

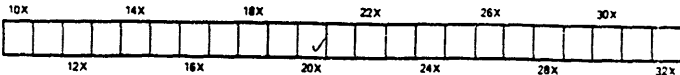
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"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

## A Spanish Popular Pilgrimage

To the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Erected on the Plain of Puig Aguat, Near Manlleu, Catalonia.

(WRITTEN FOR THIS REGISTER.)

However incredulous some may be, it is no less true that since the commencement of the fratricidal struggles in Cuba and the Philippine Isles, the laurels of victory have ever alighted on Spanish arms immediately after some great popular pilgrimage has been organized in the mother country and has marched from all parts of its provinces to some favorite historic shrine to implore from Heaven the cessation of hostilities and the restoration of peace. During the early days of March never were Spanish prospects so gloomy, never was trade and commerce so paralyzed and prostrated, never was the public mind so crestfallen and hopeless, never was Spain's exchange at so ruinous, unprecedented a figure as in the ill-omened days of March. Just when in the United States a new President inaugurated his reign in the White House at Washington, and his policy and that of his Government towards Spain was as yet an unknown item, speculation was laden with fears, and the political horizon for Spain dark and gloomy. And of this incertitude national despondency was the offering. Just at this critical juncture the ever zealous and noble prelate of Vich, Dr. Morgades y Gallí issued his Venite Adoramus to the people of his extensive diocese in an invitation that passed its boundaries and its sphere throughout the principality, inviting one and all to scale the heights of Puig Aguat, the favorite sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, on the 4th Sunday of Lent, and there pour forth in this little Spanish Montmartre the first expiatory church erected in the peninsula in honor of Jesus' loving Heart, their loud-voiced litany of petition in their sweet anthems of hope to Almighty God, that He might deign to close so sanguinary a struggle as now raged in the East and in the West. Barely has the invitation been received so enthusiastic a welcome, or so general and so generous a response, rarely has so beautiful a ceremony attracted such vast crowds as has followed on that beautiful spring morning from all parts of the province to the heights of Puig Aguat, in the Lardishes of Catalonia. Few, if any, were the parishioners in his Lordship's populous diocese, a diocese as rich and industrious as it is truly religious and Catholic, that did not send its representatives thither to share its heights, and make its hills and festive its ceremonial. At 10 o'clock the expansive summit of this lofty Pioo on which the sanctuary is erected, is crowded with the pilgrim throng, and as they gather in their thousands, dooming every hill and approach with their varied-colored groups, each carrying its parochial banner, what picture more picturesque, what picture more animated than that which is now unfolded on all sides! An enchanting landscape, such as would gladden the heart of Satorra Rosa himself, is strolled out beneath as unequalled in the peerless beauty of its lovely alpine scenery as it is matchless in its majestic grandeur of her mountains that encircle it, and that of its valleys that open themselves out on all sides at its base, all forming so many copious fountains of richness and enjoyment. Or whilst to these inexhaustible blessings of nature is here on this plateau on the air of a neighboring proprietor, Senior Ramon Madroal, and supplemented too by the ever open purse of its ever popular prelate. The gifts of grace and the creation of his shrine are such as would flow from the fountains of grace and peace from the hermit home of Jesus in its Tabernacle. Nor is it a surprise that the vast gathering should be inundated on this festive day with the oil of gladness, nor is it a wonder that happiness at the hopeful response Heaven would accord to their united prayers from this favorite sanctuary should sweep the whole country around with a cyclone of joy, just as the strong, swift synchone of this truly sunny spring morning shows its untold wealth of life over its mountains, even still covered with the virgin snows of winter, and over its glees and valleys which are now smiling at the enchanting caresses of a beautiful March. Here to-day, to its rugged mountains, once so cold and desolate, now inviting have come Catalonia's children, and within and around its shrine are invoking with a storm of supplication the God of armies to restore peace and accord contentment, once more to an afflicted nation. The voice of a glad and noble canon of the Basilian chapter of Vich is, as on a former occasion, a noble son of Ignatius, the Very Rev. Celestino Matas, S. J., of Saragossa, the most distinguished of the La Compañia's pupils, enters assuring them, beneath the canopy of God's blessings on their prayers by conceding victory to their armies. Yes, this, too, was the eloquent assurance of Father Matas. S. J., last winter, when he addressed an equally large and enthusiastic audience on the heights of the pearl of his mountains, in the sanctuary of his vernal Queen, their glorious

Mother Mary's shrine of historic Montserrat, an assurance so positive that it at once electrified his audience, as he again and again repeated that victory was near at hand. And so does the preacher of to-day with like confidence appeal to our blessed Mother, the Queen of Carmel, to plead Spain's cause through the burning love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and through the supreme Council of the Trinity and from thence would come forth and speedily victory on their armies. And as Father Matas' prediction was verified by the death of Maceo and the rout and overthrow of his forces a few weeks subsequently, so too has the pilgrimage of Puig Aguat its providential response in the series of victories achieved in the East and in the West in the first week of April.

In Cuba the forces of Ruiz Ribiera, Commander-in-chief in accession to Maceo, have been made prisoner and the massive force of rebels that were under his command have been dispersed whilst thousands have lain down their arms and sought pardon. In fact in his defeat, the insurrection in Cuba is reduced to the guerrilla warfare of some few isolated sections, without any concentrated power to meet the forces of the mother country, whilst the political action of the United States, hitherto so hostile, has been changed into one of perfect neutrality.

In the "Philippines" the victories of the first week of April are even more complete; the stronghold of the rebels at Cavite has been captured after a prolonged battle, in which the indomitable bravery and discipline of the Spaniards carried victory to their standards, notwithstanding the superior strength of their enemies. News such as this, after the pilgrimage to the sanctuary of "Puig Aguat," scattered through the principal towns of this province in particular a delirium of joy, and this unalloyed enthusiasm has daily spread through the province. In all of them there were public manifestations of national rejoicement. "Te Deums" in the churches, illuminations in the streets, public banquets in the cafes—were but a few of the many modes by which the nation has displayed the doings of joy through the rambles and squares of its cities and the streets of its towns and villages. For months the country has been like a sick man borne down by sorrow of mind and pain of body. Now we feel the momentary relief when the values of the elements of national joy, these "oses" of national rejoicement in what had been before a wilderness of despair—much of which was due to government inaction and mismanagement. But to-day the festal joy of the people of Catalonia, God has filled the cup of happiness to overflowing, and that henceforth health and one-dennite will be brightened: that the family circle since broken up to meet the requirements of a fratricidal war, will once more resume the path of trade and commerce which had been languishing—will quickly revive. Factories and foundries, which for want of manual labor had to suspend or at least lessen the extent of their production, will once more resume the distribution of these material blessings that carry happiness and contentment to many a home, and riches to many distressed.

In this cause for national rejoicement note has taken so prominent a part that the princely doings of every prince and noble have not only organized battalions of volunteers in their respective dioceses, but have also generously subscribed to their support and outfit, as well as becoming large contributors and investors in the National Loan, thus uniting their devotion to the religion of the Crucified, with their ardent love for their motherland, its traditional glories, and the preservation and integrity of its territory. For her soldier children, and her brothers in arms, armies that have ever so noble and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and called together the young and the old to the shrines and sanctuaries of the nation to their, in these hallowed homes of prayer by the side of their fathers, that the waves of their country may triumph. Whilst in their supplication, public and private, they have never been forgetful of the dead—that over them God's mercy may be scattered to the victors a far off lands, they have ever attributed the tokens of affection and of applause, sending to them messages of gratitude, of encouragement and of admiration. Thus today, as in the centuries past, the bravery of her children proves that Spain is still living; but it is no less patent, that notwithstanding their gallantry, their devotion to their country's banner and their chivalrous religious spirit, Spain has been for the last two years scourged by Divine Providence for that godless spirit which the Government was displaying whenever and wherever religion and Christian education sought protection at its hands. "Openly and with the sword," it is now the cry of the Church's avowed enemies. It was no wonder, then, that Divine vengeance should be sent, and the sword should be in fact it required the voice of the country and the protests of the hierarchy and the clergy and the solemn dying declarations of rebel chiefs, who in their last moments, before light heaven, attributed their sad and gloomy fate to the Government's "non intercessio" and "sol disant" Catholics in its Government from the files of this anti-Catholic and anti-Christian society. If their insurrection has achieved this the money scattered and the blood spilled has not been shed and squandered in vain.

Spain has now but to act justly, nobly and generously towards her colonies, in that spirit which the glorious Leo XIII. has already paternally suggested, giving them with no begrudging hand a system of self-government

suitable to their institutions and their local wants, and she is sure to receive back in return that patriotic fidelity, that generous recognition of her rights and dignities, and the mother country, which to the honor and glory of Catholic Canada, she accords to Protestant England, thus insuring to the former such a protection for her trade, such a guarantee for the integrity of her commerce, such respect for her laws, such success in her arms, as the British empire is sure to secure for her. Cuba has but to act towards Spain similarly and the Peninsula will throw over her the mantle of her protection, and shelter her by her army and by her navy from the jealousy and rivalry of any hostile neighbor. And peace will once more restore to the Pearl of the Antilles that richness of production and that wealth of resources, vegetable and otherwise, for which she has been ever famous in the annals of her history.

—JESUS PRIMO.

## Father Brennan's Silver Jubilee.

An interesting ceremony took place in the basement of St. Basil's church on the evening of Saturday last. Rev. Laurence Brennan, M. A., B. D., who that day, completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and to mark the happy event in some special manner a few of his parishioners had met at the place and time mentioned. Amongst those present were Mrs. and the Misses Elmsley, Mrs. N. Rooney, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. De La Haye, Mrs. Foster, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Rev. Father Brennan, Mr. R. Elmsley, Mr. H. Kelly, Mr. John Larahan, Mr. Alexander Robertson, Mr. M. Corallo, Mr. H. J. Larkin, Mr. Patrick Boyle.

Mr. Elmsley was moved to the chair, and opened the proceedings appropriately as follows:—

A very pleasing duty has devolved on me, in asking you to assemble here this evening, to offer our congratulations to the Rev. Father Brennan on the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. In the past several years he has called on us, with great devotion and zeal, a constant friend to all, rich and poor; to the poor especially has his charity been extended, as the St. Vincent de Paul Society will certify, for hardly any case comes before the Society that is not in his hands, being thoroughly cognizant of the case and his advice always followed.

As a token of our affection and love, we propose to offer him for his acceptance a small purse, collected from every part of the parish, and signed by those of our practical love and esteem. There is one condition attached to this offering, and I am sure you will all agree to it, that Father Brennan is to spend this money on himself, himself alone. A trip to the old country would we feel sure be most beneficial to his health and enable him to continue his good work amongst us, with renewed energy and strength. I beg to move, seconded by Mr. Patrick Boyle, and I ask you to join us in voting that the Rev. Father Brennan our hearts be united in the hope that the anniversary, with the hope that he will spare him to us for long years to come in health and strength, to enable him to be in the future as in the past, a source of consolation to the afflicted and weary, and a source of joy to us his spiritual children.

Father Brennan said in reply that he was somewhat taken by surprise, as, until that morning, he was not aware that such a movement as that now put forward was on foot. Had he known of it sooner, he certainly would have asked his friends to cease their kind efforts in that direction; but now that their purpose had been accomplished, he supposed he could not do otherwise than gratefully accept their affectionate and generous tokens. He assured his kind friends that, as in the past, he was at their service, and ready at all hours to minister to their wants, both spiritually and temporally; and he would be grateful for all their prayers, and he also in acknowledgment of the varying kindness and assistance which he had received from them in the material work of the church, and without which, he confessed, he must have failed.

Father Brennan was then warmly congratulated, and fervent wishes were expressed for his future happiness and prosperity. It affords the Rector's undoubted pleasure to join in these hearty congratulations, and to echo the wishes that the good Father may long be spared to continue his good work, which has already marked him as a devoted and self-sacrificing priest, and a sincere friend whose wise counsel has been the source of comfort and consolation to many.

When favers and other epidemics are around, safety lies in fortifying the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A person having thin and impure blood is in the most favorable condition to "catch" whatever disease may be floating in the air. Be wise in time.

## RELIGION AND POLITICS.

Our readers need not be frightened at the formidable heading. We feel neither the ability nor inclination to go into the deep places of such a subject. The few words "Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," have elicited some of the profoundest speculations of the ablest men in Church and State for the last nineteen hundred years. The shallow-minded, too, and bigots have found in them copious supply for endless streams of flippant and noisy, and foolish, but highly mischievous rant. But though genius that seems almost inspired, and statesmanship and enlightened piety on the one hand, and on the other narrowness, ignorance and superficiality have all traversed the ground in every direction we are still without a man to show authoritatively and authoritatively the boundary lines between the two great empires of Religion and Politics. And the effect of this, here amongst ourselves—and it is about the same all over—is that every question, no matter what the gravity of the public question in dispute, amongst the rival parties may be, is run chiefly on the religious cry, and hearings, and anger, and breaches of friendship, are the sad result.

Is there any discoverable remedy for this state of things? We think not, certainly not; unless under conditions hardly likely to arise; that is unless Religion and Politics, and man who is the subject of both, should quite change their nature.

It is not surprising," said an M. P., "that do what we will, these religious questions will never do?" "I see nothing surprising in it," was the reply of a grey-headed clergyman, "the surprise would be if they did." And he was right. Even to the layman, who is his country, and takes interest in its welfare; and all men, without exception, have at least the beginnings of a conscience. The Creator who made us as we are has provided an outer organization to meet the needs of these essential qualities in our nature. The State represents, guides, governs, and is served by patriotism, whilst the Church provides for conscience, and as every man ought to be both a lover of his country and an obedient son of the Church, it is his duty to do both, to realize the two duties so intertwined their roots and mingle their stems, that if it is difficult at times for given persons to say which is which; that is whether a particular action of his springs from a love of his country, or is traceable to love of country, or politics.

The Church, that is, God's Church, knows always what is most expedient; but practically the world moves along—either backwards or forwards—by the action of men, both singly and collectively, are always liable to make mistakes and confound things that ought to be kept apart. Hence the religious question assumes a vast variety of forms according to the nature of the opposition made. In the English establishment or the breaking of it up. In others it is the sacredness of the marriage tie; and in nearly all over and above what is merely local and accidental, there are the mighty difficulty of education, both singly and collectively, whether in Ireland by a claim for a university of its own, or in the States where Catholics are weighted down by a double tax for their schools, or amongst ourselves, struggling to procure for the duty of educating his children. In the English speaking world—whether in Ireland by a claim for a university of its own, or in the States where Catholics are weighted down by a double tax for their schools, or amongst ourselves, struggling to procure for the duty of educating his children. In the English speaking world—whether in Ireland by a claim for a university of its own, or in the States where Catholics are weighted down by a double tax for their schools, or amongst ourselves, struggling to procure for the duty of educating his children. In the English speaking world—whether in Ireland by a claim for a university of its own, or in the States where Catholics are weighted down by a double tax for their schools, or amongst ourselves, struggling to procure for the duty of educating his children.

At a regular meeting of Div. No. 3 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians held Thursday April 15th the following was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his divine wisdom to place to Himself the daughter of our esteemed Brother John Kelly.

Resolved that we the members of Div. No. 3 hereby tender to him and family our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this the hour of their irreparable loss, and as a sign of this condolence be sent to Brother John Kelly's family and inserted in 'THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.'

COLE AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Laffarguilla, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Cole and Kidney Difficulty, and find Farnell's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that it has cured every case of the disease, and drives from the body

of the Privy Council, showing that we are constitutionally as well as religiously right, and then the old voice will be heard high above the din of politics, protesting against the usurpation of parental rights by any power less than God and His Church.

One thing above all others we ought however to guard against, and that is to think there is a settlement. When a ruffian has stolen our coat and purse along with it, and says smilingly: "See my dear friend, how kind I am, my generous! I leave you your under-clothing, and you can if you like, or have the means, go to any shop you please and get a new suit made according to your best taste. Of course I don't give this back; I want it for myself." Would the sweetest of smiles and sunniest of ways reconcile us to the robbery, or his mode of settling the whole affair, between ourselves and him?

Well, this is not very unlike the state of the case in the matter of our liberties in the schools, and madliness and honor as well as religion forbid our being a party to any such settlement.

Nay, political prudence, not to speak of things so high as statesmanship, enforces the same conclusion. For a settled peace is a quietude, the religious instincts of a considerable portion of the population is as foolish in politics as damning up a harmless stream till it becomes a flood sweeping everything destructively before it.

The Americans call some of their legislators pea-nut politicians, because, for reasons that I do not recollect, they regard some trivial thing to the dignity of a statute. Might we not stigmatize the name of boiled potato statement to some of our legislators who think an unjust law can restrain a free people. For they remind us of the old woman and her basketful. Keeping it always boiling, through her love of hot tea, she was greatly annoyed by the steam that kept puffing constantly out, and so securing a boiled potato, with a look of anticipation, as she said, "now you see, now you see, I'll have my tea now, when—whiff! crack—on—up flew the lid in her face, and the spraying vapour nearly scalded the eyes in her head."

She was not a scientist, in the matter of steam, nor are they statesmen, whether Catholic or Protestant, who think an act of Parliament can silence the conscience of millions of people.

## St. Peter's Church.

A very fair audience attended the concert given in the evening of the 3rd inst. in Wardell's Hall in aid of St. Peter's Church. Alderman Burns who was to preside, was unavoidably detained by official work and an urgent charitable mission. His absence was a very acceptable substitute. The programme opened with a piano solo pleasantly rendered by Miss Flynn. To her succeeded Miss Aggie Carran who though little more than a child sang with great power and delight. Miss Langford recited with that clearness, play of expression, and natural grace which render her elocution so pleasing. Miss O'Connell appeared for the first time before a west end audience, and those who had not before heard her, heard her fully pure and mellow notes, set off by a sweetly modest presence, will eagerly look out for the pleasure of seeing and hearing her again. Miss Schubert's singing was a treat to those who heard her grand voice for the first time. She is indeed a star whose presence would shed lustre on any programme. Mr. F. Scott sang two stirring war-songs in good manly style, whilst Bert Harvey was up to his high mark as a reciter and a goodly number of the songs. The recitations of Miss L. Wallace and Miss Lizzie Dimpsey were a welcome and highly appreciated feature of the second part of the programme as also was a quartette by Misses Flynn and Leonard and Mr. Harrington and Prof. Dunville.

Between the first and second parts came a playlet two acts entitled The Mysteries of Muddlewick, in which the several parts were taken by the Misses Toronto, Kelly, Miss Newton, Miss Swift, Miss Kirwood, Miss Crowley, and Miss L. and K. O'Donoghue. These young ladies performed their parts admirably and kept the audience in continued merriment from their rise to the fall of the curtain. They reflect the highest credit in the St. Patrick's Literary Society of which they are prominent members.

## A. O. H.

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## The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents.

The Cleveland publishers have advanced their Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents to the sixth volume. The work progresses with thoroughness and the scholarly detail which we have already noted in preceding volumes.

Vol. V., which we review to-day, begins with Father Le Jeune's famous relation of 1632, the first of the Oramoisy series, the annual publication of which was continued until the year 1672. Father Paul Le Jeune was born in July 1591 at Chalons sur-Marne, France, so that at the time this his first Relation was written, he was 41 years of age. His parents were Huguenots, and he was not received into the church until he had attained his majority.

He entered the Jesuit Novitiate in 1610, and from 1620-1623 was professor of rhetoric at Navers and at Caen in 1629-30. Four years were spent at Dieppe during two of which he held the office of superior. He came out with De Casen as superior of the Canadian mission. His first year was spent in the French settlements, the winter of the second year was passed by him among the Montagnais, he was present when Throes Rivers was founded and he preached the sermon at Champlain's funeral in Quebec.

In this document the new superior makes his first communication to the provincial of the order in Paris. It is not necessary in this notice to go into the great missionary's descriptions of the natives, their customs and their vices. His works are famous. The feudal tortures which he saw practised upon Indian prisoners by their captors have filled the world with horror of his experiences and admiration of the man. In his own words, speaking for Indian men and women, prisoners of war, were made to "suffer all that cruelly end the devil can suggest." Yet in his candor he gave the French credit for no finer feelings than the Indian savages. The Frenchmen laughed at the most shocking tales of a cannibalistic orgie. Let us imagine, however, Le Jeune's refinement and scholastic training in such circumstances.

Quebec when Le Jeune arrived there was in a state fairly comparable to a paradise. Unhappiness, turbulence and murder were, however, at the distance of it all, this scholar had time and patience for making accurate astronomical calculations to fix the difference in daylight between Paris and Quebec. In 1637 he was in printing this Relation. It follows the original Cramoisy in the Lenox library, a facsimile of the title page being given.

Le Jeune's account of what happened in New France in 1633, sent to the provincial of the Jesuits of France, takes the greater part of the volume. Here the editor follows the original in the Brown library at Providence, R. I. The editorial work on this document appears to have been done with the greatest care.

Many of the allusions mentioned in this Relation suggest humorous ideas of the difficulties of language, and how these difficulties were of necessity overcome. In time a jargon neither French nor Indian was evolved; and when the French used it they thought they were speaking Indian, and when the Indians employed it they considered it the best French. It made the task of the Jesuit all the more difficult to go among the Indians when they lived separate in their camps, and they endeavored to reduce their language to a grammatical system. An Indian wishing to pray as the priests did would listen when they said the Litany; and the next time would repeat: "Ora pro nobis" in the most proper manner. Asked whether he understood what he said he would answer: "No; but I believe it is good, since those Fathers say it in praying."

Unspooled by drink the instincts of the native were generous and hospitable. The French certainly found them so originally. One of Le Jeune's Indian friends had often heard his grandmother relate the astonishment that greeted the appearance of the first ships to arrive on the shores of the St. Lawrence. Through the vessels were supposed to be blossoming islands the women were hidden to prepare houses for them before they disembarked, that the new guests might have a hospitable reception.

It is impossible to read over these pages without some speculation upon the possession by the Indians of the sick that are still, or were recently, in vogue by the best of our own medical doctors. For instance the placing of hot stones around the closely enveloped patient in cases of congestion, a form of treatment highly recommended even now. They would bleed themselves for as trifling a complaint as a headache; and it is not so long ago since the most enlightened M.D.'s did as much. But after all why should we wonder at their knowledge of medicine seeing they had traditions of the Duluge?

The present volume is accompanied by a useful map of New France.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, French and English of the Jesuit missionaries in New France 1610-1791. The original French text with Italian text and English translation. Edited by the Rev. J. A. Sweeney, S. J., and published by the United States Historical Society of Washington, Vol. V., Quebec, 1887-1893. (Published by the Burrows Brothers, 1897.)

**THE MOTHERLAND.**

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

**Romantic Love Affair in an Irish Town.**  
Cardinal Vaughan Observes an Ancient Custom (Catholicism) in Scotland

At the opening of the Orange Hall in Shankill road, Belfast, Rev. Dr. Kane, who presided, referring to its member for South Belfast, said Mr. Johnston explained that they did not keep the Government sufficiently informed as to their views on certain questions, such as the Papal "no-vocis" scheme. But he wanted to say that the Government were very well aware indeed of their sentiments on that question, and that Mr. Johnston had at his back the whole Unitarian population of Ireland. He would venture to say that if the Government persisted in a Papal University they would not do so in ignorance of their sentiments, but in defiance of their sentiments, and the results would not be very favorable to the country. Col. Waring wrote, stating, "I have brought the English Government's pressure to bear on their local M.P.'s to such an extent that scores of them have intimated to the Government whigs that they will not vote for the endowment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, and they will have more effect than anything we mere Irish could do."

The upper circles of society in Youghal have been greatly exercised by what they call a mesalliance between a rich lady and a young corporal. At the end of last summer a wealthy colonel's widow, whose income runs well into four figures, arrived in Youghal from Lismore, where she occupied a foremost social position, one of her daughters being married to the relative of an Irish lord, and of a well-known English duke. A handsome woman in the prime of life, always stylishly dressed, she became a prominent figure on the Strand Promenade, the fashionable haunt of this well-known seaside resort, while her hospitality to her equals, her charity to the poor, and her genial manner to all made her quite popular. A few months ago Corporal H., of an English regiment, and a native of Youghal, arrived home on furlough. While at home he frequently visited the promenade, where his manly form and soldierlike bearing completely captivated Mrs. . Having obtained an introduction to him a most romantic courtship followed, which gave rise to an unusual amount of gossip in the vicinity, owing to the disparity between their respective ages and positions. It is said several highly-placed friends of hers expostulated with the lady, but as she acquiesced in the affair, when the Corporal's leave of absence expired he returned to his regiment at Colchester, and a few days afterwards Mrs. also left town, remaining away for a week. After her arrival she gave orders to have all her parcels addressed to her in her new name. She has taken a splendid house in the most aristocratic portion of the town and fitted it up in magnificent style, awaiting the home-coming of her husband, whom she has bought out of the army.

On April 21 a most important and representative meeting of the ratepayers of Donegal was held in the Court-house, Lifford. It was convened by his Grace the Duke of Abercorn, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, to consider the question of the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. On the motion of Mr. Gilliland, the High Sheriff, seconded by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, the chair was taken by his Grace the Duke of Abercorn.

The general meeting of the May north Union will be held this year, June 24th, and, judging by the success of last year's re-union, we are confident that the forthcoming meeting will be largely attended by the clergy, secular and regular, and that it will have abiding results. The Council of the Union has been elected from the several dioceses of Ireland—each diocese electing one representative—and from Maynooth College. The regular clergy and members living out of Ireland get a large representation in the Council by co-option. During Holy Week a beautiful spectacle, depicting "The Entombment of Our Lord," the most opportunity been on view in connection with the Church of Mary Immaculate, Inchicoeur. The representation of the Entombment is in every respect as vivid and as elaborate as the crib which have been arranged with such remarkable success at Inchicoeur, while in every detail the characteristics of the time and the place of the solemn scene have been most carefully adhered to. During the past week a large number of people have visited and admired "The Entombment," which is shown in the Orb Building, and as it has been decided not to withdraw it during the present week, the opportunity of seeing so potent a reminder of all that Easter-time celebrates has not been neglected. The figures have been fashioned life-like out of wax by a French artist, and

they are marvellously natural, not only in facial expression, but also in outline and in every detail of their attirement.

**Memo.**

Never in the history of this county was the harvest outlook more grave and depressing to farmers generally, owing to the severity of the weather. Snow and rain have been almost continuous here for the past month, the latter especially, without intermission since January, causing the utmost anxiety. Spring operations have been seriously retarded—no crops of any description was sown up to this the middle of April—consequently the farmers will be poverty-stricken this season, as there appears to be no likelihood of a harvest this year. The appearance of the surrounding country is a "plorable" this time of year—the land flooded, every part, even where potato stalks were visible last season, almost completely covered with water. The land appears in many instances unploughed yet, and no seed of any kind has been sown in several portions of this part of the country. This fact was never experienced before, as spring work should at this period be complete instead of waiting for a favorable opportunity to commence same, at least two months later than any previous year.

**Tipperary.**

In the chapel in Kilmruane, Sir Mark Antony Henry Tuohy, Bart., of Kilmruane House, county Tipperary, was publicly received into the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev. John Scanlan, P. P., Cloughjordan. The Tuohys came to Ireland with the Earl of Pembroke in 1172, and the baronetcy dates back to the year 1022.

**ENGLAND.**

Dr. Tanner Becomes a Catholic.

The Daily Chronicle says Dr. Tanner, M.P., was received into the Roman Catholic Church by one of the Servite Fathers on Easter Sunday.

The Diocese of Southwark.

A Brief has been received from Rome that the Pope has accepted the resignation of Dr. Butt, Catholic Bishop of Southwark. The Pope has at the same time translated him to the titular See of Sebastopol, the title being chosen by reason of the fact that Dr. Butt was an army chaplain and served through the Crimean campaign. His resignation has caused much regret among all classes and creeds in South London. The new Bishop of Southwark is the Right Rev. Dr. Bourne, who was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop with the right of succession less than 12 months ago. Dr. Bourne is one of the youngest bishops in England, being only 35 years of age.

**Mr. Justice McCarthy's Health.**

The London correspondent of The Dublin Freeman writes: "I regret to say that Mr. Justin McCarthy is in very bad health again. The strain involved in completing the fifth volume of the 'History of our own Times,' which is now in the hands of the publishers, has proved too much for him, and his doctor has ordered him a period of complete rest. He will be unable to answer any letters for some time to come. Miss McCarthy who has relieved her father to a large extent of the burden of letter writing, is quite unable to cope with the heavy correspondence, and requests that this explanation may be made public so as to prevent unnecessary disappointment."

**Holy Thursday.**

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan on Holy Thursday, at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, publicly washed the feet of twelve old men. There was a large congregation. In the course of an address the Cardinal said that the ceremony of washing the feet was performed on Maundy Thursday in many Catholic countries by the king, queen, or empress. Here in this country, before the so-called Reformation, the Sovereign used to wash the feet of a number of poor men, and now the Bishop or priest in high authority was accustomed to perform the ceremony publicly in commemoration of the Redeemer's love of mankind and of His act of great humility.

**SCOTLAND.**

Coveat, Lawdsie, Dundee.

Something like four years ago the initiation of what was intended to become in later years a convent and House of Mercy took place when the foundation stone of the present convent at Lawdsie, Dundee, was formally laid by his Lordship Dr. Smith. During the interval which has since elapsed the good Sisters have been diligent in their work of procuring the necessary funds for the completion of the building, with the result that last week the foundation stone of the House of Mercy was laid in the presence of a large and deeply interested audience. The ceremony was performed by Lady Christian Stewart and was presided over by his Lordship Dr. Smith, assisted by a number of the clergy of the diocese. Previous to laying of the stone a procession representative of the Guilds of the Immaculate Conception and Holy Angels, together with the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, walked through the convent grounds to the scene of the ceremony, chanting a new hymn in honour of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland under whose special patronage the new House is to be dedicated.

**AN AUNT'S ADVICE**

BROUGHT A YOUNG LADY OUT OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

A Remarkable Case That Vividly Shows the Wonderful Health-Restoring Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

There is no doubt at all that many people are prejudiced against proprietary medicines, and especially no doubt many look upon the testimonial published as an article in the nature of an advertisement. With this feeling it has so far as a case been made public, that it has appeared and conviction follows. Such a case the Bureau came across and investigated and now gives the facts. The case is that of Miss Sarah Langford, a young lady who resides in the neighborhood of Camilla. We were told she had been brought near to death's door and had been restored to health through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We decided, however, to cast hearsay aside and investigate for ourselves.

We found Miss Langford the picture of health and good spirits, at her pleasant home in Camilla. In response to our inquiries as to her illness and the cause of her recovery, she expressed her willingness to satisfy our curiosity, and as she also related her experience for the good of others afflicted as she was. Her story, very briefly, was as follows:—

"I had a gripe in the spring of 1894. I did not seem to get over the effects of the attack, and as the summer progressed became weak and listless. Any kind of work became a burden to me. After pumping a pail of water from the well, I would have to stand and hold my hands over my heart for a moment or so, it would flutter so violently. I could not go upstairs without difficulty, and my feet would give out on the steps, and when I got to the top, lie down until I could recover my breath. I became a mere skeleton, my cheeks were like wax and my lips colorless. I lost all appetite and my meals often went undisturbed without difficulty, and I had no effect upon me. I was getting weaker all the time, and at last began to give up hope of recovery. My parents were of course in great distress and I knew by the looks and actions of friends who called to see me that they thought I was doomed. My doctor seemed to give up. A dear lady friend died and I managed out of love for her to drag myself out for her funeral. The sensation of seeing her laid away, believing that I would soon follow her, was a strange one. Shortly after this an aunt of mine, who was domiciled in Toronto, came to visit at my place. My condition troubled her very much and she insisted on my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please her I consented but with little hope of any good result. The effect, however, was wonderful. My appetite began to improve and the color returned to my cheeks and lips. From that hour I steadily gained strength, and was soon enjoying my former excellent health, and I am since inexpressibly grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do I owe my recovery."

Enquiry among neighbors corroborated Miss Langford's story as to her illness and remarkable recovery. It is interesting to note that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given a striking proof that they possess wonderful merits.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a paper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

**E. B. A.**

ST. HELEN'S BRANCH NO. 11, TORONTO.

In compliance with the law of the Diocese of Toronto, the members of St. Helen's Branch attended the parish church of St. Helen at 8:30 a. m. on Low Sunday, for the purpose of receiving Holy Communion, many visitors were also present from branches No. 8 and 23. After mass they returned to the hall of the branch and received several applications.

The meetings are well attended and during each evening recreation is indulged in, talent being unlimited it being understood that each member must be prepared to take part.

W. LANE, S. T.

**conditions**

In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children.

In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

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Scott & Bowne, Chemists, N.Y.

**CABOT'S VOYAGES.**

By Right Rev. Bishop Hurley.

**CONTINUED.**

**PARTY SAUNDERS.**

I do not, however, wish to detract anything from the fame and the glory of these great navigators. If we consider the undeveloped state of nautical science at that time, the imperfect knowledge of the variation of the compass of the force and direction of the great ocean currents, etc., if we consider also the crude state of naval architecture, and compare their small and "cumbersome" vessels with our ocean palaces of today, but, above all, if we consider the dread and superstitious terror arising from the ignorance of the vast regions of space, peopled as they were with a thousand horrors and phantoms, demons and monsters, which it took more than a century to dissipate. Some idea of these imaginary terrors may be gathered from the graphic description given of them by Adam of Bremen. He mentions how some noblemen of Bristol determined to discover what was at the northward of Iceland, and all known lands. "They came," he says, "to the end of the earth's axis, and immediately fell into that pitch darkness of the frozen ocean which can not be penetrated by the eyesight. And, behold, that uncertain gulf which, rushing back to its hidden source, dragged with it, with tremendous force, the unfortunate sailors, now despairing of all hope of safety, and thinking of nothing but death, as they rushed headlong into chaos. This is the throat of the abyss, that bottomless hole into which it is said are swallowed up all the sources of the ocean, which are seen regularly to decrease and increase. Then, imploring the Divine assistance, some of the ships were entirely engulfed, others were driven back on the reflux of the tide, and escaped. After that they came on an island, where there were men of immense size, whom we call cyclopes, who had dogs with them, very much larger than our ordinary dogs, which caught and tore to pieces some of their companions."

Considering, I say, all these things, it cannot be doubted that the undertakings of Columbus and Cabot must be numbered amongst the most glorious and heroic enterprises that have ever been performed in the history of the world. This dread of facing the unknown regions may be the reason why John Cabot (also endeavoring ever since the year 1491—if not even before that—to arouse the enthusiasm of the merchants of Bristol to the point of fitting out an expedition to explore the western lands) could not succeed. At all events, it was not till some time in the year 1495, nearly two years after Columbus' return from his first voyage, that he at length succeeded in getting a charter from the King, and it was another year before he was able to get his expedition underway.

The Patent or Royal Commission given to Cabot by Henry VII is dated March 5th, 1495. The charter is given to "John Cabot, Venetian citizen; Louis Sebastian, and Sanctius, sons of the said John." They received power "to navigate in all countries, lands and seas, east, west and north . . . . with five vessels of whatever size and tonnage they might choose, and to take as many men and sailors as they thought fit." But the expedition was to be fitted out at their own personal expense and cost. And, moreover, not only did the King not give them any financial assistance, but the Cabots were held and obliged to pay to the King, in money or in merchandise, the fifth part of the entire profits of all the fruits, profits, gains and merchandise, which might come from this voyage, for each one of their voyages, every time they shall arrive in our port of Bristol (where they shall be obliged to land, and nowhere else)."

**FLORENTINE STYLE OR OLD STYLE.**

Concerning the document, we have to notice in the first place that it is dated 5th March, 1495. The correction of the Calendar, by Pope Gregory XIII, did not take place till nearly one hundred years after this date, namely, in 1582, and it was not accepted in England until nearly two hundred years more, namely, 1752. According to the new Gregorian Calendar, the beginning of the year was fixed to the first of January, as it had been in the ancient Roman Calendar, revised by Julius Caesar. Before the adoption of the Gregorian correction, England followed what was known as the Florentine style, or Old Style. According to this style, the year commenced on the 25th of March. Hence it will appear that the Patent given to Cabot, being dated 5th of March, 1495, was dated within 20 days of the end of the year '95; and, according to our present way of calculating, it would be in the spring or third month of the year 1496. Some doubt has been thrown on the date by the fact that Rymer, in his Foedera, gives the date as 14th But, as the document contains another dating, viz., "eleventh year" of the reign of Henry VII, all doubt is removed. The King ascended the throne after the battle of Bosworth Field, August 22d, 1485. Hence March 5th, 1495, O. S. ('90, N. S.), is in the eleventh year of his reign.

This is an important consideration in the study of these voyages. We find from the archives of the city of Bristol that the expedition did not sail till May 2d, 1497. This was fourteen months after the date of the Patent. If it were not for the above consideration, we would be misled into thinking that the delay extended over two years and two months, viz., from March, '95, to May '97. But when we remember that March, '96, was in reality, March, '96, it only gives a delay of fourteen months. But, nevertheless, even the delay of fourteen months is considerable, and the causes of it may be sought in the remarks already made.

**CABOT'S EXPEDITION.**

Firstly, Cabot may have found it difficult to engage a crew who would have the courage to face the dangers of such a voyage. Secondly, he may not have been able to procure the necessary funds to fit out the expedition. This also would appear to be the case from the very in-charge manner in which the expedition was organized. Although he had permission to fit out five ships, only one vessel, the *Matthew*, was equipped; a small ship of about fifty tons, and manned by six teen sailors, and one Burgundian, and a Genoese, John Cabot took command; and it seems certain that Sebastian, who was then about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, accompanied him. They started from Bristol on May 2d, 1497, and returned on August 6th of the same year, having been away for three months and four days.

There was great rejoicing all over England on the return of the voyagers, as testified by Pasquaglio. John Cabot was called the "great admiral." A second patent was given by King Henry to John Cabot, bearing date the 6th of February, 1497 (Old Style), viz., in the thirteenth year of Henry's reign. This voyage started from Bristol on the 2d of May, 1498. It was driven back on the reflux of the tide, and escaped. After that they came on an island, where there were men of immense size, whom we call cyclopes, who had dogs with them, very much larger than our ordinary dogs, which caught and tore to pieces some of their companions."

Considering, I say, all these things, it cannot be doubted that the undertakings of Columbus and Cabot must be numbered amongst the most glorious and heroic enterprises that have ever been performed in the history of the world. This dread of facing the unknown regions may be the reason why John Cabot (also endeavoring ever since the year 1491—if not even before that—to arouse the enthusiasm of the merchants of Bristol to the point of fitting out an expedition to explore the western lands) could not succeed. At all events, it was not till some time in the year 1495, nearly two years after Columbus' return from his first voyage, that he at length succeeded in getting a charter from the King, and it was another year before he was able to get his expedition underway.

**BEWILDERING CONFUSION.**

The absence of these authentic records of the first voyage of Cabot, has caused historians to fall back upon second hand evidence sometimes in writing, sometimes merely oral. Hence there arises a bewildering confusion, and the account of what occurred on the second voyage, as well as the dates and names of places, have become intermingled in such a way with those of the first voyage, that it is very difficult to sift them and apply them to proper places.

Fortunately, however, some few documents have been recently discovered, which undoubtedly refer to the first voyage, because they were written before the voyagers set out on the second voyage, or before they returned from it.

The first contemporary and authentic document is a letter dated August 29th, 1497, written by a certain Lorenzo Pasquaglio, a Venetian merchant, residing in London, and addressed to his brothers, Aloysio and Francesco, at Venice. The second is a letter written almost at the same date (Aug. 24th), by Don Raimondo Soncini, envoy of the duke of Milan at the Court of Henry VII. Thirdly, we have another letter, written by Raimondo Soncini, and dated December 18th, 1497, addressed also to the same personage. These three letters were written after the return from the first voyage, and before the departure on the second. Hence they concern the first voyage only, and they bear intrinsic evidence of authenticity.

There is one other letter which was written on July 25th, 1498, by Don Pedro de Ayala, ambassador of Spain, in London. This was after the departure of the Cabots on the second voyage; but they were still absent in the Western Ocean. They had not returned up to October 31st, 1498. Hence the statements in this letter concern the first voyage only. These are the only letters extant which, for a certainty, speak of the first voyage, and of the first voyage only. The other authors who have written on the subject, wrote after the return from the second voyage, and have got the accounts of the two voyages confused and confounded; hence we can only use their evidence sparingly and with great caution, and as throwing indirectly some light on the question. We shall now proceed to consider the direct and contemporaneous evidence. Raimondo, in the letter of 18th December, 1497, says that Cabot,

having rounded the southwest coast of Ireland, "bent his course to the northward for a few days; after that, he left the north on the starboard side—the right hand (a *mano dritta*)—and began to sail towards the East."

**RETURN TO THE NORTH.**

Here it may be necessary to remark that the writers of those days spoke of the West as the East, in which, of course, they were, in a sense, correct. Believing in the rotundity of the earth, they knew that if they could proceed far enough to the West, they should come to the East. This state of mind of the authors of these voyages, and of the landfall in that statement, it is evident that Cabot did not sail westward from Cape Clear, which is in North Latitude 51°, or almost directly opposite to, or eastward from, the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle, and the most northern point of Newfoundland, but from a point somewhat further North. We have now to consider why did Cabot make the detour to the North? In the first place we must remember his main object was to find a passage to Cathay and Zangsoo, well towards the North-west, so as not to encroach upon the coasts being discovered and explored by Columbus, which he knew were more to the West and South. Secondly, his reason for passing along the west shore of Ireland, instead of striking out west from Cape Clear, was that he wished to keep as long as possible on the well known and well beaten track to Iceland, before trusting himself to the vast unknown regions of the West. He wanted, according to the nautical phrase, to "keep along shore" as long as he could, to make, in other words, "a Cabotazo." Hence, the words of Gomara throw some light on this point:—"He took the course to Iceland." This was a route, as we have seen, well known to Cabot, and, by following this, he was going over a well-beaten track.

Again, we know from a conversation reported by Rimousin, that Cabot was acquainted with the principle of great circle sailing. (Winson, Life of Columbus, page 941) and stated that his course to the North-west would open India by a shorter route than the westerly run of Columbus. Again, as we have already remarked, he had learned from the Arabian merchants that the lands of Cathay and Zangsoo were to be found towards the North-west. And, finally, there can be no doubt that Cabot was well acquainted with the position of Greenland, from his intercourse with the Icelanders, who, we have seen, were well aware of this great Island Continent, lying away only 200 miles west from them, and stretching southwards as far as the 60th degree of latitude. We have seen from the Papal documents quoted, that Greenland was not only known, but inhabited, up to the time of Columbus and Cabot, 1492. But, geographically, it was considered to be a part of Europe. About the time Cabot was making his vain efforts to discover the imaginary islands of the Western Ocean, namely, towards the third quarter of the XV century, there were many vague stories abroad concerning the passage to Cathay, by the North-west. These rumors found a place in the histories of Gomara and Wythout, to the effect that in 1470 a Danish expedition, under Kijno, had discovered this passage.

**BUTCHERED OR BURNED?**

We read with horror of the cruelty and barbarities of Gen. Woyler in the fair Isle of Cuba, but little rock we of the ravages of that more diabolical King of Grave-Philers, KIDNEY DISEASE, here in our midst.

People of high and low degree drop into graves on all sides of us daily from Kidney Trouble. We incur it ourselves. We encourage it. We do everything but cure it.

Yet there is a cure, pleasant as a May morning. Sure as fate. Infallible as heredity. Before this wonderful remedy the agonizing tortures of Kidney Ills vanish like a snowflake in a fiery furnace.

This cure, of which we sound the praises, is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Yet not alone we, but every one who has tried them. One hundred per cent. of cures we record. Here are examples:—

W. F. Smith, 16 Carroll St., Toronto, says:—"I have taken eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills which have cured me of Heart Trouble, Pain in the Back and Dizziness, after other treatments had failed."

D. J. Kenney, Queen's Hotel, Mount Forest, says:—"Have suffered greatly from Nervousness, but information as to the effects of Dodd's Kidney Pills in such cases led me to use them, with the result that I am cured."

Louis H. Bonnell, 878 King East, Toronto, says:—"Had been troubled for several months with pain in my Back and Kidneys which prevented my entering in bicyclo events, but am in the ring once more after using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James Stokes, Dorchester, Ont., says:—"From the first box taken of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found relief, and hundreds here, knowing me for the past fifteen years, can vouch for my cure of long standing Kidney Trouble."



The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE ROCKS THE WORLD. There is one fashion of which I have an especial horror, namely the wearing of birds in hats and bonnets.

There is no exhibition of vanity so absolutely inexhaustible, or so wantonly cruel, for though there seems to be, and is as much cruelty in killing inoffensive animals for the sake of their skins yet there is thus much excess for the latter custom in the warmth and comfort furnished by fur clothing.

But wherein lies the utility, the sense or even the beauty, in mounting thousands of little dead songsters for the purpose of perching them upon our heads in attitudes as absurd as they are unbecoming?

Even if they looked I like, the association of ideas, or what we commonly call the fitness of things, makes them ridiculous out of place perched upon one's head, which is the last place they would be likely to think of for the purpose of roosting. But as far from a life-like appearance the poor little atoms look as stiff and wooden as though they had just come out of a Noah's Ark. But it seems to be useless for writers to protest against this wanton destruction of bird life for purposes of adornment.

Time after time one reads columns of screed on the subject, but it might be so much waste paper for all the effect it appears to have. Speaking on this subject in the May Ladies (Home Journal) Edward W. Bok remarks that the writers themselves are to blame. They rely too much upon the sentimental and too little upon the practical side of the question, and bowtail the cruelty rather than the harm that undoubtedly results from it.

Mr. Bok thinks that women err in this matter from thoughtlessness more than from deliberate cruelty, and I am of opinion that he is right, but when he proceeds to affirm that, were a good and sufficient reason brought forward for the cessation of bird slaughter in the interests of fashion it would forthwith cease, I am inclined to think that his opinion of woman's amenity to reason is a little in excess of the facts.

In nine cases out of ten fashion is supreme ruler of a woman's mind, young or old, ugly or pretty, clever or stupid, it matters not; let a thing be fashionable and she will have it, unattractive and she will have none of it. Individual women are no more the arbiters of fashion than they are of the way the wind blows. Even those in high circles have practically no control over the fashions, the Princess of Wales still wears frizzes but that does not render them fashionable and she has set her face against the wearing of birds, so also has the Countess Aberdeen, but birds are still slaughtered by thousands, and will be until the mysterious arbiters of fashion dictates shall decree them obsolete.

If the real rulers of fashion could be got at the victory would be half won. A short line in one of the great Paris journals, "Le Monde" or "Le Reveu," to the effect that "birds and their plumage are no longer in good taste as trimmings," and forthwith any lady's hat would be denuded of its load of "stuffed life," to be followed soon after by the gorgeous parakeet on Mary Jane's Sunday headgear.

But you may talk till you are hoarse about the damage occasioned to the crops by swarms of insects unchecked by the murdered feathered friends of the farmer, about the danger of famine death of bread, and a hundred other possibilities; you may bewail the terrible cruelty, tiny nestlings laid to die a slow death by starvation, maimed and wounded birds stripped of wings and thrown aside to linger in agony, and last, and most horrible of all, the torture of the osprey, which is caught at breeding time, the plumes torn out, and the tiny bodies thrown away, maybe within hearing of their starving young ones. What does it matter? women don't see it, they only half believe it, and as for the crops, why, there are quite as many birds around as there always have been, they can't see any diminution in the numbers. The horrible cruelty of it all makes one's heart bleed. I wish legislation would step in and put a stop to it, in this country at least, it could be done.

Women won't stop it, they are mere fashion plates, the majority of them are so wrapped up in dress and vanity that they have lost what little feeling and reason they ever had. O for another Savonarola!

I have no doubt that individual women could do a great deal to stop the wholesale slaughter of innocent birds. If each one of us resolved to buy no more hats and bonnets with birds upon them, and to refrain from buying wings and feathers, with the exception of the ostrich plumes, the supply would soon dwindle down to nothing, because there would be no demand. Have we not got beautiful things in abundance wherewith to deck ourselves?

Silks and laces, flowers and ribbons and the graceful plumes of the ostrich are all within our reach, and besides being perfectly appropriate and reasonable as means of adornment, they are far less laborious and more womanly than the dead bodies of birds.

The artificial flowers made in France are some of them so exquisitely natural looking that one almost expects to inhale the perfume of roses, violets and heliotrope. Sometimes the blossoms are perfumed with their own subtle essence, and what could be more dainty on a woman's head, than a pretty little touque or bouquet of lace and violets, breathing an impalpable and faint odor of their own sweet selves around her person? On the other hand I can conceive nothing more revolting than a hat I saw some time ago, upon which lay a little robin, placed to simulate not a living bird but a dead one, with the eyes closed, the little head lying limp upon the brim and the feet drawn up, just as if the bird had fallen and died upon the wearers head.

I am tired of reading and writing on the subject. I feel it is almost useless; but if these words induce one of my readers to refrain from wearing birds, and especially osprey plumes, they will not have been quite in vain.

What peculiar questions people do ask newspaper writers to decide, to be sure. An anxious inquirer asked recently what was to be done with a boy of sixteen who chopped his meat up into little pieces before he ate it. The reply was that the boy had evidently been very badly brought up, and ought to be relegated to the nursery until he learned to behave himself properly.

The question and answer set me thinking whether it would not have been better for the inquirer to have been advised to institute a search into the condition of the boy's teeth. As a general rule young folks with good teeth like to have something to exercise them on; and so far from cutting their meat up they are too apt to put too large pieces in their mouths.

The condition of many children's teeth in this country is deplorable; I know a little fellow whose second teeth are coming almost devoid of enamel, and the case is not by any means a singular one, the recent reports of the Health Office upon the teeth of school children showing an alarming prevalence of caries or decay of the teeth.

Climatic conditions are no doubt largely responsible for this state of affairs, but I think the balance of fault is to be found in the food, especially the bread, of which latter article children eat almost more than they do of anything else.

Ordinary bakers' bread, of the spongy, crumbly kind possesses hardly any nutritive properties worth speaking of, in fact it might as well be made of sawdust, it would be almost as nourishing as it is now, composed as it is of bad flour, worse potatoes, alum, and brewers' yeast, the latter article being an abomination that ought never to enter into the composition of bread. German yeast is the best leaven to use, baking powder however pure ought never to be used for bread, and the loss of it that is put into the children's food the better.

In Yorkshire every housewife makes her own bread, and lovely bread it is, too, white, light and firm, and as sweet as a nut. Nothing whatever goes into it but flour, salt, German yeast, (called "barm") and water for mixing.

It is scarcely possible for housewives to bake their own bread successfully in this country, because the ovens are not suitable in many cases, and besides to make good bread requires no little knowledge and experience. But it is easy enough to secure good and nourishing bread, if one has a reliable baker. The so-called "home made" bread is, as a rule, the best to take; it is more satisfying and keeps moist and sweet longer than the ordinary varieties.

Have nothing to do with "Vienna bread" or any of the fancy breads of like description, they contain no nourishing or bone forming elements at all, and are only fit for occasional tea parties. The best bread is undoubtedly that called "whole meal," the old fashioned brown bread. But even brown bread is seldom made properly here, the use of molasses being an especially objectionable feature.

There is a firm of cereal manufacturers in the city, which has recently opened a bakery, where they demonstrate the quality of their various grains by making and selling bread, and very good bread it is, the whole meal bread in particular being excellent, made without molasses and well baked.

I do not mention names, and if any reader does not know the firm I speak of, I will give them the information upon receipt of an addressed post card. I believe the matter to be one of considerable importance, and I think people are seriously beginning to consider the quality of our bread supply and its effect upon the health of the community.

That good bread is an absolute necessity I know from personal experience. I tried a course of Vienna and roll bread that I had to take a couple of weeks that I had to take a tonic. A return to home made bread and all my debility disappeared at once.

People generally do not live well enough in Canada. This climate calls for good nourishing food, and plenty of it. It should also be well cooked, but I am afraid that country holds a very secondary place in our domestic economy. Canadian women can make splendid

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Catholic Order Foresters.

Sunday, May 2nd, was a day to be remembered by the O.C.F. of the city, as St. Leo Court, No. 581, had extended an invitation to the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph Courts to receive Holy Communion with them in St. Patrick's church on the above date. Acting on the invitation and notwithstanding the very inclement weather over two hundred members of the order assembled in Society hall, corner Queen and McCaul sts., marched to St. Patrick's church, where they were received by Rev. A. Wynn, C.S.S.R., rector of the parish, and seated in the centre aisle. Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. Hayden, C.S.S.R. The sermon was preached by Rev. S. J. Grogan, C.S.S.R., chaplain of St. Leo Court. Speaking of the Church's attitude towards societies, he showed that she always favored organizations of this kind and was careful to watch over the temporal as well as the spiritual wants of her children. He congratulated the members on their large attendance, and advised them to always live up to the three cardinal principles of their order—Faith, Hope and Charity—and if these were always kept foremost success would crown their efforts. After Mass the members returned to the hall where a breakfast was awaiting them, having been prepared by the Reception Committee of St. Leo Court. After the inner man had been satisfied were delivered by Brothers J. J. Nightingale, O.R., of St. Leo Court, J. Malloy, O.R., of Sacred Heart Court, J. Mogan, O.R., of St. Joseph Court, and District Deputy J. Cadaret. A vote of thanks was moved by Bro. G. Duffy unanimously carried and tendered to the officers and members of St. Leo Court for their hospitality in entertaining their Brother members. The vote of thanks was replied to by the Chief Ranger of the Court. The members then dispersed all well pleased with the large attendance and satisfied that this will do much to increase the order in the West End of the city. J. J. NIGHTINGALE, Chief Ranger.

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THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- May 1 - Pentecost. 2 - St. John the Baptist. 3 - St. William. 4 - St. Columba. 5 - St. Margaret of Scotland. 6 - St. Barnabas. 7 - St. John of San Pagan.

Dean Harris' address on Art and Literature, which we publish in full to-day, is a gem, whether it is regarded from the standpoint of religion or Canadian patriotism.

A sensible and very interesting letter from the pen of a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Burton, of Gravenhurst, appeared in The Globe on Saturday.

Mr. Tardivel, editor of La Voix, Quebec, has had the good sense at last to acknowledge in effect that the so-called ex-Palladist "Diana Vaughan" is a myth and her creator Leo Taxis a liar.

Partly through mismanagement of their campaign, but chiefly owing to the numerical superiority of the Turkish army, a temporary panic has paralyzed the Greek operations in Thessaly and Epirus.

The articles by Mr. Nicholas Murphy, Q.C., which have run through this journal under the heading "The Manitoba School Question in History and Law," have attracted very wide attention.

The Register would not like to be considered forgetful of D'Arcy McGee's immortal claim on Canadian literature. But we think that Mr. Quinn, the learned representative of St. Anne's, Montreal, when he suggested in the House of Commons that it was to McGee Rudyard Kipling owed the poetic title and inspiration of his song in honor of Canada, had not given the matter sufficient thought.

in Rome on the 5th August, is believed to have originated. We are not aware that in the legendry of French Canada there is really any foundation for the subject of McGee's poem.

Bishop Sullivan.

We have received the following from Bishop Sullivan:

To the Editor of The Catholic Register: Sir—In reply to your article in The Catholic Register of the 29th, which I have only seen within a day or two, owing to absence from the city, I beg to say:

I was not avaro till now that Peter Duns has no authority as a theologian, and his name is practically unknown to Catholics.

You do not publish the teaching of your church on the subject of "equivocation." Now, "equivocation" I have a ways hold and taught, and still hold and teach, to be of the nature of a "lie," yet your church justifies it.

You draw a distinction between a "falschod" and a "lie." I fail to discover any, be the authorities, whether Protestant or otherwise, that maintain it, what they may. The Bible knows nothing of it, and to that, and that only, I refer you as the final court of appeal.

Edward Sullivan, Bishop, Toronto, May 5, 1897.

Bishop Sullivan does not even pretend to answer the questions put to him in the article to which the foregoing is meant as a reply. He said virtually that our Church taught a lie to be permissible under certain conditions. He has not attempted to verify his statement in the face of the most direct and positive proof of its falsity which we gave him, on its conditions. The statement was made in the pulpit of St. James' Cathedral. It was made by way of attack on the Catholic Church. If the Bishop's silence on the point now is intended to signify assent to the absolute accuracy of our proof that Duns taught the direct contrary of what Dr. Sullivan attributed to him, we take the liberty of saying that the Anglican Bishop owes it to his congregation to "disabuse their minds of the grave error which they have heard from his lips. It is altogether beside the question whether Catholics hold or do not hold Duns to be an authority. The serious charge was made against the Catholic Church, and the clergyman who uttered it makes no effort to substantiate it, because he cannot do so, and a retraction from his pulpit along with the publication of the retraction in the press, is clearly called for.

Dr. Sullivan says: "You do not publish the teaching of your church on the subject of equivocation." Was it necessary? How were we to suppose that an Anglican bishop desired information upon an elementary point of theological science? Nor does he; because he obviously is not so unacquainted with the slippery misdirections of equivocation as his remarks might seem to imply. His letter shows all this plainly enough. If his letter can be said to make anything clear, it is that Dr. Sullivan has taken refuge in equivocation from the responsibility which our proof of the falsity of his charge brought home to him. It is equivocation pure and simple to switch off at this stage, when the bishop is in a corner, from the subject of lying to

that of equivocation. All such equivocation as his Lordship's we most emphatically protest against; and we hope that this teaching of ours will impress his latter sense of candor.

Again he says: "You draw a distinction between a falsehood and a lie." We did not. We gave in the words of Dr. Paley, an Anglo-American moralist with whom we supposed Dr. Sullivan was familiar, and whose work is used as a text-book in Anglican colleges, the distinction which he (Paley) drew between a falsehood and a lie. Paley says: "There are falsehoods which are not lies." He gives numerous examples. He likewise says: "As there are falsehoods which are not lies, so there may be lies without literal or direct falsehood." He gives numerous examples again. We are surprised that Dr. Sullivan should say he fails to discover any distinction between a falsehood and a lie. When he takes such ground he is merely asserting an opinion which is contrary to the universally accepted view, of which his own church, if Dr. Paley, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Butler and others may be supposed to speak for it, is a conspicuous exponent.

Finally Dr. Sullivan takes refuge, as Protestants usually do when they have nothing else to say for themselves, in the Bible. His Lordship says: "The Bible knows nothing of it, and to that, and to that only, I refer you as the final court of appeal." We are indeed sorry that Dr. Sullivan makes such an appeal to the Book that Catholics so much revere. But surely if he has learned anything from the teaching of Peter Duns, which we have gone to the trouble of pulling out of the book shelf for him, it is that the Bible is not the final court of appeal on the subject of lies. Here the Bible makes difficulty upon difficulty, as Duns points out in the cases of Abraham, Jacob, David, Judith, Eleseus, Amos; and as Milton points out in the cases of Joseph, Moses, Rahab, Ehud, Jael, Jonathan. And there are others. If the Bible were the only rule of veracity we should tremble for the difficulties in which it would land the upholders of individual judgment. Authorized interpretation of the Bible is the court of appeal which clears away every doubt concerning the justice and obligation of veracity. The Catholic Church, as the interpreter of the Bible, says conclusively, finally and without equivocation, "A lie is always sinful and bad in itself." Duns says those who are mentioned in the Bible as having uttered what may not have been lies are not to be imitated in it. Dr. Sullivan, although he stoutly asserts that he is unable to perceive the nature of a falsehood, nevertheless has no hesitation in making his final appeal to the Bible.

As to Snow.

Rudyard Kipling may have thought that he was acting handsomely towards Canada when he borrowed without acknowledgement and placed upon her brows the poetic diadem of nationhood. Thus sang the bard:

A Queen sent word to a throne, Daughter am I in my mother's house But mistress in my own. The gates are mine to open And I abide by my mother's house, Said our Lady of the Snows.

The poet in his sincerity and enthusiasm actually impelled his reputation for originality. And what has he gained by it? Ask of the anti-snow patriots from Montreal to Paley or Bones. Their hobby has been shaken down to the very toothpicks their imported boots. "Our Lady of the Snows" indeed! An epithet such as this, even though there is not the slightest intention to give offense, merited nothing less than a question of privilege in parliament. The Evening Telegram of Saturday published the following summary of the debate in the House upon this serious question:

Davin rose to-day, not in ghost-like garments, but armed with a large newspaper. It was for many prominent poets of Canada, that Davin spoke. A re-echoed literary position over the snow, no less a one than Rudyard Kipling, had sung the praises of Canada, "Our Lady of the Snows," called to The Evening Telegram on Tuesday last. That this great Canada should have been thus qualified, Davin along with those other prominent people was not disposed to be pleased. He had been asked to embrace in Hansard in contradiction to Kipling's, a few verses by a young Canadian in the Montreal Star. This Davin proceeded to do. And having rounded off these stringing lines and told how that marvellously gifted Eng-

lish poet had, by this act, turned possible English emigrants against the country as a land of continual snow, he was at home.

The subject was not too small for Laurier. Very lightly threw out the suggestion that Kipling was simply taking a poetic license. Less poetry and more business, said Laurier, would be better for this House.

Fielding whom no one ever suspected of being interested in poetry, knew something about the "Lady of the Snows." He knew the expression originated with a distinguished member of the Conservative party, but he left the name in the dark.

Alex. McNeill tried to speak a few loyal words. He thought that perhaps Kipling was a little astray in the use of those words. They should be said, said McNeill, "Our Lady in whose breast patriotism grows." And no one dare say him nay.

Michael Quinn, of Montreal, an Irishman, by way of Kipling was a little astray in the use of those words. They should be said, said McNeill, "Our Lady in whose breast patriotism grows." And no one dare say him nay.

The Catholic Register of Toronto, at Carleton Place, Ontario, has prepared itself for the worst. And then Caron, admitting that McGee was all right, quoted from The Register the words which told the origin of "Our Lady of the Snows." His jurisdiction was not Canadian, but a Roman was the verdict of this court of final jurisdiction.

The sarcasm of The Telegram towards The Register has, we think, led the paper into a misrepresentation of the attitude of Sir Adolphe Caron towards the representatives of the anti-snow party in the House. The Ottawa Journal reports Sir Adolphe's remarks as follows:

Sir Adolphe Caron welcomed the occasion as one that brought D'Arcy McGee's name back to the mind of the Canadian parliament. But not over McGee has been the originator of the phrase. He read from The Catholic Register a statement that the feast of "Our Lady of the Snows" was one of the most popular of the annual festivals at Rome and an occasion of peculiarly beautiful significance. He saw no reason why Canadians should object to the application of a title so high honored.

The truth is that the anti-snow patriots are becoming a trifle too aggressive. It is very difficult to conceive their mental attitude; but how they can claim to associate hatred of Canadian snow with their professions of patriotism surpasses all understanding. One of the journals in which their feud is supported published sometime in the middle of January last, during the thaw that occurs in that month, an editorial on mud. The paper metaphorically fondled it, said it was "soft," "plushy," "liquid," "etc., etc.; babbling over it through the space of an entire column. That sort of thing appeals to the class of persons who turn their trousers up half way to the knee when the streets are paroled in August, because, they say, it is "raining in London." It is also the sort of rubbish that the anti-snow patriot takes delight in. He turns his trousers up in the winter, because he knows it is the correct thing to do in Proceadilly. To mention the hard snow underfoot to him is like shaking a red rag at a bull. He has wrapped himself in the delusion that it is all mud, quite as good as the London crop, from the enjoyment of which he is exiled by the tyranny of circumstances. But it was not always thus with him. Some years ago he used to be an enthusiastic ice palace boomer. His activity in that line annually converted Montreal into a "cockney paradise." It used to be said then that the winter carnival advertised the country, because impending emigrants might perceive from the photographs distributed in the "mother country" what fun Canadians had in the snow. The coveted emigrant is now being loaded up the other way.

The gentlemen who have declined Rudyard Kipling's poetic compliments on the floor of the Federal Legislature have cut a rather ridiculous figure. Mr. McNeill's proposed amendment to the poem capped the absurdity of the debate. Observe how it would have improved the lines:

The gates are mine to open As the gates are mine to close, And I abide by my mother's house, Said our Lady in whose breast patriotism grows.

It is to be feared that Mr. McNeill's ideas of poetry are almost as muddy as his patriotism. Would it not be well for the members of the anti-snow brigade to comport themselves on the model of the native Canadians? Canadian snow is a fact, a hard fact that, when well trampled down, it brings more blessings upon the land than mist or rain. Natives like Sir Adolphe Caron and Mr. Laurier know

the commercial value of the snow crop; native poets have loved the white winter landscape and have sung its beauties in patriotic verses. Kipling's compliments were all right, and the balance of probability is that they have given a most favorable impression of Canada to the average English reader than the mud-larking of the self-styled patriots.

Redmondism Collapses.

Experience has taught us to accept all Associated Press cable news of Irish affairs with reserve. Since the United Press organization went to pieces a few months ago, a monopoly supplies the news of the world to all American and Canadian readers; and this trust, which is greater than the power of kings, does not appear to be exercised towards Irishmen and Irish matters without the display of prejudice and contempt. Why this should be we do not pretend to know.

The matter to which we immediately desire to make reference is the conference held in Dublin on April 20 between Mr. Redmond and his followers. We have waited for the Dublin papers for an account of the transactions of that conference; and our caution about receiving the Associated Press report has been amply justified. The conference, instead of inaugurating a new anti-clerical movement of considerable magnitude and significance, has not done more than split Mr. Redmond's already powerless following in twain. At the outset of the proceedings it was admitted that the National League, the organization that was supposed to give strength to Redmondism, was without a particle of life. "Practically non-existent" were the words Mr. Redmond's friend, Mr. Rochford Maguire, applied to it. Mr. T. Harrington could not gainsay the statement; but he urged that to replace the name of the organization by a new one could, in the manifest state of popular opinion in the country, result in no other way than to cut off the connection between the parliamentary following of Mr. Redmond and the organizers throughout the country who had won their elections. Mr. Harrington is a man of positive opinions; and when his advice was not taken by Mr. Redmond, he and his friends retired from the meeting. Their action meant a definite severance from their former acknowledged leader. In their absence one or two persons, whose names are of no note, are reported to have made anti-clerical speeches; but the newspapers did not consider it a matter of sufficient moment to report what they said. An association to be known as the "Independent Nationalists" was formed. The only supposable allusion to an anti-clerical policy that we are able to find in the resolution setting forth the platform of the party is this: "Full civil and religious liberty." But it may be quite possible that they demanded for these liberties is made upon the Government at London, which is not heretofore granted them to Ireland in equal measure with England and Scotland. We are not attempting to attribute any political prudence or virtue to Mr. Redmond's party that it does not possess. We're more than well aware that it is without a shred of support from the patriotic priesthood of Ireland. At the same time the Archbishop of Dublin has suggested its adequate recognition in the re-union of all the Irish Nationalists in Parliament under a properly elected chairman, as Mr. John Dillon is to-day. Everyone knows how much good work men, who to-day are known by way of differentiation as "Parzellies," have done; men like Mr. Harrington whose separation is a great loss to the effective organization of the party and country.

A public meeting was held in the Klondike after the conference which ended in a final difference. Mr. Redmond made a speech. His partisans in the hall cheered him and hoisted at Mr. Harrington's name. Others cheered Mr. Redmond and made ridicule of Mr. Redmond. Nothing in the anti-clerical line is reported as having been uttered. The proceedings from first to last emphasized the lifelessness of Redmondism and the quiet hostility to its spirit (which is the spirit of disunion) throughout the country. Mr. Harrington has now shaped his individual conduct clear of its delusions. The desire for unity is general throughout Ireland, and actual unity is being restored by the disruption of the centres of disunion.

The Register.

His Excellency the Greek Consul has called upon the Spanish correspondent of The Register, and left his card with an inscription in French, which has been forwarded to the editor, and of which the following is a translation:

With my sincere acknowledgments for your sublime and enthusiastic article "European Politics" and your expression of sympathy for Greece P. D. MICHAELIDIS, Consul de S. M. Hellénique.

His Excellency was further pleased to say that a copy of The Register had been laid before the Royal family of Greece. This very courteous notice of a word of sympathy and cheer printed thousands of miles away from the theatre of Greece's great struggle in the cause of humanity and civilization, shows an intense desire that the act of the nation may be justly viewed throughout the Christian world. The Powers of Europe have not only hampered the Greeks in the conduct of their campaign, but an immense effort is being made to isolate them from the sympathy of Europe and America.

The Record.

Some weeks ago an article appeared in The London Record abetting the political outcry against the Quebec bishops. The Register read The Record's article in its plain sense. We quoted it, and commented upon it in outspoken terms. The Record in its last issue is angry because we have not taken everything back and published an apology. We wonder why The Record has not apologized to the bishops of Quebec. It does no good for two persons professing to support Catholic interests to sustain a controversy upon such an issue. Nor is it necessary. Our comment upon our contemporary's conduct was complete in itself. When its apology appears we shall have something more to say. Till then we may be more charitable to our friend than perhaps he deserves.

An Old Resident Gone.

Day by day the early settlers in Toronto are dropping by the wayside and disappearing from view—a sad reminder that the century lot awaits all alike, and that all must sooner or later pay the debt of nature. A venerable lady who had made this city her home for the past sixty years—Mrs. Maria Lee—met with a serious accident some weeks ago. While passing from one room to another in her residence she fell and broke her leg. The setting of the fracture necessitated continuous rest in a fixed position, and this restraint caused a weakened circulation which, under the weight of 67 years, ended in heart failure and death on the 27th ult. Mrs. Lee was relict of the late Joseph Lee (for many years a well-known citizen of East Toronto) and the mother of a large family, of whom three sons and four daughters survive here. The sons are: Thomas H., a successful jeweller; Alexander, of the Copp Clarke Co.; W. S., Manager of the Western Canada Loan Co.; and Arthur B., head of the firm of Rice Lewis & Son. Connected with this firm was also another son, Christopher, whose lamented death The Register noticed but a few short months ago. The daughters are: Mrs. George Massey of New York; Mrs. James R. of Toronto; Mrs. Bastedo of Newmarket; and Mrs. W. C. Campbell of this city. Besides these, her offspring numbered 51 grand children and 20 great-grand children.

Mrs. Lee was born in London, England, February 18, 1810, and came to Canada in 1832. There were no ocean groundings in those days, and the voyage across the Atlantic was not so speedy in the old sailing vessels as it is to-day by the palace steamers. The trip that is now made in six or seven days took Mrs. Lee and her fellow-passengers over two months; and of the latter who came to Toronto with herself and her husband, only two remain—Mr. J. E. Paul still prominent as an active member of St. George's Society, and Mrs. Glasco of Hamilton. During Mrs. Lee's long life she saw the growth of three generations, and witnessed all the changes which converted Toronto from an humble hamlet to its present magnificent proportions. She enjoyed the respect of all who knew her in the social circle, and departs from amongst us deeply and sincerely regretted.

Stratford Items.

Dr. J. G. Yeman, M.D., L.D.S., has been committed to goal to stand his trial for murder.

Mr. John H. Wall, who has been visiting at his home here for a few days, has returned to Waterloo.

Mr. William Lewis, formerly conductor on the G. E. R., has taken possession of the American House, Mr. Guetz, the former proprietor, retiring, who will live retired for a time at least.

The Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Company has purchased the lot on the corner of Ontario and Waterloo streets, and will erect thereon a handsome brick building expressly fitted up for their business.

Retiring from Business.

Bargains to be had in first class statuary. We have in hand a large stock of religious statuary which will be sold at 50 cents on the dollar, at 265 Queen west. C. Zeroni.

No family living in a billions country should be without "Farmelo's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the bowels and prevent Ague, Malaria, Piles, Cholera, Shingles, Malaria, etc. I have tried a box of Farmelo's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I ever used."





DOMESTIC READING.

Every misjudged action will be explained one day, if not here, yonder. Let us make happy the circle around us; be useful as much as we may.—Shefer.

FIRESIDE FUN.

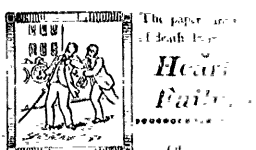
Teacher: "Now, here is an example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1868?" Tommy: "Please, mum, was it a man or a woman?"

FARM AND GARDEN.

Mr. J. H. Pantou, of the Ontario Agricultural College, in a bulletin issued by the department recommends certain solutions for spraying. For the Bordeaux Mixture he says:—

Chats With the Children.

There is one remarkable peculiarity of the series of the Himalayan ranges between the Vale of Kashmir and the Central Asian watershed—they are one after another out across by ridges. The reason for this is that the rivers were there before the ranges were formed, and as, by the crinkling of the earth's crust, the ranges were raised, the rivers cut gorges through them and maintained their flow.



the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure" is called, many times out of ten, caused by the Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which clogs the heart until it becomes unable to perform its function.

Advertisement for 'Safe Cure' medicine, including the text 'A Medicine with 20 Years of Success behind it'.

Advertisement for 'Western Assurance Company' with details on capital and services.

Advertisement for 'Wm. A. Lee & Son' as general agents for life insurance.

Advertisement for 'The Temperance and General Life Assurance Co.' offering the best plans and rates.

Advertisement for 'Excelsior Life Insurance Company of Ontario Limited'.

Advertisement for 'The York County Loan and Savings Co.' promoting thrift and industry.

Advertisement for 'Harris' products including lead, copper, brass, iron, and ledger books.

Advertisement for 'Miss Coffey, Teacher of Piano' with contact information.

Advertisement for 'Harris' products, listing various metals and books.

Advertisement for 'Miss Coffey, Teacher of Piano'.

Advertisement for 'Harris' products, including lead, copper, brass, iron, and ledger books.

Advertisement for 'Miss Coffey, Teacher of Piano'.

Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance are indeed the secret of all success. No good endeavor strenuously persevered in will fail; it must succeed at last.

A bright little fellow of four years had the unfortunate habit of stammering. One day his mother had called, and the little one was asked "Richard, do you stutter all the time?" "N-n-o, only when I talk," was the ingenuous reply.

Use 200 gallons of water in a mixture for apple trees, 250 for plum trees, and 300 for peach trees. When Paris green is added to Bordeaux mixture, so as to form a combined insecticide and fungicide, add four ounces to every 40 gallons of the Bordeaux mixture.

The pink apple blossom is just out of reach. Though you stand on the tips of your toes—

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!

When there is danger of disfiguring fruit with the Bordeaux mixture use the ammoniacal copper carbonate solution.

Experience in spraying during the past two years indicates that it is best to use the combined insecticide and fungicide, commencing as soon as the buds begin to swell, again when the leaves appear, and continue it at intervals of 10 to 15 days.

The ostrich has wings, but he cannot fly: The horse has only one toe; Have you noticed the size of the elephant's eyes?

Many people know nothing about a real apology. A lukewarm apology is more insulting than the insult. A handsome apology is the handsomest thing in the world—and the manliest and the womanliest.

When Reid was managing editor of "The New York Times" he had an office-boy whose chaek was colossal.

There was once a little maiden, And she had a mirror bright; It was rimmed about with silver; 'T was her pride and her delight.

There was once a little maiden, And she had a mirror bright; It was rimmed about with silver; 'T was her pride and her delight.

It is undoubtedly the best remedy in the world for rheumatism.—Mr. John Beaumont, Elora, Ont.

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HIS ENEMY'S DAUGHTER

Man and beast drooped under the monition of a midsummer afternoon, when Cora, daughter and heiress of...

From the upper windows, however, the view was an uninterrupted one, and at one or another the young mistress was frequently to be seen...

"Ah," she murmured with dismay, as she sighted a line of gipsy caravans drawn up in the covered refuge...

She went straight ahead now, towards the railway, for the Brighton line crosses the said common—situated at about ten miles south west of London...

It was two hours later in the breathless afternoon when mistress and dog, looking fagged after their prolonged ramble, sauntered to the stile...

Now these last arrivals to one of whom she was so strangely bound were unknown to her. She did not remember ever to have seen these people before...

At a suitable spot, they turned their horses to the common and rode directly for the gipsy camp, as she expected they would do...

"Oh, Miss Cora, we all thought you were lying down, it being so hot, so I wouldn't disturb you..."

"Quite well, thank you, Mary; only tired." She was walking away when she turned round again and said, in a low voice...

"Yes, Miss, he is; he wouldn't have a groom, to day, he said." "Thank you. Thank you. I am going into the garden now in quest of air; the house is so close."

CHAPTER II. One evening, a few days later, the colonel's daughter sat at her bedroom window, overlooking the gipsies' movements...

into her white face. "You're the gal who saved our Mirry aint yer?" "Yes, but what of my father?"

"Well, he's been and got us to be drove off, and Liz Brown, she's desprate ill, an' no' o'p'es o'er, the doo' for says if they rummidge her about, and we've got to clear out to morrow..."

"Go on!" said the girl, harshly. "That's all. Aint it nauff for yer? Miss, don't tell on me; they'd murder me I shouldn't be come—I said it served the best right—only I found out from a boy wot lives in the place that yu was his darter. And you saved our little 'un."

"Sammy, where's yer uncle—Joe Morgan, I mean?" "Along o' the others; they all went off together. You see Liz is uncle's sister, and he thinks a deal o' her, he does, but he don't know you re that old brute's darter, no more'n I did. Oh, Miss, don't tell on me, don't; it 'ud be the death o' me."

"Is this all true?" asked the colonel's daughter, still in the same harsh utterance. "Ev'ry blessed word, s'help me—"

"Garn!" retorted Sammy with an uneasy chuckle; gipsies don't pray, or "Supposing your little cousin was starving, what then?" she asked gently, but the boy's eyes blazed straight into hers.

"Strooth, I'd thieve the fust loaf I elapped eyes on," retorted he. Miss, promise yer won't tell on me, but as yer was good to our Mirry, I says to myself I'd give yer the chance to git the old beast out o' their way. Good night, miss," he added, as he shuffled off under the shelter of the hedges.

"Good night," answered Cora, as she leaned over the gate. "I'll remember this presently, Sammy, when I'm out of my trouble—never fear."

"Right yer are, miss, but there ain't no' castions," muttered the boy, looking back. "Wot I does, I does, and I respects yer, miss, more'n any woman I knows on. Good night, miss."

"Oh, what shall I do—how help him?" moaned the poor girl as she laid her throbbing head upon the gate rail. Ten o'clock chimed presently from the hall clock. Lights burned subduedly within, but doors and windows were widely open. And above the chaos of her spirit like a star on the storm cloud, arose a sublime and passionate purpose, and she returned to the house, calm, but desperate.

"Mary," said she, when in answer to her summons, the parlour maid appeared. "I am going up to my room now. Sleep is out of the question in this heat, but I have an intense head ache, and may be easier lying down. Do not disturb me for anything. Good night."

"E-ween 'leven and twelve's the time," said one. "He may be here any minute now."

"If it warn't for after cloath I'd beat his brains out," put in another, with an imprecation that thrilled the listener. "O'wever, I'll give him something to remember Jim Brown for the rest of his life."

"Hark!" said the first speaker, suddenly. "There's Joe's whistle. He's on the road, then," and a cry escaped her unguarded lips. She was surrounded on the instant by what seemed to the panting girl a band of demons, who handled her brutally, and asked her, with oaths and curses, what she wanted there, and who she was.

"I know whom you are expecting here," said she, striving for calm; "I am his daughter."

"Whose been peaching?" asked Jim Brown, fiercely, of his associates. "No one," quickly answered Cora; "I know from quite another source. He is all I have, and I have come here to mediate between you and I will."

"A plucky lass, but it's no go," growled one of the men. "Gag her, or she'll warn the old tigger."

"Where on earth are ye all?" asked he savagely. "I just 'eard' o'cess 'oofo. Didn't yer 'ear me oall, Jim?"

"I know yer, yer name, Jim Brown, but I've never seen yer before, and I don't know yer name."

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"I know yer, yer name, Jim Brown, but I've never seen yer before, and I don't know yer name."

"Papa, dear," said a sweet voice that went clear through the man, "please get down here; I want you."

"The old soldier leapt from his horse with a shout of horror; he pulled her into his arms."

"My daughter—here!" cried he, and his eyes swept across the sombre company. Still, his sweet Cora, though pale as ashes, and trembling, wore her serene smile.

"The colonel turned aside with a movement of disdain, but the retort he would have made was smothered by a tender hand."

"You are going to hear a little story—it is necessary that you should do so—listen, papa, dear, if you please now, Jim," said Cora.

"So Jim had his say, accompanied here and there by a deep 'A. y. or 'That's so,' when he hit out straight at the foe, whose confusion was overwhelming. He shook himself pugnantly, when the spokesman burst bitterly away, like a man trying to free himself of mental cobwebs."

"You have fairly dazed me, men," the colonel said, candidly, "but let me say this in my defence—I never heard a word about there being a sick woman in the camp. You're her husband, I understand?—here he more directly addressed the man Jim—I ask your pardon, and give you my word that I will make a point of seeing the authorities at the earliest to-morrow morning. Do not move here on any account, meanwhile. Poor soul!"

"Thank 'ee, sir; that whipes out all old scores," said Jim happily. "A better wife never breathed than my Liz—bless her."

"Neither did I hear a whisper of this affair of the child on the railway. How is this, my love?"

"Well, you see, papa, dear," murmured his daughter, "the mention of the gypsy to you, what the red rag is supposed to be to the bull, so I refrained for my own sake."

"Well, here's wishing yer good-night, mister, and a better understanding arter—"

"Not in existing circumstances," interposed the colonel, who was nothing if not an optimist. "I insist that no man has the right to live as you gipsies do live."

"That's as may be," retorted Joe, placidly. Then he drew himself up martially and fairly "fixed" the old soldier. "Any'ow," said he, 's'posing we are the soum o' the 'arth, and the swine whereas yer and the likes o' yer are the pearls, we've respected our enemy's dawter. You've drove us from pillar to the post, 'anted us like rats out of yer hole, till we was ready to smash yer skulls in; she comes to us at midnight, alone and unprotected, and trusts us mister—thieving brutes and vagabonds. And when she's done that, colonel, she put a feather in the gipsy's cap, that no'ard knoaks—and he 'aves 'em—will ever git out agin'!"

"Hear, hear," said a hearty chorus. "She did so."

"And good night to yer, miss, and God bless yer! If it warn't a liberty—it's such a great brute on a thing," he muttered, looking rascally at his capacious hand.

"For answer the colonel's daughter laid hers into it, and then into that of every man there, giving each one a soft "good night."

"Then came a sensation and it occurred when Colonel Reynor stepped up with friendly hand to Joe Morgan, and after him to each of his companions."

"Good night," said he, curt but cordial; "I will walk over to-morrow to inquire after your wife, Jim. Yes, yes, no thanks; I understand. The men who respected my defenceless child as you have done can never be but my friends; and if, as Joe says, she put a feather in the gipsy's cap, why let him wear it, and welcome! Good night, my men."

"Hear, hear," said a hearty chorus. "She did so."

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A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The oft-repeated statements by Physicians that Chronic Rheumatism Cannot be Cured Refuted by Sworn Statements.

There never was a time when people were so sceptical in reference to medicine as the present; no wonder, for their credulity has been played upon by the unreliable claims of advertised cures all until doubt is converted into a belief that all announcements are imaginary pen pictures. When a patient suffers of the disease whose cause is unknown, and is unable to try first one thing, then another, and still repeated failures convince them that there is no help for them. They hear about the starting cures made by R. Colman, but cannot overcome the suspicion that this is like all the rest. They do not know of the hidden power in "The New Invention" peculiar to this preparation, that enables Rheumatism—of how it enabled George Ball, blacksmith, residing corner Bedford Avenue and Huron Streets, Hamilton, to arise from a helpless condition and set up work in his own shop, after having labored, discharged from the hospital with the assurance "they could do nothing for him, his system was so full of rheumatism no power on earth could drive it out;" then lying at his home for weeks unable to lift hand to mouth, having to be fed by his wife, when the King's Daughters of Hamilton brought him Koolenay. Three bottles effected a complete cure. This is not more strange than the story told by Mrs. Guy, wife of Mail Carrier Robt. Guy, Brant Ave., Hamilton, whose mother long breathes thanks for the restoration of her seven year old Willie. His lower limbs were so swollen with inflammatory rheumatism he could not put his feet to the floor, the slightest touch causing intense pain, and going gradually worse, until his condition was pitiful; it seemed they were going to lose him, when Koolenay was used and three bottles completely cured him, so that he is going to school. The detailed sworn statements of above cures, with hundreds of others, can be obtained by addressing The Bickman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Koolenay is not obtainable of your dealer, send charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Send for Chart Book, mailed free. The bottle lasts over a month.

Professional.

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BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEDS, TILES, GRATES, HEARTHES, MANTELS.

RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), 609, KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

STILL IN HIS PRIME.

North Hastings' Oldest Inhabitant Hot and Healthy. Josie Moore, of Banoroff, Ont., one of the old and best-known residents of Hastings County, can boast of wonderful health and vigor for his age. "Although I am over 84 years of age," he says, "I feel as young as ever I did."

Mr. Moore, however, had a narrow escape from death about a year ago. "I was so bed with indigestion," he writes, "that the doctors gave me up. I tried various alleged remedies but found them no good. One day our popular druggist, F. C. Humphries, sent me a sample of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to try. The result was marvellous. After taking two I was able to get up. Then I sent for a box. I could soon eat anything. In a short time I was able to walk two miles, to Banoroff and back, with ease."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will, without fail, cure all kidney, liver, stomach and blood troubles. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents. One pill a dose; one cent a dose. Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the latest discovery for coughs, asthma and consumption. It is pleasant, quick and certain. 25 cents.

It is not the motive, properly speaking, that determines the working of the will, but it is the will that imparts strength to the motive. As Coleridge says: "It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man."



HIS GRACE OF KINGSTON

Joyfully Received By His Clergy and Loving People.

A Hearty Welcome—His Grace Deeply Touched by the Expression of Sympathy of the People.

KINGSTON May 1.—On Thursday afternoon Archbishop Cleary arrived home from Cape May, N. J., where he spent part of last winter in search of health...

After tendering the Archbishop a hearty greeting, the clergy and laity returned to the city on the suburban train, the Archbishop driving in to the Johnston street station...

There was a large congregation present in the evening at St. Mary's Cathedral to take part in the service of thanksgiving and praise to God for the safe arrival home and the restoration to health of His Grace Archbishop Cleary...

His Grace gave a brief and very touching address. He expressed his joy at being home among his people again, and referred to his severe illness while in the sunny south...

That His Lordship is beloved and revered by his people, and more especially by the children of the convent, was beautifully indicated by the sentiments of love, affection and esteem...

Promptly at 8 o'clock His Lordship entered accompanied by the cathedral clergy, after which the following excellent programme was rendered:

THE PRIESTS' ADDRESS. Upon the arrival of Archbishop Cleary at the palace, an address of welcome was presented to him by the assembled priests...

May it please your Grace: It is not a common sentiment of duty which impels us, the priests of the archdiocese of Kingston, to greet our illustrious Archbishop on this occasion and bid him a hearty welcome home...

hopefulness began to fail—what wonder, then, if our hearts, too, were weighed with distracting solicitude? Our hopes were sustained only by the prayers daily offered throughout the length and breadth of the archdiocese in your Grace's behalf...

Our pleasure is shared in by the laity of the archdiocese, and we beg your Grace to accept the assurance of the universal satisfaction experienced in your return to Kingston with health and strength sufficiently restored to pursue your onerous duties for the religious betterment of your flock...

Once more the priests of the archdiocese of Kingston have the pleasing duty of recording the debt of gratitude which they owe to Vicar-General Gauthier, the zealous pastor of Brookville, who has been the companion and solace of your Grace's sojourn in the south...

In the fond hope that God will further and favorably listen to our earnest and heartfelt prayers, and confirm your improvement of health that thus your Grace may be spared to us for many years to enlighten us by your able counsel, to guide us by your undoubted wisdom and ripe experience...

(Signature of the priests.) At the conclusion of the reading of the address His Grace made a brief and feeling reply.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Celebration of the Eighth Anniversary of His Consecration.

PETERBOROUGH, May 1.—Eight years ago Friday His Lordship Bishop O'Connor was consecrated Bishop of Peterborough diocese, and the eighth anniversary was observed by the convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame in the presentation of a delightful programme, presented in the convent hall Friday evening.

That His Lordship is beloved and revered by his people, and more especially by the children of the convent, was beautifully indicated by the sentiments of love, affection and esteem...

Promptly at 8 o'clock His Lordship entered accompanied by the cathedral clergy, after which the following excellent programme was rendered:

PROGRAMME. Festal march. "Vive Pastor Bonus." Regina Cœli. "Te Deum." Ergo. "Laudate Dominum." The altar was beautifully decorated and illuminated with flowers and burning tapers...

The performers in each number acquitted themselves in a creditable manner, but Miss Lottie Bell in her violin number, "The Harp of Tara," carried off the palm of the evening...

The "Little One's Wish" and the "Spring Crown of Flowers" were two beautiful numbers—prettily performed by the young tots.

His Lordship at the conclusion of the programme cordially thanked the pupils for their expressions of love and homage and their kind wishes for his future happiness...

Mr. Jas. Kendry, M. P. expressed his delight at being present, not only to listen to the delightful programme, but also to congratulate his lordship upon the eighth anniversary of his consecration as bishop...

Mr. J. R. Stratton, M.P.P. was pleased to be present to extend his congratulations to his lordship, and endorse what the latter had said in reference to the kindly feeling existing amongst all classes in Peterborough...

Mr. D. W. Dunbar made an eloquent address, in which he congratulated his lordship on his eighth anniversary and the staff of the convent and the pupils for the musical treat provided...

Mr. J. Hampden Burnham desired to extend his congratulations to his lordship. It was indeed a pleasure to him to be present, and whilst the musical programme as a whole was for Mr. Burnham a delightful treat...

After Venerable Archdeacon Casey had on behalf of the clergy, congratulated his lordship on the eighth anniversary of his consecration and assured him of loyalty and devotion, the evening closed with the National Anthem.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, 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 Electric Oil cured that, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like wheat, corn, and oil. Includes sub-section 'TOMORROW, May 6, 1897.' and 'Receipts of grain on the street to-day were as follows:'



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