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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

At a meeting held in Belfast it was decided on behalf of the North of Ireland, to accept the offer made by the Kora Cool to hold the next Irish Musical Festival in Belfast in April, 1898.

At the meeting of the Cork County Board of A. Association, a letter from the Rev. Father Sisk, Adm. Fernoy, bearing on the question of hurling and football fixtures on Sundays in relation to religious ceremonies, was read.

July 12th, being the usual monthly fair day at Ballygawley some of the rougher class of Orangemen were in a jubilant mood.

A fire broke out in the Marquis of Conyngham's picturesque residence near Glenties, known as 'The Bungalow,' when the building was gutted, pictures, furniture and clothing destroyed.

Sir Edward O'Malley, Chief Justice of British Guiana, on a visit to Dublin.

On July 12 the remains of the very Rev. Bernard Murphy, P.P., V.F., Carriokmore, were interred in Carriokmore Churchyard.

Mr. John O'Leary is chairman of the '98 Centenary celebration. The following were elected: Vice-Presidents—Mr. P. H. Meade (Mayor of Cork) and Mr. H. Dixon, Jun.

Treasurers—Mr. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. Wm. M. Murphy, Count Plunkett, Mr. P. Grogan, T.O., Mr. F. J. Allan, and Miss Maude Gonne.

Dublin Committee—Messrs Patrick Hooper, David Plummer, James Doyle, Patrick Flood, J. P. O'Brien, E. Leamy, B.L., John O'Shaughnessy, and J. W. O'Boine.

With deep regret was (Tuam Herald) announced the death of General Sir Richard D. Kelly, G.C.B., of Strabane, near Reading, and of Mucklon, in this county. Deceased was the lineal representative of the Kellys, of Mucklon, one of the oldest and most respected Oeltic families of Connaught, and had title and right by reason of being the survivor of the oldest branch of the Hymanne chieftaincy to the name of the O'Kellys.

Preparations are being made at Killarney House, the magnificent residence of the Earl of Kenmare, for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of York in a week's time.

It is announced that his Holiness the Pope has conferred the title of Monsignor and the rank of Domestic Prelate upon the following clergymen of the united diocese of Kildare and Leighlin—Very Rev. M. J. Murphy, D.D., V.G. parish priest of Kildare; Very Rev. Andrew Heelan, V.F., parish priest of Maryborough; Very Rev. E. W. Burke, V.F., parish priest of Baginbally; and Very Rev. Thomas Ryan, parish priest of Newbridge.

A Birr correspondent writes—The monastic petition from Canada to be presented to the Prince of Wales praying for the repatriation of what is now the 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment, whose depot is here, is one of the largest documents of its kind or the kind of a million people.

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There died this week in the St. Bridget's Home, Montreal, at the advanced age of 106 years, Mrs. Mary Kelly, who for 53 years had resided in that city.

On the same day that Mrs. Kelly died, her son, John Kelly, himself a gray-haired veteran of 70, left the Montreal General Hospital, where he had been under treatment for some weeks.

The niece of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the celebrated American orator, namely, Mademoiselle Anna Hegeman, was married in the church of St. Raphael, de Route, the well-known Catholic place of worship in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris.

On July 11th, an immense demonstration took place in honor of the 30th anniversary of the death of Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, the illustrious patriot, soldier, and orator.

Cardinal Vaughan will attain his episcopal silver jubilee next September. That is to say he will then have been twenty-five years a bishop.

The Jubilee conferred at Windsor Castle by the Order of the Royal Red Cross upon Sister Mary Helen Lillis, Sister Mary Stanislaus Jones, Sister Mary Anastasia Kelly and Sister Mary Inton, of the Great Ormond street Convent and Hospital, for the zeal and devotion displayed by them in nursing the sick and wounded in the Crimea.

A Society with the above title, and composed wholly of members of the various Catholic orders in Glasgow, has recently been formed in the city for the twofold object of assisting Catholic charities and cultivating a taste for and promoting a knowledge of high-class music amongst Catholics.

At the Age of 107.

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Sydney, New South Wales, July 11. The death is announced from Brisbane, Queensland, of Sir Patrick Jennings, who was for several years prominently connected with New South Wales politics, and was once Premier of the Colony.

He is religious who is filled with a religious sense so deep and strong that it permeates all his deeds and all his speech.

Guest: "What a splendid dinner! I don't often get so good a meal as this." Little Willie (son of the host): "We don't, either."

All kinds of wrong become possible to the man who makes his own pleasure or aggrandisement the supreme rule of his life.

Remember—only such medicines were admitted for exhibition at the World's Fair as are accepted for use, by physicians, in the practice of medicine.

LORETO ACADEMY.

Silver Medal for Christian Doctrine, obtained by Miss Loreto Dundas. Honora—1. Miss Patricia Brazil. 2. Ethel Doherty. Gold Medal, donated by Rev. Father Walsh, for highest number of marks in Senior 6th English, obtained by Miss Loreto Dundas.

Prize List, Boys' Division, Junior 3rd Class—Master Fred Doherty, 1st, prize in 3rd Class English and Arithmetic.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Silver Medal in 6th class Instrumental Music, awarded Miss Madeline Ryan. Miss Patricia Brazil, awarded special prize for Instrumental Music in division 4th.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT, THIRD CLASS. Silver Medal for Good Conduct. Master T. O'Connor for Regular Attendance.

Catholic High School. The following pupils have passed the entrance examination to the Catholic High Schools.

St. Michael's, boys—E. Byrnes, T. Cowan, J. Curtin, F. De La Plaine, F. Dissette, J. Ferris, D. Grains, H. Lynar. Girls—M. Blaine, J. Dowling, H. Karkuff, N. Newman, J. Stewart, M. Teavin.

Brazil—1st prize for Arithmetic, Catechism and Geography. Teresa Rozaszka. Prizes for Catechism, Spelling and Geography, prize 1st class Instrumental Music, obtained by Inez Brazil, Beatrice Watson, Harmine Kelly and Alice Delaplante obtained by Inez Brazil.

Mona Coxwell—1st prize for Literature, Reading and Geography. May Ryan—Prize for Geography and Catechism and improvement in Arithmetic. Luvia Ireland—Prize for Reading, Spelling and Literature.

George Simpson—1st prize in English and Arithmetic. Mary Lyon—Prize for Improvement in English, Catechism and Arithmetic.

Prize List, Boys' Division, Junior 3rd Class—Master Fred Doherty, 1st, prize in 3rd Class English and Arithmetic.

Dr. Butler well known to different parishes in Chicago and north Illinois, died in Rome on Friday, July 10, on the eve of his consecration to the bishopric of Concordia, Kansas.

Dr. Butler was one of three brothers born in Limorick and educated for the priesthood by their uncle, the bishop of that city, at the Irish College in Rome.

Dr. Butler had a remarkably fine voice he became a member of the Papal choir and remained in Rome for some years after his ordination, there receiving the degree of doctor of divinity.

Expensive Loyalty. Mr. Benjamin F. Stokes, an ardent Toronto Orangeman in the employ of the city of Toronto at the Island, who sought to still the display music of Duty's lurdy gurdy (which was in the habit of playing "St. Patrick's Day") by administering a dose of sheila and sand, also attempted to demolish the instrument with an axe.

There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the purest courtesy in the outward behaviour.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA"

I very earnestly call the attention of my good readers to the Orphanage at Sunnyside. This one of our largest and most deserving charities is at present suffering very keenly from lack of support.

As for the world: its powders, and soaps, and washes are abundance; they have never yet put out a face, and they never will.

But we are confiding, we go to Dr. Simpson, and he gives us "quite harmless," you know, and it takes the natural white of our skin and makes them dull white like ivory.

The Doctor will tell you, but it is not, it is a cross between paste and the dead white of a corpse; I know, for I have seen it.

As a further increase to the worry and anxiety caused by lack of adequate means to meet current expenditure, the institution has been heavily visited by sickness, no fewer than forty cases of scarlet fever having broken out among the little ones.

All of them recovered, however, and this fact alone speaks volumes for the care and excellent nursing bestowed upon the poor children.

Those who have known what it is to have sickness in their homes can well understand the expense that it involves.

There are at present 250 children in the home, ranging from three to fourteen years of age. The great responsibility involved in the care of children, and the anxiety attending their proper training, naturally doubles the burden imposed upon those in charge of them, and renders further worry about the ever present ways and means all the more deplorable.

It is intended to have a garden party in the beautiful grounds, about the 20th of August, and I hope my readers will do what they can to help make the entertainment a success.

To my young girl readers especially I make an appeal on behalf of the orphans.

You, my dear girls, who have loving parents and comfortable homes, is there nothing you can do to help the good Sisters to care for the poor children who know no love but theirs; and who must go out and face a hard and unsympathetic world at the very age when they are beginning to recognize and appreciate the love and care of the only mothers they ever have known?

Think for a moment; cannot you give up some luxury? The occasional soda, or ice cream, or the ride in the cars, only costs five cents, but when you spend that five cents every day during the summer the sum total is considerably more than many of you might imagine.

Do not let us say we cannot afford to give anything until we have considered what we can give up, and having resolved to give up some useless luxury and devote the money to charity instead, let us try and persuade our friends to do the same with us. We will set an idea carried out by a friend of mine who was much interested in a certain charity, but whose means were limited.

She had two or three intimate friends who were well-to-do and she resolved to make a collection among them in a very quiet manner. She first provided herself with a notebook and pencil, and thus armed proceeded to the house of one of her friends whom she knew to be very charitable.

As she expected, her friend contributed liberally and the collector then asked if she would write down her own name and the names and addresses of two friends who would be likely to give something. The lady complied, and my friend pursued the same plan with every one who gave her a contribution; asking each for the names and addresses of two of their friends. As no amounts were put down to the names, but entered separately, no one knew what anyone else had given, and thus those who could stand in the way of their charitable impulse.

I can only suggest; perhaps some of my good young readers will try this simple plan.

How becoming the conventual dress is! So I was thinking a day or two ago as I watched the bright, animated faces, framed in the demure white linen and graceful black veil. Truly there is no charm like that of freshness and simplicity did we but know it, mesdames.

But no, we are never satisfied unless we are covered with frills and furbelows and frizzly, and with a fearful erection of lace and feathers and flowers about half a yard round on our heads. Of course the miss never trouble about whether their dress is becoming or the reverse, and that is probably the very reason why it is so.

craniums. But why is it that the sisters always do have such good complexions? My dear madam, simply because they never trouble their heads about them at all.

As for the world: its powders, and soaps, and washes are abundance; they have never yet put out a face, and they never will.

But we are confiding, we go to Dr. Simpson, and he gives us "quite harmless," you know, and it takes the natural white of our skin and makes them dull white like ivory.

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Of course the miss never trouble about whether their dress is becoming or the reverse, and that is probably the very reason why it is so. A woman is never more charming than when she has shifted to charm and simply gives way to the innocent fun and light heartedness born of freedom from the numberless small worries with which we of the world so uselessly burden ourselves.

And then what lovely complexion these miss have! One feels tempted to ask them for the recipe for everlasting youth which they alone of all women seem to possess.

Michigan Monument to Marquette.

MARQUETTE, Mich., July 21.—It was a gala day here on Th. day of last week and will always live in the hearts of French-Canadians and continue fresh in the memory of those who reverently revere the name of Pere Marquette.

The city named in honor of the great missionary now holds his state and as long as the work of bronze lasts it will stand proudly on a rock on the shores of Lake Superior to recall with due impression the life of one who underwent privations and hardships in order that the way of civilization might be paved for future generations who would come to develop the resources of this country.

The ceremonies attending the unveiling of the bronze statue of Pere Marquette have long been in course of preparation, and they were enacted with scarcely a hitch.

At sunrise the United States revenue cutter Gretham—stationed inside the breakwater—opened the day's ceremonies by firing a national salute of forty-five guns. At ten o'clock local French and Anglo societies met out of town delegations which arrived from all over the State of Michigan, at the station of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railway, and as soon as all the special trains had arrived formed a long and beautiful procession on Superior street and paraded through the city to the foot of Ridge street, where the unveiling ceremonies took place.

Thousands crowded around the base and vicinity of the statue. Some stood on buildings, while others found good sites from the branches of neighboring trees. The speakers and participants in the ceremonies were seated near the base of the statue. Speeches were made from the lower step of the pedestal, which was high enough to place the speaker in plain view of the surrounding throng.

Hon. Peter White, President of the Day, and the one who was mainly instrumental in having the statue cast, purchased and erected, made the presentation speech, in choice and impressive language, giving it to the city of Marquette on behalf of the donors.

Miss Frances E. Q. Jopling pulled the cord which held the American flag about the statue. Slowly it fell away, revealing in the sunlight the dignified, impressive, glistening bronze statue of Pere Marquette. The air was filled with cheers, while the band played national anthems.

Then followed an unusual spectacle. Mayor Sherman, who was present with the City Council, convened the city in an ordinance accepting the monument for the city.

Hon. Don M. Dickinson, Michigan's greatest orator, delivered the address of the day.

Would that grace, which is daily making impossibilities practicable, might enable us to achieve that holiness which St. Philip Neri puts before us, never in thought or act to seek recreation out of Jesus.—Father Faber.

It is well with those who forget themselves in generous interest for the hopes, possibilities and spiritual loftiness of human beings all over the world. Such men may remain poor, may never in life have the full praise of their fellows, but they could easily give testimony as to the delights of praise from God.—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

Kootenay Coped with Eczema and Overthrew It.

James A. Wilson, of Paris, Ont., delighted with his Daughter's Cure.

All along the line Kootenay is marching to victory. Wherever there is a stand up fight between Kootenay and disease, Kootenay always comes out victor.

Resolved—That the members of Columbus Commandery No. 219, Knights of St. John, the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to her eternal reward the beloved mother of our esteemed Brother, James and Frank J. Burns. Be it

Resolved—That that a copy of this resolution be sent our afflicted Brothers, that it be spread on the minutes and that a copy be sent THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, Catholic Record and Knight of St. John for publication.

HELPLESS FOR A YEAR.

Drowned Down With Rheumatism and Paralysis.

Records like the following carry conviction with them and in a practical sense it might be said that this is still the age of miracles.

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A Dangerous Nuisance.

YANCOULVER, B. C., July 21.—The fake priest, Ruthven, who was cast into prison for making outrageous charges against the Catholic clergy in general, and Rev. O. Nicolvaie and Lemmons in particular, and otherwise disturbing the peace, has been released on \$3,000 bail, and a promise that he will not lecture on the subject advertised.

Ruthven charged the Catholic clergy of teaching murder and immorality, and Father Lemmons, of Victoria, had him arrested and put in goal. Many witnesses were in court who swore that he had been taught nothing but what was proper and moral by priests and others. They also swore that they would not keep the peace if Ruthven publicly insulted their religion.

Protestants and Catholics joined in arguing that Ruthven be punished to the limit of the law. The Protestants who stoned the Catholic cathedral were quieted by the receipt of a telegram from the police in Buffalo, saying that Ruthven had never been a priest as advertised, and that he had spent two years in the penitentiary.

Preserve the Natural Teeth.

At the meeting of the Ontario Dental Society Dr. Johnston of Chicago cautioned the public against false teeth, which he said were more popular in this province than in any other part of the world.

Resolution of Condolee.

At the regular meeting of Columbus Commandery No. 219, Knights of St. John, the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Resolved—That the members of Columbus Commandery No. 219 extend to the bereaved Sir Knight our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their affliction, and we pray that the great Creator of all good may strengthen them and give them grace to bear with Christian fortitude the sad and severe loss they have sustained. And be it further

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WE DEFY THE EXPERTS! GIGANTIC OFFER. 25. GENUINE WHITE TOPAZ. THE OPPORTUNITY Don't Miss It. THE DIAMOND PALACE, AMERICAN EXPRESS BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLS.

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SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM. \$2.00. Single Copies 5 CENTS.

ADVERTISING RATES. Transient notices, 10 cents per line per week. Special advertising, 25 cents per line per week.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

July 29th - Marriage. August 1st - Anniversary of the Battle of the Marston.

The report of the Patrick Delaney as M.P. for Magdalen Islands shows we are still in it.

The idea of colonial representation in the House of Lords is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's. The London Standard says so, and it ought to know.

A lucky government return contains a complete list of the Canadian subscribers to the fund for the relief of the distress in India. Over \$17,000 in all was called to Calcutta from Ottawa and a balance of some \$700 remains in the Bank of Montreal.

Once more the Pope is reported to be ready with his long-expected denunciation of theatrical and profane music in the churches. There is undoubtedly room for a sweeping condemnation, and sweeping it will be if rumor is well informed that Mozart and Haydn are on the list.

Sir Donald Smith has not yet decided what title he shall take as a peer. He has discarded "Lord Glenoe" and he would have a hard time explaining to the Macdonalds any right to it.

A report appeared last week and was promptly denied that Japan and Spain had entered into a defensive alliance against the United States.

The Canadian papers that are advising the Dominion Government to stop American miners on the Alaskan frontier in order that no more Klondike gold should go into the United States, cannot mean what they say.

A dispatch to The Globe from Ottawa contains the information that the Government has practically decided upon administering the gold of the Yukon "for the benefit of the people."

Government in preparation to the future... The present English and American... The English and American... The English and American...

Proposed Reception to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Various suggestions are appearing in the public prints regarding the welcome home for the Jubilee awaiting Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Relapse into Gold Fever. Canada has had a serious relapse of gold fever with the alleged discovery of almost fabulous quantities of the precious metal in two creeks in the Klondike district.

The progress of two great strikes, one in England, the other in the United States, attracts world wide attention. Although nominally different issues are at stake on the widely separated scenes of struggle, the principle in both cases is pretty much the same.

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mercary tracked zero on November 1st and after that above zero until April 23, registering in the meantime all the way to 77 below.

There is another phase of the gold fever upon which a word or two must be said. Within the past year thousands of industrious Canadian men and women have put their dollars in five, ten, one hundred or five hundred investments, into Klondike gold mines.

Masonic Rites and the Public Schools. On Wednesday, July 21, the corner stone of the new Victoria Public School in the city of Brantford was laid with "Masonic honors."

Public school buildings are not intended for Masonic lodges and are not owned by the "craft," what is the meaning of all this interesting tom-foolery over the spending of the public taxes?

institutions. The erection of public schools under Masonic auspices is no British institution; it is a thing borrowed from the Masonic centres of New England.

Health Authorities and Scarlet Fever. The other day the medical health department of the city of Toronto struck consternation into the untutored minds of half the militia in the city by placing the blame for the epidemic of scarlet fever upon the custom of milk distribution in bottles or "milk jars," as they are called.

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Rabies in Vancouver. Like other young communities, Vancouver, B. C., has become aware of the perils of bigotry by experience. A notorious scamp named Riordan, alias Ruthven, an Irish-American impostor of the "ex-priest" class, was the school master.

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testified to their intention to break the peace if further insults to their church were to be allowed by the authorities. The receipt of the following despatch is said to have prevented a conflict and made the Protestant mob ashamed of itself.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 6. Five indictments charging Rev. Victor Ruthven alias Victor A. Riordan, bookseller, Catholic priest, with swindling, were found in the Court of Sessions, Erie County, N. Y., in the January term, 1893.

It appears to us that the decision of the Catholics to defend themselves by any necessary means must have been the fact that put an end to the rioting. Herbert Vanocour has not made a name for bigotry; but his first attack seems to have been a bad one.

The Irish University Question.

Our Irish exchanges of July 13 inform us that the Orange anniversary passed off quietly in all the towns of the North. That is to say the rank and file of the brethren are reported to have got "peaceably drunk," and to have confined the demonstration of their sentiments to "cursing the Pope" and "discussing the usual party tunes."

a demand of that kind is not likely to be satisfied or conceded during the duration of the present Parliament, and I agree with gentlemen below the gangway in their desire for this reform...

Death of Rev. Father McPhillips. SHAYNER, July 27.—Rev. Father McPhillips, parish priest, Uptergrove, died at the parochial residence this morning at 1 o'clock after a long and painful illness.

American Prejudice Against Spain.

Rev. Thomas Hughes S.J., writes in the current Catholic Quarterly Review upon American descriptions of Spain and her colonies. He asks: 'What more harrowing than Mr. Prescott's description of Spanish cruelties in Peru, and the Spanish thirst for gold?'

Canada an Immigration Slave. OTTAWA, July 27.—The flow of immigrants into Canada still continues, according to the official statements, but reports received here also point to a very large number of those who enter at Canadian ports passing on to the United States to settle.

Death of Nicholas Melady. An old resident of the "East End," in the person of Mr. Nicholas Melady, has passed over to the silent majority, in the 64th year of his age and the 41th of his citizenship.

Canonization of La Salle. A Rome despatch says: The Canonization Cause of the Blessed La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, is making rapid progress.

The Polar Balloon Expedition.

LONDON, July 27.—All agree that it will be almost impossible to receive authentic news from Andree's balloon just yet, and that there is a probability of quite a long delay.

A Priest's Happiness.

Rev. Father Gillies, writing from Rome to the North-west Review (St. Boniface), says: "I had the happiness of assisting at Mass celebrated by the Pope in the Sixtine Chapel on the 6th of May, and on the 27th I was present in St. Peter's at the ceremony of the canonization of Saints Fourier and Zaccaria."

Sir W. Laurier in France.

PARIS, July 27.—A banquet will be tendered to Rt. Hon. Sir W. Laurier by the French friends of Canada on Monday next. It will be presided over by M. Coehery, the Finance Minister of the Melino Cabinet.

Suitcases Refused Religious Obsèques.

The clergy of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris have refused religious obsequies over the remains of Madame Souchand and three temptresses who committed suicide in company in the Faubourg Poissonniere.

ed to keep us continually before the notice of the world. Moreover, the unique position of the Catholic Church, her absolute rejection of all compromise in doctrine, her determination to resist encroachment on the part of the state, and the singularity of her claim to being the sole depositary of Apostolic truth, are in themselves reasons enough to make the Catholics of any nation a remarkable body of men in however small a minority they may be.

Canonization of La Salle.

A Rome despatch says: The Canonization Cause of the Blessed La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, is making rapid progress. The new Superior-General of the Order, Brother Gabriel, was able, during his recent visit to Rome, to take measures for the speedy advancement of the judicial investigation.

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Almonte.

The F. U. T. A. of Almonte, at their semi-annual installation of officers held July 4th, 1897, installed the following officers for the ensuing term:—Spiritual Director, Canon Foley; President, W. Hogan, Jr.; 1st Vice-President, J. P. O'Connor; 2nd Vice-President, P. Frawley; Secretary, E. J. Kelly; Assistant Secretary, J. Frawley; Treasurer, E. Lutang; Committee of Management, J. O'Leary, W. Hogan, W. McKivitt, P. Daley, J. Sullivan.

Stratford Items.

Mrs. Joseph Ouellette and children of Detroit, Mich., are in the city, visiting Mrs. E. J. Knott, Nelson st. Mrs. J. Doak, the popular and well-known grocer has sold his business to Mr. J. W. McCabe, of Palmerston. Mr. Doak's friends regret exceedingly his retirement from business.



STOCK TAKING

Dress Goods Sale.....

The stock-taking seasons come around twice a year, and we prepare for them in careful and systematic manner, as is our wont in everything. Every line has been marked down for immediate sale, that within the next twenty days we may lighten our stock to the extent of \$25,000.

Table of Colored Dress Goods, including 30c checks, 65c checked tweeds and 30c and 40c Vigoreux, sale price per yard, 25c.

Table of Colored Dress Goods, including small check 50c goods, silk and wool fancy 65c goods, silk mix ure 75c goods, sale price per yard, 45c.

Black and Navy Serges

We are making a clear sweep of our stock of Serges, as for the coming season we will handle an entirely new line of goods, therefore you can buy Serges from us at prices which defy all competition.

All these values are for out-of-town shoppers. Order including the house sells by mail. We ship to all part of the Dominion.

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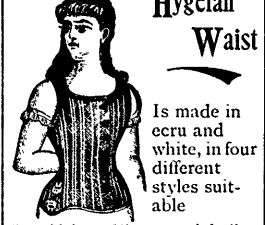
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INDIANA BICYCLE CO. Indianapolis, Ind. Established 1848 State University 1866 Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1869 Terms: \$160 a Year

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Steamer From Montreal From Quebec Labrador... July 31, daylight Aug. 1, 9 a.m. Ottoman... Aug. 7, 2 p.m. Vancouver... " " " 15, 2 a.m. Scotian... " " " 22, 2 a.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE—First Cabin—Montreal to Liverpool and London, \$22.50 to \$30, according to steamer and berth. Second Cabin—\$14 and \$18.50. Steerage—To Liverpool, London, London, Queenstown, Belfast or Glasgow, including outfit, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

For all information apply at Toronto to A. F. Webster, Corner King and Yonge Sts., or G. W. Torrance, 18 Front Street West.

TORONTO RAILWAY.

Service of Cars Into the Parks.

King Street Cars run to Balm Avenue, close to Victoria Park and Munro Park... 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.15 p.m.

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On and after Thursday, June 3rd, Strs. Corona and Chiora Will leave Young St. Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.15 p.m.

Connecting with the New York Central & Hudson River Railway, St. Lawrence & Lewiston Railway, Niagara Central Railway and Niagara Falls Park & River Railway.

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COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA

BEING ABSOLUTELY PURE COMPLETELY PURE AND EASILY DIGESTED, IS A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSE.

BELLE WART ICE CO. THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR IN LAKE SIMCOE ICE. Three lbs. liberal weight, obliging men and double supply on Saturdays. Look for the yellow wrapper, as there are the only ones that carry Lake Simcoe Ice exclusively. Telephone or post card for full particulars. TELEPHONE 1917-1928. Office 18 Melinda St.

Chats With the Children.

When I go to bed at night... You'd wonder that I dare to go into the room, at all... I'll tell you what was there.

There's an elephant and a tiger... And a monkey and a bear... A lion with a shaggy mane...

But I think perhaps my bravery... Will not excite surprise... When I tell you that their master...

Near the west coast of Newfoundland... are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon... They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France...

A little lad sat by the sounding sea... And seeing a ship sail over the edge... He cried, "The world is round."

I study it must be so, because... And the book declares that's one of the proofs... But I'm sure I don't see how...

Guustav Kobbe writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for August St. Nicholas... The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are the great fishing-ground on this side of the Atlantic.

Western Bank is near Sable Island, a long sand-bar off the coast of Nova Scotia... The English Government placed a flock of sheep there because there had been instances of sailors wrecked on the island...

"That sloop was never by any good," was the unfading prediction which greeted the future explorer many a time during his early boyhood...

Captain Scrooby relates how one of his harpooners, having struck a young whale in order to secure the mother, saw her instantly rise, wrap herippers round her young one...

this feeling of compassion quickly gave way to the interest of the adventure, the value of the prize, and the exciting joy of the capture... Anderson, in his "History of Greenland," mentions that some fishermen, having struck one of two whales, a male and a female...

THE HONEY-BEE.

H. A. Hyatt Verrill writes and How They Live for August St. Nicholas... In early spring, when the meadows first take on a tinge of green, and the apple-trees put forth their rosy buds, we may often see a single large Bumblebee flying low and swiftly back and forth across the lawns and pastures...

THE GRAND BANKS.

Guustav Kobbe writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for August St. Nicholas... The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are the great fishing-ground on this side of the Atlantic.

NANSEN AS A BOY.

"That sloop was never by any good," was the unfading prediction which greeted the future explorer many a time during his early boyhood...

beauty in distress. As was to be expected, this exalted ideal led them into many scrapes, from which they did not always emerge with a sound skin...

Canada's Greatest Celebration of the Jubilee Year.

Fully alive to the times the management of the Toronto Exhibition, or as the title runs this year, "Canada's Great Victoria Era Exposition and Industrial Fair," is to be conducted on a scale, from August 20th to September 15th, that will over-transcend any former effort made to promote this...

It is the profit we must aim for, the profit which comes from the best farming, from raising most at least expense, the raising on one acre what our neighbor raises on two...

"When I was first married I thought my wife was the only woman on earth," "How do you feel about it now?" "Well, there's our cook."

"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Poek. "Think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Poek, as innocently as he could, "I cannot imagine such a thing."

The young married couple who are crowned with good health are really a king and queen... They are possessed of an armor that enables them to withstand all the hardships and misfortunes of life...

FARM AND GARDEN.

High on the crest of the upland a ploughman stands with his horses... The sun is shining brightly on the plough, the sun on the Suffolk skyline...

There they had played as children, there they had courted and wedded; Dear was each well-known field, dear each familiar tree...

Thus I feigned him to sing, nor spoke Wasted no word on song, but spoke except to his horses...

It is true that all manures must be liquid in form to be available as plant food, but the leaching process should take place in the field, and not in the barn-yard...

Snail raising forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry in France and other countries, and the consumption of them in France is very large...

The cultivation of corn at the end of the season is to control moisture. Now is the time to attend to the weeds. The very best work of the season is being done right now...

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belle-ville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure..."

A good rapid business hand has placed hundreds of our Graduates in positions Special Rates Day and Evening Sessions Wells' Commercial College, Corner King and Church. Established 1885.

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PURE GOLD BAKING POWDER. A Cream of Tartar Powder—it is absolutely pure and gives the best results—in this only.

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J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer 859 YONGE STREET. Telephone 678.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard DUNN'S Mustard MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM HIGH FLOUR ENGLISH BEET SALT IN 5c and 10c TINS. Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard. Seven years in operation! Over 300,000 Cures! IS THE KNOWN OF The Keeley Treatment For Liquor and Drug Addictions, To be Had in Ontario Only at The Keeley Institute, 582 Sherbourne St., Toronto. Call or address for communications by eminent Catholic Clergy.

BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS. PENMANSHIP A good rapid business hand has placed hundreds of our Graduates in positions Special Rates Day and Evening Sessions Wells' Commercial College, Corner King and Church. Established 1885.

A Lament for Emmet.

Monaur! monaur! for our hero that is dead.
 'Thy soul soaring sorrow that his grave is deep and red.
 The long hills and valleys and the sun in heaven high,
 I cannot see their beauty for the weeping tears I cry.

Monaur! monaur! and are you dead, ashore?
 And your face like open heaven, shall we look on it no more?
 Your form tall and proud and strong, so beautiful to see,
 Must you lie low, like carrion on the reeking gallows tree?

Ah our martyr and our hero, why did Ireland let you die,
 Let the tyrant blind gag you with his millions' lying lies,
 Your country neck they strangled and your head held up to view,
 But they hid it—was no traitor's head.—O trust of the true!

Thy blood you to death ashore, for loving Ireland well,
 Thy conqueror not you spirit, they crushed its earthly shell:
 For the heartless jurors mocking and the judge's coward sneer
 You had sought but by your own and your high-gauche kindled fear.

Is hope for hapless Erin lost since 'We are not in gear,
 Or shall the shining Sunburst surge to victory once more?
 At base and crimsoned Canoina we made the women fly;
 But a curse is on our manhood since we let our hero die.

No stone shall mark my ashes, let no epitaph be writ,
 Till the beacon fires of liberty on Erin's hills be lit.
 God of Erin! God of justice! grant that thou the day may come,
 Then Ireland to her martyr shall build up a freeman's tomb.

J. B. DOLAN,
 (Slava-na moji) — Pilot.

THE DIAMOND.

The voyage from Havana to New Orleans threatened to be a slow and tedious one. When only one day out, the Jeannette lay becalmed on the grassy surface of the sea, and little or no headway could be made. But, fortunately, there were few passengers aboard, and they were inclined to take matters philosophically, and instead of spending their time in fretting over what could not be remedied, they set about to enjoy the voyage in the best manner possible. Music, dancing by moonlight, and cards were indulged in, and there was not one aboard the Jeannette who did not enter with zest into the sports excepting the sickly passenger.

There was a man of some forty years—tall, slim, and dark, with a pillar upon his thin face. He rarely left his berth, and seemed to care little for intercourse with his fellow passengers. He had come aboard at Havana with charming manners, really captivated all a very beautiful girl of not more than seventeen, whose wondrous beauty and the male passengers on the Jeannette.

It was soon learned that the young girl was the sick man's sister, instead of his daughter, as was at first supposed. Juanita Sanchez was Spanish in looks as well as in name, and the dark skin and black eyes of her brother Anton gave indications of Spanish blood in his veins.

Among those impressed by the rare charms of the fair Juanita was Captain Judson, a retired sea captain, who had taken passage aboard the Jeannette. He was a man of some thirty-six years, of pleasing address, and the marked attentions he paid to Juanita made it plain to all on board that he was deeply in love with the little Spanish beauty. Although, as before stated, Anton rarely left his cabin; not so with Juanita. She was the central figure in the gay crowd, and the rich, sweet tones of her voice, as she sang the quaint old ballads of old Spain, filled her hearers with rapture. With her looks and matchless voice, she might have won fame and fortune in the great cities.

But like some wild bird whose delicious melody thrills and dies on the desert winds, she seemed all unconscious of her powers. Yet in spite of her careless and happy ways, there were times when she would grow strangely silent, while a look of sadness would settle on her lovely face. But what it was that occasioned those spells of melancholy was only a matter of conjecture. She never spoke of her life as she had lived in the past history. It was near the end of the voyage that the first of a succession of events occurred which served to throw some light upon the past history of the strange beauty and her invalid brother.

One night, while the Jeannette lay becalmed, the captain and a little crowd of passengers were gathered on the moonlit deck indulging in the pastime of story-telling. When, at last, Captain Judson was called upon to relate a story, he told the following:

"It was back in the seventies," he began, "and during the time of the great excitement over the South African diamond fields. I was but a stripling of eighteen then, and was a sailor aboard the Merry Gull, plying between Southampton and Cape Town. We reached the Cape just as the excitement over the discovery of diamonds at Kimberley was at its highest pitch. Of course the sailors

aboard the Merry Gull had heard the marvellous stories of rich finds that were being made in the new fields, and nearly half the crew deserted the ship and fled to Kimberley.

"This led the Merry Gull without sufficient hands to sail her, and there she was compelled to lay at anchor till more sailors could be obtained. Joseph Danford, an uncle of mine, was captain of the Merry Gull, and it had been through his solicitations that I had gone to sea. Now, like everyone aboard, I became fired with the diamond fever, and begged my uncle to be allowed to quit the ship and seek my fortune among the diamond mines. At first he would not hear of such a proposition, but by dint of much persuasion, I at last prevailed upon him to give his consent. But before he did so, however, he exacted a promise from me that I would return to the Cape in three months' time. The next day I started for Kimberley.

"The railway was only completed to Beaufort at that time, and the journey from that point—a matter of 600 miles—had to be made by stage or ox-cart. I chose the former, and after a weary journey that lasted over two weeks, I arrived at Kimberley.

"Of course there was no chance for a poor man to engage in diamond mining at the dry diggings at that place, so like all other poor prospectors who had come there to seek their fortune, I procured an outfit and went to the 'river diggings,' some eight miles from that town. I took a claim, paid the amount of one pound rent exacted each month by the British Government, and went to work.

"For the next month I worked as I had never worked before. From the time that the first streaks of day were visible in the morning till dark I toiled, hardly taking time to eat. My labor was only rewarded by the discovery of a few small diamonds, the value of which barely sufficed to pay my expenses. By the middle of the second month, the ardour of my enthusiasm was much abated, and I began to realize that fortunes were not picked up every day, even in the richest diamond fields.

"As the days went by, I now became more and more discouraged with my ill luck, and finally made a vow that should I discover a diamond of any great value, to dispose of it and my claim at once and quit the diamond fields. Just three days later—as if to test the sincerity of my new determination—I found myself standing looking in amazement and joy at a large diamond which I had just picked up from a load of gravel taken from the stream. I stood looking at the precious stone in a vague, half-stupified manner, hardly able to credit the evidence of my senses. Was it really a diamond? Yes, there could be no mistake—there was that peculiar 'tear' feeling which characterizes all diamonds in the rough. How long I stood gazing at the precious bit of stone I can never tell. I soon found myself surrounded by an eager, excited crowd of miners, who almost fell over each other in their hasty efforts to get a look at my jewel. As soon as I had in a manner recovered from my surprise, I hurried to my cabin. Two hours later I had sold my claim for a thousand pounds, and was on my way to Kimberley.

"The value of the diamond I carried with me was variously estimated, by those who examined it, from three thousand to five thousand pounds sterling, and as soon as I arrived in Kimberley, I was besieged by a score of diamond-brokers and merchants who were desirous of purchasing the stone. The first offer I received was four thousand five hundred pounds, which was made by Terrill and Co., Bankers and Diamond Merchants, of London. This bid was soon raised to five thousand pounds by a Paris company of diamond merchants. But I was in no hurry to sell, and was determined to give all buyers a chance to bid before accepting any offer.

"During the next few days there was some spirited bidding between the different diamond merchants, which resulted in Terrill and Co. outstripping them all by making the offer of £7,000. At this point the others retired, and I had about made up my mind to accept the offer of Terrill and Co., when another buyer appeared on the scene—a Mr. Pennington, of the firm of Pennington, Gray and Co., Bankers, of Dresden.

"Mr. Pennington came to my hotel very early in the morning, and after introducing himself and making his business known, he asked to see my diamond. He made a long and careful examination of it, and when he had finished he said abruptly:

"I will give you £10,000 for the stone; this is every shilling it is worth, and this is the last and only offer I shall make." Then he proceeded to unfold to me a most surprising piece of information. All the diamond merchants, excepting his own company, he said, had formed a kind of pool, and had agreed to pay only certain prices for diamonds, and though there would be an appearance of rivalry kept up between them, each would share alike in the profits of the diamonds purchased. In this way, he stated, they had been able to purchase diamonds to the amount of £500,000 for less than two-thirds of their actual value.

"He asked me to accompany him to his office, which had been heated up, a few blocks away, where he might confer with his partners. Highly

elated at the good fortune my meeting with Mr. Pennington had brought I accompanied him to his place of business at once. We entered his office, and passed through a door of ground glass into a small apartment containing a safe, two desks, littered with papers, and other furniture necessary to a well-equipped office, where I was introduced to a Mr. Bright, a man with a black bushy beard, who was sitting at one of the desks. As soon as I had been introduced to the stranger, Pennington stated that I had a very valuable diamond to dispose of, and asked where Mr. Gray was. Bright, who was evidently a clerk, replied that that gentleman had just gone out.

"Mr. Pennington had taken the diamond, and was examining it by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. After scrutinizing it closely for some time, he laid it on the desk, when it was taken up by Bright, who also began to examine it. Crossing the room, Pennington opened a cabinet, and displayed several large specimens of garnet and amethyst, which he invited me to examine. I was occupied several minutes in looking over the stones, and when at last I turned from the cabinet, I discovered that Bright had disappeared, taking the diamond with him. A sudden feeling of suspicion and alarm swept over me. I cast a quick questioning glance at Pennington.

"Why, what has become of Bright?" he said, in a brisk, nervous tone. He stepped hastily to a door leading into another apartment as he spoke. I followed close at his heels, but on glancing into the room I perceived that it was empty.

"Will you explain what this means?" I said confronting Pennington.

"Why, devil take the fellow, what can he mean by playing such a trick?" he cried. "Surely, he would not dare attempt to make off with your diamond!"

"A dreadful suspicion of the truth that I was the victim of swindlers came over me. I grasped the man roughly by the collar.

"Look here!" I said, fiercely, "if this is a trick of yours, your life will pay the forfeit!"

"He threw me off with a quick movement, and drew a pistol as he did so.

"As he ceased speaking he stepped quickly into the next room and closed the door and locked it. I threw my whole weight against it, but it would not yield. With a sudden, sickening sensation that I had been duped, robbed, I turned hastily and ran through a narrow passage toward the front door. As I did so I perceived a blonde wig and false whiskers lying in a corner, and in an instant I recognized them as having been worn by the man I called Bright. There was no longer any doubt now in my mind that I had been robbed of my diamond. I reached the front door to find it locked. I now ran back to the office, and fumbling a chair, I dashed it through the glass front and stepped into the street.

"Calling a policeman I stated what had occurred, but a search of the premises failed to discover either of the swindlers, nor could any trace of them be found in the city. Nothing was known of them save that they had rented rooms formerly occupied by a broker, leasing the furniture as well, so when they disappeared they left nothing belonging to them behind.

"To cut a long story short, I never again saw either of the swindlers, as far as I know, nor my diamond. Some weeks later I returned to the Cape, where I found the 'Merry Gull' still at anchor, and I was content to accept my old berth and return to the river's great deal wiser, and richer I might add, by nearly £1,000. Yet the thought of how I was duped out of a fortune is to this day a source of the most vexing and unpleasant reflection."

Then ended the captain's story. Among those who had listened with breathless interest to the story was Anton Sanchez. He sat as if spellbound till the story was finished, then arose hastily and entered his stateroom. The next day he did not appear on deck, and in the afternoon he sent a message to Captain Judson, asking an interview. The captain found the sick man looking very pale, and apparently greatly agitated. He motioned Judson to a seat and for some time he said nothing. At last he broke the silence.

"Captain," he said, in weak voice, "it is well known to me that my days on earth are numbered, but before I die I have a confession to make, and a secret of great importance to reveal."

He paused here while a look of curious surprise came over the captain's face.

"I will confess that my life has not been as it should have been," went on the sick man slowly; "but it is my purpose to make amends for some of the crimes I have committed, as far as it is in my power to do so. But above all it is my desire that the secret of my ill-doing may never be revealed to my beloved sister Juanita. She has never suspected that I ever led anything but an honest and blameless life, and should the knowledge which I am now about to impart reach her before, she would die of a broken heart. Before I go further, promise me that you will keep my secret from her."

"I promise," said the captain, the look of surprise still upon his face.

"Several years ago," continued the sick man, "I was connected with a

band of diamond swindlers in South Africa; I was then known by the name of Bright; and through the aid of my associate, Pennington, you were swindled out of a diamond worth a small fortune.

"What!—you—you the man who did that," cried the captain, starting from his chair.

"Yes," continued Anton. "I am the man. But you were not the only one we swindled through the diamond we obtained from you was by far the most valuable that came into our possession. We knew that owing to its great size it would be dangerous to handle, so when we returned to London we had it cut in two pieces. One I still have in my possession, the other was taken by Pennington. I had my part of the diamond cut, but somehow I have never had the courage to offer it for sale, though I might have done so for £5,000 long ago. I was now thankful that I have kept it, for I now have a chance of returning it to its rightful owner."

"He drew a small case from beneath his pillow and opened it, displaying a most brilliant and beautiful stone lying within the plush-lined box.

An exclamation of amazement came from the lips of the captain.

"Keep it, it is yours," went on Anton; "and God forbid that I should ever again be guilty of the crime of taking that which does not belong to me."

"This is a noble and worthy act," said the captain, visibly affected as he clasped the sick man's hand, "and may be regarded to live a long and useful life."

"Ah, but that can never be. Only a few months—perhaps weeks—and I shall be no more. I am a poor man with poverty and even want staring me in the face; but I feel that this punishment is what I deserve, and God knows it is hard to bear when I reflect that my misery and privation must be shared by my devoted sister, Juanita. Almost the last money I had was the £100 I paid to have the diamond cut which I stole from you. I ought not to ask you to repay this amount to me, but it is not for my own sake—

"I should be worse than ungrateful if I did not willingly repay you what you have paid out on the stone," broke in the captain, hastily drawing a bundle of notes from his pocket and thrusting them into the sick man's hand.

"May heaven bless you for your kindness and generosity," said Anton, with emotion, turning his face upon the pillow.

As the captain left the stateroom, a few moments later he met Juanita. Although there was a look of sadness upon her face, a swift coloring rose to her cheeks as she eyed the two men; and it was that passed between the two men as they stood there together could have been witnessed by the other passengers aboard the Jeannette, they would have had additional reason for suspecting that the two were the most devoted lovers.

The next day when the Jeannette reached her destination and the passengers were taking leave of each other, Captain Judson and Juanita stood apart from the rest, conversing in low tones. Then, as Anton and his sister entered a carriage, to be driven to their hotel, they united in giving the captain a pressing invitation to call on them at his earliest leisure.

Captain Judson was seized with a sudden illness that evening which kept him confined to his room till the evening of the following day. It was about dusk when Colonel Harper, a man whose acquaintance Captain Judson had made during the voyage, came into the room to inquire after the captain's health.

He found Judson quite recovered and sitting by the window, calmly smoking a cigar, with an open letter which he had just received, in his hand.

"Glad to see you; be seated and take a cigar," said the captain cordially.

Harper then threw himself into an easy chair, took a cigar from the extended case, and lit it.

"By the way, captain," he said, after a pause, "that was quite a romantic incident—that little affair of yours with the sick passenger and his charming sister." The captain nodded, but remained silent.

"It was quite accidentally that the particulars of the affair came to my hearing," went on the colonel. "It happened that the state-room of a Mrs. Quigley, who was a passenger on the Jeannette, adjoined the one occupied by Anton Sanchez, and by the merest accident she overheard the interview between yourself and the sick passenger. By my soul that was a most surprising and romantic sequel to the story you told about the lost diamond."

"So it was," affirmed the captain with a nod.

"But, after all, it may be spoiled," pursued the colonel. "I have just learned that the sick passenger and his beautiful sister left the city on the very night of their arrival, and it is rumored that the two were not just what they represented themselves to be. It looks rather suspicious, to say the least in view of the fact that they departed in a very secret and unexpected manner. Are you sure that the diamond you received from the repentant swindler is not bogus after

"I have had the stone examined by an expert in such matters," returned the captain. "And I have just received a letter from the sick passenger, written since his sudden departure, which will throw still greater light upon the affair." As he spoke he handed the letter he held in his hand to the colonel, who took it and read as follows:

On the Load—, Sept. 11. 18—.

My Dear Captain Judson—The sadness of my departure precluded my bidding you a formal good-bye. However, I now do so, and at the same time assure you of my lasting gratitude for the little services rendered me during our pleasant voyage on the Jeannette. I also wish to offer you my sincere thanks for the kind attentions and marked regard with which you favoured my wife, whom my business had led you to believe was my sister. The £100 which you, kindness of heart and generosity inclined you to place in my possession for the bogus diamond, which in the foolishness of my heart I had made you believe was the one you had lost some years ago, will go far toward compensating me for any feeling of self-reproach I may suffer for having imposed upon your credulity. It is hardly necessary to say that I have laid my plans regarding the route I shall travel that it will be utterly useless for you to attempt to discover my whereabouts. It may be that I am running some risk in writing this, yet when I remember your kindness to me and mine, I feel that it would be almost brutal in me to leave without some expression of the warm regard I hold for you, and the regret I feel in thus abruptly ending our brief but most pleasant acquaintance.

"Anton Sanchez, (alias Mr. Bright)," Colonel Harper let the letter drop from his hand.

"Why, the impudent rascal!" he cried, with vehemence. "How could he dare act in such a high-handed manner?" But by George, captain, that spoils what might have been a very pretty and affecting romance."

The captain nodded gravely.

"This is a hard, cruel world," he said, "and people are not always just what they seem; but, after all, I cannot help feeling a touch of pity for that accursed Anton and his beautiful sister."

The colonel cast a questioning look at his companion.

"You see," went on the captain, "it's like this—Anton Sanchez and his wife are at the head of an organized band of bogus diamond swindlers, and a large reward is offered for their apprehension. I have been on their trail for six months, but they have managed to escape me till I found them aboard the Jeannette. I don't mind telling you now, that instead of being merely a retired sea-captain, I am a detective. I would have placed Anton and his wife under arrest as soon as we landed, but there were two other members of the gang that we wished to get at the same time: so I detailed two of my most trusted assistants to shadow the two till they should reach St. Louis, which was done, and a despatch which I just received informs me that they have been arrested along with two others of the gang, and safely locked in goal. The money I gave to Anton was all in marked notes, and was found in his possession, so it will be returned to me as soon as I reach St. Louis, where I shall soon go to testify against the guilty parties."

A cry of amazement escaped the lips of Col. Harper.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this is a most amazing denouement to the

little affair. But how about the story you told of your lost diamond?"

"Oh, that was simply a bit of imagination—a little bait which I threw out, and, as luck would have it, it was gobbled up at once. Here—take a fresh cigar, colonel!"

DOMESTIC READING.

If any man finds certain things, innocent in themselves, the cause of spiritual injury to him, he had better abandon them.

Do what you feel to be right, say what you think to be true, and leave with faith and patience the consequences to God.

Every man has power to accomplish good, and our Divine Maker will infallibly extend to him His assistance in the hour of trial.

Inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the storms of a false face, and make the life-days of it inviolable.

He who avoids the common people in order to command their respect is as culpable as a coward who hides himself from his enemy because he fears defeat.

When a man allows his judgment to be at the mercy of his passion, he throws the holy thing to the dogs, he leaves the precious pearl at the mercy of the swine.

If I were to deliver my whole self to the arbitrament of special pleaders, to lay I might be turned into an atheist, and to-morrow into a pick-pocket.—Bulwer Lytton.

In the face of every human being his history stands plainly written, his innermost nature stands forth to the light; yet they are the fewest who can read and understand.

That is, in a great degree, true of all men which was said of the Athenians, that they were like sheep, of which a flock is more easily driven than a single one.—Richard Whately, D. D.

Narrow is the gate, because he who enters must leave himself behind; strengthened is the way, for he who seeks it must walk by faith in the Divine laws, and must part with his weakness, his impatience, his prejudice.

A wise man is ready to strike a bargain with fate. The wisest are those who ask much and then take half. It is the coward who asks too little, and the fool who imagines that he will receive without demanding.—Henry Seton Merriman.

The imagination is a divine gift. It should not deal in facts, nor be employed to establish facts. Its proper province is art, and there its influence should operate like sweet music, which awakens our emotions and makes us forget the cause by which these emotions are awakened.

How did St. Anthony arrive at so great a degree of sanctity and perfection? By making use of the example of the holy hermits—taking the abstinence of one, the prayer of another; and thus, like an industrious bee, he went about gathering and collecting the virtues of the servants of God, to compose of them the honey of a holy edification.—St. Francis de Sales.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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THE NEWMAN OF AMERICA.

A Memoir of the Life of the Second Superior of the Paulist Institute.

An interesting memoir of the life of the late Very Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, D.D., Superior of the Paulist Fathers, appears in the August number of the Catholic World, New York, a magazine which he edited for a number of years.

Nathaniel Augustus Hewit, which given name on becoming a Catholic he changed to Augustine Francis, was born on November 27, 1820, in Fairfield, Conn. He was the elder son of the Rev. Nathaniel Hewit, D.D., and Rebecca Hillhouse his wife, one of four children born to them.

Dr. Hewit, his father, was one of the most prominent divines of the United States during the earlier part of this century. "A man," says his biographer, "of imperial form and visage, in whom was blended a royal majesty and a prophetic solemnity which never failed to impress every one who saw him, and his appearance and proportions were but the index of the man—the outbeaming of his masterful soul."

The future Father Hewit's childish years were not so happy and joyous as his affectionate disposition craved. He was wont to speak of the gloom, the prohibition from play on Sundays, and his impatience to have that wearisome day pass. He lost his own mother when nearly eleven years of age, and his father married for his second wife a Miss Eliot, a lady of high family, very just and estimable.

He began with and in Calvinism—the principles of which came to him by early training, and were afterwards mastered by more systematic study in the Congregational Seminary at East Windsor, with the view of fitting himself for the ministry in that denomination.

When in February, 1846, young Mr. Hewit applied for admission to the Church, Dr. Reynolds ruled the diocese. He kindly welcomed the young neophyte and put him in the care of Dr. Lynch, afterwards the third Bishop of Charleston and Father Hewit's life-long friend. On March 26, 1847, he was ordained priest.

The brief of Pius IX., separating Father Hecker and his companions from the Redemptorist Congregation, was issued the 4th of March, 1858. The new institution of St. Paul the Apostle was begun at once, and by the fall of 1859 the fathers, possessed of a parish and a convent which served the double purpose of a church and a home, had entered upon their work.

In addition to missionary labors, they were further charged with parochial duties and had, moreover, to meet and provide for the growth and stability of a new experimental religious organization. For the first year Father Hewit took his full share in both mission and parish duty; but as aspirants and candidates for admission came, he, as a matter of course, was named for the responsible place of teacher, and continued for nearly thirty years the work of training and forming the successive generations. To Father Hewit the community owes its Rule, and that expresses at once its varied but cognate purposes and secures its stability, its quiescent form, its distinctly religious, but novel existence.

In recognition of his labors and merits he was honored, in 1855, with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Rome; however, before this time his Alma Mater, Amherst College, conferred the same distinction upon him—a tribute rather of personal than of sympathetic approval, and so gracefully acknowledged; for we can hardly imagine that the work of demolishing Calvinism, carried on for nearly forty years would be rewarded by the upholders of that system.

Father Hewit was honored by the confidence and friendship of very many of the prelates of the American Church during the past fifty years, was named theologian several times at Plenary Councils and appointed diocesan consultant of New York by the late cardinal-archbishop; but he declined this and the preceding honors on the score of his home duties.

He was unanimously elected second Superior of the Paulist Institute in succession to Father Hecker, despite his own protest on the score of years and increasing infirmity. His last years flowed peacefully on, useful in labor, edifying in example, and consoled, let us hope, by the increasing number of his brethren and children, and by the widening and successful prosecution of their aims.

The future Father Hewit's childish years were not so happy and joyous as his affectionate disposition craved. He was wont to speak of the gloom, the prohibition from play on Sundays, and his impatience to have that wearisome day pass. He lost his own mother when nearly eleven years of age, and his father married for his second wife a Miss Eliot, a lady of high family, very just and estimable.

The Reunion of the Dissident Churches

Rome, July 10.—The Observator Romano, the Vatican's organ, publishes a letter addressed by the Pope to Cardinal Aurado, Dean of the Sacred College, thanking the bishops who assembled in Rome for the recent canonization and signed an address expressing their attachment to the Holy See. His Holiness exhorts the bishops to inculcate this feeling throughout the Catholic world and thus cooperate in the reunion of the dissident Eastern Churches with the See of Rome. The Pope concludes by saying:—Every day the necessity appears greater of re-placing the Holy See in the position assigned to it by Providence. As long as long difficulties of the situation which oppress us endure, we shall continue to complain of the violence done to the Papacy and to demand the right safeguarding our liberty.

They are Still Haggleing.

Constantinople, July 27.—At the sitting of the peace conference yesterday the ambassadors presented the peace preliminaries drafted by the powers, which provide for European arbitration of any differences that may arise between the Greek and Turkish plenipotentiaries in arranging a definite treaty. It is stated that the powers will insist upon the acceptance by the Porte of the provision; and its reception therefore by the Sultan will be highly significant. The desire of Germany to institute a European control of Greek finances still hampers the settlement of the indemnity question.

Lord Bishops From the U. S.

Several bishops from the United States attended the recent conference in London of the bishops of the Church of England. They were all banqueted by the Lord Mayor of the great metropolis. The American bishops "conformed" to the requirements of the occasion and wore knee breeches and the other accessories. Wherever they preached they were billed on the announcements as "the Lord Bishop of Wisconsin," the Lord "the Lord Bishop of New York," and from all accounts these republican prelates revelled in these special privileges and honors.—The World.

The Queen's Bad-Advisers.

LONDON, July 28.—Lord Charles Bessborough, writing in the press in reference to the forthcoming visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Ireland, says: "I know it to be a fact that the Queen has made strenuous efforts to obtain a Royal residence in Ireland, but her generous wish has been unfulfilled because of the opposition of her advisers, who have invariably entertained an unworthy doubt of Irish character."

Knights of St. John.

St. Helen's Commandery, Knights of St. John, will hold a meeting for the installation of officers on the evening of August 6th, in Mallon's Hall, cor. Dundas St. and Sheridan Ave. The officers and members of other city commanderies are invited to be present.

Fireside Fun.

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house on fire? Because the sooner it is put out the better.

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortunes, and not your fortunes by your desires.—Jeremy Taylor.

Edith: "Do you have much difficulty in talking German?" Bertha: "Oh, dear, no; it's so much like gargling you can hardly tell the difference."

Griggs: "Strange thing, Miranda; every time you draw a breath someone body dies." Mrs. Griggs: "Well, I ain't going to stop breathing on that account."

Shookitt: "Does learning the bicycle require any particular application?" Sprockitt: "No; none in particular. But arnica is about as good as anything."

"Well, Mollie," said the little girl's father, "what have you been doing all day?" "Doing nothing," said Mollie, pouting, "I've been don'ting most of the time."

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey goes across er man dat's sh'uff honest, dey gets skaynt an' say's he must be playin' a pow'ful deep game."

Frances (four years old): "Mamma! Mamma! What is it, dear?" "You never saw me before I was born did you?" "No, love." "Then how did you know it was me?"

Boy: "Say, mister, please give me a penn'orth of castor oil, and give me very short measure, too." Chemist: "Short measure? Why?" Boy: "'Cos I've got to take it myself."

A Frenchman, having often heard the expression "I've other fish to fry," astonished an English friend by say-

ing: "I've no time to talk to you now; I must go and fry some fish."

"It's pretty tough," sighed the small, swarthy fellow. "There are ten girls in this luck learning to ride the bicycle, and I'm absolutely the only object they can run into. If there was only a hydrant or something like."

"Enjoyed your party, Bobby?" "Oh, awfully!" "Well, what little girls did you dance with?" "Oh, I didn't dance. I had three flights downstairs with Willie Richardson. I've licked him every time."

Caller: "I have a little bit here which I—" Hardup (interrupting): "The cashier is out." Caller: "Very well, I'll call round some other day and pay it." Good-day, and Hardup requested the caller to kick him six times.

Hubbard: "I can't make out what is wrong with my meerschaum pipe. There is a very peculiar taste with it, and it won't draw." Wife: "That's odd. It seemed to draw all right when Johnnie was blowing bubbles with it."

Papa: "Yes, my son, you will realize some time, when you are old, that your school days have been your happiest ones." Tommy: "Oh, pap, why can't I wait, then, until I grow up before I go to school, so that I can appreciate it?"

Miss Daquabay: "I had such a pretty compliment from my optician to-day." Miss Fenway: "What was it, dear?" Miss Daquabay: "He told me that I had the best nose for eyeglasses that ever came under his professional treatment."

He (tremblingly): "I have one last request to make before we part in anger for ever." She (sobbingly): "Wha-what is it, Geo-George?" He: "Will you see-meet me next Thursday, as usual?" She: "I will, George."

In childhood one has tears without grief.

Intercourse with good women is the element of good manners.

Behaviour is a mirror in which everyone displays his own image.

The individual can only be properly made prominent through good manners.

It would be better to prove ungrateful than to commit a crime to oblige your benefactor.

The self-denial which seeks to avoid being servile to others is but a part of brotherly love.

Moral perfection is unattainable if the heart cannot be touched with the love of what is good.

Nothing in the world can be more pleasing than a mind under the guidance of reason and conscience.

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, July 27, 1897.

Butter—The quality is not uniformly good being affected by the heat; low grades are hard to sell, but choice butter is steady at 14 1/2c to 15c for creamery, 15c to 16c for daily milk; 16 1/2c to 15c for creamery.

Eggs—Deliveries are not heavy, but the demand is being met. New laid are selling around 9c to 9 1/2c, but guaranteed fresh would do from 9c to 9 1/2c.

Poultry—Dressed is not very active; chickens and ducks sell at 50c and 60c, and Potatoes—Old potatoes are about out of the market; new stock is offering freely at about as follows: 16 1/2c to 15c for creamery.

Baled Hay—Choice No. 1 will bring as high as \$10 25; low grades are not wanted at any price.

Feed—Old Straw—Cars here quoted nominal at \$5 to \$5 25. No straw offered.

One load of oats brought 23 1/2c per bushel.

Hay—No old hay offered; eight loads of new sold at \$7 to \$7 50. No straw offered.

Wheat white.....\$0 73 1/2 00

do red....." 0 71 00

do good....." 0 61 00

Buckwheat....." 0 32 1/2 00

Eye....." 0 35 00

Feed....." 0 23 1/2 00

Barley....." 0 46 00

Barley....." 0 28 00

Hay....." 6 00 11 00

Hay....." 6 00 7 50

Dressed Eggs....." 6 75 7 00

Eggs....." 0 09 10 00

Butter, 14 rolls....." 0 13 14

do tubs, daily....." 0 13 12

Chickens....." 0 50 60

Turkeys....." 0 09 00

Potatoes (new) per bush....." 0 50 80

Spring lambs....." 0 08 09

Mutton....." 0 04 07

Beef, fore....." 0 01 05

do hind....." 0 07 05

Veal....." 0 05 06

MONTREAL MARKETS.

MONTREAL, July 26.—There is not much activity in the grain market just at present and prices hold just about steady. Exporters do not show any pronounced disposition to trade and the feeling among holders is perhaps a little less confident than it was some time ago. Values remain about as follows: No. 2 white oats for export, 28 1/2c; local, 29c to 29 1/2c; peas 25c to 53c; buckwheat, 41 1/2c to 42c, and rye 40c to 41c.

enquiry is noted and really price raised. We quote:—Husht economy, 17c to 17 1/2c; Western dairy, 12c to 12 1/2c, and township, 14 1/2c to 15c.

Provisions—Business is fair in smoked meats, but packers and dealers say that on the whole there is not a great deal doing in pork. Values hold about quite firm: Canada short cut pork, 13 1/2c; mess, 10 1/2c; heavy Canada mess pork, long cut, \$1 1/2; heavy Canada short cut, \$1 1/2; choice refined compound lard, \$1 00 to \$1 10, or 2c to 3c; extra pure lard, \$1 00 to \$1 10; finest kettle lard, \$1 50 to \$1 75; to 2 1/2c; tallow, 10c to 11c; bacon, 13c to 12c.

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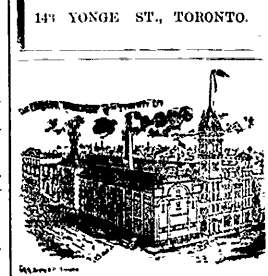
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