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THE MOTHER LAND.

Latest Mails from Ireland, England and Scotland.

The Archbishop of Dublin at Howth - Villagers to Killarney - (Lombard) Magistrate's Court - The Armagh Workhouse Incident - A New Church in England.

Armagh. A serious poaching affray has taken place at Ballycroy, adjacent to Belfast.

At the meeting of the Armagh board of guardians the following official rebuke to the Presbyterian chaplain of the workhouse was read by the chairman, Mr. James H. Stronge:

Sir - The Local Government Board for Ireland have had before them the resolution of the board of guardians of Armagh Union of the 23rd inst. on the subject of the letters addressed to the board by the Roman Catholic chaplain of the workhouse, and in reference thereto the board desire to point out that if the statement of Margaret Clarke at the recent inquiry is correct, that the Presbyterian chaplain prayed in the infirmary so that all the inmates might hear, there would appear to have been a breach of Article 32 of the house rules, which requires a chaplain to afford religious assistance to an inmate in such a manner as not to interfere with the good order and discipline of the other inmates, nor so that such assistance should be confined to inmates who are of the religious persuasion of the chaplain.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, THOMAS A. MOONEY, Secretary.

Mr. D. Lowry, who has succeeded in making so great an artistic and commercial success of the Star Theatre of Varieties, Dublin, is about extending his enterprise to Cork, to establish a theatre of varieties of the first class. The site selected from the important thoroughfares of King street on the one side and Patrick's quay, adjoining Patrick's bridge and Patrick street, on the other, and this commanding position, which covers an area of 1,800 square yards, has been made the most of. It will be called the Palace Theatre.

Thomas Brophy, late of Chicago, who was arrested after landing from the Cunarder Lucania for concealing firearms and ammunition in his luggage, was charged before Messrs. Mayne and Horne, Resident Magistrates, at Petty Sessions Court August 8th with having firearms in a prohibited district without a license. He was fined 20s. and costs and the revolver and ammunition forfeited. Brophy belongs to Ballyfin, Queen's County. He was eight years in Chicago.

Captain Joseph Archibald, master of the Dublin Bay pilot boat, injured in St. Michael's Hospital from the effects of injuries received by falling into the harbour at Queenstown. It appears that Captain Archibald, who was one of the oldest and best known of the Irish pilots, was descending the steps at Victoria Wharf with the intention of taking a boat to his ship when he accidentally slipped and fell a distance of ten feet into the harbour. The back of his head struck on the steps in his fall and he became partly unconscious in the water. Two men brought him to the hospital. The unfortunate man, who was 65 years of age, and had spent half a century sailing, died in the hospital about twelve hours after his admission.

Rev. P. McNamara, P. P. Glenthorne, near Middleton, has been presented by the landlord of the district, Sir Leslie Falkiner, Bart., with an acre of land, for ever free, as a site for the new Catholic church, the foundation stone of which was recently laid. Sir L. Falkiner's relations with his tenants have always been most amicable, and his latest act is only in accordance with his reputation as a good landlord.

Archibald Kingsberry, of Mullaglass, was charged at Killybeg (Newry) petty sessions with being a member of a disorderly and hostile crowd at Dees Bank. Defendant, whom Sergeant Kane described as "a regular rowdy," was haranguing a mob, the burthen of his remarks being abuse of Messrs. Thomas O'Hara and James Aiken, J. P.'s, the Catholic magistrates of the district. When the police interfered

with the view of bringing Kingsberry's remarks to an abrupt termination, the mob of loud abiding "loyalists" became so threatening in their demeanor that the police had to withdraw. Kingsberry was fined in 10s. and costs, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

The last act in the history of the O'Connell Memorial Committee has now been performed. It has handed its bank balance and its minute book to the Lord Mayor, aldermen and burgesses of Dublin. The money is to be applied to the preservation of the monument.

The very serious illness announced of Mr. Charles Bourke, C. B., who was chairman of the General Purposes Board of Ireland from 1878 till 1895. Mr. Bourke is a son of the fifth Lord Mayo. He married a few months ago Lady Alberta Fitzwilliam, daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam. The illness of Mr. Bourke has been caused by an accident when riding; his horse rolled over him, causing serious internal injuries, and little hope is entertained of his recovery.

Capturing salmon in the Liffey by illegal means has been rife lately, chiefly through the use of fixed nets, which are illegal. Within the past month the water bailiff of the Dublin district detected seven of these nets, each fastened to a buoy, and all placed to catch fish. In one case the owner of the net was identified, and on prosecution was fined 45s and the net forfeited. In the other cases ownership could not be proved, but all the nets were removed by the fishery officials, and it is safe to predict that claimants for the property will not turn up.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin blessed the foundation stone of the beautiful new church at Howth, August 9. The Catholics of Howth, encouraged by their zealous pastor, Canon Flanagan, have already raised £8,000 for the new building. Lord Howth presented the site, and a number of Protestants have given subscriptions. The venerable Bishop of Kildare sent a subscription. The materials for the church are nearly all being provided within the parish of Howth itself. The stone and sand came from Lord Howth's estate, the bricks from Portmarnock, and the lime from St. Douglough's. Only the granite is being imported, but that comes from Wicklow. The Archbishop, who was enthusiastically received, spoke in praise of the handsome sum of £8,000 already raised for the new church.

His Grace continued: "Only a few weeks ago, just this day fortnight, I had the great gratification of seeing a striking illustration of what can be done by earnest devoted work under taken in a spirit such as yours. It was in a parish not very distant from this, a parish in Fingal, as this is, the parish of Ballybragan. The work done there was substantially identical with this work of yours. It cost, in all, £6,000. It was commenced, not without some misgivings, a few years ago. I went there for a religious ceremony a fortnight ago, and I found it practically completed. (Applause.) There was, no doubt, a debt of £2,000 to be cleared off, but, from the earnestness and generosity that I saw displayed there that day, I have little misgiving that before very long the parish building account will show an even balance. I have a reason for speaking to you now about Ballybragan, and I had better tell you candidly what it is. When I went there this day fortnight, I quite forgot what was before me here to day. (Applause and laughter.) I was so deeply impressed with the passionless, that I was carried away to the length of saying that I would relieve them of one-half of their indebtedness, by undertaking that of the £2,000 that was due upon their church, I would pay off £1,000 pound for pound, as they paid off the other. (Applause.) As I told them, works such as theirs, and generosity such as theirs, are but rarely to be met with. And I did not think I could make a better use of funds with which the unfailing liberality of Dublin Catholics (applause) from time to time supplies me, than in coming to the help of people of a parish where some such costly and necessary work has to be done, where it has to be done under difficulties, and where, in spite of these difficulties it is taken in hand by the people in a spirit of generous self-sacrifice, as well as unfailing trust in Providence. So, thinking that day only of the parish of Ballybragan, forgetful for the moment, let me confess it, of the no less arduous work you are engaged in here, I made, foolishly perhaps, (no, no, that promise of whom I have told you, (Applause.) But now that I am in Howth, the case assumes a rather serious aspect. (Applause and laughter.) You have, in any view of the case, as strong a claim upon me, as I felt bound that day to recognize that the people of Ballybragan had. But £1,000 is a large sum. Yet I suppose that I too am bound to show my trust in Providence by undertaking to find for you the same amount that I pledged myself to find for that other parish in Fingal. (Applause.) Let me tell you now of an interesting incident of that visit of mine in Ballybragan. Some little time after I made that promise there, a little school concert was organized as an additional means of raising funds towards the payment of the £1,000 that the parish had still

to clear off. A conversation was over heard between two little boys who were at the concert, and were discussing in a very practical way whether they were getting value for their money. (Laughter.) They had paid for admission, I believe, three pence each. (Laughter.) The performance, it seems, or at all events some of the beginning of it, was not quite up to the expectation that had been formed by one of them. "It is not much good," said he. (Laughter.) "Oh," said the other, who was apparently of a more cheery and hopeful disposition, "these are only the very small children; they have come out first, the others are getting ready, and it will be better when they come." "I don't know about that," was the reply; "but sure when we paid our money it was for the new church we paid it, and not for the concert." (Applause.) And then, after thinking for a minute or two, he added, "and for every penny that I put down the Archbishop will have to put down another." (Applause and laughter.)

A painful shock was felt by the people of Tralee on August 12, by the announcement of the death of the Rev. William O'Callaghan, parish priest of the united parishes of Lixnaw and Inreonee. The deceased has been in charge of the above named parishes since October, 1891, up to which time he had been administrator in Tralee. Killarney has been the scene of excitement and bustle by the influx of a great number of visitors. T's excitement reached its acme on August 1, when a special train of saloon carriages arrived with the Manufacturers Club party of Philadelphia, U.S. This is a distinguished party who during the past three months have been on a Continental tour under special conductors of Gaze & Sons. The party numbered 180, and during their Continental tour they have visited Geneva, Nice, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, thence through the Brunner to Mantova, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, Paris. From the latter city they proceeded to London, visiting the Shakespeare country, thence to Belfast, Dublin, and last but not least "the Land of the Lilies," Beauty's Home, Killarney. The whole party started out in a specially arranged motor to the Gap of Dunloe. The day held up beautifully fine, and the scenic attractions of Killarney were seen to admirable advantage.

Limerick. Mount Shannon, the seat of the Earls of Clare, and of the first Earl, John, Lord Chancellor of Ireland when the Act of Union was passed in the Irish House of Commons, has been in possession of mortgages for some years back. It has now, it seems, been purchased by James F. Bannatyne, D. L., Limerick. There are six hundred acres of land attached to the house, which has not been in occupation for the past few years. Mount Shannon is close to Ansooty, three miles from Limerick, portion of the demesne being beside the old mail coach road from Limerick to Dublin.

London. Miss Jane C. Lofroy, who died a few days since at Carrick-glass Manor, in the 96th year of her age, was a member of an old Fionnisi family who, according to Sir Bernard Burke, settled in this country as refugees at the time of the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. She was the eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Thomas Lofroy, many years M. P. for the University of Dublin, and afterwards successively a Baron of the Exchequer and Chief Justice of Ireland. The Lofroys are remarkable for their longevity; the Lord Chief Justice having died, in 1668, at the age of 92, and two of the late lady's brothers having passed their 80th year at the time of their death.

The following letter has been received by Mr. Matthew Murtogh, Rathdrum, from His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in reference to a resolution passed at a meeting of the county Wicklow National Teachers' Association at Courtown, on the 25th July:

Archbishop's House, Dublin, 2nd August, '96. DEAR SIR - It is satisfactory, but in no way surprising to me, to receive so strong an assurance as your resolution conveys of the determination of the teachers to resist any influence that might be brought to bear upon them to render them unfaithful to the duty of giving religious instruction in the schools. As you mention in your letter that the majority of the members of your local association are teachers of schools in this diocese, it is not surprising for me to say that I have abundant recollections of the devoted fidelity and of marked success with which the teachers throughout the diocese discharge the duty of giving religious instruction to the children in their schools. The teachers know that I always willingly bear public testimony to this on the occasion of parochial Conventions. Without any ill will, or any way from the extension of work done elsewhere, I may add that I was always called upon to speak with special emphasis on this point when I am in the county from which you are writing. I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant, WILLIAM J. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin.

ENGLAND. The New Church at Colas. A new church is to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart is projected at Colas, one of the oldest towns in England. A Catholic mission was begun there in 1871. Since then its pastor and congregation have had to contend with many difficulties. The Holy Sacrifice

had first to be celebrated in a rented room over a stable, then in another room over a drug shop, and in 1894 a new school-chapel was opened, but this building has become too small to allow of the congregation using it either as a school or chapel. The Rev. H. Mom, the energetic rector of the mission of the Sacred Heart, has at last succeeded, after much opposition, in buying half an acre of land in a fairly central situation. Upon this it is intended to build a new church, designed by Mr. Simpson, architect, of Bradford. Without presbytery and sanctuary it will cost the large sum of £3,000, of which only about £1,000 is now in hand.

Natt by a Nurse. In the Queen's Bench at London Miss Alice Jane Beatty, formerly superintendent of the nursing staff at St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, and now holding a similar appointment at Shorefield Infirmary, London, claimed damages from Mr. Charles James Collingwood, a well known obstetric physician, at St. Thomas Hospital, the plaintiffs ground of action being that she was entitled to a writ to be placed under prohibition to order to be an operation, but that defendant exceeded his instructions, so that although engaged to be married she could now never become a mother. The defendant pleaded that the plaintiff agreed to leave herself entirely in his hands, and that the operation, as carried out, was surgically necessary.

A BRAHMIN APOSTLE.

A Sansayal Preaching the Catholic Faith in Bengal. Bombay has enjoyed of late the unique sight of a Brahmin convert to the Catholic faith delivering lectures as a Christian Sansayal. It may be well to remember that Sansayal literally means a man who has "renounced the world," leading a life of celibacy, of abstinence, and penance. Dressed in a floating garment of yellow colour, he goes his way bareheaded even in the heat of summer and barefooted in the cold winter, his food is purely vegetable, and his drink water. The state of a Sansayal is held in high esteem among the people of India, and for this reason the famous Jesuit Missionary Father de Nobili and some of his companions adopted this very dress and mode of life some two centuries back.

Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav, by birth a Bengalee Brahmin and the offspring of a family of name, had gradually found his way out of Hinduism into the Theistic fold of the Brahmo Samaj, and then into Protestantism; but sincerely inquiring after truth he soon learned that the Protestant faith does not contain the full gospel of Christ, and so he courageously—though at great sacrifices—joined the Catholic Church five years ago at Karachi. Ever since he has entirely devoted himself to the service of religion under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Bombay and endeavors to dissipate the many prejudices which his countrymen have against our holy faith, and to awaken in them a desire for religious inquiry and a longing after truth. Being aware that one of the chief objections of India against Christianity is that it denationalises its converts and makes them adopt foreign customs, he took the bold step—with the sanction of his ecclesiastical superiors—of adopting the dress of a Sansayal and of bearing all the privations which such a state entails upon those who have been living in either of our religions.

Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav, who has gone through University studies and combines with a good knowledge of Sanskrit literature a great fluency in speaking and writing English, is the editor of The Sophia, a Catholic monthly in English which directly appeals to non-Christians. He has published a number of small tracts and spends a large amount of time in private religious discussion with educated Indians whom his learning and his geniality attract. Last year he appeared as the representative of the Catholic faith at the miniature parliament of religions, which was convened in Ajmere, and delivered two lectures which were well received. He has visited Lahore more than once, where a great number, mostly Hindus, came to hear his controversial addresses against the chief tenets of the Arya Samaj as represented by their celebrated founder Dayanand Saraswati; he has also lectured in Saktur, in Karachi, and in Hyderabad-Sind, which latter place is his headquarters, and where he has long served educated young men of the Aini caste to the true fold of Christ. His public appearance on a Bombay platform has caused considerable sensation, as was natural; never within the memory of the present generation had a Catholic in Bombay delivered a speech.

In the oriental garb of Sansayal, and though the cross which he bears over his dress ought to have removed every doubt, still many asked the question: "Is he a Christian? What, he is a Catholic!"

Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav gave his first address in the Free Reading Room of the Aryan Social Union on Eternal Law; he then gave a discourse on the necessity of prayer in the Arya Samaj M-ndir, and lastly delivered two lectures at the Framjee Cowajee Hall, one on March 20th and one on April 1st. Both these lectures were attended by a large and

respectable audience, estimated at 600 to 800, the bulk of whom were Hindus. At the first, Mr. Chandavarkar, the well known barrister of the Bombay High Court, who has been chosen as President for the N. S. Provincial Congress at Karachi, presided; and at the second the Hon. Mr. Justice Ranado had kindly consented to take the chair. The subjects on which the lecturer dwelt were the Nature of God and the Infinite. He proved from reason that God is a Personal Being; he showed how erroneous is the teaching of the Theosophists, and of Mrs. Besant in particular, regarding God, that it is in direct conflict with the ancient Vedas, which are permeated with the belief in the Personal Nature of God; and that the latter absurd pantheistical systems of India exhibit in no way the original religion of this country. Notwithstanding the metaphysical and abstract character of these subjects the speaker was often enthusiastically applauded; his arguments made a real impression upon the hearers, and the applause which they accorded to him goes far to show that the idea of a Personal God is not a new and a recent discovery, but is much more congenial to the Indians than the cold, impersonal being which Vedantists and the Theosophists want to impose upon them.

Referring to the late lectures of Mrs. Besant, the organ of the Prarthana Samaj, The Subodh Patrika, remarked: "We may console ourselves with the fact that Mrs. Besant has had a very powerful opponent in Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav. He, too, has been delivering lectures in which he exposed the true nature of the 'Theosophic movement. He (a Roman Catholic) is a staunch believer in the 'Personal God.' We hope Mr. Brahmabandhav will deliver similar lectures to his brethren all round India, and thereby do signal service to his mother country." The remarks which the distinguished gentleman who presided and Mr. Nigarkar, the editor of Harmony, made at the conclusion of the lectures, were very appreciative. From Bombay, Upadhyaya went to Trichinopoly in answer to an invitation of the rector to lecture to a large Hindu audience, once in the Town Hall and once in St. Joseph's College Hall, and when he left to return to distant Sind, the ordinary field of his apostolic labors, he received the good wishes of the Bishop of Trichinopoly and the Christians for his work, and many an urgent request to see Trichinopoly again on some future occasion.

We congratulate this energetic and indefatigable convert on the courage and the success with which he has defended the principles of Christian philosophy before his countrymen both in Bombay and in Trichinopoly, and hope that God's blessing will further the work which he has so ably commenced in this part of India. —Catholic Examiner, Bombay.

MR. REDMOND'S MANIFESTO.

He Gives No Countenance to the Pro-Chromer Convention.

Ballard Smith cables from London: "If anything could add to the present hopelessness of the cause of Irish home rule it would be to-day's pronouncement by Mr. Redmond's following in Parliament regarding the Dublin convention of the Irish race called by Dillon for next autumn to find a way for healing the feuds among the different sections of the Irish nationalists. Redmond's action declares— 'The pretence that this factionist gathering possesses any of the authority of a national convention is an imposition and fraud.' Even Healy has not (openly at least) expressed sympathy with the call.

Mr. H. R. Chamberlain cables from London to The Sun: "The Parliamentary representatives of the Parnellite wing of the Irish race have seen fit to take the position of irreconcilables with regard to the proposal to harmonize all factions at the Dublin convention next month. This was not unexpected, although it stamps them as the enemies, not the friends, of the Irish cause. It is well understood by those who are seeking to bring to an end the disheartening and disgusting feuds that the mandate of peace must come from the Irish people themselves in Ireland and America, and it is sincerely hoped that this mandate will find decisive expression at Dublin. Mr. Redmond and his followers have issued a manifesto in reply to Mr. Dillon's, which was cabled to The Sun a fortnight ago. The Parnellite document contains this unhappy language:—"With the right of any persons who wish to mix themselves up with the personal quarrels between Mr. Dillon and his adherents on the one hand, and Mr. Healy and his supporters on the other, we have no desire to interfere; but the attempt to deceive Irishmen abroad into the belief that this factionist gathering possesses any of the authority of a national convention, has any higher purpose or view than the mere endeavor on the part of one section of Mr. Parnell's betrayers to humiliate and defeat the other, is an imposition and a fraud. Our duty to these fellow-countrymen who give us their support in a crisis of unparalleled difficulty compels us to make it clear that the proposed gathering has no countenance from us or any of our friends in Ireland. Having its origin in the desire of one section of the anti-Parnellite party to extort submission

from the other, we can look to it for no better result than a fresh outbreak of those unworthy wrangles for the leadership which have marked the history of that party from the day they first yielded to British influences in overthrowing Mr. Parnell and sacrificing their country's cause."

If Mr. Redmond represents any large section of the Irish people in maintaining this quarrelsome, uncompromising attitude, then all hope of any revival of the Irish cause in this day and generation must be abandoned. It is the belief that Ireland is ready to demand that unpatriotic, senseless wrangling between her representatives shall cease which has prompted an appeal to the Dublin convention on the subject. The signs are multiplying that this belief is well founded. If the demand for peace from Irishmen throughout the world be prompt and emphatic, then Ireland may yet be politically rejuvenated. The present moment is a crisis in Irish affairs, and the responsibility for its rests upon the Irish people themselves. Some of their blind, selfish, incompetent representatives in Parliament are ready to sacrifice the last hope of their country to their own petty ambitions and animosities.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

A Well Known Young Lady in Spangue Tells her Experience—So Weakly She Could not to Up Stairs Without Resting—Her Friends Thought She Was in Consumption—Now the Picture of Health and Strength.

From the Reader, Vassar, N. Y., 1901. Among the young ladies of Vassar there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Her individual acquirements and popularity covered a more extended field, and she is a travelling lady-land for the Robinson Cosmopolitan, and has many customers on her route which extends from Oshawa to Oshawa. How this young lady happened to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she also underwent a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Healer called to make enquiry into her cure, he was informed that by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a protracted



illness. The reporter mentioned his mission and found Miss Byrnes quite willing to tell the particulars of what she termed "an escape from death." In reply to his query "what have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills done for you?" she replied, "why they have done wonders. I felt like a new woman now. For eight years I was weak and miserable, and at times I could not walk. I was greatly troubled with indigestion, and frequently could not keep anything on my stomach, not even a glass of milk. I had dizzy spells, severe headaches, and my complexion was of a yellowish hue. My kidneys also troubled me, and in fact I was all aches and pains. In going up a flight of stairs I had either to be assisted or would have to rest several times before I got to the top. At times my hands and feet would have no more warmth in them than lumps of ice. On one occasion while stopping at a hotel in Kingston, after waiting on a number of customers, I was doing in a faint. The landlady found me in this condition and sent for a doctor, who, after bringing me back to consciousness, gave me medicine to take. He told me that my system was so badly run down that it was imperative that I should have absolute rest. His medicine had no beneficial effect that I could see, and I was a number of other doctors, with no better results. I became so low that I cared for neither work nor pleasure, and my friends thought I had gone into consumption. It was then that I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and my appearance to-day will show you what a wonderful change they have wrought in me. I continued taking the Pink Pills for three months, and before discontinuing them every ache and pain had disappeared. I can now speak to highly of this wonderful medicine, and I am eager to let the fact be known for the benefit of other sufferers."

Mrs. Byrnes was present during the interview and willingly endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she believed they had saved her life. "The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills for Pale People, and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a druggist, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say it is 'just good.'" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

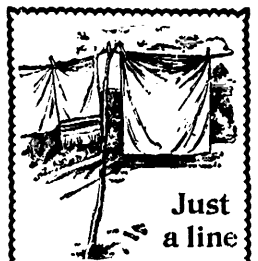
The Clear has made a present of a thousand roubles to Father Lagrange, Superior of the Convent of St. Stephen at our time, who recently tendered to him a copy of his work, "St. Stephen and his Sanctuary."

Stealing Water.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN. "Annie," said Mrs. Hart, "I wish you'd go down and tell Peter Nordesen that I want to get my beets in to-morrow, if he'll come up."

and-wire fence and tried to make things grow in her dusty dooryard. Without thought of wrong she had used it all summer to eke out the scanty pension her husband had left her, and provide for herself and her orphan niece by growing beets for the sugar factory at the town of Rifle Creek.

ously scanning the face of Mr. Seymour. He did not look like a hard man, she thought, on the contrary there was something about the mouth that made one think he might at any time be concealing a smile beneath the drooping mustache.



Just a line to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the 'top to do' way, the Sunlight way, without rubbing, your clothes all to pieces, and your hands too, you must use Sunlight Soap.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 27.—St. Joseph Calasanctius.
- 28.—St. Augustines, Ep., Dr. of the Church.
- 29.—Blessing of the Holy Baptism.
- 30.—St. Rose of Lima.
- 31.—St. Raymond Nonnatus.
- Sep. 1.—St. Elizabeth of Portugal.
- 2.—St. Stephen King.

The bicyclist may own the town here, but in Ireland the pedestrian has still a few rights left. In Dublin Mr. Sheriff Spous has fined a reckless rider £30, and intimated plainly that a bicyclist should ring his bell and in crowded streets go at a moderate rate. This is sound sense. Bicycling must be properly regulated, or it becomes a dangerous nuisance.

Mr. Jacob Primmer is a Scotch preacher who makes himself and the religious body he is connected with ridiculous by his open-air denunciations of the Catholic Church and its progress in Scotland. His own people laugh at him, forgetting how much mischief a bigoted man like this may do by spreading untruths. But he seems to have reached the limits of Scotch patience. Both at Helensburgh and Paisley lately he has been hooded at open air meetings and stones were thrown by boys. Now that the boys have sized up Mr. Primmer and condemned him, his career is over. But while he lasted he was a source of mingled amusement and regret.

The rumor that Earl Cadogan is going to retire from the Lord-Liutenancy may or may not be true. He has made a number of engagements for next month. He is going south and will be the guest of Mr. Smith Barry, M.P., at Fota, and on September 2 will open a bazaar at Cork in aid of the Women and Children's Hospital. He will on the same day formally open the new courthouse at Cork, afterwards attending a luncheon given by the Mayor. On the following day his Excellency will visit Cork Harbor, inspecting the new training ship, and also probably the docks at Haulbowline. After spending a week in the South of Ireland the Viceroy will visit Lismore as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire.

Scientists are amusing people sometimes. About four years ago at Trinity College, Dublin, an Anti-Catholic committee was formed. They have measured over five hundred individuals, and are now going to work up the results. Among the data to be recorded are hair and eye color, stature, span, head, length and breadth, radial head measurements, breathing capacity, color sense, and strength of eyesight, and the indices are to be calculated. The subjects, for purposes of compilation, will be grouped geographically, according to the districts from which their parents come. It is intended to publish these results with a view to stimulating the study of anthropology in Ireland, while the committee also hopes that additional lines of inquiry may be suggested. All this is very good, if the scientists will not proceed to draw absurd deductions from their investigations. But the fear is they will prove by statistics how many hairs a Cork or a Wicklow man has on his head, how far he can see beyond the end of his nose, and how long he takes to digest his meals. And if you throw doubts on the result they will cry: Why, you ignoramus, doesn't the Anthropometric committee of Trinity College, Dublin, say so? And there will be no answering that.

No one will think of asserting that The Critic, the literary paper in New York, has a Catholic bias, and yet it has this to say about the newly-published book on the Council of Trent, by Froude, the English historian: "When the late Prof. Froude wrote a book upon any historical topic, we did not know whether to laugh or cry. He always charmed like a jester—we read his pages with a smile, yet we said: 'This is magnificent but it is not history.' Thomas Babington Macaulay must have Froude on his soul, for it was his manner that taught Froude to sin the sin of style in historical narration. The work now before us is most interesting. You read it in spite of yourself, if

you so much as open it to peep in. When you have finished it and seriously ask yourself how much more you really know of the matter you are forced to acknowledge that you are not sure of anything Froude makes fine strong statements, but he gives not one authority or reference. That the bigotry alive to-day is due to writers on history like to Froude who are biased and unmanly. They propound conclusions which records of the past contain, at which an impartial man would have caught and suppressed. Fortunately, in the case of Froude, his attempt to idealize Henry VIII of England there is discredit on his historical research, and he will be remembered for his literary style, and very little more.

It is recorded elsewhere in this week's paper that Mount Shannon, the fine mountain and house of the Earl of Clare, have been purchased by a wealthy Limerick merchant. The fate of this property and its original owner is a powerful commentary upon the ravages of time. John Fitzgibbon, who played so prominent a part at a trying time in Ireland's history, was the grandson of a peasant. He was the instrument by which the Union Act was forced through, and he afterwards thwarted the plan of Castlereagh to grant Catholic Emancipation at once. "For this evil work," says a brilliant paragraph in *The Freeman's Journal*, "Fitzgibbon was splendidly rewarded. He was made Baron Viscount, Earl, he long held the Great Seal, vast sums of money were poured into his lap. Some of this wealth he laid out in buying a great estate in the county of Limerick, in laying out by the banks of the Shannon noble woods and pleasure-lands in building a stately mansion of which Palladio would have been proud. What was the sequel of all this greatness? Scarcely had the Union been passed when he was treated with such contempt and neglect by his own party that it broke his imperious spirit, and he died in the prime of life. His title has long been extinct; the last male heir of his race, an amiable and popular young soldier, fell at Balclutha. His body never was found. The famous collection of works of art which the third Lord Clare, the bosom friend of Byron, brought from Italy has long been dispersed. And now the house and demesne of Mount Shannon are gone, and with them the last trace of that great edifice of glory and prosperity which John Fitzgibbon built up."

Work Well Done.

A satisfactory record of the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto is given by Mr. P. Hynes, the agent of the society, in his report to the president and corporation of that organization. Through the munificent patronage of his Grace Archbishop Walsh, the report points out, the invaluable services of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, and the St. Nicholas Institute have been at the disposal of the Society. Mr. J. J. Keelo, the Provincial Superintendent of neglected children, has rendered courteous advice and assistance, and the work has therefore been harmoniously carried on.

A non-aggressive parental policy had been pursued, no arrests have had to be made, and the aim has been by tendering good advice to lessen difficulties and secure co-operation. The homes of the children were visited and a record kept of these visits, and though the society has only been in regular working order since May, 1895, much has been accomplished. Since that date 168 cases were brought to the agent's notice affecting the welfare of 260 children: of these 98 were from the Police Court, 54 were private cases, and 9 from Judge McDougall's court. The record from the Police Magistrate's court was: Discharged 7; fined 7; made over to the society as wards 8; committed to the Good Shepherd's 8; to the St. John's Industrial School 4; to the Penetang Industrial Reformatory 1; to the Mercer Reformatory 1; to the Victoria Industrial School 1; discharged on suspended sentence after short confinement in the shelter 60; Judge McDougall made over as wards to the society 8. Of the private cases, 14 were given temporary shelter and 1 was made a ward of the society.

The work of dealing with the other cases, which called for patient attention and advice, and the procuring of reconciliations and amendment, was the occasion of over 860 official visits by the agent, a necessary and often an unpleasant task. The results, however, have fully justified the labor expended in this branch of duty. The cases cited by Mr. Hynes indicate the nature of the work. One, where drunkenness had caused the wife and children to be driven from their home, the charity and kind offices of Rev.

Mother Stanislaus, of the St. Nicholas Institute, effected a reconciliation between husband and wife, and the taking of the pledge before Rev. Father Ryan. The children of mixed marriages have occasioned the Society no slight difficulty, but where legal recourse had to be made the efforts of the honorary counsel of the society, Mr. Hugh Kelly, have been successful. A young girl of 16, arrested on a charge of vagrancy, was sent with her mother, who was addicted to drink, to the Good Shepherd, whose services in this and similar cases cannot be overrated. A Catholic child, adopted by a Protestant lady, who desired to relinquish her, was taken over by the Society with the full approval of the Provincial Superintendent, who said there was no legal obstacle in the way. The child is now being brought up in the faith of her father's.

A satisfactory report from Mr. J. J. Keelo is made on two cases of children, who, by kind treatment at the St. Nicholas Institute and by their parents, have been happily reformed. In a note to Mr. Hynes on the general work, the Provincial Superintendent says: "I have read with pleasure the statement of work so far carried on by you in the interest of neglected children. I am glad to know that you fully realize the great responsibility involved in the breaking up of the home relationship, and that you are exerting every possible influence so that the extreme measure need not be resorted to." Mr. Hynes, directs attention, in conclusion, to the financial position of the Society. The expenses are considerable, each case costing for outfit \$12, not including the keep of the child, and children from elsewhere in the province are forced into the care of the Society. The report is very instructive and interesting.

The Dead.

Two public men well known in Canada have passed away, each under circumstances. Hon. W. D. Balfour, lately sworn in as Provincial Secretary, was out off at a comparatively early age, just after crowning a long political career with the successful achievement of a Cabinet Ministership. Mr. Balfour was a newspaper man, being publisher and editor of the *Amberburg Echo*, and sat for South Essex in the Ontario Legislature for several terms. He possessed much energy, good abilities, and his views were broad and tolerant.

Sir David Macpherson died at sea on board the steamship *Labrador* while on his way home. He was the type of a very successful man, having made a fortune in railway contracting years ago in partnership with Sir Casimir Gzowski. He was a colleague of the late Sir John Macdonald, who appointed him to the Senate, and to a seat in the Government after the election of 1878. He took a prominent part in political controversy at that time, and during several years previously when the Mackenzie Ministry were in power, but of late he has, owing to his advanced age and somewhat feeble health, spent most of his time in Italy. He was 78 years old at the time of his death. A vacancy in the Senate from Ontario is caused by Sir David's demise. A number of children survive him, two of his daughters being married respectively to Hon. R. R. Dobbell of Quebec, a member of the Laurier Government, and Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick.

A Great Injustice.

The injustice involved in the present arrangements for higher education in Ireland is again brought out by the report of Dr. Moffatt, President of the Queen's College, Galway, lately laid before Parliament. The President, in this report, tries to explain the paucity of students in the College. The total number last year, says *The Freeman's Journal*, was barely 105, or little more than half what the number was before the Royal University was established, when Catholics could not obtain a university degree in Ireland without trampling on conscience and their faith. "If Mr. Moffatt's explanation were to be accepted the logical conclusion would be that there ought to be no University College in Galway. But the fault is in the constitution of the College. It was designed for Catholics and for the use of a Catholic community. Its original faults were bad enough, but they have been rendered ten-fold worse by the policy that has consistently excluded from the posts of authority and emolument in the College the co-religionists

of the people for whom it was intended. Thirteen out of the sixteen professors are Protestants and six out of seven members of the Council are Protestants. All the office-bearers belong to the favored creed. And yet Dr. Moffatt is surprised his College is not a success. It is a barren and costly failure. Only fifty students attended the School of Arts last year. These fifty cost the State £2,000 for professors and over a thousand pounds for prizes and exhibitions. Yet as a result of the government the College obtained fewer distinctions than St. Mary's University College, an unaided-wid girl's college only three years in existence, at the recent examinations. The Professor of Greek was paid £400 for lecturing to twelve students. The Professor of Metaphysics received his emoluments for addressing three. The Professor of Law pocketed £150 on the strength of five disciples, some of whom we suppose might be described as occasional. The total expenditure on the hundred students, only fifty of whom hailed from Connaught forty three having come from Limerick from Limerick, when academic societies are not so easily won as at U.T.C. The maintenance of such institutions out of the money of the Irish tax-payers is a hideous fraud on a poor country that needs every penny it can spare for educational purposes to be laid out to the best possible advantage. When one contrasts the condition of the Catholic University Colleges with this favored institution, and compares the work that they do, the gross stupidity, no less than the gross bigotry and sectarianism of the governors of the country, forces itself into view. Yet the representative of the great Unionist Government that was to 'kill Home Rule with kindness' as could not, when challenged the other evening in Parliament, promise definite action in this scandalous world of England."

Lord Russell's Visit.

Lord Russell of Killowen is not making the mistake of his predecessor—the head of the English Judiciary—Lord Coleridge—who avoided Canada altogether when he visited America thirteen years ago. Lord Russell may rest assured that his Irish fellow-countrymen in Canada are proud of his success and his career and observe with some satisfaction that in the race for fame he distanced all the acute intellects of the English bar. His advancement is due entirely to his talents and character, not to those accidental and studied arts by which politicians often manage to capture high places. The fact that the Lord Chief Justice of England is a Catholic may be a surprise to those narrow intellects who here, as elsewhere, are accustomed to view things through the spectacles of prejudice. But it should be a lesson of some value in forcing home the wooded moral that is a man's worth and ability are considered in England, and that Lord Russell possesses the respect and confidence of that country which has placed him at the head of its judicial system. He is not the first Irishman by any means to rise to prominence under circumstances which, if conditions had not been modified, would have debared him altogether from official life. What Irishmen demand is not favors or privileges, but an equal chance, and Lord Russell is an example of what they can do when they get it.

The Ontario Vacancy.

By the death of the Provincial Secretary a vacancy is unexpectedly caused in the Ontario Government. A few weeks ago, before Mr. Hardy selected Mr. Balfour, there was a general opinion that the member for 'West Peterboro', Mr. Stratton, should be chosen, and *The Register* then endorsed this view. Now that the matter again arises owing to the regrettable sudden death of the new Secretary, the claims of Mr. Stratton to the vacancy are paramount. The Premier will naturally desire to have his Government thoroughly representative of the whole Province, and this can hardly be made if the members composing it are all selected from the central and western portions of Ontario. The Hon. Mr. Hartly represents the Catholic people of the entire Province, and in that sense does not dispose of Eastern Ontario's right to share in Cabinet representation. Mr. Bronson of Ottawa has never had a portfolio, and does not desire one, and his position is more a personal tribute than anything else. The claim of the seat on the Ministry is not of course the whole basis of the demand that Mr. Stratton should be chosen. The member for 'Peterboro' is well fitted for a Cabinet office, possessing capacity, energy and political experience. He is well thought of in the House, where he has sat continuously for ten years, and in his own locality has the esteem of the

community, so that if the Premier, as seems probable, realizes these conditions it will be generally felt that he has committed no error either in political tactics or in the selection of a colleague.

The Land Bill.

What concessions the Land Bill contained have been as usual with all remedial legislation for Ireland, extorted in the teeth of the bitter hostility of the land owners. Out of 150 peers who voted down the vital clauses of the measure, no less than 70 are Irish landlords. A curiosity of the voting was that Lord Ardaraun voted against the government, which was supported by his brother, Lord Iveagh. Lord Middleton voted with his brother and lords, though his son is a member of the government supposed to be much pained at these proceedings. The most lachrymose man in the Ministry over the conduct of the Irish landlords is said to be the Duke of Devonshire, whose heir, however, Mr. Victor Cavendish, voted steadily with the landlord wing in the House of Commons. On this occasion it has been remarked that Lord Salisbury made no strong appeal on behalf of the bill, though it is generally supposed that active intervention from him would have broken up the phalanx of peers who stood together easily, when only Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire were in charge. It is recalled that in August, 1890, a conflict occurred between the Irish Tory peers and the then Tory Government somewhat similar to the recent fracas, but with a different result. The Bill under discussion related to the Corporation of Dublin, and the complaint then, as now, was that Mr. Balfour had conceded too much to the Nationalists (at the time a united party). Lord Salisbury made an appeal to the peers to pass the measure on the ground that they must take Mr. Balfour's policy as a whole, and upon a division Ministers carried their point by 29 votes to 21. But it was admittedly the Prime Minister's intervention that turned the scale. When he rose to speak there were 68 peers in the House, of whom 48 were regarded as certain to oppose the Bill. As the result of his appeal, however, 18 of the dissentients left without voting, and of those who remained nine were so moved by their leader's argument that at the last moment they threw in their lot with the Government.

Lord Salisbury declined to preserve the interests of Irish tenants on this occasion, and the bill was shorn of its useful and necessary features. But the Government will yet have to reckon with the question, for, as *The Freeman's Journal* says, the measure "will not meet the exigencies of the situation. It cannot be accepted as any sort of a settlement of the land question. But it is for the tenant farmers themselves to decide how soon and how large will be the next instalment of justice. Through the entire discussion 'the absence of agitation' was the Government's and landlords' all-sufficing answer to every demand for substantial relief for the tenants."

The Ulster tenants are aroused against the mutilations imposed at the landlord's dictation. They met at Derry, and representatives from the counties of Derry, Tyrone and Donegal were present. Mr. Campsie, a recognized supporter of the Conservative Government, presided, and a strong protest was forwarded to the Ministry. The bill, therefore, satisfies no one, and is only an instalment of what is required. By putting off the evil day no good is accomplished, and the grudging spirit in which the late concessions were made aggravates the wrong which a generous measure would have gone far to remove.

Looking for the North Pole.

The failure of the Nansen polar expedition adds another to the long list of futile attempts against the impenetrability of the North Pole. Dr. Nansen was forced to turn back from the same cause that defeated former expeditions. He is, however, reported to have gone further than any other explorer; and as a consequence the new maps of the world will contain the names of several new islands on which it is safe to say no experiments at colonization will ever be made. As there was no life on these islands Dr. Nansen was driven to the expedient of killing the weakest of his dogs to feed the others. The ancient tradition holds that the blessed island of Atlantis is hidden somewhere in those northern seas, presumably the national flag flies from the top of the pole. Dr. Nansen did not get far enough north to disturb the happy seclusion of the Myperborans. But no sooner is one danger of intrusion past than they are threatened with another. Prof. Andree is now going after them in a balloon. By the latest accounts he has not yet started from northern Spitzbergen; but that did not prevent a lynx-eyed British Columbian from sighting the identical balloon the other day. He said it was making straight for the pole. A discovery of this kind in British Columbia is hardly to be wondered at.

Possibly by this time Mr. Andree has inflated his monster balloon and started north. Whether sailing through the air has any real advantage over the plan of depositing oneself in a frozen ocean in the hope of drifting into an open polar sea remains for Mr. Andree to realize. One thing is certain, that the perils are not lessened by this mode of exploration. The record of the smallest of the polar exploring expeditions cannot be otherwise than a narrative of almost incredible daring and bravery. Man under the spell of ambition which fills the world with its name counts suffering and danger as nothing. And so far the net result has been practically nothing, but who can say how long success may evade her pursuers?

Since the foregoing was put in type Professor Andree has abandoned his trip to the North Pole.

The Great Historical Bazaar.

We beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of Toronto, Catholics and Protestants, to the great Historical Bazaar which will be held towards the end of the month of October in aid of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. There is still a very heavy debt on the Cathedral, and we know that we do but voice the religious sentiments of the Catholics of the Archdiocese, and more especially those of the city parishes, when we say that every effort should be made to clear off as soon as possible this incubus of a debt which has lain so long on the Cathedral Church of the Archdiocese. The present movement, which Rev. Father Ryan has undertaken, has met with the warmest approval on the part of His Grace the Archbishop, who desires that not only the people of the Cathedral parish, but also the Catholics of the various urban parishes, should put forward their best and most earnest efforts to lessen the debt on his diocesan Church.

The Bazaar will be conducted under the best and most efficient management; and while its ultimate object is to realize as much as possible financially, it will at the same time be of the utmost interest to all classes by reason of the various eras of Canadian history which will be represented.

Costumes emblematic of the different epochs of Canadian life have been obtained at great cost; and the wild Indians of the Plains, the courtiers of Louis Quatorze, the voyageurs of the Canadian rapids, as well as the hardy settlers from the British Isles, will be brought visibly before the audience to speak as living witnesses of the scenes of long ago. The best lecturers on each of these different epochs of Canadian history have been secured by the Rev. Rector, Father Ryan, who has spared no pains to make this bazaar as successful from a historical standpoint as we hope it shall be financially.

The young ladies representing the different tables are already on their way, and we hope that their appearance at the doorsteps of our parochial neighbours will be greeted with the same cheerful smile and ready hand which we have extended to their representatives in the day of their need.

Dumfries and Its Associations.

The delegates of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain could hardly have chosen a more interesting place in which to meet than the old Scotch border town of Dumfries. It is a place instinct with historical associations. Its connection with the Catholic religion dates back to a very early period. Near here it was St. Ninian, the apostle of the Southern Picts, established a religious house before the year 400. Christianity spread throughout the district, and when the Pictish population and language were absorbed in the ninth or tenth century it was a colony of Scots-Irish Christian settlers who imposed their conditions upon the land. Even down to the death of David I. in 1153, says Chalmers, Nithsdale "was still for the most part Pictic. Its lord or chief was Donagall, one of the Dougalls or McDowells of Galloway. Randolph, his eldest son, granted a portion of land near the town to the Abbey of Jedburgh in 1147. His grandson Edgar gave the church of Morton to the Monastery of Kelso and the churches of Dalgarroch and Dunscore to the Monastery of Holywood or Darrocall, three miles from Dumfries. The Abbey of Holywood was founded in the twelfth century by John, lord of Kirkconnell, of the old Celtic family of Kirkconnell. A grove or hermitage established by Congal at Cluden was the germ of

this Abbey, the oldest monastic establishment in Dumfriesshire, which occupied the south-eastern corner of the present churchyard of the parish. The upper part of the edifice, which was cruciform, was used as a parish church till 1770, when the remains were absorbed in the existing place of worship. Hung up in it are the old Abbey bells, consecrated more than seven hundred years ago, which used to summon the monks to the Divine Office. To the Abbey were attached many lands in Nithdale and East Galloway, over which the Abbot had jurisdiction. Thomas Campbell, the last Abbot, faithful to the fortunes of Queen Mary, furnished her with assistance when she escaped from Lochleven Castle, for which he suffered forfeiture in 1604. As a very early date the parish church of Dumfries belonged to Holywood.

At Dumfries was the grey friars or Franciscan monastery founded by Devorgilla, who was married to Allan of Dumfries. It was a fine building in the Early English style. When Edward I. of England invaded Scotland he lodged at the monastery when in Dumfries, holding court there, and at the instance of the Pope granted an armistice to the Scotch. The old town was the victim of many border forays and plunderings. It was before the High Altar of the friary church that Comyn fell by the hand of Bruce, a deed energetically denounced by Pope John. Many of the inhabitants of the town worshipped in the Franciscan church, but after Bruce's crime they went to the old parish church of St. Michael at the southern end of the burgh. The famous Irish Franciscan, Duns Scotus, was closely associated with the Grey Friars' House, which shared the fate of the other religious foundations, the execution of the Father Guardian at Carlisle being the prelude to their own suppression. For a long time the church was left standing, after the walls of the monastery had been torn down and carted away to restore Dumfries Castle in the sixteenth century. Nothing now remains except the refectory fire-place, which does service in the kitchen of a tavern.

There were many other religious houses in Dumfries, but when Protestantism was engrafted on the country all this was changed. St. Michael's parish church, Dumfries, was the last place in Scotland in which Mass was said before Presbyterianism was established. Before it was said or sung again many generations of Dumfriesshire had passed away. During the penal period the Catholic inhabitants stealthily attended the chapels at Terregles and Kirkconnell. On more than one occasion the priest who officiated at the latter place was seized and brought before the Privy Council to answer for the offence of exercising his priesthood. Two centuries and a half after the establishment of Protestantism it was said there were only thirty-eight Catholics in Dumfries, ministered to by the Rev. John Pepper, who remained without a church or chapel until 1811, when a chapel dedicated to St. Andrew was built by subscription, the Terregles and Kirkconnell families liberally contributing thereto. It cost, site included, about £3,800, and the first priest in charge was the Rev. William Reid. When Father Reid was in the North his duties at Dumfries were discharged by the Rev. James Carruthers, author of a History of Scotland; and on the removal of Father Carruthers to Dalbeattie, Father Reid returned, dying in 1848, aged 78.

The recent history is one of steady advance. By the munificence of the Maxwell family the church received many additions and decorations. The See of Galloway (primarily Whitburn) was extinct from 808 to 1189, and vacant for three hundred and twenty years from the death of Bishop Andrew Durie, a Cistercian, at Edinburgh, in September, 1568. The estimated Catholic population of the diocese, over which the Right Rev. Dr. Turner presides, is about 17,000. There are 19 missions and 42 churches, chapels and stations, served by 98 priests, and 22 school buildings and 27 departments, from which 2,538 children have been presented for examination annually. There are two religious Orders of men and six of women. Some of these particulars we have summarized from an interesting historical paper in The Catholic Times.

In these surroundings, therefore, the Dumfries meeting was held. The

Bishop of Galloway welcomed the delegates, and allusion has already been made in these columns to the fact that Provost Glover, a Protestant, also cordially greeted the Catholic visitors to the royal burgh. In doing so he made a significant remark that the education of youth was of prime importance and that:

"It holds it was the duty of the State, as well as of the denomination and individuals, to make sure that the guidance of youth is perfectly recognized in a single word, as everyone, he believed, ought to recognize, religion is the most anchor of society (to please and that which is the greatest enemy and would seek to pull down the ramparts of legitimate thought and center its upon centres of constructive reasoning, and would place upon the ruins of wanton and wicked destruction a purely speculative philosophy, which promised nothing here, but eternal oblivion hereafter. Applause.) It seems a great pity that Protestants nearer home, who profess to be animated by like sentiments, are in practice enemies rather than friends of religious teaching in the schools. Papers and discussions on vital subjects made up the programme, and the conference of delegates was one of the most successful in the records of the organization.

More Honors for Separate Schools
From North Bay comes another unimpeachable evidence of the efficiency of the Separate Schools in the Province of Ontario. Seven pupils of the North Bay Separate School wrote at the Entrance Examination, and of these six, or nearly 80%, were successful, some obtaining a high percentage of the total aggregate number of marks. One young pupil in particular, Miss S. McKee, passed a very brilliant examination. She obtained 678 marks. No Public School pupil in the Districts of Algoma, Nipissing, Parry Sound and Muskoka who went up for the Entrance obtained this number of points. Many congratulations to the young pupil for the credit she has done herself and Miss Bryson, the lady principal of the North Bay Separate School, under whose tuition she was so well prepared.

LORD RUSSELL.
The Great Catholic Chief Justice of England Comes to Canada.

"*Ex-Attila*" writes as follows in the New York Tribune concerning Lord Russell of Killowen Chief Justice of England now on a visit to Canada: For the space of a month Americans will have the opportunity of comparing the eloquence of their own orators with that of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the man who is celebrated as the most brilliant and persuasive member of the legal profession of Great Britain. It is hardly necessary to say that he is an Irishman; for in no other nationality could be found so happy a combination of declamation and gesture, of eloquence and acting, of force and logic and graceful triviality. Like his fellow countryman, Lord Duferin, he conveys at first the impression that he has kissed the Blarney Stone of his native isle, and one starts with the determination to regard his utterances as a mere clever piece of oratory. But when one sees his eye resting upon him with a somewhat innocent, childlike expression; when one hears his silvery voice, the exquisitely modulated tones of which insinuate and persuade the auditors of the fervor of his convictions; when, above all, one finds his words literally trembling with emotion—"tears in the voice," as the French say—one loses sight of the point where the serious ends and the true feeling begins. On such a groundwork as this he builds up his case, phrase by phrase, argument after argument, until by force of reasoning, of picturesque exposition and profound legal knowledge he carries all present with him and everything before him. It is only when it is all over, when time is found for sober reflection, and when the intoxication of the moment has spent its force, that one begins to ask whether, after all, the great orator really meant all that he said, whether his impassioned appeals to the heart were not mere stage play; whether one has not permitted oneself to be lulled by clever declamation into the temporary belief that wrong is right and right is wrong. It is this reaction which so frequently ensues in the minds of most of his hearers that has proved the only drawback in what has otherwise been the most successful career at the English bar.

A STUDY RADICAL.
Lord Russell comes to this country with every recommendation in his favor. Besides being a shining light of the legal profession, he is conspicuous as a sportsman, and up to the date of his elevation to the Bench was the standing counsel to the Jockey Club. He is an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, a strong Home Ruler, and so sturdy a Radical that when created Lord Chief Justice of the realm he declined to accept the hereditary barony offered to him, declaring that he was perfectly content with the life of a lawyer which he had been compelled to accept as a member of the Court of Appeal; that he was averse to the principle of hereditary legislation, and that if his son wished for any title he could earn it for himself. He has at heart the welfare of the laboring

classes, and among his pet schemes is one for the more equal distribution of working people in districts where their efforts can attain profitable results. Lord Russell is a Ulster Catholic, being the first number of his creed to hold the office of Lord Chief Justice of England, and since the days of the Reformation. He comes from a special ly gifted family. To his uncle, the Rev. Father Russell, belongs the credit of the conversion of Cardinal Newman to the Church of Rome, the Cardinal in his "Apologia pro Vita Sua" describing Dr. Russell as the "dear friend to whom under heaven I am indebted for my conversion." Lord Russell's brother, Father "Matt" Russell, of the Order of Jesuits, is the editor of that lively and popular paper known as the Irish Monthly. Father "Matt" is the very antithesis of the ordinary conception of the "wily" Jesuit. Simple, frank, unselfish, he is never so happy—learned and able though he be—as when he is devoting himself to his labors as a missionary priest among the poor.

Originally intended for a solicitor, the present Lord Chief Justice, like so many other distinguished men in Great Britain, began his career as a reporter for the press in the gallery of the House of Commons, devoting his spare time to reading for the bar, to which he was ultimately admitted at the close of the fifties, his first brief of any importance being that known as the celebrated *Yelverton* case. The latter evidently has left a great impression on his mind, for when, on being appointed a Justice of the Court of Appeal, he was called upon to select a title, he decided to commemorate this *Yelverton* suit by adding the name of Killowen, so intimately associated with the affair, to his title of Lord Russell.

A FAMOUS SUIT.
The *Yelverton* suit is one of the most sensational and romantic of modern times. Lord Avonmore, or Major *Yelverton*, as he was then, having been badly wounded while serving with the Royal Artillery in the Crimean war, was nursed back to health and strength by one of Florence Nightingale's most charming assistants, a Miss Longworth. It was only natural that the Major should fall in love with his beautiful nurse, who was a girl of excellent family. After the war was over they met in Ireland, and one afternoon dropped kindly down the Carlingford Lough to Killowen, where, in the picturesque and ancient little chapel which is one of the features of that spot, they were married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church by one Father Moody. They subsequently lived together in Scotland, where Major *Yelverton*, who was a Catholic, read aloud the marriage service of the Church of England, with a view to further consolidating the union with his Protestant wife. He also introduced her everywhere in the Scottish capital as his wife, but subsequently deserted her at Bordeaux, and married a rich widow, Mrs. Forbes, the daughter of Gen. Sir Charles Aworth. Miss Longworth, or the Hon. Mrs. *Yelverton*, as she styled herself, thereupon brought suit in the London courts for the restitution of her conjugal rights, young Charles Russell figuring as one of her counsel, and being especially enthusiastic about her case. The petition, however, was dismissed, on the ground that Major *Yelverton* was an Irishman and that the London court had no jurisdiction in the matter. Thereupon another action was brought in the Court of Common Pleas at Dublin, where Major *Yelverton* denied that either the ceremony at Killowen or that in Edinburgh had been of a valid character, and asserted in the most cynical manner that he had never had the slightest intention of really making Miss Longworth his legal wife. The Dublin jury, however, found that there had been a legal marriage in Ireland and a common-law marriage in Scotland, and gave a verdict in favor of Mrs. *Yelverton*. When the case was carried in appeal to the House of Lords, the Lord High Chancellor and also the famous Lord Brougham gave it as their opinion that the union of the plaintiff to the defendant had been valid, and that his marriage to the Widow Forbes was, consequently, of a bigamous character. But the majority of the law Lords decided against Mrs. *Yelverton*, who, therefore, became once more Miss Longworth. Her sad fate created a great impression upon the soft-hearted Irishman, and that he has never forgotten her wrongs is amply shown by his including the name of Killowen in his title.

From that time forth there has been scarcely a single trial of any importance in which Charles Russell has not played a prominent part, until three years ago, as advocate, and, since then, as judge. Among the most notable landmarks of this kind may be mentioned the Parnell Commission of 1887 and 1889; the Colin Campbell divorce case; the great Bell versus Lavender trial in which all the leading artists of the Royal Academy were called to the witness stand; the Wyndham lunacy petition; the exposure of the sex-sharper known as Lambri Paels; the *Bahring* Sea arbitration, and last, but by no means least, the *Maybrick* case. Lord Russell, who in those days was nothing but Sir Charles, coming forward as the champion for the innocence of the prisoner, in which to this day he professes to believe.

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FAIRM AND GARDEN.

The common goldenrod, of which there are several varieties, has not hitherto been thought a bad weed, although its thick roots are very difficult to kill, even by hanging them on a fence for a month or two, after which exposure a few days' rain will set them growing again. But recent reports have been made of the poisoning of horses by this plant, or a variety of it, doubtless that known as Solidago odora, containing an essential oil of a pleasant odor, which has been used in medicine as a stimulant much the same as camphor has been. It has been found to exert a much too strongly stimulating action on the kidneys, causing dropsical effects, by which the system is fatally weakened. The Medical Journal gives an article in which are described the following symptoms: The animal appears dull, ears drooped, temperature elevated, ranging from 102 to 103 degrees Fahrenheit during the entire course of the disease. The visible mucous membranes are pallid. On the mucous membranes of the vagina small petechial spots are seen. Occasionally the legs swell and oedematous enlargements appear under the abdomen. The appetite remains fairly good during the entire course of the disease. Emaciation takes place rapidly as the disease advances. Loss of coordination, with staggering gait. Death takes place in from two weeks to two months from the onset.

This plant once enjoyed considerable reputation as a vulnerary—that is, a cure for wounds, from which its generic name, Solidago, is derived, the meaning of the word being to heal wounds. (Solidago vulneraria). Doubtless it is the strictly American species which has this stimulating property to the greatest extent. This should put all concerned on their guard against suffering to grow in pastures or in fence rows, where it is quite common.

It is alleged that to cut sprouts and weeds in the month of August is to get rid of them effectually. The old farmer who has been cutting sprouts in this month for three score years is still at work, at the same old patch, but he still adheres to the strong belief. There are some things that should be done in this month. One is to cut the timber for fence posts. The reason is that, the timber being out and the top being left untrimmed, the drying of the trees will exhaust the sap from the tree and thus in a way season it quite effectively. It is not true that sprouts out in August will die and be got rid of. Some weeds cut now will be killed effectively, it is true. Such are all the biennial tribe, as the wild carrot, for instance, for the plant being cut before it can seed, dies, and the root dies as well. Thus it will disappear from the fields if cut in August.

This applies to all plants of this kind as well as to annuals. But persons will not submit to this kind of treatment, yet if the roots are cut off a few inches below the surface, the exhaustion of it by the summer's growth will have so weakened it that it will not survive the loss of its head, so that now is a good time to cut, to walk abroad, with spud in hand, to walk forward and cut off these ever-growing weeds below the surface, and before the seeds are ripe. It may be done every year, but the stock will hardly seem to be less. The fact, however, will remain that what has been done will count as far as it goes, and, being repeated every successive year, there will be a gradual diminution of these costly parasites of the farm.

The dahlia is an American plant, having been found in Mexico by that great traveler and scientific explorer, Humboldt, and sent to the botanist, Don Garcia de Madrid in the year 1789. It is propagated by divisions of the roots, or by cuttings of the shoots planted in bottles. The beautiful flowers, both in form and color, surpass many others which are more thought of in the modern florists, and are produced in profusion when grown in rich, deep soil. They are of all colors but blue, a strange habit of all plants producing yellow and scarlet varieties. One species of this plant growing in Mexico attains the size and character of a tree, reaching a height of thirty feet and with a stem thick in proportion. The variety Coccinea, a dwarf single flowered kind, has recently been introduced as bedding plants, which flower in the greatest profusion. The exquisitely formed quilled petals of the standard variety, however, are unsurpassed as a garden ornament, whether grown singly or in beds of various colors interspersed. To secure the finest flowers the side shoots should be removed, confining the flowers to the top of the main stem. The roots are taken up in the Fall and stored in a dry place free from frost, packed in sand.

As FARMER'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dasdellon, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, St. Petersburg, writes: "I consider 'Farmers' Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Olara "Was he very much disturbed when he asked your father?" Maude: "I understand that he was put out."

"Nice dog. Have you taught him any tricks since I was here last?" "Oh, yes, he will fetch your hat if you whistle," said she.

The man who is always wondering what the neighbours think of him would be surprised sometimes to know that they seldom think of him at all.

Champ (doefully). "Do you think there is any use in my continuing to court Miss Hutton?" Kono: "No, Champ; you're only courting failure."

Fobs: "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" asks the poet, Hobbes: "Oh, the undertaker usually comes in and buries the bones of contention."

We pity the sandwichmen in these hot days, but no man raises his voice to pity a sandwichman, whose fare at the railway stations now is as hard as boards.

Grubb: "Did you hear that I went home late last night and caught a burglar?" Cubb (astutely): "That's nothing. I went home late and caught the dooper."

A shopkeeper says to the salesman: "I want to buy a cape, but it must be in the latest style." "The latest? Please wait five minutes, madam. The style is just changing."

Vintor: "Your little son grows wonderfully, Mr. Wacker." Mr. Wacker: "Yes, I think he will make a strapping fellow." Little Son (sulkily): "I ought to. You strap me enough, anyway!"

Hiland: "Homewood is always alluding to his great trouble. What sort of trouble is it?" Halkit: "I think it must be stomach trouble. He is always trying to drown it."

"What part shall you assign to me in the next play?" "You shall be the father of the leading character." "What does he do?" "He dies ten years before the curtain rises at the first act."

A bright little girl, returning from school, was asked by her father what she had been learning that morning. "All of us been learning to spell." "What did you learn to spell?" "Learned to spell rat." "Well, how do you spell rat?" "R A T—rat."

"Now, how do you spell mouse?" "Just the same, only in little smaller letters," said the little maid.

"You never married, I believe?" "No, I was never married." "That's singular, isn't it?" "No, not at all. You see, the first time I fell in love I said to myself, 'I'll marry her or none.' "Why didn't you marry her then?" "Well, you see, after I had become better acquainted with her I said to myself, 'I'll marry none rather than her.' Since then I have got along very well with none."

DOMESTIC READING.

Beauty devoid of grace is as a mere hook without a bait.

Those who see God in everything are sure to see good in everything.

History is the record of the triumph of minorities.—E. Griffith Jones.

The book of Nature as well as the Book of Revelation is the book of God.

Mighty Nature, when we see and love thee, we love our fellow-men more warmly.

Nature is an errant democrat, and bestows her gifts impartially upon peasants and poets.

A Christian never falls asleep in the fire or in the water, but grows drowsy in the sunshine.

Nature, like a kind and smiling mother, lends herself to our dreams and overwhelms our fancies.

Nature is a wise instructor; she teaches us in a thousand ways, if we would but listen to her.

The humble enjoy continual peace, but in the heart of the proud is envy, and frequent indignation.

God's will is so clearly and fully manifested in the book of Nature that he who runs may read it.

Those who have obtained the farthest insight into nature have been in all ages firm believers in God.

Nature herself is an educator; the rudest savage is in her school and has received some of her teaching.

Rectitude is a perpetual victory, celebrated not by cries of joy, but by serenity, which is joy fixed or habitual.

Nature is prior to art, and exists without it; yet art helps to reveal the beauties and the grandeur of nature.

Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from bearing them.

Nature never deceives you; the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language.—Sir H. Davy.

"The best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities; and were the accidental overrights and follies of the wisest man—the failings and imperfections of a religious man—the hasty acts and passionate words of a judge—were they to rise up in judgment against them, and an ill-natured judge be suffered to mark, in this manner, what has been done amiss, what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?"—Stern.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are awarded upon to do that; and the reward we all get, which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it, is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work, for that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world.

No man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition of life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries, this is the cheapest and the most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.—Chanung.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say "Working succeeds like success." Effort—honest, manifold, humble effort—succeeds by its refusal to stoop, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. But you, like men, be strong and exarise your strength. Work onward and upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your care, clear your vision and crown your labors with reward.—Gladstone.

A poor woman, understanding that the poet Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into sickness and poverty. Goldsmith told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately sent home and put ten guineas into a pill-box, with the following directions: "These must be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with the prescription to the comfortable moneer, and his golden pills no doubt cheered the drooping and desponding patient, and brought hope and gladness to the heart bowed down.

Chats With the Children.

From the German of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Translated by E. M. Clarke.

Sweet Mary mild, all unfledged, A rose without a thorn, Thou hast restored, with light on thy breast, The loss mankind did incur Through Adam's fall; thy lofty call Thy Gabriel was spoken.

Altho' that might be token My guilt and sin grace for me win; For sad our lot where thou art not, Mercy for us to do.

Then turn not, pray, from me away When my last hour is due.

Thou, Father high, dost satisfy Our maden's longing sore; The days and years, ... woe and tears. Their anxious state weep or: Through all the past they hoped at last To see another sown.

The mighty gates of heaven, By One who came and took our blame And woe; through thee that mystery In maiden motherhood Was wrought, and now to thee we vow A crown of gratitude.

Mary most pure, sole hope secure Of sinners, thou on earth; Since thee, our light, the Eternal Might Hath chosen to give birth To Saviour high, decreed to try At the Last Day our cause, Keep me within his laws.

O Fruit most dear, my refuge, here I call upon, when, with St. John I from the Cross was given, That thou to me a mother be, First here and then in heaven!

O Mary Maid, in thee no shade Of fault hath ever been found! There lives no man who may or can Thy glory duly sound; Thy prayers high float to the sky, From earth to heaven. Like thee No creature e'er can be While time endures, O Maiden pure! When dumb I lie, to death anguish, And soul and body sever, Both thou, thee, pray, I in this lay To praise thee did endeavor.

The breathing operation in a small is one of the queerest processes imaginable, and is carried out without the least semblance of lunacy. The orifice through which he takes his supply of "the breath of life" is, of course, called the mouth, notwithstanding that it is situated in the side of his great sucker-like foot. The process of breathing is not carried on with anything like regularity, as it is in most creatures, the mouth simply opening occasionally to let in a supply of fresh air, which is expelled by the same opening as soon as the oxygen has been exhausted. The snail's poultice mouth is provided with a tongue set with hundreds of fine teeth.

Many of you have probably read of the arrival of the sailors across the sea of the two bold Swedish sailors who have made the journey in a small open boat. Think of it! Three thousand miles in a rowboat with the only propelling power the stout arms of the two occupants! It is the most remarkable water feat that has ever been accomplished and the pluck and skill of these sailors will go down into history. One of the men, Frank Harbo, was the originator of the expedition. He was an expert sailor, brought up on the sea almost, for before he was sixteen he had been graduated from a sailor's school in Sweden and had started on his first voyage. When he was sixteen he came to America, and in the fourteen years of his residence here he has followed sea work for a living. He had long had the idea that he could cross the Atlantic in a rowboat and last winter he determined to carry it out. He had his boat built here under his special supervision. It is eighteen feet long and weighs 200 pounds. Without its load it drew only three inches and loaded only seven inches. It had no cabin, but there was a water tank fitted in each end of it to hold fresh water and a canvas stretched over one of the tanks served as a place under which the men slept. Having got his boat ready Harbo found a friend, George Fox, another Swede, who was as eager as himself to make the adventurous trial. On the 6th day of June last the men rowed down the bay followed by cheers of thousands of spectators along the shores, most of whom were free to predict that the men would never be heard of again. The men were very sure, however, that they could make the trip and said that they would reach the Solly Islands off the coast of France in forty or forty-five days. They did reach there Aug 1, fifty-five days from the start, which is quite as near accuracy as could be expected, considering no one had ever tried the trip, to know how long it might take or if it could be done at all. The men rowed all night, taking turns in sleeping five hours each in the daytime. In stormy weather each man had a stout line tied around his waist, the other end attached to his seat, so that if the boat should upset and drift off on a big wave he could quickly pull himself back to it. The accounts of the trip have not yet been received, but it is already reported they upset only

once, and that beyond being somewhat exhausted after their long pull they are quite well. They carried canned meats and vegetables and plenty of oatmeal. This latter food can, it seems, be used with half salt water, probably because it absorbs so much salt, and they thought if their supply of fresh water ran low the oatmeal would prove very useful. Of course the season at which they crossed was the time when the ocean is its calmest; but July storms, if short, are often severe, and if any of you have ever watched a rowboat on the waters of a large river on a rough day and noticed how slow was its headway and how carefully it had to be managed to keep from upsetting, you may have some idea of the extraordinary sailing skill which has been displayed by these Swedes, to say nothing of the courage which was needed to undertake the trip. Of course the trip was foolhardy and unnecessary, for no one expects that rowboats crossing the ocean will become common. But the daring experiment of the men cannot be questioned, and they and their staunch little boat will be objects of interested curiosity wherever they go. Of one thing, however, you may be sure—they are not going to row back.

It seems as strange as fiction, Yet 'tis a fact grown old, An ocean steamer's furnace Is hottest when it's cooled. —Philadelphia Times.

An Irishman once bought an alarm clock which went all right for a time, but one day it suddenly stopped. Pat fled with curiosity, pulled it to pieces and found inside of it a dead mouse.

"Bedad and see what the matter with it," said Pat, "'it's the engine driver that's dead!"

Advertising is not the outcome of modern necessity, but a very ancient practice. The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus leaves, over 3,000 years old, have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slaves, and offering a reward for their capture; and in Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

A thousand years ago Benedictine monks discovered a small sulphur spring on a mountain near Munich. They built there a hospital which was used by their order until ninety years ago, when it was bought by King Maximilian of Bavaria, who filled it with poor sick folk.

When the king died his grandson, Duke Theodor, found he had not money enough to keep up his charity. After long and anxious consultation with his brothers, the honest, kindly prince erected new buildings, and opened the house every year for three summer months as an hotel. It is patronized by many of the Royal and noble families in Europe, though it is free to every comer who will conduct himself respectfully and pay for his accommodation.

Duke Theodor provides the food from his own farms, which he overruns, while his brother, Prince Ludwig, acts as host in the hotel. All guests are requested to leave on the last day of August. The hotel is now filled with scores of poor teachers, artists, and authors, invalid soldiers, and poorly-paid organists, whom the Royal brothers have formally invited to honor them with a visit. The money made during the summer is devoted to their entertainment. The duke and prince remain in the house, lavishing kindness and courtesy upon their guests.—From The Cork Examiner.

A man walking down a Chicago street came in front of a taxidermist's, in the window of which was an owl with other animals. "Well," said he, "if I couldn't stuff an owl better than that I would quit the business. The head isn't right, the poise of the body isn't right, the feet are not placed on it right, the feet are not there any more." Before he could finish the owl turned his head and winked at him. The crowd laughed and the critic moved on.

"CANADA'S PRIDE" THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION TORONTO Aug. 31 to Sept. 12 1896 ENTRIES CLOSE AUG. 6TH New Superior Attractions Latest Inventions EVERYTHING UP TO DATE The People's Great Holiday Outing of the Year "WAS FOR IT" Cheap Excursions from Everywhere For Prize Lists and Entry Forms, etc. address J. J. WITHERON M. J. HILL President Manager, Toronto

Niagara River Line NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO. FOUR TRIPS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY) On and after MONDAY, JUNE 8th, steamer "CHAMPLAIN" and "CHATELAIN" will leave Yonge Street Wharf (cost 400 to 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara Falls and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Niagara Falls and Lewiston R.R., Michigan Central R.R. and Niagara Falls Park & River Railway. JOHN F. OY, Manager.

TRY Robt. Powell, 336 YONGE STREET, Opposite Gould Street, GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS, &c. PHONE 1827. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPENTER WORK Executed promptly by JOHN HANRAHAN, No. 25 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO. Telephone 8588.

TORONTO GRANITE CO. LTD. MONUMENTS. We are now offering special inducements to intending purchasers before moving to our new premises, 710 YONGE STREET. Call and see our work and get prices before placing orders. TORONTO GRANITE CO., LTD. 464 YONGE ST. Phone 4312.

HASLETT & CO., Granite and Marble Dealers, 483 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Markers, Posts, etc. Imported and Canadian Granite and Marble Superior work at lowest prices. Latest Designs. All Monuments set up under the supervision of our N. JAMIESON.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D. Eye and Ear Surgeon 22 St. Michael's Hospital, 63 Queen Street West, TORONTO.

WEDDING CAKES ARE AS GOOD AS THE BEST MEN AND THE BEST MATERIALS CAN MAKE THEM. WE SHIP THEM BY EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION. SAFE ARRIVAL GUARANTEED. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND QUOTATION. THE HARRY WEBB CO. LTD. TORONTO THE LARGEST CATERING ESTABLISHMENT AND WEDDING CAKE MANUFACTORY IN CANADA. TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of August 1896, mails close and are due as follows: Cross. Dtz. G. T. R. East 6.00 a.m. 7.30 a.m. G. T. R. West 6.00 a.m. 7.30 a.m. G. T. R. Railway 6.45 a.m. 7.15 p.m. 7.30 a.m. G. T. R. West 6.00 a.m. 7.30 a.m. 8.10 a.m. G. T. R. East 6.00 a.m. 7.30 a.m. 8.10 a.m. Midland 7.00 a.m. 12.30 p.m. 9.30 a.m. C. V. R. 6.30 a.m. 12.30 p.m. 9.30 a.m. G. W. R. 6.30 a.m. 12.30 p.m. U. S. N. Y. 6.30 a.m. 12.30 p.m. U.S. West 6.30 a.m. 12.30 p.m.

Soggarth Aroon. By JOHN BARRIS. Am I the slave they say Soggarth aroon Since you did show the way Soggarth aroon. Their slave no more to be, While they would work with me Ould Ireland's slavery, Soggarth aroon. Why not her poorest man, Sogga th aroon, Try and do all he can. Soggarth aroon. Her commands to fulfil Of his own heart and will, Side by side with you still, Soggarth aroon. Loyal and true to you, Soggarth aroon, Yet be no slave to you, Soggarth aroon, Nor, out of fear to you, Stand up an ear to you— Oh, out of fear to you, Soggarth aroon. Who in the winter's night Soggarth aroon, When the cold blast did bite, Soggarth aroon. Came to my ain door, And, on my earthen floor, Kneel by me sick and poor, Soggarth aroon. Who on the marriage day, Soggarth aroon, Made the poor cabin gay, Soggarth aroon. And did both laugh and sing, Making our hearts to ring, At the poor christening, Soggarth aroon. Who, as friend only met, Soggarth aroon, Never did flout me yet, Soggarth aroon. And when my heart was dim, Gave, what his eye did him, What I would give to him, Soggarth aroon. Oh! you, and only you, Soggarth aroon. For this I was true to you, Soggarth aroon. In love they'll never shake, When for auld Ireland's sake, We a true part did take, Soggarth aroon!

The Widow of Piper's Point.

[FROM THE CURK EXAMINER.]

On the green shores of Sydney Harbor, in a garden bounded by the bush, there sat long ago a wizened, elderly gentleman and a middle-aged, sweet-faced woman in widow's weeds. It was a glaring afternoon in early summer, but a bank of ferns protected the couple from the sun. The blue waters of Port Jackson frothed coolly upon the ribbon of golden sand at their feet, and the gentleman, at all events, was suitably attired. He wore a pair of nankin trousers, fitting very close and strapped under the instep, with a surcoat of the same material. A very tall, very narrow brimmed hat rested on the ground between his chair and that of the lady; and his card, still lying in her lap, proclaimed a first visit, and announced the visitor as Major Thomas Blacker, late of the Royal Artillery, now relegated to Rose Bay, New South Wales. Mrs. Astley was, in fact, a new and interesting arrival in the colony, who, having found the cottage to the south east of Piper's Point untenanted when she landed, had taken it within a week of that time, as if to eschew her new world as she had fled the old. Her nearest neighbor was the major himself, who lived on the opposite shore of Rose Bay, a mile away by land and half that distance by water. He had not been five minutes in the widow's garden when he pointed across the bay with his cane, and showed her a sunlit window blazing among the trees. "That's my place, madam," said the major in an impressive voice. "You can't see it prospective for the sorup; but that's where you'll find me when you require my services. I'm afraid you'll have trouble with your convict servants; if you don't you'll be different from anybody else; when you do, you come to me."

could—forgot it by the hour together! It is still appearing in monthly parts. I am going to have the remaining numbers sent out to me, and I can lend you the early ones." "Ah, very kind of you, I'm sure," remarked the major; but he was thinking of something else. "I can't imagine what can have brought you to such a God-forsaken spot as this!" "So dried out." "Because it is forsaken," murmured the widow. "Put alone!" "I wish to be alone." "The major picked up his hat. "Madam!" said he, "I apologize from my heart. Believe me, I had no intention to intrude; but if you know the colony as I know it you would understand the anxiety of an old stager like myself to render you all the assistance, and I may say the protection, in my power. It may seem officious to you now, but you would understand it, my dear madam, had you been out here as long as I have." And with that the major held out his hand—but Mrs. Astley laid hers upon his arm. "I understand it perfectly," she replied, with the kindest smile; "it is you who misunderstand me. I do appreciate your kindness in coming to see me like this; you will know it, the first difficulty I am in when I shall not hesitate to take you at your word. And I shall be always glad to receive you, sir, when you will do me the honor of calling. Only I have a full-red deeply. I am here to avoid society, not to seek it, and—but surely Major Blacker, you can sympathize with me there?" "I can indeed," cried the honest major. "It was the death of my own dear wife that drove me to New South Wales." The fact, however (and it was one), was scarcely stated with the pathos it deserved, the gallant speaker being occupied in noting the few lines and the many beauties of the comely face so compassionately raised to his. "Then our case is the same, we must be friends," said the widow very gently as *sine rose*. And she accompanied her visitor to the gate, keeping him waiting, however, on the way, while she found the early numbers of "Pickwick."

visit so precipitate. His needed numbers three and four; but the widow was from home—in fact, the assigned servant had taken her out in a boat. The assigned servant! The garden or in that harbor full of sharks! The major strode through the cottage, and elected to wait the lady's landing in his own garden. He must speak seriously to Mrs. Astley. It was long enough for an unprotected woman to live alone in that lonely place with a convict man servant and a maid who was no doubt a convict also—but to trust herself upon the water with a criminal and none beside! It was worse than madness. The poor lady was in need of a friend to warn her of her danger, and she should find that friend in Thomas Blacker. The major stood twirling his moustache by the water's edge until the boat's keel slid into the sand. His eye was on the convict, a tall, bearded, round-shouldered man, who hung his head (as well he might, thought the major) before that ferocious orb. It was the visitor who helped Mrs. Astley to alight on dry land, and then he broke out, without a word of apology for his presence in the garden. Did she know what she was doing trusting herself in that cockpit with a transported ruffian, a desperado who could murder her in a minute if it seemed worth his while? If he had one told her the harbor was full of sharks? But the land sharks of Sydney itself, the felons and malefactors stalking at large there in the light of day, were as bad and worse; yet she could trust herself willingly with one of these!

Oh, don't you think it would be possible to get him his ticket this summer?" The major felt a warm hand upon his arm, the major saw eyes of liquid blue, lighted with enthusiasm, and gazing apparently into his own. They had reached the cottage, and were standing in a tiny morning room filled with flowers and heavy with their scent. The major felt younger than ever. "I could try, he said, "but I fear it wouldn't be much good. Four years' servitude is the limit. I'm afraid wouldn't have much chance." "Try!" said the widow. "It would be an act of humanity, and one for which I should feel personally grateful all my life." The major tried, and won the gratitude without achieving the result desired. Perhaps he did not try quite so hard as he pretended, and perhaps in time the widow detected in him a lukewarmness for the cause, in which she had set her unreasonable heart; at all events the major failed to make a quick advance he had counted upon in Mrs. Astley's affections. At the end of the summer their friendship was still nothing more, and the convict gardener still a convict gardener. As neighbours, the pair would read together the "Pickwick" numbers as they came, and play an occasional game of cribbage in the major's veranda; but as sure as that water-nerter uttered a sentimental word touching his lonely condition, or hers (and the one involved the other), so surely would the widow rise and beg him to escort her home. Nor did the view from the Old Point Road soften her at all with its sparkling moonlit brilliance. Yet it was here, in the incipience of the following summer, that the gallant old fellow, after an extra glass of wine with his dinner, at last declared himself. Mrs. Astley heard him with an expressionless face turned towards the harbour; but ere he finished, the moonlight that strove those waters with shimmering stones had found two also in her eyes. "I cannot," she cried. "I loved my husband—I love him still—I shall never marry again!" "But so did I love my sainted wife," protested the major; "yet I would marry to-morrow. I consider it no disgrace to the dead, on the contrary it is the highest compliment we can pay them, as showing so happy an experience of wedlock that we should again repeat it. Not that I thought so until I met you," he added, a little hastily, to quell a look which made him uncomfortable. "I don't believe you think so now," replied the candid widow. "You not only mean less than you say, you feel less, and must forgive me for you may not know it yourself, but a woman is never deceived. Think it over, and you will agree with me; but never, never let us speak of this again. It hurts me to hurt you—and I like you so much as a friend!" As for Thomas Blacker, the first plunge had completely sobered him, and he bitterly repented that indiscretion of the fall which had led him into a declaration as premature as it had been also unpremeditated. As a soldier, however, he took kindly to retreat for the mere fact of deploring his advances; retrost, indeed, was out of the question; and the major's further protestations were pitched in a key calculated to acquit of a charge which rankled, being true. "Your answer I accept, and can bear," he retorted with dignity, "but not your misjudgment of my feelings. That would be cruel—if you were capable of cruelty. Permit me at least to say that it shows an ignorance of my real nature which cuts me to the quick. I have expressed myself but poorly if you can still doubt my readiness to devote my life to you—aye, or to lay it down if need be for your sake! There is nothing I would not do for you. The slightest service I should esteem my privilege."

engaged upon plans for the fortification of the harbor, and had the ear of his Excellency in magisterial matters as well. What he had mentioned only tentatively and not altogether seriously the year before he urged now as a peculiarly deserving cause. And in no more than a day or two he had the pleasure of calling at the cottage with a paper for the widow to sign, and of meeting the gardener on the path as he was coming away. "I suppose you know what it has here, my man?" cried the major, tapping a breast inflated with conscious benevolence. "The mistress has mentioned it," replied the man, trembling in an instant. "I am deeply grateful, sir, to you. I little thought to get it yet." "Nor have you, sir, nor have you," said the major briskly. "You ticket's no ticket till it's signed by the Governor and also in your hands. How- ever," he added, with a touch of the self importance he enjoyed, "I have promised your mistress to use my influence in your behalf, so by the end of the week you may very possibly hear from me again." Again as if to finish the thing off with a flourish, Thomas Blacker was finally even better than his word; for as far from the end of the week as Wednesday evening he dined in Sydney and rode out by moonlight and the Old Point Road with Mrs. Astley's ticket signed and sealed in his pocket. Once more the major had dined well, but this time not unwisely; yet his heart troubled with a trouble which had never entered his calculations hitherto. His brother was dead; his brother's estates were now his own. The incoming mail had brought the news, and with it a round of applause and congratulations from connections and friends who, for years, had shown no knowledge of his existence. The major was in a private quandary of the spirit; he was quite unable to make up his mind. Should he go home a married man, or should he see his time-serving friends to the deuce and never go home at all? The tropic moon and the heavenly harbor inclined him to the latter, certain phrases in his home letters to the former course; but what about his wife? She was qualified to adorn any society in which the major had ever moved, but—there were but to ignore them, but there they were. At home he was not sure that he would want to be married at all; here it was a different thing; and here, no doubt, he would end his days, after all. There were worse places. These moonlight nights made the place a paradise of soft airs and rustling leaves, and miles and miles of jewelled carpet beneath the white starred ceiling of the South ern sky. Yes, it was a spot to live and die in, and be thankful; and he would marry the widow, if the widow would marry him; and after the other night—

Bubbles or Medals. The best sarsaparilla... engaged upon plans for the fortification of the harbor, and had the ear of his Excellency in magisterial matters as well. What he had mentioned only tentatively and not altogether seriously the year before he urged now as a peculiarly deserving cause. And in no more than a day or two he had the pleasure of calling at the cottage with a paper for the widow to sign, and of meeting the gardener on the path as he was coming away. "I suppose you know what it has here, my man?" cried the major, tapping a breast inflated with conscious benevolence. "The mistress has mentioned it," replied the man, trembling in an instant. "I am deeply grateful, sir, to you. I little thought to get it yet." "Nor have you, sir, nor have you," said the major briskly. "You ticket's no ticket till it's signed by the Governor and also in your hands. How- ever," he added, with a touch of the self importance he enjoyed, "I have promised your mistress to use my influence in your behalf, so by the end of the week you may very possibly hear from me again." Again as if to finish the thing off with a flourish, Thomas Blacker was finally even better than his word; for as far from the end of the week as Wednesday evening he dined in Sydney and rode out by moonlight and the Old Point Road with Mrs. Astley's ticket signed and sealed in his pocket. Once more the major had dined well, but this time not unwisely; yet his heart troubled with a trouble which had never entered his calculations hitherto. His brother was dead; his brother's estates were now his own. The incoming mail had brought the news, and with it a round of applause and congratulations from connections and friends who, for years, had shown no knowledge of his existence. The major was in a private quandary of the spirit; he was quite unable to make up his mind. Should he go home a married man, or should he see his time-serving friends to the deuce and never go home at all? The tropic moon and the heavenly harbor inclined him to the latter, certain phrases in his home letters to the former course; but what about his wife? She was qualified to adorn any society in which the major had ever moved, but—there were but to ignore them, but there they were. At home he was not sure that he would want to be married at all; here it was a different thing; and here, no doubt, he would end his days, after all. There were worse places. These moonlight nights made the place a paradise of soft airs and rustling leaves, and miles and miles of jewelled carpet beneath the white starred ceiling of the South ern sky. Yes, it was a spot to live and die in, and be thankful; and he would marry the widow, if the widow would marry him; and after the other night—

PARALYSIS CURED—SWORN STATEMENT.

Mrs. Maggie McCarton, 27 Radnor St., Toronto, Ont., swears that Ryckman's "Knee-knocker" cured her of Paralysis which rendered one side of her body entirely useless. Physicians said there was no chance of her ever recovering the use of her limbs. Hope deserted her, but to-day she is walking around telling her friends how Ryckman's "Knee-knocker" cured her. On a trial, she has now resulted, after using eight bottles, using it internally and externally, in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me. On August 1st the Popo received the managing director of the Corriere Nazionale and Minister Paselli, who presented to His Holiness the sum of 20,000 lire, being the amount of first subscription opened as a proof of Italy's recognition of the steps taken by Leo XIII. for the liberation of the prisoners in Abyssinia. The Pope stated that he had not received any news from Monsignor Macaris owing to the difficulties of communication. He hoped, however, that the liberation of the Italian prisoners would be accomplished. For NINE YEARS—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my legs; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Cure. After using eight bottles, using it internally and externally, in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me." The spring lamb is like the city sharper—he gambols on the green. Many pleasures are allowed if many are earned. Flasher: "So Esau's dead, eh? Poor fellow! How did he die?" Dumberton: "Without a struggle." Flasher: "I might have known it. He never was known to exert himself."

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

F. B. A.

LETTER OF CONVICTION. To P. J. Crotty, Member of the Grand Branch Executive Committee

DEAR SIR AND BROTHERS.—On behalf of the officers and members of the Grand Branch of the F. B. A. we beg to tender you and your esteemed wife our sincere sympathy in the loss you have sustained by the death of your infant daughter and supplicants for your Holy Mother's ever blessed Mercy to obtain for you the will of her humble submission to the will of our Divine Son.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH, No. 12, TORONTO. The members of Branch No. 12 held a very prosperous meeting in their hall on Wednesday, the 12th. There were several important subjects under consideration which were referred to a special committee to deal with. The report of the Grand Secretary for the quarter was read, and a circular stating that the annual convention will be held at Ottawa during September.

Almonte.

At a regular meeting of the Father Mathew Temperance Association of Almonte, held August 16th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: Rev. Director, Very Rev. Canon Foley; President, W. Hogan; 1st Vice-President, J. P. O'Connor; 2nd Vice-President, P. Frawley; Secretary, E. Kelly; Assistant Secretary, F. Johnston; Treasurer, P. Dalry.

Committee of Management—J. O'Neill, W. Hogan, J. Frawley, E. Horan, F. McWhillie.

St. Basil's School. St. Basil's Separate School sent up eleven pupils to write for the entrance examinations—seven girls and four boys, and all passed. One of the girls received the highest number of marks of any of the pupils that wrote. This speaks well for our separate schools. The parents of the children attending St. Basil's School have reason to feel proud of it, as it has kept up its reputation as the banner school of the city. Too much credit cannot be paid to the Rev. Father Brennan, parish priest, and Sisters Irene, leaders, Berchmans and Eucaria, for the good work done by them during the year.

A Black Eye for the Queen.

The Kilkenny Journal, commenting upon the release of John Daly, the Irish political prisoner, from Portland Prison, says:—"The red Indians' tortures to captives is humane when compared with the torture inflicted upon Daly in England." Continuing, the paper refers to the allusion in the Queen's speech to the outrages in Armenia, and adds: "The Queen can find nearer home more vent for her hypocritical tears than among the Kurds," and asks: "Where is the Queen's clemency? Daly was released a month before death would have released him, and three others would have been driven mad by tortures in penal servitude compared with which Siberian exile is drawing-room imprisonment. This is the way Victoria wishes to signalize her record reign. She would not have been a loss to the victims of her brutal rule in Ireland if she had gone years ago. At the present moment she knows she is standing in the way of those who wish to see her in her royal sepulchre, and she has neither the grace to abdicate nor the humanity to open prisons to Irishmen until they precede her on the voyage from which none return."

Lord Russell in Town.

Lord Russell and party arrived in the city yesterday afternoon by the Ontario. The boat was forty minutes late, but notwithstanding that fact a large crowd waited on the wharf to see the distinguished visitor as they landed. Mr. Edgar Wills stepped on board the boat, and on behalf of the council of the Board of Trade welcomed his Lordship to the city. Carriages were in waiting, and the party drove to the Queen's hotel, where they are registered. Accompanying Lord Russell are—Lady Russell, the Hon. Miss Lily Russell, his daughter; Mr. Charles Russell, his son; Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P.; Lady Lockwood; the Hon. Miss Lucy Lockwood; Mr. M. Craekenthorpe, Q.O.; Mr. James Foxhall, England. No formal reception was held yesterday, but in the evening Lord Russell and the other members of the party were entertained at dinner at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club by Mr. B. B. Oaler, Q.C., where his Lordship met a number of prominent legislators and others. Among those present were: Archbishop Walsh, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Beaulieu Irving, Q.C. Lord Russell will be entertained today at luncheon at Osgoode hall by the members of the Law Society. In the evening he will attend a dinner in his honor to be given at the Toronto Club by the council of the Board of Trade.

He will leave for Montreal at nine o'clock this evening.—Mail and Empire of Wednesday.

A despatch from Toledo, O., of Aug. 25 says: "The Canadian Cup, the Canadian defenseless challenge. Vencedor to-day in the first race for the international trophy. The winner made the course in five hours and 10 minutes, or eleven minutes within the time limit."

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Has no more pills. 10 CENTS. My daughter, 16 years old, in the last 3 years had frequent attacks of nervous prostration, and then for 24 hours would be very faint, and would not get up until she had taken a few pills of this Tonic and had a good night's sleep. A. J. Hogan, 4 St. James Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Palpitation of the Heart. My father has been informed of the benefits of your Tonic in relieving the heart. I was suffering from Palpitation of the Heart, and after taking a few bottles of your Tonic, I feel perfectly well. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Adam Lude, 100 St. James Street, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE Valuable Hoop on Nervous Diseases and a simple bottle to any address. KROENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 49 St. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. IN TORONTO BY LYMAN BROS.

LATEST MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like Wheat, Oats, Peas, Barley, etc. Columns include item name and price per bushel or unit.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL, Aug. 25.—Grain.—It is reported today that 35,000 bushels of No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat were sold at Fort William, about at 62c. Wheat—No. 1 hard, nominal; No. 2 hard, nominal; peas, per 60 lbs, about 60c to 65c; oats, No. 2 white, 23c to 24c; No. 2, nominal; barley, 44c to 46c; buckwheat, per bushel, 30c to 31c. Flour.—There is a fair trade at steady prices in both Ontario and Quebec grades. Straight rollers, old wheat, \$3.45 to \$3.50; straight rollers, new wheat, \$3.25 to \$3.35; strong bakers', Man., best brands, \$3.46 to \$3.55; spring patents, Man., \$3.75 to \$3.90; winter, \$3.70 to \$3.85. Meal.—The market is dull and prices very irregular. Rolled, per bbl., \$2.60 to \$2.80; standard, per bbl., \$2.60 to \$2.75; Lamb, per cwt., \$10.00 to \$10.50; \$2.65 to \$2.75; granulated, per bag, \$1.30 to \$1.40.

United States. East Buffalo, Aug. 25.—Cattle.—17 cars through and 1 on sale; market quiet and steady at \$6 to \$6.50; common to fair, \$4 to \$4.75. Hogs—22 cars through and 12 on sale; market steady easier for pigs and heavy grades; ready for light and good Yorkers; Yorkers, \$5.70; light lots, \$3.75 to \$3.85; mixed packers, \$3.40 to \$3.50; rough, \$3 to \$3.10; stage, \$2.25 to \$2.75. Sheep and lambs—4 cars through and 8 on sale; market strong for sheep and firm for lambs; good to choice western lambs, \$5.35 to \$5.60; common, \$3.25 to \$4.40. Cattle closed steady. Hogs closed steady and all sold. Sheep and lambs closed firm, only 9 cars were on sale all told and they were taken at \$4.75 to \$5.00 per dozen.

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