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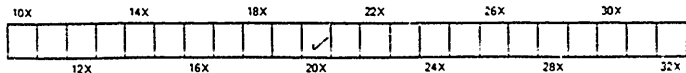
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OUR BOOK REVIEWER.

THE TROUQUOIS AND THE JESUITS. The story of the labors of the Catholic missionaries among these Indians. By Rev. Thomas Donohue, D. D., Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo Catholic Publication Company.

It may well be said that we are experiencing a widely awakened interest in the past glory of the Catholic Church on this continent. The book before us is another worthy contribution to the present literary stream which takes its source in the same deep, clear, historical reservoir "The Relations" of the Jesuit Fathers. The more this vast supply is utilized for the information of the public of day in the United States and Canada, the brighter will be the glory of the Catholic Church shine in her martyrs and heroes of the seventeenth century, who cheerfully offered their lives, and accepted the most torturing forms of death, that the gospel of charity, and the Christian faith, might be received by the race of red men.

As the "Relations" set forth, the Troupois Indians were long the scourge of the infant Church in the western world, and it is with the traditions, government, wars and treaties of this tribe that Dr. Donohue particularly deals in the present volume. It is stated as a matter of conjecture that they were once the captives and slaves of the Algonquins, and that the result of a rebellion against their condition of serfdom was their settlement as five distinct nations in the lake region, of what is now New York state. The most remote history cannot fix the time of the establishment of their league or system of government. The league was at all times a family compact, held together by ties of inter-relationship, and on this fact its great strength was based. Dr. Donohue has a chapter on their habits, social amusements, festivals, laws, trade and so forth which is written with splendid simplicity. This is followed up by a geographical description of their territory, accompanied by an original map of the Troupois from 1655 to 1681, showing the trails and villages, and their situation in respect to modern cities and villages, as located some twenty years ago by General John S. Clark, of Albany, N. Y. There is also a chapter on the Indian faith, and a Supreme Being, inferior spirits or manitous, the reality of dreams, the happy hunting ground where the brave in the hunt, and the cruel in war, were rewarded, and so on. This treatment of their legends is briefly abstracted of our review, and is chiefly on the pages, where the author begins to display a deep interest in his subject. The coming of the French explorers, and their first missionary attempts among the Troupois, are taken up with the evident conviction in the writer's mind that the historical facts deserve far more public attention and interest than they have ever received, which is indeed quite true. The story of the martyr, Father Isaac Jogues, from the time of his undertaking the mission to the Mohawks is admirably told. This devoted Jesuit fell a victim to the superstition of the Indians, and who can doubt the presence of the hero and his Providence in the subsequent conversion of his murderer, who, not only received his name, but met the same faith with similar firmness, dying, as is told in the "Relations," with the holy name of Jesus on his lips.

We have so recently dealt with Dean Harris' able account of the martyrdom of Becheval and Lallouant, that it is not necessary to go over the same ground here again. Nor need we express more than admiration for the brief, clear way in which the chief episodes of the war that took place between 1647 and 1656 are brought forward, episodes which rebound to the fortitude of the French missionaries. Father Garnier was killed by the Indians, Father Garnier was tortured, and Father Garnier was slain, before Father Le Moyne embarked in August of 1655 to pay a series of diplomatic visits to the Mohawk villages. Father Le Moyne's success began a period of great missionary activity, and Father Chammon's, upon his first visit to the Troupois, was received with marked friendship. The belt which he gave them as a pledge that he would preach the Gospel to them is still preserved, and the report of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, gave the American historian, Shea, a photographic copy of this very belt.

In November, 1655, the first house of worship was erected in what is the present State of New York. It was constructed of bark, and was called the Chapel of St. John the Baptist. Fathers Mesnard, Dablon, Fromin and Le Mercier left Quebec in the following Summer to establish a colony at Onondaga. They were received by the Troupois. The Indians, assembled at a war council, were charmed by the eloquence of Father Chammon. In a very little while, according to the "Relations," Mass was said, the Christian virtues practised with as much method at Onondaga as in the most Catholic and devout provinces of Europe. However in 1658 the Troupois had determined to kill the colonists, and the French only made their flight by stratagem. Their winter retreat to Montreal was full of peril. In 1667 the missionaries were again working among the Indians and preaching the first American temperance crusade, the course of liquor drinking from the Euro peans. There was, however, more success in this crusade than in the attempt to win many of the Indians from their own old vices. The Indians themselves openly accused the Dutch of teaching them evil. One instance of this may be mentioned. In August, 1669, a party of Onondas brought as many as 60 casks of liquor from the Dutch settlement at one time.

Among the Troupois there were many noble examples of piety, both of men and women, and the condition of the converts continued to improve down to the beginning of war between France and England, which closed the missions in the State of New York.

Many of the converts gave good proof of their faith by following the Fathers

to Montreal, where they could practice it. One young Indian woman suffered death at the stake for her faith, and with her dying breath murmured the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. A Mohawk maiden, Catherine Tekahawitha led a most remarkable life of fervor and devotion, and was well called the "Genevieve of Canada." Characteristic of the most extraordinary and most extraordinary and heroic of converts.

Dr. Donohue concludes his history with this most remarkable: "The Indian missions among the Troupois were nearly as famous in the annals of the world and their lives are to all men a shining light of heroic self-sacrifice and noble deeds."

THE CHILD'S BIBLE HISTORY: Adapted from the works of S. Schuster, D.D., and C. May, D.D., by E. J. Conboy, D.D., Henry Holt and the Archdiocese of Freiburg. (Illustrated). Second Edition. Freiburg in Breisgau, H. Herder; Publisher to the Holy Apostolic See, Leo, No. 10, Maria, 17 South Broadway Place 10.

There is a curious delusion among an ignorant class of Protestants that Catholic children are never permitted to hear of the Bible or of Bible history. If any such Protestants read this review they should lose no time in possessing themselves of a copy of the second edition of Dr. Kuech's admirable Child's Bible History, which has just reached us from Baden. It has the approval of sixty Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world, including the Bishops of Choncut and Quebec, and of St. Louis. So much for a misconception which undoubtedly exists in a portion of the Protestant mind. There is more force in what we often hear declared from the pulpit, that the Catholic works of the Bible are not only more interesting, but more useful, than those of any other religion, and that, particularly works relating to Bible study, are, comparatively speaking, very expensive.

This, of course, is a matter for the publishers, but it need occasion no surprise that a book of 100 pages, illustrated with forty or fifty beautiful plates and bound in stiff boards with cloth back, should issue from the home of cheap and excellent printing—Germany. The little history has already quickly run through one edition, and it is not to be doubted that the second edition will not long suffice for the public demand. It is written in two parts, the first being the history of the Old Testament in chapters from the creation of the world to the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan. To every chapter is appended a number of questions to prove the child's thorough comprehension of the subject. For example: (1) What did the Israelites build in the promised land? (2) What was the name of the Jews? (3) What was the name of the nation? (4) Did all the Jews keep the commandments? (5) Whom did God send when men were helpless?

The second part is taken up with the history of the New Testament from the birth of the Baptist to the time when the Church of Christ had begun to spread all over the earth. As a searching of the Bible in the simplest and clearest language, the Child's Bible History cannot be highly commended, nor can the book be said of the great aid which the child is afforded by the beautiful illustrations that appear on every page. The type, too, is very clear and round, and the binding very strong and durable.

A brilliant group of Canadian writers who have won international fame, one of the brightest and most widely known is Edward William Thomson, from whose pen a collection of stories will shortly be published by the Toronto publisher, Wm. Briggs. Mr. Thomson is, as he himself declares, "a Canadian of the Canadians." At the age of sixteen Mr. Thomson enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment, and served with the army of the Potomac during the closing scenes of the Civil War. When he returned home he served in the field with the Queen's Own Rifles, became a civil engineer, and at thirty years of age turned to political journalism. For some time he was one of the chief editorial writers of the Toronto Globe. In 1891 he was offered, and accepted, a lucrative post on the Youth's Companion, Boston, which position he still retains. Mr. Thomson's powers of luminous description, of sympathetic portrayal, particularly of his own people, have brought him wide and deserved popularity. During recent years he has produced a large number of first class stories, some of the best of which are gathered into the volume above mentioned. Several of them portray the quaint manners and customs of the French-Canadians, and here Mr. Thomson shows himself perfectly at home in his picturesque broken English, which he renders, not with an elaboration that makes it unreadable, but with the brightness that comes of giving the idioms their mark the race and the individuality of the author's style, and the dramatic quality is never lacking. Others relate incidents of the Civil War; those entitled "The Ride by Night" and "Draught" march swiftly with the very breath of war. He then lays the scene of one of his most exciting tales—that called "Verbitsky's Stratagem." Readers of these stories will be equally struck by the author's versatility and his admirable style. He has the gift of a ready writer, but there is no sign of carelessness. We have no hesitation in saying that there has not been published as yet in Canada, nor in the United States, a volume of short stories more remarkable for substance and art, than "Old Man Savarin."

MAGAZINES.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

One of the best written magazine articles we have had the pleasure of reading for years appears in the August "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." It is from the pen of Rev. Francis Hannon, S.J., a missionary in the North Alaskan, 400 miles from St. Michael's on Norton Sound. He deals with every feature of life on the Alaskan mission, and any one who honestly desires information concerning the missionary zeal of the Jesuits to that shore should read this paper. All the upper region of Alaska allotted to the care of the Jesuits is a vast inter-

minable wet plain, called for the Russian name Tundra, and in winter is travelling over the Tundra possible, but then it is winter most of the year. "It is," says Father Hannon, "inexpressibly dreary." He gives a great deal of interesting information about Eskimo food. A dainty Summer meal is thus prepared. A hole is dug in the ground close to the entrance to the hut. This is filled up with raw salmon heads. After ten days' exposure to the sun the whole presents a lively sight, for the fish heads are in constant motion. A few days longer to allow the worms their full growth, and then the family gather to the banquet, and not a vestige of the putrid mass will remain. The natives sometimes get dreadfully sick after a dish of this sort, and they consume the mission for castor oil, which is delicious to the Eskimo palate. One old fellow upon receiving his first dose of castor oil exclaimed, in a transport of delight, "ashstokk! splendid!" When they are not eating castor oil, but Epson salts, which they detest. The most important ministry of the Jesuits at present is the baptism of infants, in which work one of the Fathers travelled 1,000 miles with a dog team, and the natives living around the mission attend regularly at church, and assemble every evening to recite the night prayers and short catechism. And in such a region of desolation, presenting as it does, difficulties missionary work unparalleled elsewhere in the world, are the devoted Jesuits laboring faithfully and, what is more, at this far north coast mission, the Sisters of St. Anne, six in number, have charge of a school which is doing great work and enjoys a most favorable reputation.

North American Review. Catholicism is under an obligation to the editor of the North American Review for the August number of his excellent publication. He has in the first place, precluded the possibility of the A. P. A. in his views on "The Menace of Romanism." This was much to be desired. Mr. Traynor's assumption is that democracy is everything that is pure, good and unerring. Accordingly any influence that aims at leading or checking the progress of democracy is to be condemned and squelched. One terrible charge he brings against Pope Leo is that he is not an unqualified admirer of the American newspaper, and an advocate of the widest liberty for its journalistic instincts. He should condemn the W. C. T. U., the Chicago Congress of Religions and every right thinking man and woman in the United States on the same ground. He probably would have done so but for the exigencies of space. He thinks there is a dreadful menace in Romanism when Pope Leo calls upon Catholic journalists to take "religion for their guide and virtue for their constant company." Such a plea is intolerable in the eyes of the A. P. A. that he naturally puts the above quotation in italics in order to make its meaning all the more conspicuous. He declares emphatically in favor of removing the hand of the Pope from the printing press, and of checking the journalistic scandal monger. He says the American Protective Association was organized to this end. It is well that the American public should know it, for there can be no doubt if the A. P. A. is at its real worth. In other respects the Review is a splendid read, a number. Mr. Goldwin Smith has a contribution upon some "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," and a paper of marks of significance is that on "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," by the Rev. J. A. Zalun, Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Father Zalun, who recently abroad, was granted a private audience with the Pope, and his special article was the subject of conversation between them, his Holiness saying: "You may tell the people of the United States, through the North American Review, that I shall always be ready to contribute to their well-being and happiness, and especially towards the well-being and happiness of the wage-earners of their great republic."

A Great Magazine. The mid-summer holiday number of the Century contains enough material for furnishing reading for an entire month to a person of average capacity, whilst the quality of the contents shows a wonderful range of interest and variety. The triumph from the point of view of literary enterprise is an article, illustrated by 22 pictures from photographs, written by Commander Philo N. McGiffin of the Chinese ironclad "Chuen Yuen" of the squadron engaged in the terrible meleé at the mouth of the Yalu river. We do not pretend to convey an idea of the value of this notable paper; a value that not only naval experts must prize, but that the ordinary reader can hardly fail to become engrossed in. One of the photographs shows Commander McGiffin in hospital after the fight. His clothes are rent to shreds due to contact with the enemy's cannon, but he is seen to read the article without feeling that the Chinese fought with the most valour and death despising bravery as well as their enemies the Japanese. There is one photograph here of "Chuen Yuen" showing the damage to her superstructure and it should be an object lesson to the naval powers of civilization. No description can estimate the havoc wrought by such fighting. Captain Mahan of the United States navy, the famous author of the "Influence of Sea Power upon History," comments upon Commander McGiffin's article at length. Captain Mahan thinks the victory at Yalu was inconclusive, but the subsequent demoralization of the Chinese ironclads, and the control of the sea which was decisive of the war.

The Rosary. In the Rosary for August we find in the continuation of the series, entitled "A Page of Church History in New York," a brief biography of the Right Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, Me., whose name recalls one of the most horrible incidents of the Know-nothing agitation in the United States. The Bishop Bacon was not a very encouraging field. New Hampshire by her constitution excluded Catholics from the Legislature and all high offices. Maine was the very hotbed of Know-nothingism

at that time. The church of Manchester, N. H., where many Catholics so justly the first alumnus of Troy Seminary to receive the mitre, was destroyed by a mob. The church at Bath was set on fire and entirely consumed. Father Basset had been elected in Ellsworth by a mob, elected with far and better, and injured so severely that he never recovered from the Finnish outrage, attempting to die the corner of a new church at Bath, Bishop Bacon was driven away by a mob. We have only to remember the so things, when contemplating the outrages of A. P. A. in the United States to-day, to perceive that enlightenment is after all making some progress.

Angust Cosmopolitan. Not since "The Anglomaniacs" has there been so clever a social satire as Henry Fuller's "Plethora Social," which is published in the August Cosmopolitan. The problems involved in woman's use of the bicycle are so startling and so numerous, under the rapid evolution of this art, that one becomes a careful observer of the subject by so trained a mind and so clever a writer as Mrs. Reginald Koven. The Cosmopolitan illustrates Mrs. Koven's article with a series of poses by professional models. A new sport, more thrilling than any known to Nimrod, more dangerous than was ever experienced by even a Buffalo Bill, is exploited in the same issue in an article on "Photographing Big Game in the Rocky Mountains," before shooting. The idea of the Cosmopolitan means inferiority from a literary point of view, is dispelled by the appearance in this number of such writers as Sir Louis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Edgar Fawcett, Thackeray, Mark Russell Lewis, Sarcos, Zola, Agnes Repplier, etc. Nor can we certain the idea of inferiority in illustration with such names as Hamilton Gibson, Denman, Van Shaick, Jiv, Sandham, etc., figuring as the chief artists of a single month's issue.

The Canadian Magazine. "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. Certainly, my lord; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not wholly, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all the ailments of the mind are "the sovereignest thing on earth."

Well Merited Dignity. The Catholic press of Florence announces that the Holy Father has conferred the dignity of the Order of St. Gregory the Great upon Stephen Weston Healy an American gentleman engaged in literary pursuits and who has been residing in that city for several years. This honor has been conferred on Mr. Healy as a recognition of his zeal and devotedness to works of charity in Florence especially in his capacity of President of the Conference of the Holy Rosary, of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Society in Toronto offers its hearty congratulations to Brother Healy on this well merited honor. For some years past, it has received many evidences of his generosity and zeal in good works in the shape of gifts of literary matter for distribution amongst the Italians here.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

August 8—St. Cyrinus and Companions,
Martyrs.
9—St. Emilian, Bishop and Martyr.
10—St. Lawrence.
11—St. Nystus II., Pope and Martyr.
12—St. Clare, Virgin.
13—St. Alphonsus Liguori.
14—St. Hermilias, Pope.

Speaking of the cordial relations that have grown up between Britain and Spain, the Liverpool *Oatholico Times* remarks that by a strange coincidence the arrival of the Spanish squadron in British waters on July 19, occurred on the morning of the 307th anniversary when the *Armada* was sighted off the English coast.

The New York *Evening Post* relates an interesting story of an A. P. A. reign of terror in Omaha, Neb. The French Revolution is being repeated there on a minor scale, and the blood spilling is expected to begin any hour. As might be expected, the schools were first assailed by the A. P. A. They have the "non-sectarian system" (in name) there, but the unwritten law is that any one who was ever suspected of having expressed toleration for Catholics shall not be permitted to live in the city.

Repeated requests having been made that *The Register* would open up a department devoted to the important news of the Old Land, not touched upon by the cable despatches, we have this week inaugurated the plan. This news will be found of general interest, and of particular interest to Catholic Irishmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen. A long list of old country papers have been laid under tribute and we have no hesitation in saying that the department is fresher, and will be more ably conducted, than in any other Catholic paper on the continent.

The Register congratulates the newly appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Kingston. Father Kelly's name is well known, not only throughout Canada, but beyond the wide limits of our Dominion. As Archbishop Hays has been well proved, and throughout the Archdiocese of Kingston he has won the affection of the Catholic people and the admiration of very many Protestants. His elevation is well merited, and shows the faculty of estimating true merit which Archbishop Cleary possessed in a remarkable degree.

The question has arisen: Shall priests ride bicycles? but it is rather late in the day to ask since quite a few are already a wheel. Apropos of the subject, however, a Paris journalist states:

Cardinal Parocchi was questioned some time ago by a correspondent of the "Correspondence," several papers having attributed to the Pope views on the question. These allegations, said the Cardinal, are unfounded. The Holy See has not yet laid down the law; the only thing that is certain is that different bishops have legislated differently in their different dioceses. A professor of Canon Law at the Catholic Institute of Paris says that no bishop has either formally allowed or prohibited the bicycle. The means of locomotion may become of great use to priests with large parishes and distant chapels to visit, but it is not yet very common. He does not think it more improper or unbecoming than, say, riding on horseback. I am personally acquainted myself with a priest near Orleans who visits the sick on a lady's cycle, and many of his colleagues propose to imitate him as soon as they can afford it.

On July 31, 1868, St. Ignatius Loyola, the great founder of the Society of Jesus, died in Rome. As a subject profoundly worthy of Catholic thought, and in no sense intending to enter into the popular discussion of the objects of the Jesuits, do we call attention to the anniversary of the Saint which has occurred within the past week. Hostility to the Jesuits has been shown only in places where a conflict with Christianity would have occurred in any event. Let the two greatest authorities of Europe speak on the subject. Frederick von Schlegel, in Germany, in his "Philosophy of History," says: "That among the founders and first members of this or-

der there were men of undoubted piety and eminent sanctity, men animated by the sublimest principles of Christian self-denial, possessed of great intellectual endowments, and favored by God with high preternatural powers, no unprejudiced historical inquirer will deny." Lord Bacon, in England, wrote: "As for education look at the Jesuits, there is no training beyond that." One of the objects of the Order, the propagation of the Gospel, has certainly been triumphant in the hands of the Jesuits. They have always entered where others dared to follow only when the savage had accepted the gospel of charity. Could those who reproach the Jesuits only accept the truth, they would also see that Christianity owes even more to the zeal of the Jesuit in the realm of education than it unquestionably owes to him as a missionary. And to the greater glory of God have its devoted members ever perpetuated their grand mission.

An English coroner's jury has found the two little boys of 13 and 11, who killed their mother last month, guilty of murder. The crime being the direct result of cheap story literature, the jury added a rider, calling for the suppression of the shocking product of the printing presses. Who is going to draw the line at this immoral and inflammatory? It only needs the newspaper editor or the hack novelist to lay on a little of the paint of hypocrisy, and the evil instead of improving under the hands of a censor, becomes worse. The English public are not afflicted half as heavily as the people of the United States and Canada for two reasons. There is a robust public sentiment in the old land, and the great papers there are above the need of hunting for horrible sensations. "Maek," one of the most intelligent writers in Toronto, tells nothing but the truth in "Saturday Night" when he says the purveying of scandal is the chief purpose of the daily press. "How sadly they warble," he goes on to say, "yet how accurately they note every little detail that will gratify the curious or interest the unclean! The whole thing is humbug; no thought of public morals enters into the calculation, the tone is affected, the standpoint is affected for appearance's sake; the one ruling, all engulfing idea is to fill a column with some garish disclosure that will catch the public eye?" This is the influence which besets children who are not instructed to fear God in the schools where they are educated, and who never hear the name of God mentioned with reverence by their parents. No wonder the crimes that shock us day after day are occurring.

Making it Clear.

There appears to be a great dread in the heart of the Premier of Manitoba that public excitement over the School question may die out completely. Last week an Ontario political organ in whole-souled sympathy with him called out in a double-headed leader, for the withdrawal of the remedial order. The article was intended to make a sensation, but it fell far short of the mark. Its inspiration was patent and its humbug transparent.

Last week Mr. Greenway's mouth-piece, the *Winnipeg Tribune*, made a more successful score. Its leader, which was exactly in line with what the Ontario paper had previously said, was quoted pretty generally throughout the Dominion. Anyone reading it could easily see wherein its superior merit over the eastern editorial consisted. It was one of the most remarkable mud-throwing efforts on record. It spared none and bespattered all. Here is a gem purest ray serene from the middle of it: "They (the Dominion Government) simply acted like a pack of reasonable and obsequious lackeys on an expression in the judgment of the Privy Council, without, in the first place, asking whether the Privy Council was not exceeding its functions and infringing on theirs by using such an expression."

The people have now grown accustomed to hearing the Privy Council compared to a jury that has been fixed on the Tammany Hall plan. Accordingly it must be a friendly western critic who rises to remark that the court of last resort has merely exceeded its functions. The Privy Council, however, must in future be careful what expressions are used in its judgments. There are some journalists

in Canada who are very touchy when it comes to the proper interpretation of the constitutional law, and for the Privy Council, to be called down by them is no small humiliation. We trust that the Privy Council will in future exercise more discretion, and their lordships ought to be very thankful to Mr. Greenway's organ for withdrawing the accusation of "fixing," and substituting the neutral language of the great western editor when he says that nothing more serious was involved in the offence committed by the Privy Council than that it exceeded its functions.

The Dominion Government also, having connived at the judgment, should redouble its efforts now to please the obliging people at Winnipeg. "As a preliminary to any further correspondence on the subject, the Government here should make the unconditional withdrawal of the remedial order a sine qua non."

Manitoba is willing to forgive the sins of the Privy Council, but it cannot forget its dignity. This is a position that cannot be successfully combated, if we admit that the Manitoba Government is the highest authority in the world upon everything, and in it is vested the sole right to smash or dishonor constitutions at pleasure. Naturally so high and mighty a power should not be confronted with moral considerations of laying disabilities upon Catholics.

"The feeling of the people here," observes the *Winnipeg Oracle*, "is that the whole farce should cease. The boomers rejoinders and communications really call for no reply. Manitoba is now where it intends to remain. Roman Catholics, and every other section of the community, can depend on absolutely fair, and even generous treatment, from the majority. But this Province is not called upon to enter into any stipulation to extend to any sect special concessions, when demanded as a right, however disposed it might be to voluntarily do anything in the way of concession consistent with the absolute integrity of the single school system."

Of course it is to be expected that the Privy Council and Federal authorities must pay the penalty for their criticism of the great go-as-you-please government of the West. And we suppose the only conclusion that is open to the Catholic minority is to deny that they have any rights, and to wait patiently till the Greek Kalends, when the majority may feel disposed to be a little generous. Nothing could be more logical.

Ontario School Population.

We are not surprised that *The Register* having called attention to the decline that is taking place year after year on the registers of the public schools of Ontario, the subject should have precipitated an earnest discussion.

The *Ottawa Citizen* charges us with having kept back the fact that Archbishop Cleary of Kingston in 1890, issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese on the subject of Catholic children attending Protestant schools. The *Hamilton Spectator* is virtually on similar ground when it points to the taking of Catholic children out of the Public school of Walkerton. Both papers are manifestly honest in offering this explanation, but, for all we need say in reply, we will refer them to an able editorial review of the whole matter based on the last report of the Minister of Education, in the *Ottawa Journal*. The *Journal* says it is a curious fact that the registered school population of the Province shows a decrease for the past fifteen years. So that Archbishop Cleary's watchful care of Catholic schools has little or nothing to do with the case, neither has any question that may have arisen at Walkerton or elsewhere since 1890. There is one point upon which we would respectfully correct the impartial and talented editor of the *Ottawa Journal*. He thinks *The Register* is inclined to make out a case of reproach to the Public schools. Such was not intended, and we were careful to state that the educational policy of Hon. Mr. Ross and of the Public School Boards of the Province is deserving of and has received the praise of the supporters of Catholic schools. One thing more. The *Journal* says in effect that it is not the business of the press to investigate the stated decrease in the registered school population, when both the general population and the average attendance are increasing.

The *Journal* satisfies itself with remarking that this is difficult to understand, omitting, however, the very important fact that in 1887 the school age was extended from 10 to 21 years. We do not think that public observation ought to be content with this.

According to statistics from the report of the Minister of Education published in *The Register* last week, and also published in the *Ottawa Journal*, the school population of Ontario has declined from 611,212 in 1887 to 592,503 in 1893, and the school registers have declined from 493,212 in 1887 to 481,068 in 1893. As the Public schools and the Catholic are included together in these figures all relevancy is destroyed in the claim that the increase in the Catholic schools accounts for the decrease in the Public schools. As a Catholic journal we deemed it to be our duty to show that the Catholic schools, when examined separately, are largely increasing in registered attendance; as the fact of their being combined in the official report of school population with the Public schools, left this important distinction undrawn. Perhaps nothing more remains to be said by us if the supporters of the schools of the majority feel content with the easy reflection that the decrease is a remarkable fact having no other particular concern for them. But we may say that we quite agree with the opinion expressed by a most intelligent paper in the city of Halifax, "The Chronicle," that what we have said should engender neither bad feeling nor bitterness. We would go further, having removed the perplexity of the statistics from the Catholic schools, and say, that it is the duty of the public press now to challenge the returns of the assessors which show a decrease of nearly 8,000 children in the entire school population, Protestant and Catholic, in the single year, 1892. If the returns are merely absurd the sooner they are explained the better for the credit of the system of education which are all proud of maintaining in this province of Ontario.

A Friendly Comparison.

Some of our critics in the secular press have made the mistake of saying that *The Register* is aggressive when it shows that our Catholic schools are quite as efficient—not to carry the comparison further—as the schools of the majority. It would be unnecessary for us to do more in this connection than to invite public attention to the results of our Catholic education, and to challenge friendly comparison with the success which has, year by year, rewarded the schools of the majority.

There is no fairer field of competition in the Province between the two sets of schools than the entrance examinations in the cities, towns and counties. The pupils go into the contest upon equal terms, the advantages which naturally belong on the majority side are not taken into account, and the religious instruction of which the minority can boast is not remembered. The chances of success depend upon secular honors simply, which are taken for granted to be even.

The Register has endeavored to find out which schools led the way in the entrance examinations just concluded. The Deputy Minister of Education, Mr. John Miller, was interviewed, and he stated that, as the Department had dropped the column upon which the comparison would hang, the only way of obtaining the desired information, completely and in detail, would be by writing to the various centres of examination throughout the Province, 120 or so in all.

"I am in a position to state, however," he said, "that the results of the entrance examinations show that the Separate Schools are fully keeping pace with the progress of the Public Schools."

The Register has obtained a few of the entrance examination reports, which more than bear out the general statement of the Deputy Minister. In Kingston, for example, where 141 pupils were successful, 40 of the number—a most creditable proportion—passed from the Catholic schools. Two boys from St. Mary's school took the second and third places on the list, and of the 40 Catholic children who succeeded, 20 occupied places among the first 60 names on the entire list. Two Catholic pupils led the way for the Nipissing and Parry Sound Districts.

And so it is, we venture to say, wherever these competitive examinations have taken place.

The Catholic cause in education needs no apology in Canada, as it certainly does not in any other country we know of. But, whilst there are people in public places ready to question the efficiency of our schools without examining into the facts, and whilst, we are sorry to say, some lazy Catholics are willing to credit the clamorers without taking any trouble about the matter on their own account, it is, and it must be, the duty of the Catholic press to assert the truth in the name not only of Catholic education, but in vindication of the whole policy of public education which we enjoy in Ontario.

Catholics for Temperance.

In our news columns to-day attention is drawn to the jubilee gathering of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America in the city of New York, beginning on Wednesday and lasting until Saturday. Here in Canada our prelates and our priests are carrying on the cause of temperance silently, unostentatiously, as the Catholic Church is always doing, but, surely on such an occasion as this, we may look wistfully across the border where our brothers throng to the commercial metropolis of their country in the strength of their thousands to impress public opinion with the great truth that the Catholic Church stands, as she has always stood, for temperance. Why do we not furnish such an object lesson to the people of Canada? Perhaps it is that the sacred cause of temperance has been drawn into the whirlpool of political intrigue in this Dominion of ours. Unquestionably this is, in part, the explanation, and, to the credit of Protestant and Catholic in Canada, be it said, the explanation is also partially found in the very satisfactory statistics of the per capita consumption of alcohol in all the provinces of our fair country. Yet, we do not say that the remaining portion of the liquor problem should be left entirely to the temperance societies within the Catholic Church, and the other churches as well; for we would rejoice to witness on the streets of Toronto so instructive and edifying a sight as the members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union are making in the city of New York. Perhaps when the political parties learn to treat, as it deserves to be treated, the shouting influence in the prohibition movement to-day, the real cause of temperance in Canada will receive the impulse which we see inspiring the fight in the United States.

Scribimus Indocti Doctique.

It is amusing to witness the facility with which the "me—and—Goldwin Smith" mania bob up from day to day in the secular press. A case in point in the *Saturday Globe*, reveals one Allen Pringle of Selby, Ontario, who condemns the Jesuits with all the authority of a village Solon, lying in wait for Mr. John S. Ewart, the eminent council in the Manitoba School case, hoping to draw him into a personal bout with sharp steel pens. The Selby genius makes sundry assertions which no one need bother about, since the Jesuits in all the nations of civilization have vindicated themselves against their persecutors, and in Canada especially, whose virgin soil has been baptised in the blood of Brebeuf and Lallemand, of Jogues and Garnier and Garreau, and a whole rosary of Jesuit missionary martyrs. But the curious sort of creature we are discussing looks beyond all these native testimonies to the motto "ad majorem Dei gloriam;" nor does his eyes condescend to rest any nearer home than Bohemia, which probably he has heard is a literary place, and there we find him leaning with exaggerated grace on the arm of Mr. Goldwin Smith.

During the anti-Jesuit agitation here five years ago, Mr. Goldwin Smith, like Gibbon before him, and many other eminent scholars and hard intellectual workers of their rank, took considerable mental recreation in the pages of "Louis de Montale," which was reflected in *The Bytander*, and in remote corners, like Selby, Ontario, his texts have never since been forgotten. All the time in practical everyday life, whatever may be said of him as a refined writer leaning to speculative liberalism of the European school, Mr. Goldwin Smith has been a high type of a charitable Christian gentleman. The

re-appearance every now and then of some lawgiver of the side lines is but an indication of one of the penalties of greatness, which must perforce carry, like a ship, a great deal of barnacle matter on its bottom.

The Peril of Civilization.

A striking article from the pen of a prominent American priest, Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., the leader in the Western Summer School movement, appears in the August North American Review. Under the title "Leo XIII. and the Education Question" he sets forth the causes which to-day seem to threaten the destruction of society, and also states the Apostolic doctrine, announced by His Holiness in the famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, and developed in detail since in a series of letters addressed to bishops in various parts of Europe.

The causes which conspire to the ruin of civilization are already well discerned. Machinery has crushed the workshop and replaced it by the factory; it has internationalized prices and markets; it has disorganized the ranks of labor, and in short has not only atomized wage earning humanity, but has placed the powdered masses under the foot of an insolent oligarchy of wealth as in ancient Rome. At the same time universal education points out to the masses the way to power. For the moment the game of politics is on the side of the few plutocrats, but all that is needed to bring about the revolution is for the laboring classes to rise up and declare: "We are the masters."

The great machine of our modern civilization is turning out to the working man everything except the means of subsistence. He may feed his mind, but cannot feed his body. Shall we dance on the volcano until everything shall be blown to atoms? Is the question here propounded.

Father Zahm has had an interview with the Pope, who, he tells us, discussed the prevailing condition of humanity with earnestness and impressiveness. The world knows the solicitude of Leo XIII. for the poor and oppressed, and it is well that it should be reminded of the mission which his encyclical has placed upon the priests and bishops of his Church. This mission, says Father Zahm, is:

Go to the people to assist and emancipate them. Establish syndicates and associations for the laboring classes. Demand legislation for their protection, and strive to secure the passage of a law, international in character, which shall protect at the same time employer and employee from economic piracy. Restrict the hours of labor, and place women and children under proper protection. Give to the poor man a just remuneration for his work, and strive to make him an upright and honorable citizen. Above all, see that religion is the inspiring and directing soul of the home, for without it the work of reconstruction and regeneration is impossible.

This is a mission which is working well in Germany, France, Belgium and England. Those who do not believe that it will finally triumph have the other alternative, that confusion and ruin are inevitable. The passions and prejudices of men who would still persecute the Church are thus seen to be doubly detrimental to the perpetuation of order at a time when the social question is so full of peril.

The Pope on the Social Question.

A despatch from Rome says:—"The 'Osservatore Romano' of Monday publishes a letter from the Pope, addressed to the Belgian Episcopate. It is dated June 10th, and deals with the Social question. The opening words read—"Pervenit nos," and the Pope begins by insisting upon the necessity of concord. The Catholic differences existing in Belgium, his Holiness declares, have hitherto not been known in that country, and the Pope calls upon the Bishops to meet in congress to consider the best means to take for the re-attainment of union. The principles to which the Bishops should give their attention are then recited. These are based upon liberty and upon harmony between Catholic and the civil institutions. The Bishops are urged to prevent Catholics from taking part in public polemics, and doing anything to impair the principles of legitimate authority. In conclusion, his Holiness calls upon all Catholics strenuously to oppose the perverse theories of Socialism, which directs all its efforts against religion and religious teachings in schools, seeking to overthrow Divine law with human legislation.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Montreal. Rev. Father McGarry has been elected Superior of the St. Laurent College.

Rev. Father Eliegho Guerin has been transferred from the Cote des Neiges College to St. Laurent.

Rev. Father Choiniere is transferred from the Memramcook College to St. Laurent.

A convent to cost \$42,000 is now in course of erection in the parish of St. Louis de France. The site is at the corner of Cadieux and Ioy streets.

A reception on 21st July was tendered to his Grace Archbishop Langevin, who, accompanied by Canon Bruchesi and others, went to Boucherville to pay a visit to Rev. Curé Primeau.

At St. Henri parochial church, where the four bells lately purchased in France by Abbe Desarie will be deposited when they reach Montreal. They will be blessed by his Grace Archbishop Fabre.

St. James' Cathedral has had the addition of several marble altars in the north and south aisles. Relics of the Pontifical Zouaves have also been deposited in the sanctuary. Further external improvements are being made which will beautify the facade.

Rev. Sisters Ste. Josephine (nee Miss Caron) and Mary of the Sacred Heart (nee Miss Lawlor), who are going from the General Hospital in Quebec to Durban, Natal, will be accompanied by three postulants, Miss Murphy, daughter of P. Murphy, of the firm of St. Charles & Co.; Miss Vonnor, daughter of Dr. Vonnor, dentist; and Miss Begin, of Louis, who will act as choir nuns in the branch house at Durban. Sir A. P. Caron, brother of one of the missionaries, will accompany the latter as far as England. Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart has been in the cloister for twenty nine years, and Sister Ste. Josephine for ten years.

The second annual pilgrimage of the St. Patrick's branch of the League of the Sacred Heart, to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Lanoiraie, took place last week and was a most successful event. The pilgrimage was under the direction of the Rev. J. A. McCallan, of St. Patrick's. On the way down prayers were recited and hymns were sung by the ladies' choir. Prof. J. A. Fowler presiding at the organ. On the arrival of steamer at Lanoiraie, the pilgrims were met by the Rev. P. Kavanagh, pastor of Lanoiraie. A procession was formed to the church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Father McCallan, who took for his text "Come to me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

A petition has been forwarded to his Grace Archbishop Fabre, praying that St. Denis ward and Mile End be divided canonically. The reason for this is that the church people of St. Denis ward, who have been hitherto worshipping with the residents of St. Louis de Mile End, now feel that their numbers are sufficient to warrant them in erecting a church of their own.

Rev. Father Elliott, of New York, the eloquent Paulist, preached in St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. His sermon was a very able and eloquent one. Father Elliott gave a retreat to the Catholic clergy at the new theological seminary building on Quinpool road.

The retreat of the Catholic clergy of Halifax diocese, which has been in progress at the new seminary on Quinpool road has concluded. It has been conducted by Rev. Father Elliott, of the Paulist Order. Father Elliott's head-quarters are at New York. He is tall and handsome, and good nature and intellectual strength are apparent in every feature of his countenance. Father Elliott left for New York on Monday having preached at St. Mary's cathedral Sunday evening, his object being "The missionary outlook."

Sister Letellier takes charge of St. Boniface Hospital, succeeding Sister Mary Joseph, who, after three years of Superintendency, returns to Montreal accompanied by Mother Hamel, general Superiress of the Northwest Gray Nuns, who is to spend some time at headquarters. Sister Norton assumes Sister Mary Xavier's functions in the St. Boniface Hospital.

Rev. Father Boisram, O.M.I., has arrived in Winnipeg to preach the clergy retreat, first for the secular clergy and then for the Oblate Fathers at the end of August.

Rev. Father Leduc, V.G., of the Northwest Territories, was in Winnipeg last week. He returned to Calgary by Sunday evening's train. At the O.E.R. station, he met Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who expressed their regret at the prospect of not meeting Father Leduc in their trip out west.

His Grace the Archbishop of Boniface has returned home and has been visiting Lovetto, St. Anne and La Broquerie, Bruxelles and St. Alphonse, accompanied by the Rev. Joseph Trudel, R.A.

Sister Mary Xavier, late of St. Boniface Hospital, has gone to Edmonton, where she will be Superior of the new hospital. Her departure is a great loss to her many friends all over Manitoba, where she has spent forty-two years.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Fabrications in the Press that have annoyed the Baltimore Cardinal-Archbishop.

The Rome correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times says:—A letter addressed to Cardinal Secretary of State by the Eminence Cardinal Gibbons is published by the "Observatore Romano." In it the distinguished American prelate protests against the falsehood and malice of the reports as to his mission. Writing from Worshofen, where he has been staying with Mgr. Knopp for the benefit of his health, his Eminence says:—"I have been very much troubled and annoyed by the false statements and calumnies which have been circulated by some newspapers in Europe and transmitted to America with respect to my mission to Rome. These papers pretend to reproduce conversations which took place between the Holy Father and myself. Such a confidential character, and it is needless to say that I have regarded them as sacred and not to be communicated to anybody. These papers have represented me as wishing to exercise influence on the Holy See against the school system supported by Archbishop Ireland, although that subject was not touched upon at all in our conversations. But what has annoyed me more than anything else is the false statement telegraphed from Rome to the United States that I was hostile to the Apostolic Delegate. So far from being opposed to him, since the moment of his arrival in America I have been his faithful friend and defender. All my remarks to the Holy Father, to your reverence and to the other Cardinals were in favour and in praise of the Apostolic Delegate. I am glad to read in the "Observatore Romano," which the Nunzio has been kind enough to send me, a refutation of all these calumnies." The Cardinal left Worshofen on Wednesday.

ST. MICHAEL'S RECTOR.

Receives an Address and Presentation from the St. Louis Sanctorum Boys.

On Friday evening, after benediction at St. Michael's the St. Louis Sanctorum Boys met in the Cathedral grounds to receive the prizes won at their picnic games from Rev. Father Ryan, and to present the worthy Rector with an address which was accompanied by a handsome silver toilet set. Several of the Members of the St. Louis Sanctorum Boys were present Mr. T. B. Winterberry, Wm. Winterberry and T. Russell, also Mr. James Oashon, Mr. P. Wheeler and Brothers Louis and Auxilian.

The following was the address was presented to Father Ryan:

Rev. P. Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, New York.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—Permit us on this occasion to express to you our sincere gratitude for your many acts of kindness in our behalf. Since your advent in St. Michael's, we have learned to appreciate the sterling qualities of your noble heart. Under every circumstance you have been generous and kind to our society, and we may justly call you the "Boys Own Friend."

We desire, therefore, to thank you for these many acts of kindness, but, in a manner far from which they deserve. Accept kind Father this little gift, as a slight token of the esteem and love in which you are held by your Sanctorum boys. That you may long be spared to guide us in the future, as you have so nobly done in the past, and that God may reserve for you His choicest gifts are the earnest wishes of the Members of the St. Louis Sanctorum Society.

Father Ryan thanked and complimented the boys and distributed the picnic prizes as follows:

- 75 yds. Race (10 years and under) 1, A. Grant, 2, J. Strachie, 3, W. Moroney, 2, J. Swallow.
200 yds. (15 and upwards) 1, H. Winterberry, 2, J. Breidannaz, 3, W. Moroney.
50 yds. (3 legged) 10 years and under, 1st, Strachie and Grant, 2, G. Budway and R. Johnson.
75 yds. (3 legged) (11 to 13), 1, Giroux and Swallow, 2, Philbert H. Moroney.
100 yds. (3 legged) 15 and over, 1, E. Breidannaz and E. McManus, 2, J. Bigly and J. Harneist.
50 yds. (blindfolded) 10 and under, 1, A. Grant, 2, J. Strachie.
75 yds. (blindfolded) (11 to 13) 1, W. Moroney, 2, W. Gilmore.
100 yds. (blindfolded) 15 and over) 1, E. Finagan, 2, J. Breidannaz.
50 yds. (Wheelbarrow) (10 and under), 1, Grant and J. Strachie, 2, Foley and Wheeler.
75 yds. (Wheelbarrow) (11 to 13) 1, C. Haloran and Swallow, 2, Scully, and Philbert.
100 yds. (Wheelbarrow) (15 and over) 1, Breidannaz and Bigly, 2, Winterberry and Finagan.
Hop step and jump (10 years and under) P. Wheeler, 2, E. Foley.
Hop step and jump (11 to 13) 1, Moroney, 2, Scully.
Hop step and jump (15 and over), 1, Winterberry, 2, Bigly.
Running hop step and jump, (15 and over) 1, Winterberry, 2, Scully.
Championship Race (500 yds) open to all Sanctorum Boys, 1st, J. Breidannaz, 2, H. Winterberry, 3, J. Harneist.
Prize for greatest number of points in the games, H. J. Winterberry, 2, A. J. Grant.

Barrie.

The Garden Party in aid of St. Mary's Church, Barrie, which was postponed owing to bad weather from Wednesday evening, July 31st, to Friday evening, August 2nd, proved a decided success, being patronised liberally, not only by the parishioners, but by townspeople generally. The town band added much to the pleasure of the evening by its programme of choice selections. The different tables in charge of the ladies proved very tempting and were well patronised, considerable interest centered in the contest for a gold watch, which was awarded to Miss Breunman of Allandale, for having disposed of the greatest number of admission tickets. Dean Egan, the committee, and the ladies, whose efforts contributed largely to the social and financial success of the event, are to be congratulated.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

By the Sisters of St. Joseph Teaching in the Diocese of Hamilton.

The annual general convention of the Sisters of St. Joseph, held last week in St. Mary's School, Hamilton, closed Friday afternoon with very satisfactory results, such as cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the sixty teachers who were present.

It was ably conducted by Mr. J. F. White, I. S. S., Mr. J. J. Filley, Inspector of Model Schools, and Mr. W. Prudergast. The last named was recently appointed Inspector of Catholic Schools, as successor to the late Mr. Donovan, whose memory was not forgotten by those gentlemen in their opening remarks.

This convention was the most notable one which these teachers have yet held, owing to the visit of the Hon. Dr. Ross, Minister of Education. On Thursday afternoon he gave them a very eloquent and instructive lecture on the duties and responsibilities of their profession, dilating on the importance of appropriate qualities which alone can make school life pleasant to teachers and pupils. For over an hour his audience was held most deeply interested by the vigor and earnestness of his address, whose points were well illustrated by incidents drawn from his early career as teacher and inspector.

Rev. Father Mahony of St. Mary's Cathedral, Messrs. A. O'Hair, P. Harris and P. Stuart, C. S. F. Fructes, were present, and made short, but appropriate speeches. Mr. O'Hair spoke on behalf of the School Board, thanking the Minister of Education for the deep interest he takes in the welfare of Catholic Schools.

It would be impossible to do justice to the work done by Mr. White and his colleagues in this short account, but even a synopsis of it will doubtless be of interest. Rev. Father Mahony opened the convention with appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Tilley began a series of lectures on the Theory of Education, illustrated by model lessons to a class of children. His explanations of Objective teaching won the earnest attention of all present, and will be productive of the very best results.

Mr. White gave an interesting lecture on "School Management," which furnished many practical suggestions. He also showed and discussed teaching geography and composition to the different grades. His lesson in literature was particularly interesting and instructive showing clearly his thorough knowledge of the best methods of teaching this important subject. He directed the teachers to keep in view the principal aim in teaching it, to instill into the pupils a love for choice literature, the good and beautiful in the best writers, and to direct pupils in their choice of reading.

Mr. White complimented the trustees on the steps they had taken to establish a Catholic School Library to which the pupils have access, and thereby cultivated a taste for good literature.

Mr. Prudergast gave a lesson on Annunities, and one in Mathematical Geography to a senior class of girls, both of which showed his wide knowledge of the subjects and his efficiency to impart the same.

After Mr. White's final lecture on Friday afternoon, Mr. Prudergast addressed the teachers, and was followed by Rev. Father Mahony, Messrs. Harris, Baby and Wm. Kavanagh. Mr. Tilley brought the proceedings to a close by words of encouragement to the teachers. So sincere and pathetic was his address that it made a deep impression on all present and will not soon be forgotten. The Hamilton Catholic School teachers rightly regard him as highly deserving of their esteem for his deep interest in the success of their work.

Throughout the convention there was one cause of regret, namely, the absence of His Excellency Bishop Dowling, Mgr. McEvay and Rev. J. H. Coty, Local Superintendent, who were in retreat. The fact that they had contributed largely to the success of previous conventions, and their inability to attend this one more deeply felt.

Rev. Fathers O'Reilly and Mahony were present whenever their duties did not prevent, thus manifesting their interest in Catholic education.

The programme was interspersed with music provided by St. Joseph's choir, and at the close the national hymn was sung.



A good, healthy wholesomeness will make even a homely face attractive. There are many reasons why women should take care to be healthy. One very strong reason is that beauty and illness are very seldom found together. Illness—and especially the kind peculiar to women—makes the complexion bad, the eyes dull and sunken, the manner listless and the intellect dull.

No woman in this condition can be attractive to her friends. Personal appearance counts for much, but comfort amounts to even more. What the good of living if one cannot enjoy anything? If headaches and backaches and dragging weariness and pain accompany even slight fatigue...

If the system is constantly subjected to a debilitating drain, where is the energy to come from to make enjoyment possible? Personal comfort and a consideration for the feelings of others are two of the incentives to an effort to secure health.

If the illness is in any way connected with the purely feminine organism (and the chances are ten to one that it is) Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure it. Dr. Pierce has used the "Prescription" in his practice for thirty years with unbroken success. A large book written by the author and entitled "Her Diseases" will be sent (securely sealed, in plain envelope) to those who will send this notice and ten cents to part payment, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICINE ASSOCIATION, No. 653 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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George: "I hear they have a display of strong men in that waxwork." Bob: "Yes, they are waxing strong in their business."

HE HAD TRIP IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas's Eucalyptic Oil, that I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Mixed but satisfactory.—Auntie: "Do you love me well?" Jack: "Gracious, giel, I love you sick or well."

The Proprietors of Farnese's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never use any medicine that can equal Farnese's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Farnese's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

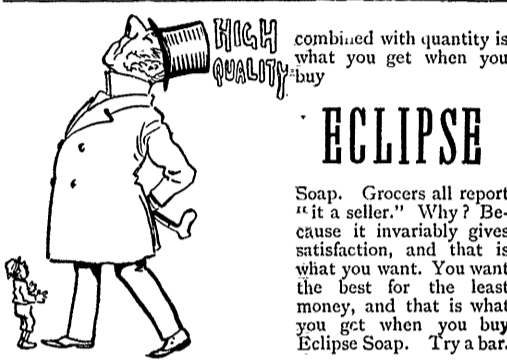
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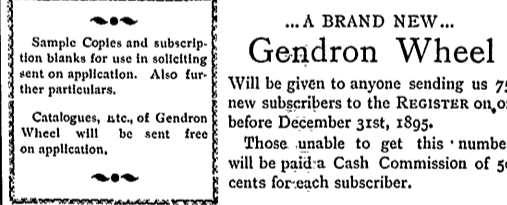


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AMERICAN NOTES.

The Register has received an invitation to the celebration of the silver jubilee of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America on Aug 7 to 11 in New York.

Thursday, August 8, 9 a. m.—Mass of Requiem at the Church of the Paulists. 10 a. m.—Convention in Session, Columbus Hall, 124 West 60th Street.

Friday, August 9. Day will be spent in Business Session.

Saturday, August 10. Visiting Delegates will be taken up the Hudson as guests of City Temperance Societies.

Bishop Ryan has left Buffalo for a vacation down the St. Lawrence to Quebec and Saguenay. He will visit Montreal on the way.

Cherry Hill, N. J., was the centre of a cyclone two weeks ago. Several people were killed and the village was wrecked.

An organization of clergymen, to be known as the United Religious Association, was formed in Ayer, Mass., on July 23.

The report of the committee on organization, of which Father McKenna was a member, was as follows:

Name—The United States Religious Association, (Proposed by Father McKenna).

Object—Resolved, that we form ourselves into an organization, the object of which shall be fellowship and acquaintance with which each other's religious doctrines, local cooperation with each other on basis of love to God and man.

Meeting—Semi-annually spring and autumn. The meeting was closed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated in concert by all present.

A correspondent of the Boston Pilot who has been down Missouri says among the distinguished orators who will speak at the grave of Father Marquette, the discoverer of the sites of Chicago and St. Louis.

The Hon. Wm. M. Sprinzer, M. C. subject, "Explorations of Father Marquette and Others on the Mississippi River."

Cov. John T. Rich, of Michigan, and other famous speakers will also address the multitude which will gather from the North, South, East and West at the tomb of the brave and learned Marquette, whose eagle eye

peered beyond the grave, and saw in prophetic vision the glories of the Mississippi Valley in those latter days when the descendants of the races which contended for the mastery of this continent are dwelling together in peace and prosperity in the most fertile and most highly civilized valley of the world.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of St. James' church, Grand Rapids, was celebrated with becoming solemnity on July 25th, by the pastor and members of that congregation. It was a day of joy and thanksgiving of every member of the parish.

Detroit sent a large contingent to the fifth anniversary pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, under the auspices of Our Lady of the Rosary, conducted by the Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, pastor of Holy Rosary church, among the pilgrims were Rev. R. J. Walters, Our Lady of Help church, Detroit; Rev. J. M. Schreiber, St. Boniface's church, Detroit; Rev. Frank Kelley, Lapeer, Mich.; Rev. Wm. Manning, Youngstown, O.; Rev. A. E. Manning, Lima, O.; the Misses Kitty and Della Clark and Mary Rice, Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goreau, Mr. Andrew Greiner, Mr. Benbenick and Mrs. Bruel, Mr. Clemons, Mich.; Miss Minnie Dilworth, Richmond, Mich.; Mr. Geo. Young, Grohman, Mich.; Mrs. and Miss Gaudier, Bedford, Mich.; Miss Lou Kinney, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Lawrence Ormond, Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw and Miss Hattie Shaw, Grand Rapids.

Father Conway's Anniversary.

Monday, July 15th, was the 40th anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Father Conway, of Norwood. He was ordained in Toronto by the late Bishop Charbonnel on July 15th, 1855. He spent nearly 30 years in the archdiocese of Toronto, laboring for a number of years in the then newly settled portion of the diocese. He was parish priest at St. Catharines for a number of years and also held for several years the very important position of Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. After Father Conway's death, with the late lamented Bishop James, remaining with him until his death in March, 1885. He was installed as first parish priest of St. Paul's, Norwood, by Bishop Dowling, and has labored there since, and it is the wish and prayer of his many friends that he will remain there to carry out the good work of religion and temperance which he has so successfully established. May he remain with us says the Norwood Register to celebrate the 60th anniversary of his ordination.

Well Deserved Promotion.

Kingston Aug. 1st.—A meeting of the Catholic School Trustees was held in Dr. Ryan's office yesterday afternoon to consider applications for the vacancies on the teaching staff. There were present Dr. Ryan, Messrs. J. J. Behan, D. Staley, W. J. McNeill, Wm. Duffy, P. J. Howland, W. Norris, D. Egan and P. J. Leahy. A considerable amount of routine business was transacted. The position of principal in succession to Mr. William Brick was given to Mr. Frank D. Henderson, of Adelaide, Ont., who is a graduate of the Toronto Normal School, and has been acting as first assistant for a year, Miss Lizzie O'Brien, of Peterboro', a graduate of the Ottawa Normal School, was appointed to the vacancy thus created. Mr. Frank Rielly, of Sydneyham, will succeed D. Shortell as second assistant.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Will Leave for Ottawa.

Mr. Wm. Brick, late principal of St. Mary's school Kingston who has been on the staff of the Ottawa Model school, will leave for that city about the 15th inst. Mr. Brick bears with him the best wishes of the citizens of Kingston who will look for similar successes in Ottawa to those which attended his efforts as administrator of the affairs of St. Mary's school here.

Effects of the French Treaty. Wines at Half Price.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Mottet in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian consumer beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. These are equal to any \$6.00 and \$8.00 wine sold on their table. Every well hotel and club is now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids. Use Address, For prices list and particulars, Boulevard des Capucines, 30, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Pure color almost always gives the idea of life or rather it is, perhaps, as if a light shone through as well as of the color itself. The fresh green blade of corn is like this—so pellucid, so clear, and pure in its green as to seem to shine with color. It is not brilliant—not a surface gleam nor an emanation—it is stained through. Beside the moist cloths the slender flags arise, filled with the sweetness of the earth. Out of the darkness and the darkness which knows no day save when the plowshare opens its chinks—they have come to the light. To the light they have brought a color which will attract the sunbeams from now till harvest. They fall mouldy and rot, and rot, and rot, as if they mingled with it.

Seldom do we realize that the world is practically no thicker to us than the print of our footsteps on the path. Upon that surface we walk and act our comedy of life and we know not that it is all to us. But it is out from that under world, from the dead and the unknown, from the cold, moist ground that these green blades have sprung. You see a steam plow pants up the hill, growing with its own strength, yet the strength and might of wheels, and pistons, and chains cannot drag from the earth one single blade like these. Force cannot make it; it must grow—an easy way to speak or write; in fact, full of potency.—The Rev. Richard J. O'Brien in Longueville's Magazine.

Rolling ground in Dry Weather.—To roll the ground after grass seed in dry weather is the most effective method of preventing the seed from growing, or rather killing the first sprouts of the seed, and thus ruining the stand. The rolling of the surface makes the soil compact and solid, and thus puts it in a condition in which it loses every atom of moisture in the least possible time. Late sowing of grass and clover should always be harrowed lightly and the soil left as loose on the surface as possible, after covering the seed at cast one inch.

The Leaf Beetle of the Potato.—The little active jumping flea which does so much mischief by eating holes through the leaves of the potato vine is a close relative of a saw fly, the insect that infests the cabbage and turnip when in the early stage of growth. It is difficult to circumvent this pest, but as it jumps from the plants when disturbed the most effective remedy for it is to push between the leaves of the plant a strip of white-cloth narrow frame covered with cloth painted with tar. The beetles springing from the plants are caught in this way in the most effective manner. As it cuts from the under side of the leaves it is hardly possible to poison it.

Rot in Tomatoes.—The rot of tomatoes is due to a fungus which grows in the whole plant and matures in the fruit. It is related to the potato rot, and is to be treated in the same way, by the Bordeaux mixture. The disease appears first as a small spot on the blossom end of the fruit, then spreads rapidly all through it. It is prevented or arrested as soon as it appears by spraying the liquid, made as follows:—on to the plants, leaves, and young fruit. Dissolve four pounds of sulphate of copper (bluestone) in five gallons of water, and six pounds of lime in four gallons of water. Mix the two liquids and stir them well, then strain and add forty gallons of water. A less quantity may be made by proportionately less material. This preparation is used for preventing all kinds of rusts and rots on all sorts of plants, as the black rot of the vine, the rust of strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries, the potato rot, and the scab rot of apples.

The good effect of stirring the soil about the corn plants is unquestioned and unquestionable. That soil made loose and open, and the air and moisture to a considerable extent is also unquestionable, and as this is useful to crops, it follows that the good farmer will not neglect to do this work as long as it is possible to do so. It has been found by careful experiments that the yield of corn is increased to a much greater extent than the cost of the work, which really costs nothing if done at night when otherwise the team and man might be idle, but allowing for hiring the team for the purpose, the extra work is a good use of the money to sow 5 cents' worth of white turnip seed to the acre, immediately after the cultivation and once the soft mellow soil. It will be a better investment to sow fifty pounds of corn fertilizer to the acre at the same time.

It is a source of discomfort to a neat farmer to see the corn trampled down by the sides and ends of the field, where the team turns, but this is unavoidable when working tall corn. It is, then, a good plan to leave a strip of unplanted land around the field, or at the ends of the rows, when the corn is so planted to turn out. This is desirable for all cultivated crops, and indispensable in a large garden worked by horse implements.

But this year and many years it will be found a most excellent provision, as for the rotting of the corn from the clench bug, as it leaves the wheat and goes on to the fresh corn to devour it. It either cannot, or will not, cross mellow soil in the open sunshine, but chooses to go from plant to plant in the furrows to creep down them and there should be deep and the sides as steep as possible. The bugs find an obstacle of this kind insurmountable, and perish on the hot soil in the glare of the sun. It helps to go into the furrows two or three times to deepen them still more, and leave the sides more loose and crumbly.

"They say it is electricity," said the rustic, as he stepped before the incandescent street light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."

DOMESTIC READING.

Say to mothers, what a body charge is theirs; with what a kindly power their love might rule the fountains of a new born mind.—Mrs. Bigourne.

Ask the keepers of the asylum, of the poor-houses, and of the gaols what were the causes of lunacy, the pauperism, and the crime, and they will say it was owing to strong drink.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Art is based on a strong sentiment of religion—on a profound and mighty earnestness; hence it is so prone to cooperate with religion. Religion is not in want of art; it rests on its own majesty.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you see its glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.—Hawthorne.

Thoughts from the temple that slowly pass, glance quick as lightning through the heart.

The life-long mutual loyalty of one man and one woman to each other is the keynote of Christianity in conduct. It is the bright consummate flower of evolution, the corner-stone of that home temple in which time is most truly worshipped.

Take pain out of the world, and you take out its great stimulant, to the detriment of all its highest forms of physical, mental, and moral life. Pain is at the bottom of all deep and high thinking for man's relief and cultivation.

Like all Nature's processes, old age is gentle and gradual in its approaches, streaked with illusions, and all its little grey wrinkles are the result of the iron hand is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

He is not worthy to live who only vegetates; he does not truly live who drifts aimlessly through the years from youth to age. Indeed, he whose mind is so dull that he cannot produce the least result, is nobler than he who has no conscious purpose in life.

All the moral disciplines that the world has seen have used the instrument of self-denial; but Christ's use of it is peculiar and unique. He teaches that we are to deny ourselves (1) for our own good, to develop and complete ourselves; (2) for the good of others.

Fortitude has three signs by which it may be known. The first is silence under pain: "Jesus held His peace." The second is meekness: "He opened not His mouth." The third is gladness under wrongs: "Peter and John rejoiced when they were counted worthy to suffer for the Name of Jesus."

Earth's holiest spot, in angel ken, Is here on earth, in Mary's womb; Both give her life for six crumpled men; And as the home of God the mortal.

"They will be done! It seems Heaven's portal, This hallowed isle of Meholah."—Stoddard.

Why is it that the memory of some days in the past, unmarked by striking events, always come to us like the breath of spring? It may be that on those days, in reward for some forgotten act, God drew us close to Him, and that we absorbed something of His eternal peace and happiness.

There is far more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in his measure doing the business of God and Providence, and it is attended with a heavenly pleasure unknown to those that are not beneficent and liberal.

Remember, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary road and shelter for us in an advanced age, and a two-edged sword if you young will give us no shade when we grow old.

There are some of us who seem to think that we compliment God's heaven by despising His earth, and show our sense of the great things the future man may do by doing by counting as utterly worthless all that the present man may do. Here, joy upon the earth which, through earthly, is not impure—which, through vanishing, is real.

It behooves us to always bear in mind that while actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgments which we pass upon men must be qualified by consideration of the time, the place, and other accidental circumstances; and it will then be found that he who is the most charitable in his judgment in general is the least unjust.—Southey.

We should feel it a finer thing to acquire the art of healing wounds than the art of calculating eclipses; a finer thing to occupy a post office, and that of the ignorant and the suffering than a post of honour and authority in a palace; that of the two it is grander to learn how to "bind up the broken-hearted" or to "speak a word in season to the weary" than to learn how to investigate the secrets of Nature or converse in five languages.

One of the very best ways to treat a severe case of sunburn is to bathe the face constantly for fifteen or twenty minutes with soft water as hot as it can be borne. This treatment taken out the redness and the heat, and the skin returns to its normal state much sooner than if left alone. After bathing in this way, apply a pure cold cream that contains nothing that will irritate the skin.

The old-fashioned French windows that could be set ajar like so many doors are being to go out of fashion, because they make perfect ventilation possible, especially in those cases where they are to be found on several sides of a house, allowing a current of air to sweep directly through rooms and to penetrate every corner of the walls, and the ordinary window is that it opened two or three feet above the floor, among the air pipes in the heavy gases are apt to settle and stay inside. Even when a room is provided with a ventilator near the top, the stream of impure air above may remain. With a window extending from the floor to the ceiling, and made so that it can be opened wide, a complete change of air in a room is possible.

FIRESIDE FUN.

What pupil is most to be pitied? The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

A Poet exclaims: "Beh! drops on the roof." That's what the roof is for. The man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

The times are so hard that an Irishman says he has parted with all his elegant wardrobe except the armholes of an old waistcoat.

"Well, my boy, do you know what syntax means?" said a schoolmaster to the son of a tax collector. "Yes, sir; the duty upon spirits."

"What would six ounces of tea come to at two shillings a pound?" asked the teacher of a class in school. "Leaves," replied the small, bad boy.

Father: "My son, do you know why there is a cock on the steeple of the church?" "Hoped!" "To wake the people when the sermon is done, father?" "It all nonsense, dear, about wedding cake. I put an enormous piece under my pillow and dreamed of nobody." "Well?" "And the next night I ate it and dreamed of everybody."

Miss Elders (sentimentally): "Yes, I was to die before I got old. Her friend: "Oh! how I wish you, Clara, when I want you to be my bridesmaid when I get married next month."

Teacher, to pupils who are not listening: "Now, boys, try and pay a little more attention. I am about to explain the peculiarities of the monkey, and the least you can do is to look at me."

When Sheridan kept a school he had in one of his classes a boy who always read partridges for patronus. "Stop!" exclaimed the wag of a teacher, "you should not make *partridge* of the patriarchy."

One of the examination papers of a young girl in a city school contained the query: "What is the highest type of man?" In unmistakable characters the answer read: "The Temperance zone."

There is something exquisite in an American's reply to the European traveller when he asked him if he had just crossed the Atlantic. "What now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

Magistrate (to prisoner): "Why did you leave that town?" "Didn't think I was strong enough, your worship, to bring the town with me." He was sent to prison for fourteen days in order that he might grow again.

Of the late Earl of —, who when young, was noted for enjoying his creations with a future joy day, it was observed by one of his friends that it was a pity that fortune should neglect so promising a young gentleman.

Pastor: "It would surprise you to know in the contribution boxes in the course of a year." Thoughtless friend: "I suppose so. How do you manage to get rid of all?"

Jane: "Henry, what would you do if you should go to the post-office, buy a stick of gum, and find it was not for you, and be refused?" Henry (who is very serious): "What would I do? Stick it on myself." Jane: "I should stick it on the letter."

The Groom (at the first stopping place): "It's no use, Clara; we can't ride it from noon till you know, my bride and groom." The Bride: "What makes you think so, George, dear?" The Groom (dejectedly): "Why, here the waiter has brought us rice pudding."

The lift boy was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children. "Well, do you know, your honor," laughed the passenger; "you're not married, are you?" "Well, no," replied the boy, "but I've brought up a good many families in my time." And he gazed up at the shaft with a rapturous expression.

Little Girl: "That's the second time you've said 'Hello' to me." Little Boy (busy playing): "I know." Little Girl: "Won't she whip you if you don't go?" Little Boy: "No; she's got company, and she'll say: 'Ho! he's been very dear since he had the measles, poor little fellow.'"

A tramp was arrested, taken before a justice, and sentenced to prison. In his worship, in explaining the sentence, remarked that while there was no evidence that the prisoner had been guilty of any crime, he thought it prudent to commit him, as he had the wild, hanged look of a man about to start a newspaper.

Lodger: "I found something in my bed-room last night, madam, and—Landlady (indignantly): "There ain't such a thing in the house. You must have brought it with you." Lodger (coolly): "I was going to say, madam, that I found a woman in my bed-room last night, and I would 'put your word as to my having brought it with me, so I'll keep it."

In a late war an Austrian soldier who received a bullet in his thigh, was taken prisoner, and sent to the hospital. He remained there in bed fifteen days, eating turtle soup and drinking the best of wine. At length it was considered necessary to examine the wound for the bullet. "What are you after?" exclaimed the soldier. "Looking for the bullet," was the reply. "What! with those hands?" "Yes, with those hands; put them into my flesh, but into my pocket, where you will find the bullet I pulled out the day I came to this place."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is not often "sold," but a story now going the rounds shows that sometimes he meets with one who is more than his match. Enquiring a lawyer once by walking along with him, he found a familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him. After pointing out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, Sir Wilfrid earnestly exhorted the man to leave from his walking along with him, so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and handing the man sixpence, he said: "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public-house and spent the sixpence in beer. The liquor he had thrown away was cold tea.—Westminster Gazette.

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PAT'S POT.

FRANCIS MAITLAND.

Some of us, not such old folk either, remember the year of the great outbreak of anthrax—the cattle plague—and the misery it brought for man and beast. I put "man" first for reasons you will see, but the lump comes to my throat to this day when I think of my dear Bess, and Beauty and Ayrshire-Fido, and Eglantine—she was named for the little Miss up at the Tower, and they think a deal of the name among the bigger Galloway folk—the Sukie and Belle No. 2 (she got first prize at the show the year before), our seven fine Ayrshire kye lying, one top of the other, in the pit John Robson, the ploughman, dug (my father had 'nt the heart to take a spade) at the foot of the Broom field where the ground is soft. Bess and Sukie, and Belle No. 2, died, but the other four were "slaughtered," as they worded it, by order of the Commissioners.

They were hard times; and when man's skill failed, we turned—by command of Her Gracious Majesty in Council—to God, and held a day of solemn humiliation and prayer throughout our United Kingdom.

The Fast Day, as we termed it, seems to me only a matter of yesterday. My father had been ailing since the afternoon of the day before; he had pains in his joints and vomitings once or twice, and my mother would not leave him; but the rest of us put on our Sunday clothes, and with John Robson and his wife who lived at the Cot-house, took our Bibles and went across the fields by the short cut, to the Established Kirk.

I remember, as we passed the Mains of Myrtown, we wondered whether the Finlays, who were new tenants and Catholics, kept the fast as we did, or if they waited for orders from their Pope who might, or might not, know of our straits. John, who spoke with some authority, having been in the chapel once when Mrs. Pagan, the priest's housekeeper, was cleaning it out, was of opinion that they would wait for orders from His Holiness; and we were more inclined to agree with him that we saw Mrs. Finlay through the bars of the yard gate, crossing to the byre in her work-a-day dress, and my mother, though she had my father to see to, and the breakfast things to put by, not to speak of the dinner to be ready for us at one when we came home, had dressed herself in her second-best, a good brown morino, in honor of the Fast.

I can recall our minister's text to this day (his name was McPherson, and he was a Highlandman)—Exodus, 8th chapter and 8th verse: "And Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron, and said, 'Entreat the Lord that He may take away the frogs from me and my people.'" I wondered, when I turned it up, what he would make of the frogs; but he read it: "Entreat the Lord that He may take away"—and he stopped—"this plague—from me and from my people." He had no business to change God's word, John Robson said (as we walked home) in his dull way, and frogs had ought to do with kye that he could see; and he took off his hat to scratch his head; and his wife said, "Hoots, John!" ashamed of his stupidity. The rest of us knew what Mr. McPherson was after well enough. "Entreat the Lord, that He may take away this plague from me and my people." And then he repeated "from me," and bade us have in mind that Her Majesty was beseeching the Lord with her people that day. I saw old Quintan McCullagh, who thought little of queens (or kings if it came to that), take his pinch of snuff and wriggle on his seat. Mr. McPherson was a wee black man, and quick in speech as all the Highlanders are (he was the first minister ever I saw with a beard), and to hear him you would have thought the Egyptian plagues were nought compared to ours. He would have feyed (frightened) a hair into fits that day when he banded away at the pulpit-board, and told us of God's justice that must be satisfied, and threatened us with the judgments, that, according to him, we all so richly deserved.

I think we all felt, as old Jenny Henderson said at the kirk gate, "convicted of sin," and we walked home soberly enough to our brood and bit of roast meat—Sunday fare in honor of the Fast—and I think, for, we all hoped that the Almighty justice would be expressed by this meal and the morning's going to church, and felt the happier, for what we had done, though my father had gone to bed, and the sickness and pains were always getting worse.

Old Finlay (as people called him already to distinguish him from his lanky son, though he could not have been much over forty then) came in about tea time; he had heard my father was ailing and wanted to know if there was anything he could do for us. He brought a jug of milk from his wife in his hand—his cattle, though they fed but a stone-throw from our own, were still safe—and he said, as he gave it to us, never to heed (mind) about the jug, they would get it back another time. He had neither shoes or stockings on, and had rolled his trousers up to his knee. He must

have seen us staring at his feet, for he said with a little nod at me, "a man canna be so careful these times;" and then he and John Robson, who was sitting by the fire (we farmer folk wore homelier in those days) began to argue as to whether the infection could be carried from man to beast; and Finlay getting provoked, as all did from John's stupidity, wound up by saying quite shortly at last, "Weel, weel, feet's easy washed," and then John, who was moor bred, began to lament in his slow way the burying of sound kye that might have served for wholesome food, and gave it as an opinion that even the sick beasts, if they had been killed and bled when first attacked, would have served for the pickle barrel and winter use, the salt drawing the poison out, according to him; he had seen heaps of Draxy sister to the door and eating a sick beast or two was little to him. Finlay let him talk, without contradicting him; he was taken up now watching my father, and presently he went over to the bed and lifting him up in his arms made him more comfortable for the time, and then turning to my mother he said, if he were here, he would send for Doctor Tait at once. His anxiety made my mother, though she had thought "little of the pains and sickness up till this, anxious too, and she told John to take the gig and be off as quick as he could. But when Finlay saw how slowly he got up from the fire—he was a disobliging fellow, though he had been with us so many years—he told him sharply he would go himself. He beckoned my eldest son to the door and said he must want to frighten her, and she must not frighten her moor. "One that just after the first outbreak of the pest, a cousin of his wife's had been taken the same way—by Dumfries—and he thought it wise to take the sickness in time.

"Was he ailing long?" Aggie asked. Finlay looked at her. "The inside of a week," he said. "You mean?" Poor Aggie began to shake. "Aye," Finlay said gravely, "he lived the six days."

Presently my mother, who had been changing my father's shirt, called out there was a spot or two on his skin. Would he be taking the pox, we wondered—the pox had been down with it at the farm's adjoining-house. As with the night on the pot—dark and worse, and was off his head long before Finlay got back with the doctor and his son.

Now-a-days any doctor could have told at once that my father had caught the plague from his own beast, and that he was dying of splenic fever, anthrax, himself; but old Tait, skilful as he was counted in bairns' and common complaints, was not even "qualified," if all tales were true; my father must have been "poisoned," he said, and questioned as to what he had had to eat or whether we thought he had got a chill.

But I think if he had said the truth he was as much at sea as ourselves as to what was wrong. Finlay and he and the doctor stopped the night, but nothing could be done; the vomitings grew worse and worse, and at last convulsions set in, and the third day he died.

My nephew, my sister Jeanie's son, who had passed his medical course in Edinburgh well, tells me the wonder as there were not many more cases of splenic fever at that time. No one, in our part of the world at least, thought of any danger in handling the sick or dead beasts. Some of the farmers out they could learn anything by that, and some on the sly (for one man caught at it was burned in effigy) did what John Robson advised and killed and bled the creatures when they first showed signs of the plague and eat parts fresh, and salted down the rest, though (fortunately for them) the meat soon spoiled. Adam (the nephew I spoke of) tells me that once in San Domingo fifteen thousand people—I hope I am right in my figures—died from nothing else but eating this diseased meat, and in the worst anthrax years on the Siberian Steppes a fourth of the peasant folks were attacked from just doing the same thing. My poor father had a terrible death, and you see now why I said the plague brought suffering on man as well as beast, for I am not counting the poverty and ruin it meant for many and many a one, though that was hard enough, God knows.

This is a long preface to the story I want to tell, but it shows how it was we got so intimate with Finlay and his folk. What we would have done without him I couldn't tell. When folk got it into their heads my father had died of the pox and wouldn't come near us, he laid his head in the grave himself; there never had been such a small funeral in our parish, though few men were more respected than I may say it) my father was. It was Finlay, too, who went to Sir John about my mother carrying on the farm. He promised to give an eye to things himself, on one condition, that she would give John Robson his leave; my mother shillie-shalloon for a bit, the truth was she was she was afraid of John; and then Finlay said he only wanted her to give him leave to give him the sack, and went out into the yard and called him and gave it there and then. John was sulky and lassy enough we all knew, but none of us pressed what impudence he had at the back of his tongue, for my

father (who was easy) had always let him go his own way. In a moment and told Finlay to his face, it wasn't from him or the like of him he would take his leave, but from the mistress herself, and then Finlay brought my mother out and said, "Tell him he is to go," and she was that near—looking first at one and then at the other of them—she could not say a word, but Aggie came and stood beside her and said "Speak up, mother!" and then she said, "John it's may be better ye should part."

"Much better," says Finlay out—"It's well seen the master's no' here," says John, as black as thundercloud and "Oh, John, John!" my mother says and began to cry, and I believe she would have begged him to stop if Aggie hadn't dragged her back into the house.

"You understand, then," Finlay says, "ye're not wanted after the next term."

"It's that's the way of it," says John, flinging down his clark (he had been mucking the byre), "I'll go this very hour."

"Let him go," Finlay said, my mother had come back, and was listening and crying on the doorstep, "let him go, impudent scoundrel," says he; and "De off with you," he says to John, "none of us here want to see your face again."

"It's not for your bidding I'm going," said John, and went into the barn for his coat; and we watched him drawing it on as he went down the road.

In the evening his wife came up; she was a bold kind of a woman, and we thought we were in for more impudence, but she wished us "guide o'en" civilly enough and said she had come for her husband's belongings, and that he was a fool for his pains to give up such a place, and she had told him his own tale, but we said naught, and when she had put all together she thanked us for all our kindnesses in the past, and went away, her apron at her eyes.

John didn't do badly for himself after all, for a week later we heard he was hired to Garbin Manse; the minister there was a great scholar, and having no notion of farming, let out the glebe land, so John had nothing to do but keep the garden, that was no better than a half yard (cabbage garden), and look after the old mare that was not out once in a month, if all folks said was true.

Finlay soon found us another man, Ayrshire like himself (it always seems to me the Ayrshire folk are shrewd compared to us); he was a sober, alert young chap, Hugh Kennedy by name, and Finlay took care he did not let the grass grow under his feet. Our farm was small compared to Myrtown Mains, and Finlay reckoned that with a hired lad for haying and harvest, and with a hand from himself now and again, as I have said, had always taken things easy and let John Robson do the same.

We all knew that Jessie Armour, Finlay's niece who lived with him, was to be married very soon, and we used to wonder if Mrs. Finlay would need an extra lass when she went; for Jessie, though she had three hundred pounds, worked as hard as any hired servant in the dairy and house, and folks did say the Finlays gave her a wage, and that she put it all in the bank to help to stock her lover's farm. Finlay had said to my mother more than once it was a pity three of us should be at home—"idling," he said, "as if my mother was quite as contented, for no one had ever evoned us to service, though we were accustomed to it, too. (There were no lady helps then, nor should we have called ourselves ladies as all; the Myrtown lasses, or Culterhous lasses, or whatever the name of the farm might be was good enough for us and our betters, too.) She could keep us in the meantime, she said, and she looked to us all having homes of our own some day, and indeed, that Henry Gilchrist, of Birnieknowe, was courting Aggie was common country side talk.

I know when she said that, it was settled, and so did I say, and he got up to go.

"Well, Miss Jeanie, we'll look for you across the fields before long," he said.

The Mains, as the crow flies, is not four hundred yards from our farm, Culterhous, but if I'd been going to us, I have made a greater fuss, my mother cried near as much as she had done when my father died and Aggie, and Janet, fair spoiled, robbed themselves, stuffing things into my kist [box] I went, the three of us, the day before I left, to the kirk-yard, and you may think we cried our fill there; and then (some folks maybe will laugh) we came home by the Broom-field and sat down where the kye were lying and had another great [cry] Janet took daffodils—daffadown we called them—next spring and made a ring of them round the poor beasts; they are there yet, the daffadown—a great deal of them like a cloth of gold, when the season comes, and many a time my niece sees a bunch, with, maybe, a first violet or two from the kirk-yard.

Mrs. Finlay met me at the door, her two wee lasses holding to her skirts; we Scotch are not great at showing what we feel, but my mother could not have given me a warmer kiss, and the bairns put up their faces, too; they knew me fine, for we many a time had had a game together round the stack before the breaking out of the plague. Mrs. Finlay took me straight to the room Jess had had, but she had smarted it up with a new patch-work quilt, and she showed me where my kist would stand behind the door, and that the drawers were empty (they smelled of the lavender Jess thought so much of) and ready for my clothes. And then she told me to mind I was one of myself, and left me to myself a bit.

You could not be strange with the Finlays. If Finlay himself had a sharp word of speaking sometimes it was when you deserved it; he was the best husband and father—and master, if it came to that—I ever saw, and their ways were gentler with each other than the ways I was accustomed to among the farmer folk about; I have never seen civiler bairns, or modest, and as for Mrs. Finlay—well, folk used to say I was fair mad about her.

I was getting the breakfast next day while Mrs. Finlay and the serving lass were at the byre, when I picked up a new shilling off the floor; both Finlay and his son had been in, and I thought one of them must have dropped it out of his pouch, and I put it in old Finlay's place (he was only forty-five, as I have said, but his son was Peter Finlay, too, and we go into the trick of saying it). When he had said his grace and taken his place he lifted it. "Oh, Pat's been here," he says, and getting up put it in a red and blue mug on the mantelpiece, and said no more, but went on with his porridge. Who could Pat be? says I to myself, and then it all went out of my head, and I thought no more about it till next day, when I was hanging up my frock at the back door, and down dropped a bit of money out of its folds. I took the gown down and gave it a shake and felt the pocket to see if there was not maybe a hole, and then I remembered my purse was put by in my kist. And while I was standing—in my petticoats—wondering now on earth the shillings got there, rattle, rattle, comes another into the well of the candlestick! Well this time I was so scared I on with my gown as quick as I could and away down stairs to Mrs. Finlay in the parlor, the shillings in my hand, but she just laughed and said, "Never need mind them, lass; put them in Pat's pot," and pointing to a mug on the mantelpiece and went on as quiet as could be with her work.

It would be a week maybe before the shillings began to come down again—I was lifting a bowl of meal from the ark (meal chest) when pop comes one into the meal, and before I could say a word, pop, pop, one, two, three, four, five, down they came from the ceiling as quick as they could. I threw the bowl, just as it was, right back into the ark, and ran as hard as my legs would take me across the yard to Mrs. Finlay, who was busy in the wash house. I couldn't speak for a minute, but when I explained and said I was sure there was some devil's work in it all, she spoke out, quick for her, with a "It's all right, take my word for that!" and then, "Poor Pat," she says, half to herself, and wiping her hands followed me into the house.

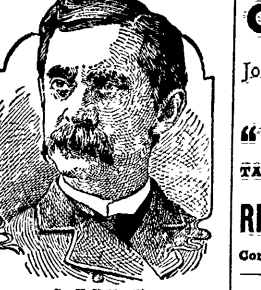
"Why, Pat, you're busy to-day!" she says, as he groped among the meal and picked out six shillings as shiny and new as if they were just out of the mint. She put them into the pot, and helped me up with the baking board, and left me with "never worry yourself, there's a good lass."

It was the very next day, if I remember aright, that the priest came; it wasn't often he got so far, for he was an old man and it was a good step from the mill and rough walking, too. They made great talk with him, and got out a bottle of sherry wine, though he would only drink a glass of milk, and Finlay said if he would stay his dinner he'd take him back in the gig.

I knew the look of Father Daly well enough, though I had never seen, like John Robson, in the chapel even at cleaning time. He sat down as free and kind as could be and took we

Nell on his knee and told her he hoped she was a good woman, and that come another year he would be expecting Grace and her at the Oatclemish. "Love God, my child," he says, "love God," and then he says it to himself again, "love God," under his breath, and "love God," again till you could hear it no more, thinking, as it were, to himself. (Finlay told me afterwards that he preached so often on the love of God his brother priests had christened him "St. John.") Well, when he had spoken to the children a bit, he said a word or two (and so it would) 't have hurt Mr. McPherson himself if he had been there to hear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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