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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest." L.M.E.Z.

VOL. VII.—No. 21.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS THEM.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

We have written a couple of light articles on the growing popularity of the name Catholic amongst our separated brethren, and tried to show that the cause of it is an enforced necessity, on the part of politicians, and conservative sectaries, to study at least the outside of the Church. Her survival, intact, and with ever expanding power, in spite of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, in spite of Protestantism and old Catholicism, in spite of Liberalism and Bismarck, in spite of the fierce materialism and secularism, so marked a feature of our times, all this contrasted with the impotence and disintegration and failure so noticeable among the sects both new and old, is enough to account for the changed tone of outsiders when they speak of us.

Incessu patitur dea; the Queen is known by her gift. Whilst others are tripping and stumbling, and falling clean out of sight, she gathers her royal robes more gracefully around her and advances through the centuries with unimpeded step, drawing to herself, as in the beginning, as many as are called to be saved. From all quarters of the earth, and every condition of society from the rude savage in the jungle up to the university professor laden with all the learning of his time, they came first in doubt and wonder, then enquiring, and finally, by the grace of God, throwing themselves with loving unreserve into her ever open arms to find the rest and comfort and peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Of all thomus this constant triumph of the church is the most inspiring to dwell upon; and yet we let it pass just now to devote some minutes to the enquiry—What should be our attitude towards those who, without being Catholic, are nevertheless respectful to the name, and so accused, with more or less plausibility, of Romanizing tendencies? They are a danger for certain, and differ widely both in the point of view from which they consider us, and the motives that make them consider us at all.

Statesmen, even when virulently hostile, have always acknowledged in the Church the greatest power on earth. The elder Pitt, the premier of prime ministers, held that the Pope was the natural arbiter of christianendom, and Napoleon ordered him to be treated with as if he were one of the hundred thousand men. Bismarck, the grandest of all the Tontons, had genius enough to see that it was better to go to Canossa than to disrupt his now empire; and so on with the rest.

No one would ascribe this opinion, on the part of these great men, to religious sentiment. It was forced upon them by the actual experience they had, that they could neither get rid of the Church nor do without her. Hence their caution and respect.

There are men, however, whose changed attitude towards Catholicity (the name at least) is traceable to higher motives, and these may be divided into (many, indeed, but chiefly) two classes. First, those who from the study of history are captivated by the splendid showing of the great institution all along the centuries, and who feel they should be simply making fools of themselves if they thought or spoke of her as less than, say, Macaulay's estimate. These, as only intellectually moved, may pass over and go on to others, a constantly growing number who occupy a very different ground. Their reasons are moral and religious. They see not merely the majesty and beauty of Catholicity, as it appears in history, but, going at least a little beneath the surface, have discovered that she was, for a long time at any rate, the sole guardian and teacher of Catholicity, that outside her pale there was no genuine Christianity at all, nothing but ignorance and quarrelsome sects, and, moreover, that she still has truth in substance, the sacraments and discipline, and, in a word, that there is no means of making way back through the ages, to the Apostles and the Master of Apostles unless along her paths.

The effect of this discovery manifests itself in two very different ways; first in a great scorn for Protestantism; which is a logical enough consequence, and secondly, in a kind of profession of Catholicity which has no foundation either in theology or history. The outcome of such a state of mind gives us what is called Ritualism, the offspring of the Fusayism in the Ritualists occupy a position which it is very hard to describe and harder still to understand.

Holding official places in the church which (we have Her Majesty's word) was made Protestant by Queen Elizabeth, they renounce and do so Protestants, and though assured by the Pope that they are not priests at all, they, nevertheless, will have no other name, nor be content with any other service than such as only real priests can offer. They copy priests in dress and manner, and in everything they can, and are never more delighted than when

someone mistakes them for the genuine article. They are ostentatiously and sometimes comically Catholic, in the sense of copying and imitating much of things found, indeed, amongst us but considered by us as quite indifferent. Some of them are merely excoombs playing at a game they do not understand, and need to be laughed at before they can keep their place. We have specimens of this type in Toronto, but they should be carefully distinguished from a great many of their fellows, who, though ignorant in part are in real earnest. The attraction of God's Church is upon them, stirring both mind and conscience, and summing them up to herself. Like thousands who have gone before them, they feel they are moving in spite of themselves, under an influence they but partially understand, and are held back from the rest step only by some remains of prejudice, or some human weakness. They are as cats crouching waiting in the vestibule till the door be opened, and they are permitted to see all the glory of God's house. Towards these and they are many, the attitude of every Catholic should be that of warmest sympathy, encouragement and help, in the way we know to be most efficacious.

Rosebery's Knavery Resented by Macdonald.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Referring to the speech of Lord Rosebery the London correspondent of The Tribune says: "Lord Rosebery's 'stepping backward' speech has thrown the Liberal party into a new state of demoralization worse than the former one. His friends are urging him to take an early opportunity of repairing the damage done to his own claims upon the leadership of the party, but stand Liberals are shivering over the prospects of another speech from him: the party men strong tonic. For douches of ice water. One result of the speech is the stiffening of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's back; his friends seek the idea that he has assumed the leadership of the House of Commons in order to serve as a warning pan for the ambition of any noble Lord."

Sir William Harcourt is known to be furious over what he considers to be the betrayal of Liberal principles and disloyalty to Gladstone's memory. His speech is a masterpiece of invective and sarcasm, unless his wrath has time to cool off. Some of his closest friends are advising him not to attack Lord Rosebery, and thereby increase the bitterness of feeling within the party, but to make a good-natured speech and pay a warm tribute to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. This would be prudent for a fierce onslaught upon Lord Rosebery would react in his favor, whereas the avoidance of a feeling would strengthen Sir William's hold upon the Liberal party.

Some things which Catholics do not Believe.

The St. Mary's Branch, Toronto of the Catholic Truth Society, will engage in the dissemination of this valuable little pamphlet.

Their efforts in the past have been well rewarded, the pamphlet having a circulation all over the continent and in Australia and other countries. We need say nothing in its favor beyond the fact that it was written by the late most Rev. John Walsh and as an effective answer to the columns directed against the church it would be difficult to overstate its merit. For the Catholic who is desirous of doing a good missionary work it is just the needed thing to hand around to your non-Catholic neighbor dealing as it does with just the points regarding Catholic Doctrine that those outside the Church have such a wrong conception of. Send 5 cents in stamps to the Catholic Truth Depot, 588 Queen St. West Toronto and a copy will be mailed to any address in the world.

Death of a Religious.

On Monday, the 15th inst., at 5 p.m., Sister M. St. Anne, (libert) died at St. Joseph's Convent. The deceased was in the 81st year of her age, and the 13th of her religious life. Sister St. Anne suffered for some years from the lingering illness that terminates in her death; but all was borne with the sweetness and resignation characteristic of her, and with a consideration and thoughtfulness for others that endeared her to those around her. On Monday at 9 o'clock Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel by Rev. Fr. Teoly, C.S.B., Rev. P. J. Howard as deacon, and Rev. J. Rooney, sub deacon among those present in the sanctuary were the Very Rev. V. Marjion, C.S.B., Rev. Fathers Fracchi, Le Marche, Brennan, Finnigan and Murray.

Windsor Hotel Fire Song.

The music of a new song, the theme of which is the recent terrible fire in a New York hotel, has been received by us. The words and music are by T. J. Tompkins, and both remarkable for their deep sympathy. It will be remembered that the fire occurred on St. Patrick's Day and that most of the firemen who distinguished themselves were Irishmen. The song writer, Mr. W. J. Stokes, makes the thrill of nationality a strong element in the emotion of his subject.

To Write a Life of the Pope.

LONDON, May 15.—F. Marjion Crawford, the novelist has undertaken to write a life of the Pope.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

An Address Before the Hamilton Canadian Club by Her. Father Frank O'Reilly.

At the ordinary monthly meeting, May 11th, of the above club, Father O'Reilly spoke substantially as follows: He thanked the club for their invitation, and complimented them on the good work they were doing in generating a spirit of Canadian nationality; and making every man who has made, or who resolves to make Canada his home, feel that "in fortune and in fame we are bound by stronger links than steel, and neither can be safe or sound but in the other's well." He said that amongst the men who, by their superior intelligence and genuine patriotism, have endeared themselves to the heart of Canada, and whose public lives and virtues deserve to be held up to the emulation of young Canadians, Dr Ardy McGee stands in the very first rank, for he has well earned and rightly won his place on Canada's glory roll of fame.

His first public utterance on Canadian soil, and his last in life, was for this Dominion which he so materially helped to found, to the development of which he devoted the best years of his life, and all his varied talents, and which he loved with the deep, sincere and intelligent love of a fond parent for a very promising child. Father O'Reilly spoke of his early life and his struggles, and how every thing he did, if it did not always win deserved approval, and if it did not always attract the attention of only genius can command. He spoke of the spirit of independence which always characterized McGee, giving as an instance, his reply to a member in the house who once twitted him having been a rebel. "It is true," he said, "I was a rebel in Ireland in forty-seven. I rebelled against the misgovernment of my country. I rebelled because I saw my countrymen starving before my eyes, and they were asking for bread and commerce from from here, and there is not a liberal man in this community who would not have done as I did, if he were in my position, and followed the instincts of humanity."

The question of the great war was prominent in his mind. This question became the principal aim of his existence, and the ruling passion of his life. McGee sought to popularize the idea in the province, and in the country. Amongst the Fathers of Confederation he was like St. Paul amongst the Apostles, he spoke and wrote incessantly, in season and out of season; he brought to the discussion of the subject all the resources of his mind, his intellect, his multifarious knowledge, and although his mind was eminently practical, yet it was sympathetic with everything good and amiable, and ardent in admiration of the great, the noble, the sublime. The reverend lecturer quoted from McGee's speech on Confederation some brilliant passages, showing clearly how thoroughly he mastered, and how keenly he appreciated the geographical, the physical, the climatic, and the racial conditions of the different provinces.

McGee, although a deeply religious man, was ever the implacable foe of bigotry in every shape and form. In political and social life, "races and creeds were to him a profanity." In the words of one of his early Irish confederates, he tried, with some success, to "show before mankind, how every race and every creed might be by love combined. Might be combined, yet not forgot the fountain whence they rose, and filled by many a rivulet the lordly Shannon flows."

Notwithstanding his love for the land of his birth, a love which he tells us almost amounted to idolatry, a love whose ardor seemed to intensify as his intelligence developed, a love that never whose brighter than here in his Canadian home, yet he "tells his countrymen that they should remember that this is Canada, and that their first duty is to the land where they have fixed their homes, and where while they live they will find their true sphere of their duties."

McGee was the beau ideal of a patriot and a statesman, bright, brilliant, thoroughly sincere, thoroughly unselfish, and always in earnest. When a difficulty arose in the formation of the first Dominion Cabinet, he said, "gentlemen don't consider me or my claims, look to the state and its welfare."

The lecturer asked his audience to ponder on the spirit and principles that governed the public life of McGee. They will teach you to love Canada. According to W. A. Foster, McGee "breathed into the new Dominion the spirit of a proud self-respect, and first taught Canadians to respect themselves. You will learn from him how to regard your fellow-countrymen of all denominations and you will observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to the great people of which this Dominion is made up. He will teach you not only not to hate your fellow-man, but that you must not even look with suspicion upon him on account of his religious belief, or hereditary descent.

If we prize the light he gave, We bury feuds of race and creed, For this he wrought, for this he died; And for the love he bore his name, Let's live like brothers side by side In Canada our home.

Several gentlemen complimented the Rev. Father on his excellent lecture, and a hearty vote of thanks was pro-

posed by Mr. McCulloch, Principal of the Business College, and seconded by Mr. McClelland, barrister.

Peace Conference at the Hague.

THE HAGUE, May 18.—The Peace Conference called by the Czar of Russia was opened at 2 o'clock this afternoon in the hall of the Huiz Ten Bosch, or the "House in the Woods," two miles from The Hague. Mr. de Staal, President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Government of the Netherlands, delivered the inaugural address and welcomed the delegates. The delegates decided to send the following telegram to the Czar: "The Peace Conference lays at the feet of your Majesty its respectful congratulations on the occasion of your birthday and expresses its sincere desire to co-operate in the great and noble work in which your Majesty has taken a generous initiative and for which it begs you to accept its humble and profound gratitude."

M. de Staal, the Russian Ambassador to Great Britain and head of the Russian delegation, informally assuming the presidency of the conference, said his first duty was to express to M. de Staal his sincere gratitude for the noble terms in which he had referred to his august master, adding that his Majesty would be deeply touched, as well as by the spontaneity with which the high assembly had associated itself therewith. Continuing, M. de Staal said: "Though to the Czar is due the initiative of the conference, we owe much to the Queen of the Netherlands for inviting us to her capital, and she is a happy augury of success that we have met under the auspices of the young sovereign whose charm is felt in a wide circle, whose heart is open to everything great and generous, and who has displayed the highest sympathy with the cause which brings us here. It is on the historic soil of the Netherlands that the greatest political problems have been discussed. Here is the cradle of science and international law."

After making his address, M. de Staal on behalf of the conference telegraphed to the Queen of the Netherlands all the following: "The members of this conference, assembled for the first time in this beautiful Huiz ten Bosch, hasten to lay at the feet of your Majesty their best wishes, praying you to accept their homage and gratitude for the hospitality you have so graciously deigned to offer them."

The reading of the message was warmly applauded. M. de Staal was appointed Honorary President, and the leading Dutch delegate, A. P. C. Van Karnebeek, D. L., former Minister of Foreign Affairs and Deputy, was appointed President. After the appointment of the secretaries, M. de Staal's proposal that the sessions be held on Saturday, when the delegates will arrange a programme and appoint committees. The conference then adjourned. The session to-day lasted only 25 minutes, and the apparent unanimity displayed was considered to augur well for the outcome.

PRESIDENT McKinley's CONGRATULATIONS.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—The following cablegram has been addressed by President McKinley to the Emperor of Russia, on the occasion of the opening of the disarmament conference: "On this day of good omen I send my heartfelt congratulations on the opening of the conference at The Hague, which had its origin in the enlightened and generous initiative of your Majesty."

THE EMPEROR'S WISHES.

VIENNA, May 18.—At a luncheon given by Emperor William to-day, in accordance with his custom in honor of the birthday of Emperor Nicholas, the Kaiser toasted the Czar in eloquent terms.

A Tribute to Bishop Quigley.

The Buffalo Review pays the following tribute to the Bishop of Buffalo: "The stand which the Bishop of Buffalo has taken regarding the strike of the grain elevators and the support of its disarmament conference—On this day of good omen I send my heartfelt congratulations on the opening of the conference at The Hague, which had its origin in the enlightened and generous initiative of your Majesty."

The Consistory.

According to rumors widely circulated of late the date of the Consistory which was to have taken place in June, owing to the death of the late Cardinal Bassa, which has brought the number of vacancies in the Sacred College to fifteen, be anticipated by nearly a month. It is now almost certain that no fewer than ten new Cardinals will be created, as two of the members of the Sacred College, their Eminences Cardinal Mortel and Cardinal Di Canossa, are over ninety, while Cardinal Kromantsa and Cardinal Scurien are both dangerously ill. A number of appointments vacant Episcopal and Archepiscopal sees will also be made.

Archbishop Carr at Niagara Falls

A distinguished visitor at Niagara Falls last week was A. bishop Carr, of Melbourne, Australia. His Grace was on his way home from an extended visit to Ireland, England and Rome. He was accompanied by his nephew Mr. William O'Connor. His Grace will leave for Sydney about the middle of June and will in the meantime visit Chicago and other cities. Some of his observations upon American Australian relations are of interest to Canadians. He said: "I have been particularly interested in industrial questions, and I find that Australians have been more successful in securing legislation for the benefit of the working people. For instance, we have an eight hour law, and now over all the colony the rule is eight hours for work, eight for sleep and eight hours for recreation. We have also passed a law establishing a minimum rate of wages in all government works, factories and corporations. This has been in operation only a short time, and it is too early to make statements in regard to the success of this experiment. We have also given the women an opportunity to vote and to run for office, so that now they can vote and be voted for. In one municipality a woman was elected mayor. The case I refer to," said the Archbishop, with a smile, "was in New Zealand, which is very progressive. A woman was elected mayor, and her husband, who was a member of the council, can't say a word, so when his wife came up for reelection she was defeated."

"I find many evidences of the wonderful progress made by Americans, and in fact, Australia has made much of its progress through Americans. Your people went there when gold was discovered, and although many returned home, the progressive ideas of those who remained had much to do with making the colony what it is to-day. Then, you must remember that we have a large trade with this country. All our locomotives, street cars and carriages are purchased in the United States, and many other things that are not manufactured to any great extent in Australia."

"Do the corporate interests interfere with progressive legislation, as they are said to do in this country?" was asked. "No; we have no trusts in Australia. By that I mean, not in the sense that you have them here in America, where are vast combinations of capital. Then, again, the government has greater control. All the railroad system of the country are under government control, and the interest of the people. By this means much of the country has been opened up, and some of these railroads will not show a profit on the money invested for, perhaps, twenty years. The railroads in some parts of the colony are, however, good paying properties."

Melbourne has its own electric lighting system, and the municipality supplies light and power to private concerns. "It has been very gratifying to find such evidences of the great advances made by the Catholic church in this country. I have visited Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Providence, before going to Boston, and have been surprised at the work that is being done by the charitable institutions, the homes for children, the hospitals, the institutions for the blind, and in so many other lines."

"When you consider that the great majority of the Irish people came here with little means, many of them being forced to leave home during the famine on account of the famine, the work done has been wonderful. In every city I have visited, the churches have been very fine, compared with those of other countries. We have also some very fine churches in Australia. Just before I came away we dedicated the cathedral in Melbourne, and it will compare very favorably with any I have yet seen in America. It is larger than the cathedral in New York, and I think it is as fine a church."

SKEPTICISM.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Traux's Eucroton Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

The Convention Postponed.

The following closed the series of official statements regarding the proposed convention of Catholic Liberals, which The Globe published in behalf of the executive: "While the Executive Committee having in charge the calling of a Catholic Liberal Convention proposed to be held on May 20, 1899, have announced from all parts of the Province that the bulk of the Catholic electorate consider such a convention an urgent necessity, they have considered the opposition to it in many quarters arising from misapprehensions of their object in calling the convention, opposition which may destroy that unanimity which is desirable, and have concluded that it is advisable to postpone the convention till such time as its objects can be more fully discussed and understood."

"Although duly appointed delegates have been named in many constituencies, and the committee are at present

assured of having representatives from upwards of 15 ridings, the committee, from correspondence from the rural districts, find that many who are desirous of attending the convention are at present very busily engaged and would attend later in the season. The convention was announced nearly a month ago, and the committee considered the day before a public holiday suitable for holding the convention, but the time allowed was not sufficient to overcome the difficulties which have presented themselves.

Moreover, some of the reasons which demanded a hurried calling of the convention during the present session of the Dominion Parliament do not now appear so urgent. "For these and other reasons which the committee have duly weighed they have decided to postpone the convention until Wednesday of the second week of the Toronto Fair. In the meantime the organization of the convention will be continued, and the Secretaries of the committee will be glad to correspond with those interested in it."

Irish Yearnings.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

To see the shamrock proudly worn, To see the green flag float in light, To hear dear Erin's music bore, On Spring's glad car is pure delight. For in those emblems bright we read Traditions holy, great and grand, With reverence and love should tread For God, and Faith, and Fatherland.

As once he taught, and warned, and cheered, The multitude on Tara's hill— Of halcyon days, known and feared, Our dear Apostle warns us still. The Faith of Peter's Rock he brought To shine with never-fading ray, Its radiance cheers our earthly lot, It crowns our dear green isle to-day.

Ah! there by loving memory led, Our hearts like faithful pilgrims go, The scenes of early days to tread To find the shrines we used to know. The wayside cross, the holy well, The penance path, the ivied walls, 'Neath Irish skies once more to dwell, From whence the lark in gladness calls.

To meet by pious greetings stirred, In field, and home, sweet words of cheer, "God save you!" on the wayside heard, "God bless the work," "God save all here!" Ah! widely scattered Celtic band, Ah! friends and kindred far away, We keep with you in many a land The memories of St. Patrick's Day. E. M. C. Halifax, N. S., March 17th, 1899.

Pope Leo's Poem in Music.

The Pope's Latin poem, "The Baptism of Clovis," has been set to music (by permission of the Holy Father) by M. Theodor Dubois, Director of the Paris Conservatoire, and will be produced simultaneously at Rome and at Rheims on Sunday week, the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of the Merovingian King, who, hard pressed in battle near Cologne, invoked the God of his Christian wife Clotilda, and promised to embrace her religion if he came off victorious. His holiness, who has now dedicated his Ode to the French nation, wrote it in his younger days. The music is stated to be in the modern church style, with plenty of work for chorus and orchestra and solos for baritone and tenor.

To Become a Priest.

George M. P. Bowna, a former preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who became a convert to Roman Catholicism a little more than a year ago, has been elected among the students of the College of St. Thomas Aquinas, Washington, D. C., to undertake a course of preparation for entering the Roman Catholic priesthood, which is the ultimate intention of joining the congregation of the Paulist Fathers, in whose church he was converted.

Mr. Bowna comes of a long line of Methodist ancestry and is the first of his family to not accept the religious traditions of his forefathers. His maternal grandfather, Rev. William Noon, was a personal friend, adviser and supporter of John Wesley, under whom he was a local preacher in England.

A Rare Chance.

The attention of practical printers, and others, is directed to the advertisement in the issue of THE REGISTER which announces the sale of the Plant of the Job Printing Department of THE REGISTER'S BUSINESS. This is an opportunity which no enterprising printer may turn to profitable account, as the job printing business and good-will of the present proprietors are to be included in the purchase.

The Holy See and the Peace Conference.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs at the Hague in reply to a note from Catholic Deputies has pointed out that since 1870 the Holy See has received no invitation to international conferences. The fact of its not having received an invitation to the Peace Conference might be regretted, but it could not cause surprise.

Domestic Reading

When an upstart salutes you, a look at it is that you may notice him.

Mildness is often the disguise of weakness, and complaisance of cowardice or servility.

Vanities is a most stupid and senseless passion, and the surest symptom of a morbid and sickly mind.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impatience, vulgarity, or envy.

Trifles are often neglected because their connection is not apparent; they often turn the beam in matters of the least importance.

A youth introduced suddenly into life feels awkwardly as one immersed for the first time in water, and the chances are that he sinks as soon as he rises.

Give me the man who has been tried in the crucible, who has been purified by the fire of misfortune, and comes forth purged from vanity and its train of demands.

Never look for your ancestors, or your titles, in the imperfect records of antiquity; look into your own virtues, and the history of those who lived to be benefactors to society.

A modest youth may become a confident man, but never an impudent one. Indeed, modesty appears to be the minority of confidence, and confidence the maturity of reason.

Neglect the first opportunity of qualifying your debts, and another may never occur. Pride hurries many a man to get out of debt; fear prevents as many from getting into it.

Great minds may, by repeated ill-treatment, be brought to a state of indifference; but even the extensive powers of insensibility, or wickedness, cannot excite personal animosity in them.

Anger is the most important passion that accompanies the mind of man; it affects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

A serious look, well timed, will often check the obnoxious mirth of a fool, or discount the florid attempts of the insects who slander with a smile, and cover cruelty with the warmest expressions of concern.

Death is natural to man, but slavery unnatural; and the moment you strip a man of his liberty you strip him of all his virtues; you convert his heart into a dark hole, in which all the virtues conspire against you.

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry, and he that is not industrious enervate him that is; besides, noble persons cannot so much higher, and he that standeth at a stay when others rise can hardly avoid no one's envy.

A virtuous and well-possessed person, like a good metal, the more he is fired the more he is fined; the more he is opposed the more he is approved; wrongs may well try him and touch him, but cannot imprint in him any false stamp.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich and beautiful tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying that "They were fit only to make unhappy faces the more remarkable."

Refined policy has ever been the parent of confusion, and ever will be, so long as the world endures. Plain good intentions, which is as easily discovered at the fit view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART. The Sisters of St. Joseph of Nazareth observe the pious custom of offering up to the Sacred Heart of Jesus all their prayers, mortifications, good works, special masses, etc., during the entire month of June, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all persons who may seek their aid in this way.

PARLIAMENTS. The following figures, showing the results of the school leaving examination for the Ottawa Separate schools, are very interesting; the interest might be enhanced if a table of salaries were added.

1886-Boys-P. S. L., 2, ent. 1, failed. 1. Girls-P. S. L., 12 ent. 2, failed. 1. 1887-Boys-P. S. L., 5, ent. 3, Girls-P. S. L., 16, ent. 3. 1888-Boys-P. S. L., 7 ent. 1. Girls-P. S. L., 24, ent. 2.

THE SISTER OF CARROLLTON. The State of Maryland has appropriated \$200,000 for a statue of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, which will be placed in Statuary Hall, formerly the Senate Chamber, at the Capitol, Washington, D.C.

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THE MONITOR IN ANOTHER ROW. The following letter appears in the Ottawa Journal: "Some what over a year ago appeared in the Journal a communication from 'Separate School Supporters,' complaining that children are made to study catechism 'before they are able to read one word of it.' It is a pitiable spectacle, the writer went on to state, 'to see a young pupil staggering over a lesson in catechism, endeavoring to join together several meaningless syllables in order to form a word which is at best quite incomprehensible.'"

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ments of the chiefs of the Liberal and Conservative parties, present or retired, that it is a question which they would willingly consider in a favourable way, and do justice to save for certain easily imaginable difficulties.

CLERICAL HYSTERIA AT AN EXECUTION.

The Hamilton Times says: "Rev. Dr. Johnston's conduct at the execution of Marion Brown, at London, was, to say the least, peculiar. Addressing the newspaper men, officials, and doctors, he protested against 'the overstraining of British justice in the case of this man, against whom the crime of murder as described by any statute in the British law has not been proved. In attending him this morning, I look upon him not as the subject of justice, but as the victim of persecution, and his execution as the culmination of cruelty and not the administration of British law.'"

He hid from the court and the officials of the country, that might have saved him from the rope, that was his affair. Some people have held that the finding of a revolver in Toohy's hand went to show that Brown shot him in self-defence; but it is to be borne in mind that Brown made no such plea, but denied being in the neighborhood. Had he taken the ground that he was assaulted by Toohy, and when he saw a pistol drawn, shot to save his own life, some jurymen might have taken a different view of his case. As it stands, we cannot but feel that Rev. Dr. Johnston would have done well to have selected an earlier or later time for his remarks. And now that he has spoken, he owes it to himself and to the orderly course of justice, this openly avowed, to furnish the public with the reasons for his conduct."

WILL ENDOW A CHAIR.

Washington, May 14.—The Right Rev. Mgr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University of America, received a telegram on Saturday night from Kansas City, informing him that the Catholic Knights of America had voted unanimously at their convention to endow a chair at the Catholic University. It will probably be the chair of English Literature. The news of this action of the Catholic Knights has been received with great satisfaction at the University, and it is the second chair endowment this year, the Knights of Columbus having agreed to endow the chair of American history. This makes in all seventeen chairs endowed since the establishment of the University.

A JEWELLER'S CASE.

Mr. R. F. Colwell, of Windsor, tells How Dodd's Kidney Pills. Cured Him of Bright's Disease, After Many Other Remedies had Utterly Failed. Dodd's Kidney Pills Helped Him from the Start.

Windsor, May 22.—In no city in Canada has that celebrated medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, won a brighter record than in Windsor. The number of persons cured of deadly Kidney Diseases, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this city is surprisingly large, and increases daily.

One of the latest to testify to the magic power of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Jeweller R. F. Colwell, No. 9 Quettole Street. He says: "I have endured, for two years, the greatest torture, from back ache and pains in the loins. A puffiness appeared under my eyes, my limbs bloated, and my urine was of a dark, unnatural color, and bad odor."

"I tried many remedies, but all failed to help me. When I ascertained that I had Bright's Disease, I became thoroughly alarmed. I was told of the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in Kidney diseases, and I began to use them. "After the first few doses, I began to improve. The pains left me, my sleep became sound, puffiness and bloating vanished, my urine resumed its normal condition, and my health gradually became all I could wish it to be. I used only a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they cleared my system thoroughly of the dread scourge—Bright's Disease."

There is no case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Diseases of Women, or any other Kidney disease, that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

R. J. McGAHEY, D.D.S., L.D.S. (Honor Graduate of Toronto University) DENTIST 478 YORK STREET, OPPOSITE WILSON AVE.

Wedding Invitations. The importance of the occasion demands that every detail should be exactly right. First, the paper should be large and square, of the finest quality, vellum finish, neither a cream nor an ash white, but the pure, full white. We are the only makers in Canada of Wedding Goods as fashionable as the imported kind and much cheaper. Ask your Stationer for these correct and superlative goods. If he does not handle them, write for samples to The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited, Nos. 43, 45, 47, 49 Bay St. Toronto.

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LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE NEW BREWINGS. At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Try these pure Malt Beverages made from specially selected new grain and hops—the best obtainable for years—uniting the strength of the best Malt Extracts with the palatableness of fine Ale. Ask Your Merchant for the New Brewings. Toronto, 49 E. M. Street. Ottawa, 275 Kent Street. Montreal, 127 De Lorimier Ave.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF..... WINES AND LIQUORS WHISKIES MALT and Family Proof OLD RYE, ETC. "Old Times" and "White Heat" Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies in the Market. J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS PER ANNUM \$2.00

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1892.

- May 25—Of the Octave 26—Of the Octave 27—Of the Octave, Ember day 28—Double, 2nd of Ember day 29—St. Basil the IV. Pope 30—St. Felix 1, Pope 31—St. Angela Mericia.

Sir Howard Vincent and Home Rule.

Another idol of anti Home Rule Imperialism has been shattered. This time it is Sir Howard Vincent, the apostle of the Imperial Federation movement. It is well known that Parnell was an Imperial Federationist, provided that Home Rule was in the first place accomplished.

"One day I received an intimation from an English Conservative member of the House of Commons—I may mention his name, for there was no secrecy whatever about the matter—Sir Howard Vincent, to the effect that Lord Carnarvon was anxious to have a meeting with Parnell, and asking me if I could bring it about. I at once expressed my entire willingness. . . It was then thought better that I should see Lord Carnarvon myself in the first instance. . . The house suggested by Lord Carnarvon as a place of meeting was the house of Sir Howard Vincent. I at once accepted the proposed arrangement, and I met Lord Carnarvon at the place appointed. We had a friendly talk about the condition of things in Ireland and the possibility of some policy being adopted by the Government which might meet the wishes of the Irish National representatives and the Irish people.

Dawson City Wiped Out Again. For the third time Dawson City, the notorious mining camp of the Klondike, has been nearly wiped out by fire. Dawson is a type of modern civilization. There the spirit of Christianity has been overtaken by greed, and there where the former had to contend only against the severities of nature and the pests hatched in the Alaskan moss the latter has now conjured up the ugliest evils of human society—politics, corruption, social gangrene and the shadow of war upon the horizon shutting off the sea.

Alaska Boundary Question. General Shafter of Santiago fame has been entrusted by the United States Government with complete direction of American military operations on the Alaskan-Canadian frontier. The forces stationed at Dyes, Skagway, Wrangell and St. Michael's are being replaced by fresh battalions at once. There is nothing in these preparations however to indicate that a crisis on the frontier is impending. Undoubtedly there has been a good deal of pressure added lately on the American side; but Her Majesty's government will scarcely suffer a little squeezing in this remote extremity of the empire to effect the coddling and buttering policy which goes by the name of the "Anglo-Saxon understanding."

It is not likely that Canadian opinion will be taken into account in the settlement of the Alaskan dispute. As a matter of fact no such thing as Canadian opinion exists. All the mis-called "patriotic" ories we are in the habit of raising every once in a

have a distinct recollection, however, of Lord Carnarvon's assuring me that if he could have had a longer time to impress his ideas upon his colleagues he still believed he might have carried his point."

Hague Peace Conference.

Ozar Nicholas' Peace Conference at the Hague has been opened in the very best diplomatic form, and it is altogether unlikely that the delegates will come to blows among themselves. They are not for business, a line of business in which all the assembled representatives of the nations have been trained. Whether or not they accomplish anything is too much for the public ignorant of the secrets of the Cabinets of Europe, to count upon.

They are met in the name of Peace; but are not more than theoretically concerned in agreeing further than to a re-adjustment of the rules of war. The method and machinery of warfare have been so much altered by recent inventions and mechanical advancement that the game of hell can no longer be sensibly conducted under the old rules. Base-ball cannot be played with cricket gloves, and prize-fighting and commercial destruction are no longer to be regarded as the gay enterprises depicted in stories of the Spanish main.

But how are the rules to be changed to the general satisfaction? For instance should all peaceful commerce on the sea be neutralized in time of war, the spectre of famine would fade from the shores of England, and war be robbed of the faintest tremor of fear for the Englishman whose fighting would be done in the daily columns of the newspaper over the breakfast cups.

Who can believe that any nation is so mercenary as to desire the wanton employment of these increasing powers of destruction? The Ozar is at least to be thanked for making the opportunity, if not of ensuring peace, at all events of delaying war.

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Canada has been degraded by her wretched incapacity to keep Dawson clean; and it were well for 'his Dominion if the fires that spring out of the moral filth of the place are the only chastisements to come from the hand of Retributive Justice.

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wife in Canada are affected notes. "Empire Day," "Loyalists Day," "Decorations Day," "Orangemen Day" are notions we have either appropriated or that have been put upon us. Patriotism is not the aspiration of a group, a faction or a propaganda. If we really had a Canadian spirit or opinion it would appeal to French-Canadians, Orangemen and Loyalists all together alike. We are behaving ourselves more like "colonists" now than at the time Lord Durham was sent out here. The Imperial government is practical in treating every difficult question in British North America as an Imperial matter, not calling for Canadian advice.

The Toronto News, although instigated only by the grossest fanatical malice, tells half the truth concerning Hon. John Costigan when it says: "The best evidence The Globe can give of Hon. John Costigan's party loyalty is that he did not join the bolters who objected to Sir Mackenzie Bowell's leadership. Only a political pervert could find any merit in Mr. Costigan's course on that occasion. He, more than any other man in the Cabinet, was responsible for the straits the Premier found himself in at that time. In fact the government had been forced to defend the Remedial Bill largely by Hon. John Costigan. It is no secret now that the adoption of the Remedial Bill was the cause of the split in the Cabinet—a measure for which Hon. John Costigan was responsible almost as much as the Premier himself. What strain was put upon his loyalty by the necessity of standing with the man whom he had led into a hole?"

The other half of the truth is that Mr. Costigan was not more firm upon the Remedial Bill than Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

The execution of a tramp named Brown at London, Ontario, on the 10th, for the murder of a policeman furnished still another exhibition of the indecency with which capital punishment is conducted in Canada. The offensiveness of the publicity given in this instance was all of a sentimental kind. A page or so of nauseating stuff was given by the local papers to the condemned man's movements up to the instant of death. The climax of this piling on the agony was reached with the "fitting on of the black cap." Then were told: "The little group remained at the top of the steps for a few minutes. Rev. Dr. Johnston, who wept bitterly, raised his hand, and cried passionately, 'God forgive you, and forgive this country!'" Rev. Dr. Johnston did not intend to ask pardon for the scandal of such public parade of an awful scene; he wished to proclaim the innocence of the dead man. What effect can capital punishment have upon the community under such circumstances? Reporters ought to be kept away from the gallows as well as persons of other callings. Their presence is an incentive to every manner of bidding for notoriety.

The Toronto World concludes a lengthy editorial contribution to the literature of "Empire Day" in the public schools with the aspiration: "The World hopes that every school teacher in the country will prime himself for the occasion and will see that the young idea under his charge will receive a liberal and intelligent dose of patriotism."

The Canadian Magazine might find a clue in the foregoing to the existence of an alleged Canadian literature. It has been a settled thing to our mind for a long, long time indeed that the hidden treasure is located in those most flourishing of all our Canadian institutions, the patent medicine shops. The influence of patent medicine literature is practically all-pervading. Even the crisp style of The World is colored by it. A "dose of patriotism" for spring use. Nothing could be simpler. The walls of the schools might be plastered with testimonials from infants in toothings, or Tampa Cadets permanently cured of star-spangled fever. Isn't it a fine thing to have imperial patriotism first reduced to a patent medicine basis in Canada. The commodity might in fact be put up in pills and bottles for export to old fashioned markets, where children have not yet been broken of the primitive habit of imbibing patriotism in their mother's milk and native air.

Although a customer of Dr. Talmage's, The Hamilton Spectator feels quite pleased with the "Cheerful Roast," which the New York sensational proser received in St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday evening from Bishop Howley. The Spectator says: "It pains us to have to say that the good bishop based his 'roast' of Talmage upon misinformation. He is not so well posted in Talmagean tactics as he might be. Talmage announced that he was going to preach on the Hill of Mars, and was going to baptize a man in the Jordan, and he did not. But the New York Sun had its suspicions about the reverend doctor, and set spies upon him, and although this great family journal print-

ed a sermon said by Talmage's agent to have been delivered on the Hill of Mars, and had some account of the alleged baptism in the Jordan—furnished by Mr. Talmage's New York man of business—the Sun told us that he didn't preach on Mars Hill and that he baptised nobody in the Jordan. That was a long time ago, and to this day Mr. Talmage has never denied the Sun's accusation."

The great republic of the world's tourists has been thrown into commotion by the official intimation made in the London press, by the solicitors of the Herbert estate, that the famous Lakes of Killarney are for sale. The lands of the Herberts of Muckross have been sold to the tenants, but the choice lots are still held at a reserved price. These include the Middle Lake, half of Devil's Punch Bowl, half of Mangerton Mountain, two thirds of the Purple Mountain, the whole of Torc and Toomea Mountains, the islands of Dinis and Brickson, the ruined abbey of Muckross, Torc Waterfall, O'Sullivan's Cascade, Brandon Cottage and Muckross house and park. The lovers of the beautiful in Ireland are at a loss to know whether after the forthcoming sale Killarney will remain for them what it has been. The Herberts and Lord Connaught have been churlish enough in exacting toll from sightseers; but new owners may shut out the public altogether. The point has been raised that the waters of the Lakes of Killarney are a public highway; but even if this proposition were not disputed they are only accessible through the Muckross demesne, except at the landing place of Ross Castle. There is enough of the doubtful element in prospect to stimulate Irishmen to patriotic action. It has already been proposed that the Kerry County Council purchase the demesne and the waters that lie within it, reserving them for the purposes of a public park, like the Yellowstone or Algonquin park on a small but most exquisite scale.

The observations of La Somaire Religieuse, Quebec, are not without force from the French-Canadian standpoint, touching the agitation raised by the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa for the removal of those portions of the Coronator Oath that give offence to Catholics. But the writer in the Quebec episcopal weekly has not considered the case adequately by any means. He assumes altogether too much. In the first place he takes it for granted that English Catholics are content to overlook objectionable statutes so long as they present no practical obstacles to the exercise of religious equality. Fearing this assumption beyond all bounds he seems to say that there are no statutory hindrances to Catholic equality of a practical kind known to modern English institutions. It is to be feared that he sees the British realm through French Canadian eyes; it is always well, and with good reason, on the generous scope of the treaties and enactments that followed the conquest of French-Canada. Justly as those terms are held in esteem by succeeding generations of French-Canadians, and rightly as history mentions them to the credit of England, they are nevertheless but the institutions of French-Canada only. The Catholics of England are on a different footing, as witness the Bill now before the Imperial Parliament for the abolition of disabilities affecting Roman Catholics in the United Kingdom. This Bill asks that in future it shall be "lawful" for Jesuits and members of other Catholic orders to reside in the United Kingdom, where they now live in the legal sense as outlaws. The Bill asks that Catholic orders may acquire property and that any existing set of Parliament that prohibits these orders be repealed. The Catholics of England are earnestly supporting this Bill. As we see it all the statutory disabilities of Catholics find their base in the oath of the Sovereign, and we think the Catholic Truth Society wise in laying the axe to the root of the tree. It must also give the English Catholics valuable assistance to have the Colonies with the subject in its clearest light. Our ecumenicalists in the old country are not likely to tell us to mind our own business and attend to the Manitoba school question, because they helped us as far as they could to remedy this breach in our Canadian constitution.

Last year a great deal was made out of Fronde's character sketch of Wolfe Tono. In Justin McCarthy's new volume of "Reminiscences" is included a light-hearted confession by Fronde that he blackened the character of a man for whom he had a great admiration. Justin McCarthy writes that upon one occasion he got into a dispute with Fronde over his depreciation of Wolfe Tono:—

"I asked him how it was that he came to dislike Wolfe Tono so much. Fronde assured me, with his blandest and most gracious manner, that so far from disliking Tono, he had a great admiration for him. Then we came to particulars. I asked him why, if he admired Tono, he had been at such

pauses to picture Tono as an ignoble and worthless creature, and why did he try to make him out to be a drunkard? . . . I appealed to Fronde's own judgment, and asked him, as a man and a brother, to tell me what was the fair and obvious inference as to a man's character, who, during the days of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan and Dundas, had been at the pains to note in his diary the fact that on certain occasions he had got drunk. "Did Fox, did Pitt, did Sheridan," I asked, "ever take the trouble of making an entry in his diary to the effect that he had been drunk? Was it not the custom of those eminent persons, and of most of the men in whose society they moved, to get drunk night after night? Is it not, then, only reasonable to deduce from Wolfe Tono's special entries in his diary the conclusion that the occurrences were unusual events in his life? . . . Fronde listened to my arguments with an amused attention and said at last, 'Well, I dare say you are quite in the right—I see it now from your point of view; but I had not thought of that at the time. I thought the entries made too good a point to be lost; and in any case,' he added, 'with a smile of droll humour, 'Wolfe Tono would not mind either way.'"

In his speech in the House of Commons on April 19, asking that the coercion Act of 1837 be removed from the statute book. Mr. Dillon declared that the Conservative Government, like the Bourbons, were blind to history, and to their own experience, and could never learn how to govern Ireland. There were some 88 Coercion Acts during the present century. They had the authority of the Solicitor-General (Mr. Danbar Barton) for this statement, that there were no more peaceful parts of the Queen's dominions than Ireland. They might be told that although the Coercion Act was on the Statute Book yet it was inoperative. That was a nice way to treat the people of Ireland. He (Mr. Dillon) said the time had come to test the policy of the Chief Secretary in Ireland. He came into office with the intention of departing from the traditions of the past. He did so inasmuch as he gave the people local government. If he really desired to bring out that policy to its ultimate conclusion and if he desired to give local government a fair trial he should remove from the Statute Book this Coercion Act, which was an outrage and an insult to every man in Ireland. It was also a confession of failure. There were only two ways of governing Ireland. They should govern it on the principle that they could not trust the people or they must trust them. The true policy for a responsible Minister to adopt was to frankly meet the wishes of the people. Disappointment was felt by some people in the House and complaint was made because the Irish Local Government elections were run on political lines. They sneered at the Councils for proposing Home Rule resolutions, but these were the safety valves of the people. They were the substitutes, the happy substitutes for the secret societies of the past. He said it was a great mistake not to carefully observe the expression of public opinion that came from those bodies, and not to do everything in his power consistently with his duty to the British empire to bring the Irish Executive into accord with the ascertained wishes of the people of Ireland. Ultimately they would have to do either of the two things, they would either have to govern Ireland in accordance with the ascertained wishes of the majority of the people of Ireland or they would have to let Irishmen govern themselves, and as the very first step indicated in the granting of Local Government to Ireland he invited the Chief Secretary to wipe out from the Statute Book this Coercion Act, this insult to the people of Ireland, this evil remnant of oppression and wrong. But for all the reasonableness of this appeal the act was re-affirmed by a majority of 70.

The Month of Mary. Hail Mary, Queen of May! How fit for thee the choice Of months when nature gay Bids gently earth rejoice.

Hail lovely Month of May! When wintry storms cease! Thy advent and thy stay Are messengers of peace.

The vales proclaim the praise Of God in language sweet Throughout thy nights and days In blade and flower sweet.

Thy song-birds all in gloe With tuneful voices raised, The kolnne gold-winged bee Alike proclaim thee praised.

Tenderly budding trees And fields so freshly green Now scenes that ever please Make thee of Months a queen.

Thy skies of balmy blue Scarce veiled by fleecy clouds A trace to earth now Released from wintry shrouds.

Now earth seems all aglow, Great lakes in freedom roll And streamlets briskly flow Let feco from chill control.

Hail Mary, Queen of May! Bright Month when voices blend Where many meet to pray, Help souls to God ascend, Ottawa, Ont., May, 1890

The High School Board and Archbishop O'Connor.

The members of the High School Board paid a visit to St. John's Grove on Wednesday afternoon and presented an address to his Grace Archbishop O'Connor, to mark the occasion of his recent arrival in the city. The board, the members of which went up in carriages, was very fully represented. The proceedings took place in the reception room, where were gathered the following gentlemen:—Mr. J. W. Mallon, Chairman of the board, and trustees W. E. Calger, Wm. Roaf, Dr. McCollum, J. K. Leallo, Frank Denton, G. L. Wilson, Dr. McLaughlin (Secretary), L. Church, Alex. Fraser, James Wilson, Principals Dr. B. Spotton, L. E. Embrose, A. Mac Murray and Rev. Father Cruise.

On the arrival of his Grace, Chairman Mallon presented him with a handsome engraved address, being a copy of a resolution passed at a meeting of the board on May 2. It was as follows:—"Resolved that the board records with pleasure the arrival in Toronto on this day of the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D. D., recently appointed Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Toronto. As Canadians this board appreciates the fact that so able and distinguished an educationist is to reside in our city, especially so when it realizes that the Most Reverend gentleman is 'one of the native-born,' and it was further resolved that a copy of this resolution be engraved and presented to his Grace, verified by the seal of the board and by the signatures of duly qualified officers. (Signed) James W. Mallon, Chairman of the board; W. E. Calger, Honorary Secretary."

His Grace replied briefly, cordially acknowledging the honor, and expressing the interest he felt in educational work. He said he appreciated the honor very much, the more so because he did not think he deserved it. He concluded by asking the members a number of questions touching the work of the collegiate institutes in the city.

Desecration in the Philippines.

The Chicago Chronicle of May says: In the large Philippine archipelago various religions are professed. In one quarter Mohammedanism is professed, but in Luzon, the island longest occupied by civilization, containing the old Spanish capital of the archipelago, Roman Catholicism has long been dominant. Luzon was the scene of early missionary labor. For three centuries succeeding generations of Filipinos in Luzon have been Catholics. Their labor and piety have reared in that island those structures consecrated to the service of God that Catholics especially regard with the peculiar reverence of the people. In the phrase "sacred edifice." Naturally, in their opinion, a church consecrated solemnly to the service of God is profaned by military occupation.

For three centuries the natives who have reared the edifices regard with wonder and indignation the use made of them by soldiers who are said to come to the island to secure their liberty, civilization and, incidentally, the blessings of a gospel with which they and their fathers have been acquainted for centuries. Mr. McCutcheon, artist of the Record, presents a picture of the interior of the Calocan church, which General MacArthur has made the headquarters of his division. The soldiers who the conquerors stopped short only of stabling horses. The church is filled with cots and equipments. On the altar where the Filipino was accustomed to kneel on Sundays, and to witness daily if his presence were to attendance, what he believed to be the immolation of a sacred host a telegraph instrument cliche, and the chancel rail where he was wont to receive in communion, he believed to be the body and blood of the Lord, is devoted to a rack for saddles and bridles.

A wise conqueror carefully abstains from outraging the religious practices, or, if he choose to call it, the religious prejudices of his subject people, but the Filipino notes with growing and desperate indignation the ruthlessness of the soldiery of a nation he has heard of as highly civilized and entirely Christian. He grows older in imperialism and militarism we may say, the more he knows Napoleon, the most ruthless of conquerors, respected Mohammedan prejudices, and how England at this day even is conscious that the continuance of her rule in India depends entirely upon her abstention from meddling. History shows that the banner of the cross waved in Luzon long before the formation of an American missionary society.

American Soldiers to Keep the Peace.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 19.—A special despatch from Washington says:—To preserve peace and order in Alaska, and to prevent a conflict between American and Canadian miners which may injure the good relations existing between the United States and Great Britain, orders have been issued by Secretary Alger, under which three companies of infantry will be sent immediately to that territory. These orders have been given with the approval of the State Department, which has forwarded to the proper authorities a communication to the proper government that the United States is acting in good faith to maintain peace. They are also due to the failure of Secretary Hay and Sir Julian Pauncefote to arrange a modus vivendi, which, the authorities would have prevented the condition of affairs now reported along the boundary line.

Senator Fairbanks and former Secretary of State Foster, members of the High Joint Commission, were in conference to day with Secretary Alger regarding the negotiations which Ambassador Choate has been conducting in London with reference to the Alaskan boundary. Senator Fairbanks will proceed to Alaska to examine the conditions there for himself, and expects to return to Washington the latter part of July in order to be present at the reassembling of the commission.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY TERESA.

ON DECIDING A VOCATION.

The question of vocation is an exceedingly important one, and yet many young people seem to think that it is very easily settled whether or not they have a true calling to the religious life. They like to pray, they are never so happy as when they are in church or visiting the sisters in their favourite convent. They do not care much for going out, society has no attractions for them; they have long ago discovered the hollowness and vanity of earthly things—or so they think—and they look with pitying eyes upon those of their friends who seem to prefer fun and amusement to the more solid enjoyment of spiritual delights.

So far, so good—but this is not all. There are many, very many more things to be taken into consideration before we can decide beyond doubt that we have a true vocation. Mere distaste for society and frivolity is not enough; there must be a deep, restless drawing of the spirit, an intense and ardent longing for the cloister and for God, for the Divine Love itself, and for its own sake and not a mere desire to enter religion because it is pleasant to ourselves, and is the way of life we think we would prefer.

There are some girls (very young ones) who fancy it is romantic to take the veil and renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and move about sedately, and speak in soft and calm tones, and tend the altar, and lead a life of spiritual peace. They think they would like to embrace such a life, for the rosy vision of youth casts a glamour over everything it touches, and sees, only what it thinks is desirable. And the life is indeed a desirable one—for those who are called to lead it—but even for them there are sorrows and trials, ay, and temptations.

It is permissible to draw the curtain from before the hidden life of the religious, and show to those who contemplate embracing it some of its trials? It is in no spirit of criticism that I would do this, but rather to help to a just estimate of individual capacities and spiritual callings. We, who move in the world, see the sisters only when they are bright and smiling, and ready to converse with us. We note the calm, even manner, the absence of fuss and excitement, the peaceful, happy features, but we know not, or do not stay to think, of the years of penance and self-discipline, an obedience that were gone through before the young sister reaching even the confines of perfection. Every atom of will must be given up, she must not even think a thought that is against the will of her superiors. Long hours of prayer must be spent, each moment must be rigorously accounted for to conscience, every instant there must be watchfulness lest the least approach of discontent or murmuring against others should appear.

But at first while yet the ardent glow is upon the young soul, and she feels the burning warmth of the love of God, and the brightness of Heaven is shed upon her, everything comes easy. She is being led "through the green pastures and beside still waters," she can see the heavenly host, and hear the strains of angelic choirs. Earth has lost its savour; the soul can see the things that are non-existent to the senses, and the world is dust and ashes beneath her feet. Well would it be if this might continue, but not thus does God try His chosen souls. They must be purified utterly; they must pass through the furnace of affliction, and only then will their spotless whiteness find favour in His eyes.

Little by little the sweetness palls upon the taste of the soul until it is no longer there, but has given place to dryness and weariness. The angelic voices are heard no longer, the gates of Heaven is shut, and only the bare walls of the tiny cell remain. Still there is God, and the light, yes, the light is there, but not so bright. Day by day the spiritual dryness deepens, prayer seems almost to become a penance; gradually the light fades, God retreats, slowly but surely, darkness is descending upon the soul that He has chosen for His servant. At last there is—nothing! No sweetness, no spiritual consolation, no joy in prayer, no light; not even the faintest gleam illumines the awful darkness into which the soul is plunged. Everything is a weariness, heavy and discouraging; nothing delights, nothing enlivens, there is not even the love of relatives to which to turn for they have been given up. It is as though the "earth were without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep" and through this black darkness the soul gropes blindly, feeling in vain after God.

What will she do? Sink down in utter despair, or submit in firm unreasoning faith to the Immutability of the Divine Spouse Who gives her this terrible draught from the cup His own lips tasted, when His Human Soul groined in darkness, and wailed that bitter cry from the cross: "My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" O! the terrible blank, that frightful chasm of blackness! Can the soul pass through it and live? No words of earthly language can paint it, only the saints can faintly describe it. It is as though the soul were torpid, she cannot think, speak, or act; the body alone seems to have will and volition, and through the senses Satan speaks to the mind—

"Why pray ye thus? The heavens are brass; it is all useless, you have sacrificed your life for naught, there is no God." And still the soul calls faintly upon God; the strain is terrible; it is as though body and soul were parted, and yet living. Can the young soul to whom religion is yet sweet contemplate this terrible picture, and say confidently: "I will go through that, I am strong; I shall come out unscathed." Do not think the case is overdrawn, it could not be; no one who has experienced it can describe it, and those to whom it is no experience cannot imagine it. And through all this the same scrupulous exactness must be observed, the same obedience, the same care and watchfulness. There is nothing in the outward life to which one may turn for relief as in the world. Though God turns from the religious she may not turn from Him; every jot of obligation must be given to superiors, every prayer must be said with scrupulous exactness. And what of the soul who is faithful, as were the saints, through this terrible ordeal? It may be that the darkness will continue for years, only lighted by an occasional gleam, and refreshed by a sweet draught of consolation when the Holy Spirit visits and sustains the weary soul. True, it is not all who have to suffer thus, but each one must suffer in degree, and you might be called upon to give up your very soul upon the altar for years. Can you do it? Are you willing for the love of God to sacrifice all? Remember that, as you are you can be saved, even if you have a vocation, and yet cannot or do not follow it you will not therefore be condemned. This is the way of perfection, and only chosen souls may follow it. But, for that soul that endures all things for the love of God, and conquers, no tongue can describe the intense and ravishing joy that falls upon her when the Divine Spouse once more turns His Face towards her, and sheds upon her the dazzling light of His presence. For He will one day do so; though the soul cannot feel or see Him, He is there, and when He once more makes His presence felt, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," the delights that await the reawakened soul.

Pray for a vocation, and pray for strength, for, believe me, without strength you cannot overcome. Do not enter religion for any lesser reason than an intense and overpowering love of God, for therein does a true vocation speak.

TERESA.

RULES FOR NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

These rules for preparing copy, issued by the New York Press, should be of interest to newspaper writers generally.

DO AND DON'T. DO. Do use a dictionary, the Press Almanac, and the reference books in the library.

DON'T. Don't begin a story with "Yesterday," "Last night," and the like. Don't begin a story with "The," "An," or "A" oftener than once a week.

Don't omit "No," before a number in a street. Don't "put in an appearance" or "make an appearance"; just appear. Don't say "a dinner occurred," and "an explosion took place." Things occur by chance or accident; they take place by arrangement.

DON'T MISUSE. "Ability" for "capacity." "Allude" for "refer." "Amateur" for "novice." "Anticipate" for "expect." "API" for "likely." "Audience" for "spectators." "Balance" for "remainder" or "rest." "Bountiful" for "plentiful." "But" for "only." When in doubt, use "only" for "but." "Caption" for "heading." "Captivate" for "charm." "Conclude" for "close." To conclude is a mental process. "Consummate" referring to a marriage. Look for the word in the dictionary. "Convene." The delegation, not the convention, convened. "Crime," a statutory wrong, "sin," a violation of creed; "vice," a moral wrong. (One may murder one's father and not be vicious; also one may cast one's wife away and take two wives and not be sinful, according to some creeds.) "Depot" for "passenger station," or "station" for "freight depot." "Dock" for "pier" or "wharf." "Don't" for "Doesn't." "During" for "In." "During the night" means throughout the night. "Every" for "all." Don't separate the parts of infinitives, or needlessly separate the parts of verbs, say "to begin again," not "to again begin"; say "probably will be," not "will probably be." Don't say "He was given a dinner," when the dinner was given for him or in his honour. Don't use "Mr." before a full name; but do say "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith," "Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith." Don't make titles; use "Smith, a car conductor"; not "Car Conductor

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DON'T USE. "Accord" for "give." "Aggravate" for "irritate." "Approve of" for "approve." "Cablegram" for "cable message" or "despatch." "Canine" for "dog." "Claim" as an intransitive verb. You can claim your hat, but you cannot "claim" that your hat was stolen. "Commence" for "begin." "Considerable." "Derail." "Divine," as a noun. "Locate," unless you locate a railroad, a canal, a claim, and the like. "Magnate." "Matron," oftener than once a week. "Mrs. General" or "Mrs. Doctor," unless the woman is a general or a doctor. "Necessitate." "Notified," use "informed," "sent word," or "told." "Obsequies." "Progress," as a verb.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. K. Kellogg, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having a severe case of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' EARACHE OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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SONG OF THE TORONTO NAVY LEAGUE

Adapted from "The Rudder," For the Register.

No fern have we of the deep blue sea, Nor the waves that break on the bar, Nor rocks, nor shoals, affright our souls, For we never go where they're at.

Chorus and dance— Heave-ho! Heave-ho! We are dandy men-of-war's men, The best you ever knew— Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Blither Blaker or mighty Nelson, When they fell for country true, Had none such in their crew— Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Heave-ho!

When the clouds rise and the lightning flies— And the sky gets as black as ink, The steward pulls the curtains down, And we all of us take a drink.

Chorus and dance— Then let her bow, come high or low, And over the ocean sweep, It's little we fear, safe seated here, We sons of the rolling deep.

Chorus and dance— But when the main is smooth again, And the clouds have vanished away, We hearts of oak sit round and smoke, And gaze on Toronto bay.

Chorus and dance—

Then three-times-three to our na-vee, Which never goes out in the wet, And we old salts, with all our faults, We trust you will never forget.

Chorus and dance—

CARMILHAN

A Scotch Legend.

Many years ago, on one of the rocky islands of the Scottish coast, there dwelt two fishermen, named Caspar Strumpf and William Falcon. They lived together in the greatest harmony, and their joint earnings sufficed to maintain them in comfort. Both were unmarried, and had no relatives. The two men were nearly of the same age, but there all similarity ended; in person and disposition they no more resembled each other than an eagle resembles a seacalf.

Caspar Strumpf was a short, stout man, with a broad, fat, full-moon face, and kindly laughing eyes, to which grief and care seemed strangers. He was of an indolent, lazy disposition and very averse from any occupation requiring energy, or availing of the adventures. To him, therefore, fell the work of the sea-cooking, their simple meals, baking bread, mending fishing-nets for his own use and also for sale.

His companion, William Falcon, was a man of very different stamp. In person he was tall and lean, with a big aquiline nose and flashing eyes. Through all the island he was known as the best fisherman and the most industrious agricultural laborer. Brave and bold, he would send the loftiest precipice in his search for the sea birds, whose valuable down rendered them a coveted prize. In Kistwall market he had the reputation of being the most grasping and avaricious dealer, but as his wares were always good, and he never practised the least fraud, every one willingly dealt with him. Notwithstanding his avarice, he cheerfully shared his hard-won earnings with Caspar, and the two men had not only a good livelihood, but were in a fair way to acquire a certain degree of independence. Unfortunately, this modest comfort did not satisfy Falcon's covetous spirit. He wished to become very rich, and he soon perceived that on the ordinary path of industry, it took a long time to overtake wealth. He therefore came to the conclusion that he should seek for some extraordinary chance to put him in possession of the coveted riches.

Once this idea took possession of his wild, undisciplined mind and imagination, he could think of nothing else. He looked upon it as a complete certainty that some wonderful event was about to happen which would give him boundless wealth. He was tired of repeating those glowing visions to Caspar. The latter, who received all that Falcon said as gospel, repeated all his wild sayings to his neighbors. Soon the rumor spread abroad that William Falcon had either actually sold himself to the evil one for money, or had received an offer to that effect from the prince of the lower regions.

At first Falcon laughed at these reports, but by degrees he began to take pleasure in the thought that, perhaps, some day, a spirit might reveal to him hidden treasures. Gradually he ceased to laugh or contradict when his neighbors teased him on the subject. He still pursued his usual avocations, but no longer with his former zeal and energy. He often lost a great part of the time which he formerly spent in fishing, or other useful pursuits, in vainly seeking for an adventure through which he might become suddenly rich.

His evil fate ordained that as he was one day standing on the lonely shore, gazing over the sea, as if in expectation of some wonderful fortune coming to him from beyond a great wave cast at his feet a quantity of stones and seaweed. Glistening among the mass was a small lump of gold. William stood as if bewitched. His hopes, then were no idle dreams. The sea had cast at his feet gold—beautiful, pure gold, the remains probably of a heavy bar, which, lying at the bottom of the sea, had been worn away by the action of the waves.

It now became clear to him that somewhere on the rocky island shipwreck had been wrecked, and that he was chosen to raise the treasure

which lay buried in the ocean depths. Henceforth, Falcon lived for no other object, carefully concealing this find even from his friend, lest others should come upon the track of his discovery. He neglected everything in his mad hunt after the hidden treasure.

Every day that dawned upon that bleak-bound coast saw him cast—no his net for fish—but a shovel specially made for fishing buried treasure.

All his efforts were in vain; he found nothing except poverty, for his meagre no longer earned anything and Caspar's earnings were not sufficient for the maintenance of both.

In the pursuit of his wild idea, Falcon spent every penny which he and his companion possessed; in fact, nothing remained of their joint substance.

Strumpf bore all his privations in uncomplaining silence. His friend's meek patience urged Falcon to greater zeal in his search after wealth. Another circumstance added fuel to the fire of his greed for gold.

Whenever he lay down to rest, and his eyes were closed in slumber, through all his dreams he heard a voice repeating a mysterious word, which never varied. In the dream he distinctly remembered clearly the significance of this word, but in his waking moments, he was unable to recall it. Although he could not explain what this dream strange as it was, could have to do with his pursuit of riches, still, on a temperament such as his the veriest trifle has an effect. This mysterious whisper helped to strengthen him in the belief that he was destined to great good fortune, which, according to his mind, was only to be found in a heap of gold.

One day, as he was standing on the shore, just at the spot where he had found the lump of gold, a violent storm arose suddenly. He was obliged to seek shelter from the fury of the elements in a neighboring cave. This cave, which was known as the cave of Steenfall, was only accessible at one particular spot from a cleft above. None save a few adventurous spirits ventured near it for besides the great danger attending a descent into the cave, it also had the reputation of being haunted. With great diffidence William lowered himself, and taking a leap of twelve feet, he alighted on a projecting ledge beneath a mass of overhanging rock. In this hazardous position, with the roaring waves surging and something many feet below, he fell into his usual train of thought. He was certain that the gold which he had found formed part of the cargo of some wrecked ship. He had made the most searching enquiries, but the oldest inhabitant had never heard of a shipwreck at that particular spot. How long he remained there, lost in thought, he himself knew not, but when he awoke from his reverie he found that the storm had ceased. He was about to ascend when a voice from the depths resounded through the cave, and the word "Carmilhan" fell clearly on his ear. Terror-stricken, he paused, and looked into the black abyss.

"Great God!" he cried, "that is the word that haunts me in my dreams; in Heaven's name, what can it mean?" "Carmilhan" once more floated upward from the cavern depths.

With one bound Falcon gained the top, and fled like a frightened deer. It must not be inferred from this that Falcon was a coward, but the incident was so strange and unexpected that for the time being he was startled. His soon regained his customary coolness and daring; his passion for money was too strong within him for the mere appearance of danger to deter him.

Shortly after his adventure in the cave, he was fishing, as usual, for treasure, late one night, when his shovel suddenly caught in something beneath the waters. He pulled with all his might, but in vain; it remained immovable. Meanwhile, the wind had risen, dark clouds had obscured the heavens, the boat rocked violently, and threatened every instant to upset. William was not the least disconcerted; he pulled and pulled, until at last the resistance ceased, but as he felt no weight he concluded that his rope had given way. Just then black masses of clouds obscured the moon, and at that moment a round black mass appeared on the surface of the waters, and the word which haunted him, "Carmilhan," resounded through the air. Falcon tried to grasp the mass, but as soon as he stretched forth his arm it disappeared in darkness. At that moment the storm burst forth and obliged him to take shelter under the rocks, where he fell asleep from fatigue.

The first beams of the rising sun were falling on the calm and mirror-like surface of the ocean when Falcon awoke. He was about to begin his usual work, when he saw, far away on the expanse of waters, an object moving toward him. As the distance lessened he perceived it was a boat, with one solitary occupant. He was greatly astonished to find that the vessel moved without sail or oar, and that the cutwater was turned from the shore, while the figure remained perfectly motionless.

The boat drew nearer and nearer, and at last stopped close to William's side. The passenger in this strange bark was a small, shrivelled, old man, dressed in yellow linen, with a red night-cap, his eyes were closed, and he remained motionless as a dummy. William called repeatedly, and every now and then he uttered a faint, but in vain, attempt at receiving an answer. He was about to seize a rope which dangled over the side of the boat, when the little man opened his eyes, and began to move in such a weird fashion that even the bold fisherman was filled with terror.

The stranger drew a deep sigh, and exclaimed in Dutch:—"Where am I?" Falcon, who had picked up some knowledge of the language from the Dutch herring fishers, told him the name of the island, and asked him who he was, and what had brought him thither.

"I come to look for the Carmilhan," "The Carmilhan! For God's sake, what is that?" exclaimed the fisherman.

"I give no answer to questions which are put to me in such a manner." Well, then, cried Falcon, "what is the Carmilhan?"

The Carmilhan is nothing now, but it was once a beautiful ship, and laden with more gold than any other vessel ever carried.

"Where did it go down, and when?" "A hundred years ago, where, I don't exactly know. I have come to look for the spot, and to fish up the lost gold. If you will help me, we can share the find together."

"With all my heart. Tell me what I am to do."

What you must do requires courage. You must go just before midnight to the stillest and wildest spot on the island. You must take with you a cow, which you must kill the next day. You must get someone to cover you with the fresh hide. Your companion must then lay you on the ground and strike you alone. Before the clock strikes one, you will know where the treasures of the Carmilhan lie.

"That is the way old Engrul was ruined body and soul," exclaimed William, in terror. "You are the evil one, go to hell; I dare not have anything to do with you," and he rowed away in all haste. The old man gnashed his teeth, abused, and swore after him, but the fisherman, who piled both oars, was soon out of hearing, and when he had turned a rocky point, out of sight also.

The discovery that the evil one, profiting by his avarice, had sought to decoy him into his snare, with the promise of gold, did not cut the fisherman. On the contrary, he determined to make use of the information he had received. He imagined he would be clever enough to do this without falling into the clutches of the evil spirit.

Day after day he continued to fish for gold. He neglected, more and more, all his former means of living, and he and his friend sank deeper and deeper into a sorry, until they began to want the bare necessities of life. Although these misfortunes were to be attributed solely to Falcon's obstinacy and blind ambition, Caspar Strumpf never uttered the least reproach, but strove his hardest to provide for both. His friendship never wavered; he showed him the same submission, the same trust in his superior intelligence, as in the days of his prosperity. This unquestioning faith increased Falcon's sufferings tenfold, and drove him still more to seek for gold, as he thereby hoped to reward his friend for his confidence. Besides the domineering whisper of the word "Carmilhan" pursued him night and day. In short, misery and disappointment at last roused him to frenzy. He resolved to carry out the little man's directions, although he knew well that in doing so he gave himself up to the prince of darkness.

All Caspar's remonstrances were in vain; in fact, they only served to render Falcon still more obstinate in his determination. The good but weak man at last consented to help him in carrying out his desperate purpose.

The hearts of both were filled with sorrow as they led a cord round the horns of a bull, which they had reared from a calf, the last of their possessions, and which they had always refused to sell, because they could not bear to see it in the hands of strangers. But the evil spirit, who had mastered William, stifled every good feeling in him, and Caspar could contradict him in nothing.

It was September, and the long nights of the Scottish winter had already set in. The night-cooler drifted slowly before the fierce wind, and piled themselves high like towers in the meadow. Deep shadows fell across the ravines, and the beds of the mountain torrents, looked gloomy and black as the mouth of hell.

Falcon went first, followed by Strumpf, shuddering at his friend's daring. His sad eyes filled with tears at the sight of the poor cow, which went so trustfully and unconsciously to meet its doom at the hands of him from whom it had hitherto been accustomed to receive food and caresses.

With difficulty they reached the narrow mountain valley. The ground was covered with moss and heather, and here and there were scattered large stones. Around was a chain of mountains whose summits were lost in the clouds.

With trembling steps they approached an enormous stone standing in the middle of the valley, as they halted, a startled eagle rose into the air, screaming. The poor cow bowed sadly, as if she recognized the fearfulness of the place and, dreading her approaching fate Caspar turned aside to wipe away his fast-falling tears. He looked down the rocky path by which they had come, he could hear the far-off sullen roar of the sea, he then looked to the mountain tops, on which rested lanky masses of cloud, out of which, from time to time, came sounds like muttering thunder. When he ventured again to look at William the latter had already bound the cow to the stone, and was standing with uplifted hatchet ready to strike.

The sight proved too much even for Caspar's meek nature. With closed hands he fell on his knees and cried out:—"For God's sake, William Falcon, spare thyself, spare the cow, spare thyself and me, spare thyself, spare thy life! If you must so tempt God, wait until morning and sacrifice another animal rather than our dear cow."

"Caspar, are you mad?" exclaimed William, himself like a madman, while he still held the hatchet, uplifted to strike. "Shall I spare the cow and starve myself?" "You shall not starve," answered Caspar, earnestly, "as long as I have hands, you shall not starve. I will work for you from morning until night, so do not destroy your soul. Let the poor animal live."

"Then take the hatchet and split my head," cried Falcon, despairingly. "I won't stir from the spot until I have what I desire. Can you raise the Carmilhan's treasure for me? Can your hands earn more than the most miserable necessities of life? But they can end my misery, come, let me be the victim."

"William, kill the cow, kill me; it is nothing to me, I only live for your happiness. Ah! this is the Plottish altar, and the sacrifice you offer will belong to the evil one!" "I know nothing about it," said Falcon, laughing wildly. "Caspar, you are mad, and you make me mad, but there," he continued, raising again the hatchet and taking up the knife which lay on the stone, as if about to plunge it into himself, "take the cow instead of me."

Caspar was at his side in a moment, torn the murderous weapon from his hand, seized the hatchet, and raising it high in the air, let it fall with such force on the poor animal's head that it fell dead at his feet without a quiver. A flash of lightning and a deafening peal of thunder at that moment startled the two men. Falcon stared at his friend as if astounded at his act. Strumpf seemed neither frightened by the thunder or disconcerted by Falcon's astonishment. Without a word, he began at once to strip the hide from the cow.

When William had recovered himself a little he helped in the work, but as reluctantly now as he had before been eager.

While they were thus engaged the storm burst in full fury, the thunder rolled and reverberated among the mountains, fearful lightning played round the stone, while the wind filled the valley with wild howlings.

By the time they had finished the two fishermen were completely drenched. They spread the hide on the ground, and Caspar rolled and bound Falcon firmly therein, according to the latter's directions. Then only when all was finished did the poor fellow break the long silence. Gasping compassionately at his infatuated friend, he enquired, with a trembling voice:—"Can I do anything more for you, William?"

"No more," was the answer. Farewell!" "Farewell!" responded Caspar. "God be with you, and forgive you, as I do."

These were the last words William heard from him; the next moment he had disappeared in the ever-increasing darkness. The storm was now at its height, and accustomed as he was to brave the elements, Falcon involuntarily quailed before its appalling fury. Suddenly a flash of lightning, more vivid than any that had gone before, lit the heavens; in its glare William could distinctly see the whole valley, and beyond the raging sea and the rocky islands scattered in the bay. Drifting between the sea and the bay was a large dismantled ship, but the next moment black darkness enveloped all.

The thunder-peals were absolutely deafening; a large mass of rock became detached from the mountain, and rolling down, threatened to overwhelm him in its descent. The rain poured in such torrents as to flood the narrow marshy valley, and in a very short time the water reached to William's shoulders. Fortunately, Caspar had placed him with the upper portion of his body on an elevation, or he must have been drowned.

The water rose still higher. The mere William strove to free himself from his dangerous position, the fast-rising life seemed to blind him. In vain he called for Caspar. Caspar was far away. He did not dare to call on God in his need, and a shudder seized him when he tried to invoke the power to whom he felt he had delivered himself. Already the water had forced itself into his ears, already it was touching his lips. "God, I am lost!" he cried, as he felt a stream pour over his face, at that moment a sound, as if from a neighbouring waterfall, pierced his dull ears, and immediately the waters receded from his face. The flood had forced a passage through the stone. At the same time the rain abated somewhat, and the ink darkness of the heavens lightened a little. His despair grew less, a ray of hope seemed to steal over him. He felt exhausted, as if from a struggle with death, and longed to be freed from his bonds, but the goal of his desperate strivings had not been reached. With the disappearance of danger the demon of avarice returned with tenfold fury to his breast, convinced that to gain his end he must persevere, he lay quite still. Worn out with cold and fatigue, he fell into a deep sleep.

He might have slept about two hours, when he was awakened by a cold wind blowing over his face, and at the same time a roaring sound like that of an approaching gillow struck his ear. The heavens had darkened again, and a flash of lightning similar

to that which had heralded the first storm once more illuminated all around. Again he thought he saw the strange ship, which now seemed to rise on a tremendous billow close to the steenfall rock, the next moment it shot headlong into the depths. He was still staring after the phantom when again a cataract from the mountain filled the valley. The force of the rushing waters flung him violently against a rock, and he lost consciousness.

When he next came to himself the storm had abated, the sky was clear, but the lightning still continued. He was lying close to the foot of the mountain which overlooked the valley. He felt bruised and sore in every limb as to be scarcely able to move. He could hear the breaking of the surf upon the shore, and at intervals, mangled therein strains of sweet music.

These sounds were at first so faint that he regarded them as a freak of his imagination. But, ever and anon, they floated up, clearer and more distinct, until he fancied he could distinguish the melody of a psalm which he had heard the previous summer on board a Dutch fishing vessel. The sounds grew louder, and now William heard voices and even the words of the song became intelligible. Evidently the mysterious singers had entered the valley.

Haunting himself with difficulty against a large stone which lay near, he saw a procession of human forms moving directly toward him. When the strange assemblage reached where he lay it stopped, and the music also ceased. At the head of the procession were several musicians, then came some sailors, and behind these was a big, uniform-looking man, dressed in a herculean long-past days. His coat was richly decorated with gold, he carried a sword at his side, and in his hand a thick Malacca cane with a gold knob. At his left was a negro boy, who from time to time handed his master a long pipe, from which he took a prolonged whiff. On the other side were two men not so richly dressed, and who also had pipes, but less costly than that which the stout man used. Behind these were others, amongst them a number of women, some of whom had children either by the hand or in their arms. All were in rich but old-fashioned attire. A crowd of Dutch sailors closed the procession, each one with a short brown pipe between his teeth, which he smoked in gloomy silence. Care and anxiety were visible on every countenance, and the clothes of all seemed soaked with water.

The fisherman was filled with terror at the approach of these mysterious figures, and yet mingled with his fear was a thrill of expectancy as to what was to follow.

They stood for some time before him. The smoke from their pipes rose in a cloud over them, through which the stars looked down. Then they drew nearer to William, while the smoking became still more furious, and denser grew the cloud which rose from mouths and pipes.

Falcon was a bold, adventurous man; he was prepared to encounter things yet when he saw their weird crowd pressing nearer and nearer, as if to crush him, his courage failed him; thick drops of sweat rolled down his face, and he felt as if he was about to die. Imagine then his horror when, turning his eyes accidentally, he saw sitting above him the yellow dwarf, stiff and upright as when he had first seen him, except that he also had a pipe in his mouth. Seized with deadly anguish, William turned to the man in uniform and exclaimed:—"In the name of him you serve, who are you?"

The man took three whiffs from his pipe as solemnly as ever, then, handing it to the negro boy, answered with chilling coldness:—"I am Franz van der Swelder, commander of the ship Carmilhan, of Amsterdam, which on her homeward journey from Batavia, went down with all on board on this rocky coast. These are my officers, my passengers, and my crew, sailors, who were all drowned with me. Why hast thou called us up from our resting-place deep in the ocean? Why dost thou disturb our rest?"

"I want to know where the treasures of the Carmilhan lie." "At the bottom of the sea." "At what part?" "In the cave of Steenfall." "How shall I reach them?" "A goose dives into the abyss for a herring. Will you not do as much for the treasures of the Carmilhan?" "How much shall I get?" "More than you will ever spend."

At this answer the yellow dwarf and the whole assemblage laughed aloud. "Have you finished?" enquired the captain. "I have. Farewell!" "Farewell until we meet again," replied the Dutchman, as he turned to depart. The musicians again resumed the lead, and the procession retired in the same order in which it had come, and to the accompaniment of the same solemn music, which grew softer and more indistinct as the performers disappeared in the distance, until at last it was lost altogether in the noise of the surf.

William now strained all his remaining strength to free himself from his bonds. He succeeded in getting one arm loose. He was then able to unfasten the cords which bound him, and rolled out of the hide.

Without once looking round him, he hastened to his cabin, where he found poor Caspar Strumpf lying on the floor in rigid unconsciousness. It was with

difficulty William succeeded in restoring animation to the almost lifeless frame. The poor fellow, when he came to himself, wept tears of joy to see before him those friends of his youth, whom he had given up for lost. However, his happiness was quickly turned to mourning when he learned the desperate enterprise Falcon was about to undertake.

"I would rather rush into hell than look any longer at these bare walls and this misery. Follow me or not, as you will, I am going. With these words, William seized a torch, a tinder-box, a rope, and hurried away.

Caspar followed as quickly as he could. When he reached the cave, William was already standing on the ledge of rock which he had formerly found shut out from the storm. He was just about to lower himself with the rope into the boiling black abyss. Finding that all remonstrance availed nothing, Caspar prepared to descend also, but Falcon ordered him to remain where he was and to hold the rope. With a fearful effort, Falcon lowered himself into the depths to another projecting piece of rock, many feet further down, here he paused. Beneath him all was soothed and bobbed. He looked eagerly around, and his keen eyes discerned something floating on the water exactly beneath where he stood. He laid down the torch and leaped into the foaming waters. Having dexterously secured the floating prize, which proved to be a very small iron basket, remarkably heavy, he contrived to hoist himself to the ledge of rock, where Caspar awaited his return in fear and trembling.

The basket, when opened, was found to be full of gold pieces. Caspar beamed, his friend to be satisfied with this find, and to return home. William refused to listen to his entreaties. This was but the first fruits of all his toil and danger, assuredly he would not turn back now. Once more he plunged into the yeasty eddies, as he did so a long, loud, burst of laughter rose out of the depths and re-echoed through the glen.

William Falcon was never seen again.

The terrible shock of his friend's disappearance caused poor Caspar's reason to give way. From the hour that he saw William disappear in the abyss at Steenfall he wandered listlessly day and night, staring round him, pitted and shunned by all his former acquaintances.

One day a fisherman related that the night before he had seen William Falcon on the shore in the midst of the crew of the Carmilhan.

That very night Caspar Strumpf disappeared. They sought everywhere, but not trace of him was ever discovered.

The tradition runs that he has been often seen near Falcon among the crew of the enchanted vessel, which since that time appears at regular periods at the cave of Steenfall.—E. Leahy in the Irish Rosary.

NAVIGABILITY OF THE MIGHTY AMAZON.

Washington, D. C., May 17.—The Navy Department has just received from Commander Todd of the Wilmington, an interesting account of the remarkable voyage of exploration up the Amazon river, made by that vessel in April last. Manaus, at the junction of the Rio Negro with the Amazon, has heretofore been regarded as the head of navigation for steam vessels, and from that fact has grown to be a prosperous city of 40,000 inhabitants. Consequently the intention of Captain Todd to ascend above that point caused consternation and in the end, as revealed by subsequent reports, led to some adverse demonstrations against the American consul and against the native pilots who assisted the Wilmington to make the voyage. Captain Todd succeeded, notwithstanding the obstacles, in ascending the Amazon for 1,000 miles above Manaus, and had it not been for lack of fuel he could have steamed 200 miles further. He believes the possibilities of the successful navigation of the vast and hitherto unknown interior of South America revealed by Captain Todd's voyage will, it is believed, be of the greatest commercial importance, and the Navy Department probably will take steps to see that they are made known to the maritime world.

Alason & Hamlin. THE CHAPEL ORGAN SHOULD BE AS WELL EQUIPPED AS THE CHURCH. Here shown is the most satisfactory instrument which can be selected for any church. It is especially designed for that purpose, is furnished with gift pipe top if desired and is made with either walnut or oak case. In fact this organ combines all requirements, and a system of easy payments puts it within the reach of all. Send for our illustrated catalogue.

Alason & Hamlin Co. CHAPEL ORGAN. Style 447. THE CHAPEL ORGAN SHOULD BE AS WELL EQUIPPED AS THE CHURCH. Here shown is the most satisfactory instrument which can be selected for any church. It is especially designed for that purpose, is furnished with gift pipe top if desired and is made with either walnut or oak case. In fact this organ combines all requirements, and a system of easy payments puts it within the reach of all. Send for our illustrated catalogue. 140 Boylston Street, Boston, NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

LATEST MARKETS.

WHEAT TOOK AN UPWARD TURN... Milwaukee, May 22.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern...

THE CHICAGO MARKET... Chicago, May 22.—Wheat—Opened a shade...

THE ST. LOUIS MARKET... St. Louis, May 22.—Wheat—Opened a shade...

NEW YORK QUOTATIONS... New York, May 22.—Flour—Receipts, 17,710...

EUROPEAN MARKETS... Messrs. Hodgson Bros., Liverpool, under...

MONTEAL STOCKS IN STORE... Montreal, May 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1899.

THE VISIBLE SUPPLY... Wheat, 25,000,000 bushels; Corn, 10,000,000 bushels.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS... No feature in the provision market.

DAIRY PRODUCE... Butter—More dairy coming in in tubs.

THE ST. LOUIS MARKET... Deliveries of grain on the street to-day...

SUGARS QUIET AND UNCHANGED... Sugar quiet and unchanged (Toronto)...

EUROPEAN MARKETS... Messrs. Hodgson Bros., Liverpool, under...

THE SALE OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY... The Dublin Freeman's Journal remarks...

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY... The Lakes of Killarney are perhaps the most beautiful place in the world.

FORMER CANADIAN MINISTER RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH... New York, May 15.—On Thursday...

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION NOT DEAD... Captain Denolan, M.P., has announced...

WEARY OF EXPERIMENTING... With salves, ointments and omelettes...

NOTHING STIFF, FASHION-PLA'Y OR CLUMSY ABOUT OUR BOYS' SUITS... They receive the same care as to make and style...

A SERIOUS TIME... THE QUEBEC FARMER FEFERED FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS... Had the Best of Medical Treatment...

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WEARY OF EXPERIMENTING... With salves, ointments and omelettes...

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BEST STORE FOR CARPETS... BEST STORE FOR DRAPERIES... No carpet store in Canada will show so large and magnificent a display...

John Kay, Son & Co., 34 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company... Turn it Upside Down... DRINK IT ALL—NO DRUGS—NOT CARBONATED

W. A. KAVANAGH... MINING STOCKS... DANDRUFF SHAMPOO SOAP... OAKHALL CLOTHIERS