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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IV.—NO. 32

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN

SPEAKS IN PARIS UPON THE ELECTIONS.

*Not a Moral Blow to the Cause of Religion*  
The Mandate Used by Both Sides—The Conservative Defeat and Its Causes.

MONTRAL, Aug. 1.—Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, who is now in Rome, has contributed an article to *The Croix*, of Paris, giving his views on the result of the recent elections. In view of recent statements made by The Patrie and other Liberal papers that the Archbishop had agreed to a compromise on the school question, his views are of the utmost interest and importance at the present time. The Archbishop writes:

"It would be a great mistake to say that the result of the Canadian general elections of the 23rd of June is a moral blow to the influence of the Catholic clergy in the Province of Quebec, as the Tempis and The Gaulois pretend. The collective mandate of the bishops of the three ecclesiastical provinces of Quebec, of Montreal and of Ottawa, had an aim that was most patriotic, and from a religious point of view, most desirable. By calling upon the electors to vote only for candidates who would promise to support in Ontario legislation which would restore to the Catholics of Manitoba the Separate schools guaranteed to them by the constitution of the country, they desired that Catholic Quebec should send to the House of Commons a platoon of members determined to exact from the victorious leader, Laurier or Tupper, a Federal remedial measure giving 'full satisfaction' to the Catholic minority, and settling the question 'for all time.' Many Liberal members have made this promise, and, generally, the Liberals just as much as the Conservatives have made use of the collective mandate to obtain popular support. More, many priests, disgusted with the Conservative Government, were favorable to Laurier. It is then understood that the Canadian people, who are so deeply imbued with religious sentiments, and who desire ardently to help their brothers in Manitoba to recover their schools, were easily deceived into favoring a party which has never been tried by, nor trusted the clergy generally. Furthermore, the general impression throughout Canada was a species of weariness of a regime which has lasted for eighteen years, and which has not failed to commit many errors and excite much discontent. Besides, the Catholic Liberals, who (except seven) were opposed to the Remedial bill of the 23rd of March, promised to 'do more.' They repeated in every tone that the bill of the 23rd of March 'was worth nothing'; that it 'was not worth the paper upon which it was written.' And yet this bill had been approved by the episcopate. Laurier himself repeated what I have quoted. These are incontestable facts. Let it be decided then, whether the Liberals have triumphed in spite of the clergy, and especially 'in spite of the collective mandate,' which did not express a preference for either party."

"Laurier owes his success to general causes."

"1. Discontent, even among Conservatives."

"2. Distress in the country."

"3. Desire for a change."

"4. Many errors and acts of abuse of power, and to 'special causes,' namely—"

"1. The fact that the Conservatives did not settle the school question during the six years during which it has occupied public attention."

"2. The promises of the Liberals to 'give more.'

"3. The zeal of the Liberal press and the imperfect organization, on the other hand, of the Conservatives."

"4. The fact that Mr. Laurier is a 'French Canadian and a Catholic.'

"N.B.—It is true that he has, on different occasions, enunciated three false principles—

"1. That in neutral schools.

"2. That of the independence of Catholics in politico-religious questions, such as the Manitoba school-question. At the present moment this has gained him the enthusiastic applause of the most fanatical Protestants, Presbyterians, Methodists, and, above all, Francophones. (I do not think that Laurier is a Freemason.)

"3. That of indifferentism in religion.

"4. The sympathies of a great number of priests."

"La Verite, of Quebec, by constantly attacking the Conservatives, contributed largely towards turning the clergy to the side of the Liberals, and yet La Verite abhors the Liberals. In conclusion, I must say that I hope that the Liberals will give us our schools, 'through policy,' through force."

"The Remedial bill gave us—"

"1. A Catholic school board, having control—

"a. Of teachers' diplomas.

"b. Of books.

"c. Of the Catholic Normal school.

"d. Of the Catholic inspectors."

"2. The right to erect school districts."

"3. The right to levy municipal taxes for our schools, and exemptions from all taxes for the maintenance of Protestant schools, taxes which we have been paying at Winnipeg for the last six years."

"In a word, our schools were restored in 1890, only we were given no

Parliamentary grant; but our right was affirmed, and we would have had those taxes before long. We shall see if the Liberals will give more. We want in all patience and in all hope. If the Liberals do not do their duty, the same Quebec, which has given them power will be able to take it away."

"The Conservative press of Quebec and Montreal have erred in accusing the Catholics of Quebec of apostasy. It is an expression of exasperation, which does no good, and which causes much harm. Let us hope and pray."

"The Archbishop of St. Boniface fights his best, and he is prepared to remain in the breach until the question is equitably settled. There is in Manitoba, in addition to the school question, the question of amalgamation, which is intimately connected with the school question, and the question of the thousands of Indian pagans who still worship the stars and the beasts, 'bears, wolves, and birds.' Many ask for missionaries—'parvuli patientem panem' ('the little ones sought bread'). With all this, the financial condition of the Archdiocese of St. Boniface is most lamentable. Even a catastrophe is threatened."

### MGR. SATOLLI'S SUCCESSOR.

The Latest News Published by the United Press Agency.

ROME, July 31.—Father Sebastian Martiniello, Prior-General of the Augustinians, whose appointment to succeed Mr. St. John Dillon, as Papal Delegate to the Catholic Church in the United States, has been announced, was born at Lucca, capital of the province of the same name, in 1838. He entered the Augustinian Order in 1863, and was consecrated a priest in 1871. He was made rector of the Irish College in 1878 and Prior-General of the Augustinians in 1889. In 1893 Father Martiniello visited the United States, remaining in that country three months, a part of which time he spent at the Augustinian Convent at Bryn Mawr, Pa. He is a master of the English language. When first informed that he had been elected to succeed Mr. St. John Dillon, Father Martiniello refused to accept the appointment, but after being summoned into the presence of the Pope yesterday and being informed by His Holiness that he personally desired him to go to America, Father Martiniello accepted the mission.

### School Board.

Viceroy-General McCauley presided at a meeting of the Separate School Board Tuesday night, at which the business submitted was expeditiously disposed of. All the other trustees present were Rev. Fathers Crum, McEntee and Harrington, and Messrs. P. J. Mulqueen, James Ryan, D. A. Casey, M. Walsh and W. Bay. The report of the Finance Committee recommending the payment of accounts amounting to \$1,206 was passed. The board awarded the contract to the Reid Co., for supplying 150 tons of soft coal at \$3.89 per ton, and 50 cords of pine wood at \$2.27 per cord. The Management and Supplies Committees were authorized to advertise for tenders for supplying of hard coal.

### The Lords and the Land Bill.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The House of Lords to-day adopted by a vote of 25 to 10 an amendment to the Irish laborers' bill in opposition to the Government. The action of the House is not considered of importance; still it is taken as an indication that despite the expressed conviction of the Ministerialists that the Peers will not dare to tamper seriously with the Irish land bill, there will be a revolt against that measure when on Thursday it will again be before the House.

### Oscoda.

A good business opening here; Mr. B. Leacy our esteemed merchant has decided to go out of business. Oscoda is a village in the heart of a good farming section of country in the township of Bromley, Renfrew county. It is three miles from the C.P.R. main line. Mr. Leacy has always done a good business here, and his leaving will be soon from the fact that Mr. Leacy always carried himself a strictly honest man, in his activity in handling farm products of every kind. The property for sale consists of a large brick building suitably arranged for dwelling and business, a store house and out buildings all in good repair. The price asked is very reasonable; the terms favorable, and the opportunity is a good one. Anyone desiring further information regarding a business opening for the right man may address himself to Mr. B. Leacy or to Rev. P. M. Devine, P.P., Oscoda, Out.

### The Name of the Vatican.

The Mons Vaticanus is sometimes said to have received its name from Vaticinium, an oracle or prophecy; for tradition says that Numa chose his Vatican hill as a sacred place from which to declare to the people the messages he received from the gods. It is not, however, one of the seven hills on which ancient Rome was built, but forms a part of the ridge beginning with the Janiculum; not ending with Monte Mario, all of which is now aside the ancient limits of the city. In our day the name is applied only to the immense papal palace adjacent to, and connected with, the basilica of St. Peter's—[The Vatican] by F. Marion Crawford, in the August Century.

## NATIONAL CONVENTION

### Important Declaration by Mr. John Dillon.

Those Who Do Not Take Part in the Convention Take a Great Responsibility—This Peace Movement is Genuine and Sincere.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—Regarding the incoming convention of Irish Nationalists at Dublin, which will be attended by many Canadian delegates, the London correspondent of the New York Sun says:—"I have been authorized to make an announcement which contains the only hope of the revival of the cause of self-government for Ireland. It is welcome news that a genuine, earnest effort will be made at Dublin, a month hence, to harmonize all factions in the ranks of the Irish Nationalists. Messrs. Dillon, Healy, Redmond, and all their followers are willing to admit that there is no hope of the accomplishment of the object for which all are supposed to be striving until the disputes which have divided them since the death of Parnell are abandoned and their forces are united under a single leadership opposite. It is, of course, impossible to gain this fusion without important personal and other concessions on all sides. These concessions, the great majority of the Irish Nationalists in Parliament are not only ready, but anxious, to make. They will make them at the convention to be held next month in Dublin. Meantime the preliminary announcement of their purpose is contained in the following statement, prepared by Mr. John Dillon, after consultation with his associates, and handed to me for publication in the United States and Canada."

The National Convention, which is to meet at Dublin on September 1st, was summoned with a view of affording an opportunity to all who desire to see unity restored among the Irish Nationalists to come together and lay down a platform in support of which Irish Nationalists throughout the world might act together. With that object in view the proposals for the convention were made so wide as to embrace all Irish Nationalists who desire to give a fair trial to the constitutional methods. It is now manifest that, so far as Ireland and the Irishmen in Great Britain are concerned, the convention will be the most representative which has assembled since the split of 1891; and it will have, as compared with previous conventions, the advantage of the presence at its deliberations of many representatives of Ireland from other parts of the world. It is desired that therefore have great weight with the Irish race, and lasting influence on the future of the Irish movement. The convention was not summoned in the interests of any section or of any individual, as is plainly shown by the rules which have been laid down for the admission of delegates, under which every organized body of Irishmen who are sympathizers with the Home Rule movement have a right to be represented. Clergymen of all denominations and all representative Nationalists holding positions conferred by the votes of their fellow-citizens are entitled to attend. The Parnellite party have also been invited to take part in making arrangements for the convention. For my own part, if at the convention, or subsequently, as a result of its proceedings, any rule could be agreed upon whereby chairmanship of all the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament would unite, I should, as I have always stated, be most willing to support him in the office. It seems to me that if any section of the Irish Nationalists decline to take part in this convention the responsibility will be thrown upon them of stating to their countrymen how, in their judgment, can be effected that re-union in the National ranks which is of the first importance to the progress of the National cause. I shall not undertake to prophesy what the result of these overtures from the most numerous section of the Irish Nationalists in Parliament will be. I wish to emphasize the fact that this peace movement is genuine and sincere, and that any faction which resists it will assume a great responsibility before God."

HAVANA, Aug. 4.—A hot engagement is reported to have taken place between Guards and Malones in the District of Manzanillo, in the Province of Santiago de Cuba, in which the percentage loss suffered by Spanish troops was exceedingly heavy. The official report has the number of Spaniards as one hundred pitted against one thousand insurgents. The official report further states that Lieutenants Gonzales and Pintades, of the Spanish forces, were killed, together with fifty privates.

I. C. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 1, I. C. B. A., I was directed to forward you a copy of the following resolution of condolence.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in the dispensation of His all-wise Providence to call to His eternal reward one of the most esteemed members, Rev. J. J. Dowling, who was also the father of two of our worthy members.

Resolved—That while we, the members of Branch No. 1, I. C. B. A., bow with humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, we sympathize with his surviving relatives in this their hour of affliction, and extend to them our deepest sympathy and greatest grace to bear their trouble with Christian fortitude and resignation. Be it further

Resolved—That a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of this meeting, one sent to Rev. Dowling and one sent to The CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

Given at Branch No. 1, I. C. B. A.

### Quebec Takes Action.

QUEBEC, Aug. 4.—The Irishmen of Quebec decided to send a delegation to the National Convention on Sept. 1st, in Dublin, and will meet on Thursday night to select it.

### Sir Thomas More.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The memorial to Sir Thomas More, the cost of which has been defrayed by public subscription, has been unveiled in the Chelsea Public Library, and formally handed over to the Library Commissioners.

### Arrested for Talking About Single Tax.

DOVEN, Del., Aug. 4.—Fifteen single taxers are now confined in the Dover jail for advocating their theories in public speeches on the streets of this city. The weather has been intensely hot and the suffering has been great. Altogether the jail contains 80 prisoners, which is twice the capacity of the place.

### The Liberals and Joseph Martin.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 4.—The Liberals at their meeting here last night passed the following resolution unanimously:—"That this meeting respectfully urges upon Hon. Mr. Laurier the advisability of appointing Mr. Joseph Martin as Minister of the Interior, and believes that no other appointment to that position would be satisfactory to the Liberal party in the West and the people in the West generally."

### The War in Cuba.

HAVANA, Aug. 4.—A hot engagement is reported to have taken place between Guards and Malones in the District of Manzanillo, in the Province of Santiago de Cuba, in which the percentage loss suffered by Spanish troops was exceedingly heavy. The official report has the number of Spaniards as one hundred pitted against one thousand insurgents. The official report further states that Lieutenants Gonzales and Pintades, of the Spanish forces, were killed, together with fifty privates.

### Fighting with the Turks.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 4.—Despatches received here from Damascus report that there have been several serious fights in the Hauran Province of Syria, between the Turks and the Druses. The Turks claim to have won a victory, but independent reports represent that the issue was doubtful, with heavy losses on both sides. It is now feared that 40,000 Turkish troops will be required to suppress the Druse rebellion, which broke out in June last with renewed vigour.

### St. Joseph's Church Pic-Nic.

The annual pic-nic in aid of St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville, will be held in Leslie's Grove, corner Queen and Caroline streets, civic holiday, August 10th.

The committee in charge of arrangements have spared no pains in completing an excellent programme for this occasion of games and amusements for which splendid prizes will be given. Brass band and first-class orchestra in attendance. Meals and refreshments served on the grounds. The public in patronizing this event can depend on a most enjoyable entertainment. Cars stop at grounds. Gates open at 10 a.m.

### Miss Lemire's Litany.

We note with pleasure a recent addition to Catholic church music, "Litany of the Blessed Virgin," arranged in five parts, with organ accompaniment, from the pen of Miss Adèle Lemire, one of Toronto's foremost musicians. This talented artist is devoting her entire time to composition and has produced several fine contributions to Catholic church music. This, her latest, is pronounced by the best judges to be of the very highest standard, the music impressively solemn and the arrangement throughout entirely free from repetitions, now so strongly objected to in sacred music. The work is dedicated to the author of "The Litany of the Blessed Virgin" and "The Catholic Encyclopedia."

Respectfully submitted, Hugh McCloskey, Recording Secretary, Div. 3, O. H. Toronto.

Miss Lemire's Litany.

Haslett & Co., 663 Yonge street,

## REGISTER JOTTINGS.

Mr. Prendergast Spoken of.

A special despatch to The World from Ottawa says:

The latest report as to the vacant portfolio of the Interior is that which comes from Winnipeg to the effect that the position will be offered by Mr. Laurier to Hon. H. E. Prendergast, ex-Provincial secretary of Manitoba, and a prominent French Catholic.

### An Impending War.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The Post publishes

a long article on England's relations with Germany, in the course of which it says:—"The maintenance of British rights in America, Africa and Asia may at any time involve the necessity of fighting America, France and Russia. It behoves us therefore to consider our relations with other powers. It is a fact that in January the question of how best to fight the British navy was seriously considered at Berlin, and the plan of a campaign against England was worked out by a strategist most competent to deal with that problem. This fact has never been published before, and we are bound to admit that the present tone of the inspired German press ought to put our statesmen on their guard."

### The Sistine Chapel.

The chapel is a beautiful place in itself, by its simple and noble proportions, as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations of the ceiling, conceived by Michelangelo as a series of framed for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it; it was, perhaps, designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marbles of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them, with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination, in a dreamy way, far more than the gilded oak-tree in the arms of Sixtus IV., by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded a certain Chapel to be built. But who knows where? Baccio Pontelli? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?"—*The Vatican*, by F. Marion Crawford in the August Century.

### The Pope's Garden.

At the last, opposite the iron turnstile by which the visitors are counted, there is the closed gate of the garden. It is very hard to get admission to it now, for the Pope himself is there almost every day when the weather is fine. In the Italian garden of gardener, the grounds are well raised, and including the effect of being much 'laid' than they really are. They are not, perhaps, very remarkable, and Leo XIII. must sometimes long for the hills of Capri and the free air of the mountains, as he drives round and round in the narrow limits of his small domain, or walks a little under the shade of the box-trees, conversing with his gardener or his architect. Yet those who love Italy love its old-fashioned gardens, the shady walks, the deep box-hedges, the stiff little summer-houses, the fragments of old statues at the corners, and even two cherubs d'acqua which are little surprises of fine water-jets that unexpectedly send a shower of spray into the face of the unwary. There was always an element of childlike in the practical jesting of the last century."—*The Vatican*, by F. Marion Crawford, in the August Century.

### School Room Humor.

The Hamilton Herald says that J. H. Smith, county school inspector, came across some funny answers to questions in the recent High School entrance examinations. One question in grammar was to correct the following sentence: "Which of the boys left your book laying on the desk?" The answer given by a girl was: "Which of the boys left your book lying on the desk?" and in her explanation she said she used a question mark because a question was asked, and changed laying to lying because laying is used in speaking of hens, and lying is used when speaking of boys.

In history one of the questions was to give a brief sketch of General Wolfe. In stating his one candidate said: "General Wolfe was a general, dressed in woolen cloth."

In answer to a question in geography, one candidate said: "The sun rises in the east and sets in the west, because the north star points to the sun, and the earth travels around the sun once a year."

"Where do we get cork?" was one question, and the reply was "From Cork Harbor."

Another question was, "Where is Acto?" and the answer given by one was, "Where Jeau de Bro sprang from."

"Who are immigrants?" was another, and the brilliant answer was, "People who ride as first-class passengers."

Speaking of the sun's rays, one candidate said, "When the sun's rays strike the earth, they stick right in."

### Monuments.

Haslett & Co., 663 Yonge street, Toronto, fill all orders in marble and granite monuments with neatness and despatch. Their designs are of the latest, and the material used is limestone and Canadian. Mr. S. Jasinski (whose name is familiar to many of our readers) supervises the setting up of all monuments executed by Haslett & Co.—which is saying, in other words, that the work is well and properly done.

## THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

The Catholics of Belfast informed the Dr. McElroy, Vicar-General, Dromore, Asst. Dr. McElroy, Vicar-General, Kilmore & Lakes & Benedictine Abbey in England-Scottish News

Astrum.

A report from Ballygawley says a most determined resistance was offered to the Sheriff's men and the Royal Irish Constabulary while making a seizure for the non payment of rent by a tenant named Thomas Giles, in the townland of Keady. In the conflict which ensued between the police and people three constables were badly injured, one had his rifle smashed. The bailiffs also received ugly wounds, and had to beat a hasty retreat.

A meeting was held in Belfast on July 24 in the premises formerly known as the Bull Hotel, Royal Avenue. The assembly, which included all the leading Catholics of the city, took place in response to the following circular:

123 Royal Avenue, Belfast,  
17th July, 1896.

DEAR SIR—You are specially requested to attend a meeting to be held in the Lecture Hall of the Catholic Club, 123 Royal Avenue (opposite the Free Library), on Saturday evening, 20th July, at 8 o'clock for the purpose of taking into consideration the advisability of establishing a central Catholic Club to decide what means should be adopted to carry this into effect.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,  
J. H. HENRY, D. D.  
Bishop of Down and Connor.

J. Burns, C.C., Non. Sec. (present).

The following resolution was proposed by Mr. John Hollywood, J. P., and seconded by M. P. J. Lyons, M. P. S.I., and passed unanimously:

That this meeting of representative Catholics of Belfast approves of the project to establish a Central Catholic Club on popular lines in the premises at 123 Royal Avenue.

ARMAGH

On July 21 the remains of the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, late Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, were removed from the old cemetery to the new one at a short distance from St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh. Some time ago a magnificent memorial cross, one of the finest in Ireland, was erected on a commanding site about the centre of the splendid new cemetery, in memory of the deceased primate, and at this spot the remains were re-interred. The suite of coffin in which the remains are enclosed was removed from the vault in the old cemetery at an early hour, and subsequently placed at the entrance of the old cemetery. As an evidence of the great esteem in which the deceased prelate was held, thousands of the parishioners visited the cemetery during the course of the day to look once more upon the coffin which enclosed the remains of the illustrious prelates they had loved so well. At 5 o'clock an imposing procession of the clergy was formed and headed by crossbearer and acolytes proceeded to the new cemetery. Immediately after the clergy came the hearse, followed by a vast concourse of people. Amongst those present was His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. On the way to the cemetery "The Misericere" was chanted. Having arrived at the cemetery the prayers for the dead were read by the Cardinal Archbishop, and the beautiful psalm, "Benedic," was sung by the choir of priests with the greatest solemnity and impressiveness. His Eminence Cardinal Logue having pronounced the final absolution, all sorrowfully withdrew, the procession returning to the cathedral in the same order, reciting the "De Profundis." During the removal the cathedral bell tolled solemnly at regular intervals. Magnificent and costly floral wreaths were sent by Miss Eliza McKeon, Ogle street, and Mrs. McMahon, Charlemont Arms Hotel.

CORK

The Most Rev. Dr. Conway, Bishop of Killala, was amongst the passengers who embarked at Queenstown on July 20, on board the R. M. steamer Lusitania. His Lordship, who is accompanied by his Vicar General, the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Hara, is going on a month's tour to the United States. He will visit the principal cities during his tour.

H.M.S. Resolution collided with H.M.S. Repulse, and made a hole in her side. The ships were cruising off Borehaven, and the Resolution was endeavouring to pick up the station in the life after having stopped to look after a man overboard when the accident happened. No lives were lost, and the damage is above the water-line of the Resolution, which lost some of her boats.

Derry.

A determined suicide was committed in Derry on July 24. An old man, whose name so far as can be ascertained is Thomas Stephens, stated to be a returned American (and who came to Derry by the City of Rome), applied for relief and obtained a ticket of admission to the Union. Some short time after he proceeded along the quay, and going into the hall of Messrs. Campbell's office he with the greatest deliberation gashed his throat across with a large blunt penknife.

Down.

On July 24 the funeral obsequies of the late Sister Mary Murphy, who

died at the Convent of Mercy, Warrenpoint, on Monday night, were observed in the Convent of Mercy, Canal street, Newry. The deceased lady, who was professed in 1865, was a native of Faughart, county Louth, and at the funeral her relatives were represented by her brother, Mr. J. Murphy, of that place.

BONCASTLE

A London telegram says Marquis of Donegal appeared to answer a summons at the instance of his wife, who claimed maintenance on the ground that the Marquis had wilfully neglected to provide for her.

BUBLIN

On July 26 a daring and most audacious burglary was committed in Grafton street by two private soldiers of the Durham Light Infantry stationed in Ship street. It appears that about one o'clock both the military men, whose names have not been aspired, kicked in a plate glass window, valued at about £7 10s., in the clothing establishment of 66 Grafton street, the property of Mr. Wm. L. Murphy, Charleville avenue, Rathmines.

The cream of Scotch and Irish athletes met at Ballybridge, Ireland, secured a brilliant victory. The "putting the shot," the 100 yards, the high jump, the "throwing the hammer," the 120 yards hurdle race, and the quarter mile all fell to our countrymen, who showed up in excellent form. The great race of the day, however, the mile, in which Mallon met Welsh, the Scotch champion, proved a victory for the latter. Welsh is a splendid runner, and undoubtedly won on his merits.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society, London, issued its list of awards for gallantry in saving life brought under its notice this month from various parts of the United Kingdom. Testimonials have been conferred on the following persons in Ireland—Joseph Fitzgerald, coachman to Mr. J. Wilson, of Derrylawin, Phoenix Park, Dublin, for a plucky act, whereby he recently saved Private Frank Murray, Army Service Corps, who it was shown, in order to make good his escape from the guardroom in the Royal Barracks and evade his pursuers plunged into Liffey. An army reserve man, George Mills, by trade now a tinsmith of Tullamore, gained the society's reward for his gallant act in the Grand Canal tunnel, when Lieut. Rice, while at play, fell into deep water.

Joseph Tohill, 30, described as a labourer, residing at No 8 Palmerston, Limerick, is awarded a testimonial for his bravery in the Shannon on 20th ult., when he saved Kate O'Brien, a girl of 12, of Fogarty's lane, who, while at play on the quay, fell in where the water is fully 15 feet deep. Another brave deed is that of Mr. Albert E. Cartleton, 31, head master of Preston School, who gained his reward for saving Wm. Turnbull, a lad of 12, of Glaskill, King's County. It appears that while several boys were bathing young Turnbull got out of his depth and was carried away by a strong current into a dangerous hole. Mr. John A. Boles, 28, income tax officer, of Enniskillen, gains the reward for his bravery at Bundoran on the 21st ult., when he saved Patrick McGowan, 24. A testimonial is also conferred upon Mrs. A. E. Atkinson, of Rosvarrow, county Down, for her brave act in the sea there recently when she saved her maid-servant.

GALWAY

The pretty village of Letterfrack, beautifully situated at the foot of the Diamond—that famous mountain of climbing tourists in Connemara—was in full, the occasion being the advent of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, on his triennial visitation of this distant portion of his extensive archdiocese. Not alone Letterfrack, but also other villages and the whole country round, was astir with pleasurable excitement, caused by the desire of the faithful people to do fitting honour to their beloved Archbishop.

St. Joseph's Industrial School, under the care of the Christian Brothers, was covered with bright coloured banners, streamers, and bunting, waving out a message of welcome, while every entrance was spanned by triumphal arches, bearing appropriate mottoes. His Grace was accompanied by Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Lord Bishop of Galway.

At Swinford three children of a shoemaker named Thomas Walsh, John, aged 11; Thomas, aged 8; and Sarah Anne, aged 6, died from picking unsound mushrooms or wild berries in Brabant Park.

His Grace the Most Reverend Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, who has been staying at the Presbytery, Oldfield, for the past ten days as the guest of the Very Rev. Canon Lyskey, was engaged in the beautiful new Catholic Church in examining in the Christian Doctrine and administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of nine hundred children and adults.

An estate situated at Carna, in Co. Galway, has been purchased by the Congested District Board. One of the lots includes the village of Carna, including the site of the Catholic church and the parochial house. The total amount of the purchase money was £6,590.

KERRY

A melancholy drowning accident occurred in the Lower Lake Killarney, off the island of Innisfallen, on July

26 soon after the regatta had been over. It would appear that a little after seven o'clock a crew of the Argo rowing club, with some others, proceeded for home in one of their racing boats. They were attracted to the island by some commotion that was going on there, and went ashore again. They found a young man named Michael Griffin in a squall with some parties, and much against his will, and also against the wish of some of the crew. Griffin was forced into the boat. When the boat was under way Griffin stood up in the bow, and George French, one of the crew, went up to him, and tried to make him sit down and to keep quiet. Griffin persisted in standing up, with the result that he and French fell overboard and were drowned almost instantaneously. A gallant effort was made to rescue the men by Mr. Joseph Beaumont, of Killarney, and Mr. Cronin, who swam out in their cloths.

KILKENNY

The solemn profession of two nuns took place at the Convent of Mercy, Athy on July 26. The young ladies who had the happiness of consecrating themselves to the service of God and of the poor were Miss A. Malone, daughter of Mr. James Malone, of Arrow House, Athy; and Miss L. A. Devereux, daughter of Mr. James Devereux, Tomloughgarden, county Wicklow.

KILMARNOCK

The good men and true of Shreve, county Kilkenny have just worthily celebrated the restoration to his farm, after five years on the roadside, of Simon Denne, whose dauntless courage, unselfish patriotism, and sturdy perseverance achieved a victory that ought to be an object lesson for the tenantry of Ireland. The proceedings which was graced by the presence of Canon Walsh—an old veteran in the cause—were not only enthusiastic but practical, and the meeting was amply successful.

KILMELTICK

There has lately passed away a venerable religious in the person of Rev. Brother John Bernard Barry, a native of county Limerick. He laboured many years in the great work of Catholic education in England, and was for a time director of the schools in Armagh.

KILMORE

At Monaghan Petty Sessions, John McConnell, a gamekeeper on the Castleshane estate, was summoned by James Conlan for threatening to shoot him on the 9th of July.

KILNABECK

Mrs. Margaret Hobbs, widow of Captain Thomas Hobbs, who was wounded at Quatre Bras on the day before Waterloo, and who completed the 102nd year of her age on Saturday, has received from the Queen's Privy Seal the following gratulatory message:

"Windsor Castle, 16th July, 1896.—Madam—I have had the honor to lay before the Queen a letter received from your grandson, Major Herbert Hobbs, in which he informs her Majesty of the touching fact that you have now reached your advanced age of 102 years, and also gives gratifying detail of service rendered by the late Captain Thomas Hobbs and ten other members of your family. I am commanded to convey to you the sincere congratulations of the Queen on this occasion of the 100th anniversary of your birthday, and to assure you of her Majesty's sympathy and the value of your long and useful life. I also convey to the Queen my hearty thanks for her Majesty's earnest hope that the military instinct which has been so marked in the past and present, may be equally developed in the future history of your family. Believe me, madam, yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR BRISE.

"To Mrs. Hobbs, Barnaby House, Frankford, Queen's County."

KILPATRICK

Clonmel Corporation is assuredly keeping pace with the times, for it has shown a remarkably progressive spirit of late years, since the popular representatives were put at the head of municipal affairs. They have carried out some very important and beneficial projects, such as the building of a new Town Hall, improving the streets of the town, splendid waterworks, acquiring the gas works, a new cemetery, extending the boundaries, and other minor matters, and now they have performed a grand work by floated the Corporation debt.

KILWESTON

Dr. J. R. Cardini, coroner for South Westford, held an inquest in Co. Westford Juxon touching the death of a prisoner named James Byrne, who committed suicide by cutting his stomach open with a piece of old iron, supposed to be an iron heel protector.

KILWYRE

The first English abbey of Benedictines founded in England since the Reformation has just been established by His Holiness the Pope, who has raised the Benedictine priory at Ramsgate to the dignity of an abbey, and has invested the prior, the Rev. Thos. Berg, with the title of Lord Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury.

KILYANNA

The lock and key of the historic Star Chamber were brought to the hammer at Christie's in the course of a sale in which several objects of interest were offered. They belonged to King Charles II., passing subsequently to the Duke of Ormond, and had not therefore been turned upon any of those delinquents of imprisonment, fines, or mutilation which resulted in the deprival of that Chamber's disciplinary powers in 1641.

KERRY

A melancholy drowning accident occurred in the Lower Lake Killarney, off the island of Innisfallen, on July

the apartments occupied by the tribunal stood on the eastern side of New Palace Yard, and are supposed to have been restored by Queen Elizabeth in 1602. After the fire of 1666, they were removed in great clearance sales in 1686, and the rich Tudor Gothic oak paneling and a handsome Renaissance chimney-piece were bought by Sir Edward Ostler, who took them to Leasowe Castle, Cheshire, where they decorate the dining-room.

SCOTLAND

Blair College, Aberdeen.

A very important ceremony took place on Thursday, viz., the laying of the foundation stone of a new wing to the great Scotch ecclesiastical institution Deseronto was widely recognized, but it was only with the advent of the Rathbun family that its natural facilities for trade, commerce and manufacturing enterprise, began to be utilized. The Messrs. Rathbun—an American family—form a company of lumber manufacturers, whose very name is a synonym for irreproachable honor, unflinching integrity and remarkable success, not alone throughout the wide expanse of the Dominion of Canada, but all over the neighboring republic as well. But perhaps the greatest achievement of the Messrs. Rathbun has been won in the field of religious toleration. A Protestant family of strong convictions themselves, they are practically, as well as theoretically, firm believers in the principles of civil and religious liberty; indeed so strongly is this trait illustrated, that I have met throughout the various ramifications of their extensive business, which cover a great part of a continent, many Catholics holding the highest positions of trust under them. Messrs. Joseph and Edmund Clairmont, of Gravenhurst, Mr. Callaghan, of Campbellford, Mr. Thomas Roche, of Gananoque, as well as others, whose names I cannot now recall, are very strongly in evidence in corroboration of the truth of my statements; and were he alive, the late lamented Mr. Tobias Butler, of Deseronto, would, I presume, endorse the assertion, that over any door controlled by the Rathbun family, the inscription "no Papist need apply" has never yet been seen. It is right to observe in this connection that these men whose names have been given, as well as many others who I regret to say are nameless, hold positions of trust and emolument, not because they are Catholics, but because they have been found, after good trial, to be thoroughly competent and trustworthy. Several months ago, certain worthless men of Deseronto, who had no employment to give to anybody themselves, and in all likelihood never will, conceived the idea that their earthly happiness would be best secured, and a safer and surer road found to Heaven, by the establishment in their midst of a branch of that anti-Christian, anti-social and unpatriotic combination—the P.P.A. society. Deeming it no crime that Catholics should socially ostracized, that they should be debarred from the legitimate use of their talents, and the honest scope of their aspirations, whilst calling upon them to contribute to the maintenance of the Government, to defend this country, which is their country it is assailed, and to discharge in a general way the various duties and functions which the responsibilities of citizenship imposes; these wicked men would make creeds and dogmas the standard of qualification for public and private employment! The P.P.A. baby, however, which was conceived in iniquity, came into the world in iniquity; but before the author of its being had time to deck it off in its infantile toggery, its young life was strangled, and now with a feeling of thankfulness that a lesson of religious toleration has been taught, and that the villainous machinations of impious men, who would cast a burning brand into the midst of a peaceful community have been frustrated, we exclaim with all our hearts Requiescat in Pace.

In literature one does well only what one has seen or suffered.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Dilute and Dibolinated Constitutions, Paramelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

The man who is a failure seldom claims to be a self-made man.

PARAMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Paramelee's Pills, and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

TOMMY: "I thought you couldn't talk, Mr. Staylate: "What made you think so, Tommy?" TOMMY: "Well, sister says she's been waiting all winter for you to say something."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that oil, and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children toothache. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

## ALONG THE BAY OF QUINTE.

FROM AN EVERLASTING PERSPECTIVE

Deseronto is most picturesquely situated on the Bay of Quinte, and directly facing one of the arms of this magnificent sheet of water, which stretches out as far south as Picton—a distance of sixteen miles. Half a century ago, when it contained but one house, and a primitive wharf made out of hewn logs, it went by the name of Culbertson's Landing, subsequently this was changed to Mill Point, and later on still, it received, with imposing ceremonies, the pretty name by which it is at present known on the map of the world.

At a very early period in the history of this section, the advantageous position of Deseronto was widely recognized, but it was only with the advent of the Rathbun family that its natural facilities for trade, commerce and manufacturing enterprise, began to be utilized. The Messrs. Rathbun—an American family—form a company of lumber manufacturers, whose very name is a synonym for irreproachable honor, unflinching integrity and remarkable success, not alone throughout the wide expanse of the Dominion of Canada, but all over the neighboring republic as well. But perhaps the king testimony borne to the character of that excellent man, and how deeply I sympathize with his afflicted widow and family in their terrible bereavement. I made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Butler over thirty years ago, since which time I have had occasional opportunities of renewing and strengthening our intimacy and I can safely say that it would be difficult to find a man who united in his person all those qualities which go to make up "the noblest work of God." Mr. Butler was a native of the county of Kilkenny, and belonged to the Ormond family—a clan which has played a brilliant and conspicuous figure in Irish history. I need not recount the splendid deeds of his renowned namesake, Sir "Toby Butler. Of the love of faith and of fatherland, set pre-eminently characteristic of Kilkenny men, Mr. Butler had his share. Loyal to the land of his birth, he was also loyal to the land of his adoption, loyal to his family, loyal to his employers, loyal to every principle which forms the good man and the good citizen, and in his death a most exemplary life has been cut short. Mr. Butler, who was in his sixty-fifth year, leaves a large family to mourn his loss.—R. I. P.

I cannot close this hurriedly-written and imperfect sketch without thanking Mr. James Meagher for valuable information given to me; also to Mr. John Marrigan, an old and respected resident of Deseronto, who, although four score years of age, can to-day run a footrace with any young man of my acquaintance.

characteristic liberality, by Mr. Rathbun, and as the zealous Father Hogan, is now hard at work in arranging preliminaries, we may confidently expect to see, in the not distant future, a church arise Ph.ix like from the ashes, which will be a credit to priest and people, as it will be an ornament to the town of Deseronto.

Looking over a recent issue of that excellent newspaper and fearless champion of popular rights—The Deseronto Tribune—I noticed a long and touching account of the death of my old friend, Mr. Tobias Butler. I need hardly say how fully I endorse the kind testimony borne to the character of that excellent man, and how deeply I sympathize with his afflicted widow and family in their terrible bereavement. I made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Butler over thirty years ago, since which time I have had occasional opportunities of renewing and strengthening our intimacy and I can safely say that it would be difficult to find a man who united in his person all those qualities which go to make up "the noblest work of God." Mr. Butler was a native of the county of Kilkenny, and belonged to the Ormond family—a clan which has played a brilliant and conspicuous figure in Irish history. I need not recount the splendid deeds of his renowned namesake, Sir "Toby Butler. Of the love of faith and of fatherland, set pre-eminently characteristic of Kilkenny men, Mr. Butler had his share. Loyal to the land of his birth, he was also loyal to the land of his adoption, loyal to his family, loyal to his employers, loyal to every principle which forms the good man and the good citizen, and in his death a most exemplary life has been cut short. Mr. Butler, who was in his sixty-fifth year, leaves a large family to mourn his loss.—R. I. P.

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## MAGAZINES.

## Review of Reviews.

The Review of Reviews for August, while largely given over to the issues of the Presidential campaign, finds space for the treatment of other important topics. Besides the character sketch of Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The Review has illustrated articles on Harriet Beecher Stowe and Dr. Barardino. Several months ago, certain worthless men of Deseronto, who had no employment to give to anybody themselves, and in all likelihood never will, conceived the idea that a lesson of religious toleration has been taught, and that the villainous machinations of impious men, who would cast a burning brand into the midst of a peaceful community have been frustrated, we exclaim with all our hearts Requiescat in Pace.

The Aug. 1896 issue of "Child Study in a Sunray School" by Mrs. B. E. Burke, the well-known lecturer on methods of teaching. The writer shows how the latest methods of child development as tested in the kindergarten and higher grades of primary schools may be successfully applied to Sunday school classes, and cites the Sunday school of Saint Paul's church, New York, to illustrate this successful application. The thoughts and aims of Sunday schools in the country should benefit by a study of this article.

## Donahoe's Magazine.

The Aug. 1896 issue of Donahoe's opens with a thoughtful and practical article on "Child Study in a Sunray School" by Mrs. B. E. Burke, the well-known lecturer on methods of teaching. The writer shows how the latest methods of child development as tested in the kindergarten and higher grades of primary schools may be successfully applied to Sunday school classes, and cites the Sunday school of Saint Paul's church, New York, to illustrate this successful application. The thoughts and aims of Sunday schools in the country should benefit by a study of this article.

## St. Nicholas.

The mid-summer holiday season is fully observed in the Aug. St. Nicholas. "An August Outing" is a full-page picture drawn by M. O. Kobbe, and I. W. Taber sets forth the Minot's "Little Dutchess and the Lion-Tamer." A Russian story by Fanny Locks MacKenzie, telling how a brave and quick-witted child saved the Czar from assassination. Ernest Ingolsi, in "The Tricks of Torpedo Boats," describes the night practice of those dangerous little craft when they are maneuvered against the great battle ships. Harry M. Lay shows the possibilities of "A Sand-Pile" in the way of furnishing subjects for realistic photographs.

## The Century.

The Aug. issue of The Century is the Mid-summer Holiday number, and appears in a distinctive cover. The opening paper, "An Island Without Death," by Miss E. R. Scidmore, the author of "Jinrikishi Days," gives an account of a visit to Miyakajima, a sacred island in the Island Sea, one of the three great sights of Japan. Marion Crawford contributes the fourth and last of her group of papers on Rome, the capital being the Vatican. The last fully illustrated with pictures by Casanova, including state sketches from life of Pope Leo XIII. There are four short stories; one of life in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, by Chester Bailey Fornald; one of a Minnesota frontier town, by Marion Mannville Pope; one of the Maine woods, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and one of the New Orleans Creoles, by Kate Chopin.

Some mystery, says a daily paper, seems to surround the room in which the poet Tasso died, in the old convent on the Janiculum. The room was closed after the centenary only, and re-opened last April. To the surprise of everyone the museum has been again closed, some say because the municipality desire to put the place in charge of a secular guardian, who, with his family, would reside in some rooms which belong to the Bambini Gesu Hospital; others declare that the real motive is to take the custody of the place out of the hands of the monks, whose Order have had charge of it for three hundred years, and who have always kept it in repair, etc., and guarded every souvenir of the great Christian poet with jealous care.

## SKYS'LS ON THE SKIFFS.

A STORY FOR BOYS IN THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

We were eight, Toronto boys; seven of us owned each a fourteen-foot skiff, all built on the same blocks by Old Richardson, and Rach Miller owned one of eighteen feet. Naturally we fell to disputing as to which of our boats could be sailed fastest. Soon we determined on a race. By way of a prize for the winner we contributed one dollar each. The total of eight dollars seemed great. In hope to attain such wealth, we all made earnest preparations.

For two weeks we were getting ready. Each owner was preparing topsails on the sly. The ordinary sail supplied with these boats was a single sprit sail, but we all carried two of these, a fore-sail and main-sail.

For the race I made two companions and a bowsprit of young hickory. I borrowed from my mother a stout linen sheet which took my fancy. As a sheet it appeared no more. It went into a jib-headed mastsail. One of the large twill cotton curtains that covered the harness in the coach house I cut up into a splendid foretop sail, while a second curtain seemed to be designed by its maker to furnish me with a jib.

Five sails on a fourteen foot skiff! Unless some one joined me in the boat for ballast, she must capsize with the weight of her spars and sails. But I did not wish to lose for want of "cracking it on."

When the race day arrived no one created surprise by producing topsails, but my bowsprit and jib drew forth some comment. Just before the race I tacked pieces of broad, thin canvas picture-backing from gunwale to gunwale, so that I had a light deck forward, extending back five feet from the bow.

When the gun fired on Saturday noon, we streamed off from Tinnings Wharf on a course for the gap at the eastern end of Toronto Bay. On the way I had to "come about" to avoid a passenger steamer, and in her swiftness the rudder became unhooked, so that at the gap buoy I rounded fourth, the first boat being a long distance ahead.

Hero Beaumont, who sailed with me, hoisted the big, square headed foretop-sail—a ticklish job for him. He was poised on the gunwale at the bow, and the chances of slipping overboard or through the picture backing deck were about equal.

I had not carried this sail till now, because it would not sit "by" the wind. As soon as Beaumont got it up, with jibard, sheet and tack hauled taut and made fast, the breeze began to freshen rapidly. On our next three-mile stretch to the Queen's Wharf buoy we had the wind nearly abeam, and the old harness-cover sail was pulling splendidly.

Beaumont was stretched along the weather gunwale, with one leg outside. While the flying water slapped into his face he held the foresheet with one hand, and with the other reached down to the lee side with a dinner and kept bailing out.

I was right behind him, keeping as near to the widest part of the boat as possible. I was steering by weight almost all together, shifting my weight according to my wish and let bow or stern rise and catch more wind and so change the boat's direction. A slight pull on the lee string of the rudder was a sufficient corrective after a heavy puff.

We saw Rach Miller jibe round the next buoy safely. We had gained on him. Then came Bob Morrison, and after him Lindsay, who, in jibing, carried away his mainmast. Beaumont and I knew he could easily swim ashore, so we howled with delight at seeing a rival.

But it was our turn now to jibe in the heavy seas that were here rolling from the outside lake. As my mainsail flapped over, the force in it carried away the stay at the mast's foot, and in a moment the sail was partly in the water. For an instant I thought our chances had vanished, but then I recollect that I had another step forward of the central roving seat.

Getting the mast between my knees and close in my arms, I managed to lift the mainsail and topsail upright and step the mast's foot again in the new place. It took all my strength, for the wind was full in the sails, and Beaumont cheered as we flew on after the leaders.

I don't know where the boats behind us were then. I never had time to look. I learned afterward that two capsized and one was driven ashore, while the eighth gave up.

Rach was ahead, also Morrison, and we were hauling on them fast when Morrison's capsized. As we rushed past to leeward of them, with all five sails bellingy and straining, we heard Bob call out: "You look like a bloom frigate!" It did not occur to us to stop to pick them up, nor did they expect it. They were holding to their capsized skiff and watching us with wonder.

That any of our fleet could get drowned was not in our reckoning; there were plenty of boats flying around and the land was within easy distance for good swimmers, as we all were.

Beaumont was having a hard time of it, hung out on the weather rail in the continuous drive of flying water, and bailing out as he lay there. He had to watch the foresail as a cat

watches a mouse, to slack off in the squalls to prevent capsizing, and then haul in so as to keep the lee gunwale above the water, and yet take care that the boat was driven at her highest pressure.

Miller's craft steered with a tiller, and Rach had to sit beside it. I suppose that was why we passed his bigger and longer skiff, for we both put the whole of our weight along the widest part of my gunwales, and thus got more power out of a smaller boat.

We passed him near the gap buoy, and on our return to the Queen's Wharf were every moment "touch and go" for a capsize. We had twice as much canvas set as we could let the wind fill. We just drove her through with half of each sail flapping, for there was no possibility of lowering the topsails without coming head to wind, and so letting Rach pass us.

Take about a balance of a bicycler or of bareback rider! If you ride the gunwales of a skiff with five sails set in a heavy breeze, you will learn a balance that has to be shifted just as you feel the boat requires it.

Our craft was tearing along like a mad thing, not taking time to ride the abrupt waves, but driving her low clean through them, and we thanked our stars for the impromptu deck of picture-backing, for if it threw most of the water off to leeward, and thus pre-vented the boat from filling.

At the Queen's Wharf buoy we had to again jibe in the lake waves, and here every sea was a breaker, for the water on the sand bar was only five feet deep where we crossed; but we took a long round and jibed safely, twisting in a hollow between waves, and then we flew for home.

On this course we were running "off" the wind, and I had to sit down and steer with both steering lines because she yawed so much in the sea-way. It is difficult to describe how she went. She would get her nose down under the pressure behind her and stay there, running like a sharp-nosed naval torpedo, half-submerged, all awash, and the water coming in on every side.

This was the danger—that we should fill before we passed the gun, and we had nearly two miles to run. Beaumont could not keep the water bailed. We were not so much heeled over as before, but the pressure seemed to sink her down so that great slopes of water came in on both sides.

I could not assist in the bailing, having hard work to steer with both hands, and I felt the water gradually stealing up round my legs as I sat in the bottom of the boat. Soon it was swashing from one end of the boat to the other, and covering my legs as it rushed aft.

As we neared the finishing line, I knew by the "feel" of the boat that she had not another minute to live. Just then a steamer passed to leeward of us, sending along a great swell that rolled into us bodily from the leeward side.

There was no help for it. The sail capsized us, of course, as soon as the wave filled the boat. As she lay submerged on her side, I hauled clear the mainmast out of her and shoved it away. Then I told Beaumont to stand on the little keel and right her. As he did so I caught at the forecastle while the foresail and foretopsail rose again in the air. Of course as the wind caught the sail she wanted to capsizes again, and we had to let her partly do so. But with the boom in the water, and with both of us near the stern trying our best to keep the sail in the air, the skiff "paid off" before the wind and dragged toward the finishing line. Sometimes she rolled down, and sometimes her bow sank so far that we almost lost control of her.

We had nearly a mile lead of Miller when we capsized. He was now coming down on us in a white smother of foam. We could hear him coming when we had only twenty feet to go. Then Beaumont gave her a pull at the bow to help that end to the surface, and as it did so we righted up the whole sail into the air.

It was blowing a white squall at the time, and the wind got into the old harness-curtain topsail and split it from stem to gudgeon, when—bang! went the gun. The last drive of wind had sent us across the line. Two seconds more and Rach passed us like a whirling, but too late.

We arrived in wrecked condition, but there was nothing in the rules to say that a boat should be on top of the water when she finished. Mine wasn't; but I got the prize all the same, and what I did with it may be remembered by my rivals of twenty-two years ago.

What they do in Germany.

Dutch peasants are proverbially stolid and slow but they are quick enough to grasp new ideas for increasing their comfort. For years they have used wooden sabots for footwear on account of their lightness and warmth; and now they have stockings made of a yarn which is spun out of pure wood fibre; and their coats and vests are interlined with Fibre Chambois, which is nothing more, or less than a wooden cloth, made as it is entirely from Spruce Fibre. These same stolid peasants realize thoroughly the non-conducting properties of the wood and avail themselves of the expansive warmth it provides. Fibre Chambois has a world wide reputation.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lung. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon quieted, tightness of the chest is relieved, and the worst case of consumption is relieved, whilst in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principal virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

What Priests Have Done.  
To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

Sir—In the issue of July 1st I see an article which asks: "What Says Promised Hardy?" I trust you will allow me, your most humble servant, to say a few words regarding the statement made by Mr. John Anderson, Registrar of West Wellington, Ont. As a soldier who served 17 years in India I must bring to notice the services of not only one or two, but hundreds of Roman Catholic priests who have not only served their Church but who on the field of battle were foremost in the fight assisting the dying and the sick, and even carrying the regiments colors when officers were unable to do so.

Under St. James Outram, Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Henry Lawrence, I can give the facts in my own knowledge. During the mutiny of 1857-'9, and when a more destructive calamity befell our troops with cholera, for instance in Peshawar in 1877 when the Hon. Mr. Drummond's lady was taken ill. She sent for the English chaplain. He could not go. He said he had a wife and a large family. He said to the orderly to tell the priest who had no family. But the priest was not there at the time; he was attending the sick up on the hills at a place called Herat. He was telegraphed for and came down, and he attended the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, who got well of the cholera. What was the upshot? Why Mr. Sharp, the English clergyman, lost his cloth and was sent to England. The Right Rev. Father Antonius got the thanks of Lord Napier, of Magdala, and was presented with the Victoria Cross by Sir William Maxwell. He was not the only one. There were the Rev. Fathers Prendergast, Michael Angelo and several others, who were looking for either "Dogue" or Oran, mon. Their duty was to their God and to their fellowmen. Mr. Anderson never mixed with the "Dogue" priests, as he calls them, or he would not have made the statement he is reported to have made on the 1<sup>st</sup> of July. He states that the delight of the priest is cushioned enjoyment, or in secret plotting which did not endanger his own life. It is known during the whole of the Indian Mutiny they proved themselves soldiers in the field as well as soldiers of the Cross. What were Fathers Kelly, Walsh and Alphonse? They were awarded medals by Her Majesty for their unsparing bravery in the field, and their attention to the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Now I would like Mr. Anderson to tell who, in the whole course of the Mutiny, did more ministering to the claims of the God of love. Even at Camperdown during the massacre, did not our valiant General Wheeler the most valuable assistance in getting the greater number of the women and children out of the bazooka at night at the risk of their own lives? Then Mr. Anderson wants to know if they have ever done anything in battle? What did General Sir F. Roberts say to them after his march to Candahar? He called them in front of the army and thanked them for their services to the men on the march.

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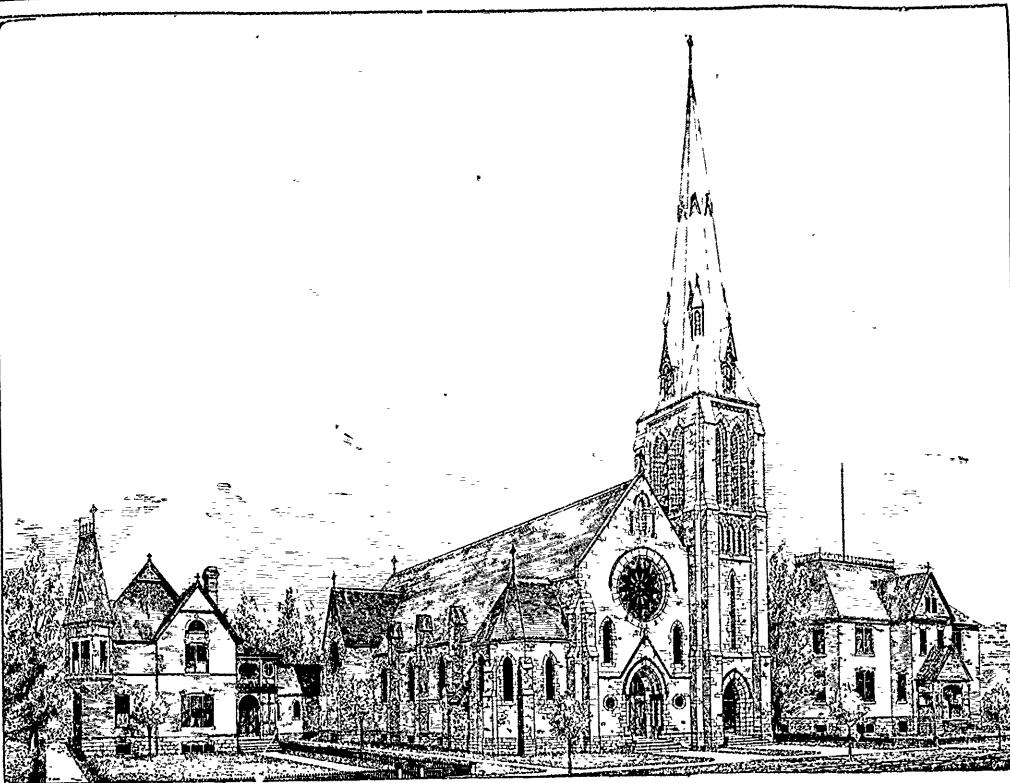
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ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, NIAGARA FALLS.

POST &amp; HOLMES, ARCHITECTS.

abstinence association which had done much good. The next good move was the running of the Saturday evening people's concerts, which continued every winter until the past one, when he was absent in America. In 1870 Father Nugent personally conducted thirty or forty young emigrants to Canada, where they soon made homes for themselves. In 1880, when distress bordering on famine afflicted the peasants in the West of Ireland, he was instrumental in sending about 800 persons from Galway to Minnesota, where he had homes provided for them. And the last great work of his was the founding and opening of the Women's Shelter in Bevington-bush. That work, necessary as it may have been in itself, was rendered doubly necessary by the movement—the crusade, as it was called—against houses that were kept for immoral purposes. Father Nugent felt that if the unfortunate women were driven from their haunts and homes into the streets, they should find shelter somewhere, and so with wise and far-seeing charity he opened the shelter at Bevington-bush, which ever since received general support (hear, hear). Now these works in themselves formed a noble monument to Father Nugent (hear, hear). He had raised from the streets and taken by the hand the fallen and the friendless, and rescued them from sorrow and suffering. All this and many other charitable acts would be remembered when he had passed away; but it was the desire of those now present to show that the citizens of Liverpool were not ungrateful for such philanthropic labors (applause).

In the assemblage which listened to Earl Derby Catholics, Protestants, Unitarians and Jews were included. All applauded the labors of Mgr. Nugent's life and the sentiments to which the Lord Mayor gave utterance. Such a scene is an event of no little significance. In the case of Mgr. Nugent it is especially significant, not the least among the good works performed by him being the promotion of kindly feeling between people of different religious denominations. It is not too much to suppose that some share of the enthusiasm Liverpool is now putting forward in his honor is the fruit of his own exertions against sectarian ill-feeling.

#### After Thoughts About the Encyclical.

The London Spectator is one of the most respectable organs of English Conservative opinion. To compare great things with small we take the liberty of contrasting its treatment of the Pope's Encyclical with the criticisms of The Toronto Week, which pretends to serve the same class of readers in Canada. The article in The Week we noticed the other day. Its vulgar sectarianism it did not even attempt to veil. Of course its editor was utterly incapable either of judging the contents of the Encyclical or measuring its probable effect upon Anglican opinion. One turns with some relief to the views of an intelligent paper. The Spectator says:

"We greatly doubt whether, from the point of view of the Papacy and of Cardinal Vaughan, the emphatic restatement at the present moment of a truth

known to all students of theology is even injurious. There are minds, no doubt, in England which will be disappointed by the Pope's proud utterance, minds which are filled with the modern passion for compromise, which cannot rid themselves of the hope that the Papacy will concede something, will declare that two make three and ninety-nine hundredths, and that then there will be a restoration of visible unity and a coasing of varieties of faith. We do not believe those minds are numerous, but still they exist, and they may be driven by the Pope's trenchancy into a sharp recoil, which will take them further from perfect submissiveness than ever. But there must be many more minds in which any fresh perception of the unchangeableness of the Roman Church, of its unbroken continuity, of the laughtiness with which it disregards not only opinion but its own apparent interests, will develop admiration, and with admiration love, and with love belief in the institution loved. Only the possession of truth, they will say, could give the Church such impenetrability to modern ideas, such scorn for all that seems powerful outside herself, such profound confidence in herself and her own permanent teaching. The English minds that long for Rome are usually tired of their own fluctuating judgments, and longing to be guided by some permanent and final authority, and here is the authority assuring itself, unfearing, unhesitating, as incapable of doubt as it claims to be of error, calmly demanding the one thing, submission, which those minds have hitherto refused."

Here we have a correct description of the soil in which the words of Pope Leo are destined to bear fruit. "The English minds that long for Rome are tired of their own fluctuating judgments." Here they have the authority that does not fluctuate that is "as incapable of doubt as it claims to be of error." Religious minded men who recognize the necessity for authority, see that if it ever existed in the English Establishment, or any other branch of Protestantism, it is to-day a mere figment. Again The Spectator says:

"Protestants always believe that Rome, which is often wise and always patient, looking back as she does through centuries in which she has survived all things, is also always crafty, that she would suppress her distinctive doctrines to gain a new people, and re-word her pretensions if thereby she could secure some temporary advantage. They suspect the Roman Church, in fact, of an habitual use of 'policy,' hardly to be distinguished from habitual readiness to deceive. Where in this Encyclical is there a trace of that readiness to trick?

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The submission of Great Britain to the Papacy would be the greatest triumph ever secured by the Church since Constantine made Christianity the legal creed of the world," would not only render to her the most vigorous and aggressive of all modern peoples, but would give her free entrance into, and indeed a dominating influence over countries which contain a fifth of the population of the globe, countries which Rome does not forget, but, on the contrary, eagerly tries to influence and convert. The Pope's word would be felt in Delhi and Uganda almost as strongly as in London or New Zealand.

The Pope, who is a great diplomatist, knows well that Popery is even more offensive to the English than Roman Catholicism, that, as Dr. Croighton told us, the English mind almost instinctively resists influence from outside, that the island rejects his claim to jurisdiction with a sort of passion; and it is while approaching men of this type, while desiring to convert this depot of power, that he put forward, in language so lucid that it has an undesigned effect of laudator, the very doctrine which all others will be most fatal to his hopes, so puts it forward that there is hardly a Board school child who could mistake his meaning, or doubt that he claimed a divinely-borrowed commission to interfere in England in matters of faith and morals and ecclesiastical discipline at his own will. If that is tricky, where is directness?"

We have seen Catholic writers upon the Encyclical who wove into their praise of its terms a suggestion of diplomacy. They may consider themselves rebuked by this candid Protestant journal.

#### England and Ireland and the Education Grant.

The Imperial Government has not only been enormously overtaxing Ireland, but it has been denying the Irish National Schools the full amount of the fee grant they are entitled to receive. The latter question was discussed last week in the House of Commons and the Government fully admitted the stipulation. A few facts place the matter in a clear light. The English Education Act was passed in 1891. The Irish Education Act was passed in 1892. The question of the fee grant between the two countries was dealt with on this principle: that Ireland should receive 9-80ths of whatever sum England got. But not a year has passed that England did not get a large school grant included in the supplemental estimates; and in these supplemental sums Ireland has so far had no share. In this manner "the weaker partner" has been deprived altogether of £72,477. The Government admits all this after it has been discovered, and by the way, the discovery was made in Ireland by the Archbishop of Dublin. But it could not have been news to the Treasury Department.

Brought face to face with the fraud in the House of Commons Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made the following statement:

"The grants Ireland received during the years from 1892 to 1893 were the grants which . . . were asked for by the National Board. They were . . . not what the National Board might have asked for at the time, and what probably would have been given if they had been asked for.

This means that Ireland might have had the actual amount of her fee grant for the asking; but because she did not ask she did not receive. She asks now too late to be refunded the arrears; but the error will be rectified in the future. In other words the Treasury officials are blunderers; and because their blunders were not pointed out to them before they were known they cannot be rectified after they have been committed. To this logic the Archbishop of Dublin makes the very practical reply,

through the columns of The Freeman's Journal, that the money is rightly due to Ireland, that it has not yet been paid, and that there is no getting over these two facts.

The Archbishop corrects the Chancellor of the Exchequer in another most important particular. He points out that the full amount of the grant was applied for in the year 1894-5 and the application was rejected. On three distinct occasions the claim was put forward by the Commissioners of National Education and was often refused. The official correspondence is referred to in evidence by the Archbishop:

And, after all this, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in endeavoring to explain why Ireland did not get the benefit of the proportionate principle in 1894-5, now informs the House of Commons that it was because the money in question was not asked for by the Commissioners of National Education?

So that the blunders of the Treasury Department were pointed out two years ago and still were not corrected. Whatever ground of refusal the Chancellor stood upon in the year 1894-5 he declared that he had finally abandoned it in respect to the year 1895-6, according to his own statement in the House as follows:

When the present Government came into office they carefully examined this matter in the light of what had happened in the past, and they were completely satisfied that the course which had been followed was not one in their judgment that was proper and right. They therefore decided, in the first place, to give to Ireland as much as anybody had ever claimed for the year 1895-6.

Here we have theraud fully acknowledged as far as the past is concerned, although restitution is denied. But the Archbishop corrects the Chancellor, and offers incontrovertible evidence to the effect that the Treasury refused to alter the old policy towards Ireland in respect to the year 1895-6. He publishes the correspondence to show that up to the end of the financial year 1895-6 the proper vote was rejected by the Treasury officials. The portion withheld, £3,875, was, however, put into the estimates now under discussion in the House of Commons, which is plainly a case of applying the grant to next year and refusing it for the financial year 1895-6.

This certainly looks like a deliberate attempt to maintain the fraud as long as possible by foundationless statements. After five years the proper vote is now proposed to be given for the first time; but as the Archbishop points out: The claim of Ireland to receive the full proportionate grant for 1892-3, 1893-4, 1894-5 and 1895-6 is in every respect identical with the grant now under discussion.

#### Registrar Anderson's Speech.

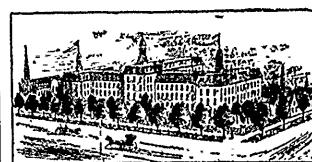
From The Dufferin Post—Our report of the Twelfth of July speeches in Orangeville was substantially correct, and we may say that several who heard the speeches have complimented us on the surprising nature of our account. There was only a bare epitome of Register's Anderson's remarks, but what was printed was absolutely devoid of the slightest misrepresentation. The Post prides itself on the fulness and accuracy of its reports of interesting public meetings, and this is the first time that it has been even hinted that we were guilty of inaccurate reporting.

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## FARM AND GARDEN.

That cutworms should climb trees and commit their depredations by cutting the young, tender shoots in much the same manner as is done by the common and better known kinds that eat the stems of the young corn and other plants on the surface of the ground, is a matter of surprise to the farmer not well informed as to the habits of this class of insects. And yet there are no less than an even dozen of species that have this habit. It will be interesting to give the list in full as follows: The yellow-headed cutworm, the variegated cutworm, the dark-sided cutworm, the white cutworm, the well-marked cutworm, the black-lined cutworm, the mottled-gray cutworm, the white spotted cutworm, the speckled cutworm, the red cutworm, dingy cutworm, and the spotted-legged cutworm. These are placed in the order of their discovery, beginning in 1852 with the first, which was first described by Harris in his "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," up to the last, which was found by Prof. Slingerland in Western New York in the present year.

The white and the speckled are the most destructive, they having been most injurious in the peach orchards of Michigan and New York, but, curiously, the white variety does nearly the whole mischief in New York, while the speckled kind works almost exclusively in Michigan.

The first discovery of these insects was made in 1851, in Massachusetts, when in the night, thousands of smooth, naked caterpillars came out of the ground and crawled up the trees, devouring the leaves and returning to the ground before day the next morning. Next year the first in the list was found cutting the young shoots of garden shrubs and small trees. In 1866 the next discovery was made of three different kinds destroying the foliage of grape vines and fruit trees, and an unrecognized species began to work on the vineyards in California. Every year since there have been additions to the list; the new kinds have come no one knows whence, and a serious increase in numbers by which the safety of orchards, vineyards, and shade trees has become threatened has been noticed in widely separated localities.

These worms prefer a light soil, as indeed, do all kinds of cutworms. They do not attack the trees, where there is ample food on the ground in the form of grass, grain, or succulent herbs. Nor do they attack trees or vines unless the weeds have been destroyed by clean cultivation. It is quite possible, as it seems, that the attention given to more thorough culture of fruit trees and shrubs or vines, has forced these insects to seek food from some new sources, and hunger has impelled them to climb trees to find subsistence which is no longer to be found on the level ground. May it not be that the whole race might take to this climbing habit were the land no longer cultivated under their present food plants? It is doubtless an instance of how insects, and animals as well, may change their habits to suit new environments, occurring by reason of new condition of culture of the soil.

Thus, when clean culture drives these worms in search of food, they will climb to the top of the highest trees, and feed on the tenderest leaves. The young cottonwoods and all other trees in the West are attacked, and in Missouri the fine trees so common in the blue-grass pastures are often stripped of their buds and leaves; fruit trees in gardens, too, are attacked, so that it may be doubted to some extent if starvation drives the worms to new sources of food altogether, and the habit may be natural to them, after all. This being so, and also that all the most valued garden shrubs and small fruits are subject to injury, it becomes a serious matter to be considered.

The florists, too, are not spared among the victims. The flowering bedding plants are defoliated, and the valuable blossoms and buds are ruined during a single night. Sometimes the worms gain access to the greenhouses, and there carry on their injurious business, and the forced blooms or fruits that have cost so much to grow are at times suddenly destroyed. One gardener, finding his valued carnation and chrysanthemum blossoms cut off in the night, procured a large number of mouse traps, suspecting the innocent mice; but later experience proved that it was the work of some of these insects.

Some painstaking investigations undertaken by Prof. Slingerland of the Cornell (N. Y.) Experiment Station resulted in the discovery of the methods of work of these worms. By the aid of a lantern, they were seen coming out of the loose, sandy soil near the trees, and crawling into the branches, where they began to eat the buds. By 10 o'clock most of the worms seemed to be at work, and many still remained on the trees until daylight. The worms leave the trees by dropping to the ground, when they bury themselves in the soil near the base of the trees, usually at the depth of an inch.

It is a fact that lately a large consignment of billiard tables left London for Bulawayo. They seem to be getting on the spot out there. A few cannons will come in pretty useful,

## FIRESIDE FUN.

As a general thing, the less you have to say, the more people you can get to listen to you.

A.: "Is that really true?" B.: "My dear fellow, I always tell the truth; but this is an absolute fact."

Author: "Why do you depict her with court plaster on her cheek?" Artist: "Why, in the last chapter her face fell, didn't it?"

Fangle: "Why do you let your office boy smoke cigarettes?" Cumbo: "Well, he can't whistle when he's got one of 'em in his mouth."

Her father: "Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir?" Suitor: "Well, she said you were always a very generous parent."

Disappointed Guest: "I thought you said there was an extensive view from your hotel?" Disappointing Landlord: "Well, you can see the moon, can't you?"

Hox: "Egley's pretty well fixed, isn't he?" Joe: "Well, he is making more money than he can spend." "You don't say?" "Yes; he's a coiner in the mint."

"He's a mighty unlucky man." "In what way?" "Well, he married to get out of a boarding-house." "Yes?" "And now his wife runs one to support him."

Mrs. S.: Did you say in the hearing of my little girl that I was a great, rusty old?" No, my dear Mrs. J., I only said that you were a great aristocrat."

Yeast: "I heard that Smith said he would trust me with his pocket-book. What do you think of that?" Crimsonbeak: "I don't think there's anything in it."

"Why does old McGlory object to his daughter marrying young De Clercq?" Is he afraid he won't keep her in the style she has been accustomed to?" "No; he's afraid he will."

"Your husbandainted this house this spring himself, didn't he?" "Well, yes, I suppose he got some of the paint on the house, but you wouldn't think so if you could see his clothes."

Guest: "How is this? My bill this time is \$12 a week and last December I had the same room and it was only \$10 a week." Clerk: "Yes, I know; but the days are much longer now."

"I found a good bargain in men's shoes to day," said Jenkins, after he had picked everything on the supertable to pieces. "You have had better luck than I ever had," retorted his wife.

"I had a narrow escape from a woman foot-pad." "Indeed?" "Yes; but in the end I scared her worse than she scared me." "How did you do it?" "Told her that her hat wasn't on straight."

"You are the only physician of all I've consulted who hasn't advised me to go to Switzerland," said the fair patient. "They can afford it. They've more patients than I have," replied the doctor.

Ryder: "Why don't you buy a wheel? You'd be well in a month if you rode." Ailer: "I know it, but I can't afford it. It'll take all the money I have to pay my doctor's bills during the summer."

"Do you use condensed milk?" asked the neighbour of Mrs. Eastside. "Yes," she replied. "I think the milkman must condense it. If he didn't, I don't see how on earth he could get so much water in it."

A Michigan editor received some notes long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

Musical Party (alluding to the band): "...and—or—what march do you consider the most effective, sir?" P. C. Cornett (absently): "March—uh—ha! oh! decidedly the frog's march!"

Cora: "I'll never speak to Florence again. I was sure I'd be one of her bridesmaids." Merritt: "You shouldn't feel offended about that, my dear. You know a girl never chooses a bridesmaid who is prettier than herself."

School Teacher (endeavouring to explain the meaning of the word "harness" to a small boy): "What does your father put on the horse?" The Small Boy (his face brightening): "E' pote on all his can if he thinks it'll win."

An Oklahoma editor express his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Gus Bradley, for which we will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

"Do you want a boy here?" "Yes." "What kind?" "A nice boy, that doesn't swear or say naughty words, or smoke cigarettes, or play tricks, or get into mischief, or—"

"That's enough, mister. I guess it's a girl you want. Good-bye."

## DOMESTIC READING.

God's delays are not God's denials. Neutrality is selfishness.—Margaret Cox.

No man rules safely but he that is willingly ruled.

Handsome is that handsome does. —Goldsmith.

Dignify your profession, and it will command respect.

Want of desires is the greatest riches.—Seneca.

A conscientious man never loses sight of his obligations.

No man speaks safely but he that holds his peace willingly.

We are solemnly obliged to the children of those who have loved us.

The religion of little kindnesses is one that produces excellent fruits.

Neutrality, as a lasting principle, is a source of weakness.—Kosciusko.

Grieving over our imperfect prayers is a prayer in itself.—St. Augustine.

The well-subduced may subdue others, one's self, indeed is hard to tame.

Success in life consists largely in finding out early in life what you can't do.

"One soweth and another reapeth" is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

The heart cannot possibly remain neutral, but takes part one way or the other.

Happy are they that hear their directions, and can put them to mend our ways.—Shakespeare.

When one is attempting noble things, it is surely noble to suffer whatever it may befall us to suffer.

One of the beautiful traits of nobility is not to fly from poverty.—Edmond and Jules de Goncourt.

True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil than flowers are marred by timely rain.

Careful thinking is an essential of enduring goodness; we should strive to be accurate as well as eager.

There are historians of great things so small that they make one think of oysters testifying to the Deluge.

The middle way is the safest to follow, because there is found that even proportion which in itself is a virtue.—St. Bernard.

There is an immense profoundness of thought in commonplace phrases. They are holes dug by generations of ants.—Charles Baudelaire.

Store our memories with a sense of injuries in to fill that chest with rusty iron which was meant for refined gold.—W. Secker.

I had a narrow escape from a woman foot-pad." "Indeed?" "Yes; but in the end I scared her worse than she scared me." "How did you do it?" "Told her that her hat wasn't on straight."

You are the only physician of all I've consulted who hasn't advised me to go to Switzerland," said the fair patient. "They can afford it. They've more patients than I have," replied the doctor.

"A good man who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness is something to love and something to hope for."

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children, as well as the sins of the fathers.—Charles Dickens.

Never hold anyone by the button or by the hand to be heard out, for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.

In gauging the moral character and determining the true manhood of any man, there is no single test better than his attitude towards, and treatment of, the women who enter into his life.

Happiness depends on the taste, and not on the thing; and it is by having what we like that we are made happy, and not by having what others consider likable.—La Rochefoucauld.

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## Chats With the Children.

—N.Y. H.T.—

Tom, I really think, began it.

Though I was bad as ho.

We were hot, and it was raining.

And we need entertaining.

Stayin' in the house, you see.

Tom began to tease his sister.

She's a scarce little thing.

He'd bought a woolly spider.

Dropped it on the floor beside her.

How we laughed to see her spring!

When Miss Mary wasn't looking.

We ate apples, talked and played,

Tonight pictures when to shoudt,

And I laughted a laugh 1—I couldn't

Help it—at the things he made.

Round Miss Mary's desk at recess

We went peepin', just for recess.

Spit-pid her little cluck from running.

Split the ink, and broke the canning

1 ap'er-knife—her favorite one.

All at once, then we felt sorry.

Sort of shamed, you, know, and small,

Something seemed to prick us queerly,

And to say to us quite clearly,

We must tell Miss Mary all.

Hand in hand we went and told her,

Promised, as we went away,

While she smiled as sweet as ever.

We would never, never, never,

Have another naughty day.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A BEAR PHOTOGRAPHED HIMSELF.

The desire to obtain photographs of wild animals in natural and characteristic attitudes has suggested to an amateur photographer, Mr. George Shiras, an apparatus which he has made use of during a trip to the West. It is described by the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

The device is very simple, but ingenious. A camera is so pre-arranged that the pulling of the string operates the shutter which exposes the plate, and at the same time strikes a match which sets off a magnesium flashlight cartridge. Behind this light is placed a mirror, which throws the full glare of the flash upon a certain spot in front of the camera.

In the woods are paths that are followed by bear, elk and deer going to the water-courses to drink before daybreak, and again in the evening. One of these paths Mr. Shiras set up his camera and stretched across the path a string connected with the spring-shutter discharge. Then he left it for the night.

It was not long before a bear, passing that way, stumbled over the string, and upon the instant was astonished to find himself apparently in the centre of a flash of lightning. And the next morning, when the amateur photographer came to his camera, with quite as much interest as a trap-door could visit his traps, he was delighted to find that it had been sprung, and afterward to find a good image of a bear on the plate.

The middle way is the safest to follow, because there is found that even proportion which in itself is a virtue.—St. Bernard.

In a leopard hunt in Africa.

Started out hunting at five o'clock. Came upon a small herd of mswala, followed them carefully, but could not get near enough to have a shot. After an hour I found that I was not alone in being interested in the mswala. A leopard had stopped in between me and the game. When I first saw her she was crouched like a cat. Then she moved stealthily into some thick bushes, and crept rapidly toward the buck. For about a quarter of a mile she moved steadily and quickly toward the game. I was then within a short distance of them, and could faintly hear the creatures in among a clump of trees. I was thinking how best to stalk and get a shot, when the leopard again appeared about eight yards from me and close to the mswala. She had cleverly crept to windward, and was now almost within striking distance. She crouched and moved her head slowly from side to side in order more clearly to see her game. To get a better view she slowly raised her head and sat on her haunches. Then she took a still better view by putting her front paws on a log, which raised her two or three inches higher. Then she showed her head and shoulders above the grass, and I succeeded in putting Snider bullet through her. She was six feet in length. It is a very rare thing to see a leopard at all, and most unusual to see them in the daytime. The natives were delighted. I find the killing of the leopard raises me to a heroic plane, while, as a matter of fact, the mere killing of the beast was as easy as the shooting of a retriever dog.

—From the Diary of the late E. J. Glave in the August Century.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE GAME OF HURLING.

In this age of cynicism and disbelief in everything it is not to be supposed that the historic evidence that the game of hurling was played in Ireland in a very remote period will be accepted.

We know, however, upon unquestionable authority that in the year of the world "3370," at the fair of Taitlin, or Talltown, established in memory of his foster-mother, by King Lugh Lamphada, it was, with other games played, and that it so continued to be played down to the time of Roderic O'Connor (1189), Ireland's last king.

This fair was annually held on August 1, from which circumstance the month is called in Irish, Lugh-nasadh, or Lugh's Fair. These celebration were held in the year 1770, and also in the year 1820; but owing to some disorder, local magistrates had in the latter year to intercede and suppress part of the proceedings.

A victory over self, is, after all, a trying victory, and one that has in it little of compensating glory beyond the approval of conscience; and yet there is no more poignant suffering than that which is self-imposed, and no more noble victory than that of the closer, where the dominion of some brooding, mortal fancy is fought and cast aside.

Courage mounted with occasion.

There is a certain spur in the hand-to-hand fight with real trouble. An ambition for victory over adverse fortune nerves the arm and dashes the water from the eyes; but by what trumpet call can one summon courage to his side when there is no "occasion"?

"E' pote on all his can if he thinks it'll win."

An Oklahoma editor express his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Gus Bradley, for which we will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

"Do you want a boy here?" "Yes." "What kind?" "A nice boy, that doesn't swear or say naughty words, or smoke cigarettes, or play tricks, or get into mischief, or—"

"That's enough, mister. I guess it's a girl you want. Good-bye."

Another evidence of antiquity is afforded us by the will of Cahir Mor, a king

of Ireland in the 2nd century, as providential as national, who, desirous of promoting and preserving so excellent a game, bequeathed to one Ormathin fifty cartwains or hurleys and as many hurling balls of brass.

We have also handed down to us graphic descriptions of some ancient hurling matches. In the reign of Cormac Mac Art, son of Conn the Hundred Battles, High King of Ireland, a great gathering of the beauty and valour of the nation assembled at Tara to witness a hurling contest between the Tuatha de Dananns on the one side, and Finn MacOool and his followers on the other. We are told that when the ball was brought into the middle of the field and struck into the air, so great was the energy and skill of the players that it was not allowed to touch the ground for more than an hour. Although Finn and his followers were successful, it led to an estrangement between himself and the High King, which ended in the eventful destruction of the Fenians.

Before the London builder had become omnivorous enough to appropriate all our open spaces parties of Irishmen, in the year 1776, might be seen in the fields at the back of the British Museum enjoying their national game.

In the year 1790, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in the reign of King George III, issued a proclamation forbidding the playing of the game of hurling in the fields, and the use of the ball, and the sticks used in playing it.

It was just one laugh.

Picture her! Isn't her face just made for it?

Crinkled and curved for the laughing fit.

Could she be solemn, do you think, if paid for it?

Devil a bit!

I was fancy the dimples her cheeks imprinting.

And see the mouth corners upward run;

I can catch her eyes with the frolic clutching.

Brimful of fun.

She must be pretty to laugh so prettily—

Such a laugh couldn't belong to a trump!

Humorous, too, to see things witty—

Probable plump!

There—now she's off again! Peal upon peal of it!

Clear as a carillon, soft as a bell!

Why, it's infectious! I'm catching the feel of it!

Chuckling as well!

What—was I dreaming? That musical melody!

to hear you speak of your future in this thoughtless strain. Life is too fleeting to have it squandered as you describe."

" You are nothing short of being a nun!" he exclaimed half pettishly.

" But here we are at the island of Molana, and we haven't eaten a morsel all day. Here, give us the prog;" and he moored the boat to a stout stone jar.

#### CHAPTER II.

Having partaken of luncheon Miss Fitzgerald and her companion wandered through the now crumbling ruin, built by St. Molane in the sixth century.

As yet there had been no formal betrothal between the two. They had been playmates together. She had passed her childhood at a French convent and for many years had been an inmate of Magdalen College, Oxford.

When our story opens she was aged twenty-one, and he twenty-five.

No doubt he possessed talents above the average, and the coming examination was to prove to the world that the Celt is born to excel in whatever line of life he adopts.

Gerald O'Neill's spirits rose at the golden prospects before him, and when an invitation to pass Christmas at Listerling House came in Mary's handwriting, his cup of pleasure overflowed. At once he accepted, and throwing his valise into the night mail from London to Hollyhead, he found himself in a few hours crossing "the silver streak" which separates England and Ireland.

Miss Fitzgerald welcomed her old playmate.

Women are better diplomats than men, and she felt able to conceal her admiration with feminine tact; but when it came to Gerald's turn, he cast aside formality, and holding her out at arm's length exclaimed—

" By Jove, Mary, you have grown up a beauty."

Over Molana's green sward they wandered that December day, and in the abbey cloister visited the tomb of Raymond le Gros, Strongbow's sturdy lieutenant and brother-in-law.

" Few men have lived a stormier life, and one could almost imagine that the lull and quiet are pleasing to him," mused Gerald O'Neill.

" I trust his fiery spirit has long ago found rest," answered Miss Fitzgerald, reverently.

" Before his death he founded the Abbey of Rhineorow, hard by, and this noble act, joined to the Requiem of the Monks of Molana, has surely won him an eternal reward."

" Pshaw," was on her companion's lips, but he suppressed it.

" You foolish child!" he exclaimed, " do you believe in a man's soul after death? I believe when the blow comes we die off like flies, and nothing remains to merit reward or punishment."

To say that Miss Fitzgerald was shocked would but faintly express her feelings. She stood like one dazed— paralyzed.

" Unsay that, Gerald," were the words she could command. " You have betrayed rank infidelity in what you have just remarked."

His defiant bearing fairly frightened her.

" Never," he answered. " These are my tones, and the sooner my friends learn them, the better. What does it matter to you if you pursue your belief and I mine?"

" Alas, have none," was all she could say, and leaning against the Norman knight's tomb, she wept bitterly.

Gerald was startled at the sudden change in her demeanor.

" Molly, darling, keep quiet," he murmured soothingly. " I didn't mean to vex you. Don't dwell on my foolish speech. Twilladden your face before the Christmas festivities draw upon us, and I want to lead off Sir Roger de Coverley with the prettiest girl in South Munster."

But nothing could rouse the girl from her sad reverie. In her mind's eye she beheld herself married to an infidel, and she resolved this should never be.

The battle between conscience and affection was a hard one, and the tempest whispered:

" Marry him first and afterwards convert him."

The words lingered in her ear, and imparted a passing balm to her wounded spirit. Just then there was a rustle in the tall poplars.

" Barron as lances amongst which the wind makes wintry music, sighing as it goes," and Miss Fitzgerald turned to see the cause.

Before the lovers stood an old woman, dressed in a short blue petticoat and scarlet shawl, followed by a young girl attired in a dingy waterproof. They both wore yellow silk scarves on their heads, and were barefooted.

" Sweethearts," muttered the hag, and then in a mixed jargon she asked an alms.

Gerald gave it promptly.

" Your fortune, sir," she said, grasping his extended hand, " and a mighty fine one it is. Shall I tell it?"

" Just what I wish you to do," was the reply, and the old woman pressed his palm.

" Here, girl, quick, bring me a burning brand," and she motioned to her companion.

From a smouldering fire in the

corner of the abbey, the younger woman produced a charred stick.

" Here goes," continued the fortuneteller, and she traced mystic lines over Gerald's hand.

" You won't marry your first love.

No; she wouldn't make a mark life."

Mary Fitzgerald trembled with indignation. The prophecy was exciting her curiosity; she had not strength of mind to close her ears; so she remained in the same position listening attentively.

" A nut brown maid with eyes like stars will cross your path. Beware!"

" The gipsy paused.

" Unless you can prove canny you will fall in to the torrent. On the opposite bank there hovers a golden cloud lost in futurity. The mist thickens. I cannot see more," and she dropped Gerald's hand.

" Will the young lady have her fortune told?" she asked, peering at Mary through her rat-like eyes.

" No, thank you," answered Mary.

" Come, Gerald, evening is falling we must go home."

She was growing disgusted with the farce, and angry with Gerald for countenancing it.

" Take things quietly, young lady," said the old woman sarcastically. " I have a rod in pickle for you, but it is a snowberry rod, an emblem of yourself—ever and always a snowberry," and she plucked up by the roots a twig of snowberry that had twined round the supine lurn of Raymond le Gros, and presented it to Mary Fitzgerald.

" What does it mean?" she asked nervously.

" When your horsescopo is cast, think of me, Meg Melton," was the rejoinder, coupled with a lugubrious laugh. " A snowberry always."

She waved her hand in parting salutation, and beckoning to her companion they both embarked in an antiquated canoe, and pulled rapidly up the Blackwater, towards the town of Youghal.

#### CHAPTER III.

The holidays passed cheerfully enough at Listerling House.

Christmas morning, Mass had been said in the private chapel, and Mary Fitzgerald looked in vain for her lover's entrance. Towards the end he sauntered in but his vacant gaze betrayed his disbelief in the Sacred Mysteries.

Hourly the truth was dawning upon her that his want of faith would prove an iron barrier to their union, and the thought became maddening to her sensitive nature.

The priest who officiated was a man of deep research, and when Mary heard Gerald and he wandering through the mazes of the classic authors, she lulled her misgivings to rest, in the hopes that such a wise companion might win the truant back to the fold.

She had yet to learn that, until grace touches the stony heart, eloquence, talent, and all this world's treasures of mind and body, count as nothing in the conversion of a soul to God!

Mary's parents, herself and Gerald O'Neill formed the small family party that sat down to dinner at Listerling House, and in the evening mustered friends from the surrounding country to swell the gathering, and partake of the dainty fare provided for them.

Amongst the guests was an English girl, Miss Everill, who was staying with a lady friend of the Fitzgeralds, and Mary scanned her to ascertain the color of her eyes and hair, fearing she might prove the brunette rival foretold by the gipsy.

But no, Miss Everill was a blonde pure and simple, with coils of golden hair and pale blue eyes. Gerald secured this fair stranger in one of the subsequent dances.

In the height of the festivities our heroine found her mind constantly ruminating on the gipsy's prophecy. What could she mean by comparing her to a snowberry? That row down the Blackwater had cost her a bitter pang!

Tired out with the gay revelry the dancers paused.

Lo, from the outside, rose strange musical sounds on the midnight air.

" Hark!" whispered Gerald to the English girl, " I must ascertain what that weird music means," and he darted out of the door with his fair partner clinging to his arm.

Nearer and nearer came the sweet sounds borne on the night wind, and Mary's heart sickened when she beheld the gipsy of Molana led between Gerald and Miss Everill.

Behind walked her attendant.

Both were gaudily clad in red and yellow scarves, and large colored beads dangled from their neck and arms. On a high stool stood woman perched herself. She explained how she and her companion had been benighted in a gull on the river, how their canoe had founders and left them adrift on the landing stage, half a mile distant. She concluded by asking a shelter for the night at Listerling House.

It was readily given, and the hag croaked a vote of thanks.

Leering round the festive chamber her eyes rested on Miss Fitzgerald.

" Every ship to her moorings," she exclaimed, and each one crept to a seat.

" Ladies and gentlemen, whilst the Great Boar is shining in the Heavens, listen to the golden road of fame, which rolls me before me."

With suppressed breath each one heard his or her fate unfolded, with no exception.—Miss Fitzgerald.

Even Gerald O'Neill had his fortune rehearsed for the second time, and lingered over the vision of " nut brown maid with starry eyes," that was to make or mar his future.

When he looked around for an approving smile from his companion she had vanished, and neither threats nor persuasions could prevail on her to reappear.

" She don't like to hear that she'll always be a snowberry," muttered the fortune-teller. " but all the same, the mystic scroll remains unaltered, and I see embossed in lines of fire her destiny—a snowberry."

With this prophecy the Christmas party at Listerling came to a close.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Gerald uplifted Mary for her bad taste in breaking up the Christmas party, whilst she reminded him of the unhappy effect produced on her mind by his sceptical words on the island of Molana. She did not allude to the ranks of the Sisters of Charity. Thus we find her this wintry afternoon pacing up and down the hospital wards.

Meantime, the snowberry had grown into a lusty plant, and was shooting its green tendrils through the old porch at Listerling, whilst under an Italian sky the faithless Gerald wandered.

Some years before he married Carrie Cosby. When Miss Fitzgerald heard of the marriage she took wise counsel from the Cistercian Fathers of Mount Melloray Abbey close to her home, and acting under their advice, joined the ranks of the Sisters of Charity. Thus we find her this wintry afternoon pacing up and down the hospital wards.

" Do you want anything?" she asked of an emaciated woman who had been carried in the previous evening suffering from broken limb.

" Can't you give me anything to ease my leg?" was the querulous reply.

" The doctor will be here immediately. In the meantime pray to God for patience," the Sister answered gently.

" God may be good to those who know Him. I never did know Him, and I don't want to know him," was the irreverent rejoinder.

Sister Mary Dymphna took the broken limb between her hands, and said firmly:

" You can't speak in that way of our good God. You will learn to love Him before you die."

Then she searched for the Rosary beads that hung suspended from her girdle, and in simple language unfolded the mysteries of our Lord's life and death.

The poor creature drank in the new lessons with avidity, and entreated of her companion to complete the work of her instruction.

The broken limb had to be amputated, and during the lulls of pain which followed, Sister Mary Dymphna might be seen daily, hands in hand, explaining the meaning of each decade.

A fortnight after the operation, symptoms of weakness began to appear, and medical opinion declared that the patient's days were numbered.

The time was short, and much to be done, and the sister strove with all the love of God, which consumed her heart to prepare the dying woman who evidently was a victim of intermission.

Rancour and revenge still burned in her soul against those who had waylaid and robbed her, which latter particulate gave with hesitation, and then would break into lamentations over the the ruby heads and glass ear rings which had been stolen from her.

Gradually, Divine Grace asserted its empire over the blackened heart, and the waters of baptism flowed one morning over the outcast's head.

The time was short, and much to be done, and the sister strove with all the love of God, which consumed her heart to prepare the dying woman who evidently was a victim of intermission.

Presently a small door opened, and one of the confessors made his appearance—a young priest with a gentle grace playing round his classic features. He glided into the confessional, and Gerald said old woman,

" Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea. For whoever passed by, be he baron or squire, Was free to call at that abbey and stay, Nor quarel nor hire for his lodging pay, Though he tarried a month with its holy choir."

" This is the abbey, sir," remarked the carman. " A gentleman at the guest-house is waiting for me. I'll drive you both to Cappoquin."

Gerald applied to Kilcrea Abbey were truly equal with regard to this cradle of the Cistercian Order in Ireland:

" That is Father Albert," said his informant.

Gerald scanned the strict, calm face, " calm as moonlight sleeping upon snow," and it possessed no charms for him.

" Too cold," he murmured.

He may have been Meg Melton was laying her petition before the Mother of Jesus in heaven, but certain it was that grace was filtering through the soul of Gerald O'Neill.

A third time the door opened, and Father Paul of world-wide fame entered the church. From under his cowl he peeringly over the new comer. He paused and looked at him fixedly, then ascended the stairs leading to the gallery where his confessional stood.

He did not go alone, and before he knew his destination, the wayfarer was kneeling at the feet of the patriarch, unravelling the tangled skein of his life.

The carman returned to Cappoquin that evening without his expected passenger.

A week passed peacefully away, and Gerald O'Neill's determination was taken. He left Mount Melloray Abbey bound for the Dominican Novitiate at Tallaght, county Dublin. On his way up the Blackwater to Cork, he stopped at Listerling House, and carried off the bunch of snowberries planted by Mary Fitzgerald.

Arrived in Cork, he wended his way to the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, and asked for the Rev. Mother. He told her of his intention to enter religion, and concluded his visit in these words; " I understand Miss Fitzgerald is one of your community? Ask her to pray for my perseverance. I have brought this bunch of snowberries from her old home at Listerling to remind her of a prophecy uttered in her regard long ago. It has been verified in her case. When we meet in heaven, I trust that I, too, may be able to give her a snowberry in my hand."

The driver and a gentleman were its occupants. Coming to an iron gate clogged with rust, the latter leaped off and made his way up the grass-grown avenue leading to Listerling House. No sign of life disturbed the solitude. A rabbit darted out

#### CHAPTER V.

Up and down paced a young Sister of Charity in the wards of one of Ireland's hospitals. The Rosary beads glide slowly through her fingers.

Our readers will recognise Miss Fitzgerald under the black veil and white coif worn by the daughters of Mary Aikenhead. Five years previously she had bid adieu to her fond parents and Listerling House, and started for the novitiate at Miltown Park, county Dublin.

Somehow, this evening, old memories fluttered through her mind, and a feeling of intense pity for the renegade Gerald welled up within her.

Meantime, the snowberry had grown into a lusty plant, and was shooting its green tendrils through the old porch at Listerling, whilst under an Italian sky the faithless Gerald wandered.

Gerald O'Neill was the individual. Wreathed out with the winking cares of the world, for six years he had pursued the mirage of happiness. When the goal was reached he found in his hands only the " Dead Sea fruit," fair to look on, but empty and decayed within. He was now a widower. The woman he had married was not one to make life happy, and when worn out with gambling and dissipation, she found death awaiting her, he was not sorry.

Long ago he had cast aside all religion, and when the dying woman gasped:

" Gerald, dearest, shall we ever meet again?" his only answer was:

" Never, Carry. Close your eyes and die in my arms, This is all I can do for you."

Such was Carrie O'Neill's closing scene.

She was buried under the magnolia trees in Florence, and Gerald left the sunny Italian climate to wend his way homewards.

The gentle form of his first love haunted him, and sore in mind and worn out in body, he sought her old home.

Returning to the carman, he inquired what had become of his former friends. Then he heard that Mary Fitzgerald had become a nun and that her parents were dead.

Covering his face with his hands, he drove on, not knowing whether, and caring less. Before the Abbey of Mount Melloray the car halted.

The lines applied to Kilcrea Abbey were equally true with regard to this cradle of the Cistercian Order in Ireland:

" Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea. For whoever passed by, be he baron or squire, Was free to call at that abbey and stay, Nor quarel nor hire for his lodging pay, Though he tarried a month with its holy choir."

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He was gone, and that evening the driver of Tallaght closed on Oxford's Senior Wrangler.

from under the snowberry tree, which clung round the tottering porch, and a raven cracked in the chimney shaft with stones.

The gentleman peered through the tall, narrow windows, and before him lay the room where he and his intended had first met.

The paper hung down in loose festoons, and there floated through his mind the vision of many a joyous evening when he and she danced beneath the peacock with gorgeous tails, which formerly adorned the walls.

Ab, mo! Time's ravages had left its traces on the home of the Fitzgeralds, and on the individual who now picked his way through brambles and tall grass.

Gerald O'Neill was the individual. Wreathed out with the winking cares of the world, for six years he had pursued the mirage of happiness. When the goal was reached he found in his hands only the " Dead Sea fruit," fair to look on, but empty and decayed within. He was now a widower.

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## LATEST MARKETS.

TORONTO, Aug. 5, 1896.

Wheat—Offerings continue light, and with the present demand from mills the market is firm. In Manita wheat Nos. 1 and 2 are selling at 40c and 58c, also at Fort William. No. 1 hard sold at 60c Toronto freight, and 70c Montreal freight. Sales of Nos. 1 and 2 hard were made at 60c and 62c, and of No. 1 northern at 63c on track at Midland. Old red Ontario wheat was taken up at 63c, and white 65c. A general quiet prevails west.

Flour.—The market is steady, while dull. Original patents are quoted at \$3.35, and straight rollers at 23c 16½.

Milled—Dull but steady at \$11 for shorts and \$10 for bran west.

Barley—Nominal at 35c for No. 1 32c for No. 2 and 25c for feed outside.

Corn—Steady at 30c for yellow west.

Sorghum—Steady at 25c and west.

Oats—Mixed sold at 17c and white at 18c. G. T. R. and C. P. R. points west.

Bitter—The movement is steady, but somewhat limited, and there is a good deal of old stock coming forward. Shading is done frequently. We quote—Dandy butter, 10c to 12c; bacon, 10c to 12c; ham, 7c; choice lard, 10c to 12c; dairy prime, 12c to 14c; creamery, 15c to 16c.

Eggs—Good Laying eggs sell at 9c. The demand is slow, and stocks are accumulating in some quarters. Splits are worth from 5c to 6c.

Potatoes—Now Ontarios sell at from 30c to 40c on the street. The best southerns are worth \$1.20 a barrel, and about 30c a bushel.

Baled Hay—Car lots of hay sell at \$11, and smaller quantities at \$11.50 to \$12. Offerings are large.

### FARMERS' MARKET.

No grain was delivered and dressed hogs were nominal! A couple of loads of old hay sold at \$12.

Wheat, white.....\$0 67 \$0 00  
Wheat, red.....\$0 63 \$0 00  
Wheat, goose.....\$0 62 \$0 00  
Oats.....\$0 45 \$0 00  
Oats.....\$0 23 \$0 00  
Hay.....\$0 12 00 \$0 00  
do, new.....\$0 10 00 11 50  
Straw, bundled.....\$0 12 00 \$0 00  
Eggs, new, laid.....\$0 83 \$0 93  
Butter, 1lb. roll.....\$0 12 00 \$1 13  
Butter, tubs, dairy.....\$0 25 \$0 40  
Ducks.....\$0 50 \$0 60  
Turkeys.....\$0 8 00 11  
Potatoes.....\$0 20 \$0 45  
Dressed hogs.....\$5 50 \$7 50  
Beef, hindquarters.....\$4 50 \$7 50  
Beef, forequarters.....\$2 00 \$4 50  
Veal.....\$3 00 \$4 50  
Lamb, yearlings.....\$5 00 \$6 00  
do, spring, per lb.....\$6 00 \$8

### PHOTO.

There is no change to quote in prices. Trade is rather quiet. Raspberries are in large supply, but they find a pretty fair demand. Raspberries are easy at 4c to 5c per box.

### MONTRAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Aug. 3.—Grain—Several car-loads of oats sold to day at 25c. Wheat 16c, hard, nominal. No. 2 hard, 20c; pale, 16c; pale, 18c; soft, 18c; 25c to 28c; oats, No. 2 white, in store, 25c to 28c; rice, No. 2, nominal; barley, feed, 33c to 34c; barley, 44c to 46c; buckwheat, per bush., 30c to 39c.

Flour—Prices show a firm tendency, although actual changes have transpired. Straight rollers, \$2.50 to \$3.75; round baking, \$2.50 to \$3.75; bran, \$2.50 to \$3.75; spelt, \$2.50 to \$3.75; whole wheat, \$3.75 to \$4.75; winter wheat, Ontario, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Meal—The market is just as dull as ever. Rolled, per lb., \$2.60 to \$2.80; standard, per lb., \$2.70 to \$2.80; standard, per bag, \$1.30; granular, 3d, per lb., \$2.75 to \$2.80; granulated, per bag, \$1.30 to \$1.45.

Feed—The demand for bran around \$1.10—\$1.20. Millions now in bran sellers. Bran, \$1.10 to \$1.15; shorts, \$12 to \$13; moulins, \$1.60 to \$18.

Cheese—The week opens on a firm market, 70, subject as usual to adjustment in warehouse, being the ruling price for the cheese arrived by boat and rail from the French cheese market. The market is very active between 4,000 and 6,000 boxes. This being a holiday in England no cheeses were received and the trading on the wharf just now constituted the business of the day.

Butter—Exporters were looking about for butter this morning, but were so extremely difficult to please in the matter of quality that the market was not large. For really gilt edge creamery shippers declare they are willing to pay 16c or even 17c, and on the wharf to day the latter figure was actually paid.

Eggs—Choice candied stock is still quoted at 9c to 9½c.

Provisions—it is a quiet market, more especially for pork. Canadian bacon, per lb., \$12 to \$13.50; Canadian short ribs, \$11; ham, home cured, per lb., 75c to 10c; bacon, per lb., 9c; lard, pure Canadian, per lb., 7c; lard, common, refined, per lb., 6c.

### BUFFALO MARKETS.

East Buffalo, Aug. 3.—Cattle—10c cars, three to 12c; steers, 10c to 12c, active, 12c to 20c higher for good grades; prime heavy export steers, \$4 3c to \$4.60; good heavy shipping, \$4.20 to \$4.40; fair to good butchers', \$3.65 to \$4.15; steers, active; good to choice, \$3 to \$3.25; beef, steers, \$3.40 to \$3.60; veals, easy, \$2 to \$6. Hogs—20c cars through, 50c on sale; market hogs, 40c to 50c; market hams, 25c to 30c; Yorkers, good weight, \$3.75 to \$3.80; pigs, \$3.90 to \$4.00; mixed packers, \$3.60 to \$3.80; roughs, \$2.75 to \$3; steaks, \$2 to \$2.50. Sheep and lambs—15c can through, 15 on sales; market slow and lower for sheep; lamb steady; prime lambs, \$5.50 to \$7.50; fall to good, \$4 to \$5; fat tails and lambs, \$4.50 to \$5.50; lamb, 10c to 15c, to choice, \$2.25 to \$2.50; mutton, 15c to \$1.25 to \$3; export ewes, \$3.50. Cattle closed firm at 10c advance for heavy steers, with late rates at \$4.50 to \$4.55; light Kan-sas branded steers, \$3.25. Hogs closed 10c lower for all kinds; late sales Yorkers, \$3.70; pigs, \$3.80 to \$3.85. Sheep and lamb closed steady, with all sold.

New Professor: "There seems to be a rampant spirit of sport and fraternity here. What are the college colors?" Head of the Faculty: "Black and blue, mostly."

It is a fact that lately a large consignment of billiard tables left London for Bulawayo. They seem to be getting on the spot out there. A few cannons will come in pretty useful.

She: "Will you love me when I get old and look like that woman we just passed?" He: "Of course I will, darling." "Oh, you lovely stupid, I will never look like that."

"Why does old McGlorey object to his daughter marrying young De Clerque? Is he afraid he won't keep her in the style she has been accustomed to?" "No; he's afraid he will."

### First Impressions of the Vatican.

The ordinary tourist first sees the Vatican from the square as he approaches from the bridge of St. Angelo. But his attention is drawn to the front of the church, and he but vaguely realizes that a lofty, unaymable tier of buildings rises on his right. He pauses, perhaps, and looks in that direction as he ascends the long, broad steps of the basilica, and wonders in what part of the palace the Pope's apartments may be, while the itinerant vendor of photographs shakes yards of poor little views out of their gaudy red bindings, very much as Leopoldo unrolls the list of Don Giovanni's conquests. If the picture peddler sees that the stranger glances up at the Vatican, he forthwith points out the corner windows of the second story, and informs his victim that "Sua Santita" inhabits those rooms, and promptly offers photographs of any other part of the Vatican but that. The tourist looks up curiously, and finally gets rid of the vendor by buying what he does not want, with the charitable intention of giving it to some dear, but tiresome, relative at home. And ever afterward, perhaps, he associates with his first impression of the Vatican the eager, cunning, scampicre features of the man who sold him the photographs. "The Vatican," by F. Marion Crawford, in the August Century.

### The Plague of Locusts in Africa.

Three plagues have visited this part of the country in recent years: first of mice, which ate up the roots of the rice and maize; then came the cattle plague, which attacked beasts both wild and domestic, and killed all the buffaloes; and now the locusts. As I returned from Kopa-Kopa an immense cloud of locusts were darkening the air. They sped along at the rate of four miles an hour, settling over every patch of maize, millet, or sorghum. All the natives were out, old and young, beating drums, shouting, rushing about there, and beating crops with switches to drive the pests away. In spite of their efforts the crop will be destroyed. There are very carelessness about the future; knowing well that they are always subject to locusts, they do not take the precaution to grow manioc, which locusts do not eat.—From the diary of the late E. J. Glave in the August Century.

Prima Donna. "Why is the nightingale such a popular bird?" Manager. "It is good-natured about enclosures."

A Ronson experiment upon a Wigan man revealed two sacks of coal dust in his chest. The ray was badly damaged.

New York Cyclist (in Jersey, no cyclist patching tire): "Tack!" New York Cyclist: "No; mosquito."

Ho: "Consistency is a jewel, you know." She: "But you can't wear consistency on your engagement finger."

Montreal Markets.

Montreal, Aug. 3.—Grain—Several car-loads of oats sold to day at 25c. Wheat 16c, hard, nominal. No. 2 hard, 20c; pale, 16c; pale, 18c; soft, 18c; 25c to 28c; oats, No. 2 white, in store, 25c to 28c; rice, No. 2, nominal; barley, feed, 33c to 34c; barley, 44c to 46c; buckwheat, per bush., 30c to 39c.

Flour—Prices show a firm tendency, although actual changes have transpired. Straight rollers, \$2.50 to \$3.75; round baking, \$2.50 to \$3.75; bran, \$2.50 to \$3.75; spelt, \$2.50 to \$3.75; whole wheat, \$3.75 to \$4.75; winter wheat, Ontario, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Meal—The market is just as dull as ever. Rolled, per lb., \$2.60 to \$2.80; standard, per lb., \$2.70 to \$2.80; standard, per bag, \$1.30; granular, 3d, per lb., \$2.75 to \$2.80; granulated, per bag, \$1.30 to \$1.45.

Feed—The demand for bran around \$1.10—\$1.20. Millions now in bran sellers. Bran, \$1.10 to \$1.15; shorts, \$12 to \$13; moulins, \$1.60 to \$18.

Cheese—The week opens on a firm market, 70, subject as usual to adjustment in warehouse, being the ruling price for the cheese arrived by boat and rail from the French cheese market. The market is very active between 4,000 and 6,000 boxes. This being a holiday in England no cheeses were received and the trading on the wharf just now constituted the business of the day.

Butter—Exporters were looking about for butter this morning, but were so extremely difficult to please in the matter of quality that the market was not large. For really gilt edge creamery shippers declare they are willing to pay 16c or even 17c, and on the wharf to day the latter figure was actually paid.

Eggs—Choice candied stock is still quoted at 9c to 9½c.

Provisions—it is a quiet market, more especially for pork. Canadian bacon, per lb., \$12 to \$13.50; Canadian short ribs, \$11; ham, home cured, per lb., 75c to 10c; bacon, per lb., 9c; lard, pure Canadian, per lb., 7c; lard, common, refined, per lb., 6c.

VALUABLE LIBRARY FOR SALE.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 15th of August, 1896, for the Library of the late Father Hogan of Uptergrove (except The Dublin Review). This Library contains a valuable collection of books: Latin, French and English, estimated at over one thousand volumes, consisting of Theology, Scripture, Morals, History and General Literature. Books may be seen at St. Mary's Convent Select School Rooms, Bathurst street, Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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