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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. VII.—No. 14.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MOST REV. DENIS O'CONNOR ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.



MOST REV. DENIS O'CONNOR, D. D., ARCHBISHOP ELECT.

OFFICIAL.

St. Michael's Palace, April 5th, 1899.

It will be learned with pleasure that the new Archbishop of Toronto has been chosen by the Holy See.

I am authorized to state that the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of London, received his official appointment as Archbishop of Toronto last week. The installation will take place in St. Michael's Cathedral probably the first week in May. Due notice will be given of the precise date of this imposing ceremony.

In the meantime the Very Rev. Administrator will continue to look after the affairs of the Archdiocese.

The "To Do" will be sung after the late Mass on next Sunday in all the city churches as a thanksgiving to the Almighty.

JOS. J. McCANN,

Administrator Archdiocese of Toronto.

SKETCH OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

The news of the appointment of Bishop O'Connor, of London, to the archiepiscopal See of this city, though not unexpected, is a great gratification to as many as know him.

It is now going on forty-seven years since he made his first visit to Toronto, his purpose, or rather that of his parents, being to secure him that higher Catholic education which the then new institution, now grown into St. Michael's College, was just beginning to offer.

He was one of the first students, entering the same month the college opened; and as he was then but eleven years old, and has been identified with it ever since—becoming a member of St. Basil's Community at the end of his course—it is obvious there are few in Ontario who have had better opportunities of knowing the country thoroughly both in its history and its spirit.

After Philosophy at St. Michael's, under the venerable and able Father Sourin, he spent some time in Europe, deepening and strengthening his knowledge in many departments, more especially mathematics and physics for which he had rare abilities.

On his return to Canada, in 1833, he was ordained priest at St. Mary's church, in this city; and then entered upon that life work which has turned out so honorable to himself and so useful to the church.

The first years of his ministry were spent as professor, but to this was very early added the supervision of the temporal affairs of the college; and in both relations he showed such talent for business and direction that before the age of thirty he was appointed Superior of Assumption College in Sandwich—where the late Archbishop Walsh—then of London—was striving to put on a new footing.

Circumstances and opportunity, it is said, play an important part in every one's life. They did here, at all events, by furnishing an opening for the exercise of those qualities in which the young priest was specially strong.

A great work, material and moral, was imposed upon him. For the building of the institution were in a miserable state of repair, besides being quite insufficient in size and accommodations; means were limited, or to speak more correctly, were entirely wanting, and a long series of mishaps had thrown a lowering tinge over the whole prospect. Only clear sound judgment, with great strength and tenacity of purpose could hope to master the difficulties in sight. But those were just Father O'Connor's special characteristics. His penetrating business insight showed him at once what such an institution required both inside and out, and revealed the means and combinations by which it was feasible to meet and overthrow difficulties. And seeing that was, in his case, pretty nearly the same as securing them—if that was possible by any kind of effort. For work to him, then as now, was like breathing to the rest of us, natural, easy and refreshing.

He could work as many hours in the day as any man I ever met, and with such method, withal, and order and despatch, that he could finish more before breakfast—often did—than many would care to tackle in the whole day.

This accounts not only for the large total of his accomplished projects, but also for the ease of his relations with those serving under him. He always did his own share fully, throwing no part of it on anyone, and not infrequently stretching out a ready hand to lighten the burden of his assistants, whom—as always happens under such leading—caught up a part of his own spirit and capacity.

The great General at Lodi was not content to order his men to advance, but waving the banner in his own hand, in front, called out to them to follow, which they did with a rush that won the day. This was the tactics of the Superior of Sandwich, a strong, courageous leader, and enabled him always to command what forces he needed for his projects.

But full success does not always follow this capacity to work, and make work. There may be, as we all know, power enough in the boiler, but if the machinery is not rightly set up, each part fitting and in its own proper place, the greater the power the surer the catastrophe we may expect.

The leader of men, whether in church or state, must be able to gauge the

strength and aptitudes of his assistants, put each in his right employment and exact of them only so much as they are fit for, or he can never secure the fullest results. And in this capacity those who know Dr. O'Connor best rank him amongst the highest.

In addition he is a brilliant man; not indeed with that brilliance which consists chiefly in smartness, rattle, and cheap show. Towards this he has neither feeling nor relation, unless it be of almost unnecessarily vehement scorn. But as marble shines from its solidity, and precious stones because they are pure, his scholarship is at once deep and ready, and wielded by a mind that is vigorous, to be embarrassed by its own riches, and so clear in its decisions and quick in enforcing them, that he can do the highest work with the least possible display. All learning, to be effective, must be an instrument to an end, a help to doing, and this is emphatically the case in the instance of the now Archbishop.

With such endowments of mind and will, inspired and directed by a deeply religious nature, it is not a matter of wonder that his advance has been uninterrupted and rapid.

The old structures he found in Sandwich were, in a few years, replaced by one of the finest educational buildings in western Ontario, the clouds were converted into sunshine, the number of students increased five hundred per cent. in less than twenty years, and the fruitfulness of the teaching may be learned from the glowing words of Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley on the memorable 19th October, 1890.

Dear Bishop Walsh was too shrewd an observer of character not to see early the treasure he possessed in the youthful superior of his college, and in consequence called him into his council, used his advice and honored him in every way.

Many of our readers remember the enthusiasm with which priests and people gathered to the college on the ninth of October, 1889, when the good Bishop announced his authorization by Rome to confer upon Father O'Connor the title of Doctor of Divinity, in acknowledgement of high ability and eminent services.

That was, indeed, a notable occasion for Assumption. For not merely the clergy and Catholic people, but the whole population around Sandwich caught the spirit of the day, and crowding to the college expressed their delight and approval by address and presentation.

"It is not for his religious profession," said one of the highest public functionaries, "I honor Father O'Connor; I consider him the best business head and the most enterprising citizen of this neighborhood."

When, in a short time, Bishop Walsh was called to Toronto, reasons such as we have been dwelling upon pointed out the now Doctor as his most likely successor. And when in due time the announcement came from the Holy Father, people said, as they are now saying: An admirable appointment—just what we have been hoping and praying for.

Since that time his life and work have been so much before the public that there is no need to dwell upon their hero. Gentle by disposition and choice, firm when firmness is necessary, inflexible where the rules of the Church are in question, a strength to the zealous, an encouragement to the timid, and immovably just to all, he has won from the priests and people of his diocese the repute of being an ideal prelate.

St. Patrick's Day in London.

The St. Patrick's Eve Banquet at the Hotel Cecil, London was the most successful function of the kind ever held. All that is best in the rank and file of Irishmen in London was represented in the hall, which altogether presented a brilliant and effective spectacle; as the ladies wore in large numbers. The dominating note of the speeches was unity, and the warm enthusiasm with which all references to this topic were received left no doubt in the mind of anyone that the universal desire now existing amongst Irishmen over here that the time has come when all feuds shall be healed, and the Irish cause be sent on to its goal once more by the impetus of a united party. Mr. Dillon was hailed with significant enthusiasm. In proposing the toast of "Ireland a nation," Mr. Dillon said: Let us on this great anniversary which marks the renunciation and which speaks of union amongst the sons of the scattered Gael all over the earth—and the earth is ringed round its whole surface with celebrations in harmony with ours to-night—resolve that we will seek the physical welfare and comfort of our people, while at the same time we do everything in our power to revive the knowledge of the old language spoken by the fathers who lived before us, that we will bind all our energies to make the race once more a free people, a proud people, and a people who will brook no domination from strangers outside Ireland (cheers). And in pursuance of that great end all that I ask is this—that every man who is true to Ireland, and the memories of his ancestors, should be called upon and required by his countrymen in pursuit of that noble and glorious end to give personal cooperation and gladly take his place in the ranks of his people.

The Very Rev. Canon Murray, on rising to propose the toast of "Ireland a Nation," was received with loud cheers, and said it was for them there to-night gathered together to try and understand the meaning, and have a true appreciation of the sentiment of "Ireland a Nation," and to try and make their English friends round about them also understand that what was meant by it, because it was very difficult to bring into the path of English intelligence the reality or earnestness of the claims put forward by Irish people. They did not mean when they said "Ireland a Nation" a mere geographical expression, although as a geographical entity and island he believed Ireland was a very distinct and very definite place (applause). He did not think Ireland was a "nation" in the sense that a nation because a nation might embrace many races, and it was well known that this great nation, within whose hospitable boundaries they

found themselves at the present time, had included in it many nations. It did not mean merely a tradition and language, as Mr. Dillon had so well said—not even distinct religious character, although these were elements in the creation and perpetuation of Nationality. They meant something by "Ireland a Nation" that goes deeper still. The root principle of Nationality was the right—based upon that right the persistent claim made by the people of the world for freedom from all general control (applause)—the right to govern themselves, independently of any external power. If there was a race upon the face of the earth that had a right to claim National existence in the true sense of the word, it was the Irish race. That right was certainly a very ancient one, one that comes down from time immemorial. He could not call to mind one single occasion—not not even one—when Ireland had ever fallen, according to the principle of the time to put forward her claim to National existence (applause). The only principle to which the Irish people had ever temporarily yielded was the principle of force. That was certainly not the Irish people, but the efforts of the Irish people on behalf of their rights, but so force however persistent, had ever silenced the voice of the Irish people in claiming that right. The day might yet come, God grant it, when the Irish people, perhaps softened by a greater measure of justice and kindness shown to them and the English people educated in a higher and nobler statesmanship than they have shown in the years gone by, may come forward in an alliance and union, call it what they will, under conditions of the recognition of the National rights of Ireland (cheers)—Ireland would enter into council with the leader of the English people, and with Irish Nationality. They believed that union was strength, and certainly there was a reason that brought him those words. He felt, because it was the day of stress and difficulty, that if a man could do anything he was no true son of Ireland if he does not do whatever in him lay now to forward the cause of Irish Nationality. They believed that union was strength, and certainly there was a reason that brought him those words. He felt, because it was the day of stress and difficulty, that if a man could do anything he was no true son of Ireland if he does not do whatever in him lay now to forward the cause of Irish Nationality. They believed that union was strength, and certainly there was a reason that brought him those words. He felt, because it was the day of stress and difficulty, that if a man could do anything he was no true son of Ireland if he does not do whatever in him lay now to forward the cause of Irish Nationality. They believed that union was strength, and certainly there was a reason that brought him those words. 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THE MOTHERLAND

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ENTRANCE

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For every certified copy of a marriage... THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

Under the heading, "Pere Didon's... THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER... THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

GENERAL LAWTON AND FATHER FITZGERALD.

AN HISTORIC EVENT.

SOME LONDON IRISHMEN.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

LEADING FEATURES OF THE CENTURY.

AN INTERESTING NUMBER.

Tea Specialists Have charge of the Growth and Preparation of the "FINEST TEA THE WORLD PRODUCES." "SALUDA" CEYLON TEA Infuses Deliciously, and is harmless to the most sensitive nerves.

his whole life long. He swayed... American Review for April, are "Public Schools and Parents' Duties," "National Business or Growth-Which?"

Very Rev. Joseph Hannan (Bath... THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER... THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

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Enameline is so very clean and DUST-LESS, which is such a comfort to good housekeepers. The old-fashioned brands of Stove Polish do the work in the old-fashioned way. Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, and that is the difference. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Sold in every civilized country on earth. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York



Some people in the world persist in clinging to old methods. There are men who will use a forked stick in place of a modern... Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

It will be noticed, I fear, that there is a certain monotony about placid duels which is unavoidable with that weapon. But in Italy, Germany, and France the records of the sword provide far more interesting accounts. In the ten years between 1878 and 1889 the duels reported with full details in Italy amounted to 2,738. Of these, ninety-three per cent. had been fought with the light sabre or rapier, only seven per cent. with firearms. In these encounters no less than 2,300 wounds were inflicted, of which fifty proved fatal. No less than thirty per cent. were directly caused by newspaper or political disputes. I will only give one example of the execution which can be done by the terrible "scabiosa." It occurred some time ago; but as I have only just lately had the pleasure of meeting a young Italian officer who cut all his opponent's front teeth out in his first duel, I need hardly point out that the weapon continues to be as efficacious as it ever was.—Casal's Magazine for April.

A PLEA FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

The Rector of the Catholic University of Ottawa sends us a circular addressed to the Catholics of Ontario, stating the needs of the time in regard to higher education. He says:—

In number 307 of the famous publication, the Spectator, there is reproduced from the illustrious Athenian statesman Pericles, a very beautiful thought: "The loss which the commonwealth suffers by the destruction of its youth is like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring." This striking sentiment is, we deem, very aptly applied by the writer to the subject of education.

Is it number we require, or is it rather excellence? There is where Catholics are sometimes at fault. Instead of looking up to the land which, God knows, is heavy enough already, they seek to place new burdens upon their shoulders, and the result is a general sinking under the accumulated weight.

R. J. MCGAHEY, D.D.S., I.B.S. (Honors Graduate of Toronto University) DENTIST 278 YONGE STREET OPPOSITE WILSON AVENUE.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE NEW BREWINGS At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties.

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Choice of the Cultured HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO All the great articles of the day make this instrument their choice.

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Premier Brewery of Canada One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 160,000 barrels annually.

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MARSALA ALTAR WINE Louis Quer Tarragona Mass Wine SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.

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BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS TILES, GRATES HEARTHES, MANTELS RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

OASAVANT BROS. Church Organ Builders St. Myrcinthe, P.Q. Organ built with all the latest improvements.

The Catholic Register.

Published every Thursday at the Office of the Publisher, 100 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

Subscription rates: Single copy, 5 cents; Monthly, \$1.50; Quarterly, \$4.50; Annually, \$15.00.

Today's Elections in Ireland.

Today there takes place throughout Ireland the electoral contest which according to English Conservative expectation will show that the Irish people are not in earnest about Home Rule, and that the local county government bill has amply satisfied the popular desire for reform.

Our Irish exchanges are somewhat disappointing in their forecasts of the elections to the county councils. While the Nationalists are no doubt aroused to their duty they are not in all places working harmoniously.

In one thing, however, they are greatly mistaken. That is the manner of their appeal to the electors. It shows them strangers to the people, and perhaps unintentionally ineffectual of the national spirit.

What has Lord Castlereagh done for the laborers? Well I went for a walk down New road the other day and saw six or eight poor women, and on questioning them when they were going they said—"Where have we gone for

the past fifteen years—to the demonia of a laborer." "Will you support Lord Castlereagh," I asked. "No," they answered, "his badly off we'll be only for him."

Mr. Evanturel and the Parties

An amusing scene was witnessed in the Local House at the wind-up. Mr. Evanturel, the Speaker, had on the preceding day been passing public compliments upon the leader of the Opposition, and thereby again exciting some of the curiosity that became attached to their supported relations during the general election campaign.

Ruffianism in Belfast.

It is a nice state of affairs that exists in Belfast at the present time. The rowdy element of the Orange order there will no longer allow a congregation of fellow Protestants to conduct their religious services in the manner they have for years been accustomed to.

monium Sunday after Sunday. The Chief Secretary might say that his jurisdiction stopped at the steps of the church, but could he say that the gentleman outside the church was afforded sufficient protection when he was obliged to pass between his house and the church under the escort of a hundred police? Mr. Dillon complained that the government had done nothing to put an end to this state of things.

Since the above was put in type later files of the Irish papers have reached us, and they describe the demonstrations against and the assaults upon Mr. Peoples as having increased in violence.

Toronto Musical Degrees.

A very readable pamphlet has been issued by Mr. Samuel Aitken, hon. sec., of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London, England, with regard to the condition of musical education in Canada.

by absolutely independent examinations, whereby the candidate who had never seen the inside of a musical college could come into the examination hall on equal terms with all competitors.

It is to regret these inopportune attacks that Mr. Aitken deals with the various musical institutions in turn. He does not spare Trinity University. Here is an extract: "Candidates who failed at our universities passed the test of Toronto with ease and even obtained distinction."

This pamphlet calls for something by way of reply in a different strain from that so far indulged towards the Associated Board. Aside from the bitterness of the opposition to the English system, however, we are decidedly in favor of its examinations for one plain reason, that it opens a way towards success to the son or daughter of a poor man possessed of musical talents.

The Yukon Scandal.

Sir Charles H. Tupper will be thanked by the lovers of justice and national honor for his exposure of the corrupt system instituted for the administration of the Yukon by Mr. Sifton. Still more heartily will he be appreciated for his arraignment of the notorious Wado, one of the principal individuals entrusted with the administration of the now mining region.

at large, which meant, of course, white-asher by special appointment. In the next place the fear was not unfounded that our public men were so mixed up in Yukon speculations that Conservatives as well as Liberals would be slow to challenge the government to probe the scandal to the bottom.

Messrs. Healy and Redmond

A cable despatch to the American press on Monday stated: The failure of all efforts to reconcile the Irish political factions was foreseen by all those familiar with what is going on behind the sordid scenes there.

The information contained in the above despatch was fully anticipated by the honest advocates of unity. Our readers need only to peruse Mr. Blake's letter in another column to perceive this. The tactics of the Nation were dictated by Mr. Healy Messrs. Healy and Redmond were bluffing from the start.

Cardinal Moran.

The New Era, London, publishes a most interesting sketch of His Eminence Cardinal Moran. It says: "Cardinal Moran's character may be viewed from several aspects. He is a great Irishman, full of the fire of Irish nationality, not in the sense in which it is confined within the narrow compass of any section or party, but in its broadest aspect, in the sense in which he loves Ireland as one of her genuine sons, admiring the glory of her past history and longing for her greatness, happiness, and prosperity."

his most fervent aspiration, her prestige and success his highest ambition. Every apologist of here has admired and loved, and every antagonist he is ready to crush. His early training fitted him admirably for this last capacity. Even in his student days he exhibited very marked ecclesiastical traits of character, and these were amply and scrupulously developed by college discipline, a discipline which left upon him deep touches of the ascetic and moulded him for a career of study and scholarship.

A cable despatch recording the progress of anti-Ritualistic violence in England adds: "Religious intolerance is being carried so far that Catholic literature is being banished from certain suburban libraries in London."

Here is a graphic picture cabled from Manila of the emancipation and progress that have been made by the Filipinos through the intervention of American arms: "The native women and children in our neighborhood and beyond, as well as the old men and sick, are absolutely starving to death. Their husbands and fathers have long been killed, wounded, captured or driven back to Malabo, their houses burned to the ground with all their earthly possessions, and they are left with no means of subsistence. They attempt to come into the American lines by thousands, but have to be turned back. We cannot feed them."

At the Young Liberals' dinner on Monday evening Mr. Fielding, the principal speaker, said: "I do not hesitate to say that when the history of the five years of the Laurier government comes to be written the act which will stand over and above every other act will be that of the settlement of the Manitoba School question."

Perhaps a sadder occurrence of the kind was never chronicled than the double fatality of Thursday evening at the Lansdowne Avenue road crossing. Mrs. James Malone and her son William, a bright boy in all the promise of a useful career—were cut down together by a passing train. They were returning with two others of the Malone children from St. Helen's Church, where the family had up to that evening been devout attendants at the devotions of Holy Week. At the moment it happened a friend quite close to the crossing and he was the first to reach the rails when an alarm of the accident had been given. He gathered up the mangled body of his boy and saw his wife lying dead there also. It would not be asking any severe exercise of justice to put whomsoever is responsible for the neglected danger of this crossing on trial for his life and hang him if at all possible.

Even in "cultured" Boston the "mimo" still finds it possible to outbride himself on Irish auditions, where, as The Boston Republic declares, he is not wanted. The latest issue of The Republic says: "Our esteemed contemporary THE CATHOLIC REGISTER of Toronto, enters a timely and vigorous protest against some of the grotesque and offensive features that have been allowed to creep into the observances of St. Patrick's day. It says with much force and truth that the St. Patrick's day gatherings are intended to refresh the hearts of the Irish people with song and story of the sainted day, and it objects to the vulgar gauderies and unmeaning caricatures of wit which are forced upon guests and patrons by 'character sketches

Our Celtic Inheritance.

Under the auspices of the National Literary Society of Ireland, the Right Hon. Lord Castletown delivered a very able address on "Our Celtic Inheritance." Dr. Sigerson, President of the Society, occupied the chair.

Lord Castletown said before beginning his lecture he would like to say a few words on what had been said in the daily papers as to their object in meeting that night. They seemed to consider the task had been imposed on him of indicating to the public what might be the views or the proceedings of the Celtic Congress which they were to hold in 1900.

ponder over the indomitable persistency of this race. And so we may say with Matthew Arnold, and Ruskin, and John Morley—"Far be the day from us when the language of Milton and Talfourd shall be heard no more!"

ISN'T THIS PROOF

Clear and Convincing that Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Diabetes. Engineer James Graham's Case Was Pronounced Incurable by a Leading Montreal Physician—Yet Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured It.

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THE LAST LINK WITH IRELAND was probably the Congress of Irish and Welsh bards convened by Griffith at Cynan, King of North Wales, in 1490, for the purpose of revising the canon of Welsh poetry and music.

THE MOST PICTURESQUE GARB IN EXISTENCE and their clan organisation is being revived with much vigour. There is also considerable modern literature of Highland Gaelic, and many of us have enjoyed those exquisite Highland airs which are only rivaled by our own native Irish music.

WE HAVE THE LIVING FOLK-LORE of our native Irish speakers, of which Dr. Hyde has already given us such charming glimpses. We hear again the wild echoes of fights in which our ancestors felt, vague stories of great men and of shadowy fancies whispering from the trees, of kobolds and leprechauns rising to look at us from behind some cairn on the hill-side.

THE GLOW which burned in those of our forefathers, the love of our beautiful land, of our people, and of our language, so that we may be as new men as ourselves, and show to the other races of the world that the Celtic race has a character, a dignity and a mission of its own, a mission fraught with the happiness of mankind.

Stammerers!

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HIS MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

Marshall, said the junior partner of the great firm of Vaughn, Clay and Vaughn, "I want you to do me a favor."

"I was sitting on a corner of his desk, hands in pockets and swinging one foot rather impatiently his secretary thought."

"Well, I shall be pleased to what is it?"

"Have you read any of those letters signed 'Neveda' in the Metropolitan?"

"No, I have not. Miss Marshfield considered for a moment, then replied: 'Yes, I have; why do you ask?'"

"Well, you have excellent taste in literature; don't you think them remarkable?"

"Why, I don't know that I do; though they are fairly good, I believe."

"Ah, you are particular with adjectives, I recollect. Now, I think they are far above the average, and I should like to discover the identity of this 'Neveda'—she interests me intensely."

"You think Neveda is a woman, then?"

"Why, yes, I should judge so; should you not?"

"I haven't given the subject much thought."

"Oh, I'm reasonably sure it's a woman, and what I want of you is to discover her for me."

Miss Marshfield looked her astonishment and asked:—

"Why not try it yourself?"

"I have tried, but failed ignominiously. The unspokeness of the sphinx is gratified beside the silence those publishers have chosen to wrap about 'Neveda.'"

"But the silence is probably according to the instructions of 'Neveda' herself, so how can I hope to break it?"

"Why, that's what I can't exactly see; I thought perhaps your woman's wit would suggest a way."

"You seem to be a fellow fooling with literary people—might get some information from that source."

"You are wrong about my footing with literary people. I know very few, and am afraid I cannot be of the least use to you in this matter."

"What a wet blanket you can be on occasion, Miss Marshfield, I insist on being shown the respect due the tail of this firm—won't you please turn round again for a moment?"

the friendship which had grown up between them during the three years in which she had been with the firm—a friendship platonic to all appearance.

"Of the two, the stenographer had the greater adaptability. In the three years she had mastered the details of their immense trade, and her keen insight and quick memory were relied on by all three partners."

"Talk about a woman being illiterate!" said the elder Vaughn; "that young woman in the office is worth a dozen rattle-pated dudes, and in proof of his appreciation her surroundings were comfortable to a degree bordering on luxury."

"Such magic with words," echoed Miss Marshfield, thoughtfully. "Have you considered that there is apt to be a wide breach between the personality of the author and his writings?"

"No, I hadn't thought of it—not particularly."

"I could point you to many notable examples."

"Oh, yes, I dreamy there are examples, but you must admit that in the matter of the size of these are examples of everything."

"I did not mean to imply a rule, of course, but I think genius is often like a bright-wheeled cart on a road of a house of very common clay. Your 'Neveda' might prove a disappointment, if you are bent on finding her. Better be content with the articles and seek not to know the author. You might likewise be poorer by the loss of an illusion."

She looked at him with a laugh in her eyes and resolutely struck the keys of her typewriter.

"You mustn't bother me any more," she asserted. "I am behind with my work as it is."

"I ask for assistance, and you give me axioms," retorted "Neveda." "Nevertheless, I am not discouraged. Your opinions are usually worth looking into, but this is too gauzy."

"Go on," she said, over her shoulder; "never mind my opinions, but when you find yourself disenchanted, don't forget that I warned you."

"This ended the discussion for that day, and during many following days Vaughn never mentioned 'Neveda.' Then, one morning, he came into the office, looking unusually cheerful, threw off his coat, and began tossing about the mail on his desk in an absent-minded fashion. His secretary said nothing, rightly opining that he would soon disclose the cause of his satisfaction. Presently he paused in the act of opening a letter and said:—

"I feel greatly elated this morning; can you guess why?"

"I am not good at guessing."

"Well, then, I shall have to tell you. I've found 'Neveda'—or, rather, I've been able to communicate with her through her publishers, and the result is that she has consented to correspond with me as the boys trade jack-knives, out of sight 'n' unseen."

"Indeed! How did you manage it?"

"By means of my prestige as the author of 'From Sea to Sea,' which is the first intimation I ever received that I had any such prestige. I played the card in desperation and it won. Quite romantic, don't you think?"

"Well, rather, if 'Neveda' is a woman. Have you ascertained that?"

"No, I don't know yet, but I shall soon learn. It won't be possible to keep my mystified long. But all thought of that aside, I am promising myself untold pleasure from this correspondence. An interchange of ideas with a writer so versatile as 'Neveda,' is one of the keenest pleasures of life."

"I don't know anything about that, never having had a regular correspondent."

"I'm" Vaughn went on with his work after this careless comment. He was not more than ordinarily selfish, but it never occurred to him that his secretary might possibly have a personal feeling with regard to this correspondent. If she had, however, it would not have been suspected from her manner.

Some days after this conversation he pulled a letter out of his pocket, and, handing it over to her, said:—

One of the days when Vaughn received one of these letters he was absent-minded to a marked degree, and the burden of responsibility for that day rested on the stenographer, but she uttered no complaint, merely reminding him occasionally of neglected duties.

Sometimes he would spring suddenly to his feet in an abstract mood and pace the office floor, sometimes stand before a window and gaze long out over the adjoining vacant lots, where were piled a few pieces of old machinery. His secretary watched him narrowly at these times, and one day when she had called his attention to something which needed it, he turned abruptly and said:—

"Marshfield, there's no doubt about our being a treasure. You are the only one who should be kinder to me. I am not a good one for anything."

"Then the slight, black-towled figure had turned toward him."

"Let me advise you," she said. "I think you had better give up this correspondence of yours; it is doing you no good. Better drop it and forget it, and attend to business."

"Drop it! You don't know what you are saying. Have you any idea what part this friendship has come to play in my daily life? Now, don't please, set me down for a meddling heart. I am going about with my back on you, so as to kill every one who 'Neveda' is to me, but there's something about you which invites my confidence notwithstanding that your criticisms have been rather acrid. I would give ten years of my life for the privilege of seeing 'Neveda's' face—of hearing her talk as she writes. Why, did I show you her letters to Egyptology? I thought I knew a few things, but she makes me blush for my ignorance. Egypt! The very name is a mine of mystic delights under her facile pen. Scott at me if you will, Marshfield—you with your cool wit and calm judgment of men, but I would willingly exchange my best prospects in machinery for a voyage down the Nile with 'Neveda' as a companion."

Miss Marshfield was rather paler than usual, but she only said quickly:—

"And she eludes you persistently?"

"Yes, and I can't see why, I have done my best. I have brought all the power there is in words to the stage, and unfortunately words are my only available weapons. She promises an interview sometime in the future, but continually puts me off. She has seen me, too, which doesn't seem all round fair."

Miss Marshfield looked at him with a frown in her eyes.

"What now?" he exclaimed in a vexed tone. "Look here, Marshfield, I've been getting altogether too much out of me. I see my garrulity needs nuzzling. It don't seem like you, though; I thought you'd have some sympathy."

"And so I have, but I can't help contemplating the possibility of your correspondent being some leatherdy old woman whose romance is all in the past, and who is amusing herself by leading you on, or the flame of your young passion. Of course she couldn't show herself, because that would mean—"

"You are talking most unheard-of nonsense, for you. No leatherdy old woman could write with such fire and eloquence. She is young and enthusiastic. You have not seen all her letters."

"No? I think you might have shown them to me." She looked hard at him as she spoke, and he actually blushed under her scrutiny.

"Ah! I see," she went on, mercilessly; "'Neveda' has been making love to you."

He neither acknowledged nor denied, but turned abruptly away—for the first time in their acquaintance—angry with her.

"Supposing," she went on, as if she had not noticed, "that you meet your 'Neveda' and find her, though attractive to the eye, unlovely in character, would her genius obliterate the effect?"

"Utterly impossible for a person who writes like that to be spiritually unlovely."

"These you are in error. Neither had nor good qualities are absolute in real people. Nature has its moods and tenses, and I have been told that writers as a class are especially susceptible to them—in fact, that it's a very good rule to know your pet author at a respectful distance."

"Well," said Vaughn, trying to throw off his sultriness, "you may be perfectly right—dear as you are—but all this is too complex for me. I am not an adept in analyzing character, and to tell the truth, don't think I care to be. Not, however, that I mean to disparage the habit. Probably it is a very good one, only not congenial to my tastes."

"No," said Miss Marshfield, thoughtfully. "It is not congenial to my tastes. You care so much more for ideals than for actualities."

Vaughn had been standing with his back toward her, looking out of the window. Suddenly he wheeled about and stood beside her desk.

"Marshfield, it occurs to me that I must seem very puerile and silly to you. No, indeed; if I have said anything to imply that I forget her, I never meant it. I do think though, that it's best to have no enthusiasms; they leave such heartaches in their wake. Hardly anything in life comes up to the expectations of an impulsive person, while if we expect little or nothing, the good that comes to us seems a full measure. Have you not found it so sometimes?"

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This is Not Hysteria. It is Borne Out by Carefully Compiled Statistics of the Latest Most Prevalent, Unpleasant and Painful Catarrh of the Bladder and Prostate Gland. It is a Disease of Consumption. It is Neglected. Slow Catarrh Cures Certain Cases. It is a Dangerous Disease, and Prof. Hays of the University of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says:

"For an examination made from samples produced on the open market, I declare that there is no cure for the disease of the bladder and prostate gland. It is a disease of consumption. It is Neglected. Slow Catarrh Cures Certain Cases. It is a Dangerous Disease, and Prof. Hays of the University of Chemistry and Pharmacy, says:

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suffocated for a moment, and as Miss Marshfield dropped her eyes and color faded slightly, he sprang to his feet and asked if the room wasn't uncomfortably warm. She made some unintelligible reply and he lowered a window; then, instead of resuming his chair came and stood beside her while her nimble fingers played rather nervously over the keys. At length he spoke:—

"Your eyes would only make the truth out of a confirmed lie, Marshfield. I may as well tell you the whole skeleton story, though, of course, you'll say it was to be expected. She's given me the sack—without even the common decency of saying good-bye. She's been trying it for a long time, and now she's done it. Very shabby of her, don't you think?"

"It undoubtedly seems shabby treatment from your point of view, but it was the most merciful thing she could do."

"Because why?"

"Because that correspondence was unifying you for business and making you more visionary and idealistic than ever, which wasn't at all necessary."

"You speak with your accustomed plainness."

"Yes, I am in earnest, but I hope you are not offended."

"Why should I be with you? When you have not been giving me good advice—which, by the way, I wish I had taken—you have been doing my neglected work. I have no reason for complaining of you, at all events. Things have turned out about as you predicted. She can't be a person of good principles—she must be a flirt. She—she must have found somebody else."

"Oh, let us cover her with the mantle of charity, and suppose her nothing but, but only wrinkled and ugly. She couldn't help that, you know. The transcendent love you offered her would have tempted any woman."

"How do you know I offered her transcendent love?"

"I have heard you talk of her several times."

"Come, Marshfield, let up on me. I'm ready now to assent to all the spiteful things you've said about her. I do hereby solemnly swear that to the best of my knowledge and belief she's a big-bearded man, that in addition to, and notwithstanding that, she's a leatherdy old woman who has been amusing herself with my feeble-mindedness, and warming over her state romances at the fire of my idiotic passion."

"Did I really mention feeble-mindedness?"

"Oh, you might as well! But this isn't wading through that pile of letters. Some one has got to take a trip, and owing to my father's fancy that I've been confined too closely to late, it has been decided that I am the one. My father, you see, doesn't know about 'Neveda.'"

"No," said Miss Marshfield, scarcely heeding the latter part of his remark. "Shall you be gone long?"

"Two or three weeks, I think," he replied, and became absorbed in his reading.

At six o'clock they had finished, and then, as she was donning her street clothes Vaughn remembered certain things it was necessary to talk over in view of the intended trip. So they lingered by the grate fire, without lighting up, because it was pleasanter to talk in the twilight. The business affairs they discussed were no of vital importance, but the secretary seemed not to notice that, and the junior partner talked on leisurely, rocking his office chair. The firelight played over their faces, and the freighting uncurtained window shone the drat refulgence of a full moon.

This was a window which commanded a view of the lots, with their lumber of old machinery. There was no snow and over the motley array the moon poured a silvery flood lending it a weird interest it was far from possessing by daylight. The sharp angles and ugly protuberances of the pile were softened by the hazy glow that made the shadows seem to hide strange things—mystical things—things which belonged to the land of dreams.

The spell of the hour was on these two, as they sat there by the fire, and neither was willing to break it. They talked in low tones, with throbbing pulses, but their conversation was not of the usual kind.

"Marshfield, you force me to believe in the luck of fools. In a natural course of events you could despise me."

"Thank God for the unnatural! Don't speak to me, I'm afraid of your speech; it might contradict what your eyes have told me, and it's too good to be contradicted." He had not long, until his dark locks mingled with hair.

Miss Marshfield did not speak, she was smacking with silent laughter.

"What was it," he asked; "more fun at my expense? My dear girl, I can't blame you, but I have a strange feeling, Marshfield—that it is your image I have had in my heart all the time, and never a dream of a myth. Explain that, will you?"

points between their innocent conversation."

Presently Vaughn leaned over to look at her, and when he saw that she was so near to him that he could see the white teeth of his left hand easily between his clasped her right, which lay in the arm of her chair. She did not attempt to withdraw it, but made some faint, and evasive, to which he returned a demure reply. She looked at the code, but his eyes were on her face.

"Marshfield!" The name was uttered very softly, and in a low, clear still. "I could you ever—"

Her look stopped him. She had turned on him those sparkling eyes which sometimes seemed to belie the calmness of her demeanor, and there was no mistaking their expression this time. He understood as well as if she had put it into words.

"Thoroughly satisfied, he was, and standing behind her chair, laid his hand on her shoulder as he said, unsteadily:—

"Marshfield, you force me to believe in the luck of fools. In a natural course of events you could despise me."

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"Then Miss Marshfield spoke, and this was what she said:—

"Darwin, almost thou persuaded me that the only things desirable in this world are you, a moonlight night, and the Nile."

"What!" exclaimed Vaughn, straightening up, well-nigh paralyzed. "How do you know she said that?"

"Because she said it and I am one. Insuperably she whirled her chair about until she faced him.

"You are 'Neveda' and notwithstanding that, she's a leatherdy old woman who has been amusing herself with my feeble-mindedness, and warming over her state romances at the fire of my idiotic passion."

"Was I, indeed?"

"I'll admit that my course was a little irregular, but you see I was all the time egging my conscience with the promise of an explanation. It was very exciting, and I admit that temptation made my carriage too far. Forgive me, pray, I have never romanced before, but you wrote such letters—ah, such letters, Darwin. You are a past master in love-making. I don't think I could have concluded to give up the correspondence so soon, but for the effect it was having on you."

"I was something undone, that's a fact. And to think it was my dear Marshfield all the time. Don't you remember when I asked why you couldn't have been 'Neveda'? You might have told me then."

"But I was somewhat plighted to see you so coolly setting me down as inferior to your plain secretary. It was evident that your plain secretary had not the ghost of a chance."

"So, then, you wanted me to fall in love with my secretary?"

"Perhaps I did—the possibility never presented itself to you, however."

"Oh, Marshfield, I have always adored you, as you very well know, but somehow it seemed to me that you were not the sort of woman to respond. Many a time I have said to myself, 'Marshfield is a delightful chum, but she wouldn't listen to a love story.'"

"I think the very gods would listen and capitulate to such a story as you have to tell; what, then, could be expected of me, whose wild desire was with you in Egypt, even when you thought me most prosaic?"

"He two shadows were close together now, in the shadows which the firelight was throwing into fantastic shapes."

"The wonder of it!" said Vaughn. "Marshfield, my dear, invaluable Marshfield, who will keep me sober and sensible whether I will or no, and 'Neveda,' the mate of my soul. Oh, 'Neveda,' you shall float down the Nile together, in fancy, I see already the dark glistening waters and the glint of the moonlight on the Pyramid."—Parma Centre; in "Short Stories."

she had spoken warmly of many things it contained as agreeing with impressions of her own formed amid the same scenes, and this served to strengthen

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THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.
TALKS BY "TERESA"

Here is another complaint from an aggrieved correspondent.
Dear Teresa,—I wish you would say a word about the idiotic fashion of taking articles of common use and utilizing them for decorative purposes. The craze seems to be growing worse every year. What with gilt and be-ribboned mirrors, gilt clothes-presses and washstands, decorated iron-ware, match-scutchery, etc., we shall be able to furnish our drawing-rooms cheaply and nastily with the contents of the back kitchen. A young lady of my acquaintance recently put the finishing touch on the general tin-ware by procuring a common zinc coat hod, painting it a delicate Nile green, plastering it with bows of salmon-colored ribbon, and using it as a waste paper receptacle. Now, you think this is carrying things altogether too far. Is there any artistic in putting things to a use for which they were never intended? For my part, I can imagine the ancient Greeks and Romans making their cooking utensils, etc., objects of art. In themselves, but I do not believe they ever committed the absurdities to which a depraved sense of the "artistic" is leading us. True art consists in making every object a thing of beauty and a joy forever, but not in forcibly dragging really good things from their proper environment, and placing them where they foster not the artistic sense, but that of the ridiculous. What do you think?

PAULINE. There are so many conflicting opinions on this subject as on every other, that if I venture to express my own I shall be certain to run counter to some valued reader's ideas. I must confess to the grail on myself. I wanted a paper rack, so I got a couple of common or kitchen broilers, fastened them together, decorated them with gold paint and ribbons, and they made quite a respectable magazine rack. But I cannot say I have used anything else out of its legitimate sphere, though I have had a good many ideas. For instance, the practice has its compensations when one is living in a flat and is rather cramped for room. Everybody knows the worry and heartbreak incidental to the constant effort to hide some useful but ugly article away from prying and critical eyes. Perhaps, as a cynical gentleman said recently, if we are going to have our utilities put to everything, we may as well put the articles to their legitimate use as well as decorating our rooms with them. Thus the necessary frying pan, besides being used to cook the juicy steak and "Inguns," would make a useful card-holder for the hall table, with the addition of a bow of ribbon on the handle. It would be a trifle black, perhaps, but then bronze is fashionable just now. Then there is the immaculate pastry board. The flat surface of the black night utilized for the painting of a landscape or some appropriate genre subject, such as mother-families making the toothsome pumpkin pie, surrounded by her hungry brood. Thus decorated it would serve to fill up a gap on the wall of the parlour, while the rolling pin covered with plush and suspended by ribbons would make a capital pin cushion. The use of a coat hod as a waste paper receptacle is certainly novel, and might prove a source of income at bazaars and sales, where anything that is at all out of the ordinary finds a ready sale. I remember the gilt clothes-press with little hooks upon them, which first came out at a sale recently held. They sold like hot cakes. Indeed, there seems to be no limit to possibilities in this direction, but we shall probably arrive at a period of common sense after awhile, and the fad will die out as so many others have done.

Some of the new millinery is exceedingly handsome, especially the hats

and bonnets in the fashionable colors, cornflower blue. I am glad to see that the horrible practice of wearing birds is going out and flowers are becoming more prominent. But why do our millinery-makers such exorbitant prices? Twenty-five dollars for a hat is altogether too much when one considers its wearing qualities compared with the rest of the costume. It is impossible to get a really well-made and up-to-date hat under \$10, and that is not cheap. The material does not in many cases cost more than half the price charged, sometimes, indeed, not so much. Millinery is a decidedly profitable business, as much so as drug selling, since the materials do not represent more than a fraction of the cost of the work. I sometimes wonder how some of the "bargains" one hears about are manufactured. I was reading about a lot of shirt waists, well made, of good print, with collars and cuffs, that were being sold for 25 cents each. The question in, who suffers by such cheapness? The manufacturer or the worker? Probably the latter. The miserable women who make the "bargains" get about ten cents a dozen for them, and have to find their own thread. The conditions of trade seem to want revolutionizing.

TERESA.

THE DUBLIN CONFERENCE.

Dublin, August 4.—A conference of the Nationalist members of Parliament caused with the view to bring about a reunion of the Irish parties, was opened at the Mansion house here to-day. The Nationalists were invited to attend, but declined to do so, owing to the fact that the Nationalists had rejected their proposal for a preliminary joint committee meeting to discuss the basis of reunion. The bulk of the Redmondites were, therefore, absent, but Timothy Harrington was present and was elected to the chair. Mr. Timothy Healy, Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan, and Mr. Thomas J. Healy sat with the anti-Parnellites. Mr. John Dillon moved, and Mr. Michael Davitt seconded, resolutions, regretting the absence of the bulk of the Parnellites, which, it was pointed out, would make reunion impossible, favouring the reconstitution of the old Parnellite party, as it existed from 1885 to 1892, and declaring readiness, as an earnest of practical exemplification of the spirit of the anti-Parnellites, to support a resolution proposed by the first chairman of the party. The resolutions were adopted, although there was a slight dissent at the last proposal.

THE HOLY NAME CADETS.

The first annual dramatic entertainment of the Holy Name Cadets of St. Paul's church will be held in St. Paul's hall, Power street, on Monday evening, April 10th, 1899, at 8.15 o'clock. Tickets 15 cents. Proceeds for a gymnasium. The Holy Name Cadets expect a large attendance, as they have prepared an excellent programme. The Holy Name Cadets received Holy Communion at the eight o'clock Mass in St. Paul's church on Easter Sunday. They receive Holy Communion the first Sunday of every month, and have a meeting every Tuesday evening in St. Anne's hall at eight o'clock. All young men, from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, of St. Paul's church, should join the Holy Name Cadets.

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Leighton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with neuralgic pains, but by using Parson's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parson's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

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through acute disease or by reason of continued ill-health (from whatever cause) the best "builder" to the sufferer—young or old—is "Maltine" with Cod Liver Oil. In this unique preparation is combined every principle necessary to restore the wasted frame to the fulness of health. It is a brain and nerve food of inestimable value; a powerful digestant and assimilator of food; a tissue builder; and "bone-former." It is delicious as honey and acceptable to the palate. One of England's greatest physicians (Dr. Fothergill) says: "There is no remedy that can take the place of Maltine in cases of Debility and Nervous prostration."

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American Ultimatum to the Philippines.

The American commissioners at Manila have laid down their ultimatum to the Philippines. These are points of cardinal importance:—

(1) The supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago and those who resist it can accomplish no end other than their own ruin.

(2) The Philippine people will be guaranteed the most complete liberty and self-determination consistent with the maintenance of a wise, just, stable, efficient, and economical administration of public affairs and compatible with the preservation and international rights and the obligations of the United States.

(3) The civil rights of the Philippine people will be guaranteed and protected to the fullest extent, and religious freedom will be assured, and all persons shall be equal before the equal standing in the eyes of the law.

(4) Honour, justice, and friendship shall be the basis of the Philippine people of the islands they inhabit as the object or means of exploitation.

(5) The welfare and the advancement of the Philippine people.

AN HONEST CIVIL SERVICE.

(6) There shall be guaranteed to the Philippine people an honest and efficient civil service, in which, to the fullest extent to which it is practical, natives shall be employed.

(7) The collection and application of all taxes and other revenues, all be placed upon a sound, economical basis, and the public funds, raised justly and collected honestly, shall be applied only to defray regular and approved expenses incurred by and for the establishment and maintenance of the Philippine Government and such general improvements as the public interests may demand. Local funds collected shall be used for local purposes and not to be devoted to other ends. With such prudent and honest fiscal administration it is believed that the needs of the Government will in a short time become compatible with a considerable reduction in taxation.

(8) A pure, speedy, and effective administration of justice shall be established whereby may be eradicated the evils arising from delay, corruption, and exploitation.

(9) The construction of roads, railroads, and similar means of communication and transportation and of other public works manifestly to the advantage of the Philippine people shall be promoted.

(10) Domestic and foreign trade and commerce, agriculture and other industrial pursuits tending towards the general development of the country, in the interests of the inhabitants, shall be objects of constant solicitude and fostering care.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

(11) Effective provision shall be made for the establishment of elementary schools in which the children of the people may be educated, and appropriate facilities shall be provided for a higher education.

(12) Reforms in all departments of the Government of the country, in the leadership of the inhabitants, shall be objects of constant solicitude and fostering care.

(13) In giving his best, the commission desire to join the President in expressing their good-will toward the Philippine people and to extend to the leading representative men an invitation to meet them for the purpose of personal acquaintance and the exchange of views and opinions.

(Signed) Jacob Gould Schurman, U. S. Commissioner; George Dewey, U. S. N.; Elwell S. Otis, Major-General, U. S. A.; Charles Dwyer, U. S. Commissioner; Dean C. Worcester, U. S. Commissioner.

AN EARLY SETTLER.

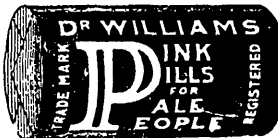
The late Thomas Finnegan, of Nichol, who died on March 13th, was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, in 1813, and came to Montreal in boyhood. Part of his early life was spent in the Lower Provinces. He then came to Nichol and settled on what is known as the Finnegan homestead. Mr. Finnegan cut the first tree on the farm, fifty-seven years ago next month. By dint of hard work and perseverance he cleared the farm; and after some years he purchased the adjoining farm and looked after the working of the 200 acres up to the time of his death. Mr. Finnegan married on June 13th, 1838, Katharine McArdie, whose death preceded his just one month. The death of his beloved partner was a heavy affliction to him, and no doubt contributed towards his death. Mr. Finnegan was kind and neighbourly-hearted. Both schools of the section were closed on the day of the funeral, as an evidence of the esteem in which he was held. One member of the family, John, died some seven years ago in 1892. The others are Mrs. John Finnegan; Mrs. James J. Finnegan; Mrs. Peter Giff; Miss Margaret, of Chatham; Mrs. W.P. Buffalo; J. and Joseph and Thom except Mrs. Cooney, at home, this being the for them within a very few days. The funeral took place at the residence of the family at Nichol, on Wednesday, April 6, 1899.

How to Get Strong.

Thousands of people, not really ill, need a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses, shops and school rooms during the winter months makes people feel depressed, languid and "out of sorts". Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall an easy prey to disease.

A Tonic is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest tonic medicine known. These pills make rich, red blood; strengthen tired nerves, and make dull, listless men, women and children feel bright, active and strong.

Mr. Jas. Partelle, a well known farmer living near Crofton, Ont., says:—"For several years I have been a sufferer from general debility. I believe my troubles originated in over-work, aggravated by a severe cold. I had advice from doctor in Leno and Belleville, but did not get any better. Then I went to Toronto for treatment, and for a time experienced some relief, but it was only temporary, and soon I was worse than before. Some of my neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before the first box was gone I found relief, and after I had used a few boxes I was rejoicing in complete recovery, and my health has since been excellent. Words fail to express the value I now place on these little pink messengers of health, and I only hope other sufferers will follow my example."



There are numerous pink colored imitations against which the public is cautioned. The genuine are only sold in boxes with wrapper resembling the engraving on the left, but printed in red ink.

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which, and was largely attended. The solemn mass of requiem at the Church of Our Lady was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Leary, S.J., and the prayers at the grave by the Rev. Father Kavanaugh, S.J. The pallbearers were the five sons of deceased—Joseph, Frank, Thomas, William, and James—and Mr. P. Griffin, son-in-law.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ST. PETER'S

The gloom caused by the sad death of Joseph, the youngest brother of Father Minchin, of St. Peter's church, Bathurst street, did not interfere with the brightness of the Easter celebration there. At the 8.30 Mass the children of St. Peter's school, under the leadership of their teacher, Sister Eremelinda, sang several Easter hymns, with a heartiness and sweetness worthy of the occasion. At the 10.30 Mass an excellent rendering of "The Mass" by Miss Bertha Constance and Mr. O'Connell being especially good. The whole performance was creditable alike to the ability of Mr. McElroy, the leader, and to the participating efforts of the members of St. Peter's school. Father Minchin took occasion to thank his people for their generous sympathy in his bereavement. Thanks were also given to the choir and to the ladies of the Altar Society, especially to Misses Rodgers, Dunbar, and O'Connell, for their tasteful decoration of the altar, as well as to Messrs. Rodgers and Norris, who very materially assisted in this work.

In the evening the Sanctuary boys took part in the singing of vesper for the first time, and took their part in a manner which promises well for the brightness of the evening service. Father Minchin kindly relieved the pastor from the duty of preaching at vespers, and gave a fine sermon on the great truth of the Resurrection. On Easter Monday evening the entertainment in aid of St. Peter's church, noticed in our last issue, came off in Broadway hall, 450 Spadina avenue. The programme consisted of a vitascope exhibition of scenes from the recent Spanish-American war, interspersed with songs by Mr. F. O'Connell and Misses O'Connor, Harie, and Curran, and recitations by Miss Eda Murphy. All these are favourably known to the people of St. Peter's parish, and were well up to the expectations entertained regarding their work. Miss Murphy received a beautiful bouquet, as a mark of appreciation of her first recitation. The vitascope exhibition was a new feature in connection with the entertainment.

Popular Objections to the Blessed Eucharist. The above subject, handled by such an able and prominent as the Reverend L. Minchin promises to be one of the best of the series delivered before the St. Mary's Braub, "Catholic Truth Society." Their meeting place, the Rooming Hall, Queen street and Spadina avenue, should be well filled on Friday evening, when the lecture will be delivered. In addition to this several well known entertainers will provide, the musical programme are a guarantee that their part will be worthy of the occasion.

judging of the manner in which it was received, a very popular one. Indeed, the scenes were so realistic, especially where rushing trains were introduced, that the audience almost started at times from their seats to clear the track. No description could compare in vividness with the living power of these pictures. Messrs. Penton and O'Leary, who have charge of the Edison Vitascopes of the Cuban war, certainly deserve to be patronized, and those who witnessed their work in Broadway hall voted the performance a great success. Mr. L. V. McElroy occupied the position of chairman, with that perfect taste for which he is well known, and paid a high tribute to the progress St. Peter's parish has made.

EASTER MUSIC AT ST. MARY'S.

We have heard several expressions of the highest admiration in connection with the Easter music at St. Mary's church. The Mass (Medermeier's), a very difficult production, was most successful, and too much praise cannot be given to the efficient conductor, Mrs. Macpherson. The words say:—"The exact interpretation of the tender aspects of the 'Kyrie' the joy of the 'Gloria,' the faith of the 'Credo,' with its contrasting descriptive passages of the Passion and Resurrection, the solemnity of the 'Sanctus,' the sonorous ringing of the 'Hosanna in Excelsis,' and the final pathetic pleading of the 'Agnus Dei,' reflected the greatest credit upon the capable conductor of the choir, Mrs. George McPherson. The unaccompanied quartette of the 'Kyrie' was one of the most artistic in a series of fine effects obtained. The soloists were Miss Kate Clarke, Miss Helen, Miss Memory, Miss M. Walsh, Miss Hart, Mr. Costello, Mr. Fulton, and Mr. McPherson; organist, Mrs. O'Sullivan. Mrs. McPherson should take her place as a musical leader in Toronto. We well remember the sensation she created after her return from Leipzig, where she spent three years, and where she won the diploma of the Leipzig Royal Conservatory of Music. It will interest our readers to know that Medermeier's Mass will be repeated in St. Mary's next Sunday.

OPENING A SAINT'S GRAVE.

The London Daily Mail, March 16th, has the following:—"The tomb of a saint has just been opened at Durham cathedral, and they have found in it a human skeleton. It is believed that the skeleton is being displayed in northern archaeological circles. It is the tomb of St. Cuthbert, and the object is to reconstruct the original coffin of the saint, which dates back to 688, by recovering certain fragments which are known to be contained in the grave."

The original coffin of oak was taken out in 1827 and substituted by another, but it was afterwards found that considerable portions were still wanting. The bones have been found to be in an excellent state of preservation and in the grave there were also found other remains, among these being the frontal bone of a large skull, cut open by a battle-axe or sharp sword. This skull is supposed to be that of King Oswald, whose head, after he had been killed in battle, was brought to Hamburgh, and ultimately deposited in the shrine of St. Cuthbert, where he has always represented as carrying in his hands the head of St. Oswald.

The Manitoba School Lands Fund.

WINNIPEG, April 1.—In the Legislative Hon. Mr. Cameron has given notice that on Tuesday he will move that the House adopt a memorial to the Dominion Government on the School Lands Fund. This memorial sets forth the purpose for which the lands were sold and shows that assurances were made to the Norway Government in 1878 and 1884, on the strength of this fund, though no money had been received from sales at that time. It also shows that the land grants have amounted to \$65,000 in 1884 '87 to \$250,000 in 1890. The memorial submits that the lands were not set apart for future generations only, they therefore ask for a grant of \$800,000 from the fund, which now amounts to \$500,000 in cash and the whole value of which is estimated at \$1,500,000.

Death of Mr. John Mullen.

After an illness of 8 years duration Mr. John Mullen passed away at his late home on Bond street. Mr. Mullen was born in the county of Galway, Ireland 63 years ago but he came to Grand Rapids, Michigan and finally settled at Oshawa where he spent 25 years as section foreman. Four years ago Mr. Mullen removed to Toronto with his family. He was a member of the Holy Trinity Church and two sons, Misses Annie, Helen, Martha and May who are at home, Sister M. Vincent of the Community of St. Joseph, Messrs John and Geo. H. Mullen of the firm of Mullen & Buckley, Far Rockway Long Island, N. Y. He was a worshipper at St. Michael's Cathedral and a staunch Catholic. He was genial in disposition and made many friends. The funeral took place at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning. It left his home for the cemetery where some High Mass was sung by Rev. F. P. Healy with Father Healy as deacon and G. O'Donohue as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Ryan, Healy, Murray and Dr. Tracy. The interment took place in St. Michael's Cemetery. R. I. P.

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