

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

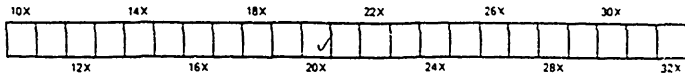
- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.



The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. V.—NO. 21.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE CONSECRATION OF MGR. BRUCHESI

The New Archbishop of Montreal.

Presentation of Addresses.—The clergy, the Irish and French Catholics—a distinguished Assembly of Prelates, Priests and Laymen.

MONTREAL, Aug. 9.—Montreal never witnessed a more imposing ceremony than that which was performed yesterday in the Cathedral of St. James on the occasion of the solemn consecration of Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, the second Archbishop and fourth occupant of the Metropolitan See. For hours before the ceremonies of the day began the church was occupied in every nook and corner. Despite the immensity thereof, everything passed off most satisfactorily.

The procession of the clergy numbered over three hundred, many of them being from Ontario, Manitoba, the Maritime Provinces and the United States. The ceremony, which commenced at half past nine o'clock, lasted until half past one.

The consecrating bishop was Mgr. Begin of Quebec, assisted by Mgr. Duhamel of Ottawa, and Mgr. Langlois of St. Boniface. The assisting priest was Rev. Canon Duhamel of St. Hyacinthe, while Rev. Father Filiatrault, superior of the Jesuit Order in this city, and Rev. Abbe Chervier, vicar at St. James, supported the consecrating bishop. Mgr. Langlois was assisted by Abbe Therien, of Mount St. Louis, while Rev. Curo Lesage of Chambly performed the same function towards the Archbishop of Ottawa. Rev. Abbe Porron, of the cathedral, was master of ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. Abbe Foucher.

The following is a complete list of the prelates present: Mgr. Begin, titular Archbishop of Cyrene and administrator of the Diocese of Quebec; Mgr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Mgr. Langlois, Archbishop of St. Boniface; Mgr. Laflèche, Bishop of Three Rivers; Mgr. Morneau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Clut, titular Bishop of Arundel and vicar-apostolic of the North-West Territories; Mgr. Loraoui, Bishop of Pambrico; Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet; Mgr. Luddon, Bishop of Syracuse; Mgr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton; Mgr. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown; Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield; Mgr. Michaud, Bishop of Burlington, Vt.; Mgr. Descelles, titular Bishop of Druzprava and co-adjutor Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Labreque, Bishop of Chicoutimi; Mgr. Laroque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Mgr. Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, Mgr. Gabriels, of Odobonsburg, and Dom Ansoine, Mitred Abbot of the Trappist Monastery, Okla.

There were also present the following dignitaries who have received the title of Monsignor from the Pope: Mgr. Tangney, Mgr. Guay, Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Champagne, Mgr. Ritchot, Mgr. McEvoy and Mgr. Hamel. The Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston and Halifax were unable to be present. Mgr. Cleary of Kingston was represented by Vicar-General Gauthier, while the Rev. Father Bayard represented the Bishop of London, and Rev. Mr. Zeiluz was present for Bishop Blake of Rimouski.

Among the clergy present were Sir Adolphe Chaploun, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec; Hon. Edme Marchand, Hon. A. R. Angers, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Justices Wurtelo, Baby, Jette, Mathon, Dolozmier, Pagnuolo, Loranger, Doherty and Desnoyers, ex-Mayor Grenier, Hon. James Brion, Hon. P. E. Lablanc, P. N. Chabot, Milton McDonald, M.L.A., the Superintendent of Education, ex-Alderman Beauchamp, Rabbi Vold, J. C. Anger, Donat McDonald, M. O. Filatrault, J. F. Gaultier, D. Masson, the Mayor of Terrebonne, Dr. Duchouart, Ald. Conzeignat, Ernest Myrand of Quebec, Magistrate Lafontaine, Mayor Desjardins of Maisonneuve, F. B. Matyias, Belgian Consul; Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., Mr. de Sieres, Frank B. McNamara, Dr. Brodeur, M. Guerin, N. E. Hamillon, D. Masson, L. A. Doronio of Joliette, Adolphe Gravel, U. E. Archambault, Henri Barbeau, S. Baudouin, G. O., Edouard Hurlbut, Herbel Laroque, Dr. Honoré Desjardins, M. Croze, Dr. L. Bayeur, L.

J. A. Surroyer, L. I. Doronio, Eugenio Desnoyers, A. Kleczkowski, Consul for Franco, ex-Mayors Desjardins and Villeneuve, and many others.

Mgr. Duhamel having handed over the keys of the city to the new Archbishop, Abbe Porron, the oath was administered. The Archbishop-elect kneeling before Mgr. Begin and reading the required formula. The ceremony having proceeded to its conclusion Mgr. Emard of Valleyfield preached the sermon. "I, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," was the text he chose from the Gospel of St. Matthew. This was the promise which Christ had made to his apostles, and through them to the bishops of the Catholic Church. This was the basis upon which the Church rested. The apostles had been imbued with the Holy Spirit, they had been given the power to remit sins. Mgr. Emard referred in feeling terms to the death of the late Mgr. Fabre, the apostle of the new Archbishop and the right which he now had of interpreting, judging, commanding and administering. The presence of the Archbishop's mother was a source of great satisfaction to all.

Mgr. Emard having alluded to the recent death of M. Pailin, who had been a father to both, exclaimed: "Long years to our venerable and well beloved Metropolitan Archbishop of Montreal. May your rest be long and prosperous and may the church of Montreal advance under your leadership in the path of Virtue as it did under your predecessors. Long years to you, Archbishop of the city of Mary, the Virgin who loves you and whom you serve with such devotion."

THE CLERGY'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Canon Racicot read the following address from the clergy:

Monsieur—The gorgeous ceremony which the metropolitan church of Montreal held this morning, for the first time, witnessed beneath its roof is but the outward sign, the weak image of more sublime things which have just been made manifest in your spirit.

At the moment when the consecrating prelate laid his hands upon you, he marked your head with the holy oil, Jesus Christ himself linked you to the apostolic chain of those who continue His work upon the earth; He poured upon you the plenitude of priesthood, and He entrusted to you the sacred trust of the mission of penetrating it throughout the world.

Besides the power of jurisdiction, by virtue of which you were already, by your election, pastor and prince of the church, you were invested, Monsieur, with the power of order, you are priest, confessor, sacrificer, par excellence, supreme hierarch. For this reason the members of the chapter of your cathedral and all the clergy of the diocese were with religious fervor and sacred person, happy to be able to salute, in the well beloved brother of yesterday, in the sympathetic and zealous companion of our labors, the successor of the apostles, the delegate of the Holy Spirit, invested with the right to govern them and to rule them.

To this sentiment of veneration is added also those of joy, of submission and of hope.

For the church, the church of Montreal has been for several months in mourning. The death of the most illustrious Mgr. Edouard-Charles Fabre, of sweet and honored memory, had interrupted the line of pontiffs and cast over all a veil of sadness. But today that a new pastor is given, that a new chief, chosen by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, takes in hand the direction of affairs, it is with the very ecstasy of sincere joy that this temple is filled with all the splendors of the Catholic worship.

Moreover, the post that is confided to you, Monsieur, is a precious one. The past history of the diocese is not, indeed, without glory and your illustrious traditions have been fruitful in good works. You have exercised upon this country an influence often preponderant, sustained at times hard and valiant combats, whether to strengthen the faith in the souls of men or to preserve to their rights the inalienable rights of Holy Church. Under the pious and sage direction of Bishops Letourneau, Bourget and Fabre, the Diocese of Montreal has become one of the most illustrious of the world, and our metropolitan city has deserved to be called the Rome of America.

Called to continue these traditions, to further develop these works, to preserve in Montreal this prestige and this oclat, you have the right, Monsieur, to count upon the respect of your chapter and of all your clergy, secular and regular.

This co-operation you shall never want. Your Grace will always find in us collaborators eager to share the labors of the sacred office which you have. You will command and we shall obey, you will counsel and exhort, and we will do according to your direction and in consonance with your vows.

May your administration, Monsieur, be long and fruitful, and may the reign of that Church whose glory you promised to obtain and whose interests to defend even to the shedding of your blood.

FROM THE LITTY.

Mr. Justice Loranger read an address from the French-Canadian laity; Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., President of St. Patrick's Society, read an address from the Irish-Catholic laity as follows:

To His Grace, Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal:

May it please Your Grace—When, from the lips of Leo XIII., there came

to us, flashing over wires, the great decree—there was rejoicing in the flock that a shepherd had been chosen, there was joy among the people that the choice had rested on one so worthy, that the chosen man, by the Sovereign Pontiff to wear the mitre and bear the crozier of the Archdiocese of Montreal.

To-day, when the faithful gather around you to behold your second consecration to the Eternal God, among the thousands of voices that arise in chorus to proclaim their allegiance to the Holy See and to Your Grace—no note rings out as clear, as reverential as over it has resounded through ages in Christ's Church, and it comes from Irish hearts.

When thousands of knees bent in unison to receive your first Episcopal benediction, Irish heads will bow with loving loyalty beneath your uplifted hand, and they will proclaim themselves your children.

A dauntless devotion to our priests and prelates in an honorable tradition of the Irish race, but we of Montreal are bound by more than ordinary ties to the Irish race. We have among our sainted predecessors, we have felt from our childhood the fatherly care, the tender friendship, the gentle authority of our late beloved and lamented Archbishop Fabre.

It was the same spirit which greeted our fathers when they first came to this, their chosen land.

And we have heard at our mother's knees tales of heroic devotion as when the venerated Bishop Bourget risked his life to save the lives of the Irish exiles when they were cast, dying, upon these hospitable shores.

We have beheld the sacrificial love which made home for the orphan, refugees for the poor, hospitals for the sick. Learned and holy priests are ever given to us; gentle and devoted nuns walk by our side; and wherever we turn our eyes to our beloved land, they can find rest and refreshment on the shining cross of a chalice-spire. We have heard the high strains of the hymns, the high hearts which have crowned the city of Montreal with this magnificent cathedral, and when we look up to its noble dome, we feel a thrill of pride, for we, too, Irish Catholics, can claim it as our own.

In the elevation of Your Grace to the Episcopal See, there is a feeling of exultation among the younger generation. They delight in your virtues, your piety, your talents and your learning—for has not your holy name been among them? Many have lingered with you in the same college halls, learned the same lessons from the same honored teachers, and knelt daily with you at the same altar. To-day, a reflex of the glory that has come to you, is upon them, and while reverencing you as the chief pastor, they rejoice as brothers do over a brother's high attainments.

With these, Your Grace, and with all the faithful of your diocese, the Irish people, we have longed to see you, and you may be long spared to guide and direct them.

Your years of study in Rome are a guarantee of your wisdom. You have imbibed the broad spirit of Holy Church at the altar of the Eternal God.

We pledge our fidelity to your teachings, our loyalty to your person.

With "crodo on our lips, docility in our minds, and valor in our hearts, we will tread the path in which you will lead us.

May the peace of Christ the sweet peace which Leo XIII. would breathe over the world gathering all into one fold, with one faith, one hope, one heart be ours in this blessed land.

AN EMOJONMENT REPLY.

His Grace replying to the address from the Irish Catholics said: Grateful indeed am I for this kind tribute of loyalty and affection on the part of the English-speaking portion of that flock which God has entrusted to my spiritual guidance. Such heartfelt utterances are the ray of sunshine that glides with the sun upon the path of duty and amidst. The expression of your love may be different from that of my mother-tongue, but the common bond of our dear faith has made us all akin. In the dearest ways of the Almighty, I have come to know and understand the cause of our creed, bringing the noble traditions of a faith that looks back upon centuries of dauntless courage and unwavering loyalty to Christ's Church.

When we gaze around this city of cathedra, amongst the most stately shrines of the world, we are struck by the generous faith of your fellow-countrymen; and this magnificent pile, the mother church of all, bears witness also to their beautiful charity.

Ever in the past have my predecessors bowed upon your people their most watchful solicitude and protection. Their motto has fallen upon my shoulders, and in taking up the burden they have relinquished, I gladly inherit the same warm sympathy, intensified if anything, by the closer ties of college days,

and the associations of after years. You will ever find in me a friend, your joys shall be my joys, and your sorrows shall also be my sorrows.

Keep up your glorious work of devotion and self-sacrifice, my associates, and perchance you may attain to the desired consummation. You remember these words of the master, they are of record on the lips of His vicar, the immortal Leo XIII.: "I have . . . then also I must bring . . . and there shall be one fold and one shepherd" (St. John, x. 10). Nor can I end without thanking in all sincerity those kind friends from throughout the diocese who have so much esteemed congratulations on the occasion of my taking possession of this Episcopal See. This I take as a harbinger of brighter things to be looked for in the near future.

After those of the Archbishop, he read the following telegram from Cardinal Ledochowski, in reply to one sent asking for the P'apal benediction:

"His Holiness Leo XIII. heartily accords his blessing to the bishop, and to the faithful present at your consecration, the apostolic benediction."

After the consecration, the Archbishops, Bishops and clergy repaired to the Grey Nunnery, on Dorchester street, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them.

Jingoism Takes an Innings.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

It is representative government alone that has realized for the Canadian people what satisfaction they feel in their institutions. Previous to the Downing street road, a distinctively British aristocratic crust of baronets had spread over the community, until the exasperated people, making a choice between a more liberal and a more despotic ruler. Cousin Doyle in his descriptions of Arctic life mentions an extraordinary sight which he witnessed far north at the ice belt. This was an igloo which the creature was jumping out of the water, leaping up in a terrific style, and other things being after the manner of a violent lunatic. On being captured it was found that the whole was literally covered with parasites, which, biting at all points with the exception of the top, had no doubt driven it mad. Canada, under the old regime, saw what she was coming to and cleansed herself in time from the hereditary baronage growth of Toryism that was so steadily thriving upon the soil of the imperial administrators of the colony.

As soon as she was free Miss Canada, lost no time about putting her house in order. She rid herself at once of Toryism, bag and baggage. She then declared that she would no longer be ruled by any imperial administrators of the colony.

Is this potential spirit of self-reliance already dying among Canadians? The question seems likely to arise in the near future of our country. The political papers here and there are now discussing the proposed assumption by the Dominion of a share in imperial expenditure. The proposal comes from Mr. Chamberlain on the other side of the Atlantic and is greeted with surprise and indignation. It is as if the heretofore kept the banner of Canadian nationality spread out. It is said we are to have the "regular army" back, that we should pay for the "protection of our coasts" by the navy, and that a great deal of the money would go to the chain of coast fortifications necessary. The said map is even now in preparation. One would think we had some ultimatum to "Cousin Jonathan" and were afraid of getting thrashed before the "British counter" could come to our aid. Of course there is nothing more in it than an outbreak of jingoism in the nature of things cannot last after Mr. Chamberlain has been made a lord and comfortable managers have been found for the "British ash" as bred in Canada.

Goldwin Smith, in this connection, hits Senator Mills a very playful rap on the knuckles. He writes in The Farmers' Review: "The Honorable David Mills, once a Liberal, now a Senator, has arrived at the conclusion that the earnings of the farmers and other industrial classes of this Dominion are excessive and ought to be cut down. He accordingly proposes to divert a part of them to preparations for engaging in European wars."

Canada has by her separate constitution obtained complete exemption from Imperial legislation. She has obtained exemption from the Imperial tariff. She is now compassing her triumph from British commercial treaties. It is a pity she cannot obtain exemption from British wars. The devastation of her coasts could be of no use to the Imperial country, when she was unable to send force of any kind to its aid. At all events, Canadian might should be shown from egging on the mother country as some of our do to wars of aggrandizement, the consequences of which to us at least would be surely disastrous.

One of the most interesting marks of the jingoism of the Dominion is the fact that the Imperial politicians have taken the decision. That Senator Mills should be down with the disorder is passing strange. This dogmatic Senator swisher of a few years ago is very appropriately called by Mr. Goldwin Smith as "once a Liberal." There are others—in the same class. Which brings me to the point I desired to make, that Canadian representative government is an anomaly in the hands of the hunters after Joseph Chamberlain's own heart.

ABOUT PROHIBITIONISTS

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

We live in a world created to produce flowers and fruit, the food and the delight of man. The thorns and thistles which are now so widespread are the result of the fall. Man and nature are out of joint with each other. The angle of right relation, by which they were kept in mutual harmony, was shifted by original sin, and the peace and comfort of Paradise exchanged for labor and toil all the days of life. The kingship over the beasts of the field and the birds of the air and all the rest, is gone, or at least fearfully impaired; and with hard struggle and indifferent success, we labor to keep a footing where once we were supreme. Because we revolted against our Maker, the very brats earth in all its elements now revolve against us.

Meat and drink, heat and cold, the storm and the sunshine, all have their dangers. Food which once just satisfied the appetite is become an instrument of ravenousness and gluttony. Heat, the principle of orderly growth, in coolness and beauty, now gives us both dwarts and monsters. The very light itself, which to the unfallen man revealed the splendors of creation completely, yet so softly that not even the eye felt the mild touch of its ray, glares at times with painful force, and again so contrasts its illumination that one might fear the return of Chaos and old Night. And so on with all the rest, a whole universe of things, in necessary relation with us; but not one but must be used with cautious prudence and a reason of danger. And in nothing is this porphyry more keenly felt than in the matter of feeding the bodily life.

Brute animals gaze unthinkingly, picking up the nourishing herbs and passing safely by those that are noxious. Man, even by reason and reflection, can hardly escape the myriad dangers of his plate and cup, and often eats and drinks disease and death, where he expected life and health. What was good last year no longer agrees with him. His neighbor grows fat on what he can't touch. A little wine for his stomach's sake is good for some, but is another man's ruin. And this goes on until one hardly knows what is allowable, and what not; and all but the narrow-minded and fanatical agree in conceding to individuals a large range of liberty in judging what may be best for themselves. And this is as it ought to be. For if a man finds himself comfortable and thriving on a vegetable diet, who has a right to forbid him? Again, it is as bigoted to laugh at the few who are long the fastest troops in Europe. The Cossacks trampled down some of Napoleon's best soldiers, and then threw Paris into darkness by drinking the oil out of the city lamps.

So it is: there is a vast range in the tastes and appetites of men, and yet they all seem to get along well enough, and don't like to be interfered with. Mighty conflicts have been precipitated by a disregard of this consideration.

We have all read of the effect of greasing the carriages in India. Running counter to a deep-rooted habit is a dangerous proceeding, justifiable only by the very strongest reasons.

Here is where we find the advocates of prohibition lacking in breadth and soundness of view. For—supposing for the present the gross Malthusianism, professed by many of them—they show a very great onesidedness in their arguments and a willingness to play the bully in action. Granting that liquor does a great deal of mischief, it may be asked, does it do nothing but mischief? Does it not do also a great deal of good? Ask any reputable physician and he will tell you he could not afford to do without it in his practice. And if many young men, who are the most energetic and able, must not tie their hands by the use of it, be set down to the credit of the much-railed-against beverage? The fact is, the mischief is more easily seen than the good that it does, and this is certainly true of drinking. If my memory is not at fault the late Mr. Anglin said in his place in Parliament, that not more than five per cent. of the population were addicted to the use of liquor; and that certainly more than fifty per cent. of the population were not, and many to profit, it seems difficult to find reasons for tyrannizing over ten men that you might have the chance—a weak one.

But the average prohibitionist will not allow you to luller such reasoning as this upon him. He won't listen to it at all. According to his temperament or education, he follows solemnly, or smiles with pitying contempt, or showing the white of his eyes and throwing up the backs of his hands, asks how you can do the devil's work by advocating drunkenness. And if you reply to him with allowable hotness, that you are no associate of drunkards, that

you are as sober a man as himself and more sober, as you know than the run of his party, and that according to the measure of your influence you have always advocated and promoted temperance, you are sure to get a lecture on the unregarded spirit or judicial blindness, or the shortsightedness of the general man. This makes many distrust the sincerity of these men. For myself I believe them sincere, in earnest, nay, enthusiastic, but not at all in the interests of temperance so much as in their wish and hope to become masters and tyrants over their fellow-men.

Take away the Puritan satisfaction, or anticipatory satisfaction, of having the power to dictate to others and you will soon find how little zeal there is left for so homely a thing as temperance. This is evident from the fact that it is not the virtuous or even its superlatives, but the prohibition which is the chief prohibition (which of course were prohibitions) if half the time and energy they waste in chasing a chimera were honestly devoted to advising and encouraging and uplifting the drunkard; if he were taken by the hand by a weak brother, and not alienated by all the nickname and untended speech of coarse declaimers can call him; if the thousands now spent in holding meetings, chiefly for the purification of social and political and inhibitors through a weak brother in helping the poor by supplying wholesome food to do away with the need of stimulants, then would have reason to say, these men do love temperance; they work for it. But it is not so, as all the world knows. It is their feet they are fighting for, not the good of the people. They want a bit in the public mouth, with the rein in their own hand, in the hands of a new tribe of hungry and half-bullied, half spy and wholly tyrants, ready to tramp into the castle of the libert, if every man (subject only to God) to eat and drink what he finds agrees best with his tastes and health.

I hope the citizens of Canada will not be misled by any such power; and we trust the coming election will be a one—will bury prohibitionism so completely out of sight, that honest advocates of a sober, temperate population, now paralyzed in their efforts, may be free to resume, on a more rational basis, the old work of setting the maximum of sobriety with the minimum of drunkenness; the nearest approach to perfection society ever did or ever can reach in this world.

Obituary.

Mr. M. Markham, an old and highly-respected resident of Lindsay, met his death very suddenly in this city on Tuesday morning. Mr. Markham was a member of the Ontario Association of the Ontario Association. Mr. Markham left Port Hope for Toronto on the steamer Garden City, arriving here on Thursday morning. Having some business to transact, he had half-bullied, half spy and wholly tyrants, ready to tramp into the castle of the libert, if every man (subject only to God) to eat and drink what he finds agrees best with his tastes and health. I hope the citizens of Canada will not be misled by any such power; and we trust the coming election will be a one—will bury prohibitionism so completely out of sight, that honest advocates of a sober, temperate population, now paralyzed in their efforts, may be free to resume, on a more rational basis, the old work of setting the maximum of sobriety with the minimum of drunkenness; the nearest approach to perfection society ever did or ever can reach in this world.

Archbishop Corrigan Visits Toronto.

His Grace the Archbishop of New York, the largest Catholic See in the world, was a visitor in Toronto on Tuesday. He had been making a tour of the Upper Lakes and was on his way to St. Anne's, Que., and was accompanied by Archbishop Corrigan of Toronto and Vicar-General McCann and Rev. F. Ryan, Rector of the cathedral. He was entertained at the Palace and driven round the city. He expressed his admiration for the appearance of Toronto in summer garb and was greatly interested by being told of the different charitable and other institutions of the city. He was surprised at the numerical strength of the Catholic body here. He remained in Toronto by the St. Grace proceeded to Montreal by the Commercial Metropolis he was a guest of Mgr. Bruchesi at the Grand Seminary. The distinguished former met Rev. Father Driscoll, a prolate professor in the New York Seminary.

The Saffler Testimonial.

M. J. Casserley, Tottenham, Ont. \$1.00.

FAVOR OUT—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All through his gone, and despondency has taken hold of the spirit. The only relief as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—none but those of Paruelo's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Dr. Beaudouin and Dr. Hamilton are two of the articles entering into the composition of Paruelo's Pills.

Yellow fever is reported to be ravaging the Spanish troops fighting in Cuba.

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

The well known Catholic sculptor, Mr. John Cassidy, of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, has just completed a statue of her Majesty the Queen, a commission from the city of Belfast. Standing eight feet high and of the finest Portland stone, it represents the Queen proferring peace to coming generations. Mr. Cassidy, who is a native of County Meath, was born just over thirty years ago near the village of Slane, only a few miles from the celebrated Tara's Hill, and there his father's people lived for generations, farming the land and never straying further afield than twenty miles from their own door. When Mr. Cassidy arrived in Manchester a mere youth, he became a student in the School of Art under Mr. H. A. Wallis. There he spent six years drawing from the antique and acquiring a deep love of sculpture. During this time he gained four National medals. In the New Gallery this season he is well represented, one of his latest works being "John and Sebastian Cabot."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer declines to sanction the payment out of the public funds of the costs which must be incurred by the Attorney-General for Ireland, should he become party to the appeal against the decision of the Vice-Chancellor of Ireland concerning the Giant's Causeway. That decision was to the effect that the public have no legal right to the free use of the Causeway though they have visited it without fee or hindrance for centuries. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's reason for his refusal is that no precedent exists in favor of the course urged upon him.

His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, dedicated the new church built in connection with St. Vincent's Convent, Sisters of Charity, St. Mary's-road, Cork, in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Seven Dolours. The church, which is in the early style of English architecture, comprises nave, aisles, and side chapels and two sacristies. The total length is 75 feet by 52 feet. An arcade divides the nave from the aisles is supported by highly polished pillars of red granite, having ornamental caps and moulded bases of Portland stone, and it is richly decorated. The height from floor to ceiling is 46 feet. The sanctuary is laid with marble mosaic richly colored. The high altar is richly carved with the Dead Christ as a subject. The choir floor is laid in oak parquetry.

The death by drowning of Mr. P. Burke, Cape Clear, took place about eight miles distant from the Cape. His boat got upset in a gale, with the result that Mr. Burke lost his life. The other men along to the boat and were saved. Mr. Burke leaves a large family. Mr. Burke, who was the first man within the port of Skibbereen supplied with fishing smacks by the Baroness Burdett Court was a well known and successful fisherman, and also a farmer and licensed vintner on the island.

According to The Londoner Standard, Rev. Professor Leitch, Moderator of the General Assembly, has been earwigging Mr. Gerald Balfour on the subject of Castle patronage. The Moderator especially urged upon the Chief Secretary the claims of Presbyterians to a greater share in the medical superintendentships of lunatic asylums in Ireland. Dr. Leitch pointed out that of twenty three of those appointments no fewer than seventeen were in the hands of the Episcopians, while the Presbyterians, though almost equal in numbers as a religious body, held only one. Mr. Gerald Balfour promised to give the matter his best attention, and declared that Presbyterianism should be disqualified no one while he was in office. "He added an expression of surprise at the figures quoted by the Moderator. The figures are a dead, surprising fact. The Nationalist Freeman's Journal. They show that out of twenty-three of those appointments, Catholics, who are not "almost equal in numbers as a religious body" to Episcopians, but three times as numerous as all the other "bodies" put together, hold about one in five of the appointments. Mr. Gerald Balfour, as his appointments of Land Court Sub-Commissioners shows, is not likely to vary the proportion. But if Presbyterians are to have the benefit of proportionate representation in these offices, Catholics can scarcely be excluded. The Chief Secretary will not be able to plead here that he cannot find Catholics who are qualified. Meanwhile it is pleasant to welcome the conversion of the Londoner Standard on the question of office distribution. It has been a stout defender of the Protestant monopoly of all municipal offices in Derry; but it cannot work that line any longer with decent consistency. Protestant Episcopalians may well say if Catholics, who are half the population of Derry, have no claim to municipal office, why should Presbyterians as such have any special claim to State office?"

Dominican Fathers, St. Catherine's, Newry, where he was formerly Prior. At the 12 o'clock Mass on Sunday, July 25th, his Grace delivered an eloquent discourse on the Gospel of the day. The distinguished ecclesiastic, preparatory to the sermon, spoke of his former pleasant and happy associations with the people of Newry, and also complimented them on the beautiful church—one of the most beautiful in Ireland—which through their generosity they have raised to the glory of God.

The Hon. John Gavin Duffy, Postmaster-General of Victoria, is in Dublin. Mr. Duffy was born in Dublin, where his father, the Hon. Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, K.C.M.G., who was subsequently Premier of Victoria, was in prison awaiting his trial for a seditious libel on the Government of the day contained in articles in The Nation, of which he was at the time editor.

The Dublin Trades Council and Labor League presented an address to the Right Hon. O. Kingston, Premier of South Australia. It was a graceful and well-deserved compliment to the distinguished visitor. Mr. Kingston's record as an unyielding champion of the rights of labor is well known to all who take the slightest interest in industrial questions.

Mrs. Maggie O'Donnell of Ardee met a sad fate on Sunday at Dalkey. When out bicycling she collided with an electric tram. Every mark of deep respect and sympathy was displayed at the funeral which took place in Ardee. The deceased young lady was very popular, and a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in the town.

The number of patients in the Richmond Lunatic Asylum afflicted with beriberi has very largely increased. There are now 91 female patients and 34 male patients down with the disease. A new feature of the epidemic is that one male attendant has been attacked. As already announced, 3 nurses have been for some time afflicted with the disease. This means that there are now 129 persons in the hospitals of the asylum.

At the meeting of the Galway Harbor Commissioners, Mr. J. McDonnell, J.P., who presided, proposed the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—"Resolved—That as it is announced that Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier will visit Ireland next month, we, the Harbor Commissioners, cordially invite them to Galway in order that Sir Wilfrid may inspect the bay and satisfy himself as to its special adaptability for a port of call for the Canadian mail packets; and we assure him he will be afforded every facility within our power to enable him to accomplish this useful and necessary object; and we promise him and his friends a hearty reception and a cordial welcome."

A young man named Dunlavy has been arrested and remained in custody on a charge of having caused the death of a farmer's son named John Fleming near Scartagain, in the Castleisland district. It appears that the accused and Fleming were at a wedding in the Rathmore district, and left for home together on horseback, both getting on the same animal. Next morning Fleming's dead body was found on the road near his father's house with a wound on the head, evidently the result of a fall.

A screen or panel of gold and colored silk embroidery interwoven with needlepoint on the road near his father's house, in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee, has just been completed at the school under the superintendence of the Convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare, County Kerry, from a design in the Celtic style made by the nuns, and is now on exhibition for a few days at the London depot of the Irish Industries Association, 20 theobald-square, Bolsover-square, London, S.W. Some days ago the Queen was pleased to inspect it, and Sir Arthur Digby, in returning it to Mr. Alan Cole, has written the following letter: " Windsor Castle, July 13th, 1897. Dear Sir— I am returning to your address by messenger the lace screen, which the Queen thinks is most beautiful, both in design and workmanship. Yours very truly, ALAN COLE, Alan S. Cole, Esq., Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W."

The ton batteries of artillery (including two of the Royal Horse) who have been practicing for months past at Glonbeigh, have left for their respective stations. It is stated on good authority that arrangements have been completed with the present owner for the purchase for £10,000 of the large tract of territory covered by the range. It is said that some time ago the War Office authorities intended to abandon the range for a less remote one, but that they were eventually forced to the conclusion that no more suitable range could be procured in Ireland than that at Glonbeigh. At all events those best qualified to form an opinion on the matter say that Glonbeigh is destined to become a great military centre for long distance firing.

On July 27 two of the steamers of the Shannon Development Syndicate for the first time performed the entire

voyage from Killaloe to Dromod with a view to the immediate publication of the time table in advance of the usual opening of the Shannon season. None of the company's steamers having yet covered the entire distance of 110 miles from the town of Killaloe to Dromod, considerable interest will attach to the performances of the two steamers, the Countess of Cadogan and the Countess of Mayo, in what is practically their trial trip.

The death has occurred of Mr. Wm. Spillane, D.L. The cortege was one of the largest and most representative that has been seen in Limerick for some time. All sections, classes and creeds were represented. For the past two days many messages of regret and condolence have been received by Mr. Spillane's family, including Lord Emly and others, who, being away, could not attend the funeral.

His Grace's Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, arrived in Westport by train from the south. He at once drove with Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien to Mallow Cottage, Rosbeg, where he remained for a few days. His visit to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien is of a purely private character, and there was, therefore, no demonstration of any kind.

The guardians of the poor at Bolmullet have been formally dissolved by the usual process of a "sealed order" directed to "the Guardians of the Poor Law Union of Bolmullet, the Clerk of Union, and all other persons whom it may concern." This is not the first experience of the kind imposed upon the Bolmullet Board of Guardians. It was dissolved by the Local Government Board in 1880 when intense distress prevailed in the district. At that time Newport and Swinford Boards were also dissolved. The reason given for the suspension of the Bolmullet Guardians in 1880 was that they had made no sufficient provision to carry on the work of relieving the poor, and that the board was indebted in sums of £1,745 to its treasurer and £1,800 to contractors, while the rates outstanding in the union amounted to £8,805, of which £1,158 had been allowed to accumulate in previous years. The Bolmullet Board was again suspended in 1887. What the issue of this third wiping out for the time of the Bolmullet Guardians will be affords room for speculation. Undoubtedly the guardians believe that their powers and resources are utterly unable to cope with the present crisis, and it will be remembered that Mr. Miles, the chairman, and two other guardians, in sheer despair at the state of affairs, resigned and further, that a notice was given of a motion for the resignation of the rest of the board on mass.

It should be added that the Right Rev. Monsignor Howson, pastor of Belmont, one of the most able and kind hearted priests in Ireland, resigned his position of chairman of the local dispensary board some weeks ago—seeing the utter inability of the guardians from want of means to carry out the recommendations of the committee with reference to the outbreak of fever.

Two questions of which Mr. Patrick O'Brien has given notice have attracted considerable attention among Irish members from their peculiar and unprecedented character. He wants the Treasury to make it a condition of sale of Waterford, Duncannon and Lismore Railway that the purchasing company shall carry all Irish members of Parliament free over its system when going to and from their Parliamentary duties. In the second question he asks whether all members who are railway directors have free travelling, while those who are not railway directors have no such privilege.

ENGLAND.

Second Catholic Archbishop for England. At a full meeting of the Southern Bishops held a few days ago, at St. Mary's, Oscott, his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan presiding, several matters of considerable importance, including the question of the appointment of a second Archbishop for England and Wales, were discussed. It has been for some time under consideration of Leo XIII, and it is expected that the fiat of His Holiness will shortly be received, and the honours will be conferred on the See of Liverpool.

Catholic Pilgrimage to Ebbw Vale. Ebbw Vale is to be the scene of another pilgrimage in honor of the landing of St. Augustine. This time (says The Westminster Gazette) it is the Catholics who have determined to celebrate the landing of Pope Gregory's Legate on the shore of Vent thirteen centuries ago. Cardinal Vaughan has chosen for the day the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, as the most appropriate day for the commemoration of St. Augustine's mission. On that day the Catholic bishops, with the representatives of the religious Orders and secular clergy, will journey to Ebbw Vale, and after the celebration of Solemn High Mass by Cardinal Vaughan will make procession round the spot where St. Augustine and his monks first set up their cross in England. Cardinal Perraud, Ireland's friend and cardinal, will be present, and Bishop Hedley is to preach the commemorative sermon for the occasion.

SCOTLAND.

Before the Franco-Scottish Society during the concluding meeting in Edinburgh, a paper was read by Mr. J. Branford Hatt, who gave an account of the manuscripts in the Scots College, at Paris, down to the death of Thomas Innes in 1744. He indicated that he intended at a future meeting of the society to deal with the history of the manuscripts from the time of Innes to their partial destruction and dispersion at the French Revolution.

The House of Lords decided a case recently of very general interest to railway companies, hotel proprietors, and the public generally. A hotel proprietor at Perth insisted upon the right of his "boots" to go upon the platform, wearing a badge, to attend trains. The company objected, and refused to allow the "boots" to enter. The Scots' Courts held the company had no right to do so, but the House of Lords has taken a different view. They are of opinion that the hotel porter, contrary to the wish of the railway company, had no right to go on the platform.

Art and the Vatican.

The Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman writes: In the restoration of the Appartamento Borgia in the Vatican Leo XIII. has secured a great advantage on artistic all over the world. This restoration did not consist in repainting or complete renewal of the glorious frescoes and rich decorative designs with which the Pergian painter of the Renaissance, Pinturicchio, adorned these walls. Indeed the idea that Leo XIII. and his artists have of "restoration" is quite another thing. Nothing of the work on the walls and vaults of these six rooms, constituting the Borgia Apartment, was to be changed or improved; cleaning alone was the only restoration attempted, save in cases where the painted plaster hung far from the stonework of the vaults, and had to be cut around and replaced in its original position.

And when after more than two years' constant labor the work was completed and the halls were opened in March last to the public gaze, the high patronage which Leo XIII. had bestowed on the arts was generally acknowledged. But he has done more than this. When the work was nearing its completion he directed that full account of the building and the paintings should be drawn up by skilled historians and scholars, and that this account should be illustrated by the best photographs that this art can achieve in Rome. This has been done, and the result, in the shape of a huge tome, is now before me as I write.

Rev. J. M. Stanton.

Rev. J. M. Stanton, through whose energy and religious zeal this year's Ontario pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre was carried to such a successful conclusion, was born in the County Galway, Ireland, in 1812. Coming to Canada at an early age, he entered Regiopolis College, Kingston, Ont., in 1831, where he distinguished himself by his great mental talents and by his sincere and practical piety. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1836, by the late Bishop Horan, and after acting as assistant priest for some years in this Diocese, was appointed Pastor of Erinville. Later he was transferred to the Parish of Westport, which by his self-sacrificed zeal was raised to the position of one of the foremost parishes in the Diocese of Kingston. About twelve years ago His Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, was pleased to transfer Father Stanton to the Parish of Smith's Falls, where he has since labored with true apostolic zeal. Father Stanton is noted for being one of the ablest preachers in Eastern Ontario, and is beloved by all classes of citizens both Catholic and Protestant.

Death of Canon d'Abonville.

MONTREAL, Aug. 4.—Rev. Clement d'Abonville, recently appointed Honorary Canon of the Archdiocese of Montreal, the Archbishop-elect Mgr. Bruchesi, who had been in Notre Dame hospital, where he had been under treatment since May 17 last. He died at midnight, of consumption, there being present at his death-bed his two sisters, Mlle. Pain, Burlington, and Mme. Tremblay, and Rev. Mr. Tremblay, the vicar of Beauchemin. The deceased was sixty years of age and had been a priest for thirty three years. He spent the whole of his life in educational establishments. He taught theology at the Montreal College. Then he became superior of the Seminary of Baltimore, and then for eight years he was connected with the Canadian College at Rome. Mr. Pain had been a fast friend of Mgr. Bruchesi for years, as well as his spiritual adviser. Mgr. Bruchesi said his first mass as Bishop in Mr. Pain's room in a hospital, and after giving him communion created him an honorary canon of Montreal.

Nervous debility is a common complaint, especially among women. The best medical treatment for this disorder is a persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse and invigorate the blood. This being accomplished, nature will do the rest.

HON. C. C. KINGSTON.

The Irish-Australian Premier a Warm Friend of Home Rule and Democracy.

The Right Hon. C. O. Kingston, Premier of South Australia, who is on his way home via Canada from the Jubilee festivities, will sail from Vancouver on the Canadian-Australian S.S. Monowera. Mr. Kingston, like the Right Hon. G. H. Reid, now South Wales, was of Irish descent, a Knighthood. He is a warm advocate of Australian federation, and is rushing through to attend the meeting of the Federal Conference at Sydney on September 2nd. Mr. Kingston is a living example of the power of woman in politics, for he is Premier of his colony by virtue of feminine votes, he having been instrumental in securing woman's suffrage for his colony. Mr. Kingston is an Irishman. He is a native of Bandon, Co. Cork, where he met a warm welcome on his way to Queenstown. Speaking of his visit to the Cork Examiner of July 21st says:—

"The arrival in our midst of a visitor so distinguished as Mr. Kingston, the Prime Minister of Australia, is an event which cannot be passed over without due recognition. Mr. Kingston came over, or we might say came up, from the Antipodes at the invitation of the Sovereign to attend the Jubilee celebrations, and in those demonstrations of loyalty to the Throne and respect for the personal character of the Sovereign he was not the least conspicuous personage in the assemblage gathered together from all the ends of the earth. He has in his official visit availed of the opportunity of seeing his native land once again, and making himself acquainted with the condition of the people to whom he belongs and to whom his great achievements in far Australia are a source of pride and gratification. It is only fitting that the worthies of our land who have upheld in distant portions of the Empire the name and credit of the Irish race should be received with all respect and honor. There is a double reason for the reception accorded to Mr. Kingston in Dublin on Thursday and yesterday in Bandon, the home of his fathers, in that he has proved himself the friend of the toiler in the great colony of which he is the chief Minister, and that he has declared himself in favor of the principle of national self-government for Ireland. We are a wide-spread race, and it is a gracious national characteristic that affection for the old land does not vanish from the hearts of those who have departed from among us and who have achieved fame and fortune in foreign lands. Much has been said of late of the grates that bind the British colonies to the mother country, and the strength and importance of Ireland's ties have not been exaggerated. Ireland, the spiced Cinderella of the Imperial system, is not without alliances or without sympathy as strong as any which have found expression during the Queen's Jubilee. In America, in Australia, in Chicago and San Francisco, as well as in Melbourne or Sydney, are to be found thousands of Irishmen who have not found their old love for the land of their fathers incompatible with their sincere and effective service to the country of their adoption. Mr. Kingston has, in the great reaction which he occupies at the other side of the globe, proved himself to be a capable statesman, and a man generally sympathetic with the aims and the objects of the masses. His speeches in Dublin and in Bandon indicate a strong sympathy with the Home Rule principle. It would be indeed difficult to imagine any successful minister of a great self-governing colony entertaining any doubt on the principle quite apart from the question of patriotism or Nationalism. Mr. Kingston's experience leads him to the conclusion that as it is best for the colonies so it is best for Ireland that the people should have imposed upon them the responsibility of managing their own local affairs and working out their own salvation in their own way without either patronage or coercion. It may be that in details the policy adopted towards the colonies may not be so closely applicable in the case of Great Britain and Ireland. But the principle of local self-government obtains all the same and is irrefragable. There are some other matters connected with the visit of this distinguished Irishman which may call for more elaborate review and comment. One or two of the subjects to which he has apparently very strong convictions may be open to discussion and divergence of opinion. But the pronounced conviction of this distinguished statesman must in any case be regarded with respect, and may, perhaps, have some influence towards causing certain classes in this country to modify their opposition to the demand of the people to be allowed to rule their own affairs in their own land according to their best lights while they in no way menace or attempt to undermine the Sovereign Imperial authority. Mr. Kingston deserves a cordial welcome from all Irishmen."

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. Certainly, my lord; if the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereign thing on earth."

Orangeism and Imperial Federation.

(Works For The Overseas.)

Canadian Orangeism professes to be a body very loyal to the Dominion and the British Empire. They call themselves Imperial Federationists whenever they get a chance. Their alleged loyalty to Canada and the Empire does not prevent them from conducting their political course as the dictation of a group of Irish Protestant politicians who live for the fostering of prejudices that Canada had been happy never to have heard of. Mr. Clarke Wallace, head of the Canadian Orangeism, has just returned from Ireland and has been describing the nature of this Irish-Canadian Protestant Alliance. The bond of union is taken in the other colonies and presumably the United States. In fact Orangeism all the world over are to be guided by the bigotry of the parent society in the north of Ireland in all things. Even if it should come to wrecking Imperial Federation. A sort of "Jubilee" conference to further this pan Orange movement has lately been held in Glasgow. Let Mr. Clarke Wallace describe this conference in his own way:

"The conference was the most enthusiastic I have ever attended and one of its results was to bring about an even closer union among Orangemen all over the world. "The Manitoba school question," said Mr. Wallace, "was referred to and has been carefully watched by British and Canadian Orangemen. Satisfaction was expressed at the settlement and the preservation of the national schools. Our brethren across the water are in complete harmony with us on the question. What causes them to do so great interest in this problem is the fact that a similar one is being fought forward in Ireland. Hon. Gerald Balfour has almost given a pledge to the Irish Catholics that he will establish a Catholic university in Ireland, notwithstanding the fact that Trinity College, Dublin, is open for adherents of all denominations. That is creating considerable excitement and Orangemen are just entering upon a struggle similar to that in which we engaged a year ago. Their resolutions aimed at giving special aid very strongly and they will resist to the last. Every fringement of the present system. At many meetings resolutions have been carried threatening the government that if they persevere in the attempt the whole Orange body will oppose them."

This pan-Orange movement can hardly fail to lead to complications as far as it may affect Canada. Mr. Gerald Balfour is a marked man in Orange circles, by reason of certain promises he has made to the Irish hierarchy. The Scottish, English, Canadian, Australian and American Orangemen are camping on his trail as well as the Sandryow, Belfast, brethren. "The whole Orange body" will oppose him, and with him his government. It so happens that this Mr. Balfour and his colleague Mr. Chamberlain, are promoting a scheme of Imperial Federation to which Canadian Orangemen profess to be devoted heart and soul. It is inevitable that the Irish Catholic University question must precede the Imperial Federation scheme as a measure of British Tory policy. Mr. Clarke Wallace cannot be true to his Irish pledges given at the Glasgow conference unless he helps to wreck the Balfour Government before the birth of the promised Imperial Federation policy. In other words to carry out his bargain with Irish bigots he will kill the goose that has promised to lay a golden egg—a practical scheme of Imperial Federation. Of course in doing this he will be opposing and helping to destroy the ideal of the Imperialists in Canada, of whom Mr. Wallace himself professes to be one. Which means that Mr. Wallace is a traitor in the Imperial Federation camp. As of yore it is prejudice before patriotism with your Orangemen. The "unity of the Empire" must play second fiddle to the suppression of Catholic religion.

The Pope on Workmen's Rights and Duties.

PARIS, July 27.—The Figaro states that the Pope will shortly issue a fresh encyclical. In this document the journal says His Holiness deals very severely with those priests who, notwithstanding the warnings of their direct superiors, continue to incite workmen to make use of their rights without thinking of their duties.

FREE FROM DISEASE.

THE DOCTOR SAYS SO. MR. FISHER SWEARS SO. KOOTENAY DID IT. Mr. Jacob Fisher, who is employed by the Niagara Falls Paper Co., at Niagara Falls, N.Y., suffered for a long time from Rheumatism, Sciatica and blood diseases, and used every remedy, but was perfectly free from disease. He has been examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland, who declares him to be "a perfect state of health and free from any disease." Mr. Fisher makes the following declaration as follows: "I am the same person examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland. For over a year I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Sciatica and blood diseases. I commenced taking Kootenay's Kidney Cure, and now I am free from all blood disorder, Rheumatism, Sciatica and skin diseases, and my cure was effected solely by the use of the above medicine. I have Chart Book mailed free on application to The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont."

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

"THEIR HANDS THAT MOVE THE CARRIAGE HOLD THE REINS."

In spite of everything one can say against it, the practice of wearing poor little dress-makers in hats and bonnets is again on the increase. One fashion journal speaks of the "taste" for birds being a sign of the decadence of summer. The "taste" for birds, forsooth, if one were alluding to chicken and green peas or roast duck and onion sauce the term would be, to a degree, understandable; but where is the "taste" of any sort in, for instance, a sailor hat with an enormous green parrot on it encircled by folds of crepe de chine, the wings and tail stuck up as no living parrot ever stuck them, and the staring glass eyes looking like a couple of currants in a bun. Or a poor little dove, her outspread wings standing up at right angles to her head, her beak half open as though giving her last gasp in the cruel grasp of Dame Fashion who must surely have been the original of Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." This whole custom is an outrage on both taste and common sense. The birds do not and never will look natural; and whatever is unnatural is neither tasteful nor beautiful.

It is not too much to say that no woman of refinement and correct perceptions ever wears such monstrosities, though I am sorry to say that too many refined and cultivated women wear the osprey plumes, which can be obtained only by the commission of such shocking cruelty and torture on the tiny birds that could half the women who wear them see it, they would shrink in horror. Every woman who wears an osprey plume, knowing how it was obtained, is almost as guilty of Jollibron's cruelty as though she herself had torn the feathers from the living bird and flung it away to die in torture within sound of the starving brood. I am sick of the subject, the mere recital of such cruelty sends a needle through my heart. I wish all women felt the same.

A trip round the Belt Line on the front platform of the car is a delightful and exhilarating experience. The old Boreas is not too obstreperous in his attempts to send you whirling down the road, and your hair after it.

On Civic Holiday, I started from the corner of King and Sherbourne, partly for a blow of wind, (you get a blow of the lightning out of the car) and partly in search of "copy." The front seats were occupied by a couple of working men and three little girls, so I had recourse to squeeze myself into the next compartment, between a young fellow in a pink striped waist, and another with a fat goggle eyed baby which made frantic efforts to grab my hat.

All the occupants of the compartment were women and they began forthwith to talk to me all over, "size me up" as it were.

I immediately became conscious that my black skirt had various dust spots on the front, that my cuffs were not quite as immaculate as they might have been and that my ankles were as clean as "bargees" at 19 cents. I fancied that every individual woman knew the exact cost of every article I had on. That is the worst of department stores, everybody knows where the "bargees" come from and how much one gave for them. However, the rule will work both ways; I glanced at my opposite neighbour whose eyes were fixed in a stony glare at some object in space, a clear proof that they had just been occupied examining me; and noted with some satisfaction that she had one of St. and so's figured muslins at 74 cents a yard, and with this retentive mental aloft, I turned my attention to passing things. We had reached Church St. and several nervous newbies proceeded to board the car with big files of papers under their arms. Sturdy and restless is the Toronto newboy; his bare brown feet are hardened with patting over the hot pavements of the city; his voice is shrill with much shouting; and he possesses a choice and variegated vocabulary for use in battling with his conferees for precedence. He is not burdened with nerves, and a swiftly moving trolley has no terrors for him. A rapid sprint of a yard or two, a vigorous spring and he is on the step.

He is polite to ladies always. There seems to be an inherent chivalry in the heart of every little street arab. Heaven knows how it got there, or whether he understands it. So there is a hush over any tone of respect in the voice of the little rascal standing on the step with his bundle of papers, "Noos, miss?" he says beseeching, "Tolgram, Star, Werl, Globo, Mail-in-Empire?" One has scarcely time to fish out one coin and a paper haphazard, before he is gone, as suddenly as he appeared.

Poor little chap, perhaps he keeps a mother and small brothers and sisters, by the exercise of that tireless activity. It is a hard life, and full of temptations, but we seldom think about it; it is one of the common, everyday sights of the great city, so common that we scarcely notice it. Another boards the car at Yonge St. and I ask for a "Noo." "Noo?" "Noos?" he only says "Tolgram," and he hails another boy. "Ho Bob, lady wants a Noos!" Two other people have boarded the trolley, the conductor has been swinging aloft from one side of the car and the other had collected the fares of the newcomers, but has not applied for his yet. Whereupon somebody or something that is not me and yet uses my brain and organ of mental speech, remarks, "You can save 6 cents on this trip, nobody will be the worse." "Thou somebody or something says in the same manner, "You must not, you know very well that you would never have a moment's rest if you did such a thing." Somebody number one retorts, "The

Company is rich, and lots of people start. "Never mind what other people do," says the conductor, "you are only responsible for what you do yourself, the Company agrees to give you a really good ride for 6 cents and if you don't pay it, it will be quite as bad as if you had stolen 6 dollars." Number two in the row, a stout, two-storied, big man, has got out of the car, and I take advantage of a stop to crawl around to the front. A good deal of the pleasure of riding or driving for me consists in a clear space in front from whence I can see all the motions of the indicator. I abominably detest people or things that get in the way of both the breeze and the prospect.

"Tinkle" moves on, says the bell, round goes the indicator and with a sudden shock the car starts. Those slight shocks at every movement of the indicator in the practiced hand of the motorman are the strangest experience of any felt by a person riding in the electric cars for the first time, and are probably responsible for a touch of the nervousness felt by passengers who, when they get into the electric cars as a motive power. Of course everyone who is used to the cars thinks nothing of it, but still the angry jerk of the impalpable and enormously powerful hand, gives one a queer feeling something like as if one were in a race of pleasure with a giant and made him, half unwillingly, do their work. The conductor comes along to speak to the motorman, and I tender my note, whereupon somebody number one retires from the contest for my peace of mind, and I experience an assured sense of satisfaction as though there were any merit in doing one's duty.

"Thanks, miss," says the conductor, "Thought I'd collected from you." "No," I say, with a smile, "You did not."

There is a good deal of excitement in watching the expert way in which the motorman shuts off the current and applies the brakes whenever an obstruction of the track occurs. Now it is a big horse, and containing the engineer's wife and family out for a drive. Clang, Clang! the motorman is doing three things at once like a Japanese juggler; cutting off the current with one hand, while with the other, and ringing the bell with his foot. The horse swerves to one side, the car follows suit, and before the hind wheels are half off the track, jerk! the car spurts forward again. Shall we clear them? Certainly, the motorman knows what he is doing, his nerves are stouter than ours, and practice has taught him the value of distance to an inch.

We are passing the Arlington Hotel; it is always a comfortable and cheerful looking building, and is now being proposed by contract with the rather dingy looking houses which surround it. A small man about two feet and a half high, and probably four years old, starts off with a shout to race the cars but is left half a mile behind in the twinkling of an eye.

Spadina avenue, Toronto's widest and most imposing thoroughfare, and an avenue worthy of the name, with its long vistas of trees and boulevards. A couple of dogs are chasing one another wildly all over the track, squatting down now and then about a hundred yards apart, and regarding one another with an expression of "I'm not tired, but you seem to want a rest," and then starting up again, growling, and one is in a agony for fear they would run over. But they are city dogs, and like the newboys, they stand in no awe of the trolley; they trot calmly in front of the funder just ceasing by the last of their sills, and then they come down and regard the motorman with loudly contempt for a driver who hasn't got a whip.

A small boy on a bicycle screeches wildly across the track at College street, and the motorman, who is looking at the small red breaker. Knox College is passed and we are in a fashionable residential neighborhood. Old ladies stand at the corner of every block, and the great masses of us; they are afraid to come too close before the car has quite stopped, and they usually walk the whole length of the car before they can find a seat. But the conductor is considerate, and sees them safely settled before he gives the signal to start.

Block street with its handsome brick and stone residences standing in well kept grounds, its stately college buildings and churches, and the wide stretches of wooded space, are the sights of the old primeval forest. The poor old trees were sadly battered in that memorable storm the winter before last, they have not recovered yet, one may still see the broken branches and the bare limbs stretching pathetically towards the passer by, and the sickening sight to be removed and decently cremated. The sidewalk on Block street is a disgrace to the city, great gaps appear at intervals and threaten the unwary with broken limbs and disfigurement. The contrast between the handsome houses and the broken wooden sidewalk is absurd. Speaking of wooden pavements, I think they are an abomination to walk upon. The constant sagging and springing, and the high heels which do so much of the footgear, are well calculated to soothe weary nerves, or cure a headache. In fact I should not be surprised if a good many of woman's ailments were to disappear together with the loose jawed board walk the rest of the world, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A certain woman had a flower garden at her home in the suburbs of a busy city. She had no gardener but did all the work herself. Roses, carnations, and other flowers were in bloom at her bidding, and it became a great pleasure to see her friends delight in her garden. No caller ever left with empty hands.

At first this was all she did with her flowers except to use them inside her home, but gradually she fell into the way of sending them to her sick neighbours. Many a weary invalid was refreshed with the sweetness of roses or the perfume of carnations, or the dreamy result of fragrant violets. One day she pushed her car into the city and while waiting for the next one, sat under her hard garden. For pure love of them she gathered a bunch of crimson valeriana, something sweet to smell," she thought.

When her shopping was done she caught a flowerwoman's eyes bent wistfully upon the glowing blossoms, and she gave them to her. It was a recollection to her to see the flash of pleasure which lit up the tired face. "Oh, thank you," was all the delighted girl said, but her happy face, and more than was conveyed by her words.

From that day to this that woman has never taken the car into the city without a bunch of flowers in her hand and someone who needs them always gets them. Sometimes it is a crippled boy whom she chances to meet; sometimes a tired faced colored woman with her heavy basket of clothes; sometimes a weary cashier in a big shop, and often it is a saleswoman, worn and weary with long hours of standing.—Harriet Francine Crocker, in Ladies Home Journal.

There are few people who do not love flowers. Their sweet presence is like a message from another world. Regularly every week in the summer, two or three pretty girls, with baskets full of sweet peas, take their way through the wards of the General Hospital, and distribute their flowers to the patients. It is a pretty sight, and a grateful work for children, whose recollective minds are thus enabled to grasp the value of small acts of kindness. The little flowers take their sweet messages also to those who receive, those who give.

OUR ANCHORSHIP.

Opens a Fancy Fair Near Dublin and Makes a Characteristic Speech.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of July 28 contains a long report of the opening of the Dalkey (co. Dublin) bazaar by his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. The Freeman says:

An admirable speech brimful of eloquence and patriotism was delivered by his Grace the Rev. Most Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, in opening the Bazaar and Fancy Fair at Dalkey. The bazaar is in aid of the Ho old Memorial Schools for the district, and the eloquent speech of his Grace naturally turned on the pre-eminence advantages indeed absolute necessity of education, for success in life in the latter end of the nineteenth century when science had attained to such marvellous developments. Incidentally he encouraged his hearers in the good work they had in hand by a list of the Irishmen who had been educated and education had helped to the very highest positions. The fate could have no happier augury of success than in the earnest and brilliant speech of his Grace.

The occasion was in every respect most interesting. Its purpose is alone sufficient to mark it out as an object deserving of universal sympathy and support. The district has long felt the want of a suitable and perfectly equipped school for the children of Dalkey, and when the late revered pastor of the parish passed away his many friends felt that no more fitting commemoration of his name could be erected than that which would result from carrying to completion an object so much desired. And so the movement was promptly set on foot to erect in Dalkey a school for the boys, in whose welfare he was so deeply concerned. Prompt and generous subscriptions towards this object were afforded, and a design prepared by Mr. Ashlin, which cannot fail to be admired both as a fulfilment of the direct purpose for which it is intended and as an architectural addition to this portion of the township.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto was received by the following amongst others—The Rev. Joseph Murray, P. P.; Rev. Daniel Dossy, O.O.; Rev. Robert Eaton, O.O.; Alexander Conan, John Egan, J. R. Keegan, Denis Egan, S. V. Eaton, James S. Fleming, J. Rooney, senior; Christopher Higginsbottom, T.O.; Jeremiah Ryan, Joseph Ryan, Alfred Hodgins, Thos. Mahon, Hugh Doyle, John O. Rooney, J. Byrne, George Bege, &c.

Mr. J. R. Keegan, addressing his Grace, and having thanked him for his presence that evening, said: For many years the want of suitable schools for the township has been much felt here. Our schools do not supply the accommodation necessary for training the children in the literary and manual programme. At the death of our late respected parish priest it was felt that the most suitable memorial of his work would be new schools for the boys, in whose welfare he was especially interested. At the time the parishioners subscribed very liberally towards the proposed Harold Memorial School, but a large sum has yet to be realized, and to raise this and to complete the Harold Memorial Schools this bazaar and fetes has been organized. It recognizes in your Grace an able champion, a distinguished Irishman, and too gladly seizes the opportunity of your journey in Dalkey to ask your Grace to open our bazaar (applause).

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who was loudly applauded, said he had been asked by their estimable parish priest to open the bazaar and to make a few remarks in connection with it. Father Murray and his devoted curate had been so kind and good to him that he could not well refuse the request, although he knew that he had little or nothing to say that would interest or entertain them. The object of the bazaar, as he understood it, was to raise funds to help in the construction of new school buildings for the children of Dalkey, and therefore it was so connected with the promotion of education for the young. He need not inform them of the import-

ance of education. It was at all times important for the individual and for society, and hence the Church, from the very beginning, labored strenuously not only to erect colleges and universities but to institute primary schools for the education of the children of the people. But if in any age education was of the utmost importance it was in the nineteenth century. There never was a period so characterized by intellectual activity and by such intellectual triumphs as the epoch in which they lived. The human mind had done wonders. It seemed hardly satisfied with what was finite, and grasped almost at what was infinite; and when they considered what was wrought over matter and over the forces of nature they stood astonished, and could not be more astonished at greater wonders and greater triumphs. They had measured the distance of the stars—had photographed the features of the distant stars—annihilated space by the telegraph and telephone. They flashed thought in a minute across the fathomless oceans of the world, and they had even harnessed the waters of Niagara, where he had been the labor day, and made them subservient to human will, so much so that they had made use of the electric force generated by that cataract to light distant cities, run their machinery and run the trolley cars that went through their streets, so that not only in these spheres had education done wonders, but in all spheres of society education and enlightenment had done wonders, and was requisite for success in every walk of life. If ever education was necessary as an element in the success of life it was certainly now. They were educating their young friends not only for Ireland—and he hoped the majority of them would stay at home to build up this historic country (applause)—but they were educating them also for the freer nations beyond the seas, and he was glad to inform them that Irishmen in their way in many instances to positions of prosperity, of wealth and social eminence. What they in Ireland had many faults of which their enemies reminded them he did not hesitate to say that they were the most intellectual and gifted race on the earth (applause). He had no hesitation in saying that given a proper education an Irishman was the peer of any man or any race living. They knew well that a more intellectual enlightenment was not sufficient as constituting a complete education; the moral element must enter into it to make it a real education. Education should apply to the whole man, all the faculties of soul and heart, to make it perfect; and that was but saying that religion must walk hand in hand with education in the schoolhouse. As a recent war had ended, education like the Ragan talismans was lighter than air above, that is by the Divine Spirit of the Son of God as brought upon the earth. He was happy to tell them that in the country in which he lived and in the neighboring country, the United States, Irishmen had succeeded admirably in all phases of life. Some had reached eminence, and in fact irreproachable eminence almost. Their late Premier of Canada, Sir John Thompson, was a Waterford man, born on the banks of the Suir. He rose from being a clerk in a lawyer's office to the highest position in the Dominion of Canada. He died at the foot of the throne and was honored by the Queen and the Empire, and especially by his own countrymen. He was not only an able man and a scholar, but an irreproachable and thoroughly sincere Catholic (applause). Dr. Joyce did wonders of good in Canada also. He was a gifted man, who did much to raise the Irish race to a high position in political as well as social life in Canada. So it was in the United States Irishmen, in the various degrees of society, had done wonders, and covered themselves and their country with honor, not only in society, in civil life, but in the Church. Their greatest churchmen were Irishmen—Archbishop Hughes, Bishop England, who was a Corkman and the two Archbishops Kendrick—one of Baltimore and the other of St. Louis—who were natives of Dublin, and so on in every other degree in Church and State (applause). He should not detain them longer, as he was sure the ladies and gentlemen were most eager to begin operations and to realize some of the fruits of their work. He need hardly tell the ladies that some people's pockets were as difficult of attack as the Rock of Gibraltar (laughter). He was sure the Dalkey ladies he saw around him had courage enough to force that fortress (applause and laughter). The object was calculated to evoke sympathy, not the sympathy that moved people to put their hands into their pockets and contribute to the work for which that bazaar was organized. He declared the bazaar open, and wished it every success and all the recompense and glory that the labor and the zeal of those who had charge of it so eminently deserved (applause).

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold under Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

..IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties. TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER. They are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good. FOR SALE BY ALL WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS. TORONTO - James O'Connell & Co., cor. Yonge and Shuter Sts. MONTREAL - P. L. N. Beaudry, 127 De Lorimier Ave. QUEBEC - N. Y. Montrail, 277 St. Paul St.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter. Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on. ROBT DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER, WATERLOO, - - ONT. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, Senator, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President. WM. T. RIELEY, JOHN FOX, EDWARD STOOK. SOLEITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.O. Deposits Received from 25c. upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Stock and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures. Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for Inspecting Property. Office Hours—2 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

Gold and Silver Mining Shares. I can supply you with ALL of them, at lowest prices. WAR EAGLE, GOLDEN CACHE, TWO FRIENDS, BONDHOLDERS, ATHABASCA, THE WASHINGTON, SMOUGLER, B.C GOLD FIELDS, ROSSLAND DEVELOPMENT. Get my quotations before buying. E. STRACHAN COX, 7 Toronto Street, Toronto. PHONE 1639.

SEE THE UNCONDITIONAL NEW ACCUMULATIVE POLICY ISSUED BY THE Confederation Life Association OF TORONTO. IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS FROM THE DATE OF ISSUE. IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE. Full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agents. W. O. MACDONALD, J. K. MACDONALD, Actuaries, Managers.

WESTERN Assurance Company INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Fire and Marine. Hes' Office, Toronto, Ont. PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT: W. J. KENNEDY. DIRECTORS: Hon. S. G. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., Geo. H. O'Connell, M.P., H. M. Bates, Esq., J. K. O'Connell, Esq., R. W. B. B. Esq., O. O. Parker, Secretary. SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, Oddy, Hoeks and Criswell. Insurance effected at the lowest current rates on buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hulls, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of sea. On Carriage, and on the Maritime Perils, by sea or steam. On Carriage by steamer to British Ports.

PURE DRUGS AND GENUINE MEDICINES. Lemaitre's Pharmacies, 256 and 264 Queen St. West. Hospitals Supplied. Phone 1033, 6021. THE TEMPERANCE AND General Life Assurance Co. OFFERS THE Best Plans and Rates And the Most Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable. For desired information apply to an Agent of the Company or to H. SUTHERLAND, Manager. Hon. G. W. ROSS, President. Head Office: "Globe" Building, corner Jordan and Melinda streets, Toronto. Telephone 592 & 2075.

The Catholic Register. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST., TORONTO. Catholic Register Ptg. and Pub. Co. of Toronto, Limited. SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM, \$2.00. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy. ADVERTISING RATES: Transient advertisements 10 cents per line. A liberal discount on contracts. Notices should be made by Post Office Order, Express Money Order, or by Registered Letter. If by cheque, 25 cents must be added for discount. When changing address, the name of former Post Office should be given. No paper discontinued till arrears be paid. Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1897. Calendar for the Week. Aug. 12—S. Clare, Ab. 13—S. John B. Bachman. 14—S. Gervase. 15—10th of the Font. 16—S. Hyacinth. 17—S. Liberatus. 18—S. Helena, Emp.

Official. The clergy of the archdiocese of Toronto are hereby notified that the annual Ecclesiastical Retreat will be held at St. Michael's College, Toronto, commencing Monday, August 23rd. All are requested to attend. By order of His Grace the Archbishop. JAMES WALSH, Secretary. Toronto, Aug. 3, 1897.

The comparison of the work done at their recent examinations by the pupils of the Public and Separate schools of Ottawa is highly creditable to Catholic education and to the intellectual strength of our Catholic boys and girls. We republish the figures to-day from The Ottawa Free Press. Comment upon them is needless.

A number of Spanish Anarchists who arrived in Liverpool last week earned a lot of mistaken sympathy by their relation of alleged persecutions inflicted upon them in Spanish prisons. Now those distinguished "refugees" are talking by the yard of the horrible assassination of Senor Canovas del Castillo as a just retribution. French Anarchists are enjoying a similar newspaper notoriety. In spite of all the detestation which the name of an Anarchist arouses, there is something admirable in the British principle of a safe refuge on English soil for all foreign refugees. In ordinary times people may not win at classing an irreligious Anarchist as a political exile; but when the glory of newspaper space is thrown around those gentry at a moment when their fellow conspirators have plotted such an atrocious murder as that of the Spanish Prime Minister on Sunday last, the notion of safe asylum in Britain is in danger of falling into disrepute.

The most repulsive feature of the assassination of Senor Canovas del Castillo is the confessed connection between the crime and the fiendish Anarchist outrage of a little more than a year ago, when a bomb was thrown into the Corpus Christi procession in front of the Church of Santa Maria del Mar, Barcelona. On that occasion a large number of innocent victims fell. There was no other motive than Anarchist hatred of the Catholic religion. As the bomb throwers had come from Italy the belief prevailed that the outrage was instigated by the Italian Freemasons. The priests and young maidens whose lives were plotted and sacrificed had done nothing to offend Anarchy or Italian Freemasonry more than to follow the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of a Catholic city. The crime aroused all Spain. The Government, with Senor Canovas del Castillo at its head, undertook a vigorous line of prosecution, and justice was appeased by the execution, according to Spanish law, of some of the wretches concerned. Others fled to France and England. The murder of the Prime Minister has been carried out in retaliation against the law of Spain; and again the murderer is found to be an Italian. It is certainly time for the Italian Government to undertake a campaign against its Anarchist schools. Then the world shall know what allied power dwells at the headquarters of Anarchy.

Two hundred and eighty papers are announced for reading and discussion at the International Catholic Scientific Congress at Fribourg, Switzerland. The congress is now attracting universal attention and has already disarmed an old slander in the mouths of the enemies of religion, that the Church is a barrier in the way of scientific progress. There is but one enemy of true modern progress, and that is secrecy. Publicity, which stands for liberty of speech and conscience, is the genius of free institutions and personal liberty. The secret society, with its oaths, brands and pass words, is the still-hunter on the track of free agency.

The Catholic Church is the light in the world, that calls upon all men to come out in the open and profess themselves fearlessly. The Church and true science are inseparable. They have always been so. Down through the ages the brightest minds that have aided science have given obedience to the Divine teaching of the Catholic Church. And so it is that the fame of the Catholic Scientific Congress is primarily a reminder of the historic and unchangeable attitude of Catholicity.

The excessively virtuous aldermen of Toronto held a special session on Monday to decide whether or not they should allow a local theatre to show pictures of a prize fight. They put their moral intention upon record by giving a prohibitory bylaw first reading, thus making themselves solid with the cranks. But, alas for virtue in distress, they were unable to consummate their laudable undertaking because a technicality stood in their way! Thus they also retain the friendship of the tough element. If people wish to spend their money upon pictures of a prize fight in a hall or a theatre, it is hard to see what moral obligation rests upon aldermen to prevent them. What the aldermen could do, and what they have both a right and an obligation to attend to, is to prohibit the sticking of indecent pictures of prize fights and other developments of depravity upon all the dead walls of the city, where innocent children and women must see them. The manner in which the streets of Toronto are pictured with indecency shows what consummate knaves the aldermen are who profess any solicitude for public opinion in this respect.

The Archbishop of Toronto has been delivering an address to an Irish audience which we have great pleasure in reproducing. It has grown to be a quasi-patriotic custom among some well-meaning persons in the United States and Canada to prate about the hospitality of these western shores for the "poor Irish immigrant." But the Archbishop's words have the true patriotic ring when he says to the young men and women of Ireland, "Stay at home, the majority of you, and build up your historic country." His references to the subject of education are also characteristic of his patriotism. The Irish, he believes, are the most gifted and intellectual race on the earth. Give young Ireland the best educational system possible and you will have men and women the peers of any in the world. Ireland is striving for such education, and unhappily for thousands of boys and girls who otherwise would have the great advantage of a university training, the boon of higher education is still withheld through fear of the votes of an ignorant crowd of Orangemen. Still, the advice given by the Archbishop is the best. Irishmen and women stick to their country and build it up neither higher education nor any other great right can be withheld from them.

The consecration on Sunday last of Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop-elect of Montreal, was an event of almost unprecedented ceremonial magnificence. In point of character and significance it was also somewhat unique. None of Mgr. Bruchesi's predecessors at the time of consecration received the title of the See of Montreal. When Mgr. Lartigue was consecrated in January, 1821, it was as titular Bishop of Tolmesse and suffragan of the Bishop of Quebec. Mgr. Lartigue became the first Bishop of Montreal only in 1856. In 1857 when Vicar-General Bourget received consecration the same title, Bishop of Tolmesse, was conferred upon him. At Bishop Lartigue's request he was made coadjutor bishop; and Mgr. Lartigue lived until 1870. Mgr. Fabre was consecrated Bishop of Marianopolis and succeeded to the See of Montreal on the demise of Mgr. Bourget. Mgr. Fabre was the first to receive the dignity of Archbishop. Mgr. Bruchesi, the second Archbishop, received the title at consecration. It is also the first consecration to take place in the beautiful St. James Cathedral, which occupies the most advantageous site in the city of Montreal. His Grace has been summoned to the dignities and responsibilities of the episcopal office on short warning; but he is happy in assuming charge amid the sincerest expressions of loyalty from all classes of Catholics in his diocese.

Freemasonry and Public Education.

Replying to the protest made by THE REGISTER against the introduction into this province of the Yankee notion of laying the corner-stones of public schools "with Masonic rites," THE MASONIC SUN, in its initial number, publishes an effort in the direction of personalities. It may suit the purpose of the Masonic print to draw the red herring of personalities across the track of this insulting innovation. The editor of THE REGISTER is reminded that he is in "complete ignorance" of the character of Freemasonry and its "ceremony." That,

in a sense, is true enough; but everyone who is not a Freemason is presumably in a similar state of ignorance of the "craft" of this secret society. Is this, then, a sufficient reason why all should admit the propriety of joining the fee-fodder of the sect upon public functions in which ratepayers not Freemasons are concerned? Take the fresh editor of the fresh Masonic print upon his own conditions and let us see what sort of an apologist he makes for the new idea of a Masonic sponsorship of Canadian public education.

The ratepayers are taxed for the construction of a public school building. They provide the money and the work is ready to begin, when along comes a gang of individuals who style each other "Worshipful This," "Supreme That" and "Grand T'other Thing," and they give the structure the blessing of secrecy and "craft." Where is the connection between public education and secret society darkcellarism? Yet when we protest against the performance of a secret rite on a public occasion where insult is taken by a very large proportion of the public, in other words of the ratepayers, the only defence offered is the still more insulting answer: you must not attack what you know nothing of. Prof. Garner to the contrary, we know nothing of the language of monkeys, certainly less than we know about Freemasonry, or any other secret society. According to the principles of logic which we learn from THE MASONIC SUN it would have been most superlatively appropriate to have dedicated the Victoria Public School at Brantford with Simian ceremonies.

The Masonic Sun contradicts two of our statements. It says:

The name of God was in almost every sentence used during the ceremony, which commenced with an invocation by a clergyman and concluded with a prayer by the Grand Master.

In the report of the proceedings published in the same page of the Masonic paper it is recorded:

Rev. Dr. Cochran opened the proceedings with prayer, after which the beautiful Masonic ceremonies of laying the corner-stone were carried out with good effect. The Masonic ceremonies came after the prayer, the former having no connection with the latter. It is therefore a quibble to say that the ceremony (implying the Masonic ceremony) opened with the prayer of a clergyman. We read the proceedings in THE EXPOSITOR, where the name of God was alluded to only and exclusively in the Masonic phrase as the "Architect." Christians do not so name their Lord and Saviour. When He lived amongst men he learned the trade of a carpenter. There is more cunning in this very extraordinary article by which the statement is attributed to us that "the principles of a prominent infidel long ago superseded religion in New England." As the Catholic religion is flourishing in New England it would have been quite impossible for us to have made any such assertion. What we did say was this:

The erection of public schools under Masonic auspices is no British institution; it is a thing borrowed from the Masonic centres of New England, where the principles of Bob Ingersoll long ago superseded religion in the name of the Saviour of Mankind.

The assertion is susceptible of ample proof. We first heard of Masonic rites in connection with Canadian public schools in Manitoba. Now we have them in Ontario. It is an insult offered to Christians, a mockery of the idea of public education, and a sad commentary upon the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, when the trustees of public money, and the self-declared guardians of a non-sectarian system of public education, permit the dedication of school buildings according to the rites of a sect whose only answer to all criticism is the assertion that its secrecy has never been betrayed.

As Utlanders See It.

Toronto is not improving. The past week has witnessed the consummation of a scheme begun nearly a year ago in McKinley L.O.L. among a ring of lodgemen representing the leading local wire-pullers of both political parties. R. J. Fleming, upon the understanding then come to, has seized the assessment commissionership and Ald. Shaw has become mayor, not by the people's will, but by virtue of a patent double action act of parliament passed expressly for the purpose of securing Messrs. Fleming and Shaw the \$4,000 a year berth they now

enjoy. This amendment to the Municipal Act, allowing the mayor to be elected by the Toronto board of aldermen in the middle of the term (when R. J. Fleming had decided to step into the assessment commissionership) came upon the citizens as a surprise. It is supposed to have escaped the eagle eyes of the local members. Or was it not much more likely that Toronto's M.P.'s, who are of course Orangemen and members of McKinley lodge, knew all about the job and were consenting parties to it? Anyway the lesson to be learned from the entire transaction is that the Government of the city is now in the hands of a bi-partisan ring of politicians before whose municipal genius the record of Tammany Hall pales like a watery moon, as our Toronto city fathers study self help within legal bounds. There are two theories of modern municipal government that have their advocates in America. One opinion favors the running of the cities upon political lines, the theory being that the opposition of parties is the best guarantee of a watchful interest over aldermanic corruption. The other theory favors the conduct of municipal affairs or the same lines as business corporations. Practically Toronto favors neither theory. No business corporation would search out men of straw for its president and board of directors. With some exceptions the aldermen of Toronto are men of straw—and very inferior straw at that. They are at best politicians, and something might be expected from them as long as they kept their political lines separate. But when they make a ring, agreeing to grab all the offices possible to share between them, the ratepayers are in over increasing danger. Public opinion in Toronto is long dead and little lamented. Even the newspapers, with the exception of THE WORLD, are apparently privy to the formation of this ring, as the newspapers of New York were privy to the Tammany Hall conspiracy until THE NEW YORK TIMES sprung its famous mine. You might spring an earthquake in Toronto and fail to break the chains in which the ratepayers are tied. The city is bound hand and foot by the secret societies. Many property owners are unwilling to interfere with the latest change in the municipal situation. They say that R. J. Fleming cannot do less than the late assessment commissioner, and that Ald. Shaw will doubtless make as representative a mayor as R. J. Fleming. What difference does it make anyway? the civic situation is generally hopeless. We Catholic Utlanders, who are kept out of municipal life by the Toronto ring of lodgemen, are perhaps in the best position after all to look on with a philosophical air and speculate whether we are all drifting.

The Cobourg Deputy Collectors.

The time has come for Catholics to assert themselves upon the subject of dismissals from the Dominion service. In the wedding out process that has been undertaken by that remarkable creature Tarte and other members of the Government Irish Catholics are the first victims selected for the political axe. THE REGISTER has waited for a case to occur that could present reasonable grounds of defence, and on such a case a protest must be pressed and a definite stand taken.

No more glaring instance of injustice is to be found in the history of the spoils system as adopted in Canada than the dismissal of Mr. Daniel McAllister, deputy-collector of Customs at Cobourg, under the pretence of superannuation. Just imagine superannuation with an allowance of \$25 per annum. No attempt has been made to defend or excuse this outrage. No complaint of any sort had been made against Mr. McAllister, no official could be more popular or respected in his neighborhood. Letters from Cobourg inform us that the inexcusable partisanship of Mr. Paterson has disgusted the people of the town, Liberals as well as Conservatives, in whose good opinion no local man stood higher than Mr. McAllister. We are informed also that an effort will be put forward to have the action of Mr. Paterson reversed, there being no shred of intelligible cause upon which the latest claim of apology can be framed for it. There has not been as much as a hint of "offensive partisanship"—that phrase which reduces the fable of the "Wolf and the Lamb" to an apothegm. A few days before the so-called "super-

annuation" was announced Mr. McMichael, the experienced and trained examiner of the Customs Department, had said to Mr. McAllister: "You are just the man we want in this position." Before saying this Mr. McMichael had thoroughly examined Mr. McAllister's books and business. There can be no other opinion, in view of Mr. McMichael's commendation of Mr. McAllister as a thoroughly efficient official, than that Mr. Paterson, the inexperienced political head of the department, dismissed the Cobourg Deputy Collector with full knowledge that in doing so he was injuring the public service.

We believe that Mr. McAllister's head was cut off because, being a Catholic, Mr. Paterson believed the victim to be without influence to expose or publicly protest against the outrage inflicted upon him. Mr. Paterson will find himself mistaken. There is not a Catholic in Parliament worthy of a Catholic vote who will make this case the subject of the most indignant protest at the next session of Parliament. Catholics will find it to their advantage to have it clearly understood on the floor of Parliament that the Liberal Government has undertaken to weed out of the public service all officials who are not violent partisans; also that wherever the head of a Catholic appears, it must come off. When this has been clearly stated Catholics will know how to act.

Canovas del Castillo.

By the assassination, on Sunday last, at Santa Agueda, of Premier Antonio Canovas del Castillo another tragedy has been added to the already long list of Spanish calamities that may be counted within the past thirty years. We name this period of time as carrying us back to the death of Marshal O'Donnell, whose political cloak may be said to have descended upon the shoulders of his friend and lieutenant in the ministry, Senor Canovas (Castelar). Unfortunately, perhaps, the murdered statesman was not ready to display the strong soldierly determination of O'Donnell, whose turn for dictatorship always asserted itself in the face of those insurrections that time out of mind have kept Spain in a condition resembling an unquenchable volcano. Senor Canovas del Castillo was at all times a man of peace and conciliation. Banished from Spain on the eve of the revolution of 1808 the opportunity was not afforded him of demonstrating his strength or his weakness during the ensuing seven years of intestinal disorders; but he proved himself equal to a grave crisis by the suppression of the second Carlist conspiracy. His fortune at the time of the revolution may have been kind to him. The assassin's bullet, which cut short the career of General Trich in 1870, might sooner have found a mark in his body than fate has ordained. He was never wanting in courage. On his return from exile he declared for liberty and constitutional monarchy once more. Unexpected victory perched upon his banners, and he has since been the leading figure in Spain. His life was attempted in 1888. In 1893 a fatal explosion occurred in his house. Dynamite outrages had begun to be the terror of Spain, and it looked as if anarchy would kill what civil war had failed to destroy. A month after the explosion, but through no cause connected with it, Senor Canovas del Castillo retired from political life, finally as he said. Senor Sagasta falling upon the rocks in 1891, Canovas was recalled early in the following year and returned to the task of Government in a decidedly more conservative frame of mind. There is no doubt that his Cuban policy commended itself to the great majority of the Spanish people.

Canovas has been shot down by a miserable Anarchist, a Neapolitan named Golli, who boasts the existence of a formidable Anarchist conspiracy. The state of Spain has long proved a fertile soil for wild beast Anarchists, and the perpetration of this outrage may rouse the nation as much to the dangers of internal dissensions as to the foreign enemy, which so lately deprived France of a patriotic president, and has now cut off from the service of Spain a brave and patriotic Premier. The Pope has sent to Cardinal Sanchez, Archbishop of Valencia, a letter cordially approving of his efforts in promoting the formation of an Anti-Masonic association for Spain. His Holiness has already sanctioned the establishment of such associations elsewhere.

The Klondike.

It is certainly not in any anti-Canadian spirit this journal expresses the opinion that some part at least of the fault will not lie with Canada should we fail to see the history of the Rand reopened in the Klondike. In the Transvaal, as in Alaska, gold is the disturbing factor. Kruger made Boer laws to fleece the Uitlanders, who flocked into his Republic with the gold discoveries, and the latter, with England's connivance, conspired to seize the rich territory. Bloodshed was the result; but the Uitlanders deserved all they got. The Government of Canada know as much about the Klondike as they do about the North Pole, until American Catholic missionaries, and American prospectors revealed its rich places to the world. At once Canada laid an unprecedented tax upon the placerminers, and we shall not hesitate to say an unjust tax. In order to collect the new impost the Government is equipping a military expedition with Maxim guns, and the Government newspapers are warning the miners that the force consists of picked men, all sharpshooters. They are fully equal to Kruger's Boers. Meanwhile the American papers are barking the miners on to resistance and promising the sympathy of the American Government. The Klondike is right on the American (Alaskan) border, so that it is not at all improbable the mischief makers in the newspapers may stir up considerable bad blood on both sides. The weakness of Canada's position in the matter is found in newspaper avowal that the mining impost are laid on as a measure of retaliation for the long spoil of unfair dealing Canadian workers have had to endure in the United States. Ninety per cent of the Klondike miners are Americans, and Canada means "to get back at Uncle Sam" over their heads, and at the same time help to fill the Dominion treasury. If a spirit of revenge could excuse injustice, the new mining regulations that have been framed for the Klondike might be apportioned. But it can scarcely be admitted that retaliation is the right principle for Canada to proceed upon in her dealings with the United States. That the Klondike laws are unjust and revengeful is a proposition confessed by our press; and if the press is wrong the mischief it does is not less. The impost are moreover unprecedented. No gold producing country has ever gone anything like so far in taxing miners and prospectors. Even the Rand laws are superior to the Klondike regulations. But where gold is the prize justice is not likely to be the guide.

Sir Wilfrid to Visit Ireland.

Having been titled by Royalty in England, and decorated by Democracy in France, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is going to Erin to receive the only honor Irishmen can offer him—Hospitality. The Irish visit has been reserved for the last, and although the date has not been definitely fixed the announcement of the fact itself will give considerable satisfaction to many of the Premier's admirers.

A month ago the County Grand Jury and the Council of Galway extended a joint invitation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis Davies and Mr. Chamberlain to visit the old western city in connection with the choice of a port of call for the fast Canadian steamers which Messrs Peterson and Tate are now building for the Government. The invitation has been accepted both by Sir Wilfrid and Sir Louis Davies. It is not likely that Mr. Chamberlain will accompany them. As the fast Canadian service will not commence before May, 1890, Galway seems to be pressing its advantages in good time.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is assured of a cordial welcome on his arrival in Ireland. His proposed visit to the Pope and his frank reference in the course of his speech at the British Chamber of Commerce banquet in Paris the other day to the persecution of French religious orders and congregations must naturally have caught the attention of a Catholic people like the Irish. But aside from these things, Ireland is sure to regard the present Canadian Premier as one of the most interesting visitors the country has ever received. His race and religion, along with his distinction as the premier of a Dominion enjoying all

the blessings of home rule, are facts that speak the warmest lessons of life to the national spirit of the country.

An Irish Royal Residence.

Following closely upon the announcement that their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of York, will visit Ireland on Wednesday next, August 18th, to dwell for a week in the ancient kingdom of Kerry, we note the appearance of a letter in the press signed by one of the Unionist leaders, Lord Charles Beresford.

"This is a matter, which I and my family and friends have interested ourselves in for many years past. My brother, the late Marquis of Waterford, held a meeting of Irish Peers and members at his house on May 22, 1893, when it was decided to petition the office of the Viceroy for the abolition of the native proposal for the maintenance of a royal residence should be made.

"How would you replace the Viceregal Governor if the royal representative were not something of the same sort?" "I would not replace him at all that way," replied his Lordship. "My point is that Ireland at the present moment is not treated like England or Scotland, which have no such marks of separation.

"I simply recommend that a suitable royal residence should be purchased in Ireland, and possibly that the present Viceregal Lodge might be used as a second residence."

These proposals of Lord Charles Beresford and his friends accurately represent the Unionist view, which seeks to promote a more practical unity of Great Britain and Ireland than the Act of Union secured. They are dissatisfied with the viceregalty, the existence of which is nothing if not a recognition of Ireland as a separate entity.

A counter proposal to Lord Charles Beresford's comes from England. It is in effect that the Prince of Wales be made King of Ireland, with the right of succession to the imperial throne. With a separate court he might get his hand into practice for the greater charge, to devote upon him with the demise of the Sovereign of course along with a brand new king, Ireland would get a native parliament. This novel scheme of Home Rule is not very generally discussed.

After all the one thing proved by such an interesting variety of schemes for satisfying Ireland is the inevitableness of Home Rule. Sooner or later

it must come, and come as Mr. Gladstone offered it, and as the representative body of Great Britain and Ireland passed it. Talking of Royal residences and plans of "home rule all round" is pure waste of energy.

Assassination of Spain's Premier.

MADRID, Aug. 9.—The assassination of the Prime Minister of Spain, Senor Canovas del Castillo, who was shot and killed by the Italian Anarchist, whose name is believed to be Michelo Angino Goli, at the baths of Santa Agueda, yesterday afternoon, was undoubtedly premeditated. Goli deliberately waited for an opportunity to kill the Spanish statesman and he only fired when there was no chance to miss. In fact, the assassin, who was arrested almost immediately after the Premier fell dying at his feet of his wife, has declared as much to the examining Magistrate.

The Prime Minister lingered for some time in agony, and passed away with a cry of "Long live Spain." Further details of the assassination show that Senor Canovas del Castillo and his wife were present yesterday morning at the celebration of mass in the chapel attached to the baths. After mass the Premier was reading and conversing with some reporters, when the assassin approached and fired three shots at him with a revolver, hitting him in the forehead, chest and left arm. The wounded man fell to the ground, crying, "Aseasin! Long live Spain." The Premier was carried to his room and expired at 1.30 p.m. after extreme unction had been administered to him by a priest of the Dominican Order.

The assassin confessed that his real name was Michelo Angino Goli, that he was 26 years of age, a native of Foggia, near Naples, and that he left Italy and came to Spain in 1893. After reading Spain Goli, according to his confession, resided at Barcelona and participated in the doings of the various Anarchist associations of that place and vicinity. After journeying to Barcelona for some time, Goli visited France and Belgium, and returned to Spain in July last. After his return the Anarchist came to have completed the plans for the assassination of the Prime Minister. He left Madrid for Santa Agueda at the same time as Senor Canovas del Castillo, and awaited an opportunity to assassinate the statesman.

Senora Canovas del Castillo, wife of the Premier, rushed to his side upon hearing the shots and bitterly reproached the murderer for his crime. Goli, in reply to the agonizing words of the distracted wife, said: "I respect you because you are an honorable lady. But I have done my duty, and I am now easy in my mind, for I have avenged my friends and brothers of Montjuich."

Montjuich is the fortress of Barcelona, outside of which the Anarchists who have been sentenced to death for recent outrages have been executed by being shot in the back. The Anarchists recently executed outside Montjuich were the last batch of the friends who were guilty of throwing a bomb on June 7, 1896, into a religious procession about to enter the Church of Santa Maria del Mar. Twelve persons were instantly killed and about 60 others injured. For this crime 26 Anarchists were sentenced to death and majority of them executed.

The Pope is greatly upset by the news of the assassination, and on receipt of it, immediately sent to the Spanish Embassy for details of the crime. His Holiness also telegraphed on the subject to Madrid.

Knights of St. John.

The first regular meeting of St. John's Commandery No. 310 was held on Friday evening in their hall, corner Dundas street and Sheridan avenue, and the following officers were installed:—President, E. Morton; 1st Vice President, H. Rice; 2nd Vice President, M. Driscoll; Fin. Secretary, E. Graham; Exp. Secretary, W. Gallagher; Treasurer, Jas. W. Mallon; Trustees, O. Raymond, E. Huntley, J. O'Bryne, P. Cruise and M. Driscoll. The meeting was a success throughout; several visitors from the other city commanderies were present and assisted in the initiation of six candidates.

Rev. Canon Racicot.

Rev. Canon F. T. Racicot, Rector, chief canon of the cathedral, cured the Catholic Rector of Laval University, has been appointed Vicar-General to succeed the late Rev. Abbe Florent Bourgeault. The appointment is received with great satisfaction in ecclesiastical circles. This is his 62nd year. Abbe Racicot was three years a member of the teaching staff of the Montreal College, when among his pupils were Mr. Michaud, the present conductor bishop of Burlington. For a year Abbe Racicot was also a professor at the Montreal Archdiocese Academy.

The Central Business College.

We are advised that this excellent school has just closed its most successful year, many young men and women having found their way through its hands into good positions in the Business World. The next session will begin on Sept. 1st, and anyone interested in commercial education, shorthand, typewriting or telegraphy will receive full particulars by sending a postal request to the Principal, Mr. V. H. Shaw, Yonge and Gerrard streets, and mentioning this paper.

The Newspaper War.

Apreros of recent utterances in certain London and New York newspapers, Cardinal Vaughan writes under date of the 11th "To the Editor of the 'World.'—It is ridiculous to attach importance to every hostile expression that may appear against England. Whatever may be the sentiments of the real American people, I do not hesitate to say that over here there is but one feeling, that of good will; one desire, that of living in amity with our kith and kin on the American continent. The temperment of the English people is sufficiently cool and their common sense not to be ruffled by the occasional taunts and reproaches which find their way into the ill-informed press of foreign countries.

"I suppose that all we present plenty of matter for criticism for outside spectators, but my opinion is that the English press is more restrained in its criticisms on American than it is on English matters, and that it is animated by a feeling of universal friendly respect for the American people.

Irish Generosity to the Pope.

In publishing the list of the 87th annual collection in the Archdiocese of Dublin for the Pope, The Freeman's Journal says: It is with more than a common joy that we set before our readers to-day the magnificent offering of the people of the Archdiocese of Dublin to the Father of the Faithful. Never did the Vicar of Christ receive from the sons of the diocese of a nobler token of fealty and love. It is not merely that the tribute presented to His Holiness on this occasion is substantially larger than in past years—which is, doubtless, gratifying—but the special and comforting character of this year's contribution is, that it represents and voices the love of more human hearts than on any previous occasion. Hereofore a page and a quarter of the Freeman's Journal sufficed for adequate publication of the Holy Father's Collection, to-day fourteen crowded columns are occupied with the long and splendid roll of reverent contributors.

Death of Mr. M. Jones, Montreal.

MONTREAL, Aug. 10.—Mr. Michael Jones, who for the period of forty-five years has been a resident of St. Ann's Parish, quietly passed away on Sunday, after a brief illness of but a few days. Deceased was well known to residents of the parish as one of the few of the old pioneers of the parish remaining. He was also known as being a staunch advocate of temperance, he being a member of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, with which his body has been affiliated since its organization.

Religious Education in Europe.

The "Gazette de Liege," in an article on the subject of education, dwells with pride upon the general issue of the battle for the rights of conscience in the schools. It has become quite apparent after a struggle of twenty years or more that the policy of banishing religion from the primary schools is losing ground throughout the entire Continent.

The Pope's Health.

The rumour that the Holy Father is ill has once more been circulated by certain journals, but, as on other occasions, it is devoid of foundation. His Holiness is in remarkably good health and as active as ever. Large numbers of foreigners, as usual at present, seek and obtain presence at the Pontiff's celebration of Mass in his private chapel.

Troops Ordered to the East.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—A large number of British troops have been ordered to get ready to embark for the East. Their destination is supposed to be Egypt. The War Office refuses to furnish any information on the subject.

The Scientific Congress at Fribourg.

His Holiness has given his blessing to all who interest themselves in the success of this Congress. It has been decided to hold a Congress of the same kind every three years in some suitable Catholic centre. The Congress will sit from the 10th to the 20th of August.

Argentine Will Shut Out Anarchists.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—According to a despatch from Buenos Ayres the Government of the Argentine Republic has decided to prevent the landing of any Spanish Anarchists on Argentine soil.

Home Rule all Round.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The Press Association has authority to state that the leaders of the Liberal Party have certainly not decided, and have not even considered, the question of adopting Home Rule all Round as a feature of their future policy. They are aware that the subject is one of those in

which a section of the Liberals take an interest and have frequently discussed, but recent announcements on the question are entirely irresponsible and have not been in any way suggested or authorized by the recognised Liberal leaders.

Mr. Davitt on the Royal Residence.

Interviewed in regard to the proposed Royal residence in Ireland, Mr. Michael Davitt raised the following objections: (1) We, Nationalists, are opposed to the Monarchical system. (2) A Royal residence would not benefit Ireland in any way, except small traders who catered for the Royal residence. (3) It would redress no Irish grievance nor remove the wrongs of which we now complain. (4) It would tend to breed snobbery in Ireland, which, contrary to Charles Lever's books, I don't believe exists at least among Nationalists.

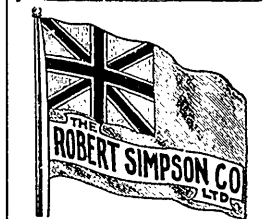
With regard to the abolition of the Lord Lieutenantcy, Mr. Davitt also favored a governorship on the grounds that it was the nearest approach to "Ireland a Nation" they could have under English rule.

The Pope and the Labor Question.

The Paris "Figaro" states that the Pope will shortly issue a fresh Encyclical on the Labor Question.

Professor Rontgen, whose cathode X-rays are the latest and grandest scientific discovery, is a Catholic.

The Carlists have decided to carry on an active political propaganda throughout Spain.



WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN WASH GOODS

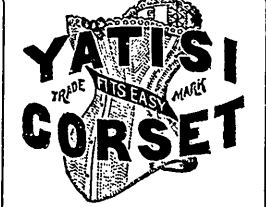
For the next week we will offer some very special values in Wash Goods—new goods and suited to the season.

- 300 yards of genuine Grass Linens, with silk thread checks, in shades of white, pink, yellow and blue, extra width, 32 in., regular 35c., special.....\$0 20
600 yards Organdy Muslins, in dark grounds, some of the latestest goods shown this season, regular 25c. and 30c., special..... 15
1,000 yards Fancy Dress Muslins, in lawn, lace stripes, dimities and organdies; good selection of designs; the most stylish goods shown during the season; regular 20c. and 25c., your choice..... 10
800 yards Victoria Lawn, 28 inches wide, regular 35c., special..... 45
350 yards Fine Sheer White Muslin, with hair line stripes of silk in white, pale blue, pink, mauve, cardinal and black; positively 25c. goods, special..... 12 1/2
1,500 yards gay use Swiss Muslins, small spots and fancy embroidery designs, very fine quality; actual value 35c.; special at..... 16

There is nothing local about this store. Shoppers from all over the Dominion buy here, through our mail order system. Mark letters M.O.D., meaning Mail Order Department.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LIMITED

These Popular STAYS will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what the style or form, either LONG OR SHORT WAISTED

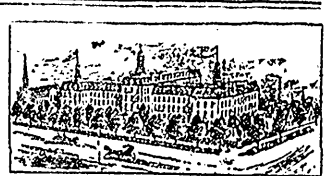


GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR PURCHASE MONEY REFUNDED Sold in all the Stores

The Crompton Corset Co.

MONUMENTS! MONUMENTS! MOVING SALE MONTH OF AUGUST Every article in MARBLE and GRANITE will be sold AT COST and new systems of removal to new premises, 461 York St. JOHN HASLETT 563 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Established 1848 State University 1890 Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1890



Terms: \$160 a Year

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA

Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students Complete Commercial Course Private Rooms for Senior Students Fully Equipped Laboratories Practical Business Department SEND FOR CALENDAR. REV. J. M. McQUICKIN O.M.I., RECTOR.

THE NATURAL FLAVORS OF FOODS COOKED IN THE

AERATED OVENS ARE GREATLY IMPROVED

The fresh, pure, heated air gives a delicious sweetness to the taste that is lost or destroyed by the use of other Ovens. AERATED OVENS are quickly, easily, and evenly heated, never burn food, save one-half the fuel. SOUVENIRS have special advantages over ordinary stoves.

If you are interested write THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO. LIMITED HAMILTON AGENCIES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG

Advertisement for Waverley Bicycles. Includes text: 'WAVERLEY BICYCLES RUN EASIEST', 'No owner of a Waverley Bicycle ever regretted his purchase. No rider of a Waverley ever felt that he possessed less than the best that could be produced.', and a list of bicycle specifications and prices.

\$45.00 THE GREAT EVEN OF THE JUBILEE YEAR

Invested in a Six Months Course of Training in Shorthand, Telegraphy and General Commercial Subjects CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE OF TORONTO

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONT. OVER \$20,000,000 IN FORCE W. S. HODGINS, Supt. of Agencies. W. H. HENDRY, Manager. GEO. WEGENAST, W. H. RIDDELL, Actg. Secy. J. L. TROY, Financial Agent, 30 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS.

Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Designers of Monuments, Tombs, Mausoleums, Tablets, Altars, Baptisms, Fountains, Crosses, Headstones and Shrines. All kinds of Cemetery Work, Marble and Encaustic Tiling, Etc. For 21 years on "Cor. of Church and Lombard streets, New York." 740-742 YONGE ST. A few doors south of Bloor street. PHONE 4063.

Advertisement for Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa. Text: 'BEING ABSOLUTELY PURE AND EASILY DIGESTED, IS A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSE.'

Chats With the Children.

WHAT LIVE FOR. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true; For the heaven that smiles above me...

A BRAVE DEED.

It hardly seems possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death, yet that is what Grace Bussell did. Her father was one of the first settlers near the Swan River in Western Australia.

SCENIC BEAUTIES OF ALASKA.

The Century describes a "Travel Number." "The Alaska Trip" taken by John Muir, the author and naturalist. Mr. Muir says: "To the love of wilderness Alaska offers a glorious field for either work or rest; landscape beauty in a thousand forms, things great and small, novel and familiar, as wild and pure as paradise."

the flight of the snow when all the sky is in bloom, trailing rain-floods, and the booming plunges of avalanches and icebergs and rivers in their rocky gorges; while multitudes of wild animals and wild people, clad in feathers and furs, hunting, loving, getting a living, make all the wilderness wilder.

SWIMMING.

It is both essential and humane to urge upon all who have the physical training of boys and girls in charge that they teach these young people the art of swimming. The fact that water is not the natural element in which we live is argument enough to use on this point.

Most of the public schools of England are provided with a swimming master, and his training is not left optional with the boys. In those schools near rivers where boating is a form of exercise and recreation, the boys are obliged to pass a swimming test before they are allowed to enter a boat on the river.

St. Patrick's L. and S. S., Ottawa.

The Evening Journal says the election of Mr. M. Monaghan, B.A., to the presidency of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, Ottawa, is likely to prove a very popular one. Mr. Monaghan came to America ten years ago, six of which he spent in Ottawa, and four in St. Paul, Minnesota, as teacher of classics in Archbishop's Ireland College.

Pan-Anglican Conference Resolutions.

LONDON, Aug. 5.—The Pan-Anglican, or Lambeth, Conference has issued an encyclical dealing with the various questions discussed by the delegates and covering a wide range of subjects, both ecclesiastical and general.



THE WHEELS OF HEALTH.

There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The bill passed at the recent session of the Dominion Parliament requiring the word "Canada" or "Canadian" in letter, not less than three quarters of an inch high and one quarter of an inch wide to be stamped upon every box or package containing cheese or butter destined for export, and in case of cheese upon the cheese itself before being taken from the factory where made, is now law, having received the assent of the Governor General on June 20, and we are assured by telegram from the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, went into force from that date.

On the great best-roof farms in Germany electric ploughing is now in vogue. Such farms having steam plants already, the addition of the gearing dynamo is easy, and overhead wires and conductors laid on the ground carry the current to motors at distant points from the common center. The ploughs are operated by being hauled by the motor wagon, and several sets of apparatus can be driven simultaneously from the same central point.

Secretary Wilson, the now head of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is making a determined effort to promote the interests of United States dairy products in Great Britain.

In this he is certainly very much to be commended; and it is pleasing to note that the benefit to United States agriculture in having a practical agriculturist in charge of agricultural interests at Washington is receiving that recognition at the hands of farmers which it deserves. But none the less must our Canadian farmers, and especially our agricultural authorities at Ottawa, be on the look out to see that this new and somewhat unexpected competition is met with increased vigilance on our side of the line, so that the advantage we have gained by our enterprise and forthrightness be not lost.

Dominican Fathers Celebrate.

OTTAWA, Aug. 5.—The Dominican Fathers celebrated the feast of St. Dominic yesterday in their monastery on Victoria avenue, Peimrose Hill. At noon a special dinner was held in honor of the occasion. Rev. Father Jacques, Rev. Father Benoit, Rev. Father Cote, Rev. Father Gauvreau and Rev. Father Bellemare of the Dominican Order were present, as well as several members of the Capuchin Order.

PARKER'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every kind and nature are driven from the body.

DOMESTIC READING.

Conscience is God's deputy in the soul. A tender conscience is a great blessing. We owe the flesh neither suit nor service. Justice in rigor is often extreme injustice. There is more mercy in Christ than sin in us. Not to hear conscience is the best way to silence it. A man's conscience should at all times be his master.

PIRESIDE FUN.

Boarding school Teacher: "And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby." Edith (promptly): "Twins." The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busy making one end drink. "Our minister does not jump at conclusions." "I should say not. I never know him to reach a conclusion in less than an hour."

Success of Catholic Schools.

At the entrance examination the failures were chiefly in grammar, geography or history. The Separate schools sent up 10 for entrance and 16 of them passed, two heading the list. A student from Loreto also heads the Public school leaving list. Below will be found the names of the successful Catholic candidates with the names of their teachers, and the marks obtained by each candidate.

PLEASANT SHOWING OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The Ottawa Free Press says:—The following figures have been furnished Chairman Smith, of the English committee of the Separate School Board, with regard to their recent examinations. In the Public school leaving there were 97 candidates, of whom 40 passed and 38 received entrance standing. Of these the Separate school sent up 26 candidates, of whom 20 passed and six obtained entrance standing.

PIRESIDE FUN.

"Do trouble 'bout a man makin' a regular practice of findin' fault," said Uncle Tom, "is dat as he gets mo' an' mo' expert 'is business do do an' fo' 'is goods gets less an' less." Swellington (at the seizer): "I wonder if that plain woman over there is really trying to flirt with you? Cooler (politely): "I can easily find out, sir, by asking her. She's my wife."

PLEASANT SHOWING OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

At the entrance examination the failures were chiefly in grammar, geography or history. The Separate schools sent up 10 for entrance and 16 of them passed, two heading the list. A student from Loreto also heads the Public school leaving list. Below will be found the names of the successful Catholic candidates with the names of their teachers, and the marks obtained by each candidate.

PLEASANT SHOWING OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The Ottawa Free Press says:—The following figures have been furnished Chairman Smith, of the English committee of the Separate School Board, with regard to their recent examinations. In the Public school leaving there were 97 candidates, of whom 40 passed and 38 received entrance standing. Of these the Separate school sent up 26 candidates, of whom 20 passed and six obtained entrance standing.

PLEASANT SHOWING OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The Ottawa Free Press says:—The following figures have been furnished Chairman Smith, of the English committee of the Separate School Board, with regard to their recent examinations. In the Public school leaving there were 97 candidates, of whom 40 passed and 38 received entrance standing. Of these the Separate school sent up 26 candidates, of whom 20 passed and six obtained entrance standing.

the Youville Separate school, were allowed to write in French, and of these all passed the Public School leaving examination with the exception of one, who obtained entrance standing. Mr. Bryan and Sister Koegne were selected by the French committee of the Separate school board to prepare examination papers for use in the French schools during the all term.

The Birth of an Iceberg.

John Muir, the discoverer of the great Muir glacier, writes of "The Alaska Trip" in the August Century. Mr. Muir says of the glacier that bears his name: "The number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the weather and the tides. For twelve consecutive hours I counted the number discharged that were large enough to make themselves heard like thunder at a distance of a mile or two, and found the average rate to be one in five or six minutes. The thunder of the largest may be heard, under favorable circumstances, ten miles or more. Upon a large mass sails from the upper assured portion of the wall, there is first a keen, tearing crash, then a deep, liberating, long-drawn-out, thundering roar, which slowly subsides into a comparatively low, far-reaching, muttering growl; then come a crowd of grating, slashing sounds from the ignited bergs that dance in the waves about the newcomer as if in welcome; and these, again, are followed by the swash and roar of the berg-waves as they reach the shore and break among the boulders. But the largest and most beautiful of the bergs, instead of falling from the exposed weathered portion of the wall, rise from the submerged portion with a still grander commotion, heaving aloft nearly to the top of the wall with awful roaring, tons of water streaming like hair down their sides, while they heave and plunge again and again before they settle in place and sail away as blue crystal islands, free at last after being held fast as part of a slow-crawling glacier for centuries. And how wonderful it seems that ice formed from pressed snow on the mountains two or three hundred years ago should, after all its toil and travel in grinding down and fashioning the face of the landscape, still remain pure and fresh and lovely in color! When the sunshine is pouring and sifting in iris colors through the midst of all this wilderness of angular crystal ice, and through the grand, flame-shaped jets and sheets of radiant spray ever rising from the blows of the falling bergs, the effect is indescribably glorious."

Success of Catholic Schools.

At the entrance examination the failures were chiefly in grammar, geography or history. The Separate schools sent up 10 for entrance and 16 of them passed, two heading the list. A student from Loreto also heads the Public school leaving list. Below will be found the names of the successful Catholic candidates with the names of their teachers, and the marks obtained by each candidate.

OBITUARY.

On Tuesday last, says The Arthur Enterprise, the mortal remains of one of West Luther's earliest settlers and most highly esteemed citizens were borne to their last resting place. Thomas Hollis passed to his eternal rest on Sunday, surrounded by his sorrowing family and fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church, of which he was over a devoted and faithful member. He was born in Albion township, county of Peel, about 69 years ago. He came to West Luther, where he had since resided. Escorted by a very large number of friends and acquaintances to the depot, and the remains arrived at St. John's Church at 11:30 on Tuesday, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Dube and an excellent and edifying sermon preached by Rev. Father Doherty. The mournful procession then wended its way to the R. C. Cemetery, Burwell Line, where interment took place.

"Wilfrid the Great."

When Queen Victoria call her young's
For maid some jubilee,
No son for man from all the world
An' from her colonie.

But mos' of all she son' this word.
To die Canadian shore
If Wilfrid Laurier will not come,
Will not be glad no more!

Den Wilfrid—not hard hearted he—
Lift, w'at you can, do hat,
An' say "Ma Reine, you mos' not frof,
For little t'ing liko dat."

"To London on the day in June
You mention I will do,
And show you w'at is liko do French—
Canadian gen'li'namo."

So Wilfrid sail'd across the sea,
An' Queen Victoria met,
An' w'en she saw him ah' she was
Just tickle him to deat'.

An' w'en he knoef as etiquette
Demand for be correct,
She tak' a sword into her hau'
An' hit him on the neck.

An' as he did she smile on him,
An' dese do words she say:
"Rise up my true Canadian knight,
Sir Wilfrid Laurier!"

An' on dese grand Imperial pleas,
Which I have now in view,
For guidance, counsel an' advice,
I'll always look to you!"

Den Wilfrid he kiss do Royal hau'
An' back off on the door,
An' bow as only French man can,
An' smile an' bow some more.

Nox' day it was a glorious sight,
At half-pas' twelve o'clock,
To see Sir Wilfrid in state,
An' in champagne do coq!

Lords Solaby, Roberts, Labouche,
An' Chamberlain deo,
Were w'at you call "not in it" dou—
Sir Wilfrid was the boss.

Out, containment, excep' do Queen
Herself, dat glorious day,
Do greatest man in Anglortor,
Was Wilfrid Laurier!

Montreal, July 30th, 1897. —G.

"Little Brother"

[SAN FRANCISCO APPOINTMENT.]

Miss Stanley was a pink and white
English girl, tall and shapely. The
Mexican girls, who ordered out their
carriages if they had a block to go,
used to look upon her with amazement
as she tramped down their steep
streets with fine, swinging heel and
too gait.

She was picking her way one day
among the vendors in the plaza, stopping
once in a while to give some whining
beggar or tattered monkey a vegetable
contavo, when she felt her skirt pulled out
and a shrill voice piped the
usual formula for alms. The little
creature was no taller than a child of
four. But the fact it was old and
withered. The eyes were sunken and
soiled. Miss Stanley pulled back the
robozo—the hair was gray.

"A dwarf," she thought, with a
little feeling of repulsion. "How
old are you?"
"Fifty four," piped up the wee
thing. Then, true to her sex, "The
priest will tell you fifty-eight but I am
not; I am only fifty-four." She said
her name was Rosita.

Rosita, it appeared, did nearly anything
for a living, begging profusely.
Sometimes she sold dillscakes or vegetable
pies on a commission. She had
another source of income, being pension-
er on the bounty of a young man
somewhere on a week—but she confessed
that she made her jump for the coin,
and if he held his arm out straight
she might jump in vain, she could not
reach it.

"The brute!" said Miss Stanley.
Rosita did not know the meaning, but
she looked up, pleased. That was
good, the English lady was taking an
interest in her, for the expetive
sounded profane, and profanity from
a feminine source indicated strong
emotion, which she construed favorably.

The poor in Mexico are always
hungry, and Miss Stanley, knowing
this, took Rosita to a little one
room restaurant. The menu was con-
fined strictly to Mexican dishes.
Miss Stanley noticed that Rosita
put half her dinner to one side, wrap-
ping the carne and frijoles in tortillas.
When she came to a dulce or some
tropic fruit, boiled in a syrup of cane
sugar, her little wrinkled eyes looked
wistful.

She often met Rosita after that,
sometimes in the Jardin, where the
roses nodded overhead and violets
bloomed under foot, and the band
played softly and sweetly, as Mexican
bands do. Rosita would dart from
the circling stream of pelado into the
inner circle, where the quality walked
under the trees or sat on the iron
benches. Miss Stanley could seldom
resist the little, dirty, heavily
equipped of drawn work held out by the
tiny hand.

Sometimes in the plaza, where the
vendors called their various fruits and
vegetables with long drawn, wailing
cries, Miss Stanley would suddenly
hear at her elbow the shrill squeak of
Rosita as she praised the virtues of an
attenuated hen. "My good,
nina!—take it—weigh it in your hand—
it is heavy beyond belief!" she
would insist, holding up the unattractive
bundle of feathers to the "child."

Constance Stanley had no father or
mother, and, living with a brother who
was endeavoring to effect the drainage
of "the richest silver mine in the
world," she wandered unheeded
through the crowded, narrow streets
of the old town, with a young orsada
her only safeguard.

She had often longed to explore a
dark street that ranged downward
from the palace to the city. It was
damp and murky. A staircase of
stone, with crumbling adobe walls two
and three stories high. Across the
street's narrow width fluttered strings
of washing. The women, with their
red petticoats and blue rebosos, made
bright blotches of color. The men loafed
about, lean and ragged. The door-
ways swarmed with babies and dogs—
poverty marching always side by
side with those innocents.

Down she went. The street made
an abrupt turn. At the corner she
was startled by scolding protruding from
a hole out in a rigid doorway several
long black fingers. They were with-
drawn, and she saw as she passed the
door two bloodshot eyes peering out
like best's eyes.

"Nina, ninia!" Turning, Miss
Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel.
She had a plate to sell—a coarse, iron-
stone, china plate, chipped and cracked.
There was a look of intense anxiety on
her old face and her two hands shook
as she drew her treasure forth from
under her robozo. The plate was im-
possible, and Constance, breaking that
fast gently to the dwarf, was astonish-
ed to see the toars gather, and fall
over her shriveled cheeks.

"For two days, sonoria, I have not
dared unlock that door," and she
nodded toward the mean portal where
the eyes had shone and the fingers
protruded restlessly. "Little brother"
was nothing to eat, except the few
tortillas the poor around here could
give, and many of these go hungry
from the sun's coming up until the
sun's going down."

Constance sent her servant and
Rosita to the plaza for some cooked
food, and while she waited she looked
in the doorway with the sun and Lola
and Juan. They told her how Rosita
worked and starved for her brother.
"How old is he?" asked Constance.
"Quien sabe?" they said.
"Is he a child or is he big enough
to work for her?" she asked, im-
patiently.

"Ah! he is grandote, but also he is
loco, un maniaico. See, that is Jose
now who glares from the hole in the
door."

Miss Stanley listened to them with
that rapt attention we all give to tales
of the mad. He dug deep holes in the
earth floor, burrowing like an animal;
sometimes he escapes in that way and
then there was fear in the narrow
street, and the police, after a tedious
fight, would drag him shrieking back
home. She had always put food
through the door to him before ven-
turing to open it.

Once, for a long time, he had not
molested the peace of the street. That
was when he killed the sereno. A
policeman has tossed him as he peered
from the hole in the door, much as
people toss a hyena snarling in a cage.
The mad have memories, for Jose one
night when the moon was big and
shone softly on the dark room and, find-
ing the key Rosita's small cunning hand
hidden, opened the door, crept again
softly up the street to an adobe door-
way where was sleeping a sereno, his
head on his knees. The police have
a day and a night shift, but one can-
not expect a madman to keep every-
thing. So it was an innocent man
who had on his neck wrung as the cook
gives a chicken's. They could only
guess what then happened. There
were only the pulsing stars looking
silently down and the great, calm
moon. However, it was evident he
must have dragged and worried and
tossed the poor piece of clay for God
knows how far or long.

They found him asleep by the dead
sereno, and although too polite in the
"Land of the Noonday Sun" to
manacle or chain, they took the pre-
caution to tie with stout maguery rope
Jose's slumbering bulk before six of
largest policemen would venture to
carry him to the carcel. Jose's kind
of people are treated with deference in
Mexico. So after some time the man
was sent back for the dwarf to feed
and care for, and Rosita's face took
on new wrinkles each day.

By the time Rosita returned with
the food Constance, who understood
Spanish very well, had heard much of
the "little brother."

She declined to look through the
peephole at him ravening over his
dinner like a wild beast. Followed
by Rosita's wailing gratitude, she
climbed to the top of the street and
there met Mr. Dyrant.

Mr. Dyrant had but lately risen
from the following letter.

DEAR MRS. L.: Tell father I am
looking after the mining business in
great shape. Mexico is rather quiet
I went to the Governor's ball last night.
Only one English girl there, Miss
Stanley—a really pretty girl. I know
her brother, Dick Stanley, at Trinity.
Won a cup at the three-mile. He's a
pretty good sort. Look out for Tobin's
foot. Don't let the old duffer from the
Clanetary stables fool with it. Tell
all the old folk that Master Tony sent
them love and wishin' them a
good partie crop. Love to dad and
yourself.
TONY.

After Tony Dyrant had evolved this
characteristic missive from his in-
sidios, he went out to swallow of fresh air
and to relieve himself of the strain of
composition by a long walk.

Constance was very lovely at the
dance in a faint green broadwa with a
quantity of creamy old lace. Some
crimson poppies were twisted round her
shoulders. One or two more of the
flaming flowers shone from her pale
gold hair. Mr. Dyrant completely
lost his head over her; as he had a lot
of possessions in Ireland, among them
his father and an ancient and
honorable ancestry, he could afford to
do so.

He was thinking of her as she had
looked the night before, when suddenly
she appeared with her servant coming
up from a street dark and deep like a
well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of being at college
with her brother, he began with true
manly irascibility to take her to task
for her imprudence. But Miss
Constance tightened up her soft,
haughty mouth and, giving him the
rear curve of a tweed shoulder to study,
lod him a class home.

The house the brother and sister
occupied had been Senor Lopez's, but
was presented to Dick, together with
a little worth millions and what other
trifling property Don Felipe owned.
The hanging lamp was lighted in the
zaguán, and when the mozo unchained
the great double doors a flood of
melody and fragrance rushed out to
greet them from the birds and flowers
in the dim patio. Dick, in a smoking
jacket, lounged out from the sala to
insist that Tony, old boy, should take
tea with them. Which he did.

That was the first difference be-
tween the brother and sister. Dick
adored Tony, and every night they
pumped out the mine or rode to
hounds over the sala floor. But
Constance detested him and, contrary
to her usual reticence, said so. She
tramped around the disreputable and
filthy streets twice as much as before,
for she knew no man named him. Some-
times she would go him following
and she resented his espionage.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick
would ask. "You know my theory,
Connie, that a sporty man like Dyrant
makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! who is talking about
husbands? I think that a man who
is utterly doggy and horsey and takes
Browning to be an authority on pink
eye or glanders is a very poor com-
panion. To quote your 'dear Tony,'
'we don't trot in the same class!'"

Dick gave a contemptuous snort.
This was one day at luncheon, and
Constance, instead of the good cry she
pined for, took a walk. She had not
seen Rosita for some time, and she
turned her steps toward what Mr.
Dyrant called "those thorough done."

She had never seen the street so
deserted. All were taking a siesta,
except the dogs. As she reached the
sharp corner she heard a thin little
shriek full of appeal. She recognized
Rosita's voice, and ran with her orsada
at her side into the low, open doorway
she had before so shudderingly avoided.

There, snapping his teeth and roll-
ing his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's
"little brother," tied with strong
ropes to an iron pin in the wall—but
his arms were free and he stood naked
to the waist, a giant in size. He had
secured the key and had almost pulled
the staple from the wall, but Rosita
was clinging to his arm and calling for
help. To and fro he swung her as a
wolf might a rabbit.

He had the key in his black, cruel
hands and he brought it down on her
upturned face. Then again as Con-
stance rushed with a scream, the key
fell with a crunch on the little, old,
gray head.

At that moment the pin gave way,
for adobe walls are not strong. Con-
stance turned with her hands thrown
out wildly. Over Rosita's body the
madman tripped with a crash to the
earth floor. Just as he fell he caught
Constance's gown in his grasp. She
fell with him, and, falling, knew the
room had filled with clattering crowd,
and that Tony Dyrant, smooth-shaven
and blonde, loomed above all.

Constance, with the help of her
orsada, got out in the street, where she
listened to the cries, curses and scul-
ling going on inside.

There was one dominating, awful
groan—then a sinister silence.
A moment of sickening uncertainty
for that young emotional young Eng-
lishwoman, and Tony Dyrant, putting
his clothes torn and blood on his
face and hands, walked firmly
enough to give Constance a helping
hand up the stairs.

He said Rosita was dead and he
thought the "little brother" would die
also, for, while he was struggling with
him a policeman had crept up and
struck him over the head with a heavy
iron bar.

"Here we are at the Casa Stanley,"
she also said, "they toppled Dick with
the carved doors." "Come in, Dick will
want to see you. He can thank you
better than I."

"No one can thank me like you,"
Tony replied. "And I must go to
the hotel. This arm of mine pains
a little. No, not broken, he answered,
trying to smile, "but 'little brother'
wrenched it a trifle."

Constance, however, would not
accept his easy assurance that it was
all right. "You must come in. Dick
will want you."
"Do you want me, though?" She
did not answer that, but, as she let the
knocker fall, turned with tears in her
eyes.

"Will you come, Tony?"
"I will come," he insisted, "if you
want me."

The big doors swung open.
"I want you," she said, slowly.
And the doors clanged behind them.
—Argonaut.

Napoleon I. and Pope Pius VII.

The second volume of the unpub-
lished correspondence of Napoleon I.
(Pio) has just appeared.

Napoleon looked upon the Post
Office as a means of information for
his Government; witness the following
to M. de Lavallette, Postmaster-General,
dated Rambouillet, Feb. 21, 1810:

"I request you henceforth not to
forward any letter from Spain without
first opening it. You will make an
exception for official despatches. You
will send those letters to me for
inspection, except those that are unin-
teresting. My intention is that not a
single letter shall escape examination."

Napoleon, with all his genius, did
not understand that in the long run
nobody would trust secrets to the Post
Office, but would conspire. In fact,
conspiracies became more numerous
as time went on. He writes about
conspiracies to Concho, Duke d'Orante
and Minister of Police, from Compeigne
on March 27, 1810:

"Many anonymous letters have been
written to the Cardinals residing in
Paris; an agitation is carried on
around them. Just see to this, and
find out who are the intriguers, men
or women, who write these letters and
excite these delusions."

Napoleon's meanness towards Pius
VII. is thus shown: He first out-
down the Pope's pocket-money. He
wrote in July, 1810, to the Minister
of Police:

"Tell the bankers, Bartolomeo and
Duchesse, that they must not send the
Pope 500 louis, as he has a house and
ten carriages, horses and an establish-
ment of 8,000 l. a month. He wants
nothing, and people who wish to send
him money must have some evil
motive towards Napoleon for doing
so."

The Pope continuing, as the
Emperor says, "to misbehave,"
Napoleon cuts down his establishment
from 8,000 l. a month to 600 l. a year.
He sends this order to Prince Borghese,
Governor-General of the Departments
beyond the Alps, from Paris, Jan. 1,
1811:

"The Pope is behaving badly at
Savona. Give orders that the car-
riages placed at his disposal be sent
back to Turin, and that a sum of not
more than 480 l. or 600 l. a year be
spent on his establishment. See that
no letters are sent or received at
Savona, and that the Pope has no
communication with anybody but the
Prefect. Send him a list of the people
who are with the Pope. If a few can
be taken from his service, particularly
from among his secretaries, it will
produce a very good effect. Every-
thing he does is full of venom. It
would be a good thing to reduce him
to his own handwriting. Tell the
Governor to keep a strict watch that
no servant may take the Pope's letters.
The Director of Police ought to have
in the Pope's house some spy who
could find out how letters are sent,
and everything that goes on. Tell the
Pope it is very wrong of him to preach
discord among Christians, and that
he is much mistaken if he thinks I
will let myself be awed by his extra-
vagances."

The following is one of the typical
letters of the absolute ruler. It is
addressed to his wife, Maria Louise,
from Colitz, May 6, 1813:

"Write the following to the Minis-
ter of Cults: I send you a circular
which I desire you to address to the
Bishops. Let them receive it without
delay.

CIRCULAR TO THE BISHOPS OF FRANCE.
"The victory won by the Emperor
and King, our well beloved husband
and Sovereign, on the field of Lutzen,
must be regarded as a special mark of
Divine protection. We desire that on
receiving this note you make arrange-
ments for a Te Deum and a thank-
giving service to the Lord of Hosts,
and that you may add the prayers you
think fit to call down Divine protection
on preservation of the sacred person of the
Emperor, whom God preserve from all
danger. His preservation is as neces-
sary for the happiness of Europe as for
the Empire, and for the Church, whose
most sincere protector he is."

Sarsaparilla Sense.
Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any
tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ.
You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There
are grades. You want the best. If you understand
sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it
would be easy to determine. But you don't. How
should you?
When you are going to buy a commodity
whose value you don't know, you pick out an old
established house to trade with, and trust their
experience and reputation. Do so when buying
sarsaparilla.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market
fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a
reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas.
But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

WE DEFY THE EXPERTS!
We have demonstrated, experts admit, and every one is
convinced that Genuine White Topaz is a gemstone of great
value. The fact is, the time you have read so
much about. The one that has fooled the pawnbrokers. Place
the stone in the light and you will see the difference. In
order to be sure and state whether small, medium or large stones
are real or imitation, we have had the most reliable and
most accurate method of testing stones by the aid of
our business, we make this

GIGANTIC OFFER.
We will send you a beautiful, brilliant,
genuine White Topaz, which can be bought
in a ring, set in a brooch, or in a necklace, and
one that positively cannot be detected from real diamonds and
is of the same quality as the finest. We will send you
this article in this order on receipt of
... These stones are exactly the same as
... we have advertised at one dollar.

THE OPPORTUNITY Don't Miss It.
OF A LIFETIME.....
Send us Twenty-five Cents in coin or stamps and you will
be supplied with the White Topaz that you receive.
MONEY REFUNDED IF GOODS ARE NOT SATISFACTORY.

THE DIAMOND PALACE,
AMERICAN EXPRESS BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Household Necessities
THE
E. B. EDDY
CO.'S
**Telegraph Telephone
Tiger....
Parlor...
MATCHES**
They have never been known
to fail

GOOD HEALTH
It saves worry, too. Everything goes
wrong with wrong Baking Powder.
Make things go easy and right by using
OF GROCERS EVERYWHERE

IN PURITY THERE'S HEALTH
strength-life. Some Baking Powders
are bad health producers because of im-
purities in them. "Pure Gold" is abso-
lutely pure—nothing harmful in it. And
this is proved by the highest test known
to science—chemical analysis.

Pure Gold Baking Powder

Mustard - THAT'S MUSTARD
Dunn's Mustard
MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE
FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH BEET
SOLD IN 5c. and 10c. TINS.
Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

Seventeen years in operation! Over 100,000 Cures!
IS THE RECORD OF
The Keely Treatment
For Liguer and Drug Addictions,
To be had in Ontario only at
The Keely Institute,
582 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
Call or address for communications by eminent
Catholic Bishops.

PENMANSHIP
A good rapid business hand
has placed hundreds of our
Graduates in positions
Special Rates. Day and Evening Sessions.

Wells' Commercial College,
Corner King and Church.
Established 1853.

