (or Russianize) the Celestial empire as all of her own vast Asiatic empire has been already Russianized. Nor can any one who has read very deeply in the later history of Asiatic countries doubt that Russia's gradual conquest of so much of the territory of that continent has been accomplished peacefully enough, and without that subjection of the conquered tribes to the utter misery and vassalage imposed upon the unhappy millions of British India. It may please British journalists and politicians to explain the Chinese preference for the Russian policy before the British, so sensationally announced last week, by saying that Li Hung Chang is a "traitor" who has sold his country's interests to the Czar; and that all Chinese high officials, including the emperor himself, are corrupt and purchasable. Corruption may be rampant in China; but there is every reason to assume that if the game were one of simple bribery Russia would have her match in England. There must be more than bribery in it.

China's ancient exclusiveness has been demolished, she is placed to-day between the devil and the deep sea and she must choose among her unbidden guests from the west. Russia is her nearest neighbor, and she has seen not only that Russian exclusiveness comes nearest to her own, but that Russia is the kindest ruler the semi-civilized Asiatic tribes have ever found. Against these considerations England's "open door" offers no greater attraction to a Chinaman than it would to a Canadian. It is a policy that makes for nothing else but native impoverishment and the enrichment of foreign traders. England says it is the policy of "civilization" and "freedom," because it allows all the European nations to trade on equal terms in the immense Chinese market. But the Chinaman may be excused if he fails to see the beauty of mere freedom for European trade on the ruins of his ancient nation.

Doubtless Europe would side with England's policy through self-interest if Russia had nothing to play off against it. Russia might not defy the whole of Europe with the same cool determination with which she confronts England. A smooth enough way with France and Germany, however, is to agree to the acquirement by those powers of distinctive "spheres of influence" in China; and the strong anti-British tone of the German and French press, making merry over England's latest defeat, would indicate that Russia's policy would indicate that Russia's policy is the winning game not only in China but in Europe also. The utterances of British newspapers during the past few days have been decidedly warlike; but Lord Salisbury has made no sign that there is war ahead. Parliament has been prorogued, and Cabinet ministers have gone off on their holidays with sore heads and silent tongues. Even Joseph Chamberlain is mum. The jingoes will occupy the dog-days in killing imaginary Russian foes on the Indian frontier. But the Asiatic game has not yet advanced that far. It is a future certainty, however, when Russia's preparations have all been completed for challenging the presence of any other imperial power than her own on the continent of Asia.

The Newspaper Field in Montreal.

Our Montreal contemporary, The True Witness, suggests the revival of The Post, a daily that suspended circulation some ten years ago in the commercial metropolis. The Post had a span of life of ten years or so, and we remember it as a brightly written little paper. The True Witness believes the present an opportune time for the investment of \$100,000 in such another Catholic organ for Montreal. The proposition is advanced upon the broad ground of the growing fondness for sensationalism evinced by the "secular" press. We hope it is not the intention of The True Witness to start a "religious" daily in the generally accepted understanding of the word. It would not be supported. But if a purely "secular" paper were started, that would go in for giving clean reliable news, and fair treatment to questions affecting the Catholics of Canada, their interests and their religion, there are many reasons for hoping for its financial success. While the Catholic people of Montreal have little to complain of in the way The Star for instance furnishes all news of interest to them, there is a real opportunity for such a scheme as The True Witness suggests in the morning newspaper field. The Gazette, while an excellent paper in its way, has no features that would recommend it to any considerable number of Catholic readers, being strictly a party paper. The Herald had a good opportunity; but it only made use of it, unless we are misinformed, to antagonize Irish Catholic readers before it ran into the afternoon competition against The Star and Witness. The editor of The True Witness is on the ground and ought to know all the possibilities making for success and leading the other way. We would rejoice to see some rich Montreal Catholics rise to the occasion.

The Expulsion of the Spaniards.

Those journals that have been endeavoring to represent the expulsion of Messrs. Carranza and Du Bose from Canada as a proof of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's severity to the Americans must change their tone in face of Mr. Chamberlain's remarks upon the matter in the British House of Commons. A despatch dated Friday last said: "The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, replying in the House of Commons to-day to Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, Conservative, said Señor Du Bose, the former Spanish Charge d'Affaires at Washington, was formally requested by the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to leave Canada. This, Mr. Chamberlain added, was done at the direction of the Imperial Government and on the ground that there was reason to believe that Señor Du Bose was using Canada for the purpose of belligerent operations against the United States. Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain remarked that the authority to expel aliens from Canada in such cases rests with the crown. Answering another question, Mr. Chamberlain said the Government could not undertake to lay on the table the papers bearing upon Señor Du Bose's expulsion."

Colonial Shyness.

Speeches made by Mr. Goschen and others during the week, added to objections raised at the recent postal conference in London show that the Colonies cannot much longer stave off the question of responsibility for imperial defence. Canadians are in no hurry to come forward with a contribution. At least no willingness to do so has heretofore even been expressed. What effect the introduction of imperial penny postage may have upon Canadian public opinion remains to be seen; but it is safe enough to say that as the idea of being called upon to contribute to imperial defence has really never occurred at all to the majority of Canadians, it is not likely that there will be any sudden realization of the pressing aspect of the case now. English statesmen certainly regard the concession of penny postage as a favor to the colonies. In both the opinion entertained; but the English Tories are inclined to be more candid than the Liberals in reminding the colonists of their shirkingness in receiving it.

Chats with the Children

POEM COMPETITION. SUNSET. I sat on a seat in our garden...

There was crimson, pink and yellow. And oh such a beautiful blue...

Then slowly grey, and clouds like a curtain Covered the sunset from sight...

Max McFAR. Agod 11. Brakon Hollow, Quebec. DEAN COVENS FLO.—My piece I hope...

Yours truly. MAY McPEAK. We were very pleased to welcome cousin May...

A DOLL'S MILLINERY STORE. Lulu had always liked to trim dollies' hats...

"Oh, mamma," she cried one day, "can't I play that this window is my store?"

"I'll print a sign and pin that up, too," she said. "What the little girls saw the sign...

"A number of people are to have a big fair," said papa one day. "They have heard of your millinery store..."

"O, how lovely!" cried Lulu. And when the time of the fair came...

"Your trade grows so that I shall have to build a little store out of the boards to the boxes that goods come in..."

LULU BURGESS, Doll Millinery. Forenoon and afternoon you could see little girls carrying their dolls to the store...

There is a little maiden Who has an awful time; She has to hurry awfully...

She has an awful teacher: Her tasks are awful hard; Her playmates are awful rough...

She has an awful kitty, Who often shows her claws; A dog who jumps upon her dress...

She has a baby sister With an awful little nose, With an awful cunning dimple, And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers, And they are awful boys, With their awful drums and trumpets, And make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common-sense, Come and this maid defend, Or else, I fear, her awful life Will have an awful end.

Toronto, Aug. 2 '98. DEAN COVENS FLO.—I was very much pleased on my return from Ste Anne de Beaupre to find that Mr. Billy Buttons had arrived before me...

Yours Sincerely JOHN A. DOYLE. The cousin would like to hear about cousin John's holiday...

COULD NOT BE RETURNED. This year of childhood is related by the Washington Star...

sugar. After the proprietor of the grocery shop had made the change for the little lad he engaged Tommie in conversation...

"Tommie," said he, "I understand there is a new member of your family?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy...

"Well, how do you like that, hey?" inquired the groceryman. "Don't like it at all," said Tommie...

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we have used him four days now!" PUZZLES.

CONUNDRUMS. 1. When is a man thinner than a lath? 2. When does June come before May?

3. What is the best wind for a hungry sailor? 4. Why should you not inquire into a miser's character?

MISSING WORDS. There was once a gentleman who was fond of very high collars...

DOUBLE AROGISTIC. A drawing pencil; an astronomical phenomenon; the latin for, or do not; to keep away from...

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF AUG. 4TH. HIDDEN VEGETABLES. Potatoes, Asparagus, artichoke, onion, bean, tomato.

OBARADES. Damask. ADDED HEADS. 1. Bar, bear. 2. Ore, fox. 3. Ink, milk. 4. Awi, wauk.

MARKS. Mary Smith, 5; B. Doyle, 3; F. McCarthy, 4; S. J. Murphy, 4; B. Maher, 3; B. Boland, 2. Covin Bertha Boland forgot to add her name...

A Famous Journalist in Want. A London correspondent says: I regret to state that the veteran war correspondent and Irish journalist...

But the increase in the cost of haulage is by no means the only loss resulting from bad roads...

A man never seeks consolation until after it is found. "My opponent," shouted the orator...

We should hold ourselves ready to be something or nothing to society, as may seem possible; but, at all events, to be something and much to ourselves.

Young turkeys should now, says Farm and Fireside, be far enough advanced to be beyond the danger stage...

American Agriculturist:—Summer pruning tends to form fruit buds while trimming in the spring produces wood growth...

Dr. Chase's Preparations Have Merit. For Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pin Worms and skin diseases Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure...

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Pills with blower included will cure incipient Catarrh in a few hours; Chronic Catarrh in one month's treatment.

A poor woman had a son of whom she was very proud, unintentionally paid him a very bad compliment...

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Pills with blower included will cure incipient Catarrh in a few hours; Chronic Catarrh in one month's treatment.

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

Farm and Garden

The following appeared in substance in the various Boston Galleries:—George T. Angell sends out the following suggestions for the comfort of the horses:—

On a very hot day keep a sponge, a towel, or your handkerchief soaked with pure cold water on the top of your horse's head...

The United States Government has been experimenting with this for the past two years. In 1896 the appropriation for the purpose of experimenting was \$100,000...

If all the roads throughout the country were in good condition, a free rural postal delivery should prove a practical venture in the more thickly populated country districts...

According to the office of Road Enquiry of the United States Department of Agriculture the expense of moving farm products and supplies on all the country roads is twenty-five cents per ton per mile...

Part of this land, of course, is stony and rough, but suitable lands are exceptionally good for growing oats, hay and roots for winter food...

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duty or no duty, and that consequently in this country it is likely to advance in price. Small dealers and producers who refuse to unload at the price fixed in Toronto are acting wisely.

A GOOD OPENING FOR SETTLEMENT. To the Editor of the Register:—Sir,—The following letter is written by me in good faith, that parties seeking such opportunities may take advantage:

Kearney is situated on the bank of the Magnetawan river, in the township of Perry, in the district of Parry Sound. It is one of the finest tourist resorts in Canada...

There is a splendid railway depot of the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound line, here. It is only five miles from Innesdale, which is on the G.T.R. All of these improvements have been built within the past few years...

There is almost cleared off and many farms could not be bought for \$5,000. In the township of Bethune are some of the most suitable and choice lands for stock-raising, especially so for sheep...

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

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER. TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES.

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Premier Brewery of Canada. One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK. Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAH, JR.

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Music AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Big Reduction in Gas Stoves. RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED).

COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gerrard Streets TORONTO.

ABAHIAN A TO DATE

The boy stood on the backyard fence, Whence all but him had fled. ... One of those in his hand, ... The sparks flew wide, and red and hot: They lit upon that bark!

Ationta, a Huron Brave.

[K. A. Hennessy, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart]

It was a clear, crisp night early in April, and the moon shone in radiant splendour upon the village of Ihonatri, where a pleasurable excitement prevailed, and many Huron men and women, both young and old, could be seen wending their way to Sawenhohi's cabin, whither they had been bidden to a wedding feast.

Within the spacious cabin there crackled a cheerful fire, and its fitful flickerings revealed the expression of pleasant anticipation that lit up the swarthy faces of the guests as they entered and took their places. Presently their chatter ceased, and all eyes were turned upon Oendrakka, who quietly arose, and, taking Ationta's hand, led him forward to the rush mat, on which her daughter sat.

Sawenhohi had been a calm but not unmoved witness of the scene, and great tears trickled down his dusky cheeks as he gazed affectionately upon the newly-made man and wife. It was not strange that he had taken part in the ceremony, because a Huron seldom claimed no authority at his own bedside. If the forest was his kingdom the cabin was that of his wife, and therein she reigned supreme.

And now the merry-making began. The roomy cabin resounded with the boisterous cheers of the assembled guests, and the fire's ruddy glow displayed fantastic shadows on the birch walls as the Huron men and maidens skipped through the grotesque antics of the festive dance. At length the repast was served, and all did ample justice to the sagumite, smoked fish, roasted cakes, and dried berries, lavishly dispensed by Oendrakka's liberal hand.

Now that Ationta's wedding feast was a thing of the past, the next subject to be discussed in the Huron circles was that of the approaching fishing season, and in more than one wigwam the men had assembled to argue the merits of the various rivers, streams, and lakes, and to agree upon what routes they had best take. The housewives, too, were busy preparing their darn nets, mending canoes, making new spears, sharpening old arrows, packing their fishing accoutrements, and so forth.

The spring fishing excursion, being an annual occurrence, was looked upon by all as a matter of course, but to some it meant a considerable sacrifice, as, for instance, to Ationta and Ationta, who could ill brook so early and long a separation. However, it required but few words from the loving bride to dissuade her husband from quitting the party, and when on the first of May, a gently falling of Ihonatri's men started out upon their long expedition and Ationta saw so many women take a reluctant leave of their husbands, she felt unusually happy in the protection of her strong young bridegroom.

According to the established Huron custom, Ationta was to dwell for a time in Sawenhohi's cabin, but many were the fond pictures which he and Ationta drew of days to come when they would sit together at their own fireside in the village of Ossasane, where Ationta's friends were many, and where he was looked upon by young and old as a very paragon of wisdom and prudence.

fruits and relentless cold could readily have borne, their brawny frames and vigorous constitutions being well insured to the harshness of the elements, but a foe irresistible and terrifying had attacked their peaceful village, made many a cabin desolate and laid low numbers of valiant Hurons as effectively as if they had been smitten by the wily Iroquois, whose glory it would have been to wipe them off the face of the earth. Yes, Ithonatrians, less than a year before happy and prosperous, were now suffering misery untold from the ravages of the plague.

All through the summer and autumn it had wrought merciless havoc, and now, when its fury might be thought to have been spent, it continued to mow down victims regardless of beauty, rank, or age. Sawenhohi and his worthy squaw Oendrakka were already numbered with the dead, and Ationta, who, contrary to their expressed wishes and those of her husband, had attended them unto the last, had at least fallen a prey to the malignant disease, and though Ationta had resorted to all known remedies, they proved powerless to effect her recovery, and she grew steadily worse.

In vain Tehoronahagon, the soverer and medicine man, had followed the dictates of his dreams and subjected his body to the discomforts of a sweat; in vain Ationta's friends and neighbours had showered her with the presents she desired, and indulged, by night in boisterous, senseless carousals, and, by day, in grotesque and fendish masquerades, after which they hung their heads above Ationta's cabin door, seeking thus to frighten away the malignity. These, and every other supposed remedy that Indian superstition could suggest, had failed to produce the desired effect.

Ationta, always so calm and dauntless even when confronted by fiercest danger, was now well-nigh distracted. What would life be to him without Ationta, the pride of his heart, the sole object of his manly love, for, unlike others of his tribe, he lavished upon one wife the affection which other Hurons divided amongst many women as many women were willing to share it. Was it any wonder then that he constantly watched beside his dying bride, listening anxiously for any word that might fall from her parched lips, and eager to do the slightest bidding?

It was about dusk one afternoon, and Tehoronahagon had just departed from Ationta's cabin, his exhibition of jugglery and boisterous incantations having only served to irritate the sick woman, who lay upon her rush mat helpless and exhausted, when suddenly, she feebly put up her feverish hand and sought to draw her husband close. Then, as he bent his ear to her lips, she said in a hoarse whisper: "Ationta, last night when I slept a little, I dreamed that a Black-gown could make me well, and, oh, if I could only live!"

At the mention of the Black-gown Ationta winced. Had these palefaced men, no been the objects of his undisciplined scorn, and though he had done them no violence, had he not hated them from the bottom of his heart, and introducing religious forms and practices which he was sure had brought upon the village the scourge from which it now suffered? Was it not only Ationta's pleading that kept him from vehemently denouncing them in council, when their death was so fiercely voted for? And now, why should he make so strange a request? Perhaps her mind was wandering; he would soo. "And would my love anger her good Manitou by allowing a Black-gown to enter our cabin? Would she insult the great Areskoek, who has ever befriended her Ationta on the warpath?" and so saying, the young Huron tenderly stroked the sick woman's feverish brow. "But, Ationta, must I not obey my dream?" she asked, faintly. He answered not, but laid his chin upon his hand and, from the pained expression that overspread his countenance and the firm setting of his lips, Ationta knew that her cause was lost. "Then, good-bye, Ationta," she softly murmured, and great tears stood upon her long, black lashes, "much hast thou loved thy Ationta, must I not obey my dream? But, now thou wouldst sooner see her die than receive new life through the saving water which the Black-gown can pour upon her brow."

It had caused her a supreme effort thus to speak, and she closed her eyes as if to shut out from view her husband's troubled look, but her words were quick to take effect, and, hastily rising, he went over to the cabin door and said a few hurried words to a young Indian who squatted there. In a moment the lad had disappeared, and Ationta heaved a sigh of relief as he returned to his wife's side and told her that he had sent for Echon. A sweet smile broke upon her dusky face, and she warmly pressed her husband's hand, whilst she looked the gratitude that she could not otherwise express. The interval that followed was one of intense anxiety for Ationta, who noted but too plainly Ationta's ever-increasing weakness; but the feet-footed Oendrakka had accomplished his errand, and, at the end of an hour, reappeared with Echon. He answered not, but laid his chin upon his hand and, from the pained expression that overspread his countenance and the firm setting of his lips, Ationta knew that her cause was lost. "Then, good-bye, Ationta," she softly murmured, and great tears stood upon her long, black lashes, "much hast thou loved thy Ationta, must I not obey my dream? But, now thou wouldst sooner see her die than receive new life through the saving water which the Black-gown can pour upon her brow."

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The priest was astounded at being called to Ationta's cabin, and he at once became a prey to the most horrible suspicions. Might he not be about to become the victim of some Indian conspiracy? The Abingian, who, he knew, had been so much excited, and might this sudden summons not be a ruse for the perpetration of some infamous design? However, he must not hesitate; he must brave taunts, insults, sufferings of any kind—yes, even

death itself, rather than lose an opportunity of winning a soul to Christ. Such were Father Brebeuf's feelings as he trudged steadily on through the untrodden snow, till, at length, overtaking the swift snow guide who had sped on ahead of him, he found himself at the entrance to Ationta's lodge. Arriving himself with the sign of the cross, he went in.

Upon seeing him, Ationta drew to one side, his arms being folded upon his bosom and his swarthy face wearing an expression of stern repose; but the severity of his aspect daunted not the saintly missionary, who quietly approached the dying woman. She was sleeping, and he was about to lay his hand upon her burning forehead, when Ationta, fiercely called out: "Touch her not. For her sake I agreed to tolerate thy presence here; but dare not to lay thy loathsome hand upon her."

These abusive words caused Ationta to awaken with a start, but when her eyes fell upon the priest her face beamed with joy, and, endeavouring to raise herself upon her elbow, she feebly gasped: "Give good Brebeuf, pour blessing waters upon my head. I die, I die!" A strange, unnatural expression settled upon her features, and Father Brebeuf, seeing that the last moment was not far off, raised his crucifix and prayed aloud in the Huron tongue:—"O Jesus, who didst shed the last drop of Thy precious blood to save all mankind, permit Thy Ationta to live! spare her to me, Ationta, that she may be his comfort and his joy."

Whilst the missionary prayed, Ationta's agony began, and Ationta, realizing it all, resolved that she should not die without having her desire fulfilled; so, in a tone of utter despair, he besought the priest to do anything in his power to help her. Father Brebeuf felt his pulse and listened for the heart-beat that grew fainter and fainter. "To be sure, she had begged for baptism, but, perhaps, like many other Hurons, she looked upon it merely as a health-restorer; and still, could she speak, he might learn that her views were nobler and more spiritual. At any rate, the end was almost at hand, her speech was gone, and in a moment or so it might be too late to act. Gently placing his crucifix upon the sufferer's breast, the missionary drew from his pocket a small bottle, and, pouring its contents upon her brow, pronounced the potent words that made Ationta a Christian and an heir to the kingdom of Heaven.

Ationta stood by his wife's, anxious gaze riveted upon the well-nigh lifeless form of his wife, and even when the missionary, having concluded the brief ceremony, sank upon his knees to continue his supplications to the Almighty, the disconsolate husband remained perfectly motionless, as if fearing that his slightest movement might disturb the peacefulness of his loved one's last moments. After the lapse of some time, when he turned to the two watchers, had seemed like so many hours, the sick woman heaved a deep sigh, and opening her beautiful, dark eyes, the light of which Ationta had deplored ever seeing again, cast a wondering glance around her. In a trice Ationta was beside her, and, with his arms folded about her, he laid himself to a sitting posture and held out her arms to him. "I am cured, my husband," she cried, in a voice both strong and joyous; "the God of the Black-gowns has saved me. See," and, with her usual sprightliness, she rose to her feet. "The cruel plague no longer enslaves thy Ationta; she is thine Ationta!"

Ationta held his recovered treasure in a tender embrace, and, in the bewilderment of his new happiness, seemed forgetful of Father Brebeuf, who still remained upon his knees, though his prayer was changed from one of supplication to one of thanksgiving. His crucifix he held aloft, and, with a fervent fervor, he called the Saviour, who had vouchsafed to thus miraculously restore the health of the young Huron woman, and the latter, upon being released from her husband's loving clasp, pointed to the image of the Crucified and passionately exclaimed:—"Ationta, hereafter the God of the palefaced men be Ationta's God, and Echon's God, and I, the missionary, I shall be thine God, advancing, he laid his hand upon the priest's shoulder, 'but for thee, my wife had now ceased to live. Forgive my words of scorn, and know that, henceforth, Ationta would rather cut off his right arm than willfully do thee aught of harm, or, in time of danger, fail to defend thee.'"

It was not alone Ihonatri that had suffered from the ravages of the plague; Ossasane, Senrio, in fact all the settlements throughout the Huron country, had been visited, and their deserted streets, empty cabins, and generally neglected appearance, told more effectively than any words the story of misery and loss.

Arrived at Tioncharon's wigwam, they found Washaka being cared for by Kishk, a faithful old squaw, who hailed their coming with delight. Tioncharon had gone to Senrio, and, during his absence, Washaka had been taken ill, and now seemed at the very point of death, and Kishk bemoaned having seen Washaka, her abiding friend, turn to her husband, she continued: "Thou, Ationta, wilt call Oendrakka (Father Jogues). Washaka has forgotten that Echon is at Ossasane." Without waiting to be urged, Ationta once more went forth into the sultry still-

ness of the summer night, and, as he hastened toward the lodge St. Joseph, he could not but think of what would be Tioncharon's rage did he know of the present errand.

Oendrakka answered Ationta's call, but told him that Echon, who, only the day previous, had come over from Ossasane, was then attending an old Indian, who had long desired to see him. Ationta, delighted with the news, fed, reaching the ran, at the old man's cabin, rather than just as the aged Huron expired. There he lay in such silt and squall that Ationta, who was familiar with the sight of it, yielded to a feeling of disgust, whilst Father Brebeuf, who had been born and reared in luxury, knelt there with as much composure as if he were weary knees rested upon the rich carpet of a royal bed-chamber. The soul of his spiritual charge having taken flight, his work was ended, and he readily acceded to Ationta's request.

Whilst on the way to Tioncharon's cabin, Ationta told the priest of what danger he would be in should the five Huron find him ministering to his wife's bed, but the warning seemed not to amaze nor concern the man of God, who murmured: "My place is at her side, come what may." Upon nearing the wigwam, Ationta was surprised to behold Ationta standing outside, the soft moonlight that penetrated the thick foliage of the surrounding trees revealing an anxious expression upon her sweet face. When she spied her husband and his companion approaching, she waved them back, and, then, giving a glance at the cabin, as if to make sure that her movements were not watched, she stole softly up to the two men, and implored them to come no further. "Tioncharon has returned," she explained, in breathless excitement, "and he is well-nigh distracted. Echon, retire, I beg thee; thy presence in the cabin may mean death to thee."

"Does Washaka still live?" enquired the priest.

"Aye, but she's falling fast," "Then I must go to her, though it cost my life," he replied, with a firmness that Ationta could not gainsay, could not be withstood. "I shall proceed at once," he continued, stepping forward in the direction of the wigwam. "At least, wait till I will have smoothed the way for thee," exclaimed Ationta, at the same time placing himself directly in Father Brebeuf's path.

"No," answered the missionary, "even a moment's delay and I might be too late; Washaka's soul must not be neglected." Seeing that the priest was determined to carry his point, Ationta, who feared the consequences, insisted that Ationta should not return to the cabin, and, after a short, but not even pausing to look behind, and see if the priest followed.

Tioncharon stood beside Washaka's mat, stolid and motionless, even the entrance of his friend not causing him to raise his eyes. Noiselessly Ationta approached him and whispered:—"Echon, is without. Washaka has asked for thee, and may be gone, here." Tioncharon turned, a fierce look upon the speaker, his eyes flashed fire, and, clenching his fists, he fairly hissed the words:—"Whose foul work is this? Thine, Ationta? I had thought thee my friend." "And that I am," was Ationta's quick reply, "but I am likewise Echon's friend, and I have seen thee do him evil, I have seen." "Harm," said Tioncharon, "I'll let him dare to enter here, and I'll bathe his pale face in his own blood. He shall see that there is one red man who fears not to open the veins of the prince of sorcerers." As Tioncharon uttered these threatening words, a gleam of bitter satisfaction shot from his mail-cloaked eyes, and, instinctively, he raised his small tomahawk suspended from his belt. In talking, he had moved away from the door of his wigwam, and now stood with his back to his daughter's pallet; and, during the vehement outburst, Father Brebeuf had stolen within the cabin and proceeded to anoint the dying girl. She had lost consciousness, and, as the missionary administered the last religious rite, he was so rapt in fervent prayer as to seem entirely oblivious of impending danger. Then Tioncharon, who had not been aware of his presence, suddenly turned around, and, upon seeing the priest, reached him with a shout:—"Begone, wretch!" he cried, shaking his fist at the offending man, "begone, I say, and beware of the traitor who brought thee here!"

The missionary never flinched, but, looking straight into the eyes of the irate Huron, he calmly said:—"Yes, I shall go hence; my work is done, but, let us be quiet; we must respect the dead." "What!" shrieked Tioncharon, "my Washaka dead? Then thou hast killed her. Ah, yes! thy work is indeed done so take thy pay!" and, as he hissed the words, he laid hold of his tomahawk, but, just as he flourished it above the head of the priest, Ationta seized his arm and wrenched the weapon from him. "Echon, I have done thee no harm," Ationta's sudden movement had been too swift for Tioncharon to defend himself against it, but, clenching his fist, he shook it threateningly at the young Huron, exclaiming:—"Ah, traitor! Thou, too, shalt feel my wrath. Then, springing from his bed, he rushed toward the missionary, and, with a desperate aim, he hurled his tomahawk at the priest's feet, but it fell harmlessly to the ground. "Hold off!" shouted Ationta, raising the weapon; but, his words falling

to take effect, he did not flinch. Tioncharon a blow that split his skull. Instantly the crowd broke up, and their killing grapple, the wretched murderer fell lifeless to the ground. Father Brebeuf weak and speechless, fell upon his knees and bent low over the prostrate form but life was extinct, and true to his word, Ationta had not failed to defend Echon in time of danger.

Eleven years had passed since Ationta had so nobly defended Father Brebeuf, but time seemed to have dealt kindly with the valiant young Huron and his good squaw, who looked but little older than when, on the beautiful night in Ihonatri, they had pledged unto each other their fresh, young love. Life, since then, had not been all sunshine, and as we know, they have borne their share of suffering and cruel death; but their strong, unswerving, mutual affection sustained them and lightened their every burden. Their esteem and respect for Echon had increased daily, and never had they lost sight of him save during the time that he had spent with Father Chaumont in the Neutral Nation; but, even then, they had not forgotten him.

After the plague and the death of himself and the health of the people was restored, Ationta and Ationta took up their abode at Tioncharon's, where Fathers Brebeuf, Jogues, Raguenau, and Le Moyne then resided, and later, when the missionaries abandoned the residence and that of Ossasane in order to establish the permanent mission of St. Mary's on the right bank of the River Wyo, the young Huron and his wife accompanied them. But Father Brebeuf did not long remain in these new quarters, as his superior, seeing that the Neutral Nation was a broader field for the exercise of his apostolic zeal, concluded to send him thither with Father Chaumont. Echon's departure was a cause of profound grief to Ationta, who, as the father of the young Huron, and who was loath indeed to part with his spiritual instructor. But the latter was much consoled upon learning that his pupil was perfectly willing to continue his religious course under any one of the Fathers remaining at St. Mary's, because this went far to prove the genuineness of Ationta's faith, and the strength of his conversion was in no wise due to the strong personal attraction he felt toward Father Brebeuf.

Ationta was a fervent Catholic, and her example was edifying in the extreme, not only to the Huron converts and catechumens, but likewise to many of the Frenchmen who frequented the fort at Senrio, and who had been born and brought up in the Catholic faith. Moreover, she ruled her little domicile most admirably, and her influence upon the three children with whom she had been blessed, was one of such firm gentleness that Ationta's home associations were those of peace and happiness.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, was his father's favourite companion, and, whilst Ationta was occupied with household duties, it was Ationta's delight to take the lad with him either to till the fields, fish in the neighbouring streams, or, true to Indian impulse, to teach him the useful use of the bow and arrow. Then, in cold weather, when the fields were hidden beneath a coverlet of snow, and the streams solid as a pillar of ice, he would some times take the boy out into the forest, and endeavour to initiate him into the mysteries of hunting, although, owing to his tender years, he would not allow him to join the great hunt, which was often of three months' duration.

The quiet, prosperous life at St. Mary's was a delightful contrast to that of barrowing anxiety at Senrio, but, as we have seen, it was not without its drawbacks. Father Brebeuf had returned from his sojourn amongst the Neuters, and, with Father Gabriel Lalemant, had been assigned the care of the missions of St. Ignatius and St. Louis, and Ationta, whose three years' probation were at an end, desired to establish himself at the latter place, where he was to receive baptism at the hands of his dear old friend, the venerable Father Brebeuf. Accordingly, when the village of St. Louis was set on fire, Ationta moved there, and dwelt in a spacious new cabin, erected by his own hands. Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant divided their time pretty evenly between St. Ignatius and St. Louis, the two settlements being only about a mile apart, and Ationta was one of the first catechumens to receive baptism in the new chapel at St. Louis, after which he and his faithful wife assisted at a nuptial mass to draw upon their union the blessing of the Church. They became Father Brebeuf's pioneer helpers in the new field of labour, and much of the success of his work was due to their good example and earnest co-operation, and, indeed, did he thank God for the salutary influence of the lives of this truly Christian couple upon the rest of the community.

But this auspicious state of affairs was not destined to last, and the time was fast approaching when some of the Fathers were to reap the eternal reward for which they had so zealously labored. The Iroquois, those human terrors, of whom the Hurons stood constantly in awe, had recommenced their incursions, and, every few days, some alarming report reached the good people of St. Ignatius and St. Louis. At length, on July 4, 1666, the mission of St. Joseph was attacked, and Father Daniel, who remained at his post, became a prey to the savagery of the Iroquois invaders, and was the first to win the crown of martyrdom in the Huron country.

During the following months comparative quiet ensued, though the Hurons were ever alert, knowing but too well the crafty, subtle methods of the enemy; the victims of whose wily hostility they expected at any moment to become. However, when, on March 16, three poor refugees, who had narrowly escaped death that morning when St. Ignatius had been ruthlessly attacked, fled to St. Louis, and warned its people of the awful fate that attended them, the greatest consternation prevailed. The Huron men insisted that their wives and children should be permitted to remain on the scene, and defend their homes; they likewise urged the missionaries to flee, but this the latter positively refused to do, declaring that their duty was to stand by those in danger, and dispense to them the consolations of religion. Accordingly, Fathers Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant set to work, the former to hear confessions, and the latter to baptize catechumens. One young woman refused to leave the village with the others. It was Ationta, who, with her three months' old babe strapped to her back, followed her husband hither and thither, followed in every possible way to prepare to meet the foe. In the course of a few hours the infuriated, blood-thirsty mounted St. Louis, and, twice its valiant little band of inhabitants repulsed their attacks, but the enemy had the advantage, and, after a brave and courageous resistance, the Hurons found themselves surrounded by their cruel adversaries, and those who were not mercilessly slain were taken captive, and led to St. Ignatius. Amongst the latter were the two priests, who ceased not to exhort their fellow prisoners to be true to their faith. Ationta was also of the number, and his stout Huron heart well nigh broke as, when being dragged away, he looked back upon the magnificent, lifeless forms of his wife and children, and beheld his beloved village enveloped in flames. "Courage, my son," whispered Father Brebeuf, near whom it was his consolation to find himself in the morning procession to St. Ignatius, "each step brings us nearer Heaven"; and, despite Ationta's sad silence, the good priest could see that his words had not been uttered in vain. But, when the dreary march was ended, what a lugubrious spectacle awaited the poor captives. Amongst the smouldering ruins of St. Ignatius scaffolds had been erected, and upon these the unfortunate Hurons were destined to be tormented to death. Father Brebeuf mourned that some of the number, the disfigured corpse of a man with ascending his throne, and Ationta watched his every move, and strained his ears to catch each word that fell from the saintly, eloquent lips. Whilst the barbarians were fastening their victims to the stake, his benevolent gaze travelled swiftly from one to another of his fellow captives, and it became ineffably tender when he reached upon the gallant young Huron, who had once saved his life, and who now stood heavily shackled awaiting his own doom.

Then the Iroquois began their fiendish work, and the heroic priest was subjected to the most excruciating tortures that their barbarism could suggest. Burning coals were applied to his sensitive feet, a collar of red-hot hatchets was suspended from his neck, and insults the most revolting and heaped upon him; but he never flinched, and his words of comfort and encouragement consoled the hearts of the Christian Hurons, whilst his intrepid calmness spurred them on to suffer with patience. At length, his enemies grew weary of the stimulating effect which his exhortations produced on his converts, determined to prevent his further reassuring them, and, therefore, mercilessly cut off his nose and lips, and cruelly tore out his tongue. Deprived of the power of speech, he nevertheless remained calm and patient, and when the new and exquisite tortures which his tormentors devised, failed to crush his dauntless spirit, they decided to smother him with a further ultra-cruel Iroquois method, the victim's side, and tearing thence the heroic heart—every pulsation of which had been, from early youth, one of pure love for God—hastened to divide it amongst a few companions, who eagerly devoured it, whilst others lapped up the martyr's warm life's blood, thinking thus to imbibe somewhat of his heroic spirit.

At this frightful juncture, cries of bitter anguish arose from the Huron converts, who, despite their innate power of endurance, fairly sickened upon beholding the awful fate of their loved Echon; but, above the din of their walling voices, there was heard one agonizing shriek. It had escaped from Ationta, and a wily Iroquois who stood near by, raised his glittering tomahawk and muttered a few threats as he sprang toward the gallant captive. "Strike if thou wilt," cried Ationta, "thou hast kept me from defending Echon, but thou canst not withhold me from the Christian's God!" The words were scarcely uttered, when, with one well-aimed blow, the speaker was felled to the ground, and a noble soul was released from its earthly captivity.

Yes, together the master and his devoted follower had gone to receive their reward from the hand of the supreme Master, whose loyal disciples they had been. Early next day, Father Gabriel Lalemant resigned his pure soul into the hands of his Creator, thus making the third priestly victim to whom the Iroquois had given a martyr's crown.

A very small lot of books will serve to nourish a man's mind if he handle them well.—Thomas Carlyle.

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Archbishop Bruchesi receives the Pallium.

MONTREAL, Aug. 8.—For the third time in its history the Church of Notre Dame this morning witnessed the conferring of the pallium or emblem of Archbishopric dignity upon an Archbishop, the two other occasions being when the late Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, and the late Archbishop Fabre, received the great dignity.

Among those present were Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, Bishop Healy, Portland Me.; Bishop Ludden, Syracuse; Bishop Deslois, coadjutor of St. Hyacinthe; Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke; Bishop Michaud, of Burlington; Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke; Bishop Emeré, of Valleyfield and Bishop Hurth, of Daos, Bengal.

All the religious orders in the diocese were represented, as well as all the dioceses in the province. The mitred abbot of Oka was present, as well as Vicar-General McQuinn, of St. Ursula; the diocese of Toronto, and Mgr. Marois, representing the Archbishop of Quebec.

At the sanctuary railings sat His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, of Quebec, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Labelle, A.D.O., and Madams Jette, Madams Bruchesi, mother of the Archbishop; Hon. F. G. Marohand, Premier of Quebec; Mayor Prefontaine, Rev. Canon Racicot, V.G. and Vice rector of Laval, and all the professors of Laval, wearing their gowns.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Abbe Leocoe, superior of the Seminary of Theology, who took for his text, St. Luke, chapter xxiii., v. 26, "Be you not so; but be that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is the leader as he that serveth."

After dinner His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal thanked the American Bishops for their presence, as well as the American and Canadian clergy, but more particularly the Archbishop of New York, and announced that he had decided that in future all clerics of the Diocese of Montreal, that is to say all young men studying for the priesthood, would have to spend three years in the Seminary under the guidance of the Order of Sulpicians.

Then His Grace announced that he had selected Notre Dame for the ceremonies of the day, because he had been baptised, made his first communion and been confirmed in that church, and he therefore considered himself child of Notre Dame.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was received with great applause on rising to reply. He had accepted the invitation to attend the ceremony of conferring of the pallium because the archdiocese of Montreal was next geographically to the archdiocese of New York, and a sister diocese; because all the old missionaries in the diocese of New York came from Canada, and lastly because the first time the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the diocese of New York, it was by the hand of Mgr. Pontbriand, whose jurisdiction then extended over Montreal.

It was explained that Mgr. Begin, of Quebec, was ill in bed and unable to be present.

Peace Restored Between Spain and the United States.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—Ambassador Cambon and Secretary Thiebaut drove over to the White House from the French Embassy in a heavy, driving rain.

Secretary Alger has cabled orders to all military and naval forces that the protocol of peace has been signed and to cease hostilities.

The protocol provides: 1. That Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

At the signing of the protocol, hostilities will be suspended, and notice to that effect will be given as soon as possible by each Government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

The above is the official statement of the protocol's contents, as prepared and given to the press by Secretary Day.

The protocol was signed by Secretary of State Day, representing the United States, and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, representing the Spanish Government.

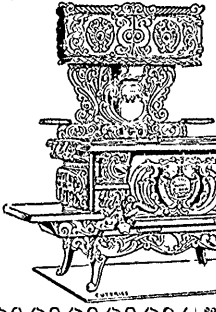
Bismarck on Home Rule.

Sir William Richmond's personal reminiscences of the late Prince Bismarck contributed to the Daily News are among the most interesting yet published.

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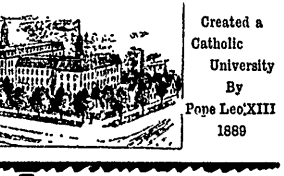
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