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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

The 18th of the month at work - The Birthplace of St. Brigid - A Scottish Estate Cause - McCall may become a Commoner.

Startling revelations have been made in connection with the death of a female prisoner about the condition of the Belfast police barracks. The cells are cesspools caving with vermin and infested by rats.

The Nationalists of Armagh have passed the following resolution: "We, the members of this branch, heretofore record our best confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party under the leadership of Mr. John Dillon, who was elected by the majority of the Irish race and pledge ourselves by every means in our power to assist them till they succeed in obtaining Home Rule for Ireland and the land for the people."

Major Jamieson, M.P., makes a public appeal for Government aid to the Olave coast fisheries. A young man named Jeremiah Davoren, son of Mr. Michael Davoren, Clarendon, a well known resident of Ennis district, met with a shocking accident through the bursting of a gun. He was hurriedly taken to the County Infirmary, where the hand was at once amputated from the wrist.

A boy named McCarthy has been robbed and kidnapped by tunkers near Tallow. Mrs. Wilson has sold the Victoria Hotel to Mr. John O'Connell, managing director of John Daly & Co.'s business stores.

The Sacrosanct Golden Jubilee of the Right Rev. Monsignor Maguire, P.P., St. Finbar's, was celebrated on Oct. 17 and 18 by the presentation of various addresses to that rev. gentleman.

His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, when lately in Rome, placed before His Eminence, Cardinal Ledochowski, the ability, merit and worth of the Very Rev. John O'Leary, P.P., Clonsilla. Then, at His Eminence's request, he placed before the Roman authorities a written statement of the case; and on the Bishop's return home he found before him a letter from Monsignor Della Voglia, the Maggiordomo of the Pope, conferring on the Very Rev. John O'Leary the dignity and rank of being numbered among the Camerieri Segreti of His Holiness.

Mr. Swithin Fleming, the oldest solicitor in Ireland, died late on Oct. 17th at his residence, Lake View, Middleton, at the patriarchal age of over 100 years. Deceased, who was in his day a distinguished member of the solicitor profession, retired from business forty years ago, his favourite counsel for briefs and the conductor of criminal cases being the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. He enjoyed all his faculties up to the day of his demise, and a remarkable fact was that he deceased (Mr. Fleming) was always able to read and write without spectacles.

The return of his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, from Ivesa and Rome, was awaited by his parishioners as a fitting occasion on which to give expression to the renewed feelings of veneration and respect entertained by them towards his Lordship and to give practical proof of these sentiments. The Bishop of Ross, in company with other prelates, undertook the journey to Ivesa, in North Italy, in order to be present at the great celebration in honor of the newly beatified Blessed Thaddeus Macair or MacCarthy, first Bishop of Ross. After attending the celebration his Lordship proceeded to Rome, and there had audience with the Holy Father, and only arrived back in Skibbereen on Oct. 21. A large and representative attendance of townspeople were present at the railway station to welcome their venerated Bishop, whose return after such a toilsome journey has aroused feelings of joy all over the diocese.

The harvest is a failure in Galway. At the Ballinasloe Quarter Sessions, over 60 ejection decrees were granted by the Recorder, Mr. R. Nicoll Henn, O.C. The Marquis of Clanricarde obtained over 20 decrees, the rent due ranging from three to eight years. There are ejections also at the suit of Lord Clanricarde, Lord Clonbrock, Captain Smith and others.

The eviction brigade is at work near Killybegs. The crops in Kerry have turned out wretchedly. George Hutton, employed at the Anglo-American Cable station at Valencia Island, was drowned on Oct. 19th.

Miss Kate Dunne, Luggacouran, is dead. She had just returned from California.

A summons has been ordered in Limrick arising out of the conduct of a member of the Corporation who drew a revolver on another citizen on Saturday night during an argument as to the claims of the former to be elected on the board of a city institution. The revolver is reported to have been wrested from the Corporator by his

ment in the argument, who, by the way, is understood to be a relative of his.

On Oct. 14th, according to The Freeman's Journal, the foundation stone of a new church was laid near historic Faughart, the birthplace of St. Brigid and the birthplace of Edward Bruce, by His Eminence Cardinal Logue. Irish Catholics everywhere will agree with what the Cardinal said on the occasion—that it would be a reproach to them if in the birthplace of the patroness of Ireland and near her ancient shrine there were now no worthy temple where the Gospel of St. Patrick and St. Brigid could be preached. We are certain that Father Scroggy will find many helpers to lighten his task. Only the other day Protestantism endeavored to establish a link with St. Brigid by restoring the Norman Cathedral erected in her honor in Kildare. Her own people are not less proud of her memory than the stranger, and the new church at Faughart will express their pride.

On Oct. 19th a meeting was held at Soave for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken to aid the tenant farmers of the district in tiding over the present disastrous season. The meeting, which was largely attended, was presided over by the patriotic pastor, Rev. J. Monahan, O.C. In the death of his eldest son, in his forty-fourth year, leaving behind him a sorrowing wife and family, there is universal sympathy for Alderman Power, J.P., who by his fine patriotic record and honorable traits of character was so highly respected by all classes and creeds in Waterford.

A shocking railway accident occurred at Borries, two miles outside Athlone on Oct. 18, whereby Charles Morgan, a respectable farmer, living at Ballybeg, when proceeding along the railway line from Kiltoom towards Athlone lost his life.

There was an exciting scene in Westford Bay on Oct. 22, when a Peel fishing boat was wrecked on the Dogger Bank. All lives were saved. A discussion is going on in the newspapers about the condition of the rack-rented tenants of the Tintern estate.

The tenants on the Wicklow estate of the late Mr. C. S. Parnell, which is to be sold in the Landed Estates Court, are at present negotiating for the purchase of their holdings. At a meeting recently held they decided on the terms on which they would be willing to purchase.

ENGLAND. Canon McColl. The report is current that Canon McColl intends to resign his position in the Anglican Church to enter the House of Commons.

SCOTLAND. Hunter-Blair, has bequeathed his estates of Brownhill and Blairquhan Castle, in Argyshire, to his second son Edward and his heirs in strict settlement, with remainder to his other sons, failing whom the property is to pass to his daughter Lady Glasgow. The eldest son, Father Oswald, of the Fort Augustus Monastery, succeeds only to the entailed estate of Dunseigh, of which it was impossible to deprive him, but Sir Edward has exercised his powers of charging this property to the uttermost. Sir Edward has made provision for the payment of any expenses which may be incurred if Father Oswald should attempt to dispute the will.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Paroelco's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Delicately Constituted these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

St. Michael's School. The following is a list of the pupils of St. Michael's School who received testimonials of merit for the month of October 1896: Fourth Form—Excellent—J. Archer, D. Graine, J. Egan, G. Lator, G. O'Leary, P. Byrnes, J. Ferris, J. Mackey, C. Gallen. Third Form—Excellent—C. Kerr, E. McMillan, J. O'Connell, E. Girton, J. Brazill. Second Form—Excellent—P. Meagher, E. Foley, G. Kelly, Good—W. O'Rielly, N. McGrath, T. Lynch.

The only permanent cure for chronic catarrh is to thoroughly expel the poison from the system by the faithful and persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The wonderful remedy proves successful when all other treatment has failed to relieve the sufferer.

Death of a Distinguished Cardinal. Pope, Oct. 30.—Cardinal Prince Gustav Adolphus von Hohenlohe-Schillingensburgh, of Prince von Hohenlohe-Schillingensburgh, the Imperial Chancellor of Germany, died here this morning. He was born Feb. 22, 1823, and created Cardinal June 22, 1896. Cardinal Hohenlohe was the ranking member of the Sacred College in retirement, and held the office of Arch-priest of the Liberian Basilica in Rome. He had been ill for several weeks.

A Bargee's Sweetheart.

New York Times.

The three forty five horse car, or tram, as they call it there, had just gone jingling down the white road to the flat lying in front of the Pandie bary Children's Hospital. A well knit young fellow was walking up one of the little gravel paths that lead from the sweep of the carriage drive, between the square grass plots, to the "patients' visitors' door," in the side of the long central corridor, one blazing September afternoon.

John Thrupp was a bargee, and a fine, strapping, young fellow, an easy six feet in his blue worsted socks, deep in the chest, and with not an ounce of superfluous fat anywhere. If his brow was low, with the hair that fell over it coarse and tan-colored, it was broad and "stood upright," and the eyes under it were good, honest blue ones. The clean shaved lips met firmly over two rows of strong white teeth in a jaw heavy but not brutal.

No one could call John Thrupp a lout, if he was a bargee, and though he stooped a little from the shoulders, it wasn't the outcome of a slovenly nature in the man, but simply because he could, and did if necessary, drag, by a rope over his shoulder, a heavy, lumbering barge that would puzzle many an upright gentleman to stir. So far from being a lout, John Thrupp had from long habit, of the indispensable attributes of gentleman. He was a man of his word and had a love of cleanliness—inside and out.

He loved his cold plunge in the Broads at daylight, told the truth as unvaryingly and enjoyed a clean shave as keenly as any gentleman strove in a "Varsity eight.

Well! This bargee turned a shade paler, in spite of his six feet and broad shoulders, as he caught sight of the rows of white beds, with the red-jacketed little forms in them, in the wards on either side the path. He moistened his lips and swallowed a little nervously as he rang a bell beside the open doorway, that startled him by clanging just over his head. A brisk voice said:

"Come in; come straight on," and doing so, John found himself, after passing through a small receiving room, the long, slate-paved corridor, with its fifty pale windows and double sets of glass doors opening into the long, branching pavilion wards.

Two doctors, in loose jackets and with long hair, were standing at the far end talking, but their voices did not reach to where John stood, a little dazed and at a loss how to proceed. The same brisk voice, now close behind him, remarked: "Well?" and paused.

John turned and saw a blue-gowned, white-aproned figure in a high white cap sitting on a polished bench against the dark wall—looking for all the world like a blue and white china tile set up against the dark oak shelf. The nurse—for it was a nurse—or at least a probationer (and not a tile) had a pencil and book in her hands, and, without looking up, went on rapidly:

"Who to see? How many? Only yourself? No infection of any sort at home, I hope; whom did you say?" glancing at last up at poor John's puzzled face, with her pencil ready to put a cross against the patient he should ask for.

"A little girl; at least a young girl," said John. "Nancy Bateson, adding a little unsteadily, "she was hurt—here," touching his own broad chest.

"Hayward Ward—in the special," replied the nurse, getting up and standing by John to point up the corridor. "Go straight up to the statue and turn into the glass doors to the left, under the lantern in the roof."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said John, going as directed; and then turned hesitatingly to her and said: "How is she, Miss, please?" But the nurse did not know. She said she "was over on the other side, in Lieber," but that the sister in Hayward would tell him.

The closed door on his left opened and the sister, a tall, thin woman, in a dark green serge gown and a variation of the prevailing white cap on her white hair, came out, saying to the unseen occupant of the little eight-sided room within: "I don't think there is any coming to see you, dear. It is nearly four, when the visitors go. Unless," she said, facing John, "this is your brother. Have you any message to Nancy Bateson, young man?" she added.

"Will, Nancy," in a voice so husky one might have thought he was a man of feeling, and not "only a bargee." "Well, John," said the block-eyed little creature, whose dark curly hair lay still on the pillow, though she put a rough little boy's hand into John's great fist. John noticed she had her yellow beads round her throat still, though she was wearing a wash-out blue flannel jacket belonging to the ward, which struck him strangely.

"Don't move your arms, Nancy dear," he said, speaking in almost a whisper and not daring to clasp the hand laid in his. "Are you better?" Nancy smiled up at him, still not moving, but pressing his hand a little, and said: "You've frightened me, John! But I'm a lot better—I'm not drowned now, you silly!"

John smiled a little, for the first time since he had looked at her, and said: "Yes, I'm frightened at you! You look so delicate and such a little thing; and I don't seem to know you, lying about like that."

"I don't lie about much on the boat, do I?" said Nancy, the flush which his coming had caused fading and leaving the little brown face suddenly. "How's father, John?" "He's gone on with the boat. It had to go, you know, so far as Bolton. He's coming on Wednesday to see yer—back by train—if you ain't out o' this by then, Nancy."

"Nay, I shan't be out," said Nancy, her eyes filling. "The lady—the sister, I mean—says I'll have to lie still a good bit because of my ribs. Did you know, John, when you pulled me out o' water, that the boat had gone aground and squeezed me aground the bridge before I went under."

John nodded, and putting his left hand over hers lying in his right, said huskily: "Did it hurt very bad, Nancy dear?" and then, breaking down altogether, poor John knelt by the top of the bed and sobbed like a child.

"Don't cry, John, now don't cry," said Nancy, the red blood coming like a wave into her face suddenly. "It was not so very bad; I was dazed and didn't feel like at all. Don't cry, John, I be a lot better, and it don't hurt now."

For a moment or two the poor fellow sobbed helplessly over his little crushed playfellow, and then, when she said "You mustn't, John; the lady can see through that little window and she'll make yer go," he kissed the hand he was holding and sat back in the chair and looked pitifully at her, feeling a great helplessness.

"John," said Nancy, shyly, after a moment, "what made you say I was your sweetheart when I ain't?" "You are, Nancy; I didn't know it myself till I come to tell the lady you was naught to me, and then I knowed you were everything and all I've got to care for. When you come out of this you'll be my sweetheart, won't you, Nancy?"

"Come home soon, Nancy," he said, "and I'll take better care of you. You shan't jump off the barge again, nor get drowned no more."

"The door opened to admit a doctor and the sister. John stood up and touched his forehead to the doctor, who nodded and said: "Your sister's over the age, my man; she ought to have been taken to the infirmary, but as we have taken her in, we must get her well. How old are you?" he added to the girl.

"I'm sixteen and eight months, Sir." "Dear me, she don't look it, does she, sister?" "No," said the sister, taking down a card that hung over the bed, and adding the age to it. "It's the short curly hair makes her look so young, else she's a fine grown girl really."

"How come she to be brought here?" said the doctor, holding Nancy's wrist, and putting one foot up on the chair by the bed, resting his watch by his knee. He addressed John, but kept his eyes on Nancy's face, which was paling and flushing by turns.

"I was carrying her in my arms, after we got her out, Sir, and her father says to the policeman: 'Where ought we take my little girl, she's been nearly drowned, and hurt?' 'Little girl?' says the policeman, 'take her to Gartside Street, the Children's Hospital, out-patient's room; you know?' and so we does; and there was a van there, and they told us to get in and we was drove here."

"Oh! I see," said the doctor, laying down the hand he held, and putting up his watch. "Say good-bye to your sister, and come to the out-patient room, and give me your address."

"She's my sweetheart, Sir," said John slowly, looking at Nancy's downcast eyelids. "Oh, ho!" said the doctor, glancing sharply from one to the other. "Then must certainly it's time you went. You're far too interesting a visitor for our patient. But being a man of quick sympathy, and although he was a doctor and a man of science," having a sweetheart of his own, he talked the sister out of the door, as he left the sister the young things a moment to themselves, while he impressed upon her that Nancy must on no account attempt to move.

"We shall have some mischief with that broken rib, unless we look out. But, so far, she's doing splendidly." John caught the last words as he, too, came out, and how they altered the look of things for him!

"I'll be very grateful to you, Sir, if you'll cure her;" and added by a sudden inspiration, "she's all I've got to love, and I'll do anything for you if you'll get her well, Sir. I'm going to have a barge of my own next Spring, and I'll take better care of her after this."

"Oh! so Miss Nancy is to be Mrs. John Thrupp, is she?" laughed the doctor. "Yes, she is, Sir," returned John, laughing too out of the joy and relief at his heart.

As he ran down the road to catch the train that came jingling up, the doctor of the horses' heads and the bolts of the harness seemed to repeat the doctor's capital suggestion, "Mrs. John Thrupp!"

The next visiting day, Sunday, John Thrupp was again going from Manchester to Pandborough, on the top of the tram, to see Nancy. He was earlier this time.

Then he remembered how his poor Nancy had fallen into the canal, striking her body against the pier of the stone bridge, and how he plunged into the water and bore her lifeless to the shore—his dear Nancy!

It was the same blue-and-white nurse on duty as portress, and John came in briskly out of the sunshine into the cool grey corridor, and took off his cap with quite a gallant smile, as he laid, before the nurse spoke this time—"To see Nancy Bateson"—and quite proud of his knowledge, added, "In Hayward Special, ain't it? Only myself, please, Miss."

The nurse said "Yes," and added: "Oh!—Mr. Bateson." "John Thrupp," said John, smiling still. "Oh!—yes," said the nurse. "Mr. Thrupp, wait a moment, please." John stood on one side, wondering what she wanted with him, and watched her send a cabman and his wife, who asked for "Johnny Mahoney—a baby," to "North Ward." John wondered idly what the matter with "Johnny Mahony," as the anxious parents called it.

When they turned and went off to the right, John looked after them, and did not notice the momentary hesitation and glance of pity the little blue-and-white nurse cast on him as she laid her book on the bench, and got up and said: "Will you come this way, Mr. Thrupp?"

"Has she been moved out of there?" said John, following, as they came opposite the Hayward doors.

"The doctor wants to speak to you," replied the nurse, without answering him, and opened the door of the room into which the doctor had taken him last time.

The doctor was sitting the other side of a square, green leather table, and looked up absently from his writing; and then, as John said cheerily: "Good day, Sir," he sprung suddenly to recognize the young fellow. A worried look came into his face, and he said:

"Oh, it's you; wait a moment," and getting up quickly, he followed the nurse out of the room, turning to add as he closed the door: "Sit down, I'll be back in a moment."

The door opened again and the doctor came in, looking very grave indeed; and shutting the door, stood with his back to it, and said:

"Mr. Thrupp, I am very much distressed to find you have not had the message I sent to Gartside street last night; I quite thought you had it."

"What message, Sir?" said John, suddenly frightened at the doctor's grave tone. "I didn't think to go and ask for no message—she was getting better—she ain't no worse, is she, doctor?"

"My poor fellow," said the doctor, his eyes pale, "a little, I wish you would go to inquire. She got much worse yesterday afternoon, so we wired she tried to sit up, got chilled, and hemorrhage, internal hemorrhage set in."

"We thought you'd got the wire and be prepared. She sank rapidly. There was no pain, but we could do nothing. She died about midnight."

John sat on very still, with his cap in his hands, between his knees, staring at the doctor, who laid his hand tenderly on his shoulder, and was saying something else, but he didn't hear what. The whole room, the whole world, seemed throbbing with those few words: "She died about midnight."

Half an hour later John Thrupp, bargee, was slowly walking back to Manchester with a little parcel of girl's garments under his arm, and a string of yellow beads clasped tight in his great right hand, seeing only the white face of his dead sweetheart painted against the crowd, pitiless streets and hurrying crowds of Manchester.

"And she was better o' Wednesday!" he was muttering half aloud. "She was better o' Wednesday."

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Boston Pilot—Many misleading and false reports are going the rounds of the press in regard to the work of Paroelco's recently taken up by Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop. (Rosa Hawthorne Lathrop) in its effect upon her domestic relations. The Pilot is able to say that Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop are in constant communication and consultation; and that Mr. Lathrop is entirely in sympathy with his wife, and has indeed actively aided her in her work among the poor victims of cancerous troubles. The only point of difference between them is that Mr. Lathrop would put limitations upon the excess of his wife's devotion to the cause of her charitable zeal, desiring her to remain near him, that her own well-being may not be sacrificed. This he believes to be the most effective way of forwarding the good work she has so much at heart.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS. THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. GRANT DAY, OF HARROWSMITH. He Suffered Much From Rheumatism, Especially in Spring and Autumn—Following a Saltator's Advice brought About a Cure. From the Kingston White.

One who has been well released from years of suffering is always grateful to the person or the medicine which has effected the medium of release. It is therefore safe to say that one of the most thankful men in the vicinity of Harrowsmith is Mr. Grant Day, who for years past has been a sufferer from rheumatism, but has now recovered from its throes. To a reporter Mr. Day told his experience substantially as follows: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty-five years. It usually attacked me worst in spring and fall, and when once it had endured was intense, making it difficult for me to obtain rest at night. From my hips down to my feet every joint and every muscle appeared to be affected, and the pains appeared to chase one another until I was at times nearly wild, and would not leave my bed for upwards of twenty-five years. During that period I tried many remedies, and while I obtained temporary relief from some, I could get nothing in the way of permanent benefit. But last year the pains did not come on as they have not returned since, and this is due to Paroelco's Pills. One day while telling my neighbor, Mr. W. C. Switzer, how badly I was feeling, he said: 'Get half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and use them according to directions, and you will find that they are just what they are advertised to do—cure you. I know this from experience in my own family.' Well I got the pills and used them, and the rheumatism has been driven out of my system, and I feel winter and spring for the first time in more than twenty years, and was entirely free from my old enemy. But there is one thing more Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, and which astonishes me a little. Over forty years ago I had a severe attack, and used a liquid preparation of 'Berg's Compound' which it nearly ruined my hearing, and for all the years since I have been partially deaf. After I took the Pink Pills my hearing came back, and my ear is now all right. My wife and sister have also found much benefit from Pink Pills, and I can say that they will always be found in our houses."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system, and restoring the patient to health and strength. They are a cure for anæmia, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, ophthalmia, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the neck stiff, and the head ache, a burdous, and especially restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, enclosing \$2.00, a box or six boxes for \$2.00, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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TALKS BY "TERESA."
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I believe many cases of consumption in this country may be indirectly traced to overclothing, hence more especially in the case of children, who are peculiarly susceptible to changes of temperature.

The question of clothing is another matter upon which a great amount of ignorance is displayed. People think they wear warmly clothed when they are wearing heavy outer wraps of cloth, fur, etc.

I must inform correspondents that time is necessary to get the department in good working order, and owing to the paper going to press early in the week, I cannot promise replies in the issue which follows the date of receiving the letter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received.

L.L.—I can think of no possible reason for the discontinuance of the edition to which you refer, other than the simple one of non-payment of subscription. I extend the Church you mention, very frequently, and have noticed the omission myself.

It would be permitted to a graphic writer to describe the underground and abominations that exist in the large cities of the old and new worlds, what revolutions of crime, murder, lust and inhuman horrors his pen could disclose.

The governments of the day speak of the introduction and application of prohibiting laws, but they are not rightly in earnest in their avowed purpose.

TINGLEY & STEWART MFG. CO. MANUFACTURERS OF RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS. Corporate and Lodge Seals of Every Description.

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TEACHER WANTED. MALE OR FEMALE, HOLDING SECOND or third class certificate, for R. C. Separate School, No. 9 Harwich Township, County of Kent. Duties to commence 1st of January 1897.

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The Catholic Register.

Published Every Thursday at the Office 40, KING STREET TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop, Bishop and Clergy generally throughout the Dominion.

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The Catholic Register Co., 40, King Street, Toronto.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Nov. 5—Of the Octavo. 6—Of the Octavo. 7—Of the Octavo. 8—Of the Octavo. 9—Of the Octavo. 10—St. Andrew, Avellino. 11—St. Martin of Tours.

Don't forget the Historical Fair in aid of the Cathedral.

One of the government geologists of New South Wales is Rev. Milno Curran a Catholic priest.

The death has just taken place at Seuegal of Father Blanchot (of the Redemptorist Order) who had an almost unexampled experience of nearly fifty years' unbroken missionary work on the West Coast of Africa.

It has transpired that there is not in Trinity College, Dublin, to-day the son of even our Irish landlord. Young men looking to future chances go to the English universities.

The excellent suggestion has been made that fruit growers in the country, who find themselves embarrassed by the excess of this year's crop, should remember the inmates of the charitable institutions in the city.

A maritime contemporary and an Ontario contemporary have been sand bagging each other for weeks, each accusing the other of partiality in politics.

Our kind friend, The Witness, of Halifax, quotes some of our remarks on the reported settlement of the Manitoba school question, and tells us the terms agreed upon ought to be highly gratifying to us.

It may not be the best choice in the long run that McKinley and the gold standard have swept the United States by a majority of 148 votes in the Electoral College.

Mr. Dillon's Appeal to the Irish People.

Mr. John Dillon, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, appeals to the Irish people to raise the funds without which it would be impossible for the party to carry on its work.

We have no doubt as to the answer that will be given. The Irish people have already pledged themselves to carry on to victory the banners of Home Rule.

There should be no delay in providing the support which the chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party now asks for.

DEAR SIR—I have just received from Mr. Slatyer, solicitor, of Sydney, the sum of £100, being the amount of a legacy bequeathed to me by the will of the late Mr. John Mooney of the Island of Samoa.

I know of no way in which Mr. Mooney's gift can be turned to better account than by subscribing it in response to the appeal which the Irish Race Convention has ordered for the sustenance of the Party with whose fate, for good or ill, our hopes of Irish liberty for our own time—at all events by Parliamentary means—are irrevocably bound up.

Ireland is giving the most practical answer to the false statement that the people did not mind the convention.

Canada took a creditable part in the convention; let her part in carrying out the will of the convention be equally conspicuous.

Prof. Clark Goes Astray.

In many of his recent observations on the Papal condemnation of Anglican Orders Prof. Clark of Trinity College, as he is reported in the daily press, kept outside the range of

van criticism. He spoke with pride of the religious freedom that prevails to-day in all nations ruled by men who speak the English tongue; and indeed we are bound to concede that the school of English thought of which Prof. Clark has been an exponent during the whole of his residence in this country is unquestionably and, we might say conspicuously, on the side of the genuine religious rights of man.

There were members of the Church of England, on this matter, had he considered, behaved with a great want of dignity. "We wanted no confirmation from the Bishop of Rome of our position," said the speaker.

Here we submit Prof. Clark is very much astray. Had the recent appeal to Rome been the first effort of the Anglicans to obtain recognition of their claims in some wider sense than the merely national character of the Establishment, Prof. Clark would have been in a better position to speak in the style quoted.

They (the High Church party) have been referring to every possible authority in the hope of obtaining somewhere an opinion favorable to their case.

And now let us put this question to Prof. Clark: After these anxious pilgrimages to the Greeks and the Jansenists where was the want of dignity in petitioning the Pontiff, whom Prof. Clark himself refers to as "the first Bishop of the Christian Church," to consider their case?

Dr. Langtry to the Rescue.

In the early days of the so-called "Reformation" it was the custom in England to have every church provided with a thermometer.

Dr. Langtry is very much astray. Had the recent appeal to Rome been the first effort of the Anglicans to obtain recognition of their claims in some wider sense than the merely national character of the Establishment, Prof. Clark would have been in a better position to speak in the style quoted.

We merely throw out these suggestions to our secular contemporaries if they think well of keeping Dr. Langtry in comprehensively condensed form constantly before the public.

Why the Doctor's maid would laugh until she cried at such an amusing mistake. And she would say to the reporter: "A Catholic priest! No; it is Rev. Dr. Langtry's house, and him and the missus, and the family, and the company are at high tea."

It ever took art sojourning in any city, inquire not simply where the Lord's house is (for the sects of the profane also attempt to call their own dens houses of the Lord).

Now we ask Dr. Langtry if he were sojourning in a strange city and desired to attend an Anglican church service would he ask a policeman to show him the way to a Catholic church?

Dr. Langtry's feeling towards the Catholic Church is so well known that we pass over as utterly unworthy of any educated clergyman the false witness he bore against his Catholic fellow-citizens when he raved about "the worship of images and idolatrous Mariolatry."

We have been writing, we have been pleading with our brethren on the right hand and on the left, with all who name the name of Christ, in very compassion for His divided, distracted, weakened, almost ruined Church, to lay aside and forget past feuds, past jealousies, past injustices, and, falling back on the basis of Nice, to set to work to build up the one body upon the one foundation once more.

If the Pope has been pleading and praying what of it? So has Dr. Langtry. Deep answers unto deep. The wall of the forest, or the deep-voiced murmuring ocean—which would you have? Which will our Anglican friends throw in their lot with? They say—some of them—that they need a visible head of their church; and at once they have a choice between Leo XIII. and Dr. Langtry. And still they are not happy.

Mr. Laurier on the School Settlement.

We have had several versions of Mr. Laurier's announcement at Quebec concerning the Manitoba school settlement.

It is not yet four months since we assumed power, and before six months have rolled by we shall have settled the school question. (Hear, hear.) We shall have settled it in what manner? We shall have settled it by giving to conscience the rights of conscience; we shall have settled it in such a manner that those who believe in religious instruction in the school shall have satisfaction on this point.

Was Mr. Laurier talking for effect when he made this theatrical reference to the "pound of flesh which we have a right to cut from the breast of the provinces of Manitoba?"

But let us see what plan of foiling Shylock it is that has recommended itself to the Liberal Premier.

What we can state with certainty is that the two Governments have reached an understanding, and that this understanding will not destroy the National schools, to which the majority in Manitoba are attached, and that this settlement secures for the Catholics religious instruction and the teaching of French in the localities where the majority is French, as well as the employment of Roman Catholic teachers of both sexes in the districts where the majority are Catholics, and several other equally important concessions.

It does not require the keenest sort of insight to discern in the foregoing statement that Mr. Laurier intends to offer to the Catholics of Manitoba the very least that they as Catholics could accept.

aided safe, under all the circumstances, in Ireland would not be accepted in England, where the Catholics are in the minority; and we gravely doubt that it will be found acceptable in Manitoba, where also the minority is Catholic.

Mr. Healy's Champions.

Mr. Harold Frederic, who fitly combines the occupations of fiction writing and cable correspondence, sends a wail from London to The New York Times over the speech delivered by the Archbishop of Toronto in the Pavilion the other evening, at the reception to the Canadian delegates to the Irish Race Convention.

Especially does the Archbishop misapprehend altogether the position of Healy and his friends towards the Parliamentary party. It is wholly false to say that they broke a pledge or assailed their colleagues with calumny.

The darkest, strangest mystery in connection with the present position of Mr. T. M. Healy is that only Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Frederic, and men of their way of thinking understand him.

Mrs. Sadlier.

Pressure on our space last week prevented our giving to the letter from Dr. Foran, in Mrs. Sadlier's behalf, that editorial endorsement which it merited.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register. Sir.—I read with much interest and pleasure the appeal made in your last issue by Dr. Foran in behalf of Mrs. Sadlier the veteran Catholic novelist of Montreal.

Now this good and gifted woman with the benediction of seventy-six years nestling in her silvery hair has chosen the city of Mary—Villeda Mont—in all its richness of Irish and historical associations as the abode of her closing years.

What Dr. Foran and Dr. O'Hagan have said is said with sincerity, and our hope, that their words will give full effect in Canada to the cause they champion, is both sincere and heartfelt.

A Monster Spanish Pilgrimage.

(FOR THE RECORD.)

rather Juan Pedro, the eminent Spanish Jesuit, sends us the following account of the great pilgrimage of the Apostolate of Prayer of the Province of Catalonia, Spain, to the Holy Mount of Montserrat.

sacrifice of the nation - in spite of the heroism and bravery of her soldiers. Yet those wars continue to waste the fertile fields of the Antilles and the Philippines, and to destroy the most valued elements of their once flourishing industries, and to impose on the mother country burdens for the poor and for the rich, particularly for the poor, who no longer are able to endure, with them come the sad prospects of fields, unutilized and unproductive, vineyards, fruitless because they are neglected, orange groves barren of their golden fruit, because they had to be neglected, and the thousands of factories and foundries spread over the Peninsula in proof of their manual labor, since the strong arm of youth is absent from the home and now of the land is engaged in combating in this fraternal warfare, or are stretched in the fever stricken hospitals of the Philippines or Cuba.

Special Values in CARPETS Choice Lines in Brussels and Wiltons Business men make money by availing themselves of favourable opportunities to purchase. It's the same with thrifty housekeepers. An opportunity to buy Carpets is offered in the following specials that go on sale Monday:

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., 34 King Street West. DEATHS. KAVANAGH - At his residence, 61 Lansdowne, Parkdale, Charles Kavanagh, in his 32nd year. FORD - On the 25th October, at his late residence, 38 Adelaide street, Capt. John Ford, in the 68th year of his age.

NEW FOR 1896 ABERDEEN RANGE Thoroughly Tested Works Perfectly. Very Economical. We Guarantee To Every Purchaser Complete Satisfaction. Ask for It. Buy No Other. COPP BROS. CO. (LIMITED) HAMILTON. TORONTO BRANCH, 18 RICHMOND STREET WEST. JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT.

CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt." New Map of the Dominion. A large beautifully executed Map, by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., Edinburgh, Scotland, showing the new Territories of YUKON, MACKENZIE, KEEWATIN, FRANKLIN AND UNGAVA.

FRED G. STEINBERGER & CO., 37 Richmond Street West, Toronto. Happy Thought Range In 6 Sizes and 72 Styles. Over 87,000 Families Enjoying the Comforts of this Wonderful Range. REMEMBER that there is no other Range like the Happy Thought, neither can there be, as every part is either patented or registered by the Buck's Stove Works, Brantford.

R. Bigley's Warerooms, (OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE) 96 and 98 QUEEN ST. EAST, Sole Agent for Toronto.

IDEAL ASH SIFTER. Saves \$1.50 on every ton of coal you burn - is the only perfect automatic sifter ever invented. THOUSANDS in use in Toronto. You travel in the ash-trail - the machine does the rest. See a demonstration or have our agent call with sifter. REYNOLD'S & Co. 333 Queen Street West.

PACIFIC RESTAURANT, 130 Church St., Toronto. BEST TEN CENT MEAL IN THE CITY. MRS. BLACK, PROPRIETRESS. HASLETT & CO., Granite and Marble Dealers, 363 YORK STREET, TORONTO. DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. LIVERPOOL SERVICE. PACIFIC RESTAURANT, 130 Church St., Toronto. BEST TEN CENT MEAL IN THE CITY. MRS. BLACK, PROPRIETRESS. HASLETT & CO., Granite and Marble Dealers, 363 YORK STREET, TORONTO. DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

On the evening of Oct. 27th Father Louis Gibra, a priest who has labored in the deanery of Erie with self-denying devotion and piety since 1872, died at the House of Providence. Father Gibra, who was a native of France, had been in failing health for several years. A couple of weeks ago he came into the House of Providence and heart disease from which he suffered being aggravated by complications it was feared for days that he might pass away suddenly. A religious hymn was sung at the deceased priest was sung on Wednesday morning in the chapel of the House of Providence by Vicar General McCann. Archbishop Walsh presided, and Rev. Father Gilno acted as deacon. Rev. Father Cranning as sub-deacon and Rev. Father Hand as master of ceremonies. The Sisters of St. Joseph assisted in the singing. The chapel was crowded at the conclusion of the mass the remains were taken to St. Michael's Cemetery for interment. Father Gibra came to Canada with the late Bishop Charbonnel about 45 years ago. R. I. P.

The ever blessing farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffer more than they care to tell. The dark rings round the eyes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, broken a run-down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to enjoyment of life. Scott's Emulsion purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when all others fail.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS CURE BACKACHE ONE PILL A DOSE 25¢ A BOX. Eye and Ear Surgeon To St. Michael's Hospital. 62 Queen Street East, TORONTO. DR. COOK. Throat, Nose and Lung. Inhalations a special feature in Consumption and Catarrh. Tel. 3565. 90 College St., Toronto. Freehold Loan and Savings Co. DIVIDEND NO. 74. Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent per annum on the capital stock of this Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 1st day of December next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board, S. C. WOOD, Managing Director. Toronto, 21st October, 1896.

DOMESTIC READING.

We must learn to suffer what we cannot evade. People do not like to hear your troubles repeated, after the first time they have no curiosity left.

FIRESIDE FUN.

A dufous professor. "Yes, sir, the drama is on its last legs." "Well, it seems to be making the most of them."

Chats With the Children.

THE MOTHER'S VISION. Grown old the mother is sometimes sorrowfully enlightened and freed from the biased illusions of youth.

them by the United States Government, without any trouble. MAKE FRIENDS. Life is very critical. Any word may do our best.

Bad odors in milk may come from food eaten by cows, but often from carelessness in handling the milk. FARM AND GARDEN.

YOU HAVE BACKACHE. Get Rid of It! It is a sign that you have Kidney Disease. and Bright's Disease Kills!

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Ointment...

THE MEDIUM: "I am in communication with the spirit of the deceased Mr. So and so. Does anyone wish to ask him a question?"

When morning came she was happy the moment she opened her eyes and saw her little companion.

SISTER THERESA, Lady Superior. Lady Superior Sacred Heart (Grey Nuns) Convent, Ottawa, March 4, 1896.

ROADS are difficult to keep free from weeds. This is partly due to the fact that most of them have been graded.

Sickness Among Children. is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for.

After Baptism.

By MARY FRANCIS EGAN.

Innocence to innocence, with no words... Speaks its own message...

Maw Turner's Presentiment

It was a dark, dreary day in November. All Nature seemed mourning the departed summer.

Against this sombre background of field and sky a few straggling trees stood out in startling distinctness...

At one of the windows of an old wooden, weather-beaten farmhouse overlooking this dreary expanse, a woman sat knitting.

She was just a simple, old country woman, tall, worn and common place; but there was a strange, wistful expression in her faded eyes...

"Someway I feel kinder queer, Liza; jest's though aint'n goin' to happen," she said suddenly, dropping her knitting into her lap...

"Oh, nothin', Liza, only I feel so kind of lonesom' an' queer—jest's though som'body had died. In course, it's just a kind of a foolish nothin'—but som'way I can't get shot of it."

"Don't laugh, Liza, I can't help thinkin' that come change's comin'—that aint'n 's goin' to happen."

"Well, somin' that you're kinder expectin' aint'n, I might's well tell you now as anytime," she said.

I just told John that we'd never git a new barn 't this rate, an' that the country kin afford to pay your doctor bills better 'n we kin.

"At the words Mrs. Turner sat for a moment like one turned to stone, her hands clenched tightly over the sock in her lap and her eyes wide with horror and fright."

"I ain't jokin', I'm in dead earnest," returned Liza, in a hard, disagreeable tone. She was a sharp-featured, sharp-tongued woman...

"'Tis no meanin' it? Ye ain't in earnest? John'd never send his old mother to the poorhouse!" broke in Mrs. Turner...

"There ain't no use in makin' soch a fuss about it. John's made up his mind to do it, an' you might jest's well take it quiet," Liza Turner replied...

"Well, I swan! I whod a thought she was goin' to take on so. I'm glad John ain't here," muttered Liza, taking the poor unconscious creature up in her arms...

She had never seen anyone in a faint before, and as the minutes passed and there was no sign of returning consciousness in the white, drawn face...

"Yes, it's true; but I didn't know that you was agoin' to take on like this or I wouldn't a told you. We didn't calkilate to tell you till the County wagon druv up for you—an' I wish now that I hadn't told you."

"Oh, my God! my God! to think of it—that I'll hev to die in the poorhouse!" cried the poor old creature, wildly wringing her hands and sobbing aloud.

"Don't be a fool, Maw Turner!" cried Liza roughly, taking her by the arm and shaking her. "E'nnybody that's old an' sickly's you be, an' has nothin' to keep 'em ought to know that the poorhouse's the only place for 'em."

Her boy, whom she had nursed and fondled a baby, and for whom she had toiled early and late that he might not have a wish ungratified—

the dear curly-headed boy of whom she had been so proud, the only person in all the wide world who had to love or care for—was about to cast her out of his life, to rid himself of her presence as he would that of a favorite horse that had outlived its usefulness.

Mrs. Turner started up as soon as she found herself alone, a strange feverish light glittering in her dim old eyes, and tottering over to the unused outside door that opened on to a little side porch...

Without a single backward glance and grasping up a crook she staggered out into the gathering night, intent only upon one thought—to get away anywhere so that she could not find her.

John Turner was returning home across the fields after a hard day of husking corn. He had the hired man home of an early hour to do the chores, and had worked on unmindful of the growing lateness of the hour...

Starting up with an impatient exclamation, he tried to shake off the miserable haunting thoughts that had held him captive so long. But it was useless. Look where he would he seemed to see his mother's faded old eyes gazing reproachfully at him.

"Iang it all! I'll never leave a minute's peace if I send my mother to the poorhouse!" he muttered crumpling the corn stalks beneath the heels of his heavy boots.

So it was that to avoid a fuss he had at last yielded to his wife's wishes and consented to send his mother to the poorhouse. But he had not known one minute's peace of mind since he had given his consent to the awful proposition.

With his conscience troubled he had remained away from the house as much as possible—for he could not bear to meet his mother's eyes, knowing the treachery he contemplated toward her.

Liza had been busy performing, the many tasks a farmer's wife always finds to do. The eggs had been gathered, and the chickens cooped for the night, the bucket of brought-in milk which the hired man brought in, had been strained and set away; and the evening meal had been prepared, but still the master of the house had not returned.

No woman likes to have a meal kept waiting, and Liza was no exception. Her temper—not naturally one of the sweetest—was getting pretty well soured, as Sam, the hired man, noticed from his corner near the stove.

"Sam, go out to the gate an' see if you kin see John comin'. I don't see what he means stayin' out to this hour, jest's though a body didn't hev enough to do durin' the day 'bout cookin' an' washin' dishes all night!" exclaimed Liza at last losing her patience...

"The old lady ain't at home is she? I see that east door in her room is standin' wide open."

"Open! why the door hain't bin open for over a month!" exclaimed Liza, a sudden fear seizing her and cooling her temper in an instant.

"For God's sake bring her to! She ain't dead—she can't be dead!" he cried wildly, when they had placed her upon the bed and she lay white and limp, with no sign of life about her.

Life, thoroughly frightened and subdued, and with a feeling of remorse for the share she had in this work, did all in her power to revive the poor old woman, working with an earnestness which would have surprised her husband had he been in the mood to notice it.

"Mother! mother! mother!" cried John throwing himself upon his knees beside the bed in a perfect frenzy of grief and despair.

"Mother! mother! forgiv' me! say that you forgiv' me!" John cried, in an agony of grief and remorse.

The doctor, to whom Sam had been dispatched, arrived too late—over though his skill had been sufficient to heal a broken heart.

"Maw Turner seem'd to hev a presentiment that she was agoin' to die. She said she felt all day jest's though aint'n goin' to happen."

Dr. Curo's Constipation and Liver Pills... Dr. Ayer's Liver Pills are the most perfect... "Fred must be an anticlerical."

The Ins and Outs of It. If you get a bit wear out of a coat, but work must have gone into it, you can't get good bread out of poor flour. Moral: You can't get the best out of anything unless the best is in it...

Death again invaded the house of the late Mrs. James Keough, Goreock, on Thursday, when the youngest son, Thomas, aged 17 years, succumbed.

St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Ottawa, closed another year of work on Sunday last, when the annual meeting was held in the Asylum parlors.

ONCE A YEAR ONLY JUST OUT. The Dodd's Kidney Pills Calendar for the Year 1897.

SUPPORTED THE WORLD. Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Secret American" Kidney Pills.

The Ladies' Association of St. Patrick's Asylum held their annual meeting on the same afternoon in the Orphan's Home on Maria street, which was largely attended.

Archbishop Duhamel left Ottawa on Monday for Lowell, Mass., to be present at the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue of Rev. Father Gavin, who labored for many years in the city of Lowell as parish priest.

REV. FATHER HEND.

Preached to the Members of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

On Sunday evening Oct. 25th, the members of the Catholic Order of Foresters of Toronto attended Musical Vespers in St. Paul's church Power St. Where the Rev. Father Hend of St. Joseph Court addressed them.

Elia Meter, Rossini, Stabat Mater, choir; (Glorias Vespers, choir); Laudato Pueri, Zingarelli, Miss Carrol and Mr. Deegan. In the evening the Ladies of the Zephoniah and Oliviver Bismontto, Ave Verum, Millard, Mr. M. Derhan, J. O. Salaris, Verdi, Miss Annie O'Connor; Tantum Ergo, Millard, Mr. Derhan and choir.

The Reverend Father Hend in his sermon paid a high tribute to the Catholic Order of Foresters and to the officers of same for the manner in which the society was conducted, and spoke of the advantages of being a member of this noble organization which he termed as "the friend of the widow and orphan" and had the approbation of the highest ecclesiastical authorities (His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto being the chaplain).

If a member of this society is ill and unable to work, said the Rev. Father, the O. O. F. takes him by the hand, picks him up and pays him during his illness the sum of \$6.00 per week. If death should remove a member, the society pays to his widow and children \$1000, or \$2000 or \$3000 according to the amount of the policy carried by the deceased member. This organization he said had already paid to the widows of deceased members \$2,000,000. In addition to this the funeral expenses of deceased members are paid by the Foresters out of a fund provided for that purpose.

The society he said numbers 10,000 members in Ontario and Quebec, every one of whom is a good practical Catholic. In closing Father Hend recommended every young man to become a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which as he had said had the approbation of the highest authorities of the church and is first, last and always, Catholic and which he said was justly entitled to the title of "protector and friend of the widow and the fatherless."

Cornwall's New Hospital.

CORNWALL, Oct. 29.—Cornwall is to have a Roman Catholic Hospital. On Monday last, the large brick dwelling and grounds, formerly the residence of the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, were purchased for the Episcopal Corporation of the Diocese of Alexandria for this purpose. The building is a commodious one pleasantly situated on Water street, which runs along the canal bank, and has large spacious grounds attached. The main building is 52 x 82 feet, two storeys high, the storerooms being 18 and 16 feet high respectively. There is also a large two storey wing 42 x 80 feet and a kitchen 40 x 24. The rooms are large and well ventilated, and the building is well suited for the purpose for which it was purchased. At the request of His Lordship, Bishop McDonell, Archbishop of Kingston has agreed to supply a staff of Hospital nuns from the Hotel Dieu, Kingston. The building will be overhauled and properly fitted up for the reception of patients.

LATEST MARKETS.

TORONTO, Nov. 4, 1896.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Wheat on the street is firmer, 200 bushels selling at 83c for white, 81c for red, and 60c for gray.
Barley—Steady, 1,600 bushels selling at 32c to 34c.
Oats—Easier, 200 bushels selling at 22c to 31c.
Peas—Weaker, 200 bushels selling at 49c.
Buckwheat—One hundred bushels sold at 38c.
Hay and Straw—The receipts were large; prices are unchanged. 15 loads of hay sold at \$10 to \$14 75. No straw was offered; \$10 to \$11 is the price quoted.
Dressed Hogs—No hogs were offered this morning. Price ranges from \$4.50 to \$5.25.
Wheat white, 80 83 80 00
do red 0 81 0 00
do gray 0 80 0 00
Peas per bush 0 49 0 00
Buckwheat 0 38 0 00
Rye 0 31 0 00
Oats, per bush 0 21 0 00
Barley 0 33 0 41 1/2
Hay, 13 00 14 50
Straw, bundled 10 00 11 00
do loose 5 00 6 00
Eggs, new laid 15 00 15 00
Butter, in rolls 0 14 0 18
do tubs, dairy 0 12 0 14
Chickens, per pair 0 30 0 35
Ducks, per lb 0 40 0 50
Potatoes 0 40 0 00
Dressed hogs 4 25 5 00
Lamb 5 00 7 00
Best, in quarters 4 00 7 00
do, fore 2 50 4 00
Mutton 4 00 5 00
Veal 6 00 6 50

WHEAT.

Canadian offerings are small, the demand from the millers is great and the market is firm. 81c for red and 82c to 83c for white wheat. Manitoba wheat is firm. Flour—The demand is more active owing to the better price of wheat and prices are about steady; oats of straight roller are quoted at \$4 wheat asked.
Milled—Is in fair demand and steady at \$8.10 for shorts and \$7.60 for bran.
Barley—Is in fair demand and steady at \$3.00.
Hops—Extra at 37c, No. 2 at 32c and No. 3 at 26c outside.
Buckwheat—In steady at 31c north and 32c middle (freight).
Rye—In firm extra sold to-day at 36c. Corn—Nominal at 27c for mixed and 23c for yellow wheat.
Oats—Are steady at 21c for white on the side lines west and 30c for mixed and 21c



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Fainting Spells, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Me'morolla, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritability, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Home on Mercers Island, N. S. W. For particulars send for circular to the Rev. Father Koenig, 49 S. Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5.

J. B. McLEOD, KINGSTON, ONT. FOR SALE.

A SECOND-HAND HORIZONTAL Engine, of six-horse power. Also a seventeen-horse power horizontal tubular Boiler. Both in good condition and ready for use.

Postage Stamps Bought. Any Old Canada Province, early British Colonies, United States, or Collections bought, Wm. H. B. ...

"FATHER CANADA" FAREWELL TO Ireland, etc. ...

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY.

HEADQUARTERS: 255 Queen Street West, Opp. Fire Hall. East Branch—141 Queen East, near George St. West Branch—684 Queen St. W., cor. Euclid Ave.

Specialty—Prescriptions and Genuine Drugs and Medicines.

for white quoted by buyers for lots on the main lines west, but some holders are asking 23c to 23 1/2 for white west.

Peas—Are steady at 43c north and west and 45c middle freight.

Butter—Most of the stock offered is of an inferior quality. It is hard to sell at 8c. There is a good demand for fancy products. Large rolls are quoted at 12c to 13c, dairy sold at 15c, dairy tubs at 12c to 14c, creamery rolls at 18c to 20c, and creamery tubs at 16c to 18c.

Eggs—The market is very quiet. Fresh are in good demand, but the old storage are worth 14c and lined eggs 13c.

Potatoes—Supply is large prices weak; 30c for our lots, 40c for wagon loads and 45c for potatoes out of store.

Flour—The supply is adequate; prices are unchanged. Chickens are worth 35c, ducks 40c to 60c, geese 5c, and turkeys 6c.

Baled Hay—There is a steady business being done. Prices can only be maintained for very choice hay, which is worth \$11. The trade is only local as there is no export demand.

Baled Straw—Trade is slow, there is a very small demand at \$5 1/2 for c-rs on track here.

F-raced Hogs—Rail lots range from \$4.50 to \$4.75 for heavy and about \$5.15 for light. No care were offered today.

Toro His Flesh in Artery. "I was troubled with blind itching piles for 20 years I was unable to work and tore my flesh in agony. United States and Canadian doctors failed to relieve. Chaso's Ointment was a God-send. I am a better man than 20 years ago, and am able to work every day." Phillip Wallace, blacksmith, Inglewood, Ont. "Chaso's Ointment cures piles, eczema, and irritant diseases. All druggists, 50c. per box.

Sad Death of Mr. C. Flanagan. The sad news was cabled from England last week that Mr. Cornelius Flanagan, Separate School trustee for St. George's ward, had died in Liverpool. Mr. Flanagan was an extensive cattle chopper and was vice-president of the cattlemen's association. His business took him to England five months ago. Few particulars have been learned concerning his death beyond the fact that the fatal seizure took him very suddenly. He was a most respected man and one of the prominent Catholics of Toronto.

H. J. Lisle, representing Cannon Bros., St. Ste. pleads that he had sent to anyone suffering from a very troublesome case of Itching Piles, a certain advertised seven physicians' prescription, without effect. He says that "one or several cases of Itching Piles has been cured."

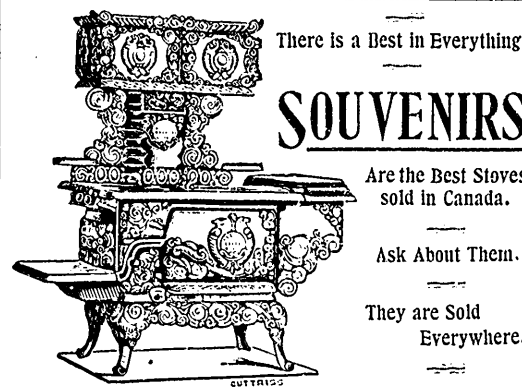


DR CHASE'S OINTMENT. CURES ITCHING PILES, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM. H. J. Lisle, representing Cannon Bros., St. Ste. pleads that he had sent to anyone suffering from a very troublesome case of Itching Piles, a certain advertised seven physicians' prescription, without effect.



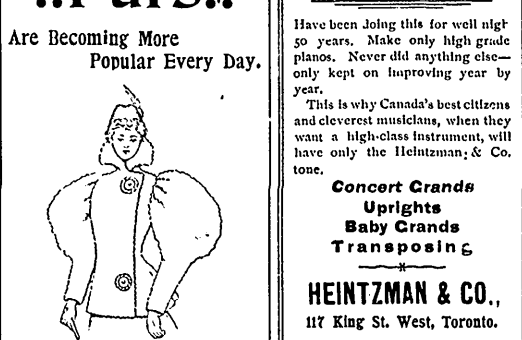
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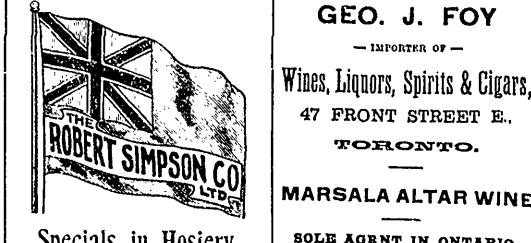
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PEERLESS CYLINDER ENGINE DYNAMO BUY THE BEST—HAVE CONFIDENCE: SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., Sole Proprietors, TORONTO.

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Specials in Hosiery. If you are a visitor to this department you are often surprised at the volume of stocks carried.

We do a very large hosiery trade and there is nothing you want you are not likely to secure. We guarantee the dyes of our hosiery—and prices are always better than you can do elsewhere. Ladies' Extra Fine Plain Wool Hosiery, applied heel and toe, regular 20c, for 0 20 Ladies' Extra Fine Ribbed Black Cashmere Hosiery, double sole, heel and toe, special 0 25 Children's Extra Fine Plain Wool Hosiery, double heel and toe, two pairs for 0 25 Ladies' Extra Fine and Heavy Plain and Striped Black Cashmere Hosiery, double sole, high applied ankles, regular 45c, special three pairs for 1 00 Ladies' Extra Fine and Warm Ribbed Black Cashmere Hosiery, applied heel and toe, Hemmed toe, 25c and 30c, 0 20 Boys' Extra Heavy All-Wool Ribbed Hosiery, regular 80c a pair, for 0 20 Ladies' Extra Fine Hosiery, Imperial Saxony Wool, English worsted heel and toe, regular 45c, three pairs for 1 00 Ladies' Extra Fine and Heavy Plain or Ribbed Black Cashmere Hosiery, double sole, high applied ankles, French finish, three pairs for 1 25 Ladies' Extra Fine Grey Ribbed Lisle Thread Hosiery, applied heel and toe, in white, pink, blue, milk, heliotrope, gold and cream, regular 50c, for 0 35

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