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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

Irish

Bigamy has never got a greater or sharper rebuke than was administered by Mr. John Atkinson, Q. C. Attorney-General for Ireland, to the atrocious assaunt in his constituency who denounces his support of the Local Government Bill for Ireland. He vindicates himself from the charge of inconsistency, and shows that he advocated at his election the same policy which he now supports.

ENGLAND.

The Irish Party and Mr. Gladstone Mr. John Dillon, M.P., in accordance with the unanimous resolution of the Irish Parliamentary Party, wrote as follows to Mr. Gladstone:

My Dear Mr. Gladstone—At a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party held yesterday I was instructed to write to you on behalf of the Party to say that they have heard of your illness—and of the suffering with which it has pleased God to try you—with profound sorrow, and that as the representatives of a nation whose aspirations you have understood—and to remove those aspirations you have so long and so gloriously labored—they desire to send you the assurance of their deepest sympathy.

I remain, yours sincerely, JOHN DILLON.

Mr. John Dillon has received the following reply:

Hawarden Castle, Chester, April 6th, 1898. DEAR MR. DILLON—My father desires me to thank the Irish Parliamentary Party through you for their most kind message and assurances of sympathy. He feels most grateful for all the kindness and warm feeling shown for him, and certainly not least which comes from Ireland.

Believe me, yours very sincerely, HELEN GLADSTONE.

A good story of Mr. Delaney, the famous editor of The Times, whose brother took his own life the other day between Daal and Sandwich, appears in The Daily Chronicle. The family was of Irish origin—Delaney by name—but on settling in England, they dropped the "y." Someone having once asked Mr. Delaney why he had done this, the latter replied: "Does the Scripture not say if thine 'y' (eye) offend thee pluck it out?"

Mr. Clement Scott has made the amendment to the profession whose morality he assailed in an interview in Great Britain. Writing in The Daily Telegraph he says: "I desire to express my regret to the ladies of the theatrical profession at large for having given utterance to words which I now realize must have inflicted infinite pain upon many good women whom I not only respect, but whose claims to the good opinion of all I freely and frankly avow. I desire to withdraw my remarks as if they had never been made. In my excuse I suggest that the words which were published, and which have evidently given such offense, were spoken by me at a moment of great personal strain, when my surroundings were such as to prevent my clearly appreciating the distress they were likely to cause."

Mr. Davitt and English Prisoners. Mr. Davitt has received a permit from the head of the Prisons Board, authorizing him to visit any and every prison in England and fully investigate the system in vogue in them.

It would be difficult for any pen to describe adequately the terrible plight of the unfortunate inhabitants of the hunger and fever-stricken districts in the Ulsterive locality. As is well known, the misery of the people may be put down to the almost total failure of the potato crop, and in fishing districts to the disappointing results of the autumn mackerel fishing. Many of the destitute people cannot afford to plant the seed potatoes they procure. They have no food in their homes, and they cannot resist the temptation of eating the seed. The Rev. Arthur Murphy, the saintly parish priest of Prior, a very extensive parish, which includes Portmagee and Bullisquillings, says that the Mansion House aid just came in time, for starvation was staring the people in the face when the help came. Many families in the parish were stricken with fever during the autumn and winter. Some days since a few fresh cases cropped up in Portmagee. To add still more to the trying situation there was a fearful attack of measles, which spread through the whole country.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Dillon in Glasgow. Mr. John Dillon was the speaker before the Armath men at their fourth annual reunion in Glasgow, on April 12th. He delivered a splendid speech, dealing with the distress in the West of Ireland and the opposition of the Orangemen to Mr. Balfour's Local Government Bill.

SCIATIC, OUCH!!!

Excruciating Pain—Have You Suffered Rheumatic or Sciatic Pain—South American Kidney Care will relieve in 6 Hours and Cures. I suffered intensely with rheumatism and sciatic in my left hip. I tried a great many remedies and a number of physicians, but they could do very little for me, only giving me at times a little temporary relief. After South American Rheumatic Cure advertised and decided to give it a trial. The first few doses benefited me wonderfully, and after taking only two bottles the pains disappeared, and there has been no return. I consider my cure a marvel, as I had been so bad for two years that had I been given the whole universe I could not lie or my left side. E. E. Brett, Meriville, Ont.

ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.

Wonderfully, indeed, is the devotion to St. Antony fast becoming known, and marvelously have his talents multiplied. Scarcely can a Catholic congregation be found where he is not mentioned, in charity's name, for countless favors; and because of the powers always manifested by this saint, he has become known the world over as "the wonder-worker of miracles." In trials, difficulties, success, vocations, restoring lost objects, and curing he is the safe refuge. Pope Leo has characterized St. Antony as the apostle of charity; and his devoted clients are today making efforts to establish him as a doctor of the Church.

St. Antony was born in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1195. His parents, Martin de Bulliun and Mary de Tavera, people of rank, confided him at an early age to the care of the canon of the cathedral of Lisbon, under whom he advanced in fervent piety, true fear of God, and many branches of learning. It is related that St. Antony, when a child, was one day absorbed in prayer, when the devil appeared in frightful shape and tried to frighten him from his devotions. Full of courage and the grace of God, the pious boy, still kneeling, traced with his finger on the marble floor the sign of the cross. The devil disappeared, but the holy sign still remains an object of veneration for the faithful. The boy's ever-increasing love for virtue inspired him in his fifteenth year with the resolution to withdraw from the world and its dangers into holy solitude, in order to preserve the innocence of his early years. He entered the community of the regular canons of St. Augustine, where, as a novice, he was regarded as a model to all of fervent zeal, true wisdom and holy fear of God. In order to give himself up to perfect solitude he withdrew to the monastery of the Holy Cross at Coimbra, where he had spent eight years in the practice of severe penance and mortification. Five bodies of Franciscan Friars, who were martyred for the faith in Morocco, were brought to Portugal and placed in his monastery. Meditation upon those heroic witnesses to the faith, their zeal in announcing the divine Word, their courageous constancy in suffering, their joyful giving of their lives for their faith, made such an impression upon St. Antony, and filled him with such a desire for martyrdom, that he asked his Superior's permission to enter the Franciscan Order. This permission was given with great reluctance, for the Superior was loath to lose such a shining example of all virtues, let God's blessing should depart from the monastery of the saint. In 1221 he received the habit of St. Francis, in the chapel of St. Antony the Hermit, in a Franciscan monastery near Coimbra.

The most popular form of devotion to St. Antony is the "9 Tuesdays Novena," which can be commenced at any time. Copies of this booklet can be had at St. Basil's Church. The devotion comprises a special prayer for each Tuesday, the prayer for the church, and hymn and litany. The hymn which was composed by St. Bonaventura, has been sung these recent centuries in Italy, where the children are seen to-day, wearing the habit in honor of St. Antony, for his blessing of special protection. Like the efficacy of St. Bernard's beautiful "Memorare" to Our Blessed Lady, this hymn to St. Antony never fails:

All that I ask is thine to grant, Thy prayers supply my every want; Before the death and sin do cower; The demons see thy feel thy power, The sick are cured, the heart made whole And grace descends upon the soul. Thy word can still the ocean's rage, When wind and wave of war was prease; It rends the galling captive's chain, Till every link is snapp'd in twain; And old and young thy aid receive Who in thee and in God believe. When danger and temptation's near The trust in thee have sought to fear; Then at the sound of voice, thy boat Is pierc'd by sin's unenvoyed dart. All who have felt thy healing hand, Proclaim thy power from land to land. Immortal honor, endless fame, attend The Almighty Father's name, May the Son's equal praises be held Holy Paraclete to thee. Amen.

PRAYER TO ST. ANTONY. Great St. Antony! Pure and sweet lily of virginity, precious gem of poverty, mirror of penance, preacher of the most exacting of vows, minister of graces, consoler of the afflicted, lover of peace and unity, contemner of worldly vanities, pillar of the church, illustrater of the Catholic faith, martyr in desire, worker of innumerable miracles, star of sanctity, refuge of all that have recourse to thee: O glorious Saint! whose privilege it was to embrace the Divine Infant, and who, by thy burning eloquence, didst move to penance the most obdurate sinner, I, a miserable sinner, implore thee to receive me into thy guardianship, and to obtain for me contrition for my sins,

constancy in virtue and the grace of perseverance. Inflama, I beseech thee, my cold and hardened heart with the fire of charity, that I may conquer the world, the flesh and the author of evil. Amen. T. F. V. St. Michael's College.

Again that "La Patrie" Article.

The following appears in The Ottawa Journal.

I have waited but in vain for an apology from La Patrie for its libel on the Irish people published a few weeks ago. True, your contemporary, the Free Press, came to its rescue, but I must say that the conclusions of the latter are not founded on correct premises.

In the first place I wish to remark that it is the height of ingratitude on the part of Mr. Tarte's sons, both personally and as the responsible editors of the leading organ of the Liberal party of the province of Quebec, to express such contemptuous opinions about the Irish at home or abroad. When these gentlemen, these gentlemen needed \$2,000, recourse was had not to any person of Mr. Tarte's own nationality, but to Mr. Shaughnessy, vice-president of the O.P.L., who is not merely Irish, but that bone of La Patrie, an Irish American. And what Canadian or United States prelate has ever received a grander tribute from the elite and representative sons of Old France than Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, when, in 1892, he received an invitation to address a Parisian audience composed of diplomats, journalists, authors, senators, clergymen, military officers and ambassadors to the French government? None—not even one of Mr. Tarte's own race. And withal that distinguished prelate boldly declared in his address on the question of anti-French prejudice and priests of other nationalities, bishops in proportion to the number of Catholics of their respective nationalities: "We choose our bishops, and we will always choose them from among priests worthy of the episcopate, irrespective of their origin or nationality; we will never allow foreigners to impose bishops upon us." It will be remembered that Archbishop Ireland had, when expressing this sentiment, the late Count Mercier in view, who was intruding a short time before to have a French-Canadian bishop appointed to the See of Ogdensburg, till he was rudely awakened to a sense of his folly.

The opinion expressed by Archbishop Ireland was heartily applauded by his French-Canadian audience, and this is the sentiment which Mr. Tarte's parasitical organ, La Patrie, denounced when it stated recently that "the Irish, among the clergy as well as in politics, are the worst enemies of French influence in the Republic, and it must be the same elsewhere."

The sting in the last clause now merits a little attention. Have the Irish in Canada either in religion or politics ever discriminated as a body against a man simply because he was a Frenchman? Let La Patrie answer. Permit me to cite an instance near home in Ogdosque where the population is almost wholly Irish. In the vote of 1894 for the Liberal candidate, he won 72, and for his opponent but 2. In the recent contest the returns from the same poll stand 74 to 4. The Liberal candidate on both occasions was a French-Canadian. Another question for La Patrie to answer. Can it give an instance of a Liberal in the last federal election who discriminated against Mr. Laurier because he was a French-Canadian?

Mr. Tarte and his sons must remember that the days of narrowness and bigotry are happily passing away and that any attempt to revive them, even when inspired by a minister of the Crown, will be met by the contempt and scorn of all patriotic Canadians, irrespective of nationality.

M. MONAGHAN.

Origin of the "April Fool."

April 1 has been celebrated in all times, and in almost every country, as All Fool's Day. According to one tradition, the custom of sending people upon needless errands on this particular day is a travesty of the sending hither and thither of the Saviour from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod; who, after giving it a pagan origin, deriving it from the Coma, when the Romans made fools of the Sabine women. The Jews, again, had a tradition that the custom was derived from Noah's mistake in sending the dove out of the ark on its fruitless errand on April 1, but the dates are historically inaccurate. In France and in Italy it is the custom to send a fish made of gilded cardboard, filled with sweetmeats, to friends and to persons about to be married. It is curiously that the Hindoo practise precisely similar tricks on March 11, when they hold what is called the Holi festival. The Persian Mohammedans also celebrate the day in somewhat similar fashion.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent cholera. Dr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Maine Co. Ind., writes: "I had tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and found them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Cardinal Gibbons in Montreal.

Montreal, April 18.—For the first time in the history of the parish the pulpit of St. Patrick's Church was occupied at High Mass yesterday by a Cardinal in the person of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. His Eminence reached Montreal, en route to Quebec, on Saturday evening and appeared at the High Mass in St. Patrick's before a vast congregation of the Irish Catholics of the city upon whom he bestowed the apostolic benediction. His Eminence was attended by the Rev. Father Quinlan, parish priest of St. Patrick's; the Rev. Father McCullen, and the Rev. Father Russell, his private secretary.

Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father McDermott, assisted by the Rev. Fathers M. McLaughlan, P. Fallon, and J. Desjolis, as deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, and master of ceremonies respectively.

After the Gospel, His Eminence ascended the pulpit and delivered a brief but eloquent discourse on the heritage of Christians. The sermon was marked by the winning earnestness and charm of manner that are essentially the characteristics of the distinguished prelate. The spirit of benevolence and charity pervaded every sentence, and the oration throughout was a most impressive one.

St. Augustine, said the Cardinal, "is the greatest in the language of antiquity gloried in being the sons of gods, and that they endeavored to impress this idea upon their followers, to inspire homage towards themselves and nobler sentiments and more heroic actions. So the conception of being the sons of God, not the sons of false gods, but the sons of the one true and living God, should inspire Christians with lofty sentiments, with noble and virtuous thoughts. When tempted to sin, they should say, 'I was born for greater things. I am the son of God; and therefore I will never degrade my exhibited dignity and life.'"

"They were the children of God, and it was their privilege to turn to Him as a Father and a friend, to appeal to Him in the language of prayer, the 'Our Father, who art in Heaven.' Like little children, every hour of the day they might rush to the arms of their Father, and petition Him with all the confidence of a child.

"As they were the children of God, so were they also the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ. They know how our Lord was treated by His disciples shortly before His crucifixion. They know how one betrayed and another denied Him; and how they all fled from Him, in the few moments when, humbly speaking, He was most in need of their aid and protection. Yet when our Lord arose from the grave, what was the first message sent to Him to those disciples? He did not upbraid them for their infidelity of denial, but He sent them this message of love: 'Go, He said, 'tell My disciples that I ascend to their Father, and My Father, to their God, and My God.' Such was the love of Christ for his brethren; and He bade them have the same love and affection one for another.

"He came down from Heaven to earth that He might lift us up to a place beside Him. He took upon Himself our poor, weak human nature, that He might make us partakers of the Divine nature. Though He was the God of God, the light of light, the true God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with His Father, yet He was one of our kind, flesh of our flesh, that He might infuse into us the spirit of life and immortality. He became a slave that we might enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God. He became poor that we might be rich.

"He came to us, not empty handed, like a poor relation, but He came to us laden with gifts, bringing with Him that gospel, the glorious gospel of peace and good-will, which held out to all the blessed promises of everlasting life.

"Here, then, was the dignity that all Christians enjoyed. They were a holy nation; for what people were like the Christian people? Their God so high unto them, as our God was unto them. They were a purchased people. Purchased, not with corruptible gold and silver, but with the precious blood of Jesus Christ. They were a royal priesthood, because they were the sons of the Most High God, the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords.

"Where there was so much dignity and so grand a privilege, there must be a corresponding obligation. If God was their Father and they were the brothers and sisters of Christ, should they not remember the honor due to God? Never by thought or word or deed should they bring the blush of shame to the cheek of their Elder Brother. They should try to imitate Him by a spirit of virtue and charity, a spirit of magnanimity towards one another.

"Had we that spirit of charity and forgiveness towards others that Christ had for His apostles? In exercising the spirit of forgiveness, let it not be thought that we could do any act more manly. The highest evidence of courage was forgiveness and in this was manifested one of the things wherein we were partakers of the Di-

vino nature, children of one God and brothers of one Lord and Master."

CARDINAL'S RECEPTION.

An informal reception was held by Cardinal Gibbons after the Mass and was largely attended. Among those who paid their respects were Sir Wm. Doherty, Judge Doherty, Judge O. J. Doherty, Judge Durran, Hon. J. G. Guerin, Mr. E. Moran, ex-Ad. O'Connell, Mr. P. McCrory and Mr. M. Burke.

All the English-speaking parish priests in the city were invited to dine at St. Patrick's Presbytery in order to meet His Eminence.

In the afternoon Cardinal Gibbons visited Villa Maria Convent where he was given a hearty welcome. The Cardinal prayed the Sisters for their unselfish work.

Replying to the address of the theological students at the Montreal College, which was subsequently visited, the Cardinal expressed the pleasure it always afforded him to visit a house of St. Sulpice. He had been educated by Sulpicians, and whatever knowledge or scientific power he possessed, he could attribute to them.

He addressed the Sulpicians for the simplicity of their lives, and their noble self-denial. Continuing, His Eminence enjoined the students to gain knowledge, as they alone was not sufficient. The Church needed learned priests to keep in touch with the questions of the day, and his clergy should be able to demonstrate that the Church was not opposed to science and learning.

The students, as was done at Villa Marie, were given a holiday in honor of the visit.

Cardinal Gibbons dined with Archbishop Brocheux at the Palace, where he also slept. He was present at Vespers and Benediction at St. James' Cathedral, in the presence of a large congregation.

A Complaint From East Northumberland.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register. Sir—Since the opening of the Murray Canal, one bridge out of the four thereover erected, has been placed under the care and management of two Catholics, as a fitting and proper concession to our people, considering their influence and respectable percentage of the population of East Northumberland.

During the last campaign, the great majority of the Catholic electors supported the Liberal candidate for the Local House, and, as a consequence, he was returned with an overwhelming majority. Since his election, he finds it extremely difficult to make good his left to anti-election promises. These all to moure over disappointed hopes, however, are, unfortunately, the Irish Catholics, who seem to be good enough to be promised anything and everything before casting their votes into the ballot-box, but are afterwards treated as good only to be "hovvers of wood and drawers of water." They may blame themselves, for they hold the power in their own hands in the ensuing election, if the protest made by the Conservatives against Douglas's election will carry, as many fervently pray that it may, on account of the turn things have taken since the election last June. One Catholic, named Gallagher, was promised a little post-office in Codrington; but did he get it? No. Another named McAuley, and one named Coleman were promised good positions on the canal; and did either of them get anything? No. Coleman was told he lived outside the county, otherwise he would have got a bridge; but the same rule did not apply when a man named Jones was brought from Prince Edward and placed in charge of a bridge. McAuley's place was not given him, but left in the possession of a man opposed to Douglas in politics. From such few facts, it is quite evident when the Catholics of East Northumberland, and make demand equal rights, and make others respect them by respecting themselves and spinning to be treated as dumb-driven cattle. FAVOR-A-BAGLADON.

Latin Pronunciation.

It is announced for at least the twentieth time that some English scholars are agitating for a uniform pronunciation of Latin by all who use the language in England, France, and Germany. The existing mode of pronouncing Latin in two of the three countries mentioned is barbarous enough to make Tully and Tacitus turn in their graves.

KEEP CLOSE WATCH!

Look to it that You are Well Guarded Against that Wealthy Enemy, Kidney Disease—South American Kidney Care is the Only Remedy Which Will Relieve Again and Cure. Mr. Michael Mottullin, of Chesley, writes: "I had been troubled with gravel and kidney disease for eight years. At times the pain was so severe I could not lie in one position for any length of time. I took South American Kidney Cure according to directions. I got immediate relief. The stones and weakness all left. I can testify to the remedy being a wonderful cure." This stealthy enemy will not quit you by using pill doses. It must be a kidney specific—a liquid that will dissolve a stone and substances and carry them off through nature's channel. South American does this. It is a liquid and never fails to cure.

The Domain of Woman

Last Tuesday week Jupiter Pluribus suddenly awoke to the fact that it was April and that he had been exceedingly lax in his duties of general irrigator.

So the old gentleman filled his watering can and trotted us to a regular deluge, effectually laying the dust that had periodically choked the long suffering passengers of the Street Railway Company.

Whether he obtains his water from the famous spring on Mount Parnassus history saith not; but certainly Olympus will be short of water for some time.

It did not matter to the ungalant old deity of the clouds that the 10th of April was the date of the second "At Home" of the C. Y. L. J. A., he had his work to do, and he did it, manna dainty frocks, and duffy curls.

Can you do nothing now? Is the best of your service nothing? Are the will and endeavor to do better nothing? Perhaps if you were the mistress you would not do as much as you are trying to do now.

How do you know what she is doing? Many people do unconscious deeds of kindness of which the world hears nothing, and which would probably surprise it, did it become aware of them.

But this incessant querulousness, and desire for something we do not possess because of the good we think we could do with it, is an impeachment of the wisdom and justice of God.

It is useful to us there is more merit in doing it as well as we can, because God requires it of us, than there would be in doing even better something that was entirely congenial to our tastes.

Before this appears two nations will be engaged in a struggle, and the one of the people of the world will be engaged in a struggle with the other.

The risk of a two or three mile walk in the small hours.

"Man never is, but always to be, blest." I wish I had this, that or the other; I wish I were rich; I wish I were more intellectual; I would do wonders.

Commenting upon the lecture delivered in Ottawa on St. Patrick's Night, the Dublin Freeman says: St. Patrick's Night was a gala night in Ottawa.

Div. No. 4, A.O.H. held their regular meeting on Sunday, the 10th, there being a very large attendance of members and visiting brothers.

It is the first of a series of social and literary meetings intended for each month, the programme was very good.

Women are reader to make heroic sacrifices and endure things heretofore his common-place, everyday precautions which insure a life of ease and happiness.

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United States; especially by that portion of the press known as "yellow journalism."

Personally, I shall not be sorry if the United States gets a licking. It will possibly have the effect of silencing the jingoes for some little time at least, and do away with Uncle Sam's undignified and abnormal attitude of a bad boy who is always egging other nations on.

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and maidens who had been drowned while crossing over to the mainland, and there heard toll of the golden city which had appeared from out of the sea to those who were burying their dead, whilst strains of weird music filled the air with its pathetic strains.

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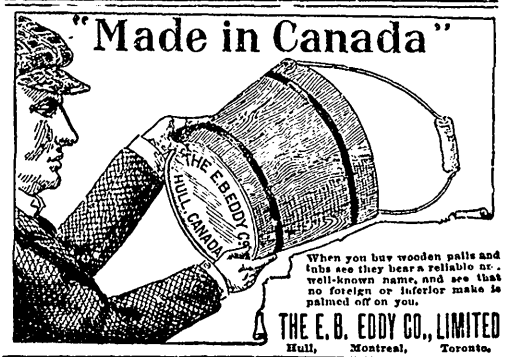
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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

April 28—S. Paul of the Cross. 29—S. Peter of Verona. 30—S. Maximus. May 1—Pascagosa, S. Joseph. 2—S. Athanasius. 3—Ferdinand of the Holy Cross. 4—St. John Fisher, Thomas More.

The first shot was fired by an "Anglo-Saxon" say the judges. The gunner's name was Patrick Mullen. But if he had deserted he would have been described as an "Irishman."

An Irishman fired the first shot at the Spanish flag; and the Yankees, if ever they go near enough to Morro Castle for real fighting, will see the Spanish flag there floating above the noble monument raised to another Irishman—Marshall O'Donnell. The Irish are not all on one side in this affair.

Some time ago Mr. William Johnston, M.P., the well known Belfast Orangeman leader, in a letter to THE REGISTER, said that many of the statements attributed to him in the press were entirely imaginary.

Mr. W. Redmond M.P. was recently "suspended" for re-iterating in the House of Commons an angry protest against the imprisonment and degradation in the service of an Irish sailor named Pilkington, for wearing a sprig of shamrock in the breast of his "ganzy" on St. Patrick's Day. There was an in-fluential outburst over the matter from two respectable press of England; and the officers of the navy were described as the "wooden-headed" fellows who are injuring the service more than they are capable of ever understanding.

The enterprise of the Canadian press in gathering reliable news of the Spanish-American war is a matter of much more interest to the general public than the ordinary rivalries of newspaperdom. All our Canadian news is filtered through United States agencies, and it is important that we should be able to measure its accuracy from day to day. THE REGISTER is glad to see The Globe displaying its characteristic methods of honesty.

Some years ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a promise to submit the question of prohibition to the people. He has the most tender regard for his political promises, as is well known; and his prohibition pledge must be carried out to the strict letter. No one expects, not even for a moment, that the Government Plebiscite Bill has been dictated by the censorious faddists of the Liberal party, who imagine that the cloak of "temporance" will cover the multitude of their own political sins against the interests of the common people.

Several of the Liberal party papers have sprung a leak in their patience with the Government. The reduction in the rate of interest on Post-office Savings Bank deposits is a little too much for their carrying capacity. It is so incessantly contrary to Liberal principles to fleece the common people for the benefit of the speculator and the capitalist, that papers as faithful to the party as The Hamilton Times are protesting.

the absurdity of such a proposal. The plebiscite is rolled on to indicate whether a prohibitory law, if passed, would or would not be respected by the people. If a bare majority should vote Aye, it is said the other half of the population would, and should, bow before the wise justice of majority rule. That is to suppose the Canadian people could get themselves to regard the making or drinking of weak elder quills as degrading as immorality, dishonesty or public dishonour. Our politicians must be more crazy, or credulous, than the general run of prohibition rangers if they imagine that the common-sense of a nation will give way before the legislative assertion of any such nonsense.

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On the same day that the House discussed Mr. Davin's motion against the reduction in the rate of interest allowed on Post-office Savings Bank deposits, the Banking Committee had under consideration a bill to incorporate under a Dominion charter an Ontario loan company, the president of which is supposed to wield the most powerful influence of any man in Canada over the Dominion Government. Objection was raised before the Committee to giving this company power to lend money on the security of adventures of chartered banks and incorporate companies, as likely to lead to the company doing a speculative business with the money of depositors.

changes as involved the victims of the Farmers' Loan and The Toronto Financial Corporation in ruin. It is not a good thing for Canada that the savings of thirty people should come into the hands of speculators. It must be disastrous to the feeling of security among the depositors in the Post-office Savings Bank if they see the Government playing into the hands of speculating corporations.

The Catholics of Manitoba.

Since the Liberals came into power The Globe has been "closing" and "opening" the school question after the excited manner of a boy with a new "Jack-in-the-Box," that he is not quite sure whether to be afraid of or not. On Tuesday last the latest "closing" was announced upon the strength of a statement made in the Senate the day before, by Senator Mills, who informed Senator Landry that there had been no negotiations between the Government or any member thereof and the Provincial Government of Manitoba, or the Roman Catholics of that Province, on the Manitoba school question, nor had any member of the Government been authorized to conduct any such negotiations.

Senator Mills, Minister of Justice, is a rather heavy humbug, we are afraid. He is the same celebrity who once poured out upon the House of Commons such a brimming flood of lore on the sacredness of the constitutional guarantees of Catholic education in Manitoba, that if his party friends in the House had not known him so well, they might have suspected an intention on his part of supporting the Remedial Bill. We can well understand that Senator Mills does not now like to hear any more of that disagreeable school question than can be helped. If it is "dead" its ghost must haunt him often, and torment him with a recital of his famous declaration of poorly-stuffed constitutional principles.

Dear Sir—To-day I sent you a copy of The Weekly Free Press containing a communication of the secretary and treasurer of the Virton school district, re the application of a young lady teacher. This district is one of the largest, and ought to be one of the most intelligent in Manitoba. When such a spirit of intolerance as is shown by the secretary's letter exists in a locality of this kind, it gives you an idea of the kind of hatred that has been engendered towards the Roman Catholics in this Province. The school question was "settled" eighteen months ago by the Hon. Israel Tarte. The Roman Catholics were requested to give that "settlement" a trial. How the trial is being out the pretence in the Virton district is a fair sample. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "sunny ways" of patriotism and conciliation, which were told would have such a beneficial effect in obtaining justice for the minority in this province, are having the result that every class of better Manitoba thought they would have. The Roman Catholics here have been

The next letter is from the pen of a Catholic who is a life-long Liberal, and who desires to see peace restored in Manitoba by the Laurier, or any other, "settlement" of the school question:

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robbed of their rights, and have been compelled to pay taxes towards the maintenance of a school system, the main qualification of applicants to the teaching staff of which must be that they are not members of the Catholic Church. The Roman Catholics of Canada are a lot of 100,000 to permit any such flagrant injustice to go on in order that the ends of any such party might be served. It is surely high time that Mr. Laurier's pledge to his constituents, that if his policy of conciliation failed he would enforce the constitution were carried out. There will never be any settlement of the school question other than on constitutional lines; and that fact will be found out after the next Provincial elections in Manitoba.

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Senator Mills, and the other constitutional acrobats who imposed this notorious "settlement" of the school question on the Catholics of Manitoba, have little reason to congratulate themselves. The day will come soon enough when their "sunny ways" will lead themselves into another cold, dreary wilderness of opposition. Already the country is becoming convinced that men who could perpetrate such a shameful fraud upon the Catholics of Manitoba are not to be believed, or trusted, with respect to matters of minor importance than constitutional issues.

The Prairie Soap-Hunters.

Mr. Quinn brought up in the House of Commons, on Monday, the recent dismissal of Mr. Tennant, customs collector at Greta, Man., with the particulars of which the readers of THE REGISTER are all quite familiar. Mr. Quinn read protests against the treatment meted out to Mr. Tennant from the Liberal as well as the Conservative newspapers of the west. No other opinion has, up to this time, been offered than that Mr. Tennant was sacrificed to the spite of Attorney-General Cameron, of Manitoba, whose insulting and shameful language towards Catholics, uttered upon a public platform, he had the courage to denounce. Cameron, and his henchman Richardson, a western M.P., started out without delay, after the Liberals came into power, to take Mr. Tennant's soap-look. They took it; and now the Government at Ottawa is driven to trump up other excuses for its cowardly conduct in permitting the privatemalices of western provincial politicians to order dismissals from the Dominion civil service.

Mr. Paterson, Minister of Customs, in replying to Mr. Quinn, said: (according to The Globe's report.) "He had been informed by Attorney-General Cameron that Tennant had grossly insulted him." But this incident, he declared, had not influenced the Government. The cause alleged by the Minister of the dismissal was that Mr. Tennant had once acted as a Conservative scrutineer—an unpardonable offence. It is a strange thing, however, that Cameron should have thought of complaining at all to Mr. Paterson, if he did not do so with a view to having Mr. Tennant deprived of his employment. The "inimic" put upon Cameron was that Mr. Tennant had denounced his assertion to a political audience that any Catholic who would send his children to a separate school is a disloyal citizen. The Evening Telegram reports that Sir Wilfrid Laurier left the House during the debate. We wonder whether Mr. Fitzpatrick listened or ran away also. The Solicitor-General is a gentleman for whom we entertain a very high respect. He is not in the Cabinet, and cannot be held responsible for the sets of the operators inside the ministerial closed door. But his irresponsibility should not entitle him to sit silently whilst transparent white wash is being laid upon a cowardly outrage inflicted upon a man because he had the courage to profess his Catholicity.

Anglicans and the Irish Education Question.

THE REGISTER is pleased with the honest sense of an editorial in The Canadian Churchman on the subject of an Irish Catholic university. Our Anglican contemporary says with undeniable truth: "In approving of the Roman Catholic university the English bishops and clergy are quite consistent, even as the English Home Rulers are quite inconsistent in opposing it." This sentence sums up the entire influence of English opinion upon the Irish demand, both with regard to higher education and Home Rule. The Churchman also perceives that public opinion in Canada is likely

to divide along the same lines. It says:

Our own difficulties in the matter of religious education may show us how unwilling English Churchmen must be to throw away the great opportunities which their own country has afforded. But these privileges can be retained only on the principle that the same privileges shall be extended to all—in other words, that wherever any religious denomination shall set up a school in which its children are taught in a satisfactory manner the ordinary parts of a secular education, the government grants in support of the school shall be allowed. If, then, this principle is accepted in England, should it not be insisted on by applied to Ireland? The great University of Dublin is indeed theoretically non-denominational. But, in the first place, it is practically Protestant and Anglican. It knows of no service officially but that of the Reformed Church of Ireland, and its traditions and tone are Protestant. But even if it were otherwise, it would not satisfy the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who do not want a non-denominational religion, but that which they regard as the true and Catholic faith. All would then be to thank for their loyalty and devotion, by which they have established their right to give effect to their convictions. The Anglican clergy, in more conscientious, are, on their own principles, bound to allow their claim.

This contention is not only sound in itself; it is right as to the facts upon which it is based. The Irish nature is sometimes said by English critics, of course) to be illogical and impatient. But let us regard for a moment the irritating strain which the English upper-hand puts upon it. Ireland can get no relief, either in the direction of Home Rule or a university establishment, without the backing of a reasonable amount of "unity" from the two great parties to what is called English public opinion. The adherent of the Established Church is, generally speaking, fair on the educational question; the Nonconformist, on the other hand, is a pretty level-headed fellow when it comes to admitting the right of Irish self-government. But the Churchman simply will not be a Home Ruler; and the Nonconformist conscience won't tolerate state recognition of any religion but his own. In other words they won't agree. Both, however, say to the Irishman, "you must wait until we agree to relieve you." It never seems to enter into the English mind that the Irishman's religion and local control, so long as civil and religious liberty are safeguarded, are the business of no one but himself. Still Ireland is expected to preserve its patience.

Making War on Spain.

A state of war has existed for more than a week between the United States and Spain. The Spaniards found Uncle Sam's insults growing monotonous, and out his "diplomacy" off short, after the Spanish Minister at Washington had been given his passports, and the American Minister at Madrid had been instructed to present an ultimatum to the Queen-Regent and wait for an answer. The American Minister did not get the opportunity of inflicting this pretty piece of "courtesy" on the haughty Spaniard; and before he had time to put his "polite" instructions into execution he was given his own passports, where upon he lost no time in quitting Spanish soil. The Yankees started "warfare" at once by seizing a number of trading ships leaving American ports under the Spanish flag. In several instances the seizures have been piracy on the high seas, pure and simple; and reparation will have to be made. The American fleet has for several days been stationed off Havana—a safe distance from the gans of Morro Castle. The Spaniards, on their part, have so far made no aggressive move. Acting strictly upon the defensive, they have kept their fleet at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, whilst the Spanish army of occupation in Cuba is patiently waiting for the invasion of the Americans.

At the present writing it certainly looks as if the Spanish in Cuba must continue to "wait a wee." The Americans are in no hurry to land. The National Guards, with great force, indeed, urge that the Cuban climate, with its weakness for "Yellow Jack," might prove injurious to the health of men who have always been accustomed to the comforts of life. If the Americans could only arrange for the Cuban revolutionary forces to do the fighting for them on the island, events would, no doubt, progress more rapidly. But the Cubans are not quite sure that their condition under the Americans would be even preferable to their experience of Spanish rule. They are densely ignorant savages, of course, — as all subjects of Spain of necessity

Death of Mr. Gladstone.

As we go to press the cable brings the profoundly sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Gladstone, at 10.30 o'clock on Wednesday morning, England's noblest son, Ireland's truest friend, the champion of the weak in every cause of right and humanity; may his spirit live to animate the world and his soul rest in peace!

must be—but possibly they may have heard the remark somewhere that the manner in which the Americans treat their own "niggers," and worse still their Indian aborigines, is not altogether creditable to their boasted Christianity. Until the Cubans are quite satisfied that annexation is not the scheme behind the American policy, fighting in Cuba may not be renewed. Nor yet is fighting to be expected at any moment in Cuban waters. Even if the Spanish Admiral wished to look rams with the foe, the action of England in making coal contraband of war would prevent the holding of a sea-fight on the American side of the Atlantic. Meanwhile, however, there are small naval forces of both nations in the Pacific ocean; and the Americans threatening to seize the Philippine Islands, the first naval encounter may take place off Manila. In the Pacific, as in the Atlantic, the Spaniards are waiting to act upon the defensive. The Powers have taken no step towards intervention. Great Britain and all her colonies have published decrees of strict neutrality; but some of the European Powers are playing a waiting game. Complications may arise when the Americans begin to dictate to Portugal on account of the anchorage at St. Vincent of the Spanish fleet, and when they carry out their intention to annex the Hawaiian Islands, as rumored. Japan and Germany are likely to have something to say to the Americans at Honolulu, if not at Manila. It is quite probable that the war may be a matter of years rather than of months; but before severe fighting takes place it is to be hoped, in the interests of the world at large, that a solution of the whole question may be found either for America or Spain.

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The Archbishop's Lecture.

The lecture of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto in the Auditorium, on Wednesday evening, May 4th, on "The Indefiniteness and Perpetuity of the Church," promises to be a brilliant success worthy of so distinguished a lecturer. A large number have already signified their intention of being present. The St. Mary's branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, under whose auspices the lecture is being held, are sparing no pains to make this the Catholic event of the year, and the rapidity with which the tickets are being sold is justifying the efforts they are making. For the concert following the lecture they have secured such well known artists as Charles Kelly, of Guelph, one of the greatest basses of America; Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Kate Clarke, soprano; Mr. J. H. Cameron, the well known humorist, besides others of equal repute.

Death of George Parsons Lathrop.

George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known American poet, author and editor, died at Roseton, Hospital, New York, April 19, of an illness of a few days' duration terminating suddenly. He was 47 years old. Mr. Lathrop was born near Honolulu Aug. 25, 1851. He married Rose, second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American novelist in London Sept. 11, 1871. In 1875 he became associate editor of The Atlantic Monthly, during the chief editorship of William D. Howells. In 1883 Mr. Lathrop founded the American Copyright League with the object of removing a disgrace to the American name, and improving the condition of literary works by procuring the enactment of an international copyright law. In March, 1891 he was received into the Catholic Church, with Mrs. Lathrop. Mr. Lathrop's contributions included quarterly periodicals and to the daily and weekly press, have been varied and voluminous.

St. Paul's.

On Monday evening, May the 6th, the choir of St. Paul's church will give a dramatic and musical entertainment in their hall, Power street. The programme is of a varied nature, including choruses from "Il Trovatore," "Wang," "Bohemian Girl," "Cavalleria Rusticana," etc., also a laughable farce comedy entitled "Box and Cox." Mr. Troman has taken very great pains in preparing this concert and no doubt his efforts will be crowned with success. The admission will be at the popular rate of 25 cents. Don't forget the date—May 6.

Judge of the District of PARRY SOUND.

Patrick Mc Curry of PARRY SOUND has been appointed by the Provincial Government Judge of the District of PARRY SOUND.

Father Ryan on the Resurrection of Society.

(Written for The Register)

The services at St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday evening, were of more than usual interest, owing to several causes. Rev. Father Ryan had to speak on the somewhat unique subject of "The Resurrection of Society," Musical Veppers were to be given and a collection to be taken in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; and finally it was the last occasion on which Signor Dinelli would act as organist. Father Ryan is widely known as one of the most versatile of preachers. Always ready to lend his fine oratorical powers to the pulpit or platform, the call of charity is never heard by him in vain; often too has the place of some delinquent expected one been taken at a moment's notice by this ever ready speaker. Such men are indeed rare in those days of specialists, when many men confine themselves to particular lines of thought; but so ably does Father Ryan conduct any subject with which he deals that if such a thing were possible, he might be said to be a specialist in any and every subject chosen.

Sunday night speaking with his accustomed energy and clearness, the Rev. Father said in part: I believe it has been announced that I am to speak to-night on the Resurrection of Society. I have taken this subject because in our course of lectures on the Creed we have just come to the resurrection, and also because my object this evening is to appeal to you on behalf of the poor as represented by the worthy society of St. Vincent de Paul, hoping to induce you to respond with your usual, or perhaps more than usual, generosity. This society has this winter had more than ordinary calls upon it, and finding itself in debt appeals to you for help.

What is meant by the resurrection of society? After Christ had died and was buried three days, all body and soul of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity were united, and Christ arose glorious and immortal, to die no more. This is a fact. We believe that He arose and that we are to arise in the same way. We are to be raised by his power to reign gloriously with Him forever in Heaven. We believe in the resurrection of body and soul. Some souls are buried in sin. These are dead and buried souls. These must arise from the grave, the sepulchre of sin. Thus we have spiritual resurrection. There is besides this what I call the resurrection of society, or the third resurrection; thus we have the physical, the spiritual and the moral. In order for society to rise it must die and be buried. What is meant by the moral death of society? I need not go through the mass of literature to show the results, but take only one authority, Mr. Stead, the man who went to Chicago, and asked did Christ come to Chicago? and received the answer: "If Christ did not come to Chicago," said Mr. Stead's statistician, "an appalling. We had heard of the horrors of London, of the cellars under ground, where human beings are huddled together in thousands, the greater part of whom never see God's beautiful sunlight. Mr. Stead describes the state of things in the cellars, garrets and tenements of Chicago to be infinitely worse, worse even than Dante's Inferno itself. This is what I call dead and buried society; and dead and buried as the cities of Pompeii and Nineveh, and as the tyrants Nero and Baliszar. But death is sometimes above ground. The death of luxury and tyranny, it puts down the poor slave into the sepulchre and leaves him there to rot.

The influx of the rural population into the cities is congesting city life. The moribund life of the city is recruited from the healthy life of the country. Youths from the country are taking the best place. City life is becoming congested by this overcrowding. Some years ago I saw the wretched condition of the congested districts on the western coast of Ireland, but worse, infinitely worse is the congested city. Stead, speaking of such, calls it "Satan's invisible Kingdom." From these sepulchres deeply buried in the heart of the city, the stones shall one day be rolled away: then shall the smoke, ashes and lava burst forth, burying all the surrounding country; then God help society. This happened in Rome; and Rome fell. What are we going to do about this calamity which threatens us likewise? There are four systems which attempt to struggle with the difficulty. The first is that of the materialist or secularist. Such do not believe in God or in man as immortal. They believe that man is mortal of the earth. They bring in science; sanitation, hygiene and the rest. I am not condemning these, but they will never solve the problem, for no matter what their plan, when they ignore the fact that man is not for this world alone they will not succeed. To look upon man as a beast, and potter with only part will not do. These miserable masses, these so-called "lower orders" will never be satisfied, because they need more than you materialists, you secularists, can give. They need God, and this you cannot give because you do not believe in Him. The immortal spirit in the brain is to be satisfied. This reminds me of a story told of Colonel Ingersoll. The Colonel was in Washington when a gentleman

came to him and said: "Colonel I have just witnessed a very cruel sight. A poor man, a pensioner, was walking along on crutches, when a brutal man came along knocked his crutches from under him, and left him helpless in the road. The Colonel, who prides himself on his humanity, was about to rush forth to investigate when his friend stopped him. "Stop," he said, "you are the man that knocks away the crutches from under all; you take away our God on whom we lean; and what do you give me instead? No, thing, for you have nothing to give." Augustine says the heart of all is God. The second class, deists, believe in God, but are not Christians. They say they believe in a personal God. And further they admit that man was created and so is deserving of respect. But they have no motive to help man, as he wants to be helped. There must be something besides faith; there must be a supernatural motive, a motive personified and incarnate in Christ Jesus, our Lord and Saviour. If having this will never succeed. The Christian has the faith which sees the Creator in the creature, and he has the hope in Him who said, "As often as you have done it unto one of these my little ones you have done it unto me." Thirdly, while we admire the work of non-Catholic Christians, their system will never be perfected, because they have not that which causes people to leave their homes, to give up all, to work amongst the lepers, amongst famine, war and pestilence.

We have heard about Father Damien, but we have not heard of many others, working out the same work at Hawaii. It is not enough to believe in Christ. Those who go midst stot and cannon; famine and pestilence; death in every shape must have something to animate and strengthen them in their work. They require more than human strength.

The Daughters of Calvary, a community of ladies, many of high birth, have banded themselves together, for what purpose think you? To attend cancer patients who have been cast out by their own friends. A doctor meeting one of these ladies attending one of these dreadful cases, said: "How, in God's name, do you effect this?" she was asked. "Why, it is in His name, and His only that I do stand it. I receive my God, the God of strength, three times a week and this does for me all that I require." Here we have it, the sacramental strength. God never gave a commandment without also giving us the means of keeping it, and when He said "Love one another as I have loved you"—that is, live for one another, die for one another, if necessary—He left us means to enable us to do so. He died for us, and gives us Himself to be our strength, thus we attain heroism. "How do they effect this?" was asked of St. Vincent de Paul. "They exercise this charity because they feed on the charity of God, the love of God." You need more than money, kindness and self-sacrifice; you need what God has; you need what God gives—the sacraments. Here the priesthood comes in. Priests love to go when called to pestilence and death; they have the power to take with them pardon, and this is more than all else; this comes from God. All sufferings vanish at this, the poor soul cries out, "Now I am ready, ready for God." Thus they leave the sorrows of life, for they have in the tabernacle of the altar, the source of life and light, Him Who said, "I know mine and mine know me." This is the consolation. As He laid down His life for His sheep, so must all who follow Him be ready to do likewise. Thus do the St. Vincent de Paul Society; they catch up the apostolate, the magnificent ministry of the apostles; they come very near to the ministry of the sacraments. There is in this, unique peace and means to heal the wounds of the deadening society of the present day. The ministry of the apostles, of the sacraments, is what is needed. I do not condemn any other, but they are all incomplete.

The amount of work done this year by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as shown at the general meeting which I attended this afternoon, is splendid. At another time I shall speak of the magnificent work done by the Ladies' Aid. To-night I only ask that you will contribute generously towards this grand Society of the St. Vincent de Paul whose membership I hope may be increased. All you, especially young men; this is the grand army in which to enroll your names. May many young, brave hearts be inspired to show their good-will by taking the lead in this work. For the sake of the Master, try to be the first in doing all that you can to raise the poor, the society that was buried; to lift them up to a glorious life to live with their Leader in heaven for ever and ever. God bless you.

Rev. Father Tracy, D.D., officiated during the evening, and Gracia's Veppers were effectively given, the solo being taken by Mrs. Forey and Miss McCarron. As an interlude, Signor Dinelli gave, with magnificent effect the "Hallelujah Chorus." "The Star of Bethlehem" was given in good voice and with happy emphasis by Miss Banks, Miss "Ave Maria" was rendered with brilliant finish by Miss Tynnon, while Holden's "O Salutaris" was sung in a full, rich voice, and with much religious expression, by Miss

McCarron. The "Tantum Ergo" and "Laudate," by a full and expressive choir, brought the devotions to a close. M. L. H.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The semi-annual meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall, at 8:30 in the afternoon of Sunday last. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, acted as chairman, and present with him on the platform were Rev. Fathers R-h-leier and Ryan. Present among others were: J. J. Murphy, president; vice-president, Alexander Macdonald; treasurer, Hugh T. Kelly, and secretary, John McCarthy, of the Central Council; Messrs. Thomas Long, Mark Keilty, School Inspector White, P. Hynes, Pape, La France, Kavanagh, T. W. O'Connor, H. A. Gray, C. E. Tallion, W. Winterberry, McGuinn, Jas. McLaughlin, John Doyle Greiner, P. Lyner, Kirby, Duffy, K. J. Leo, and others to the number of 60.

His Grace opened the meeting with the usual prayers of the Society. Mr. Leo read the customary chapter from the Imitation of Christ, and Secretary McCarthy read the minutes of the last general meeting which were adopted. Mr. President Murphy, in his prefatory remarks, noticed the comparatively small attendance by explaining that His Grace's presence at the meeting was not generally anticipated. Mr. Murphy went on to give a synopsis of the Society's work for 1897.

To announce that the Central Council had approved the aggregation of 8 societies in the province, which hitherto had been working separately, being those of St. Joseph's, Chatham; St. Vincent de Paul Society, Kingston; and St. Joseph's, Hamilton. Mr. Murphy spoke with regret of the resignation of Mr. J. M. Carey from the presidency of the London Conference, and announced that Mr. O. La Bello had been chosen as president and that Mr. Carey had been retained as a member of the Central Executive. Mr. Murphy compared the work of 1898 with that of last year and announced an increase of \$921.50 in the total receipts; an increase in the number of families relieved, in amount of relief granted and in contributions. The Conference of Our Lady of Lourdes headed the list for the largest average of contributions by members as in previous years. The increase in membership was ten. The offerings at the status of St. Antony of Padua, in St. Basil's and St. Helen's Churches had materially helped to swell the funds of those conferences, the latter receiving \$187.87 for 10 months. The work of the Hospital Board was approvingly noticed, but Mr. President complained of a falling-off in the interest and advised presidents to appoint to the Board members who could and would give the work good attention. The work, he said, was decreasing, owing to St. Michael's Hospital attracting Catholic patients. The report of the late teacher of St. Nicholas Night School received warm approval, and regret was expressed at the unavoidable resignation of the teacher. The president took up the matter of the Syrian colony and announced that he had endeavored to carry out the wishes of the Archbishop and help them by holding their services in St. Vincent's Hall. He thanked Rev. Father Ryan, Vice-General McCann, Miss Foy and others, who had so kindly come to the assistance of the Syrian priest. Daily Mass was now being celebrated at St. Vincent's Hall, at 8 on week days and 9:30 Sundays. Of the condition of the city conferences that of Our Lady (Cathedral) was heavily in debt. St. Paul's also had a small deficit, all the rest having a balance on the right side at the close of the winter.

His Grace, after expressing his pleasure at being present, spoke of the Society's work as one of the powerful agents for good among lay workers in the church. He expressed regret at the backwardness of the rising generation in joining its ranks, and advised conferences to remove any obstacles which might work against increased membership, such as more convenient times for meetings, etc. He blessed the Society and its work and wished them every success.

Mr. P. Hynes, as Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, made a report of the year's work of that organization. He said the Society had had a most successful year and much good work had been done. He said preventive work was now one of the chief aims of the Society, predicted an increase of responsibility for the Society the coming year, and said that thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Walsh, the Society finished the year with a balance to its credit. The meeting closed with the usual prayers.

Easter Music at St. Basil's. Gonno's Messe Solenne, which was well presented by St. Basil's choir Easter Sunday morning will be repeated next Sunday morning. The soloists are Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Harte, sopranos; Messrs. Kirke and Warde, tenors; Mr. Miller, Bass.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children

McCarron. The "Tantum Ergo" and "Laudate," by a full and expressive choir, brought the devotions to a close. M. L. H.

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Dunlop Tires Full of Vim and Bounce—More Resilience and Wear. Costs a Very Little More—Worth a Lot More.



To the Officers and Members of the Ancient Order of Foresters, Prince of Wales, and their Auxiliary the Daughters of Erin!

The Fifth Biennial Convention of the Ancient Order of Foresters and the Second Biennial Convention of the Daughters of Erin will open in the Hall of Division No. 1, A.O.F.U.

Niagara Falls, Ont. Thursday, the 19th day of May At 10:00 a.m.

And will remain in session until all business is transacted. Reception will be in accordance with the decision of the National Officers.

Respectfully and fraternally submits, on behalf of the above Organizations, HUGH MCCAFFREY, Pres. Pro. A.O.F.U. JOHN FALVRY, Pres. Sec. A.O.F.U. MISS M. G. KELLY, Pres. Pro. D. of E. MISS M. RAYNE, Pres. Sec. D. of E. MISS M. RAYNE, Pres. Sec. D. of E.

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\$100 REWARD One Hundred Dollars will be cheerfully and promptly paid for any case of Trunk Stiffness (Liquor Habit) or Tobacco Habit that "Ryan's Alcohol" and "Tobacco Cure" will not cure in two weeks. The same remedy cures both the Liquor Habit and Tobacco Habit at the same time. Send to-day, you either get cured or make one hundred dollars. Send by mail, postage paid to any part of the world for One Dollar. Address all orders to R. RYAN, R.A.C. Gorrie Point, Ont.

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Rheumatic Slavery Abolished!! Release at last from the rackling tortures—severe pains of rheumatism, lumbago, and neuralgia! POLYNICE OIL comes to you to free the fetters. The real and genuine discovery of a French scientist of peerless repute, and has been used in such hospitals as the Bellevue, of New York; Howard of Philadelphia; and Mary and Joseph, of Baltimore! Ours is not among the numerous cure-alls—its mission begins and ends with RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia and Inflammatory diseases.

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Farm and Garden

Smut in oats is very widely prevalent, causes a large annual loss to the farmers of Canada, and has in the past been found difficult to subdue. Ordinary treatment which is found so effective when used for smut in wheat, namely, 1 lb. of copper sulphate dissolved in three gallons of water, and sprinkled on ten bushels of grain, has not been found a reliable remedy for smut in oats.

Soaking the grain in hot water for ten minutes, the water being kept at least of about 103 degrees Fahrenheit, has the effect of materially reducing the amount of smut in oats; but it is difficult and troublesome to treat large quantities of seed in this way, and at the same time keep the temperature up to the point required.

Potassium sulphide (liver of sulphur) has proved an effective remedy when used in the proportion of 1 1/2 lbs. of potassium sulphide dissolved in 25 gallons of water, and the oats soaked in this solution for 24 hours; but the long soaking swells the oats and makes them difficult to handle in sowing, while soaking for a shorter time is only a partial success.

During the season of 1897, some comparative experiments were made by the assistant, Mr. W. T. Macoun (now Horticulturist of the Central Experimental Farm), with smutty oats (treated before sowing with potassium sulphide, 1 1/2 lbs. in 25 gallons of water, and Bordeaux mixture, the oats being allowed to soak for different periods. The oats were a very smutty sample, the size of the plots on which the heads were counted was 88x8 feet (89 sq. ft.), and the following results were obtained:

Treatment.	No. of heads.	Total No. of heads.	No. of good heads.	No. of smutty heads.
Bordeaux Mixture.....	4	2,602	2,600	2
Potassium Sulphide.....	4	2,711	2,676	180
Bordeaux Mixture.....	8	8,018	8,011	2
Potassium Sulphide.....	8	8,960	8,204	102
Bordeaux Mixture.....	12	8,058	8,055	2
Potassium Sulphide.....	12	2,740	2,718	27
Bordeaux Mixture.....	24	2,817	2,816	2
Potassium Sulphide.....	24	2,692	2,590	2
Untreated.....		2,780	1,720	1,010

From the above experiment it would appear that smutty oats used for four hours, are rendered as free from smut as when soaked for the longer periods of 8, 12, and 24 hours. But where sulphide of potassium is used, it appears to be necessary to steep the grain in the solution for 24 hours, in order to entirely free it from smut. The Bordeaux mixture is a cheaper remedy than the potassium sulphide, and more easily obtainable.

The Bordeaux mixture in this instance was made with 4 lbs. of copper sulphate, 4 lbs. of lime, and one kerosene barrel (40 gallons, Imperial measure) of water. To make this mixture, fill the barrel partly full of water; enclose the copper sulphate in a cotton bag, and suspend this by hanging it on a stick placed across the barrel, so that the bag may be entirely immersed. By this method the copper sulphate will dissolve rapidly. In another vessel, slake 4 lbs. of fresh lime with about 4 gallons of water; when fully slaked, strain the creamy fluid through a piece of coarse slacking or a fine sieve, into a barrel containing the solution of copper sulphate; fill the barrel with water; stir well; and it will be ready for use.

This remedy can be so easily and cheaply prepared that it should be widely used.

Montreal News.

Attention is called to the remarkable recovery of one of our well known citizens, Mr. Alex. Dostie, 71 Lagardiere St., who for eight years had Rheumatism. He was an intense sufferer, and only for Ryckman's Kokenay Cure, would no doubt still be in the same condition. KOOSTENAY however restored his health, and he says the medicine is a blessing to humanity, a great tonic and blood purifier as well as a mild and pleasant laxative. Price \$1.00 per bottle, or 6 for \$5.00, at drugist or direct from The S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE Co., Limited, HAMILTON, Ont.

A. O. H.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1 A.O.H., a resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted on the death of Miss Tully, the beloved daughter of Brother Peter Tully.

The Liquor and Drug Habits.

WE GUARANTEE to every victim of the liquor or drug habit, no matter how bad the case, that when our new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor or drugs is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks. The medicine is taken privately and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain and health improved in every way. Indiscreet testimony sent upon request. We invite strict investigation. Address Dixon Cure Co., No. 40 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

Chats with the Children

PUSSY WILLOW.

The brook is bimbled with molting snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest oak a crow
His bobbing wings is showing,
A close green bud the mayflower lies
I put its mossy pillow,
And sweet and low the south wind blows
And through the brown fields calling
"Come, pussy willow!"

"Come, pussy willow!"
Within your downy wrapper stir,
Come out and show your silver fur;
"Come pussy! pussy willow!"
Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The blue-birds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze,
So from the poplars swinging,
And rosy will the mayflower lie
Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all—
"Come, pussy!" is the south wind's
call.

"Come, pussy! pussy willow!"
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy feelings of the year—
"Come, pussy! pussy willow!"
—From The Weekly Bouquet.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND THE BIRDS.

A legend says that St. Francis of Assisi was once walking through the woods, when he beheld a vast number of birds gathered together. He hastened towards them, and saluted them as though they had been creatures endowed with reason. The birds in return bent their heads to the saint, ceased their singing and twittering, and waited as if expecting him to address them.

"Brother birds," he began, "greatly are you bound to praise your Creator Who clothed you with feathers, and giveth you wings to fly with, and pure air to breathe, and Who careth for you who have so little to care for."

The birds spread their wings, and opened their beaks, gazing curiously and attentively at the saint, who passed in the midst of them, touching many of them with his robe, but they showed no fear; and not one stirred from its place until the man of God gave them leave; when, with his blessing and at the sign of the cross, they all flew away.

A beautiful picture by Giotto in the Church of Assisi represents this miracle, which was an act of literal obedience to the command: "Go preach the gospel to every creature."

EASTER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Ursuline nuns have a mission near the Rocky Mountains where they teach the Indian girls and boys, and try to civilize and Christianize them. It is very interesting to visit the mission at Easter and Christmas, when not only the children but also the squaws and warriors come to the convent chapel to take part in the services, and most of them to receive communion.

The Indians are all very devout, even the pagans as they are called, whenever they go into a Christian Church, behave with great decorum, sitting quietly in their seats and keeping their eyes fixed upon the altar, setting many of us Christians an example we should do well to imitate. The warriors come to church in all their finest clothes, beads, and wampum, and feathers; they wear the badge of the Sacred Heart, and always hang their rosaries around their necks. The squaws dress in bright-colored prints, and carry their funny little papooses strapped to their backs, and wrapped up like mummies in their birch bark and wicker-work cradles.

The sisters say that often as many as twelve hundred Indians come to communion, and it is a grand sight to see these savage denizens of the forest and the plains, gaudy with beads and bright-colored dresses, and waiting solemnly and respectfully up to the altar to receive the food of white man and the red. The Indians are very fond of the good nuns, and call the Mother Superior, "White Queen," they call the clergy "Black Queens." They always come and consult the Sisters, if they are going to sell any of their land or cattle, and this shows their wisdom, for the nuns always give them good advice, and warn them against unscrupulous white people who would often cruelly cheat them. Indian children are always very good, and obey their teachers implicitly, they learn very quickly and seldom forget anything they have once learnt. Many of the girls become nuns, and some of the boys are studying for the priesthood. I am sure that the nuns will never for their little red brothers and sisters and will say a good word for them whenever they hear anyone speak harshly of them.

PUZZLES.

SQUARE.

1. A metal; 2. to be carried around; 3. the plural of a certain kind of poetry; 4. something every bird has.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A large animal now extinct.
2. Part of a flower.
3. One who has charge of prisoners.
4. One who discovers something new.
5. The name of an ancient woman.
6. Something bright.
7. The beginning of anything.
8. What you do when sleepy.

Initials and final road downwards

give the names of two presidents of the United States.

DECAPITATIONS.

Whole is a dignitary of the Church; behold and I am to tell; again, and I am joyous; again, and I am hohing time; again, and I am what everybody has done.

Answers to Puzzles, April 14th.

WORD REBUS.

A man overhauled his worldly undertakings and found they were incomplete.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

The old woman had 105 apples; she sold 180, lost 40, gave away 12 and had 13 left.

CONUNDRUM.

One is a pair (pear) and the other was an apple.

MARKS.

Jennie O'Malley, 2; Aggie Blondin, 2. The reason Martina McGoey got 5 marks was because she sent out correct answer first, and soon after sent four more, so that the total of 5 marks was credited instead of 1 and 4. The letters are all kept, and will be referred to in making up the totals. Competitors should keep a list of the correct answers they send.

The Wild Flowers of Ireland.

Ye wild flowers that bloom on the hills of our island,
No blossoms but yours are so fair to my eyes,
And you're with us in springtime o'er valley and highland,
E'er the sun pours his full heat from soft summer skies.

And in the long June days when ho beams in full glory,
Both mountain and meadow are radiant with bloom,
And crags that in winter wore naked and hoary
Aro brilliant with blossoms that blaze o'er in gloom.

And in autumn the furze and the heather are gleaming
On rock and on mountain in crimson and gold;
And with garments of glory their summits are beaming,
'Neath masses of blossom of beauty untold.

Ye wild flowers of Eria, may ye flourish for aye,
In brightness and bloom over moor-land and vale,
Delighting the simple, the soulful, the sage,
And clothing with beauty our own Isle Fall!

FIRESIDE FUN.

"That is the style," as the woman said when she fell over the gate.

Why is the sun like a well-baked loaf? Because it is light when it rises.

Literary Aspirant: "I can write about anything." Bred Publisher: "Then right about face."

Teacher: "What great event took place in 1887?" Small Boy: "Place, sir, I was born then."

To keep apples from rotting, put them in a cool place, where there is a large family of children.

Barber: "And how would you like you hair cut, sir?" New Customer: "In perfect silence." Collapse of barber.

"Which would you rather be, Willie, a monkey or a giraffe?" "A giraffe! It would be jolly in summer time for looking over the cricket ground wall."

Mrs. Homepun (indignantly): "Here's an article says that in Formosa a wife costs five dollars." Mr. Homepun (thoughtfully): "Wal, a good wife is worth it."

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Halloo! Where are you going at this time of night? For no good, I'll warrant." "I was coming for you, sir."

"Well, Willie," asked grandma, after he had finished his Christmas dinner, "have you had all you want?" "No," answered little Willie; "but I have had all I can eat."

Servant (applying for place): "And I shall require the address of your last servant?" Address: "Whatever for?" Servant: "Why, to get your character from her, of course."

Old Lady (excitedly): "When is the train due?" Railway Porter: "In two hours and forty minutes." Old Lady (with a sigh of relief): "I am so glad I am not too late!"

Collector: "I guess the Jones family are going to move." Landlord: "Did they tell you so?" Collector: "No; but they gave a man who lives upstairs a flute for Christmas."

Ethel: "Willie, I wonder why Good Friday is called 'Good Friday'?" Willie: "Why, Ethel, you s'prise me. Don't you know that it's named after Robinson Crusoe's faithful servant?"

"There's very little hair 'ere," remarked the hairdresser one sultry morning. "What do you mean, fellow?" shouted the bald-headed customer. "Not your 'air, sir," replied the barber, apologetically. "I mean the hair which is in the atmosphere."

Domestic Reading

Providence may control our destiny, but we control our actions, and a bad job we often make of it.

Scepticism, which is commonly supposed to indicate superior capacity, is quite as likely to result from imperfect understanding.

If you wish to please in conversation, do not make others uncomfortable; a still more fatal thing is to render others ridiculous. Many a wise friendship is killed by a silly jest.

I am not inveighing against money, but against the liberty-destroying love of money. It is no more a sin to be rich than it is a virtue to be poor. But the greed of accumulation, which is the characteristic vice of our day, is nothing less than a disease—a degeneration—and the methods it employs are often not only not honest, but flagrantly unjust and corrupt.

If, then, the very law of life is a law of change, if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves; if love, or thought, or hope would faint beneath too constant light or need for their refreshing the darkness and the dews; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the eternal; then let us no more shrink from sorrow, and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss or death. Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage, and quick our eye for the various services that may await us.

There is one universal honor paid to high and noble principles of life, which is that everyone claims them for his own. No one acknowledges that his principles are inferior or unworthy. Many a man will admit that certain of his actions have been wrong, when he will stoutly deny that their sources have been bad. He will confess to having done a selfish deed, but never to being a selfish man. He may acknowledge spiteful or revengeful conduct, but will warmly resent the charge of a malevolent disposition. Whatever guilt may be confessed, evil intentions are always repudiated.

In the exhaustive catalogue of Heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds when we most require to be sustained, because in this source of consolation there is something we have reason to believe of the Divine Spirit; something of that goodness which detects, amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality; something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels; which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and linger in it yet in pity.—Dickens.

If we once realize the value of souls in the sight of God; if we once grasp the fact that "God our Saviour, will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth"; if we once apprehend the part that God expects us to play in the salvation of souls; then will we gird ourselves manfully for the work then will we make use of every opportunity to win grace for others; then will we offer with all our hearts, works, and sufferings, for the living and the dead, and especially for those poor souls in the throes of their mortal agony. It is estimated every minute a soul passes from this life to the next: let us apply our apostolic efforts to save them.

"IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH."

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The Last Hope

"Are you going to Mrs. Gamble's to-night, Dora?"

"The young lady thus addressed was sitting before a wide window opening out upon the lawn made beautiful by the lights and shadows from the afternoon sunshine and the masses of clouds sailing across the sky. She was absorbed in these exquisite effects of light and shade, and she did not hear the light step of her sister beside her. Now, at the heightened tone of her voice she half turned around:

"Mrs. Gamble's? Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"You don't speak of going, you care so much for going. I saw Mrs. Gamble this morning on Commonwealth avenue, and she said only lovers of music will be there, and then a few young people who are to have a lovely little dance after the musicale is all over. But it is no use talking to you. You're not listening."

"My dear Lillian, I am. But why cannot I catch a glimpse of beauty at the same time? I don't believe you have even noticed what a glorious day it is, but are thinking more of the costume you and Elsie have been concocting for to-night. Content now," said Dora turned a smiling face round to her sister.

"Well, I really think you ought to tell Elsie what you intend to wear. The poor thing will probably find something awfully at the last moment," answered Lillian, with a trace of petulance. "If you showed a little more interest in these commonplace details you would often be a more agreeable companion. People wouldn't think you so cold and unenthusiastic as they often do."

"Do you think that?" asked Dora, with almost an accent of pain in her voice. "It is a cause of regret, surely, that people are not satisfied with me, notably my gay, pleasure-loving little sister. Well, dear, we'll have to hunt for some conventional mould to fashion me all over."

"I'm sure you didn't use to be so indifferent to these lovely little parties that Mrs. Gamble gives. Why can't you forget that disagreeable little affair, and let us be happy as we once were?"

"This time Dora's dark eyes left the clouds to themselves, and were fastened on her sister's face with an expression of reproach.

"Do you know, Lil, I often regret that I ever yielded to your entreaties and told you about that unfortunate letter. You keep it in memory constantly. If I am ever moody, you speak of it as direct outcome of that letter. If I bury myself in a book, you infer that I am eating my heart out with grief. I wish to assure you that despised letter has been forgotten—and I wish you also to understand, dear, that you are never again to allude to the subject."

her enjoyment by answering trivial questions. This was one of Lillian's greatest trials with her sisters.

"Suppose I take you back to the drawing-room," continued Mr. Bronke. "You can hear there."

"Thank you."

But at that moment the music ceased amid a storm of applause. The musician, a diffident, nervous-looking man, had left the piano, evidently with no intention of responding to the cries of encore from different parts of the room, when he heard a quick step behind him; then a voice say in a low tone:

"Will you not give us 'The Last Hope' once more, Prof. De Lizet? Please, for my sake."

"For your sake, Miss Winford, I would play it many more times than once," responded the little professor, with a delighted glance up at the tall figure before him. The next moment he was seated at the piano with Dora near him.

Even in the midst of playing he sometimes glanced at her absorbed and thoughtful face. She was one of those rare women who can cross a room or stand in view of a crowd without being conscious either of herself or of the scrutiny of others. Now, as she listened to the music, she began speaking to her, the gaily dressed people, the brilliant lights, all became to her the dream and the shadow, while thronging memories of a scene in the past, of a face and a voice, over her own words in answer, became to her the tangible reality.

"This was the vision Dora saw: She herself sitting in the very window where she had been this afternoon, but her companion was not her sister, but a tall, full-bearded man, who stood on the verandah just outside. They had been talking busily, but a silence had fallen between them as they both watched the sun set in a mass of glowing crimson cloud.

"By some strange association, a sun set such as this always makes me think of Gottschalk," Dr. Van Auley said, as he half turned his look from the western sky.

"Why?"

"I think you can see, Miss Winford," he said, turning round towards her, "how this melody has often brought to me a message of consolation, of hope and of healing. There is a half-concealed tone of joy running through the whole which promises a restoration of lost happiness, which must have suggested to the signora that she and her son would meet again. You notice that Gottschalk begins with a statement in a few broken notes of the disappointment that has come into her life from the removal of health, friends and so much more which once had been essential to her happiness. Then comes a little upsurge of hope, which is almost immediately overclouded by the dominant sorrow. Just as the wounded lark, whose home is in the skies, tries to soar aloft; but there is no strength in his wings, and he sinks wearily to the earth. Then comes a struggle as to which feeling shall be victor, hope or sorrow, merging at length in the harmony of the aria which beautifully declares that the heart must be the home of both. For you see that each pathetic lamentation is immediately accompanied by a beautiful note of hope. Through the soul seems tempted to give itself up more and more to the sense of loss, the message of hope makes a more frequent appeal, suggesting, as I said before, the possibility that the lost joy may come back, the lost happiness be restored."

The voice in Dora's memory ceased; and another scene came before her mental vision with still greater vividness.

She and Lillian had been for a horseback ride with Dr. Van Auley, and on their return, as he had dismounted to help them from their saddles, he placed a letter in Dora's hand. With an smile of tender meaning, an expression in the eyes which was full of doubt and uncertainty, and of glad relief he sprang back upon his horse, and galloped down the avenue.

It was not till half an hour later that Dora found a moment alone to read the letter, which was destined to be the cause of not only her greatest happiness, but of her deepest pain.

"Dear Miss Winford," it began, "I have been with the wounded at Sedan, and been through some very trying scenes in this country; yet I have never been a coward till now. I am coward enough to write you instead of speaking. During the last two months I have tried so hard to make up my mind, but words have failed. I have gone to see you, resolving that it would be my last day of uncertainty, then some interruption, the dread of a refusal, and many other things, have prevented my speaking. Will you forgive me now for writing? I know I shall not see you alone during our ride; probably there will be no chance after. I feel I cannot wait another day. My patience with myself is utterly at an end. Dora I love you and I want you for my wife. The words seem very cold, but my heart is filled with you. I can never be happy away from you. I cannot describe to you how I feel, how I feel how I feel in my heart. You seem to have taken a place there which has always been yours by right. It seems as though I have loved you always. Now will you let me love you—my own beloved, you couldn't prevent that, but will you give me the right to love you? Will you open just a little corner of your heart to me? You will have all mine. If you cannot love me, Dora, let me know by means of your silence. Don't answer this letter at all if you are not willing to be my wife. I could never forget the words—they would burn themselves into my memory. I know, I know, please forgive me for it. If you are willing to take me, unworthy of you as I am, and love me just a little in return for the love I give you in such overflowing measure, send me just a line to let me know that I may come to you."

Dora waited to speak to her father before she answered Dr. Van Auley's letter. The answer was brief, and yet to anyone knowing the rich, strong nature of this girl, it would have been more than satisfying. It ended by making an appointment for the following day at three o'clock.

That was the end of this brief dream of love and happiness. Dora had been going to tell her father about the months of heartache and miserable suspense. Dr. Van Auley did not come either that day or the day after. A week dragged slowly by, and she heard nothing. Could her letter have been lost? Mr. Winford assured her that he had put it carefully in his pocket with several other important papers. He had taken them all out together and mailed them himself.

Sometimes, in spite of her heavy heart, Dora caught herself thinking, half whimsically, of the many novels she had read whose plots turned on the embarrassments caused by lost or intercepted letters.

Lillian, though Dora would gladly have been spared her indignant assertions that Dr. Van Auley was the most despicable of men—a dirt, who had exacted this confession of love, but to make a jest of it or to minister to his vanity. Dora's faith in him was not really shaken, though the poison of her sister's words had so far influenced as to rouse her pride and help her to resist the impulse to write

again. But finally even this lost its power. She yielded to the impulse, and one lonely evening wrote Dr. Van Auley a long letter, which she sent by a trusty messenger. The letter came back unopened, and with it the intelligence that, much to the surprise of his friends, Dr. Van Auley had suddenly left Boston and gone on once more abroad.

Then Dora felt indeed that she could never write again. She knew she must forget the brief alluring dream of love and happiness.

Another thing which proved Dora to be no heroine of an ordinary romance was that she never went into a convent, nor took a long journey up the Nile, nor spent her days in the service of the poor. She did not even devote herself to Browning or Emerson, much as she loved them. She simply went on in her old busy life; keeping house, riding her favorite horse, paying visits, playing bezique with her father.

The season was drawing to a close, and a round of dinners, balls, and receptions certainly helped her, though they did not render her the service her father hoped they might when he insisted on the performance of every social duty.

Dora knew she could never forget the man who had so stirred the depths of her spirit; but she was of too strong a nature to remain for ever under the sway of a love which might possibly have been treated with scorn. Thus gradually she gained content in her old life and interest in its numerous activities. The summer at Bar Harbor and another winter in her beloved Boston had passed, and now they were all on the threshold of another summer.

Dora had persuaded herself that she had thrust out all hopes of seeing Dr. Van Auley again; but just now all the old love would not swoop with impetuous force over her, while listening to the last sad notes of Gottschalk's "Meditation" die away into silence. She had never heard it since Dr. Van Auley had played it for her, and the music had revealed to her so much. As if in mockery, Dr. Van Auley's words came back to her: "I cannot let it end where Gottschalk did; I always turn back and play the aria again, because it more emphatically suggests the possibility that the lost joy may come back, the lost happiness be restored."

As if in sympathetic sympathy with the patient's longing for her heart, the old professor, by a skilful transition, glided into Heibert's "Study of Joy," the notes tumbling over one another in their impetuous desire to express the greatest amount of gladness, of free, untrammelled happiness. The change came so quickly, and was so impressive, that the effect upon the company was magical. The professor finished, surrounded by a score of smiling faces.

"Do you know, Miss Winford, I want to introduce you to a fellow who seems lonely. He's been very much absorbed in the music; I couldn't get him to look at me, but now he is talking to an old chap who I know can't entertain him in the least. I know you'll like him. We came over in the same steamer. He's been in Boston often before, but we never had met. I had hard work to get him to consent to come to-night. He says he's got to settle down to work now in earnest. Let me find you a chair, and then I'll bring him up for inspection."

The gentleman who had exalted Mr. Gamble's compassion seemed loth to leave his quiet corner.

"I want to introduce you to a young lady who will agree to let me know your enthusiasm about music, art, and literature," said Gamble; "besides, she is a lovely girl."

he found a seat in the recess formed by the thickly growing leaves of some tropical plants.

"Very well indeed, thank you," she answered, glad of an opportunity to break the oppressive silence. "I hope you also—"

"Oh, yes," he interrupted quickly. "My trip to Germany did me a great deal of good. I went back to Heidelberg for a time, and then down the Rhine. Then I spent a whole winter in Florence. Oh, what a beautiful old city it is!"

As Dr. Van Auley turned to allow a servant to pass with some tea, Dora stole a deep look at his face. It was thin and pale; deep lines of care around the eyes; the eyes themselves thoughtful and serious, looked as though they had entirely lost their old habit of flashing on occasion with his laughter or joy. The man's whole aspect appealed to all the tenderness in Dora's nature. She forgot her pride, the old indignant sense of wrong, the painful, humiliating past. She seemed to know, as by a flash of intuition, that he loved her still, and that a word from her could bring back the old-time light to his eyes. But she felt she could not speak. She tried to listen to what he attempted to say about the city of his experiences in Florence; but he soon saw how superficial the whole conversation was, and he began to wonder what was going to happen next. The silence had become constrained and oppressive when to the relief of both they heard the distant strains of a waltz.

"They are going to dance now, I believe," he said. "Shall I not take you back? Your programme, I see, is almost full."

"There is room for a dance for you," she said, with a faint, shy glance, as she rose. She wondered afterwards how she came to say these words, but they came almost without volition.

Their effect upon Dr. Van Auley was like wine.

"I have almost forgotten how to dance," he said, smiling, "but if you will give me the next waltz," and for the first time he looked directly into her face, "perhaps you will teach me the way you once did." She looked so sweet there beside him, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes so bright with excitement, and back of that almost a love-light in them, that he could not forbear this one allusion to the past.

"Why, Dr. Van Auley," she exclaimed, indignantly, "do you know you are the best waltzer in Boston."

"This time he laughed. "I would not like to suggest that you have not a good memory, Miss Winford," he said, "but I think this time it plays you false."

It promised was to be fulfilled to-night, that the lost joy was so soon to come back."

One afternoon about three weeks later Dr. Van Auley flung himself from his horse at the door of the Winford's home.

"Dora isn't here," said Lillian, stepping out from the library window. "She has gone for a walk down the avenue. Will you wait or go and find her?"

Dora had already emerged from the shadow of the elm-trees when she heard the hoofs of Dr. Van Auley's horse.

"I felt in such a hurry to see you," he said, as he sprang from the saddle, "I could not wait for you to get home. I have something to tell you. I received a letter about half an hour ago, which I want to show you."

He wound the bride around one hand, and with the other, drew from his pocket a coiled and crumpled envelope. Dora looked up excitedly into his face. His eyes were bright with happiness, but the corners of his mouth were trembling.

"What a dear grand girl you were to write to me that way. If I had only received it that miserable morning."

"But tell me," she said as he paused, "was it opened by anyone? Have I an enemy, after all?"

"An enemy dear? What do you mean?"

"Then she laughed. "Why, I confess I have sometimes thought of all the romances we have read, intercepted letters spoiling the course of true love, you know. I have never wished to be the heroine of any such romance. It is not a plot so commonplace and time-worn altogether. If you were to choose an intercepted letter as a plot, you wouldn't be considered an original novelist."

"Well, dear, it's fortunate we're just commonplace people, and neither hero nor heroine; and yet it is something a little more unusual than an intercepted letter. I do not believe you could manufacture an enemy if you tried. You have become the heroines of a romance, after all. You never heard of a letter being lost in the lining of a coat, did you?"

"The lining of a coat? What do you mean?"

"Well, I must end your suspense and tell you. Just an hour ago I had a visit from an old patient of mine whom I once took through a serious illness. He's a dealer in second-hand clothes, an ignorant man, though honest as an angel. It seems about eight months ago his wife was ripping up an old coat for repairs, some one had received this coat from your father and afterwards pawned it. Between the lining and the outside was this little letter directed to me. They knew I was away, and they did not have any faith in the power of the mails to take letters across the ocean, and so they decided they would put up the letter on the mantelpiece in their little back parlour, and keep it until I should come back. How little they knew the value of that letter! It is a wonder it did not burn a whole house down. On this morning the man learned that some one had come to Boston, and like the good soul he is, he straightway sought me out, and here I am with the letter, Dora. Now, are you not the heroine of a romance, after all?"

The trembling in Dr. Van Auley's voice made him stop suddenly. After a moment Dora said: "Papa told me over and over again he took out the letter with several others, and they were all mixed together. This one must have been small enough to have slipped through a wee hole. Strange none of us thought to look if there was any hole. Instances of heroines have been so common, and the optics of stupidity. You see, it must have slipped to the very bottom of the coat, and laid there until papa grew tired of the coat, and gave it away. How very strange it all is!"

"There is no one to blame for it but myself," said Dr. Van Auley, earnestly. "My great mistake was asking you not to write at all unless you could say yes to my question. It was a miserable coward. The lights on how you can forgive me. Looking back now, I wonder how it was I did not make one more effort to see you and find out if there had been some mistake. The fact is, I was afraid of you, Dora. Yes, my darling, I really was, and I know that Brock had a pretty fair chance. Indeed, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke told me that she and you were so good as engaged, and wrote only waiting for— Yes, dear, it is so. I think I was suffering so much I only longed to get away, and try and fight my fate alone. I know I deserved all my suffering. But in the midst of that suffering I should have remembered the message which 'The Last Hope' had for us all the time."

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Post Ferry writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Cassell's Electric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

