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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. VII.—No. 28.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## The Way to Religious Knowledge.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

In some remarks we made last week upon the duty of simple obedience in matters of religion—in contradiction with the habit of inquiry and criticism—the objection came up that such submission is a kind of mental slavery, and inconsistent with the rational worship demanded of us in holy scripture.

The objection arises from a want of clearness of thought and from a wrong use of words. In every act or state of obedience there is, of necessity, something akin to slavery, but it would be a ridiculous perversion of speech to call, say the child's obedience to parental authority, by such a name.

We are dependent, too, upon thousands of things, as air and food and drink, but never slaves to them unless we misuse or abuse them.

Slavery is constituted not by dependence upon things or persons, but by a dependence which is contrary to reason or right.

You may, if you will, call obedience to God, slavery, and have St. Paul on your side, but you must speak in St. Paul's sense who considered that state the very source and perfection of all freedom.

There, surely, can be no slavery, in an ignoble sense, in submitting at once without question or enquiry, to the command of God. And it makes no difference whether that command comes from His own mouth, as in the days when He conversed upon earth, or through an organ which He commands all to hear just as if it was Himself who was speaking.

There is no more slavery in submitting to a Governor sent by the person than in obeying His Majesty in person, and freedom is as much assured by a court sitting in Toronto as if it sat and adjudicated in Westminster; because the measure of freedom is, in both cases, the same law.

Nothing, then, but laziness of view, or what is more roughly called ignorance, can account for any one's giving an offensive name to that most natural and most religious of acts by which, as soon and so far as the mind is concerned, we escape the attitude of enquiry for one of simple unreserved obedience.

Still it is all too common, as we know, to hear such objections, and, since we have seen them rest upon flimsy foundations, it is worth while asking why they are made at all. Here is, I think, the reason.

All errors are absurd and tend to refute themselves. Their danger lies not in any inherent power they possess, so much as because they are a subtle appeal to what is in itself very high and good, but at the same time easily misled; and such a something is the pride of understanding.

Passal described man as a mean between two infinities, the infinity of nothing out of which he is drawn and the infinity of the Creator by whom he is tending; and the contradictions springing from such a nature are without limit.

Ready alas! too often to sink, on one side, to the level of the animals which we resemble in body, we are, at the same time, so aspiring as to long for knowledge which can belong to God alone. Auri sacra fames, the accursed thirst for gold, is accountable for a world of iniquities, but, at worst, it is a weak stimulus compared with the all-mastering curiosity to extend the dominion of knowing. We would exhaust the secrets of earth and sea and sky, and clamoring, like the fabled giants of old, up the very heights of heaven, would grasp the Omnipotent Himself!

This soaring ambition, good in its principle, and bestowed for holy purposes, if not carefully guided and restrained to regions level to our condition of creature-hood, is one of our greatest dangers. It was, indeed, the origin of all our woes, the avenue through which the old serpent first found his way into the human heart to corrupt it. In his envy he scanned the paucity of innocences in which man was clothed, and found, at least, an opening for his deadly stroke. It was not with money, nor fast, nor with the noble ends for which it was given, but with the proffer of unbounded impossible knowledge. Ye shall be as Gods, he said, knowing good and evil; and from that day this the desire of knowing has been, largely, an unrequited passion, leading not to the noble ends for which it was given, but degrading man to the level of becoming a worshipper of himself and his own wild vagaries. Nor could it be otherwise. The fah was not made to fly, nor weak man to do work beyond the capacity of angels. Clear enough he investigations of mundane things, and rewarded with reasonable success, the moment he dares try the truths of heaven in the crucible of his human judgment, he has met with nothing but the most portentous failures, Gnosticism, Mohammedanism, Arieanism, Protestantism, powerful eras of one kind and imposing on the human side, but impotent and anarchical as schemes of religion have been the dread fruits of such attempt.

When will men learn that their

attitude towards the word of God, or the religion which that word founds, is an attitude not of scientists to pronounce upon its value but of humble disciples asking to be instructed by the only authority that is competent for such a task. All right knowledge is good and ennobling, and there never can be too much of it, but there are various ways, and some of them essential to the acquiring of it. Observation, experience, testimony, each is an instrument for the purpose, but how differently they work! I don't come at facts by inference, nor reach conclusions by observation; nor learn history by a syllabus; and the way to gain the knowledge of religion is not the way of research or enquiry, but rather first of being taught—according to the commission—"Teach all nations"—and secondly of doing what we are bid, as Christ says in St. John VIII. and 17. If any man do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.

### Retreat at Syon Abbey.

The Very Rev. Dom Higgins, Canon Regular of St. John Latona, has concluded a retreat given by him to the Brigittine Nuns, Syon Abbey, Chislehurst, S. Devon. This community, whose Rosary Crusade is so well known in Ireland, whence several of its members are recruited, is not a community of the Reformation nuns that has come in fact through the stormy times of the penal laws. But its marvellous continuity and unbroken existence as a body is not more interesting to the historian than its peculiar spirit and the beautiful rule of its glorious founders. The Order of Our Most Holy Saviour (a title which it shares with the Apostolic Order of the Lateran Canons, who in virtue of this common title have inherited from the extinct Brigittine Fathers the faculty of giving the Brigittine indulgence, as their special privilege), the Syon Abbey nuns will, we trust, be thought of during the Jubilee year—a year consecrated to Our Most Holy Saviour—and vocations will come in crowds. The retreat is situated in perhaps the loveliest spot in Devon, in which St. Fiacchan, St. Brendan, and other Irish saints would have chosen for their place of prayer. Visitors to Torquay and its vicinity would do well to run out to Chislehurst.

### Romantic Career of a Prelate.

The Austrian Episcopate, according to the Vienna correspondent of the London Times, has lost its most prominent and influential member and Austrian society a romantic and distinguished figure in the person of Cardinal Count Franz Schoenborn, Archbishop of Prague and Primate of Bohemia. Count Schoenborn was in fact a student of law, soldier and priest. While still a youth he interrupted his study of jurisprudence to join the army, and took part as an officer of cuirassiers in the battle of Sadova in the war of 1866. He subsequently followed his study of law, and then turning his attention to theology, he entered the Church. There, not only his high birth, but his undoubted ability secured him rapid promotion. In 1886 he succeeded Cardinal Prince Schwarzenberg in the bishopric of Prague, and a few years later was raised to the purple. In his double capacity of prelate and great noble he exercised a powerful influence on political affairs, an influence which was consistently directed towards the rise and fall of the religious and federal aims of the party to which it belonged.

### Sir John Austin Re-elected.

LONDON, July 8.—An election for member of parliament was held yesterday in the Osgoode division in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Sir John Austin Liberal Home Ruler, who had resigned his seat in the House of Commons owing to differences with the Liberal Association regarding local veto, was re-elected over Mr. Roberts, Independent Liberal, the vote being: Austin, 5,818; Roberts, 2,688 majority for Austin, 3,130. At the general Parliamentary election in July, 1895, Sir John Austin received 6,119 votes, and M. J. Harding, the Conservative candidate, received 4,054 votes. Sir John Austin's stand on the question of local veto, which was opposed, recently led the Liberal Association to refuse him a vote of confidence, whereupon he resigned and contested the seat again.

Sir John Austin is the only Catholic among the English Liberals in parliament. [Ed. O. R.]

### Celebrated His First Mass.

Rev. Father Copps, S. J., brother of Capt. H. W. Copps, city auditor of Stratford, who was ordained on Tuesday, June 22nd, at Woodstock College, Maryland, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, celebrated his first Mass in St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, on Sunday last. In the evening he preached an interesting and helpful sermon on the Catholic Church and its claims. Large congregations were present at both services. The rev. father savours of this first Mass there he will be stationed for a while.

## MGR. FALCONIO WHO HE IS.

The Boston Republic publishes the following sketch of the new Apostolic Delegate to Canada: The appointment of Most Rev. Domenico Falconio, O.S.F., as the first permanent Apostolic Delegate to Canada ought to be no doubt less very acceptable to the Catholics of that country. For apart from the fact that he is a highly accomplished, liberal-minded and progressive prelate, the Canadian Papal representative belongs to an order which was of the first to send missionaries into New France as Canada was then called, after the pioneer French explorers had made its existence known to the old world. Our readers will readily recall with what pleasure Catholic Canadians heard the announcement made a few years ago last, after having been strangers for so long a period to the Canadian missions, the Franciscans were again going to resume work there. In the Canadian annals of the sixteenth century, in the years immediately following the time of Cartier and Champlain, Recollect missionaries—and the Recollects are a branch of the great order which St. Francis founded—set very heroic parts in Canada. They were few in numbers, however, and when some of the pioneer missionaries fell victims to the savagery of the Indians whom they endeavored to Christianize, or else became incapacitated for duty by exposure and hard work, their order, not being able to replace them, had to give way to the Jesuits and Sulpicians, who took up the work of the Recollects and carried it on and forward to success. But although the Franciscans, with the withdrawal of the Recollect missionaries, no longer operated in the Canadian fields, the memory of their early labors and services rendered with the French and English, who claimed the French territory, of St. Francis would one day find their way back to the fields of their early cultivation, and who rejoiced exceedingly when, a few years ago, on the invitation of the late Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, the Franciscans consented to establish a convent in the Montreal archdiocese, where they have since labored with excellent results.

The new delegate to Canada will be no stranger when he comes hither in his new and high office of dignity. He has been in the United States for this, and he was for quite a number of years a missionary in Newfoundland, so that he is pretty well acquainted with the people and ways of both countries. Monsignor Falconio, who joined the Franciscans in his native province, came across the Atlantic before he attained the dignity of the priesthood. The American Franciscans then needed more men than they had at the time, and in response to an urgent appeal addressed to him by the late Archbishop Fabre, with another scholar, was sent from the San Bernardino province of Italy to the United States. Neither of the two Franciscans knew English at the time. They went to St. Bonaventura's school, and after a few years' study, they were sent back to their respective provinces, where they taught the classics and applied themselves to the acquisition of English. Fra Diomedo, who was a youth of very pronounced abilities, soon learned to speak our language with ease and fluency, and his own order was raised to the rank of teaching and studying English, he kept up

to his old friend and fellow Franciscan in that city. Then word came to him that his aged parents, whom he had not seen for a quarter of a century, were in very poor health and were desirous of seeing him again before they died. He consequently applied to leave to return to Italy, which permission was, of course, duly granted to him, with the understanding that as soon as he had satisfied the requirements of filial piety he would return to his post in New York city.

### His Own Theological Course.

at St. Bonaventura's, and in due time he was promoted to the priesthood by the first bishop of the Buffalo diocese, Right Rev. Jean Timon, O. S. A. Then he became procurator of St. Bonaventura's, and subsequently its vice-president and then president of the college. During his stay in western New York Fra Diomedo, who has been the full-fledged American citizen, became an ardent affection for American institutions, and he and the American who crossed the ocean with him, Fra Roccaforte, took out their naturalization papers, and in the process of time became full-fledged American citizens. The Canadian delegate voted regularly while he was in New York, at all local, state and national elections, and unless he has since renounced his allegiance to this country, he remains yet an American citizen.

When Monsignor Garzignoli, whose administration was not altogether satisfactory to his people and priests, was transferred to Gallipoli, in Italy. Then Fra Diomedo was

appointed to his post in New York city.

### Named Fra Diomedo.

bishop of a diocese in Italy which needed new life infused into it. Monsignor Falconio at once applied himself to that task, and succeeded so well in the undertaking that a short while after he was promoted to the rank of bishop, given charge of two united dioceses, and bidden to do the same work for them. In this, too, he succeeded, and when some one questioned him as to the secret of his success, he replied that there was no secret in it. He had simply applied to the tasks which were set for him the business principles and methods which he had learned in this country. The result was that difficulties gradually yielded and vanished, and his preaching began to move smoothly again.

Those who have met Monsignor Falconio of late years say that he always expressed a hope that some day he might be able to revisit this country, if only for a few days. Monsignor Falconio would be sent hither as his successor; and before that time, when it was known that Leo XIII. had determined to appoint a permanent apostolic delegate for the United States, his name was mentioned as that of a possible candidate for the office. The Pope's predilection for "his Perugian boy" caused Monsignor Falconio to be passed over then, but

### The Holy Father.

evidently held him in reserve for another similar appointment, and now he is to go to Canada as the first permanent apostolic delegate to that country. He will undoubtedly be cordially welcomed by the Canadian prelates, priests and people, and it is probable that he will be appointed to the vacant seat of the apostolic delegate in Canada would seem to be assured. The condition of things in the Dominion that would seem to call for a Papal delegate there is to be found in the unsettled Manitoba school question. The great issues which have arisen therefrom in other parts of the Dominion. Of course, Monsignor Falconio will not be accredited in any way to the Canadian government. His appointment and office are purely ecclesiastical and he will be received by the Bishop of Ottawa, however, though that is by no means certain as yet. And it may be that this appointment is in one sense the outcome of the visit which that Roman prelate made to Canada a couple of years ago, when he went thither, as it was said, to look into the Manitoba school question and report thereupon to the Holy See. It may be remembered that Cardinal Vaughan was said to have been in Ottawa at that time, and that it has been recently stated that the English cardinal had something to do with the appointment of Monsignor Falconio as Canada's first permanent apostolic delegate.

### The Two New Bishops.

HAMILTON, July 8.—A circular has been sent out announcing Sunday, August 6, the feast of Transfiguration, as the date for the consecration of McEwry of this city as Bishop of London. The ceremony will take place in the Cathedral at London, and will undoubtedly be attended by many of the dignitaries of the church and the priests of the diocese. The Archbishop of Toronto will likely be the consecrating prelate.

### Three Rivers, Que., July 6.—Rev.

Canon Besant, Capitular Vicar of Three Rivers, in a letter to the clergy and faithful of the diocese of Three Rivers, announces that the consecration of Mgr. O'Leather, the new bishop, will take place on the 25th of July, the Feast of St. James the Greater. In the meantime at the request of the new Bishop, Canon Besant continues in charge of the diocese up to that time. Archbishop Begin will be the consecrator.

## THE ANTI-CLERICAL CRY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

The first page of last Monday's issue of a Toronto morning paper contained a lengthy instalment of a letter from the London correspondent of The New York Times, which shows that this paper is as plain as split in its name to its English namesake. The Thunderer, even when Pigot's forgeries adorned its pages, could not surpass the style and spirit of its Yankee disciple.

"Cloricism," declares the London correspondent of The New York Times, is at the bottom of all Europe's troubles at the present time. "Cloricism is the enemy" he exclaims, adopting Gambetta's famous phrase. It is the cause of the Belgian riots, of France's Anti-Droffus mania, of Italy's appalling condition.

Now, of what is "Cloricism" the enemy in Belgium? Nearly twenty years ago that country, like France, had the misfortune of being misgoverned by a gang of anti-religious Freemasons, under the leadership of the Belgian Gambetta, Frere Orban. Everything favoring Catholicity in a country overwhelmingly Catholic was made an object of hostile legislation. Bat this was not all. Extravagance and corruption flourished and the finances of the country were in a deplorable condition. The people of Belgium, unlike those of France, rose up in their united strength and drove the Frere-Orban crew out of power by an overwhelming majority. What was the result? In a very short time the Catholic government of Belgium had lifted their country from a state bordering on bankruptcy to a condition of the highest prosperity. Surpluses succeeded enormous deficits, and an era of the brightest commercial prosperity ensued. This little country supports in comfort a population much denser than even that of England. What in France there has been little increase, the population of Belgium, already the densest in the world, has gone on expanding and prospering. Even the anti-Clerical correspondent of The New York Times admits that the Social Democrats are stronger in Belgium than in any other country in the world—that they own factories and bakeries and many other co-operative industrial institutions. In other words the laboring classes in that country are richer—and more independent—than in any other part of the world. And all this has been attained under a Catholic government. Of what, then, is "Cloricism" the enemy in Belgium? Is it the enemy of the crown, of the home of industrial progress? No, all these have enjoyed maximum prosperity under its sway. But the London correspondent of The New York Times tells us that "Cloricism is at the root of the disorder." It is to be hoped that the Belgian government will keep at the helm of the "order" until the said root is pretty thoroughly eradicated.

But whilst the existence of a Catholic government in Belgium afforded some shadow of reason for raising the cry "Cloricism is the enemy," surely no one but a Yankee correspondent of the most degenerate type would think of attributing to Cloricism the present condition of France and Italy. France and Italy, in which a relentless war has been waged against the Catholic Church, but whose every vestige of religion has been driven from the schools and every offending woman of a religious garb driven from her convent and robbed! Surely here Gambetta's famous or rather infamous saying, "Cloricism is the enemy" has been carried out with vengeance. And what is the result? France is in a state of seething turmoil the outcome of which the world anticipates with shuddering dread. Italy, according to the words of The New York Times' London correspondent, is in an appalling condition. The great fighting on the floor of the Chamber is without a parallel in modern times. Parliament is prorogued, and the bill which completes the suppression of free speech, all these have conjured the same of a country of which the government motto is: "Cloricism is the enemy!" Here is the good attained by a government which commenced its career by Church robbery and has continued the same as the spoil of the Propaganda bears witness. Here is the fruit of an anti-Clerical and Freemason government—a government whose robber hands were kept off a portion of the Propaganda property by the vigorous protest of an American Ambassador. "Complete suppression of free speech, of free press, of political combinations!" Were this done by the Catholic government of Belgium what a cry of "Cloricism is the enemy!" But in other parts of the world such things are done by the anti-Clerical government of Italy, is something of which a correspondent of The New York Times would alone be capable. Perhaps he would say that these things were done in Italy to put down Cloricism, but in other parts of the government of Italy acts after the manner of the policeman who arrests for making a disturbance the man who struggles with the footpads who try to gang and rob him. Such a proceeding will not altogether improve the city to which The New York Times editors, and its London correspondent evidently would regard an action of this kind

with complacency, if "Cloricism" were the victim.

However, could not The New York Times correspondent find material nearer home for an onslaught on Cloricism? Not more bloody than any witnessed in the streets of Brussels have not been unknown in Pittsburgh and Chicago. And there is a strong probability of a renewal at any time of the terrible scenes enacted some years ago at Homestead. Surely here is a grand opportunity of raising the cry: "Cloricism is the enemy." Here is a grand opportunity open to the London correspondent of The New York Times to working into his letters some of the stock-in-trade of anti-Italian meetings in England's metropolis. Fortunately, it is disgusting to hear the names of Belgium, of Droffus, about the wrongs of Droffus, and so on, from representatives of a country whose mills and mines have been reddened by the blood of workmen shot down in cold blood—a crime as daily disgraced by lynchings unparalleled in the annals of human barbarity—a country which contains at the present moment, almost ripe for destruction, the elements of the most terrible revolution in the history of mankind.

### The Senior Conductor.

The Winnipeg Telegram of July 8rd says: H. O'Connor who has been train master of the Brandon division for the past two years, will to-day resume his former office in his service of the C. P. R., as an inspector of the western division, and the vacancy in the same office will be taken by Joe Fahy, the well known conductor. The promotion is a popular one, though it will remove from the road the senior conductor of the province. Mr. Fahy having commenced a course of study in the law in 1878, and has since been in continuous service of the C. P. R. He will take hold of his new duties this morning, as train master of the Brandon division, with special charge of the Winnipeg terminal. The train service at the local depot was materially increased of late years, there now being twenty-eight trains arriving and departing in each day, and it will be no easy task to so arrange matters as to avoid confusion and accidents, but there is no doubt Mr. Fahy will discharge the duties with that tact and good humor as have characterized the services of his predecessor.

The best stories by the foremost Catholic writers, other interesting articles, and fine half-tone illustrations is what you get by subscribing to "Our Boys and Girls' Own." 75 cents in postage stamps, sent to Bonifaz Bros., 86 Barclay St., New York, is the easiest way to pay for a year's subscription. Write for sample copy.

### Rhodes Had one Sufficient Lesson.

BERLIN, July 8.—The German Review prints a series of conversations of Cecil Rhodes, in the course of which he says that, in the interest of his African undertakings, he has done all he could to induce the British Government in favor of the German proposals on the Basuto question. He declares his intention to hold entirely aloof from the Transvaal controversy and "leave the Government to have it out with Kruger on their own responsibility." He repeats the suggestion that he is in favor of using force toward the Transvaal, saying—"I once made that mistake, and it was enough for me."

### Children's Aid Society.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Executive of the St. Vincent De Paul Children's Aid Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Monday evening last, the Vice-President, J. J. Murphy, in the chair.

The report of the agents dealing with the works of the society since the last general meeting and going into the details of his own office and duties was read by the Chairman. The Treasurer, Mr. D. Miller, also read his report showing the accounts to be in a satisfactory manner. A general discussion followed which brought out some valuable information as to the best methods of carrying on the work of the society. The Hon. Solicitor, Mr. H. J. Kelly, went fully into the O'Connor case from its origin and pointed out the many obstacles that the society had to contend against in securing the proper control of the children. The Rev. Father Ryan made a most interesting and instructive address on the action and work of the society.

### A Hamilton Wedding.

Mr. Thomas A. Kilgour, Montreal, son of Mr. James Kilgour of Hamilton, was married in the latter city on Wednesday last to Miss Rose, daughter of Mr. John Ross. Chancellor Craven solemnized the marriage, assisted by Father Frank O'Reilly.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Matters from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

CLARE

A large demonstration in support of the principles of the United Irish League...

DUBLIN

The Daily Nation remarks apropos of the degree conferred on Mr. W. L. Murphy...

A public meeting was held in the Church of St. Sylvester, Malahide...

The academical year at All Hallows came to a fitting conclusion with two events...

FERMANAGH

The newspapers announce the death at Castle Archdale, County Fermanagh...

KINGS COUNTY

What was a turf cutter was digging a bog beside Killybeggagh Castle...

It is there was a wooden goblet. There is no record of this goblet ever having been cut before...

LIMERICK

Rev. M. O'Leary, D.D., Ph.D., D.C.L., Limerick, at the recent meeting of the Maynooth Union...

MAYO

At the meeting of Mayo County Council Mr. Conor O'Kelly, J.P., presiding...

In proposing the resolution, Mr. Walsh said, as they were all aware, from the founding of the United Irish League...

The United Irish League have had a remarkable victory at the Ballina District Council...

MEATH

On June 25 to the Mullingar Cathedral, the Right Rev. Monsignor Gaffney was amidst circumstances of deep solemnity and impressiveness...

ceremony of consecration and enthronement was attended by a large number of the prelates of the Irish Church...

SCOTLAND

CATHOLIC ROYALTY IN SCOTLAND

During the Royal sojourn at Balmoral Castle, Her Majesty's principal guest was the Princess Clémentine of Belgium...

PILGRIMAGES IN HONOUR OF ST. MARGARET

A number of the faithful in the Archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh honoured the feast of St. Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland...

A DOUBLE CELEBRATION IN VERMONT

Burlington, Vt., July 5.—The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated in this city yesterday...

Do you remember... Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery... Image of a man in a top hat.

A DARING MISREPRESENTATION

In the recent debate in the British House of Commons, on the Irish-Catholic University question...

WILLIAM DELANEY

University College, Dublin, June 24, 1899. BISHOP GAFFNEY OF MEATH. The New Era, London, publishes a sketch of the career of Right Rev. Mr. Gaffney...

WILLIAM DELANEY

Having been ordained in 1863, Father Gaffney was appointed by Dr. Cantwell, president of St. Mary's College, Mullingar...

Dr. Gaffney was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese. Two years later the dignity of domestic prelate to His Holiness was conferred on him...

Union at the first annual meeting, an honour which proved how high a position he held in the opinion of the whole representative clergy of Ireland.

The object of the Maynooth Union, it will be remembered, was to strengthen the associations of the great colleges with its students...

There never was any question of complaint of the nature of orthodoxy of Dr. Klein's biological teaching...

The grave charge so confidently brought forward by Mr. Arnold Forster without inquiry as to its justice can only be characterised, therefore, as pure fiction...

The history of the diocese, the memories of whose ancient glories will be awakened once again by the ceremonial of next Sunday...

He played a most remarkable part in the shaping of the destinies of the brave people among whom he would fain have lived and died...

His mission was most successful. The success of his labours may still be traced in the names of places, and in many a ruined shrine in the districts of the present Wickford, Wicklow, Carlow, and Queen's county...

Enameline when applied, is most BRILLIANT, and that is the effect you want when using a stove polish...

THE CELTIC RACE IN THE MODERN WORLD

Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., was the preacher at the consecration of Bishop Gaffney, of Meath. The following eloquent and stirring sentences closed the preacher's address...

NEW RECTOR OF LOYOLA COLLEGE

Montreal, July 5.—The Rev. Wm. J. Doherty, installed yesterday as rector of Loyola College, in place of the Rev. G. O'Bray...

The Poisoners.

(Cornhill Magazine.)

The Grea which had wrapped the Placo de Greve in a crimson mantle and sent Lavoinin and Lavigroux to their last account had been burned out for many days. Not even the ashes were left to tell the tale of the awful end of those two old nags whose poison vials had put to sleep so many scores of innocent husbands, unloved wives and pestering mistresses. But if the stake was now cool and inert, waiting silently and patiently for new victims to devour, Paris had not forgotten the sensational story of those poison sellers. Had not their customs included some of the greatest in the land? Did not their trial bring to light in all its sickly terror the whole hideousness of this poisoning mania that was rampant throughout the length and breadth of fair France?

And as though to keep the horror fresher in the public mind, Mlle. Molere had caused them to be placed in a play, "La Devineresse," the joint work of Thomas Cornelle and Devise. Already, for three nights the theatre in the Rue Mazarine had been crowded to excess to see this play. The well-timed idea of Molere's widow was raining lives into the treasury with a merry jingle that made the Comedians du Rue belaud her enterprise and wisdom in unmeasured terms. On the third night of the production the King had come with the president of the Chambre Ardente in his train— that same Chambre Ardente which His Majesty had endowed with such extraordinary powers for the detection and punishment of those guilty of the practice of slow poisoning.

"I like the play," Louis XIV. graciously avowed to Mlle. Molere in the course of the evening. "And who knows but what it may do something to stay this ghoulie mania which seems to run riot among my people?"

"Or it may wipe out the Troupes Royales," murmured the Councilor of State, who hated the players and envied the favors the King showered upon them. "These poisoners, as I know full well, are revengeful fiends, and they will not like your play, madame."

The King looked displeased at this remark. Louis was in mortal fear of himself being a victim of the mania. At the English Court it was a favorite joke that the King of France would not eat fish because it was poison.

"Perhaps, then, we ourselves are in danger of their revenge for daring to punish them," he cried. "You frighten madame, monsieur, and do yourself no credit by raising such fears."

Mlle. Molere went a trifle pale, and paler still as Louis promptly turned his back upon him. But Mlle. Molere's nature was too light and frivolous to be impressed by the gloomy forebodings of the Councilor, and she returned to her dressing-room so mightily pleased with the King's kindness that she speedily forgot all about them.

The next evening she walked from her house to the theatre leisurely and alone. The night was dark, but fine, and the air braced and freshened her. At the threshold of the theatre, as she reached out to open the private door leading to the stage, a man suddenly stepped out of the shadow and thrust a note into her hand.

"Mlle. Molere," he said, and made to hurry away, but the hit of his sword caught in her cloak, and as some one within flung open the door the light fell for an instant full on his face. A pale, repulsive face, with a deep scar on the left cheek—that was how it struck her as he hastily snatched himself free and disappeared into the night.

In her dressing-room she opened the letter and read— "If 'La Devineresse' be played for two more nights Lavoinin will be re-vengeed. There are those who will see that her name is no longer reviled. The King burnt her at the stake, and now you place her on the stage to withstand the Grea of the mob's derision. Beware! This is no light warning. In two nights you must have a new play, Mlle. Molere, or—"

"Yes, madame. I will see him at once, certainly." A moment later a tall, lean man, attired exactly in the soberest of colours, stepped into the room. He bowed and waited until the servant had retired. Mlle. Molere spoke first. "You have come from the Chambre Ardente, about the letter I sent?" "I have, madame."

"Am I being played with, think you, or is it a grave matter, M. Dupin?" He smiled somewhat sarcastically. "There is no hoax about it, I can assure you. It is meant earnestly enough; of that there can be no doubt. But how the revenge will be attempted we know not. It may be that a servant will be bribed to drop some deadly cordial into your food, or that a letter steeped in some powerful poison—a poison that will permeate the pores of your skin upon the instant touch—will be sent you; or, again, it may be that open and violent outrage will be attempted. Ah, you shudder, madame, but you know not of the horrors which are taking place day by day around us. The Chambre Ardente knows this mania is spreading daily. No one is safe from public attack. Death is lingering at our elbows all day long and in the most silent watches of the night."

He grew impassioned as he spoke, and his eyes grew and anon glistened with excitement. But suddenly he controlled himself, and was cool and inscrutable as a smiling again. "You terrify me—oh, you terrify me!" the actress exclaimed, putting her hands to her eyes as if to shut out the frightful vision his words had conjured up.

"Pardon, madame, but I only wish to show you your danger, and to impress upon you the necessity to be watchful. However, I think you need have little or no fear. The Chambre Ardente has its hands upon your enemies, I believe, at this very moment."

"Of course," he went on, "the safest course to adopt would be to stop the play at once. Will you do that?" "No, I will not do that," she replied, slowly. "It is too great a success."

"Could you, then, identify the man who gave you the letter?" "Yes—oh, yes; I can see his face, his horrible face, now!" "Well, then, you must help us in this way. After the play to-night go to the Placo de Greve. You will be met there by one of our agents, who will conduct you to one of our secret houses in the Rue de Sainte-Croix. There we have several men under arrest, and you must see them. Had the man a scar under the left eye?"

"Yes, yes—a deep scar. I remember that distinctly."

"Many men have such scars, but still this may be the right one. You will come, then?" "I will. I shall see you there, monsieur?" "Yes. And, by the way, has any other agent of the Chambre called? You see, we work secretly, and hardly know each other's plans and movements."

"No; no one else has been."

"Ah! then, adieu, madame. To-night, after the play, in the Rue de Sainte-Croix."

so peaceful and beautiful in the delicate light, she espied a figure approaching her. "Mlle. Molere?" he queried, in a deep, low voice when he came near. She nodded her head.

"Follow me," he added. They traversed a labyrinth of streets, and no further word was spoken until a quarter of an hour afterward, the man rapped gently at a house door in a queer little side street. "This is the Rue de Sainte-Croix," he murmured.

The door was instantly opened. "Enter," he said, and madame went in, with her attendant at her heels. The passage was pitch dark. She stood still, affrighted.

"Where am I?" she cried. "This way—this way. 'Tis all right," said a voice.

"Oh, is that you, M. Dupin?" "Yes, 'tis I, madame."

"Thank heaven! I began to fear that I had been entrapped."

A hand took hers in the darkness and conducted her several yards. Then a door was opened and they entered a dimly lighted room, half laboratory, half library.

"Pray be seated, madame," said Dupin, genially. "I think I've settled this affair. 'The Chambre Ardente knows what it is about. Ha, ha, ha!' I should think so! Have some wine first, madame, before you look on the scared, ugly faces of the rogues I have managed here. Besides, you must be exhausted after your walk, and possibly frightened, eh?"

He laughed pleasantly as he poured her out some wine. It struck her what a courtly, affable man he was. "Drink," he said.

She emptied the goblet at a draught, for in truth her nerves were all in a quiver, and replacing it on the table looked round at her host and laughed back at him with a well-natural confidence and gaiety. But as her glance fell upon him her laughter ceased. She gazed at him first in wonderment, and then aghast. M. Dupin was glaring at her fiercely.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried, shaking like a leaf. "What mean you?"

It seemed another being, this vindictive figure scowling down at her. Fate and give played hide and seek in his eyes. He was transformed into a veritable ogre.



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"Theodore," said Mrs. Hardacre, looking up from the paper, "I see that a New York banker has given a thousand dollars to the Princeton Debating Society. How ridiculous! You don't have to give women money to learn how to talk."

"You've drunk my wine, Mlle. Molere," he cried out in a moment in measured tones, his teeth clenched, but his voice calm. "Let me tell you it was poisoned."

"The actress jumped to her feet in un-expected panic. 'Mon dieu!' she screamed. 'Monsieur, what can you mean? What have you done?'"

"You will know all soon enough," he replied with tantalizing precision. "The poison takes five hours to kill. There is time to repeat the story many, many times." He paused a second, and then a sudden excitement took hold of him. "I am Lavoinin's son," he cried, not M. Dupin, not an agent of the Chambre Ardente—Lavoinin's son, the son of the woman you have put into your cursed play. I love my mother, madame. I saw her burn, frizzle before my eyes, and I laughed—no, I laughed—laughed with madness and rage to hear her old bones crackle, to see her old flesh bake. And since then three who sat in high places have somehow died—died naturally, though suddenly. Ho, ha, ha!—died through me, through my medicine, you understand?"

"And as he touched a hand came through the slightly open door and of a sudden snatched the vial from his fingers. Then like a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, three men dashed into the room. There was a fierce struggle for a moment or two. Strong men panted as though in the throes of death. But it was soon over. Founced on unawares, the poisoner was readily secured and gagged and carried forth.

"Then the leader of the newcomers stepped up to Mlle. Molere where she lay on the floor, prostrate and unconscious. He chafed her hands and threw water on her forehead.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" she murmured in a while. "Where am I?" "Drink this at once," he rejoined. "It is an antidote."

LABATT'S BREWERY FIRE. The fire was confined chiefly to two of the Mal-lhouses. The fermenting tuns and the vessels were not damaged, so that the brewery department will very soon be in complete running order. The fire did not reach the cellars, and I have a large stock of draught and bottled Ale. Customers will be supplied as usual.

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Thursday, July 13, 1899. July 12-S. Anacletus. 13-S. Bonaventura. 14-S. Henry. 15-Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. 16-S. Leo IV. 17-S. Camillus of Lellis. 18-S. Symmachus.

Nationalism and Catholicity.

Catholics generally will be apt to consider the recent London speeches of Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Vaughan a more interesting topic than any other now on the tapis. The famous prelate of St. Paul has been lionized in England, where, by the way, he fell among the "forward" element of the Conservative politicians. This element, it is almost unnecessary to add, is remarkably well represented by the leading Catholics in English public life.

The future of mankind seems to point to the importance of a close friendship between the peoples of the United States and the British Empire. The question is: What shall be, in the future, the governing and formative civil influence among those countries and races that have not yet been brought within the pale of Christian Civilization? Shall it be the influence of the despotic or that of the liberty loving Powers? This will be settled during the course of the coming century. And as the far East, and even the great dark continent, look to the principles of liberty as a basis for their spiritual regeneration. The best interests of true Christianity seek freedom of action. They dread the arbitrary State control which despotically converts a national religion into an engine of conquest and of national aggrandisement.

This was welcoming the Archbishop of St. Paul in the "forward" spirit. It is not too much to say so. And Dr. Ireland responded with admirable diplomacy to the suggestions of the Cardinal, having first, however, devoted a few eloquent periods to the influence of the Irish race in the British empire. He said:

olies of the United States and the Catholics of England. We Catholics of America owe much to you. Our first Catholic colonists, the companions of Lord Baltimore, were from the island soil of England. The first citizens on the soil of America who openly declared liberty of conscience were English Catholics; and throughout all the history of our Church, those English states of Maryland have given a certain tone to Catholic thought and Catholic action which has never been effaced, and when a Bishop was to be consecrated for the Church in the United States, for the Church which today possesses nearly one hundred bishops, he came to England to have the holy oils poured upon his head. Our literature is the same; our language is the same; a thousand ties bind us. We desire, as American citizens, your friendship; we are willing, as American citizens, to accord you our own. We desire the mutual bond of friendship between the two great countries. Our commercial interests are the same. And while so closely united in friendly relations as Englishmen and Americans, we must be doubly united in close links of love as English Catholics and American Catholics.

Dr. Ireland could not be more diplomatic. Cardinal Vaughan could not have expected to be better pleased. His Eminence delivered a speech at the Independence Day banquet a few days later, which was intensely imperialistic. A cable report will be found in another column. Of course the Cardinal spoke for himself alone; but his words at least indicate a lesson of Catholic experience in every age and every nation, which is not sufficiently remembered when Catholics stand upon opposite sides of international difficulties.

The Church is Catholic, but her influence ever goes to strengthen the national character of her sons. The Catholic Englishman like the Duke of Norfolk or Cardinal Vaughan may be imperialistic to the extent of jingoism, the America Catholic citizen may be an expansionist after McKinley's or Archbishop Ireland's heart. This development of their nationalism; however, is not their religion, although the love of country which their Catholic faith waters and enriches is the soil in which their patriotism must have taken root. The Filipino Catholic who sees the American troops desecrating his sanctuaries, and the German Catholic whose sympathies are with Paul Kruger will admit all this but will not find his own convictions weakened one whit thereby. In a word while Cardinal Vaughan and Archbishop Ireland are both great Catholics they would not undertake in teachers of this kind to speak for the Catholics of the German empire, the Philippine Islands and for the matter of that of other places nearer their own doors.

Remember St. Mary's O. C. and A. A. annual excursion, Monday the 17th. Except in the city of Belfast open acts of blackguardism by Orangemen are becoming more and more infrequent. It therefore occasioned surprise approaching to shock when on Sunday last an Orange procession outraged on the public street the decency of Christian burial. The Globe's correspondent at Winnipeg gave the following account of the occurrence: "A painful incident occurred during the Orange church parade to-day. A Catholic funeral procession was passing along the street at the same time as the parade. The Orange Young Britons, with band playing, turned a corner ahead of the funeral and refused to break ranks. Father Cherrier, who was in the funeral procession, insisted on driving through, and the Orange Young Britons seized his horse, but the animal reared and the carriage passed through. The balance of the funeral stopped until the senior Orange lodges came along when a halt was called and the funeral allowed to proceed."

This is the public testimony of the Orangemen's boasted love of religious freedom. A priest at the head of a funeral is waylaid and held upon the street of a populous city. Separated from the dead he is accompanying to the grave, the din of file and drum is made for a time to take the place of the ceremonial of mourning. The violence is attributed to the Orange Young Britons as if that department of the Orange society were irresponsible and excusable. When the "sacros" came up "the funeral was allowed to proceed." Allowed by the Orangemen of course. Apparently neither the police nor the city authorities had any right to interfere. Law and order was either to be outraged or maintained by the free and unfettered will of the Orangemen themselves. But this state of things is not peculiar to Winnipeg. Here in Toronto on every twelfth of July public and private business is held up for a couple of hours, in order to gratify the caprice of processionists who will not break ranks and insist upon monopolizing the streets. The street cars are stopped, carriages are forbidden to proceed. Sometimes, as we very earnestly hope, the street car company will be sued for damages, and

if there is a jury in the city animated with a spark of desire to see the public right placed above the folly of a parading faction, heavy damages will be given. We cannot look to the city authorities for relief. They prefer to hand our money as well as our liberties over to the Orange machine.

Senator Sanford of Hamilton was accidentally drowned at his summer place in Muskoka on Monday. He was a friend of the late Sir John Thompson and accompanied the body of the Canadian statesman upon the British ship that brought it to Halifax.

England was one of the principal nations represented at the Hague Peace Conference. The Conference condemned the Dam-Dam built by an overwhelming vote as barbarous and wantonly cruel. Nevertheless in the House of Commons on Monday last the Under-Secretary of State for the War Office, Mr. George Wyndham, replying to a question of Mr. Michael Davitt, Irish Nationalist member for South Mayo, acknowledged that bullets, similar to the Dam-Dam bullets which were condemned at the Hague Peace Conference, were being supplied to the British troops in South Africa.

England is getting a sour foretaste of militarism. For many years the popular dislike for the hard experiences of the common soldier has been an increasing difficulty to maintaining the strength of the army. When the Scotch and Irish were poverty stricken and ragged they took the "Saxon shilling" in goodly numbers, and supplied the empire's fighting force. But the Scotch at home and abroad are waxing fat of late and naturally avoid the army. The Irish are turning their faces across the southern and western seas and England is now obliged to seek more of her soldiers at home than formerly. The available material is not by any means the best. Col. Danison of Toronto gave a pitiful account recently of the recruits he saw in England. The present revival of jingoism has converted a difficulty into a necessity, and led to the introduction of a conscription bill into the House of Lords. One effect of such a policy will be to quicken emigration from the British Islands. This is one of the first signs of national decay that militarism in its very nature breeds. The young men will depart for freer lands and the lessened population will bear the increased taxes. There is not much hope of the colonies helping the United Kingdom either with recruits or contributions for the imperial expenditure.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan has issued another volume of poems which he has entitled "Songs of Settlement" and dedicated to the pioneers of Bruce county, whose stout hearts and sturdy arms have turned a wilderness into smiling gardens. Mr. O'Hagan still works with familiar methods upon familiar subjects. His ways appear to be settled, like those of an old acquaintance, upon whom you can count to chat again over favorite and pleasant topics whenever you meet him. Or if this be too artificial, a more poetic comparison might perhaps be made in nature. Mr. O'Hagan's notes are like those of the common birds of the grove, that sing as freely as the nightingale, albeit less rapturously. Anything approaching to startling surprise may not be sought in Mr. O'Hagan's verses. His thoughts do not take flight on the wings of ambition. He suggests nothing difficult of comprehension. Any of these poems may be read without effort, and as the pictures they call up are pleasing in a homely way Mr. O'Hagan is sure of catching the reader's sympathy. "An Idyl of the Farm," "The Old Pioneer," "The Old Log-Cottage School," "The Song My Mother Sings," are all characteristic of Mr. O'Hagan. Simplicity, homeliness, healthfulness are the blessings obtained, and no great draughts upon the poet's vocabulary are needed for the strain. To give a few examples:

O there's joy in every sphere of life from cottage unto throne, But the sweetest of a life of nature beam upon the farm alone \* \* \* \* \* Then God bless the old man coming down the lane, His form though bent with toil and care is free from every pain \* \* \* \* \* What anxious boys we want to school to learn, to read and write, Filled with the loftiest notions then and futures just as bright. \* \* \* \* \* Gone now is the light in McDougall's log shanty The blast on the hearth long has sunk into gloom. And Donald and Janet who dreamed of "Auld Scotia," Are dreaming of heaven in the dust of the tomb. \* \* \* \* \* This, perhaps, is not poetry; but it is all that we claim for it—the homely singing of simple life. Nor is it less true to life, because of its commonplace ease. It may be a little off to be sure in the case of Donald and Janet who "are dreaming of heaven in the dust of the tomb" inasmuch as poetry itself would scarcely ask us to take such information literally. "A Dirge of the Settlement," "The

Song My Mother Sings," "Life and Death," although they bear a touch of sadness, are stamped with the sane quiet habit of thought. In the patriotic order we have "Reconciled," "Our Own Dear Land," "A Song of Canadian Rivers," "Heroes" and other pieces. The "Songs of the Settlement," will not seek in vain for appreciative readers. The volume comes from the press of William Briggs and is on sale at Saddle's, Toronto.

When thieves fall on honest men are apt to come by their own—if strong enough to take it. The thieves who stole the letters upon which the United States demanded the expulsion from Canada of two Spanish ex-officials have fallen out and are accusing each other of forgery and lying. The Spaniards at the time declared that the published letter upon which Sir Wilfrid Laurier acted was a forgery, and Spaniards as a rule are strong in truth telling if weak in every other way. The fellow who stole the letter now gives a circumstantial account of the subsequent forgery. The whole business is not creditable to the United States but is infinitely more disgraceful to Canada.

If the Dutch Boers are subjecting Englishmen to tyranny, it would appear that the English in British Guiana have long been giving Dutch settlers there similar, or worse treatment. A question by Mr. Davitt about the condition of the franchise in British Guiana has been referred by the authorities of the British House of Commons. The reason given was that it "reflected indirectly on the policy of the Imperial authorities." This practically admits the case. The question showed that the Imperial Government is and has been protesting for many years, and the Colonial Secretary is still protesting in British Guiana on a Dutch mining population, a precisely similar oppression to that on account of which England is threatening to go to war with the Transvaal.

The Famous case of Charles Stewart Parnell and The London Times was referred to in the House of Commons at Ottawa, on Wednesday last week, in an unusual way. Mr. N. F. Davin having brought up as a matter of privilege the criticisms of The Times regarding the government's refusal to investigate the Yukon scandals, Sir Wilfrid Laurier retorted: "The Times is a paper which enjoys great respect, but hon. gentlemen knew that this was not the first time it had been the victim of a hoax. Some years ago it was the victim of a very oral hoax in the Parnell-Pigot case. There is another Pichard Pigot, another slanderer in the land now, apparently," said the Premier. Sir Charles Tupper next said: "Parnell was not such a coward as to shelter himself behind one miserable pretext and another, but boldly challenged his opponents, consistent in his own innocence."

Many Irishmen in Canada, who knew Mr. Thomas Crosbie, of Cork, personally or by the wide fame of his paper, The Examiner, will regret the news of his death which our latest exchanges bring us. Mr. Crosbie was a '48 man and was from the beginning to the end of his career a tireless worker in the Irish struggle. The roll of his comrades included Joseph Brennan, John Francis Maguire, Danny Lane, Dr. W. K. Sullivan, Mr. Justin McCarthy and a dozen prominent literary workers of this and the past generation began life in the office of The Cork Examiner. Mr. Crosbie was a gentleman of distinguished appearance and gentle manners, and it was with a tender regard that his brothers of the press often spoke of him as "the grand old man of Irish journalism." He filled the chair of the Institute of British Journalists for a year. To us, at this distance, it would seem that in the death of Mr. Crosbie the old city of Cork has lost its first and finest citizen.

In spite of the most rigorous censorship the truth is gradually coming out about the American war against the Filipinos. It is no longer denied that hostilities were precipitated by the Americans without sufficient provocation and in contempt of Aguinaldo's entreaty. Again, the Americans are rather boastful of the barbarian manner of their warfare upon the religious institutions of the natives, which by the way are as Catholic as if they belonged to the archdiocese of St. Paul. Aguinaldo's army is in the wilderness because it would be wholesale suicide for it to stand over against the American guns. Whenever a chance offers for a skirmish the Filipinos creep out of their lairs and cut off a few of the enemy. This condition of things if it can be maintained long enough will prove more humiliating to the Americans than if they were to suffer heavy loss in a pitched battle. The drain upon the army and the treasury is irritating to the national pride and is washing the soil away from the roots of the unhealthy plant of American imperialism. In the long run although Aguinaldo can never hope for a victory on the field over the American invaders he may win a moral victory when the better judgment of the American people asserts itself.

The Globe quotes with manifest pleasure the status of The Montreal Gazette that the judges appointed to subdivide the counties mentioned in the Redistribution Bill include one Roman Catholic. The Globe knows well that the judge mentioned is not and never was a Roman Catholic. We desire to make no other point in connection with the matter than that the government is quite willing to receive a little laudation which costs nothing.

Two weeks ago the editorial writer of The Orange Sentinel said he had read a circular alleged to have been issued to the Christian Brothers. Being convinced that if such a circular existed at all it must have been a fraud, we endeavored in the most direct and open way to get some trace of it. But none of The Sentinel people would admit having seen it. We were not surprised thereat, because we know the character of The Sentinel; but we made an appeal to Mr. E. F. Clarke personally to take a manly stand on his own personal responsibility, since his editor clearly is ignorant or grossly abuses the first principles of responsible journalism. Mr. Clarke has preferred to remain silent. His paper returns to the vague, intangible, villainous methods that are characteristic of it; but does not publish the circular or say where it has been published or may be found. It tells in similar fashion of a bill of particulars that it is willing to publish. The Orange Sentinel is never unwilling to publish anything true or false that might tickle the palates of its readers. The paper itself is beneath notice and its only support is Mr. Clarke's proprietorship.

The Register has received a long communication from "W. H. S." with regard to the West Elgin election scandal, suggesting the formation of a political party to promote the demand for pure elections. We are of course in hearty sympathy with any honest plan that looks to the freedom of the electorate from the tyranny of the "machine." But it is doubtful whether the proposals of our correspondent could ever be carried out practically. A third party on the hustings and in the legislature, standing forth, as a "party party," does not in any event commend itself. Political corruption may be more quickly and naturally corroded. Corruption brought ruin not once but twice upon the Conservatives; and, although we are in the habit of speaking plainly of the general apathy of the electors of Canada when their free institutions are disgraced by the jackals of one or the other organizations carrying on the struggle for power and patronage, there is still some faith left in us. Short leases of office and not holding one can effectively limit the injustice of party government. Enough reality has been proved against the local Liberals to justify their instant expulsion from the place of government, and the most salutary lesson that can be given to their successors is to make sure and swing the natural punishment of the wrong-doers with whom the people have presently to deal.

Protestantism is so weak a religion that it has to throw itself upon the favor of fashion, in order to keep up the appearance of conformity with the law of God. The New York Sun reports a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, in an Episcopal Church at Newport in which he urged the society of fashion, which has its foremost seat at that place during the summer, to exercise its undoubtedly great social influence to discourage and discountenance divorce. "The people of Newport," he said, "are endowed with the power to suppress this evil, and he added inferentially that without such social influence the Church is impotent in the premises, saying that "Newport has more power to check it than the combined efforts of the Christian churches from Maine to the Pacific coast." Mr. Hamilton accordingly appealed to Newport society "to refuse to recognize divorce," "as a favor toward the Church."

This says The Sun is a very remarkable acknowledgment that the authority of the Episcopal Church is unable of itself to resist successfully the present tendency of that society to tolerate and justify divorce for any cause allowed by the civil law in any State, no matter how violently it conflicts with the law of the Church. Everybody who heard the appeal, however, knows that such is the fact, for it has been demonstrated in many conspicuous instances. The canon of the Episcopal Church allows divorce for the sole cause of adultery, and remarriage to the innocent party only. Actually the society addressed by the clergyman has paid no heed to this canon, though it is composed chiefly of members of the Episcopal Church. So long as the divorces were legally obtained—by desertion, real or nominal, or for any other cause allowed in the freest divorce laws of the Union—it has given its countenance to the proceedings and received back to its embrace the parties whose marriages were thus dissolved when either or both of them have brought to it new husbands or wives. That is, the society

has treated the Episcopal Church with open contempt, and by giving its sanction to "free divorce" has set an example for all the social circles of the Union which look to it for fashionable leadership.

Cardinal Vaughan's Imperialistic Speech.

LONDON, July 6.—A declaration of immense importance concerning the fate of the Philippines and all Asia was made last night by Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, at the Independence Day banquet given by the American Society in London. There is good authority for saying that his utterance is an authorized announcement of the policy of the Roman Catholic Church on the far eastern question. When it is said that he astonished and identified his audience by his eloquent appeal to America and England in co-operation to carry civilization into Asia in opposition to Russia, it may easily be imagined what a sensation his words created.

Nor was his only imperialistic speech of the evening. It was the keynote of every word spoken, and the spirit of imperialism aroused an enthusiasm surpassing anything witnessed at former gatherings of Americans in London. The banquet was attended by the largest and most representative assembly of Americans ever held in Europe. It was nearly midnight when Cardinal Vaughan spoke, but the tremendous significance of his words entitles them to be the first quoted. He said:—

"I have in my heart the deep-seated and mature conviction that the welfare of the Christian world, especially those portions which have not yet come within the pale of civilization, depends in a great measure on the good feeling and co-operation that shall exist between the American and English peoples. (Cries of hear, hear.) We are living at the end of one century and are about to enter another. Some men may glory in looking backward, and they will have much to learn in retrospect. Others look forward. Their minds are cast toward the future, leaving behind the things they have accomplished, and they press forward. While we are on the verge of a new century the English-speaking peoples look forward to see in what direction their mission will be accomplished. It seems to me from the evidence of past years and from the manifestations of friendly feeling expressed at this table by our Ambassador and Senators who have spoken, that we are preparing the American and English peoples for the great work before us in the century to come."

"You no longer, if I may speak to my American cousins, you no longer are a self-contained power. You have come from your continent, forced by the circumstance of the acquisition of lands abroad. You stand with your foot on the threshold of a new continent, Asia. You have entered into the comity of nations that has declared itself in many ways interested in the welfare and future of the Asiatic continent. You will never be able to withdraw—(cries of hear, hear.)—and they press forward. It will be greater in the future than it ever was in the past. It must make itself felt on the tremendous population of Asia, which is waiting for the advent of true Christian civilization."

"The question that presents itself constantly to my mind—do not know how it will strike your minds—is this: Which power in the future of the world shall be predominant over the great continent yet unreclaimed by Christian civilization? Shall it be the great despotic power that has come from the East, or shall it be the power of the liberty-loving nations represented by the English-speaking people? (Cries of hear, hear.) It is a question of which the two greatest in modes of government shall prevail. There can be no doubt in this hall to which the preference should be given. If then, the liberty-loving people bring happiness, civilization and all the benefits of Christianity to the largest majority of the human race yet uncivilized, it can only be, it seems to me through a good understanding being established between the two great branches of the English-speaking people. (Cries of hear, hear.)"

I am not speaking of commercial interests. I am not speaking of the wealth of England or America. I am speaking on the point alone of your influence and our influence abroad. I pray that the sentiments expressed so eloquently by many speakers to-night, sentiment as deeply as the American may continue to be worsened with the other, so that the missions of the English-speaking races may be carried on successfully in the new century, and that the century may see the completion in a great measure of our common mission. (Cheers.)

Ambassador Oboate made a speech in which he expressed grateful sentiments of the mutual friendship between the United States and Great Britain. At the same time, he said, while Americans cultivated their friendship with the British, they must not forget the other great nations of the world, and whatever happened they must not become Englishmen, but remain Americans always.

Religion of Royalty.

The latest statistics show that of the 446 male members of the 24 reigning houses which at present occupy the 41 reigning thrones in Europe, 311 are Protestants, 171 Roman Catholics, 46 Greek Catholics, and 19 Mohammedans. The first Protestant are 9 of the 24 reigning houses—Nassau, Zoolingen, Braunschweig, Nassau, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and Baden. Prevalent Protestant are the houses of Mecklenburg (with 10 Protestants and 8 Roman Catholics princes), and the 26 Reformed and 8 Catholics, Hohenzollern (with 19 Protestant, 0 Roman and 1 Catholic), Wettin (with 30 Pro-

Societies, 24 Roman and 1 Greek Catholic parishes. Wurttemberg has 8 Roman Catholics and 1 Protestant; Odensburg, 87 Greek Catholics and 23 Protestants. Entirely Catholic are 6 of the 24 reigning houses—Hapsburg, Bourbon, Savoy, Wittelsbach, Liechtenstein, and Monaco. Russia, 1 Greek Catholic and Turkey Mohammedan.

A. O. H.

The officers of Ottawa Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, were installed by P. A. Hawley representing the County President. Following are the officers—President, J. Butler; recording secretary, J. Bergin; financial secretary, P. S. Dadd; treasurer, M. H. Fagan; committee, J. O'Connor, J. O'Donnell, P. O'Meara, J. Casey, W. Mulvihill; chaplain, Rev. Father Whelan; medical examiner, Dr. Troy.

Liberals Continue to gain Victor's.

London, July 6.—The Liberal party gained two seats to-day in the by-elections held in the double-barrelled constituency of Oldham to fill the dual vacancy created by the death last month of Mr. Robt. Ascroft, Conservative, and the subsequent resignation of his Conservative colleague, Mr. James Francis Oswald, who has just been appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, to be Steward and Bailiff of the Manor of Northstead, a formal method of resigning. The following are the results of the polls.—Mr. Alfred Emmett, Liberal and Radical, 12,976; Mr. Walter Runciman, Liberal and Radical, 12,770; Mr. Wiston Spencer Churchill, Conservative, 11,477; Mr. J. W. Mandalay, Conservative, 11,449. Messrs Oswald and Ascroft, at the time of their election, polled respectively 12,465 and 18,065 Conservative votes. To-day's elections, therefore, is a distinct Conservative reverse. Mr. Alfred Emmett, the successful Liberal and Radical candidate, who heads the poll in to-day's election in Oldham, is a wealthy cotton spinner of Oldham. He is a cousin of Mr. J. Emmott Barlow, Liberal member for the Frome division of Somersetshire. His brother married Lady Constance Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyll. Mr. Walter Runciman, the other successful Liberal and Radical candidate, is also a local man. He is twenty-nine years of age and a son of Mr. Walter Runciman of Newcastle. He is a member of the firm of W. Runciman & Co., of London and Newcastle.

Diocese of Kingston Annual Pilgrimage.

The rev. clergy of the Diocese of Kingston have arranged to conduct their annual pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Tuesday, 25th July, in order that pilgrims may be enabled to be present at the shrine and to invoke the intercession of La Bonne Ste. Anne on Wednesday, 26th July—the very day which the Catholic Church has consecrated to the honor of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. The pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of the Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., and the Rev. Father Stanton, of Brookville, who has so successfully organized the pilgrimages of past years, will give his invaluable assistance on this occasion also. Return ticket to Toronto, good for ten days, is placed at the very low rate of \$0.75, and similar low rates can be obtained at all stations of the G.T.R. and C.P.R. as far as the several dates of departure. Tickets will be good to go on special and regular trains on the morning of the 25th July, and to return on any regular train within the time-limit. A special G.T.R. train will leave Lindsay at 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 25th July. For further particulars, apply to Rev. J. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont.

DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS SWIFT.

The Ottawa Free Press of the 10th says:—Mrs. Swift, a talented member of St. Patrick's choir, and one of the popular members of the church, died Saturday afternoon after a lengthy illness. Mrs. Swift was the wife of Mr. Thomas Swift, principal of St. Patrick's school, and editor of the Monitor. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Sibley, of Toronto, Western manager for Events. Mrs. and Mrs. Sibley and their daughter, Miss Fanny Sibley, were present when Mrs. Swift died. Mrs. Swift was born in Cornwall, England, 40 years ago, but for years she has lived in Canada. Her friends among the musical people of Ottawa are numerous. Mrs. Swift has also rare intellectual gifts. The full choir of St. Patrick's church was present this morning at the requiem mass chanted by Rev. Father Whelan. The remains will be taken to Toronto tonight for interment. Mrs. Swift leaves no children.

The interment took place in St. Michael's cemetery, Toronto, on Tuesday afternoon. The remains were followed from Mr. P. McCabe's establishment, Queen street east, by the family and friends, including, amongst others, Patrick Boyle, Maurice Kelley, P. F. Cronin, Charles F. McCabe, R. I. P.

THE LATE MR. M. J. HAYES.

The following resolution was passed at the last meeting of St. Mary's Commandery Knights of St. John, on the motion of Mr. C. O'Brien, "This order by Mr. J. E. Whelan—" This commandery heard with deep sorrow of the accident that suddenly cut off the life of one of its first and most exemplary members, Mr. Michael J. Hayes. To his widow and family the

deepest sympathy of the men of St. Mary's Commandery goes out with the prayer that God may mitigate their grief and give rest to the soul of their dear one."

ST. MARY'S C. L. AND A. A. EXCURSION.

One of the most attractive excursions of the year is announced for Monday next by the popular Catholic Literary and Athletic Association of St. Mary's parish. The place selected is Paradise Grove, Niagara-on-the-Lake, where a picnic will be held, and a first-class programme of sports run off. The St. Mary's Association claims as its own a couple of teams of athletes whose record of the year is as high as any in the province, so that the sports will be first-class. The following general information has been supplied by the committee:—Boats leave Yonge street wharf at 7, 9, and 11 a.m., and 2 p.m. Returning, last boat leaves Queenston 7.15 p.m. Niagara-on-the-Lake, 1.50 a.m. Boats checked at Niagara, where and conveyed to the grove free of charge. Hot and cold water and ice may be procured free at pavilion. If possible purchase your tickets before morning of the excursion. Excursion tickets cannot be purchased on boats. For further information apply to any member of the committee. Tickets may be procured from the following members of the committee:—H. C. Stuart, J. G. LaVelle, C. J. Reed, C. J. Meehan, J. J. Carroll, W. J. Irvine, W. Henry.

ANNIVERSARY REQUIEM MASS.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst., a solemn Anniversary Requiem Mass was sung in St. Margaret's Church, Midland, for the repose of the souls of the two sisters of the Pastor, Father Barsello, who perished last July on the City of Paris. It will be remembered these young ladies were on their voyage to France, where they had arranged to enter a religious community. The celebrant was Father Barsello, Dean Egan of Deseronto assisting as Deacon, Father Kisman of Collingwood, Subdeacon and Father Labrosse as Master of Ceremonies. In the Sanctuary were Rev. Fathers, Moyna, of Orillia, Whittney, of Uppertown, McKechnen of Penatungishene, and Dufresne, S. T. of Parry Sound District. The preacher of the occasion was Father Moyna, who treated in his usual masterly style the doctrine of a middle state, and referred in touching language to the disaster in which the young ladies lost their lives, when about to devote themselves to God in the religious life. (Com.)

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Plattsburg, N.Y., July 10.—The eighth annual session of the Catholic School began yesterday, and was marked by the arrival of a large excursion party from New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia. Owing to the late arrival of the train no special services were held in St. John's Church, but Pontifical Mass will be celebrated next Sunday by Rev. Bishop Gabriel. There have been many improvements in the assembly grounds since last season, many new cottages have been erected, and twenty acres of land have been added to the grounds. The lectures began this morning with a series on English literature by Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, C.S.P. To-night a grand reception will be held at which many Montrealers are expected.

John Kavanagh and wife, and Miss Joanna and Mary Brown are among the visitors from the Canadian Metropolis already domiciled at the school.

On Sunday a train containing 250 arrived from Montreal, and there are now fully 700 persons quartered on the various grounds, and cottages. The regular sessions of the school will continue until August 15th. Among the notables who will visit the school during the present session are Governor Roosevelt, Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. Marcellini, the Papal Delegate at Washington, Vice-Presidents Robert Archbishop Corrigan, and Archbishop Ireland.

DRUNKENNESS.

(Written for the Register.) This is not a new subject. It has often been discussed before. Much, however, remains to be said, and more confirmed drunkard going headlong to destruction, or the young man beginning that will not raise his voice and do his utmost to save both from the ruin that is sure to follow the course of either, if not checked. Everything has a beginning. Drunkenness is no exception. The "Social Glass" is the first step. Shun that as you would a sworn enemy. The only safe way is never to touch, taste, or handle. The writer speaks from an experience of over thirty years. He made that resolution when a mere boy, and has had not the slightest difficulty in keeping it ever since. There is not a boy or man living but can do the same thing, if he will but try, and is not the object worth the effort? There would be no drunkards were there no "moderate drinkers." Hence it follows that the way to "cure" drunkenness is never to drink. In other words, prevention will always be found to be the best cure. What a sad sight it is to see the noblest of God's creatures reduced to the level, and in many instances, below it, of the beasts of the field! What an object lesson this should be for those who have sufficient strength of will to withstand the temptation. The poor unfortunate drunkard has no longer a will of his own. He has long since lost

it, and become a slave to drink, and the only hope for him now—the only cure for his disease (for such it has become)—is the Inebriate asylum, and as that is seldom available, his condition is indeed deplorable. What a sad condition of things! How many a bright young man have we known, with a life full of promise, the pride and hope of the family, who might have attained to almost any position of honor and respectability, fall by the wayside, the victim of that pernicious habit of treating, in the majority of cases, Oh, save us from our friends (?). Or, rather, I should have said, our greatest enemies. Think of this when you meet, as you will every day, on the streets, the young woman, red and pale, and lost to all sense of decency and virtue, which ought, by nature, to be peculiarly hers; she who was once the innocent, pure-hearted young girl, the joy and pride of her parents. Or it may be the old man or woman, fast hastening on to eternity, soon to be called upon to render his or her account of the deeds they have done in the flesh, and who find them? Drunk! Quarrelling! Cursing! What, then, can and should be done for these things would appear necessary to meet the different cases. Firstly.—To be perfectly safe it is advisable never to tamper with liquor at all—not even to taste it. Secondly.—"Moderate" drinkers are in a very dangerous condition, and while sufficient will power is left them, should break with the habit without delay, otherwise they may find it very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to do so later. Thirdly.—The confirmed drunkard needs something more than moral suasion. In fact, that has been found to have little or no effect upon him. The Inebriate asylum is the proper place for him, where his body and brain—his nervous system—will be built up, strengthened, renovated, made over anew, as it were. This will be found to be the best method of effecting a complete and radical cure. How many such institutions have we in the country? Not many. For labour it, the cause of temperance in this country—in this city. In no nobler work can one engage—none from which greater good will result, both to one's neighbor and to one's self. No ordinary effort is really necessary. Every one can do something in his own way, whether it be with the members of his own family, his neighbour, or employee T. H. HURLEY.

THE UNHOLY WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The following letter, recently written by the Rev. Martin Mahoney, of Mendota, Minn., gives a graphic picture of a phase of the unholy war in the Philippines that is studiously avoided by the secular press:— The war that was instigated by the preachers to get even with Spain for all they had learned about its brutalities—from tracts—and to open a door to the gospel, and "American Protestant civilization," keeps on harmoniously with its start. The Minneapolis Times of June 20th tells us there may be seen at 412 Nicollet avenue a Filipino bishop's silk vestments richly embroidered with at least \$500 worth of gold, worked in countless designs, the entire five garments, including the mitre, being estimated to be worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500. The robes are now the property of B. T. Drake, to whom they were sent by Dr. W. M. Beck, of Co. I, 13th Minnesota, who found them in a church after the taking of Calumpit.

Only that Catholics under modern Anglo-Saxon civilization are hardly persons at all, and have only very qualified property rights, Mr. Drake would be prosecuted for holding stolen property, and Dr. Beck for burglary. But this is only one of the minor "good liberties." 'Twas at the taking of these vestments, or on a late occasion that a priest, trying to protect his people's property, was shot dead. One soldier writes: "We are quartered in a fine big church up on the hills, an old monastery. I bet I never saw such a sight before; thousands of candles burning; men all gambling, swearing; lute dressed in priest's clothes." Little better was the use made of the Calocoon church, a use which stopped short only of stabling the horses "on the altar," says Mr. McCutcheon of the Chicago Record, "where the Filipino was accustomed to witness. What he believed to be the immolation of the Sacred Host, a telegraph instrument clicks, and the chancel rail where he was wont to receive what he believed to be the Body and Blood of his Saviour is a rack for saddles and bridles." William Shugart, of the Montana Regiment sends home a cane made of mahogany from the pipe organ of a church.

Numbers of volunteers writing home describe, often exultingly, the vandalism which finds its richest booty in the cathedrals, and takes to itself as a memento and souvenir, images and sacred ornaments and vestments without the slightest compunction. "We are camping on Aguineldo's lawn," writes Harry H. Korr of Battery L, 3rd U. S. Artillery, "by the ruins of the church which he took time to burn." The work of our late ally, the villainous Aguineldo, the new convert to Protestantism, is suitably continued by our own knights and heralds of "American and Protestant civilization." The priests naturally receive the most particular attention. "Breaking through a fringe of undergrowth," writes Sergeant-Major Lemmon, 1st Washington Volunteers, "he caught a priest in the act of trying to

don his robe. No palaver was wasted on him. The body had twenty-eight bullet holes." Writes J. Grant Hinkle of the same company "At one place there were seventeen men lying around a priest who had been killed with them. It is presumed that they urged their followers and assisted them on the field by their presence." The fools, had they learned their duties as Christian ministers and as patriots in an Orange or an A.P.A. lodge, or even in an evangelical preacher factory, they would have been safely away coffee-cooling, or pleasantly earning their chaplain's salary at the pastime of regimental postmaster.

The simple, honest, industrious Catholic Filipino that through years of toll and sacrifice built those churches, and gladly supported those priests, never needed nor called for the exercise of our "humanity," but whilst the scoundrel that did call and intrude for it is keeping a sound skin, and is carefully hustling ahead of him in his flights, his hundreds of imprisoned priests, to make another "patriotic" haul of money by their ransom, the poor people are left to taste the full, fruitage of this alliance between knaves and fools. "We are doing something that we would have shrunk from not so very long ago," says General McReeve. Says James P. Kelly, 2nd U. S. Infantry: "The insurgent loss is estimated at about five thousand, they must have about twenty thousand wounded." "In the path of the Washington Regiment and Battery B of the Sixth Artillery, there were 1,068 dead soldiers and a great many wounded. We burned all their houses. I don't know how many men, women and children the Tennessee boys did kill. One company was sent into headquarters with thirty prisoners, and got there with one hundred chickens and no prisoners," says L. F. Williams of the 10th U. S. Infantry.

This has the distinguished example set by British Sirdar Kitchener being teaching true "progress," and we are not a whit behind the British themselves in their battles of African or Australian native savages, and have come to enjoy and crave for the work our rule." Says Charles Brenner of the Kansas regiment at Calocoon. "There occurred the hardest sight I ever saw. They had four prisoners and didn't know what to do with them. They asked Capt. Bishop, and he said, 'You know the orders, and four natives Writes A. A. Larnes of Battery J, 3d United States Artillery. "Orders were received from General Wheaton to burn the town and kill every native in sight. About 1,000 men, women, and children were killed. I am probably growing hard-hearted, for I am in my glory when I can sight my gun on some dark skin and pull the trigger. "We bombarded, Malabon," says A. Miesch, 3d Artillery, "and then went in and killed every native we met. men, women and children. It was declared," says F. L. Foxmeyer of the 2d Oregon Regiment, "to kill or drive into the lake every native we found in the half-moon shaped district between the mouth of the Mateo river and the further end of the lake, a distance of twelve miles." "The Fourteenth and Washingtons," says another, "were driving all before them and taking no prisoners. This is now dropped dead." The New York Sun correspondent wrote, "To shoot a man at six-foot range with a Springfield rifle is a hard thing to do, but the orders were to let no insurgent live, and off would go the whole side of his head." Others than Mr. Barnes enjoyed the sport of "potting niggers." A member of the 23d U. S. Infantry feels disappointed at having got no chance for a shot, and special duty men have wanted to be relieved so they might go gunning for insurgents! A pretty upshot of the clamor Price-of-Peace's ministers against "bloody, brutal Spain!" Did ever Spaniard from Alva to Weyler equal the brutality of this editorial in the new American paper of Manila, Freedom (Dec. 10): "Aguineldo should post himself on Yankee history. On the first page he would find the story of the noble but unfortunate red man, how he rebelled, and how we took his scalp, his pony, and his land. Then how, when he had punished him, we sang the doxology and sent him for insurgents! What remained of him. Then when we landed on Plymouth Rock, we dropped on our knees, and, secondly, we dropped on the Aborigines."

The earlier accounts are remarkably corroborated by Buglar John Roberts of Co. I, 13th Minnesota, who left Manila Bay May 15th, and reached Minneapolis June 17th. He says: "If the American people only knew the slaughter going on among the natives we would have a war among ourselves to stop it. They tell us of Spanish cruelty. We have been vastly more cruel than the Spanish. We have killed more natives, and probably with no more provocation. I heard a Colorado man offer \$20 in gold for two Filipino prisoners after his company had lost their captain. He simply wanted to shoot them to square the count.

Another point, too, of the true insidiousness of this fitting sequel to the war with Spain Mr. Roberts brings out: "General Otis is one of the most accomplished liars on earth. He vent home false reports about our losses and those of the Filipinos. He is simply prolonging the war for his own advancement." General McReeve says it was properly Otis that began it: "I can tell you one piece of news not generally known in the United States. On Sunday, Feb. 5th, the day after the fighting began, Gen. Torres of the in-

surgeons came through our lines under a flag of truce, and speaking for Aguineldo declared that the fighting had been begun accidentally and was not authorized by Aguineldo, who wished to have it stopped, and to stop it proposed the establishment of a neutral zone between the armies. Gen. Otis sternly replied that the fighting having begun, must go on to the grim end. "Those fast-headed officers," says a soldier, "are trying to make a big war out of this, so they can get promotion, glory and a chance to rob the government." So, too, Albert Brockway of Co. M 20th Kansas: "To those who intend to make the army their profession, and have more regard for personal interests and glory (?) than the country's welfare, it is a grand opportunity." A grand one, too, for the members of the numberless and endless commissions, with their salaries of \$10,000 or over, more than all the farmers of many a country with all their own and their families' work and drudgery can clear in a twelvemonth." Meantime, says Mr. Roberts says. It is a common saying that the boys of the 8th Army Corps who went to Manila Republicans are coming back either Democrats or anarchists. None of the volunteers are willing to remain a day longer than they have to." So they will have to be bribed by bounties of \$500 or so, which, on the top of all the rest of the costs of our mountainous "humanity" lugging the people and their children and children's children will have to pay, or be treated no better than Spaniards or Filipinos by the U. S. Imperial Army. On the wiser of them it may get borne in that, if only they had known it, they had a truer friend in the peace-seeking Pope than in the patriotic preachers who so resented his interference in their eagerness for "Hell or Spain," an open door for their unwanted "gospel" and, mainly, snugglyng positions for themselves or their lambs.

Perhaps, too, the members of "the fighting race" will come to see that there was in '98 and will be for some years yet a more urgent and worthier war to wage, in nobler and more profitable use for their characteristic prodigality of self, a much longer and juster score to be settled than "humanity's" or "the gospel's" against

the matter of the Estate of Mary Foley, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, widow, deceased. Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1897, Chap. 150, Sec. 24, that all persons having claims against the estate of Mary Foley, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, widow, deceased, who died on about the 24th day of April, A.D. 1899, are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned, before the 5th day of July, A.D. 1899, to wit: before Messrs. McBRADY & O'CONNOR, Solicitors for John Joseph Foley, the executor of the said deceased, at his office, 101 Queen's Quay, Toronto, in Ontario, for the said estate, with a full statement of particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, duly verified by Affidavit of the said claimant.

LOYOLA COLLEGE MONTREAL. Classical Course Directed by the English Jesuit Fathers. Classes resumed September 5. REV. WM. J. DOHERTY, S.J., RECTOR.

Alva and Weyler and Spain and the Insurrection. May be they will turn to trying to get for themselves something like the fair play that Spain was willing without any war to give the Cubans.

RENFREW'S Fur House 5 KING ST. EAST. Importers and Manufacturers of Ladies Fine Furs, Fur Rugs, Mounted Heads, Fur-lined Overcoats, Evening Wraps, Circulars, Etc., etc. Fur show rooms open at all seasons. Ladies' Furs repaired and remodelled at low prices during the summer months.

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Notice to Creditors.

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Life! With the swelling tide of our national life, another year—possibly the greatest—began Dominion Day. Why not take advantage of the flood-tide—possibly the highest—of your own prosperity this summer season, and make safe the future of your loved ones, when winter comes, by insuring in the North American Life? The best of all that's good in life, insurance is given by the North American Life. Plans to meet your needs will cheerfully be furnished by us, or our agents—who are almost everywhere. Wm. McCabe, Managing Director. L. Goldman, Secretary. North American Life Assurance Co., Head Office: 112-118 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

EPILEPSY! FREE CURE GOOD NEWS To all sufferers from Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Falling Sickness, Weak Spells, Fainting, Nervous System, Nervous and Dependent Feelings, and all acute or chronic derangements of the nervous system. A full course treatment will be forwarded positively free of cost to all persons requiring treatment and who answer this advertisement. This extraordinary offer is open for a limited time only. Epileptic Fits no longer incurable. NEURO-SAL, the new discovery properly pronounced, cures the very worst forms of Epilepsy. We therefore introduce NEURO-SAL to the people of Canada on its merits alone. Do not delay but send at once for full course treatment free of cost, which we will properly forward to any address in Canada. The Neurosal Chemical Co. TORONTO, CANADA. Established 1848. State University 1860. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1899.

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REMEMBERED BEST OF ALL.

(By Clifton Bingham.) When I'm looking back across the time-worn pages Of the book of years one face I always see...

OLD CATHOLIC HOUSE WITH A GHOST STORY.

One of the most beautiful places on the Thames, says a London Exchange, is undoubtedly Mappledurham House, between Titchhurst and Pangbourne.

EXCHANGES WITH THE WITTY ONES

The poet who wrote "Man wants but little here below" should try again. Man wants all he can get.

midnight as the neighbours would not find out we had one. "Well, what's the matter, old man?" "Oh, I've just had a quarrel with my wife."

ed from an uprated Cross. And I saw that the light which shone from the Cross made manifest the very Heaven of Heavens, so that even while man trod the dark and thorny ways of the world they might at any time look up and see above them the loving Father-face of God.

POPE LEO THE CENTRE OF A SPLENDID SCENE.

Mr. P. L. Connelan, Rome correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, after describing the creation of cardinals on June 22nd, writes: "This morning was, however, the most important for the many details of seeing the Holy See and seeing him surrounded by the cardinals and prelates and dignitaries, lay as well as clerical, of the Pontifical Court."

THOUGHTS FOR A QUIET HOUR.

Rich soils are often to be weeded.— Bacon. Riddle, which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is at best but a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.— Lord Kames.

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**AN ANNIVERSARY DAY.**

By Annie H. Kimball

Miss Huldah had discovered the rap a few days before as she came home across lots from a neighbor's.

"Jabez," she said decisively, "the wall at this corner of the north pasture is all falling down. It must be fixed at once. I put up some brush, but that won't keep that bell-wether in long if he happens to find it."

"I declare for't! Well, I'll get up that arbor supper and see about it."

Jabez had answered slowly. He did everything slowly, much to Miss Huldah's dissatisfaction. Jabez had lived with the Stockwells ever since Miss Huldah could remember. As her father had valued him she could not bring herself to dismiss him, although his sluggishness fretted her exceedingly. When Mr. Stockwell died Huldah, from her fitness of character, had naturally arisen to fill his place. All the boys but Caleb soon forsook the farm for the city, and the invalid mother had died a few years afterward.

Caleb was older than Huldah; but although he had resisted the prevailing fever of emigration with the intention of managing the farm, his was but a nominal superintendency. Whenever the orders from Jabez's two directors diametrically opposed each other, he was shrewdly discriminating as to which it would be safer for him to follow.

"Miss Huldah's arbor," said he, "is used to say, 'but she's a tectile oncomfortable sometimes.'"

Jabez was nearing old age, but he was active as he ever had been. He had not exhausted his latent energy in youth, and was, therefore, able to keep up his habitual moderate pace all through life. His faithfulness was his only redeeming feature from Miss Huldah's point of view; but while he was still faithful his memory had begun to fail. Miss Huldah had already noticed in matters of minor importance, but thinking he would understand the importance of the wall's being promptly repaired, she had comfortably dismissed the matter from her mind.

Miss Huldah was making blackberry jam that morning. In the middle of the forenoon she was startled by the rush of a neighbor's little boy into her kitchen.

"Oh, Miss Huldah, yer sheep's all in the meadow," he exclaimed. "I'll help yer drive 'em back for me." "What's that?" called Miss Huldah imperiously as she lifted her preserving kettle from the fire. Nothing, however startling, could have betrayed Miss Huldah into letting anything burn. They went out at the back door and across the mowing to the meadow. Such running, doubling, turning and twisting as followed in the hot August sun! The bell-wether lead them a weary chase, successively evading them at every turn, while the scattering flock fled away with a frightened blarney.

The sheep pasture was a rocky hill-side. The brow and other sides of the hill were covered with a growth of maples at whose edge a sugar house stood. Two girls, carrying artist's materials, came out from beneath the maples and paused to look off at old Keenago looming up grandly to the southeast through the August haze. The skirmishing in the meadow attracted the attention of the smallest and darkest of the two.

"Linda, what can those people be doing?" she asked.

"Miss Huldah Stockwell's sheep are in the meadow, and she must be trying to drive them in here," returned Linda. "The family history is rather interesting. When she told it in an interesting way, which was natural to her. Miss Huldah, in her retirement, had the unusual privilege, if privilege it could be called, of learning the exact opinion of her neighbours concerning herself and her family, their estimate of her treatment of her feeble mother and her conduct towards her infirm brother. Her wrath arose hot and fierce. Linda had spoken in guarded terms, but the mild statement of the truth could not be pleasing to the object of it. That it came from the lips of Linda made it doubly cutting. Miss Huldah's hot impulse was to burst from her hiding place and confront the girls, but she listened, curious to hear what more might be said.

"I thought she was cool enough to you this morning when you took so much pains to help her. She spoke as if she owed you a spite."

Linda smiled quietly, then half closed her eyes and took a critical survey of her sister.

"Perhaps Miss Huldah wouldn't have been so malevolent if I were not a Cate. She is usually cordial to people, in her way. But she once expected to marry papa, and does not feel any too kindly towards any of us, I suppose."

"Your father could never have been engaged to her," said Miss Huldah.

"It does seem strange, but when Miss Huldah was young she was handsome and witty. Indeed, her wit had a sting in it at times. Papa and she had lived on neighbouring farms, and had been to school together for years. He always took her to the country fairs and in time they were engaged."

"How was it broken off?"

"That is the interesting part of the story. You know how good-natured papa is. I can imagine Miss Huldah thought she could always have her way without opposition. One afternoon a heavy thunderstorm came up as they were returning from a drive, and the rain was pouring down by the time they reached the house. Miss Huldah had on her best dress, so had papa, and Grace, who was with them. Grace had given Linda's arm a sudden jog, which did not improve the outline of her sketch. Linda was further mystified by seeing Grace with her finger laid warningly to her lips, while her head nodded a series of signals towards the sugar-house door.

"How you frightened us! There can't be any one there."

"I saw that door move, anyway, and heard a noise."

"It's only the wind. If there had been any one there when we came they would have been out before this time."

"Well, papa drove into the barn where she could get out under cover, but something about it offended Miss Huldah's sense of propriety. She evidently thought it wasn't treating her with proper respect. She peremptorily requested him to drive back to the front door, which he refused to do, thinking she was unreasonable. She said she should not get out until he did. Now one might as well attempt to make a carriage as to try to move papa when his mind is once made up. He told her she could sit there until doomsday, then."

"She sat stiff and determined in the carriage and waited, and papa cented himself on an overturned bushel basket and waited with equal firmness. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed, the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew a gale, but they sat there until a word for two whole hours. The storm passed away, sun, sun, sun came, and at last Miss Huldah saw that she must yield. She descended from the carriage with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances, and went in, slamming the door behind her."

"That ended the engagement. Papa thought so unreasonable a woman would not make an agreeable wife, while Miss Huldah probably thought she might as well give up a certain. He tried to write to her when they met afterwards, but she wouldn't speak to him for years. In about two years papa and mamma were married. He had always known her slightly. People say she was very pretty, she is always sweet tempered, and he said he fell in love with her because she was so unlike Miss Huldah."

"He is to be congratulated on his fortunate escape. There, Linda, he goes to see if any one is there. That door actually squeaked again!"

Grace jumped up so suddenly that she nearly upset Linda's case. It was saved only by a dexterous movement on the part of its owner.

"Why Grace, I shall never dare to bring you with me again!" Linda cried in alarm. Grace sank down in dismay at the thought of the mischief she had so nearly done, and her attention was wholly diverted from the squeaking door. Linda took up the interrupted story unasked.

"Miss Huldah always bore mamma a grudge. I remember when Mrs. Stockwell was ill with consumption mamma made her some delicacy and we went to call on her. We rang the bell at the front door but no one came. Then we went to the side door with the same success. Just as we went away I looked back and saw Miss Huldah peering out from behind a curtain."

"What a vicious she must be!"

"She has her good traits. She does a great deal for the church; but it all has to be done in her way. I feel sorry for her; mamma says she thinks she can't be happy. Her brothers and their families come home but seldom, for she is so exacting that they can take but little comfort."

"Miss Huldah had listened with contented increasing anger. Twice she had risen to take a step towards indignation. When her wrath had reached a white heat the relation of her episode of that August afternoon came like the plunge of the iron into his cold, but tempering, bath, and she realized a sudden revulsion of feeling. Instead of a sense of injury and righteous indignation there came a conviction of guilt and a self-abasement. Miss Huldah realized the pathos of her conduct as never before. She had always smothered any smouldering self-accusations and propped up her offended dignity when it tottered and threatened to fall. Her behaviour was suddenly rudely divested of its exaltation when reviewed by the facile tongue of a younger generation, and she felt a sharp sting of sensitiveness that she had been responsible for the grotesque turn to the tragedy of that summer afternoon. She sat in suspense as the girls began talking of other things, fearful only that they might yet discover her proximity. A sudden flash of memory completed her misery.

"The 20th of August," that was the date. "To-day is Sunday, 18th. Monday—yes, to-day is the 20th! Twenty-three years ago this very day!" That she should have heard that old tale told certainly seemed a mockery.

Huldah Stockwell had borne the loss of her lover with that proud fortitude which sustained her through all her trials and emergencies. Perhaps she had not realized exactly how much handsome Henry Cate had meant to her until it was removed that he was addressing his attentions to pretty Lucy Follanabee. If he had returned with a sufficiently humble apology no doubt she would have pardoned him; but she would not acknowledge even to herself that she regretted that he had not done so. She sometimes felt a thrill of bitterness, which she would have scorned to call envy, when Henry Cate and his family drove by in their comfortable carriage in the summer time. She had never felt interested in the boys, but to Linda, of the same fair Saxon type as her father, she had been strongly attracted. She would not per-

mit herself to show it, however, lest it might be regarded as a concession.

On this anniversary day Miss Huldah was destined to wait for another two hours—this time for Henry Cate's daughter to finish her sketch. When the girls were at last hidden by the maples on their homeward way, she cautiously ventured forth. As she crossed the meadow-brook she lingered on the little foot-bridge a moment. A gentian, nesting in the grass, attracted her attention, and she picked it carefully. There was another, faded and fragile, among her possessions, which Henry Cate had brought her the morning he had asked her to take that memorable drive. As Miss Huldah wended her way homeward she felt strangely humbled and subdued.

When the men came in to supper that night a pleasant surprise awaited them. Usually after a milk dinner they got no more substantial supper than cornmeal, but on the table that night were potatoes, corned beef, sweet corn, and shelled beans steamed odorously. There was also in Miss Huldah's men an unexpected mildness.

"Guess something's come over Miss Huldah," soliloquized Jabez, as he returned to the barn, "but I'm afeared it won't last."

After supper Miss Huldah did a most unwelcome thing. She donned her Sunday clothes of a week day. Her old-fashioned silk gown had seen many years of service, while her faded erape show had been brought from China in her mother's widow days. Her bonnet, with its straw-coloured ribbon, had been worn several seasons. Miss Huldah did not believe in discarding a thing simply because it was out of fashion. She drew on her mitts hurriedly, and caught up her feather fan as if she were afraid her resolute might fall at the last moment.

A little later Henry Cate and his family, enjoying the cool evening air on their piazza after the sultry day, saw a woman coming along the road.

"Oh, mamma said Linda, 'I do believe it's Miss Huldah, and all in her Sunday best. Where can she be going?'

They watched her rapidly approaching figure with interest. Interesting changed to wonder when it turned at their gate and came up the path.

"Good evening," said their visitor, cordially. "I heard you were all here, and thought I would run over a minute."

Henry Cate, a man upon whom an air of prosperity sat graciously, arose with a courteous nod, and drew her a chair. A slight restraint possessed them all at first, but soon they were chatting as easily as if they had been on the most friendly terms for the last twenty years. Miss Huldah's eyes often rested upon Linda, but she was especially affable to Grace. Little Henry whispered to his mother, then came and stood by Miss Huldah's chair.

"I'm coming over to bring you some of our Damsons to-morrow—mamma says I may," said he.

"As she arose to go, Miss Huldah said, 'I want you to come over and stay to supper some day next week. Can you come Wednesday?'

Mrs. Cate glanced enquiringly at her husband.

"Thank you, Huldah," he said. "Yes; we will all come Wednesday if that is convenient to Lucy. I am glad you called on us."

They all shook hands amicably with her as she took her leave.

"Linda, you are the peacemaker as usual," her father remarked, as they went in.

"You will have a feast Wednesday, Grace," observed Linda. "Miss Huldah's cooking is noted far and near." Grace seemed to be meditating deeply.

"Perhaps it was just as well that I didn't explore the interior of that sugar house this morning, although it may be no one was there," she thought.

Miss Huldah walked home through the summer twilight, her heart filled with a warm glow she had not known for years. The erape were chinking cheerfully, and the frogs piped in shrill but merry chorus. A sheep-bell's tinkle sounded faintly from the hillside at intervals. The meadow was alive with glimmering, gleaming lights, as the fireflies betook themselves to flight. A few stars shone dimly overhead, and now and then another glimmered into sight. All the earth was wrapped in peace, and the evening was like a benediction.

"I guess that Prescott girl will find out that I can be something besides a 'virago,'" thought Miss Huldah, as she put away her wraps. "I wasn't going to have them pitying me any longer, and"—she added this last aloud—"it does seem a little more like folks to be neighbourly."—Short Stories.

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of members of the Sodality, when eleven candidates were duly received into the society. After the reception, Father Lennon addressed the members, encouraging them in their devotion to the mother of God. He told them of his gratitude to them for the many occasions on which they had been of great assistance to him in his duties. The rich carpet of the sanctuary was presented by them, and several other gifts, which adorned the church and altar. Even on his own account, he had to thank them this evening. For many years before his coming to this parish, he had learned there had been a practice of presenting something to the pastor on the 23rd of June—the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. Wishful to discontinue the practice, he had for the last ten years, absented himself at this time, and considered he had it stopped. As usual, he was away on Thursday last, but on his return he found a parcel on his table containing a beautiful and costly cope of silver and gold, for his use in performing the sacred functions. A card accompanying the parcel asked his acceptance of the gift from the members of the sodality. He could assure them that he appreciated their kindness very highly, and would accept the gift, and now that it was his own, he would present it as his gift to the church, and the wish and prayer of all present were that he might be long spared in Brantford to wear this beautiful cope of his holy office. The ceremony of receiving the members into the sodality was very pretty and impressive. The service closed with the benediction of the blessed sacrament. Yesterday was the paternal feast of Father Lennon—the twenty-sixth anniversary of his ordination in the priesthood, seventeen of which have been spent in Brantford.

**CARD OF THANKS.**  
The pupils wish to express their gratitude to the following ladies and gentlemen, who very kindly contributed prizes: Mrs. E. Landwehr, Mrs. J. Lynch, Mrs. J. Brier, Mrs. F. Conlin, Messrs W. E. Dally, J. J. McCarthy, H. Stewart, Jos. Power, H. J. Hyron, J. P. Mathewson, Jas. McLaughlin, and Charles Read.

**THE OLD LAD.**  
I mind myself a wee boy w' no plain talk.  
An' standin' not the height o' two peats.  
There was things meself conated for the time that I could walk.  
An' who's to tell when I w' n' children meets?  
'Twas the daisy down in the low grass.  
The stars high up in the skies,  
The first I knowed of a mother's face.  
W' the kind love in her eyes.  
The kind love in her eyes.  
I went the way of other lads that say their good nor bad,  
An' still, d'ye see, a lad has far to go!  
But the things meself conated when I wasn't sick nor sad.  
They're awfully old an' little use to know.  
'Twas whiles a boat on the say beyond.  
An' whiles a girl on the shore.  
An' whiles a scrape o' th' fiddle-tin.  
Or maybe an odd thing more,  
Maybe an odd thing more.

A man, they say, in spite of all, is better for the wife!  
In-under this old roof I live me lone;  
I never see the woman yet I wanted all my life.  
Nor I never made me pillow on a stone.  
'Tis fancy buys the ribbon an' all,  
An' fancy sticks to the young;  
But a man of his years can do w' a pipe,  
Can smoke an' hold his tongue.  
Smoke, an' hold his tongue.  
Ye see me now an' old man, his work near done,  
Sure the hair upon me head's all white!  
But the things meself conated for the time that I could run,  
They're the rarest to me heart this night.  
Just the daisies down in the low grass.  
The stars high up in the skies,  
The first I knowed of a mother's face.  
W' the kind love in her eyes.  
The kind love in her eyes.  
—Moira O'Neil, in Blackwood's.

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**PRESENTATION TO FATHER LENNON.**  
The Brantford Exploiter of July 3 says:—There were large congregations at the different masses in St. Basil's church on Sunday. Rev. Father Lennon celebrated the early mass, and Rev. Father Doyle sang high mass at 10.30. It was announced that during the months of July and August there would be no more masses. Father Lennon preached an unusually impressive sermon on St. Peter and St. Paul. Recounting the leading incidents in the lives of these two great apostles, he found any occasion to impress the lessons drawn therefrom. In that of St. Peter was the example of great faith, while the zeal of St. Paul might be an incentive to all faithful Christians. In both could be plainly seen the power of the love of God. If we strove to imitate that faith and zeal and love, we would surely reap the reward in eternal happiness. At vesper, there was a reception



