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ALIVE BOLLARD, 100 Yonge Street TORONTO.

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND IRELAND

(Dublin Freeman's Journal.) The threat of Mr. Chamberlain to add to the breach of the financial guarantee of Ireland under the Act of Union, a breach of her representative guarantee, is subjected to a damaging criticism by Mr. Swift MacNeill, M. P., in the current Fortnightly Review. The threat will, we venture to prophesy never materialize into a legislative proposal. No doubt, if any party advantage were likely to accrue to Mr. Chamberlain, the treachery would sit as lightly on his Puritan conscience as the breach of the Treaty of Limerick did on that of the infamous authors of the Penal Code, or that of the Convention of London upon his own. But such an advantage is more than doubtful. For the destruction of those small corrupt constituencies throughout Great Britain which a Jingo millionaire is always able to buy; for the disappearance of that University representation which, viewed in the light of its purposes, has become such a hoary practical joke; for the obliteration of the multiple vote from the Tory register, the reduction of the Home Rule majority in Ireland from 57 to 47 would be poor compensation. Mr. Chamberlain appreciates the fact thoroughly, and his threat is meant for nothing more than a filip to the anti-Irish prejudices of the new Imperialism. As a reviewer puts it, the threat is a very good electioneering cry, but the policy is not within the range of practical politics. Nevertheless, Mr. MacNeill does as good work as usual in writing the latest chapter of Mr. Chamberlain's recreancy from the professions of his Radical days. The Irish defender has not much difficulty in discovering an effective denunciation of the very policy now proposed by the Colonial Secretary in the speeches of those days. Like his colleague, Mr. John Bright, he joined Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley in opposing and criticizing the proposal when it emanated from the Tory benches in the debate on the Household Franchise Bill in 1884. What Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright thought of the flagrantly immoral proposal may be imagined. Coercionists though both were at that date, they scouted the suggestion that they should go behind even the inadequate provision which Pitt and Castlereagh, in the height of their "blackguardism and baseness," thought as little as decency would permit. "I would say this," observed Mr. Gladstone, "that those who have been niggardly and unjust in former times must be very cautious when they come to plead in their own behalf for the strictest application of laws of which they might, indeed, have claimed the strictest application had they never deviated from them themselves. * * * Look back to the year 1832, and see how we dealt with Ireland on that occasion. I think I am right in saying Ireland had, at that time, three-tenths of the population of the United Kingdom, and to them we gave considerably less than one-sixth of the representation. I do not think

that, looking back at what proceeding, we should say that it was a very handsome, patient, and I cannot entirely say that fact from my resolution. I am coming to consider the Irish Question when we deal with the redistribution of seats. I say it is not a desirable position for a great country to occupy, to claim the most rigid application of numerical laws when they tell in their favor, and on the other hand, to apply a very lax view of them indeed when they tell against her." No doubt, though these were the words of Mr. Gladstone before he found salvation, the Unionists may now demur to his authority, whatever their inability to meet his argument. But what will they make of Mr. Bright, whom Mr. John Morley has already summoned back as a witness? He defined the Unionist position, and spoke on the question as a Unionist. "For myself," he said, "I am determined to stand by the Act of Union. Nothing shall persuade me to vote for any smaller number of the Irish members, and if by reason of the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, the difficulties of intercourse and the less power they have to influence Parliament and opinion in this country, it is thought necessary by the Government to keep the representation as it is, I shall have no difficulty in supporting it. This I must declare most solemnly—that I think the House would commit a grievous injury, a grievous affront, a grievous insult, and a grievous wrong if they departed from that great Act of Parliament which is called the Act of Union. Upon all the rights which it guarantees surely the Irish have a right implicitly to rely."

WHAT THE MASSES READ. Catholic priests have for some time past been complaining of the increasing tendency amongst the masses in this country to put aside serious publications and to give themselves up largely to reading frivolous papers, especially the journals containing betting news. The Rev. Dr. Rosler, a German priest, in an article published by a German contemporary, deals with this same topic and very reasonably, it seems to us, he points out that the public taste in reading is in no small measure regulated by women. In other words, the boy is father to the man and is found throughout life of the mental food he obtains in his home as a youth. The school-teacher has a certain influence over him, but it does not long outlive the school-years, whereas the influence of the home training abides with him to the end. If then his mother sees that the papers he buys and reads in his earlier years are pure, wholesome, and invigorating, he will procure publications of that kind when he is more mature, and if, on the other hand, he is allowed in boyhood to seek enjoyment in racing and betting sheets, his taste will in this way be permanently affected. So that the character of what the masses read depends upon the habits formed in the home—a fact which mothers should not forget.

PROPAGANDA OF SEDITION. "The condition of things at present proclaims, and proclaims vehemently, that there is need for the union of brave minds with all the resources they can command. The harvest of misery is before our eyes, and the dreadful prospect of the most disastrous national upheavals are threatening us from the growing power of the socialistic movement. They have insidiously worked their way into the very heart of the State, and in the darkness of their secret gatherings, and in the open light of day, in their writings and in their harangues, they are urging the masses onward to sedition; they fling aside religious discipline, they scorn duties and clamor only for rights; they are working incessantly on the multitudes of the needy which daily grow greater, and which, because of their poverty, are easily deluded and hurried off into ways that are evil. It is equally the concern of the State and Religion, and all good men should deem it a sacred duty to preserve and guard both in the honor which is their due." Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on True Christian Democracy.

CHILDREN IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS. (The New Century.) Catholic children should not enter primary public schools. We have only words of praise for the children in these schools, who become more expert every year; nevertheless, the schools are Christless. The plastic heart and soul of the young Christian child should have no place within their walls.

Welcome the Royal Visitors

Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the future King and Queen of Britain, are now on their way to Toronto. At every point of their progress thus far they have been met only with the most sincere demonstrations of popular loyalty. We say "popular loyalty," because there is such a thing as organized loyalty, which invariably makes a very good exterior show, but with little heart in it. The royal couple now completing their long journey through the "dominions beyond the sea" have emphatically drawn the hearts of the people to them. And this is the most conspicuous feature of their triumph. The welcome prepared by the citizens of Toronto is in the best sense of the term popular; and when the royal visitors reach the city this afternoon they will witness

REQUIEM MASS AT ST. JOSEPH'S

A solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the beautiful Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent on the 5th inst. at 9 a. m., for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Ursula Dougherty, who died at the Motherhouse, in the 43rd year of her age and the 22nd of her religious life. The Celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. F. Walsh, C. S. B.; Rev. E. Murray, of St. Michael's College, officiated as Deacon, and Rev. Wm. McCann as sub-deacon. There were also present Rev. J. Hand, Rev. F. Fracton, C. S. B.; Rev. A. Stuhl, C. S. R.; Rev. H. Cammish, Rev. J. Minehan; Rev. P. McEachern and Mr. J. Costello, Mr. C. Cunningham, Mr. F. Bergeron of St. Michael's College; also the Rev. Brothers Manfred and Walter. The Community, the pupils of the Academy and near relatives of the deceased from Cleveland, Buffalo and St. Catharines occupied the Chapel nave, and united in earnest, heartfelt prayer for her who has been called to her reward.

EDUCATION WITHOUT GOD. A writer in The Sacred Heart Messenger says: "There is, perhaps, no greater fault in our modern system of education without God and without religion, than the absence of the teaching of dependence on a higher power and on authority. The average human intellect has almost unending tendencies to adopt the ideas of others. If to these tendencies are superadded a certain self-consciousness of intellectual culture and a feeling of pride that tempts its possessor to make himself, or herself, distinct from the generality of mankind, there is almost no system of thought, however absurd, that may not have a large number of earnest and reasonably sincere disciples. It is wonderful how much this aberrancy in purely intellectual matters may be associated with clearness of vision in practical affairs. A recent writer on Christian Science has said that the most interesting thing about the new cult is the question, 'How near the verge of insanity many persons wander and still retain their financial ability?' This presupposes that such persons are sincere. As a rule they are and are eminently deserving of pity rather than of objections. The hope of cure is not for our generation, however, since the defect is in the fundamental training of such individuals and their education was without the incultation of standards of judgment that can never be set up after mental development has become complete."

THE COURTS SUSTAIN LAWS OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

A decision which will interest Catholic benevolent societies is that made recently by the Supreme Court of Missouri, whereby Catholic mutual benefit societies of that State have the right to expel members who do not live up to their religion. The decision was reached in the case of the minor children of Peter Franta, deceased, against the Bohemian Roman Catholic Central Union of the United States. The defendants contended, which contention was upheld by the Supreme Court, that their association is made up of members of the Roman Catholic Church; that by its constitution no person can be a member who is not a Roman Catholic, and who does not perform his duties as required by the Church, and that one of these duties is to go to confession and receive the sacrament of holy communion every year during Easter time, and the constitution and by-laws require every member to perform that duty; and to produce to the society a certificate of the priest that he had done so, or failing therein, the society has the author-

ity to suspend him indefinitely, or for such time as it may deem just, first giving him an opportunity to clear himself of the charge. * * * That plaintiff's father did not receive the sacrament of Holy Communion during Easter in 1896, and was charged in the society with that omission, and in a regular meeting he admitted the truth of the charge, and thereupon, in due course, the society suspended him from membership indefinitely, and he died while so suspended. By the laws of the order a suspended member loses all benefits during his suspension.

FRENCH-CANADIAN CATHOLICS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 2. — The concluding session of the Congress of French Americans of New England and New York held here this afternoon was notable because the speakers criticized the Catholic Church for appointing non-French priests to many French parishes. The whole subject culminated in the following resolution, which was adopted: "Considering that we number almost a million of people in New England and New York, considering that the best means of preserving the Catholic faith among these people is by giving them rectors and missionaries of their own nationality who share in their aspirations, possess a perfect knowledge of their language; considering that at least one-half of the French people are to-day ministered to by priests and missionaries who imperfectly speak the French language and are not familiar with the customs, habits and traditions of the French people, or are even in antipathy to them; considering that the Catholic faith is in real danger of becoming extinct in a large number of souls, we declare ourselves with all our strength in favor of the establishment of parishes under the rectorship of priests of our nationality in all places where our compatriots are numerous enough to support these parishes, and in the mixed parishes where ours are in a majority, we request that rectors of our nationality be appointed."

PATRICK BOYLE TESTIMONIAL.

Intending subscribers to the Patrick Boyle testimonial are requested to send in their names and contributions as soon as possible. The memorial acknowledgment cards are now ready and will be sent out as quickly as the subscriptions are received. Acknowledgements: J. J. Foy, K.C. \$100.00 Eugene O'Keefe 100.00 M. J. Hickey 100.00 George P. Magann 100.00 William Dineen 100.00 John Ryan 100.00 L. J. Cosgrave 100.00 Robert Bell, ex-M.P.P. 20.00 D'Arcy Scott, B.L., Ottawa 10.00 Joseph Fahey, Winnipeg 10.00 P. F. Cronin, Toronto 10.00 Robert Jaffray, Toronto 5.00 J. George Hodgins, L.L.D. 5.00 D. D. Bourke, New Westminster, B. C. 2.00 D'Arcy Hinds, Toronto 2.00

REDMOND TO VISIT AMERICA.

Toward the close of next month Mr. John Redmond, accompanied by two other members of the Irish Parliamentary party, will visit the United States for the purpose of preaching the cause of Irish nationalism. The programme of the reunited and strongly coherent Nationalist party, as made known by Mr. Redmond, its leader, is plain. It repudiates the counsels of violence. It will maintain the policy of peaceful agitation. It relies upon this policy in conjunction with the organization of the great mass of the Irish people on the principles of the United Irish League for success in wresting the blessings of Home Rule from a reluctant Parliament.

DEATHS

O'DONOHUE.—At the residence of her brother, James O'Donohue, 172 Farley avenue, Toronto, on Tuesday, Oct. 8, Elizabeth O'Donohue. Funeral Thursday at 9 a. m., to St. Mary's Church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. MCMANUS.—On October 2nd, at Quebec, Mary Ann, eldest and beloved daughter of Michael MCMANUS, of H. M. Customs, aged 27 years and 2 months. COMPAIN.—At his late residence, 34 Harvard avenue, Toronto, on Saturday morning, October 5th, Adolph S. Compain, aged 53.

THE CHURCH AND SECRET SOCIETIES

(From The Antigonish Casket.) We commend to the thoughtful perusal of our readers the following wise words of our contemporary The Catholic Register: "Men will still plot murder for all the foul causes that crime is kin to. But if we separate the Anarchists from the general run of the criminally inclined, and consider the best means of discouraging their atrocities, it seems to us that the first radical step is to discourage secret societies of all descriptions. Whenever the man whose heart is eating itself out in disappointment with the social order in which he sees himself submerged, looks in the newspapers, he sees that the heir to the throne, the commander-in-chief of the army, the judge on the bench, the vaulting statesman, are high and mighty members of this, that or the other secret society, and he naturally thinks of the same means to pursue his own peculiar and vain vengeance upon the system of government that feeds upon the very culture of secret organizations. If the civilization which we enjoy be so free and beneficent, what is the need for all the higger-mugger of the modern mystics? The Anarchists, indeed, are but the more poisonous excrecences of the toad-stool age which has brought us to the threshold of the 20th century. The Church has always looked askance at any society or organization which asks of its members greater secrecy than that which any man engaged in private business in common ought to keep about that business. If the objects of a society are lawful, and not contrary to religion, where is the sense of asking men to take oaths to keep its business and its doings secret? Our friend says truly: 'What is the need for all the higger-mugger of the modern mystics? If the workings of the society are innocent, why darken the windows, and double lock so many doors, and extract so many solemn promises and oaths of the members? This is an age, if we can believe our eyes and ears, when any movement which is really calculated to benefit men, is sure of fair-play from governments and from the public. Why all this nonsense about oaths and signs and grips and all the rest of the frippery? The Church has always preached the doctrines of Christ before the face of men and she likes to see them stand out in the open, and not skulk away into dark alleys, where they cannot see clearly what they are doing, themselves, nor where they are being led

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS.

ROME MORE ABOUT SOCIALISM.

In Italy, at least, it is but a short step from socialism to anarchism, and Pope Leo's thought naturally passed from one to the other.

All the brightness seemed to fade out of Pope Leo's face while he was speaking of the crime which has shocked the whole world, but it returned again when somebody directed his attention to the Italian pilgrimage which was setting out for Lourdes that same day.

About one incident in connection with the Catholic Congress at Toronto His Holiness said a few but very weighty words. The Government, seeing the immense influence which the Congress was likely to wield, opened an inquiry, after the close of all the sessions, on the speeches made by some of the prelates.

IRELAND BISHOP O'CALLAGHAN ON SOCIALISM.

The denunciation of Socialism is universal. Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, has made the following letter to his clergy public:

We deem it right to call your attention to certain teachings which, under the name of Socialism, are now being propagated in our city, and we do so that you may instruct and advise your flocks against the dangers to which such teachings would expose them.

spread, and the laws of God are disregarded. Like other great evils we have to deplore, it is the result of the godless education so much favored by the governments of the world.

UNITED STATES MR. SCHWAB'S CHURCH. Loretto, Pa., Oct. 2.—The consecration to-day of St. Michael's Church, erected by Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, was the most notable ceremony of the kind ever held in this section of the country.

The ceremony of consecration, which began this morning at 6.30 o'clock, was performed by Right Rev. Bishop Garvey, of Altoona, of which diocese Loretto is a part.

Special trains brought many people for the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated at 10.30 o'clock by Archbishop Ryan. The church was crowded. The sermon was delivered by Mgr. Loughlin. An excellent musical programme was rendered by choirs from Johnstown and Pittsburgh.

Mr. Loughlin's sermon was a forceful exposition of the influence of supernatural religion in the world's progress and a protest against the materialistic tendencies of the age.

DEATH OF ABBE HOGAN. A cablegram received in Boston announced the death, near Paris, of

Very Rev. John B. Hogan, S.S., D. D. The news of the demise of this distinguished priest will be read with sorrow and surprise throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The Abbe Hogan was a native of Ireland, but received his ecclesiastical training and spent most of his priestly life in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. He was ordained in 1852. For twenty-five years he was one of the directors of St. Sulpice, and was an instructor and spiritual guide of thousands of priests not only in France, but of many European countries, the United States and Canada.

Bishops were offered to him, he was eagerly sought by the literary and social magnates of the great French capital, but nothing could detach him from the retired and laborious life of the seminary.

Once, however, he was forced to leave it, and a friend, John P. Leonard, resident at the time in Paris, thus describes the occasion. "This was during the terrible Commune, when his conduct was truly heroic, saving perhaps the seminary and certainly many most important documents from destruction.

On the completion of St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, in 1884, its founder, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston, invited Very Rev. Dr. Hogan to take charge of it. Since that time, except for five years, 1889-1894, spent as president of the divinity college of the Catholic University of America, Dr. Hogan has presided over Brighton Seminary, enriching through the priests therein molded the Church in America with the treasures of his spiritual wisdom and profound and varied scholarships.

HOLLAND CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

It may be interesting to learn from a book of recent date what a French convert has written on Dutch Catholicism. J. K. Huysmans, well known to the literary world as the author of many valuable works, has lately edited the life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam. Before finishing his book the author paid a visit to this little factory town that lies in the centre of Protestant Holland in order to give a last polishing touch to his work on the very spot where five centuries ago Lydwine lived and died a saint.

The last chapter of his book, in which we read the account of the author's visit to Schiedam, affords ample matter wherewith to form to ourselves an image of Dutch Calvinism such as was pictured to the mind of this gifted Frenchman before his stay in Holland. His musings when nearing the end of his journey were anything but exhilarating. Would St. Lydwine, ignored by the world at large, be still held in veneration amidst that all-pervading atmosphere of Dutch Catholicism? Baedeker did not even mention her name. He even entertained some doubts as to the existence of a Catholic church or chapel in that place.

The sudden change that was wrought in the mind of this pilgrim is beyond description. There he lay prostrated in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and together with him hundreds of men and women. The same night he heard at his hotel that there were two more Catholic churches in Schiedam, and that St. Lydwine was the patron saint and absolute mistress of the place. Next day he found that a great number of people attended Mass, many going to Holy Communion before and after the services. There, too, was a little sanctuary erected in honor of the saint, with her relics and the wall paintings of exquisite beauty that represented the principal scenes of the saint's life.

HUYSMANN'S TRIBUTE. He had ample opportunity to observe that the other Dutch towns were in no way inferior to Schiedam. What he thought of it may be gathered from the following few lines which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting in full. They are to be found upon the last

three pages of the last chapter of his book:

"The Catholics are everywhere in the minority, which doubtless accounts for the fact that they are marching on with serried ranks, forming a model company of grave Christians. A Catholic who does not live up to his religion is an exception here. To me there seems to be nothing like having been persecuted for one's faith to render it dear to one; for if it be true that Calvinism had decimated the fold of Christ, it has also wonderfully strengthened those that have resisted. Dutch Catholicism, such as I have seen it here, has nothing effeminate about it; it is a simple, a manly Catholicism.

"The clergy, too, in Holland are excellent. Free from the subaltern education of our French seminaries, rendered strong by constant and hard study, they are not subject to those prejudices that make them stand aloof from society. They do not form a class of their own. The Dutch priest is a man like any other, mixing with common life. He is more independent than with us, but his life is paved 'au grand jour,' and for this very reason he stands in high esteem with all the different classes of society; even the dissident sect shows him respect because of the dignity of his life, the undisputed fervor of his belief and the honesty of his sacerdotalism. His task is not a very easy one. He has to look after the security of his flock amidst the encircling dangers of infidelity that threaten everywhere. He has also to make constant endeavors to increase their number, but here he meets with great difficulties. The country is slowly coming back to its former belief, the reason of this being the furious attacks on the Church by Protestants and the boycotting of converts. It is an exceptional case when one who has gone astray returns to the true fold of Christ, for doing this means being destitute of every help and assistance from his relations and friends, who together with the Jansenists, form the wealthy classes.

"Though Holland, with the archbishopric of Utrecht, is the last refuge of this schism, yet its soil has been sanctified by monastic culture that at one time flourished in this country. Benedictines, Cistercians, Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, Alexians and the monks of Chartreuse founded here most flourishing communities, in the single province of Utrecht 198 monasteries have been formed, whilst the country of Frisa counted ninety abbeyes. All this, however, disappeared in the days of the great persecution.

INTERESTING STATISTICS. In 1897 a Dutch journal gave the following statistics of the Catholic establishments at present: Ninety-six houses belonging to religious orders, serving 66 parishes and instructing in the lycea 725 students; 41 houses of Brothers, nursing the sick, the destitute, the orphans, the deaf-mute and teaching upwards of 12,120 pupils in their schools; 22 convents for contemplative nuns; 430 houses belonging to Sisters, who take care of 12,000 orphans and incurable blind people—a total of 592 convents in Holland.

According to other statistics of the Residentieode of The Hague the Netherlands counted, 1784, 350 parishes and 900 priests; 1815, 673 parishes and 975 priests; 1860, 910 parishes and 1,800 priests; 1877, 985 parishes and 2,093 priests; 1900, 1,014 parishes and 2,310 priests.

ONE BETTER EVERY TIME. It seems to matter not what other newspapers may offer as premiums, the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, can always go them one better, and this year they have again clearly out-classed all competitors. Subscribers to that great family paper will this season receive the biggest value ever offered. In addition to a very much improved paper, each subscriber will receive no less than three valuable and seasonable premium pictures. The pictures are large portraits of our new King, Edward VII., and the beautiful Queen Alexandra, each 18 x 24 inches, on beautiful paper, making a lovely pair of pictures ready for framing, which should be found in every Canadian home. The third picture is a grand surprise. We have all heard of the renowned Gainsborough picture, the Duchess of Devonshire, the picture stolen and recovered after 25 years and recently purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan for \$75,000 cash. The publishers of the Family Herald are giving each subscriber this season a beautiful copy of this historical picture (22 x 28 inches) in ten rich colors, same as the original, along with the pictures of the King and Queen. All three pictures and a year's subscription to the best Family paper on the continent for one dollar is certainly a big dollar's worth. The plates of the King and Queen will be a surprise. No such plates were ever given with a newspaper.

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...The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel, St. John 17. 46-53.

- Su. 13 St. Edward, K. C. M. 14 St. Callistus, P. M. T. 15 St. Teresa, V. W. 16 St. Gall, Ab. C. Th. 17 St. Hedwige, W. F. 18 St. Luke, Evangelist. S. 19 St. Peter of Alcantara.

HOLY NAME OF MARY.

Dear honored name, beloved for human ties, But loved and honored first that One was given In living proof, to erring eyes, That our poor flesh is near akin to Heaven.

Sweet word of dual meaning; one of grace, And born of our kind Advocate above, And one, by memory linked to that dear face That blessed my childhood with its mother-love,

And taught me, first, the simple prayer: "To thee, Poor banished sons of Eve, we send our cries," Through mists of years these words recall to me A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

And yet to some the name of Mary bears No special meaning and no gracious power; In that dear word they seek for hidden snares, As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower.

But faithful hearts can see, o'er doubts and fears, The Virgin-link that binds the Lord to earth; Which to the upturned trusting face, appears Greater than angel, though of human birth.

The sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night, The rays of hidden sun that rise to-morrow; So, unseen, God lets His promised light, Through holy Mary shine upon our sorrow. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

AUTUMN HOUSECLEANING.

Stains of oil and grease may be entirely removed from carpet or cloth by the brisk application of buckwheat flour, removing the flour as soon as it has absorbed the oil or until the spots have completely disappeared.

The best way to clean a piano is to use lukewarm water and a fine oil chamois. Go over the case a little at a time and rub dry with your chamois skin. Bruises may be removed by the application of a little pumice stone. Always use a silk-duster for a piano.

A good furniture polish is made by dissolving an ounce of Castile soap in half a pint of boiling water. Dissolve also in half a pint of turpentine two ounces of beeswax and half an ounce of white wax. Combine both mixtures when thoroughly dissolved, keep in bottles and shake before using. Put a little of the polish on with a piece of flannel and polish with a cloth.

To renovate a hair mattress take it into an empty room and remove the hair from it slowly, so that you may not be choked with dust. Pick the hair over thoroughly and

wash a little of it at a time, through several pails of strong soap-suds. When it is well rinsed and wrung as dry as possible, lay it in two thin sheets of thin muslin, basting them together at the ends and tacking them here and there in the centre and hang up to dry. Work of this kind should be attempted only when the weather is likely to be fair.

A polished floor appeals to many, but a sticky polished floor is undesirable. It collects dust which a cloth fails to remove. Many housewives omit to mix linseed oil with the turpentine and beeswax used to polish, hence the stickiness of the floor. If the mixture is blended properly and not too much put on, then well polished with a soft cloth the floor will never be sticky.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

To soften kid shoes that have been hardened by getting wet, clean them thoroughly and rub well with castor oil.

A teaspoonful of vinegar put into the water in which eggs are poached sets the whites and helps to keep the eggs in good shape.

Never place kitchen knives and forks in water. Wash them thoroughly with the dish cloth in hot suds, then polish and rub them dry.

To polish copperware, tea kettles, reservoirs, etc., use one teaspoonful of vinegar and one tablespoonful of salt; heat it, apply with a cloth, and rub till dry.

Do not put pans and kettles partly filled with water on the stove to soak, as it only makes them more difficult to clean. Fill them with cold water and soak away from the heat.

Ovens in time get very greasy, and are not nice for cooking in. To clean an oven dust it thoroughly, plates and all, with powdered lime, and sprinkle this thickly at the bottom. Heat the oven well, let it cool, and then brush it out. The lime will soak up all the grease.

BEGIN EARLY.

"I'm going to be trained as a hospital nurse as soon as I'm old enough," I heard a young girl say the other day; and then a small sister came running in to ask for help in some pet scheme and was dismissed with a frown and a "Don't bother!" and the embryo nurse settled herself in a comfortable corner with a new library book, in spite of the fact that the mother's hands were more than full and there were things in plenty waiting to be done if only there had been willing, helpful hands to do them. Lack of thoroughness here, wasn't there? She had not realized that training in patience, unselfishness, kindness and consideration was one of the best ways of fitting herself for her vocation; and so she was just idling away the years, growing more and more selfish every day, waiting till she was old enough to begin her actual medical training, evidently expecting that all the necessary qualities would be showered upon her miraculously when she needed them.

SOME RULES FOR COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

(By Max O'Reil.) Never go down on your knees to declare your love; you will spoil your trousers and feel very uncomfortable. Never call on your lady love while you have a cold in your head.

If you begin your declaration you will never be able to resume it after a fit of sneezing. A cold in the head inspires pity neither in the heart of man, nor in that of woman, and sneezing is fatal if the lady has the slightest particle of humor. Remember that, with a cold in your head, you have to say to her, "I love you, be darling! Oh! I had such a cold in my nose!" No romantic love, my dear fellow, could survive that.

If you are bald, never make love to a woman taller than you. Looked at from below you are all right. Never let your lady love see you without a collar; no, not even the very wife of your bosom. A man's head without a collar is like a bouquet without a holder.

Don't let your wife see you shave. Your idiotic, cowed look, your gaping mouth and grimaces are as many infallible remedies for love.

JESUS ALWAYS.

How sweet it is to be saved by Jesus; it seems as if it were better than if we had never fallen. It is such joy to owe everything to Jesus, such a joy not to be able to do without Him for one moment. Such a joy to find Him everywhere and always to find Him laying us under new obligations and binding us with fresh chains of love. Would that we were bound so fast to Him that we could never get loose from Him.

PERFECTION.

It must be something more than the tameness of a common virtue, something higher than the level of ordinary attainments, which do great works for God. We must aim at perfection; we must strive after the arduous heights of Christian holiness; we must endeavor to imitate the saints of God; we must put before ourselves as possible, aye, and as hopeful aims, their devoted and heroic deeds.

IRISH LIONS.

(From The New York Sun.)

Irish lions are rare birds, as Sir Boyle Roche might say, but they are getting along swimmingly in the Dublin Zoo. About two hundred of them have been raised, and the young cubs sold brought \$25,000 into the treasury of the gardens. Now the managers of the institution are going into the business of lion raising with a vengeance. It appears that the climate of Dublin agrees perfectly with lions, however sorely it may strain the constitutions of other animals. All the Irish lions are South African descent, and it is hardly necessary to say that in Dublin they must be counted among the rebels. It is to be hoped that the British Government, in view of this fact, may not crush this lion-raising industry in Ireland, because the splendid animals, rebels though they be, are intelligent, docile and good natured, like all Irish-born creatures, except bulls.

The king of the Dublin lions is a magnificent black-maned fellow called Caesar, and his wife is a beautiful Nubian lioness. Their family foots a total, so far, of nine, and the expectations are bright. The British lion died recently in Africa. Long live the Irish lions in Dublin!

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.

Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

"CHURCH MUSIC."

Mr. R. R. Terry (of London) read a paper on "Church Music," at the recent Catholic Conference, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He said a popular belief amongst their Protestant friends, and one which died very hard, was that they had very fine music in their churches. They had heard a good deal about ignorance that afternoon, and he could hardly say that "Where ignorance was bliss"—he would not finish the quotation. They were not concerned, at least at present, with popular fictions; they wanted to deal with facts; and the fact stared them in the face that their Church music was in anything but a satisfactory condition. It was their bounden duty to offer to Almighty God only of their best, in music, painting, sculpture, and it was nothing but sacrilege to offer the second best, to say nothing of the worst, as was sometimes the case. How was reform to be brought about?

HE DEALT, FIRST, WITH BAD PERFORMANCES, AND NEXT WITH BAD MUSIC.

One of the most fruitful causes of bad performances was the reluctance of singers to give an adequate amount of time to practice. The second cause was the lack of vocal training, especially with boys. Choirs suffered by the absence of any recognized model. The time was ripe for some movement to remedy this absence. He complained that unsuitable music was often affected by singers. He had found that some of their little choirs attempted critical Masses which would tax the efforts of trained bodies like that of Brompton Oratory. It was folly for choirs to attempt music beyond their power. Some of the sublimest music ever written was simplicity itself. Performances were often marred by the tyranny of the organ. The tendency was to have larger and larger instruments, with a corresponding abundance of fancy stops. The mechanical appliances for orchestral imitations increased, too. This was a festal temptation, especially to the inexperienced amateur. Under this demoralizing influence English organists were losing the breadth of style and artistic self-restraint which formerly characterized them. This demoralization extended to the choir, too. The function of the organ was to accompany the choir, not to lead it—to embellish the singing, not to smother it. As to bad music, that might be either artistically worthless and bad in itself or it might be music was merely unsuitable for ecclesiastical purposes.

MUSIC THAT WAS ARTISTICALLY BAD.

could only be banished when a sufficiently educated public refused to tolerate it. As to music that was unsuitable for ecclesiastical purposes, he suggested a number of tests. He told choirmasters that their churches should have the best ecclesiastical music. Let them take care that the music produced in the singers an attitude of reverence, and did not foster a spirit of self-importance and a love of display. There was an abundance of music about whose liturgical and devotional fitness there could be no doubt. He gave an historical sketch of Catholic music, several examples of which were rendered by the choir of St. Dominic's, Newcastle. He had not (he said) reverted to the early English music merely to have a dig at their ancient friends. He repudiated any such intention. The church music of the sixteenth century was bound up with the theological changes which then were taking place, and in discussing the question it was impossible to avoid touching disputed points. He was not stirring up the dying embers of a burnt-out controversy. The question was a new one. This early English music was an unexplored field to all save a very few students. It was only right that Catholics should be put in possession of facts which had been too long withheld from them. They had long had Anglican Cathedral music pointed out to them with pride, and their own music derided as a foreign importation. They had been too long ignorant of the fact that all this early English music, whether it had been sung and admired in Anglican Cathedrals, as it had been for the last 300 years, or had lain in libraries and museums, was Catholic in spirit and Catholic in origin, and

WRITTEN BY CATHOLICS FOR THE SERVICES OF CATHOLICS.

It was their heritage and their birthright; and the fact that their claims to it had lain so long dormant did not make any less their duty to revive it. It was a duty they owed to their Catholic forefathers. It was the possession of one more link with their national past, when England was undivided in her loyalty to the see of Peter, and our land was justly called the island of faith.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 10 1901

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE YACHT RACE.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock II. has been beaten by the American boat Columbia three times in succession. The racing was close, and in the third race it was only Columbia's time allowance that brought the cup. The Irish challenger, however, declared that "Columbia won without any fluke," which was a full admission that the American yacht was the better of the two.

The significance of the result goes far beyond the realm of sport. Sir Thomas Lipton brought all his Irish ambition and American enterprise to bear upon the series of contests for the America's cup in which he has been engaged for several years. He spared no money. The cost must be counted in millions. Sir Thomas having failed it is not expected that there will be another contest for many years. British boat builders have thrown up the sponge. The last to encourage them was an Irishman, and the one who had tried before him was an Irishman, Lord Dunraven. They exhausted the skill and ingenuity of the British islands, and have finally acknowledged that they have been attempting the impossible. This means that Britannia no longer rules the waves. Columbia assumed the sceptre years ago.

England is now imitating the naval war engines of America. It is devoutly to be hoped there may never be a challenge by the battleships of England to those of America. The change that has taken place in naval construction is not apart from the relative industrial positions of the two nations. The Americans have the supremacy in bridge building, locomotive making, steel rails and all the minor branches of the iron trade. It looks, indeed, as if industrial England is, to use an Americanism, "on the hog train." The narrow margin by which the superiority of Columbia in the recent races was proved is a thing in itself. A thousand times more skill and money, comparatively speaking, were spent upon Shamrock than any English manufacturer throws into his business. It is acknowledged that the Briton is not adaptable. An American factory must be up-to-date, even if the entire plant be replaced in a week with machinery of newer pattern. Here is the secret of American success. They have energy equal to their vast wealth and resources. America is to-day the captain of the industrial world.

COLLEGES AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

In connection with The Casket's approval, reprinted in another column, of our recent remarks on the evil of all secret societies, the sad death of the Toronto University student, Allan Gibbons, must now be considered. This case is taken but half seriously by many of the students of the city, who say the boy was terrified quite unnecessarily. The facts are very shocking, however. Young Gibbons, the son of a prominent lawyer, had left his home but a few days. He was starting upon his university career. He had never been away from the parental care and was as innocent as a schoolboy should be. Upon his arrival at the University he appears to have been importuned to join the Greek letter secret society, the "Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity." Some "high up" members of the society appear to have stuck to him like leeches from the moment of his arrival. On Saturday evening he received at his lodgings a mysterious summons preparatory to initiation; and some time later when the young jackasses who had sent it, forcibly entered his room to bring him to the ceremony they

found the torn fragments of the "summons" and the "neophyte" shot through the brain. The inference is that the lad had worried himself to desperation over the mysterious ordeal of the initiation. One of the "high ups" told a reporter that as the father was satisfied, the boy's death was the business of nobody else. But this is the first principle of anarchy. Civil society has no rights. The "Secret Society" alone is concerned. Such is the fruit of secrecy grow in the unripe minds of young students, who on account of their youth, may be classed with those weak minded creatures forming the rank and file of the hundred and one secret societies that have their nets spread in every city of this continent. What an empty boast it is to say our age is materialistic. Our universities and colleges however, should not become the breeding grounds for secret society superstition. If Greek letter societies cannot be banished from colleges they should be discouraged to the utmost extent. The boy who begins the career of a "joiner" in the university is apt to develop into a pronounced "joiner" when he goes out into the world.

CRAZE FOR BOER TACTICS.

One of the many influences of the South African war is the perfect craze it has stirred up for "Boer tactics," even in the most peaceful communities. Because young Boers who have to be equal to the hazardous life of the veldt, are all good rifle shots, the military quidnuncs are insisting that our Canadian children shall be encouraged to play with firearms from their infancy. It is Boer tactics, you see; and it is only by Boer tactics that we can ever hope to retain our freedom. The experience of a thousand years of British military development is not worth considering.

The results are numerous. Last week in Toronto a little boy of seven or eight, shot an infant dead in his mother's arms. His father had left a gun in the parlor for the boy to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with. At Oakville, an older boy shot a little companion through the skull and killed him. The lists of casualties resulting from the adoption of Boer tactics are published daily in the newspapers. The most extraordinary plea for the adoption of Boer tactics that we have seen is that made by the Protestant Archbishop of York in proclaiming a British day of humiliation "because of the slow success of the war." It is common in England, the Archbishop says, to laugh scornfully at the open bibles and prayer meetings of the Boers; "but," he adds, "if we had long ago taken a similar course it might have fared better with us." In short, the Archbishop says to the proud Jingo, "adopt Boer tactics and expect better results."

Imitation may be a sincere form of flattery; but it is not the approved way of proving the superior side in any contest.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Politicians and newspapers in England have grown so bold that they threaten Mr. Chamberlain with political extinction. In the Government, where his strength was so lately feared, a feeling of contempt is actually springing into life. It was Mr. Chamberlain who drew up the programme of coming Government measures and placed the reduction of the Irish representation first on the list. The Lord Chancellor, speaking in Sheffield last week, announced that the Government had reconsidered the advisability of reducing the Irish representation. This was a hard slap in the face to Mr. Chamberlain. It was made all the harder by the Lord Chancellor's manner of striking. He said the expedient advised by Mr. Chamberlain was quite unconstitutional. Everything urged by the Colonial Secretary these days seems to be unconstitutional. His policy in Malta is so described, his treatment of the Australian commonwealth is underpinning the colonial connection, and his Irish policy, if pursued, would justify war. The Government is willing to admit that it is finding out a fact which has for years impressed the world, viz., that Joseph Chamberlain is a dangerous man. But the Government

is still tied to Mr. Chamberlain, and when he falls he may pull the Unionist house down with him.

STRIKES AND BOYCOTTS.

Archbishop Ireland has an article in The North American Review which we have read with a feeling that there is in it some hidden want. It is as much a lawyer's as a moralist's argument that he indulges in; and perhaps it might not be impossible for a sharp lawyer to find flaws in it. For our own part, before we deal with it at any length, we wish to look up the references. His Grace's intention apparently is to lump the general run of strikers and Irish boycotters with ordinary law-defying intimidators. The Archbishop is a close reasoner; but this grouping of elements divided by the ocean and presenting few features of similarity either from the legal or moral standpoint is hardly a convincing way of presenting his view to the public. Lord O'Brien, the Irish judge, performed a feat the other day that is recalled by a reading of Archbishop Ireland's article. He was addressing a jury upon a flimsy charge of inciting to boycott. The accused persons were all Catholics. The jury were all Catholics. His Lordship when instructing them how they should consider the case, quoted with the greatest impressiveness the Pope's condemnation of the boycotting of land grabbers. Like Lord O'Brien, Archbishop Ireland would make a better impression if he left outside his case a question that does not strictly belong to it.

DEATH OF N. CLARKE WALLACE.

The death of Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, head of the Orange Order in North America, removes a figure from Canadian public life that the party and the society to which he belonged will find it quite impossible to copy or restore. The late Grand Sovereign did not change with the times. Friends and opponents at all times knew where to find him. They knew what he would say, and that he would say it in blunt language. He always did.

Mr. Wallace had to be known personally to be understood. His speeches in the House of Commons and to the Orange Society were often strangely contradicted by his unquestionable personal liberality. There was none of the leaven of the P. P. A. in his character. His traits were generous and made him friends. To his constituents he was a conscientious representative, and never spared himself to serve their interests. The Register at all times earnestly combatted his activity as a menace to Canadianism, by the importing of dead feuds from foreign countries. Indeed, as Controller of Customs, he should have struck them off the "free list," and imposed instead a prohibitive tariff. Still, we never withhold our tribute to personal character apart from political or partisan proclivities.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have received a letter from "Irish Canadian," which is withheld until the writer furnishes his name, not for publication, but in conformity with the invariable rule of this paper.

The women of Toronto, acting for notoriety, put their foot in it by giving in advance to the press a copy of their proposed address to the Duchess of York. The women of Toronto did not know any better.

Sir Benjamin Stone's photographic operations at the Vatican three years ago, which resulted in the production of some beautiful facsimiles of documents preserved amongst the Papal archives, attracted so much public attention that more than one of the leading Continental Powers have applied for and obtained permission to follow in his footsteps. A gentleman who has for a long time been engaged upon the work of translating into English those MSS. which are of especial interest to this country is so much impressed by the fidelity of Sir Benjamin Stone's negatives that he has transferred his headquarters from Rome to London, being satisfied that, with the aid of a photographic assistant on the spot, he can complete his task as well in his own house as in Italy.

The results of the Higher Examination of the Civil Service Commissioners, just announced, contains the names of several Irish candidates, who uphold the record of the Irish youth in these competitive examinations. Mr. Vincent Connolly, an old Belvedere boy, whose achievements include a first place in the Preparatory Grade of the Intermediate Examinations, is 25th on the list. Mr. John Hooper, a younger son of the late Alderman Hooper of Dunham, and an Exhibitioner of Richmond street, and a Mathematical Scholar and Honors Graduate of University College, St. Stephen's Green, is 39th. Another distinguished student at the College, and a Classical Exhibitioner, Mr. Pierce Kent, whose school days were spent in St. Columba's, Fernoy and Clougoves, is 48th. The competition includes the best men in the English Universities. Thus, a Cambridge Wrangler is but a hundred marks ahead of Mr. Hooper. It is boys like these the Government deny higher university education is Ireland.

The dangerous pass to which Mr. Chamberlain has brought public opinion in Australia may be judged by the Government's bare majority of five votes in the Federal House of Representatives on Sept. 26. Mr. Chamberlain had made known to the government his intention of vetoing any amendment to the immigration law prohibiting the entry of Asiatics and Africans. In face of this information Mr. Watson moved just such an amendment, and Mr. Barton, the Premier, in appealing to the house not to pass it, said it would mean nothing short of affecting the British connection. Reuter's report says "Mr. Barton once more declared that if the amendment were carried the bill would be withdrawn, and the Government would consider its position. He strongly appealed to the House to avoid any course that might lead to controversies with the Imperial Government, with the possible result of the connection being weakened." Notwithstanding this appeal the Government escaped only with a majority of five.

"Mr. Dooley" has been studying the preachers who are more fond of telling how to reform the world by statutory enactment than by the lessons of the Gospel. Mr. Dooley remarks: "I wonder why it is the clergy is so much more excitable than any other people. Ye take a man with small side whiskers, a long coat and a white choker, a man that wudn't harm an spider an' that floats like an Angel iv Peace, as Hogan says, over a mixed quartet 'oir, an' lave annything stirrin' happen an' he'll sind up th' premyuns on fire insurance. Lave a bad man do a bad 'ol an' th' preachers is all fr' quartherin' ivrybody that can't recite th' thirty-nine articles on his head. If somebody starts a fire, they grab up a an iv karascan an' begin fr' to burn down th' block. 'Tis a good thing preachers don't go to Congress. Whin they're cam' they'd wipe out all th' laws an' whin they're excited they'd wipe out all th' prypylation. They're niver two jumps fr'm th' thumbscrew. 'Tis quare th' best iv men at times shud feel like th' worst tow'r'd those between."

GOOD-BY TO MOTHER.

One of the most successful men of business in this country once said to a friend: "When I left home, a poor boy, to begin work, my mother said to me, 'Come back to me with clean hands, Joe—with clean hands; and with God's help I have tried to keep them clean for her.'"

A picture by a famous artist was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, and was constantly surrounded by silent crowds, whose faces showed how deeply it touched them. It showed the kitchen of a farm house, the son of the family was starting out to begin life alone; the wagon was at the door; his little box was packed ready to be carried out. His mother, a poor, worn woman, held her hands upon his shoulders, looking straight into his eyes. There were no tears in her own. She had no time for tears.

"What will you do out yonder?" her eyes asked, with desperate pleading. "Will you remember your home and your God? Will you come back to me the honest, good boy you are now?" Thousands of men looked at that picture. They seldom made any comment on it; but hardened faces would grow tender and keen eyes dim as they looked. Before each of them another woman's face rose, the woman whom he had left long ago, who had bilit such high, fond hopes upon him. What has he done? Had he kept faith with her? In the background of each of our lives there is such a shadowy, waiting face—the mother who gave us life, at whose knee we prayed, who believed in us and loved us as no one else has ever done. What can we tell her when we meet again? Have we kept faith with her?

THE FAIRY COBBLER.

On a shrivelled bohalaun stump, By a withered hawthorn clump, Where the sighing wind sounds only,

Up the side of Slieve-na-moon, There I found the Leprechaun Sitting very sad and lonely.

And said he, "My work's at end, I have sorrow a shoe to mend, For the fairy folk are vanished; Nevermore their feet shall trip, In a lovely fellowship, From their ancient kingdom banished."

And said I, "It's plainly seen They will bring no more brogueen, But come tell me now, by token; You can cobble ragged shoes, Ah, Leprechaun aroon, Can you patch a heart that's broken?"

"Myself could give you work No decent Shree would shirk, But I'm thinking you must leave it— For the hammering you'd do Would but break it more in two, And no stitching now could save it."

And said he—and looked so sly— "If a new heart I supply, It's to pay me you'd be willin'? Katty Moran left her own, Badly hurt, here, to be sewn; You can have it for a shillin'!" "Katty Moran! Saints!" says I— "Put your thread and hammer by, Take my purse and all that's in it;

'Twas hersell with a uel dart Pierced and tattered my poor heart! Give me hers this very minute!"

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Some of the English and French papers were in too great a hurry with their reports about the opposition offered by the Belgian Bishops to the influx of religious from France. It now turns out that the Bishops in question only proposed certain restrictions which were quite natural and just. The Twentieth Century of Brussels emphatically states that the Belgian Bishops are acting in the matter as each of them thinks fit. In the diocese of Tournai, for instance, French religious are only debarred from taking Belgian pupils in their scholastic establishments. They may have as many French and other pupils as they can get. As to the more or less malicious reports to the effect that French religious were to refrain from making collections in the Belgian dioceses wherein they may be received, this only refers to the natural and usual episcopal objections to Congregations which can point to no resources. The foolish people in Belgium are talking of the "black invasion," but even Liberals in that country admit that the French religious have brought money to the places wherein they are established. Furthermore, the so-called "black invasion" has enabled many owners of property to sell off houses on lands which were lying idle. It is from Brussels, by the way, that the rumor about the Benedictines of Delle having renounced French nationality, in order to obtain permission to live in Germany, was spread. The Prior of the Delle Benedictines has denied this absurd and malicious assertion, which is as groundless as many other statements published about the Orders by French and Belgian anti-clerical papers.

The cause of the persecuted religious is ably championed in The Echo de Paris by M. Jules Lemaitre. M. Lemaitre is, of course, a person who will be sneered at as an amateur politician, especially as he is a Nationalist in opposition to the men who now hold the reins of Government in France. But one thing cannot be taken from M. Lemaitre, and that is his literary birthright. He is a dramatist, critic, politician and member of the French Academy, having attained that honor as a notable man of letters. Of old he sat at the feet of Ernest Renan, but the writings of that renegade have not sapped his faith. In his article on the persecuted monks and nuns, Jules Lemaitre condemns the proscription of the religious as abominably unjust and utterly absurd. The religious, he argues, are the best Socialists, they are innocent Collectivists, they only ask to be allowed to do good, and yet they are persecuted by those who have turned the Republican note of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" into an "impudent lie." And the distinguished Academician continues—"They do well not to ask authorization. Submission to an iniquitous law is impossible." M. Lemaitre next has a knock at President Loubet. "M. Loubet, as far as I can make out, is a better Catholic than I am, he respects the religious, and he is a shareholder in a monastic chocolate firm, a connection which he has no reason to regret. He knows that what is being done by a crowd of fanatics and knaves cannot be regarded as legal save by the most absurd fiction, and yet he allows it to be done; he sanctions, he signs. The fact is that he is the mere tool of the Constitution which reduces him to zero, keeps his mouth shut, and compels him to sign unjust laws in defiance of his conscience. Ah! what an abominable artifice, what a sinister joke is that jeu des institutions parlementaires!"

CADILLAC'S BURIAL PLACE.

New Interesting Facts Concerning the Founder of Detroit.

Abbe Casgrain, the well-known French-Canadian historian, has succeeded in discovering the burial place of M. de Lamothe Cadillac, founder of Detroit. During some of his historical investigations in France, Mr. Casgrain had heard a rumor that M. de Lamothe Cadillac had been buried in one of the churches of Castelsarrasin, in the Department of Tarn-et-Garonne. On the occasion of the recent celebration of the bicentenary of the establishment of the first settlement on the site of the present city of Detroit, Abbe Casgrain bethought himself of what he had once heard of the burial place of the city's founder, and wrote to Abbe Duffi, cure of St. Saviour de Castelsarrasin, to make definite inquiries on the subject. He has just been informed by a letter from that ecclesiastic of the following fact, concerning M. de Lamothe Cadillac: After having governed Louisiana for King Louis XIV. he was named Governor and Town Major of Castelsarrasin, a post which he held until it was abolished some time later by royal edict. He died in 1730 and was interred on Oct. 16 of that year in the church of the Fathers of the Carmes Order, which has since been converted into a prison. An extract from the parish register, which accompanies the letter, shows that the former Governor of Louisiana was 73 years old at the time of his death, and that his son, Francois de Lamothe Cadillac, was present at the interment, and signed the register. No trace of the building where the spot in the church which he buried can now be found, though diligent search has been made for it.

A LONGING FOR TRUTH.

A patient study of existing religious conditions in America should convince one that the people are furnishing for the truths that Catholicity alone can teach. The manifold reasons which sprang from the Reformation merely mock their divine appetite, and too often scepticism is the result.

The American people crave to know the truth. Seldom does a kindly invitation fail to draw an audience of earnest seekers after Christ and His salvation. There is no part of America in which a Catholic priest may not have non-Catholic hearers for the asking, men and women sincerely searching for the truth. Their missionary opportunity fires our hearts with courage. Who can doubt that this eagerness to hear the truth means the conversion of America? And who can doubt that with America will be converted England and Germany, forming with our nation that mighty North, into whose hands the world has been delivered by its Creator, in order that the name of Jesus may thereby become "great among the Gentiles." Was America for Jesus Christ and all is won.—Rev. Father Elliott in October Catholic World.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human sufferings), I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Canadian News

CONFIRMATION AT THOROLD.

Thorold, Oct. 4.—Special.—In the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Friday morning last, His Grace Archbishop O'Connor administered confirmation to seventeen candidates. At 7 o'clock a.m., His Grace said first Mass, at which the candidates all received Holy Communion, with a number of the congregation. The second Mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock a.m., by Rev. Father Finnigan of Smithville. After Mass His Grace questioned the children, their answers being pleasing and will. He then administered the Sacrament, after which he gave a lengthy instruction principally on faith and prayer. He then gave his blessing. The children's choir rendered some very choice music at each of the Masses. The following were the visiting priests in the sanctuary: Rev. Fathers McCall, Fort, Erie, Finnigan, Smithville, Otto, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Trayling, Fort Colborne; Smythe, Merrittton; the pastor, Father Sullivan.

In the evening the usual first Friday's devotions with Benediction were held, it being the closing of the day's exercises. Saturday morning His Grace went to Port Robinson to administer Confirmation there and to bless the little church. October devotions are being held every Wednesday and Friday evening in the church, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN KILLOREN.

A pioneer resident and one of the oldest business men of Seaford died here on Tuesday morning, Oct. 1st, of bronchial pneumonia, after an illness of five weeks. He was a native of Sligo, Ireland, and came to Canada with his parents in 1847. The earlier years of the deceased were spent on the farm near St. Mary's. About 35 years ago he began business in Seaford, becoming head of the grocery firm of Killoren & Ryan, which was widely known in the Huron district. For some years he has been living retired.

He is survived by a widow, two sons and five daughters. His sons are James L., barrister, Seaford, and J. F. Leo, medical student, Toronto, and the daughters, Mrs. L. H. Corcoran, Duluth, Mrs. Wm. Prendergast, Toronto, and the Misses Kathleen, Winifred and Annie. The deceased was a kindly gentleman widely known and universally liked. The members of Branch No. 2 of the C. M. B. A., in which the deceased took an active interest, attended the funeral in a body and the business places of the town were closed during the funeral services in respect to his memory. At the time of his death he had almost reached the allotted three score and ten.

CONFIRMATION AT MERRITTON.

St. Catharines, Oct. 7.—His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto administered the sacrament of confirmation to twelve candidates—seven girls and five boys—at Merrittton on Sunday morning. His Grace spoke many words of advice to the young candidates and to the very large congregation present. The Rev. Father Allain's great interest and persevering work amongst the people of his parish has resulted in a great benefit to the church and school, and they are now going right ahead in the good work that has already borne such excellent results. The children's choir, under the leadership of Sister Vincent, sang remarkably well. About thirty voices composed the choir. Sister Vincent presided at the organ. Rev. Father Allain contemplates retiring from this parish.

ORDINATION AT BERLIN.

Berlin, Ont., Oct. 6.—To-day in St. Mary's Church His Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton raised four young men to the dignity of the priesthood. The new priests are: Fathers A. L. Zinger, A. J. Fischer, Chas. Kieler and Francis Pirinski. All are members of the Congregation of the Resurrection, and will be attached to the teaching staff of St. Jerome's College, where they were educated.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

CONFERENCE AT BARRIE.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto held a conference of his northern circuit in Barrie on Sunday, Oct. 7. Sixteen priests were present and were the guests of Rev. Dean Egan.

DR. F. J. BRENNAN.

Dr. F. J. Brennan, formerly of St. Catharines, and who for a few years past has been practicing in South Africa, is in town. The doctor is looking remarkably well and is lecturing at Trinity Medical College.

MARY'S SANCTUARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of St. Mary's Sanctuary Society, held on Saturday, following were elected as officers for the ensuing term, all but one being the officers of the

last year: Daniel Murray, president; R. Murray, vice-president; E. Buckel, secretary-treasurer; J. Madigan, librarian, L. Dance, assistant librarian.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

Honor Roll for September. Form I.—J. Seitz, T. Hynes, E. McCaffrey, P. Dee, A. Clancy, J. O'Hearn, Form II.—J. Clancy, D. Coll, A. Kirby, A. Smith, C. O'Connor, L. Lee, Form III.—A. Grossi, F. Hurley, C. Johnston, F. La Brecque, J. Madigan, J. Norris, F. Mulhall, R. O'Rourke, W. Oslar, J. Thompson, F. Walsh, G. O'Donoghue, Form IV.—J. Costello, E. Kelly, F. Schreiner.

INTERRED IN ST. MICHAEL'S.

The remains of the late Edward Foley, who died at Lewiston, were interred on Saturday morning in St. Michael's Cemetery. The funeral took place from 71 Lombard street to St. Michael's Cathedral. Rev. Dr. Treacy celebrated the Solemn Mass for the dead. The pallbearers were the four brothers of deceased, William, Joseph, Thomas and John Foley, John Flanagan, a cousin, and Allan Pratt, brother-in-law.

AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

Mr. Thomas J. Cooney, with the "Great White Diamond" Company at the Toronto Opera House, is renewing acquaintance in the city with scores of old friends. He has been on the American stage about twelve years. In that time he has visited Montreal and Ottawa repeatedly; but this is his first appearance in his native city. Mr. Cooney is a young man as modest as he is fine looking, and the Toronto Opera House has had hundreds of patrons this week on his account. Mr. Cooney is not unknown in journalism. He has written for The Register this week the verses published in another column, which well reflect the man.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL.

Honor Roll for September. Standing in monthly examinations. Senior Fourth—1, Nellie Curry; 2, Evelyn Foley; 3, Helen Clisman. Junior Fourth—1, Faith Cullen; 2, Helena Quigley; 3, Marguerite Hynes; 4, Marcella Gearon; 5, Marcella Murphy; 6, Gertrude Monaghan. Senior Third—1, Evelyn Kew; 2, Lulu Harrison; 3, Ethel Foley; 4, Irene Griffin; 5, Mary McBride; 6, Denis O'Brien. Neither late nor absent (Senior Class): Evelyn Foley, Helen Christian, Helena Quigley, Edith Cullen, Helena Grieron, Gertrude Monaghan, Jack Butler, John Elin, Willie Wall, Irene McGriffin, Evelyn Kew, Annie Hodgson, Ethel Foley.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

At 465 Adelaide street west, on Monday last, a pleasant evening was spent when the social committee of the St. Anthony's commandery and Ladies' Auxiliary, Knights St. John, met to express their esteem for their sister member, Miss Doherty, and to present her on the eve of her departure for Newark, N. J., with a handsome prayer book and prayer beads. The presentation was made by Mrs. Farley and Sir Knight H. Cowan in a few well chosen words, and a feeling reply was made by Miss Doherty. A musical programme was given, in which Miss Ryan, Miss Bastien and Mr. F. J. J. Smith and others took part. Best wishes and prayers for a successful and happy life to Miss Doherty in her new home.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH, CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The first lecture and concert of the season was held last Monday evening in St. Andrew's Hall, and was greeted with a crowded house. The subject chosen was "Persecution," which was expounded in his usual lucid and able manner by the lecturer, Rev. J. P. Minahan, and was listened to attentively throughout.

Mr. W. E. Blake, the president, acted as chairman, and on the platform were Rev. Fathers Gannon, W. McCann, O'Donnell, Albin and Fraser and Mr. J. F. White.

A very fine concert was provided by the following artists, and was much enjoyed by the large audience present: Misses Creman, Fulton, Pjolas, De La Hooke, Memory and Haines, and Messrs. Meahan, Walsh and Gibson. Mr. Frank Fulton presided at the piano.

The branch of the Truth Society are doing very effective work in various ways, under the direction of the conveners of the different committees: Messrs. Nolan, Duffy, Fulton, Dowie and Dr. McDonough, and Misses Shepherd, Alice Clarke, in the free distribution of Catholic literature to the public institutions of the city. The society also distributes literature to various families throughout the country.

ST. MARY'S SANCTUARY BOYS, TORONTO.

The following resolutions of condolence were unanimously passed at the monthly meeting of the society held on the 6th inst.:

Whereas, the beloved Father of our compenion and fellow-member, Edward Givvin, has been called to his eternal reward; Be it resolved, that we, the members of the St. Mary's Sanctuary Boy's Society tender our sincerest condolences to our companion and we earnestly pray the "Giver of every good and perfect

gift" to console him and the other members of the bereaved family; Be it, further, resolved, that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be offered at 7:30 o'clock on Saturday morning the 12th inst., in St. Mary's Church, for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Givvin, and that all the members of the Society who can conveniently attend be present thereat, each calling to mind these consoling words: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

Copies of these resolutions shall be published in The Catholic Register and The Catholic Record. D. Murray, president; E. Buckel, secretary-treasurer. Toronto, Oct. 8, 1901.

ST. MARY'S C. I. & A. A.

The regular meeting was held in the club rooms on Sunday last, the President, Mr. D. A. Carey, in the chair. After the transaction of ordinary business the report of the nominating committee occupied the attention of the meeting and resulted in the nomination of the following members for the various offices:

President — John P. McCarthy, Chas. J. Read. Vice-President — J. T. Loftus, J. J. Murray. Recording Secretary — C. J. De-rocher, C. A. Girvin. Financial Secretary — W. J. McGuire, C. Gilhooly. Treasurer — Stephen J. Dee, H. C. Stuart. Librarian — W. J. O'Reilly, J. Henry.

Trustees — Dr. J. J. Loftus, S. P. Grant, Herb. A. Johnston, J. A. Muldoon, M. J. McInerney, J. G. Lavelle.

House Committee — M. S. Doyle, J. Finn, D. Sullivan; J. Broderick, C. Nick, F. McCue.

Sergeant-at-Arms — Bert. Carton, J. Sheridan. The election takes place on Sunday afternoon, 21st inst., and promises to be of unusual interest. An exceptionally choice lot of candidates are in the field, and it is expected that all the members will record their votes on the 21st.

The revision of the constitution was also commenced and will be dealt with at subsequent meetings till disposed of.

In the recent bereavements by death the condolences of the Association were extended to the families of the late John J. Girvin and J. C. Carroll.

MRS. MARY KELLY.

The death occurred on Saturday evening of Mrs. Mary Kelly, relict of the late John J. Kelly, in her 86th year. Mrs. Kelly has been bedfast for several months, and slowly sank to her last repose. The deceased came to Canada in the early forties from the County of Limerick, Ireland. She had nine children in all, four of whom are now living. Her death occurred at the home of her only daughter, Mrs. Daniel McBride, Webster street, Midland. Mr. M. E. Kelly, of Toronto, for over twenty-five years mail-clerk on the Midland Division of the G. T. R., is one of her sons, the other two being M. J., of G. T. R. offices, Belleville, and Edward, who is connected with the Southern Pacific Railway. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to the station at Midland and the body was taken to Kingston, where interment took place, from which city deceased came to Midland some five years ago. The deceased, being a member of the Catholic Church, Rev. Father Barcele conducted a service at the house on Monday afternoon.

To be a Christian, when Christianity is the fashion, is one thing; to be a Christian in spite of the fashion is another. To hold fast the Faith when loyalty means rank and affluence and power is no hardship, but when loyal y finds its reward in contempt, oppression and death, the case is different. In a word, to go with the crowd, the toy of human respect, the weather-vane of public opinion, requires no character at all; it is the man of individuality, the man who cares nothing for the sayings and doings of others, so long as he feels himself right, that stands by his convictions in the hour of trial. Such were the men, faithful sons of St. Patrick, whom the persecutor found on Irish soil. What wonder that he failed.

During the week Spanish affairs have been brought into a malign prominence by the outbreaks of those who are dissatisfied with the present political ordering. There seems to be little doubt that the Republican sentiment is growing, especially in the large towns where Socialism is rife. During the past week the anniversary of the revolution of 1868 was celebrated.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for Inflammatory Rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. It was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

POETRY WORTH READING.

FAMILIARITY.

(By Marian Alden.) If only once within a century's flight We caught the trembling vision of a star, With bated breath the world would tell and hear How, quivering in the sky, an angel's tear Was pendant, mirroring from afar The sure, pure glowing of Eternal Light.

Or, if it took a hundred years' full span To show the doubting world a perfect rose, With one another how we'd vie to tell, In fittest song and verse, the miracle Of petaled birth! Through every bud that blows We'd see God send a sign direct to man.

Alas! with spendthrift bloom the roses creep Half noticed, blindly see. Or else We arrogantly buy — on priceless head Set money value, as on meat and bread! And when at night the trembling stars unfold, We shut away the sight — and go to sleep.

MODERN SERMONS.

(Baltimore American.) The truly modern preacher Discusses every fad That comes to public notice. If it be good or bad, He speaks with graceful accent On "Should Our Hair Be Dyed," Or tells his congregation "The Proper Way to Ride." He wails "The Curse of Checkers," Or "Why We Leave the Farm!" But none has used this topic, "Turn in a Fire Alarm." He talks on "Modern Writers," Or "Can Our Votes Be Bought," And sometimes he's just lovely On "Thoughtlessness of Thought."

Some day an innovation Will suddenly be sprung— Some conspicuous preacher Will turn his silver tongue To words of hope and heaven And grace his voice will fill, And we'll get more religion And less of vaudeville.

IN THE PALACE OF THE CZAR.

The Czar was lounging on the throne, The doctor paced the hall, When through the palace came a faint and feeble sort of squall. The doctor hurried to the Czar, And cried: "I wish you joyski! You are once more a papavitch, But—it is not a boyski!" The Czar laid down his sceptrevitch, And said: "It makes me sickski!"

To think that it is not for me To play with little Nickski. 'Tis bad enough to walk the floor When teetovitch snovyski, But it would not affect me so If it had been a boyski."

The Czar walked to the palace gate, Unheeding bomb or mineski, And nailed thereon a very big And boldly lettered signski. The subjects cried the Russian for The French "Vive le Rolski!" Then read the signski, which announced This:

WANTED HERE— ONE BOYSKI. —Baltimore American.

RELIGION AND POETRY.

(By the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.) Religion is akin to poetry; Both look into the deepest heart of things, And both see God, whence all true beauty springs, Whatever says cold, dull philosophy.

Imagination and the heart agree, Who loves is brother twin to him who sings, And who believeth doth long to soar on wings Above the earth, through heaven's infinity.

They know not God who separate the muse From faith, and strip His holy temple bare Of beauty; for the soul can not but choose To twine its love with all that's pure and fair, And into dreams of other worlds infuse The glow of what on earth is sweet and rare. —From "God and the Soul."

ONLY A BABY.

Something to live for came to the place, Something to die for, maybe; Something to give even sorrow a grace, And yet it was only a baby!

Cooling and laughter and gurgles and cries, Dimples for tenderest kisses; Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs, Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn, This year a wilderness, maybe, But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn That it brought there only a baby.

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White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 yards long, 50 inches wide, double border, for bedrooms, dining rooms, sitting rooms, etc., special per pair, \$1.15. White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 42 inches by 3 yards wide, wide, special per pair, \$1.35. White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 42 inches by 3 yards wide, special per pair, 85c. Cream Nottingham Lace Curtains, 42 inches by 3 yards, special per pair, \$1.30. Ebru Nottingham Lace Curtains, 42 inches by 3 yards, special per pair, \$1.50. Cream Nottingham Lace Curtains, 62 inches by 3/4 yards long, point d'esprit centre with Grecian border on each side, extra special, \$1.65. Heavy 2-tone effect Nottingham Lace Curtains, 54 inches by 3/4 yards, for drawing rooms, etc., special per pair, \$2.50.

Special Purchase No. 2

Cream Swiss Renaissance Curtains, plain centre, dainty insertion and border, special per pair, \$2.90. Ivory Point Colbert and Point Duchesse Curtain, 3/4 yards long by 50 inches wide, special per pair, \$3.85 and \$4.00. Ivory Irish Point Curtains, dainty ribbon and medallion designs, special per pair, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Point Renaissance Curtains, plain centre with lace and insertion, 3/4 yards long, special per pair, \$4.50 and \$5.25. Marie Antoinette Curtains, 3/4 yards long, special per pair, \$6.50. White Embroidered Coin Spot Muslin Curtains, with frill, 3/4 yards long, special per pair, \$3.00. White Embroidered Small Spot Curtain, with fine embroidered frill, 3/4 yards long, special per pair, \$3.85. White Real Brussels Point Curtains, 3/4 yards long, suitable for dainty drawing rooms, special per pair, \$6.50.

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John Kay, Son & Co., (LIMITED) 36-38 King St. West, Toronto.

DEATH OF CANON MCCARTHY, CORK.

Cork, Ireland, Sept. 28.—A death of an appallingly sudden character took place this morning. Canon McCarthy, P.P., Ballincollig, arrived in town by train to attend the Month's Mind of Archdeacon Coghlan at Blackrock. He took a car at Macroom terminus, drove into the city, where he made a couple of calls. He then directed the cab driver — it was a covered car — to drive him to Blackrock Church. The man did so, but on arriving at his destination he was horrified to find the reverend gentleman dead. Naturally there was a scene of consternation when the sad news was circulated at the Month's Mind. Without any delay the body was taken to the South Infirmary, which is on the Blackrock road. Several of the medical staff were present, and they at once pronounced life extinct. He was an advanced Nationalist, and took an active part for Mr. Parnell at his first contest for Cork.

WIT AND WISDOM FROM NEW BOOKS.

(From The Literary Era.) Rules of grammar cannot give us a mastery of language, rules of rhetoric cannot make us eloquent, rules of conduct cannot make us good.—Aphorisms and Reflections. The over-exercise of a critical faculty is always dangerous, and by too much judgment of port Benjamin ruined his career.—The Seal of Silence. They took his humor for flippancy because their own flippancy was devoid of humor.—Men and Books. One who spends his life ferreting out crime is apt to have the soul of a criminal.—The Eternal City. There is something that is much more scarce, something finer far, something rarer than ability. It is the ability to recognize ability.—The Philistine.

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CARNIVAL, IN THE NORTH.
 Arm in arm, their branches
 twined,
 Tall maples drink the mountain
 wind;
 Reach out with eagerness to seize
 Flavors of cool October breeze.
 Bravely decked in yellow and red,
 Maples stand at the bright throng's
 head,
 And summon the firs to give their
 aid
 To make this forest masquerade—
 Summon even the solemn firs
 To join the ranks of roisterers!
 Spruce-land woodsmen, Pierre and
 Jean,
 Now with your gayest songs lead
 on!
 Join in the revel the trees make
 here,
 For woods will be sad for half a
 year;
 Riot a little—summer is spent,
 And all the winter the woods keep
 Lent!
 —Francis Sterne Palmer, in the
 October Atlantic.

The Grocer's Test

"What I want," said Mr. Philpotts, leaning over the counter of his own grocery in a confidential sort of way, "is a good, thoroughly dependable sort of a boy. He must be careful and obliging, accurate and quick at figures. Got any boys like that?"
 It was the village schoolmaster to whom the grocer was talking. "Two of them," came the reply. "There they go now," and he looked across to the other side of the street, where Jack Willis and Charlie Crawford were sauntering along together.
 "I don't need two," said Mr. Philpotts. "D'ye reckon I could get one of these fellows without the other?"
 "They aren't quite so inseparable as that," the schoolmaster said, laughing. "Either of them will suit the job. Jack is the quickest at figures, but— You'll be safe in choosing either," he added, turning to go.
 Mr. Philpotts scratched his head. "Now, how am I to know which one I want?" he said, in perplexity. "If he'd just recommended one of them there wouldn't be any trouble. So Jack's the quickest at figures? That's one thing in favor of Jack; but let me see."
 Mr. Philpotts must have been in a brown study for as much as a minute. Then he went and weighed out fifty pounds of granulated sugar and twenty pounds of bacon for an out-of-town customer. He chuckled while he was doing it, and it was evident that he had hit upon a plan.
 "And as sure as you live, sir," he said to himself, rubbing his hands together, "if I find they both do, I'll hire 'em, sir; I'll hire 'em both."
 Mr. Philpotts did not trouble himself about the possibility of not being able to get either boy. The privilege of clerking for Mr. Philpotts during the vacation was too eagerly coveted by the schoolboys to render it likely that he could fail to secure the lad he chose.
 As it happened both Jack Willis and Charlie Crawford had been longing for the place. It was well known, however, that Mr. Philpotts usually made his own choice, and that there was little advantage in making application for the place.
 But it was with a little thrill of excitement that Charlie replied to Mr. Philpotts' query that evening as he went into the store on an errand for his mother.
 "Are you in a hurry, Charlie?" the grocer asked.
 How Charlie wished that he were not!
 "Mother needs these things for supper," he replied, "and I promised to hurry back. Was there something you wanted of me, Mr. Philpotts?"
 He could not keep the eagerness out of his voice, and Mr. Philpotts understood.
 "Only to ask you about something," he answered, indifferently. "Drop in some time when you are passing, if it isn't too much trouble Charlie."
 "I'll come in this evening," Charlie promised, and was off like a flash.
 "He wanted to stay," Mr. Philpotts mused. "But he was faithful to his mother's errand. That's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures, and that's one for Jack. Well, we'll see, we'll see." And Mr. Philpotts rubbed his hands and waited for Jack.
 As luck would have it, it was not many minutes before Jack entered, also, on an errand for his mother.
 "Are you in a hurry, Jack?" asked the grocer, weighing out the pound of tea which Jack had asked for.
 "Not particularly," Jack answered.
 "Doesn't your mother want this tea right away?" queried Mr. Philpotts, sharply.
 "Oh, I guess not, not for a little while, anyway. Did you want something, Mr. Philpotts?"

"I wanted a little talk with you," the grocer began. Jack's eyes sparkled. "To tell you the truth," Mr. Philpotts went on, "I wanted to ask you about Charlie Crawford."
 "I notice you and he are pretty thick," the grocer continued, "and I have a notion that nobody knows so much about a boy as his boy friend. Now, I've been thinking about having him in the store with me this summer, and I thought I'd ask you if you could recommend him. I know I'm a queer old duffer, but I'd rather have your opinion than the schoolmaster's. You know Charlie better. Now, what can you say for your friend?"
 It looked very much as if Jack could not say anything. How was he to know that Mr. Philpotts was saying over to himself. "Faithful to his promise, and that's one for Charlie. But Jack's quicker at figures, and that's one for Jack. May be Jack's mother didn't tell him to hurry, so I won't call this delay one against Jack."
 Jack was silent so long that the grocer resumed his questioning. "Is Charlie neat and careful and courteous and trustworthy?" asked he.
 "Oh, yes!" Jack at last found his voice. "He's all that."
 Someway his words didn't sound one bit enthusiastic. He wanted that place so much for himself.
 "And quick at figures?" the grocer pursued. "I'm very particular about that."
 "He's fair," admitted Jack. "He isn't the best in the class."
 "Never knew him to cheat in games or do any mean little thing like that, did you?"
 "No," replied Jack. You would have thought he spoke reluctantly. "Anything else you think I ought to know?" queried the grocer.
 "N—no," stammered Jack. "Charlie's a good fellow, but—"
 "But I see you don't want to tell me," Mr. Philpotts said suddenly. "You are too loyal to your friend to finish that 'but,' I'm obliged to you, Jack. I'll make further inquiries."
 Now, Mr. Philpotts had not put the faintest trace of sarcasm into his sentence regarding Jack's loyalty, but some way Jack did not feel very happy, although he hoped that the "further inquiries" would turn Mr. Philpotts' attention to himself. He would have felt less happy had he known that the further inquiries were to be made of Charlie himself.
 That evening Charlie called on the grocer. Perhaps he was disappointed when that individual began to inquire about Jack Willis, but if so, he had conquered his chagrin before it came his turn to speak.
 "I'm sure Jack would just suit you, Mr. Philpotts," he said, and although his voice was quiet, it was enthusiastic still. "Everybody likes Jack, and he is so bright and quick. And he's a splendid scholar—the best in the class."
 Mr. Philpotts went on with his searching questions, but Charlie became only still more spirited in his admiration of his friend. There was no faint praise in his words or voice. At last the grocer asked quite suddenly:
 "Wouldn't you like the place yourself, Charlie?"
 Charlie hesitated. Then he spoke the truth.
 "Yes, Mr. Philpotts. But I wouldn't stand in Jack's way a minute. I'll be glad to see him get it."
 It has always been an unexplained mystery to Charlie why Mr. Philpotts answered as he did.
 "The place is yours, Charlie. I was only testing you. I didn't have the faintest notion of hiring Jack."
 Charlie demurred a little.
 "It will be you or some other boy, not Jack," Mr. Philpotts said, firmly. "I have my reasons."
 Charlie never knew, nor did Jack, but Mr. Philpotts summed up his reasons this way:
 "Quick at figures, that's one for Jack. Not true to his friend, that's one against him. One from one leaves nothing. Faithful to his promise and faithful to his friend, that's two for Charlie. Two against none is a pretty fair score. I guess I can wait a little longer for him to do his figuring, if he's as loyal to my interests as he's shown himself to be to others to-night." —The American Boy.
 You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.
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 LOCAL OPINION IS STRONG in favor of Piny-Balsam. It cures coughs and colds with absolute certainty. Pleasant to take, and sure to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Children's Corner

SCHOOL BEGINS TO-DAY.
 (By Emma C. Dowd.)
 Hark, I hear a patter, patter,
 As of dancing feet!
 And a gentle, merry chatter,
 As of voices sweet!
 Here they come—a troop of posies,
 Pink and blue and white!
 Little maids with cheeks like roses,
 Earnest, blithe and bright.
 Now I hear a clatter, clatter,
 Like an army coming!
 Dear me! what can be the matter!
 Such a buzz and humming!
 Here they are—oh, what a noise!
 Shouting, screaming, howling!
 Such a throng of happy boys!
 Never one is scowling.
 "Ding—dong—dong!" the bell is calling.
 "School begins to-day!"—
 Clearly on the laughter falling—
 "Do not stop to play!
 Ding—dong!—Come!" the tones seem pleading,
 "Summer has been long!
 Now's the time for spelling, reading!
 Ding—dong—dong! Ding-dong!"

THE CLEANSING STREAM.
 The little stone by the roadside receives dust from every passing wind. The shower has often cleansed it, but it has always become again soiled. Another stone of the same luster lies near by, but within the brook. It is perpetually cleansed, and kept clean by the flowing waters. Clouds of dust may pass over it, but they do not reach it, and it always reflects the clear rays of the sun. All its cleansing, all its purity, is in the stream, not in itself.

WHERE HE FAILED.
 The young man drew himself up to his full height.
 "I have," he cried, "an unsullied character, an ardent heart, a versatile mind, and strenuous capacities."
 The young girl yawned and seemed interested. He was quick to push his advantage.
 "I am the possessor of a town and country house, a yacht, a stable of thoroughbreds, and a box at the opera."
 She hesitated, and a slight flush betrayed that she was listening.
 "I have got," he continued, with a certain fierceness, "thirty servants, forty pairs of trousers, fifty ancestors, three automobiles, six prize bull pups, and an army commission."
 Ah! she had found her tongue at last.
 "And how many golf medals?" she lisped.
 The young man shuddered.
 He felt that he had lost. He had played heavily and high, but she was above his limit.—Tit-Bits.

SPEAK TO THE SAVIOR.
 Troubled, anxious, soul, needing direction, looking vainly about you, too timid or unwilling to seek counsel, through fear of not being understood or not heeded, poor soul feeling yourself in the midst of circumstances which seem to encompass you like an iron circle gradually narrowing and stifling your forces! Perhaps it is a matter on which your temporal future depends, and particularly the future of your loved ones—a calamity adroitly fabricated, under the weight of which you feel yourself crushed—a religious vocation thwarted by obstacles humanly insurmountable—an impending humiliation which threatens to blight your life. Whatever it may be, go you also to Jesus on the altar. And taking your soul in your hands, so to speak, present it to Jesus, as you would present a suffering little one to the physician, and say to Him, "Master, what do You wish it to do?" And work confidently in peaceful silence. If the day goes by without bringing you light, return to-morrow, and to-morrow again.

ADVICE TO LITTLE ONES.
 Always be just as polite to brothers and sisters when no one is by as when there is company. If you are ashamed to be rude and impolite before company, are you not ashamed to be so before God? Remember he sees you all the time, and knows all your thoughts and actions. You ought to behave all the time as though the best kind of company was watching you.
 When you pass directly in front of any one or accidentally annoy one say: "Excuse me," and never fail to say, "Thank you," for the smallest favor. On no account say "Thanks."
 Avoid temptation through the fear that you will not be able to withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Owe no man anything. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous. Aim to live a Christian life. Always return good for evil. Fear God and keep His commandments.
 Fight hard against a hasty temper.

per. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

WHO MERITS TO BE CALLED A MODEL CHRISTIAN.
 The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at Vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from a nominal indifferent or lax Catholic; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won save by those who, every few weeks, are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice, that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints," or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotes" and "old women"—at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it.—Ave Maria.

SUSPICION CONFIRMED.
 An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face which shaded off to something like philanthropy about the edges, was gazing abstractedly down Regent street. Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was waiting for a bus, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said, "Excuse me, but did you just drop a sovereign?" holding out in his hand the coin mentioned.
 The gentleman questioned made a hasty search of his pockets and said: "Why, so I did! And I hadn't missed it!" holding out an eager hand.
 The old man drew forth a notebook and took his name and address, and then said, "I thought so," turning away.
 "Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"
 "I did not find one," said the old man, "but it struck me that in a large city like this there must be a lot of money lost, and upon inquiry I find you are the thirty-first man who has lost a sovereign this very morning."—London Tit-Bits.

Story of St. Polycarp.
 The late Dr. Agnew, the most eminent of Philadelphia surgeons, in his leisure moments translated from the German a number of "Parables" for the edification of his children. This is one of the little stories.
 When the persecution of the Christians prevailed in Smyrna, Polycarp, the Bishop of that city, left it and went with his faithful friend Crescens to the country in the vicinity of Symrna. In the cool of the evening he went out under the shade of a noble oak tree which stood in front of the farmhouse. Here he found Crescens sitting in a dejected attitude, supporting his head upon his hands and weeping.
 The old man stepped up to him and said: "My son, why art thou weeping?"
 Crescens raised his head and replied: "How should I but mourn and weep? I am thinking of the kingdom of God on earth. Storm and tempest are thickening around it and will destroy it in its youth. Many Christians have already fallen off and have denied and disgraced their faith and thus prove that unworthy persons profess with the mouth, although their heart is far from the truth. This fills my soul with mourning and mine eyes with tears."
 Polycarp, smiling, answered and said: "My dear son, the kingdom of heaven is like a tree which a countryman planted. Secretly and quietly he deposited the germ in the earth and went his way. It sprouted and shot up amongst the weeds and briars and lifted its head above them, so that the briars died of themselves, for the shade of the tree above caused them to wither away. But the tree grew, and when the winds raved around it and caused it to quake, so much the deeper did its roots strike into the ground and fasten themselves about the rocks of the earth far down, while its branches reached up towards heaven. So the storm made it more firm. When it had become a lofty tree and its shadow was spread far and wide, the weeds and briars grew up again beneath it; but it regarded them not, and stood there in still and quiet state—a tree of God!"
 Thus speaking, the faithful Bishop reached his hand to his disciple and said with a smile: "Why art thou troubled? Look not at the weeds which creep at the roots, but contemplate the grandeur of the spreading branches and the strength of the tree and forget the insignificant weeds."
 Crescens then rose with a serene spirit, for the old man walked beside him, bowed with years, but his spirit and his countenance were those of a youth.
 Goodness does not move by being but by being apparent.—Elder Boise.

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The Worm That Turned

Olo Grayes In the Lady's Plotorial.

I.

The Broadleys lived in a comfortable old square house of Georgian red brick, stonefaced, standing in pleasant grounds about a mile beyond the cavalry depot, town of Canterham.

There were four of the Broadley girls—Gwendolen, Lucy, Janet and The Worm (who had been christened Alexandria). Gwendolen was twenty-four, had dreamy eyes and mystic yearnings, kept a shelf of Corelli romances at the head of her bed and belonged to a club of spiritual affinities. There were twenty male bachelor members and twenty unmarried feminine ones. But as new subscribers were constantly dropping in and old ones as constantly dropping out, and spiritually wedded souls were continually eloping with fresh affinities, the club was subject to upheavals.

Lucy, the second Broadley girl, was athletic, a confirmed bicyclist and a croquet maniac of the new school.

Janet had a mysterious complaint which threatened to cut her off in the flower of her youth. I say "threatened" because she had never been known to have a day's illness since her ninth year, when she suffered from measles with cholera-like complications. However, on some authority the complaint was there. Even Janet did not know its exact nature, but it was a valued possession. One gives up things to a sister who may be snatched from one before one knows it. Three had to do this, and Janet would not have parted with her melancholy distinction for worlds. At half-past nine it had meant to her the liver wing of the school-room fowl and the biggest orange. At nineteen and three-quarters it meant the smartest hat, the left-hand seat in the victoria facing the horses—Gwendolen and Lucy being consigned to the shelf of martyrdom, despite their seniority—and the best of everything that happened to be going generally.

"Everybody must win ew'wands for Janet," said the sixteen-year-old youngest Broadley, to whose personality had become attached in some unexplained way the hideous nickname under which she figures in this story.

It was at the fag end of a long and fatiguing day spent in the observance of Janet's commands. "If you don't do what she wants she threatens to break a blood vessel. She never does break one!" (The Worm's "rs") were conspicuous by their absence, "but you don't want to be made a murderess—and so you do it. But one of these days I shall stwike, and then—"

The nod of The Worm was pregnant with meaning.

The Worm, as I have said, had been christened Alexandria, which perhaps was felt to be too long and stately a name for home consumption. She was a tall, slim creature, with a Shetland pony's forelock and a tossing mane of chestnut hair, very wide open gray-blue eyes, a tip-tilted nose and freckles. Her legs grew longer every day, her eyes rounder and her frocks shorter, despite the efforts of Simmons, the sewing maid, who consumed her existence in letting down tucks and applying supplementary hems. The Worm's education (which The Worm insisted had never commenced) was now supposed to be complete. Only the German professor of music and the young Swiss lady from whom The Worm had received instruction in the French and Italian languages remained to be swept away.

"And then she must come out!" said Mrs. Broadley, looking appealingly upon her family.

"Oh, mother!" cried Gwendolen.

"Oh, mother!" murmured Janet, closing the finished second volume of the last new Mudie and taking the third out of Mrs. Broadley's unresisting hand.

"My loves, my pet, it must be done," said the anxious mother. "The child grows taller every day, she has a perfect scorn for companions of her own age and spends her time in pursuits which cannot but render her unfeminine when she becomes a woman. Your father is delighted with her tandem driving and the way in which she lands a trout; but I cannot babble of these things. To me they are doubtful accomplishments, in spite of all your father says to the contrary. Though he is less pleased that she has been bitten with some theories about the sanitary housing of the working classes picked up out of an illustrated paper, because it has cost him fourteen pounds in relaying the gardener's drains. When Escott could produce a member of the family who had actually smelt them, there was no getting out of it. Of course, it is the effervescence of an expanding nature, and therefore if the child is to develop harmlessly she must be given room. I cannot have an original, comfortable daughter on my hands, with spectacles and cropped hair, perhaps and sporting or so-

calist tendencies. And therefore, dears—"

"Therefore The Worm is from henceforth to accompany us on social campaigns," said Gwendolen, resignedly.

"And make it five to the brougham," Lucy added, "where there are evening frocks to crush."

"I wonder how father will like having to hat, gown, glove and shoe four party going daughters?" said Janet. Her smile was wan and saintly, and Mrs. Broadley met it with foreboding. "As it is we are a terrible expense to him, and when all his tenants are clamoring for lowered rents it makes me feel quite ill to think of it."

"My own!" exclaimed her startled mother, "you must not brood upon these things. It is not good for you."

"One cannot always remember one's self," said Janet, reaching for another cushion for her head. "One must sometimes think of others. And it would have been better for father, you know it would, if Gwendolen and Lucy had been born boys. They could have volunteered for South Africa and got commissions and Victoria crosses and things and relieved their family of the burden of their maintenance."

"By getting shot with Mauser bullets or poisoned with bad water!" breathed mother. "Thank heaven, none of my daughters were sons!" she added, piously.

"Well, it is settled, I suppose," said Gwendolen, unamiably. "The Worm comes out."

"Alexandria must make her debut in society," rejoined Alexandria's mother, with some show of firmness. "And as a beginning, let me beg you, dears, to abandon the use of that hideous nickname. I cannot think how it ever came into use."

"I remember. It was when she was twelve—a long, backbonless, twining thing," said Janet, "and Reggy Standish, who was then at Harrow, spent the midsummer holidays with us. He christened her The Worm—and it has stuck."

"I will not have my child's prospects in life jeopardized by a schoolboy's vulgarity," said the gentle Mrs. Broadley, bustling. "And if when he again visits here he should endeavor to revive the use of the term, I shall expect you to check him."

"Master Reggy is with the Orange Hussars in South Africa," said Gwendolen, teasing the Persian kitten by dusting its pert little face with the end of its own bushy tail. "Why should he occur to you as a likely visitor?"

"He has been drafted home with some invalids, your father tells me, and will be quartered at the depot. Your father intends driving over to Canterham Barracks to call on him to-morrow."

"Why all this expenditure of civility?" questioned Janet, languidly. "Father used to loathe the Reggy Standish, unless I am losing my memory. He used to say that he had a six boy capacity for mischief, and I remember the day Reggy left us, his face positively beamed with relief. We had just sat down to lunch; Purkiss was waiting for father to say grace before he took the cover off the family roast nut-ton—"

"I remember," interrupted Gwendolen. "Reggy must have been behaving very badly; he looked so serene and angelic."

"So you really leave us to-day, you young dev—I mean my dear boy," said father.

"Yes, sir, really," said Reggy.

"For these and all other mercies, burst our father, trying to pretend he meant the roast nut-ton, 'may the—'"

"Gwendolen!" rebuked her mother, and Gwendolen controlled her saucy tongue, while giving her impudent dimples full play.

"You really permit yourself too much license. And if in those days he was an annoying boy, Sir Reginald is now—"

"Sir Reginald?"

"Sir Reginald?"

"Sir Reginald?"

Three voices exclaimed in varying keys; three pairs of eyes fixed the parent with the circuit gaze of astonishment.

"Yes, did you not know? Though how were you likely to? His uncle is dead; the baronetcy and a good deal of property in the Midlands devolves upon Captain Standish. He got the step in South Africa, and he is to have the Distinguished Service Order for doing something dashing under fire without sufficient men. He may be considered by other mother's a catch. Their motives are not mine, thank heaven!" said Mrs. Broadley, rising with a rustle of silk foundations, gathering up her key basket and mechanically looking round for the Mudie volume appropriated by Janet. "All I can say is that as a motherless young man, and one who has served his country gallantly and gained his company and a distinction at 24 the boy is welcome here, and I shall do my best to convey to him this impression. It is your father's wish. There! he has just come."

II.

Mrs. Broadley rustled to the library threshold. The door opened before she touched the handle, and her youngest darling, in a torn alpaca frock, her chestnut mane, devoid of a confining ribbon, cascading wildly over her shoulders and hanging over her eyes, stood before her. Under one arm she carried a raved-brimmed straw hat, in which squirmed two blind kittens. Her right hand held a driving whip. A dissipated looking cat, the maternal proprietor of the kittens, brought up the rear.

"What is the matter?" she asked, noting signs of perturbation in her parent. "Has anything happened?"

"Your sisters, dearie," said the mother, bestowing an indulgent kiss upon her untidy youngest, "have something to tell you!"

The door closed upon Mrs. Broadley's rustling silks. The Worm, putting the hat with its contents carefully down upon an ottoman, where the cat instantly joined the family, sat down upon the arm of a chair.

"Well?" She surveyed her elders with a cool impartiality of disapproval. "You look lazy enough, the three of you. What have you got to tell me?" She swung her legs indifferently and waited for information.

"Worm," said Gwendolen, "the powers that be have decreed that you are to become a butterfly."

"Gwubs gwow into butterflies," said The Worm, "and a worm is an invertebrate animal and not an insect. In spite of my having been educated by a governess who had never learned anything herself, I know as much as that. What is up?"

"What is up," said Lucy, "is that you are coming out. Mother does not consider the range of selection we offer to the eligible bachelor is sufficiently comprehensive. She is about to increase her window stock (I believe that is the trade term) in the vain hope of stimulating custom."

"In other words, we are to be reinforced by an ingenue," said Janet. "You will have to turn up your hair, wear frocks down to the ground, shun the paddock, desert the stables, cease to godmother blind kittens, dormice and white rats, pursue your conversation of inelegancies, take better care of your nails and practice blushing—Alexandria."

The three elders laughed unrestrainedly. The young creature did not move a muscle.

"Could we not get the rector to rechristen her?" asked Gwendolen, in an instant of merriment, drying her eyes. "Something really descriptive and appropriate, since she is to be The Worm no more!"

"Susan, or Mary, or even Jane would really convey something, in connection with the child," said Lucy, critically. "But Alexandria—the name seems like a practical joke."

"I shall not dream for an instant of calling her by it. Pick up my book, Worm, will you?" ordered Janet, who had dropped her novel. The younger sister swung her legs.

"When you address me in a pwooper way," she remarked, "I will do your ewwands, and not before."

"You would like me to stoop and get it for myself," said Janet, "when I have such a queer sensation in my chest. Knowing all about my constitution, as you do, I call it insisterly."

"Your constitution is getting to be a nuisance," said The Worm, "and it is time you outgrew it. I will pick up your novel when you call me Alexandwa, and not before."

Janet gave in with a martyred look.

"And now," said the triumphant Worm, "let the new Wules of Treatment be awranged and kept to. From henceforth there is to be no more snubbing."

"Dear me!" said Gwendolen. "Quite a refreshing tone!" said Lucy, satirically.

"Have you ever," asked Janet, "seen a mushroom that has been trying to grow with a stone on its head? Take off the stone and you will be surprised at the way in which the mushroom develops. Pop! there it is, full grown, before you have time to turn round."

"One of your wules is that you are not to turn round on me and say I'm a child before people," continued The Worm, calmly, "because if you do I shall wetaliate."

"How can you retaliate without an 'r'?" said Janet, with cool disdain.

"Not to be able to pronounce your 'rs'" said The Worm, "is sometimes considered attractive—if the girl who can't do it happens to be pwoetty."

"And do you consider yourself—pretty?" asked Gwendolen, with cold incredulity.

"I don't say I'm pwoetty at this minute, but with pwooper dwesses and things," replied The Worm, "I might be—say, in a week from now." She rose and went to the glass above the mantelpiece and surveyed herself dispassionately.

"My hair is a fashionable color and I've plenty of it," she said, italicizing the last words so that Gwendolen winced. "My eyes are vewy nice, indeed—and some people pwofer wetwousse noses." She leaned two darned elbows on the mantel and studied the nose in-

question with dispassionate interest.

"And do people also like freckles," asked Lucy, cruelly, "as large as ginger lozenges?"

"I believe, if they happen to be men, they'd wather have them show than covered up with 'Cweme Mawiette,'" responded The Worm, calmly, "because that comes off on their coat collars after dinner in the conservatory. I saw Major de Boob trying to wipe the marks off with his handkerchief last night when I came to tell you both that coffee was in the drawing-room."

"And your figuré, your hands and your feet?" said Janet, covering Lucy's defeat by a well directed rally. "Are you satisfied with them? You might as well tell us."

"If I am at pwsent unformed, I shall impwove," said the imper-turbable youngster. "I have no tendency to fat," she added, "which is mo' than can be said for some people. As for my hands, they only require a little attention to be quite pwsentable, and a future I shall let you wun on all your own messages and give my feet a chance to shwink to their pwooper size."

And having thus disposed of her last adversary with this home-thrust, she took up the hat with its mewwing mates and carried it away to the stable yard.

"Look after the poor little beasts for me, Dawson," she said to the elderly junior groom, "and see that the mother gets pwooperly fed. I am so much occupied just now with various things that I cannot attend to it myself."

"Why, miss, that a strange hearing," said Dawson, "and if I might make so bold as to ask what's going to take up your time so much?"

"Being grown up," said The Worm, gravely. Then she deposited the kittens and went back to the house. As she passed through the hall she noticed a strange hat and riding whip of masculine type on the rack table. A light covert coat depended from one of the deerhorn pegs. Out of a little side pocket in the coat projected a tiny carcass. The Worm, impelled by a suddenly urging impulse of curiosity, softly drew out the case and opened it. Upon the parallelograms of cardboard it contained was inscribed in the usual copperplate characters: Captain Sir Reginald Standish, Orange Hussars.

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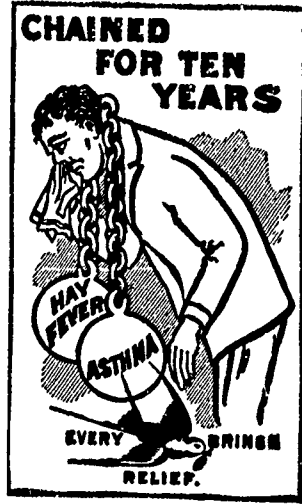
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Rev. I. r. Morris Wechsler,

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

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put on a trailing skirt of cool and summery twill, with little tucks in it—Janet had never yet worn it—and to this she added Gwen's latest blouse, pale pink, with lace entredeux. A few extra touches, such as a black satin cravat and a little diamond frog brooch, were supplied, again by the unconscious Lucy. Thus arrayed the deprecator revolved before the pier glass and said, taking in the full value of the reflection offered to her: "I wather think I shall cweate a sensation when I go down. That is, I should if my hands were as pwoetty as the west of me. But they are wed—decidedly too wed for beauty." Then a daring idea occurred to her, and she boldly doctored the offending members with "Cweme Mawiette" and violet powder, and holding her head very erect went downstairs and into the drawing-room, mellow with the sunset light that passed in through the long west windows. The girls were grouped in becoming attitudes about Sir Reggy, who was relating a South African experience as a newcomer moved toward the sofa.

"Ssh!" said Gwen, not looking round, but recognizing the footsteps. Then a smothered shriek from Lucy and a choking cry from Janet betokened their recognition of their property, and in a moment Gwen, too, was stricken into a helpless heap.

"Sowwy to disturb you," said the intruder, as Sir Reggy gasped and jumped up. "I know what you

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Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily and generally contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

were saying must have been so twemendously interesting."

"We—I that is—?" began the dazzled young man.

"Quite true, Sir Reginald. We have met before," said the vision, giving a white hand and smiling, "though I believe you don't wally remember me?"

An indescribable glance of fun, mischief, malice, triumph shot out of the wonderful blue eyes. Then she added, with a little air of dignity which, in combination with her babyish lisp, completed the conquest of Sir Reggy, "I am Alexandwa!"

IN THE CENTER OF AFRICA the fame of Pain-Killer has spread. The natives use it to cure cuts, wounds and sprains, as well as bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

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A FATHER'S ADVICE.

(By Thos. J. Cooney.) My son, in starting out in life Learn first to curb your passions;

Remember not to fall in love Till you can keep a wife, And can put a little money by

Deal honestly with your neighbors, Fight bravely for your rights; The thought of being imposed upon

After settling up your bills, my boy, Don't gamble what you've left; For gambling, like extravagance,

Whatever you do for charity Don't, to the world make known, Your kindest deed is purest

And sometimes think of me; And now farewell, farewell, my son, You're on life stormy sea.

PRESIDENT ELLIOT'S MISTAKE

In an article in The Independent several months ago President Elliot made the statement that down to the time of the French Revolution

PERSOANI.

Rev. Dr. Harris, late dean of St. Catharines, was in the city this week, looking much improved in health.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

An Advance in Wheat—The Live Stock Trade—Latest Quotations. Thursday Evening, Oct. 8.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The feature of this morning's trade was the decline in dressed hogs, which went down in sympathy with the drop in prices of live hogs.

Cheese Markets. Campbellford, Oct. 7.—The Cheese Board met this morning, 2,400 boarded. Sales were as follows:—Stuive, 200 at 8 1/2c; McGrath, 60 at 8 1/2c.

Toronto Live Stock. The trading at the Western Cattle Market today was brisk on account particularly of a general improvement in the quality of the offerings.

East Buffalo Cattle Market. East Buffalo, Oct. 8.—Cattle—Offerings 7 cars; market ruled dull and unchanged.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Oct. 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000, including 1,000 Texas and 2,000 western; market dull at Monday's decline of 1c to 1 1/2c.

Table with columns: Closing previous day, Closing to-day, Chicago, New York, Duluth, Minneapolis, St. Louis.

Leading Wheat Markets. London, Oct. 8.—Opening—Wheat, on passage steady; flour, on Oct. 8, active.

The Two Scourges | ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE. An Antidote Discovered. A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs,

NO SUBSTITUTE for "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, by hospitals, by the clergy, by everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, &c.

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By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Sept. 25th, 1900.

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