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# The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

### ARMAGH.

A cable message from Brisbane, Queensland, says: The Hon. Sir Arthur Palmer, President of the Queensland Legislative Council, died on March 20. Born at Armagh, Ireland, in 1819, he emigrated to New South Wales in 1838. In 1860 he was returned to the Legislative Assembly of Queensland, and subsequently occupied several Ministerial posts until he was appointed president of the Legislative Council in 1881. On more than one occasion he acted as administrator of the colony during the absence of the governor or an interregnum.

### DONEGAL.

Very Rev. Canon McKenna acknowledges a generous subscription of £10 from the Most Rev. Dr. Owens, Bishop of Clogher, and gives a truly pitiable description of the condition of his parish of Pettigo, a few miles from the Donegal seaboard. It is the same sad cry that is echoing all over Ireland with maddening monotony. The crops have failed, the people are starving. They have no food for this year, and they have no seed for the next. The distress that threatens them is even more terrible than the distress, acute though it be, which they at present endure.

### DUBLIN.

We are sorry to have to announce the death of the Rev. John Norton, S.J., Dublin. Although in his 77th year, Father Norton's energy and vitality were so marked that the news of his death will come as a painful shock to his many friends. Father Norton came of a well-known Dublin family.

The Evening Telegraph of March 20 says: I was a privileged passenger on the first electric car to enter the centre of Dublin City, writes a representative of The Evening Telegraph, an event which took place this morning a few minutes after seven. The officials of the Tramway Company had kept the fact very quiet that they intended to make their informal trial trip to-day before ordinary people were about, but, having got the necessary hint, I was on the ground in good time, and had the distinction of being the only unofficial passenger on the first electric car that was ever electrically propelled into O'Connell street.

We passed under the lee of Nelson at 7.10 a.m. exactly, and negotiated the intricate and difficult wires at the turn with the greatest ease and success, much to the delight, evidently, of the experts on board. Early as the hour was, there was quite a crowd on the ground, partly composed of the company's men, working on the necessary changes in the line at the turning out of Earl street, but principally of the early population of citizens—and citizens—on their way to work with the inevitable sprinkling of slightly aristocratic Jehus, and more or less judicially critical gendarmes. Following the pioneer car, which, appropriately, was one of the company's own Dublin-made craft, came a weather-beaten and advertisement-covered vehicle from Ballbridge, and after that again three other carriages, all making the journey in good style. The experiment was most successful, and gives every promise that early next week the electric service on this line will be in full working order from the Pillar to the Bull.

### KERRY.

Distress is too mild a word to describe the condition of things at Broom, in the County of Kerry. Abject, hopeless misery is the more accurate description.

### LIMERICK.

The death took place at his Co. Limerick residence, Killybrowen, of the O'Grady, an extensive Irish landlord, on whose estate at Harbertstown the Plan of Campaign was first adopted. The title and estates go to the brother of deceased, Colonel O'Grady, of the 2nd Battalion O'Connell Rangers.

Ireland failed to win the football match against Wales at Limerick on March 19, and from the position of champion country, Ireland has been forced to retire to a backward position once more. The Welshmen clearly proved themselves not only the superior team, but one of the very best that Principality has ever put in the field. The Irish were too strong to let the Irishmen play their characteristic rushing game to the desired extent, and then their backs, showing all the wonderful combination and brilliancy which have become synonymous with Welsh football in recent years, were very much superior to the Irishmen. Of course, the latter suffered from the absence of some of their very best players—Lee, Gwynn and Allen—and from the irresistible injury to Purser; but these are the fortunes of war, which must be borne with the best grace possible. The immense crowd present, if they did not see what they most desired—an Irish win—at any rate saw a splendid match.

### MAYO.

Order has been revived in Mayo by Mr. Gerald Balfour, whose device are the device of his brother. Mr. Balfour has undertaken to silence Mr.

William O'Brien by force and has issued a Castle proclamation which has been published in Westport. It prohibits the holding of a meeting at or near Westport on the ground that some anonymous informant of the police considers that the effect of the meeting would be to denounce "the occupiers of evicted farms called land-grabbers," and also "the occupiers of grazing farms, and to incite lawlessness and disorder, and that the meeting would be calculated to disturb the public peace."

**Tipperrary.**  
Tipperrary has lost one of the most distinguished members of its aristocracy in the person of Sir Mark Tuite, who died at his residence, Kiltuane House, in the vicinity of Nenagh, after a comparatively brief illness. The deceased baronet, who was in his ninetieth year, was formerly a captain in the 19th Foot, and served with distinction, but for nearly forty years past he had applied himself assiduously to the perfection of experiments for the production of flying machine mechanism and other inventions. He is succeeded by Morgan Henry Paulet, a nephew. Sir Mark became a convert to the Catholic religion some years ago, and was an ardent worshipper of the faith up to his death, which was consoled by the rites of the Holy Church.

**Waterford.**  
Deep and widespread regret has been occasioned in Lismore and neighborhood by the death of Mother Gertrude Quinn, of the local Presentation Convent.

**Westport.**  
The parish of Davidstown, and Co. Westport generally, has been cast into gloom by the announcement of the unexpected death of the Rev. Father Keating, the good and saintly pastor.

### ENGLAND.

**A New Catholic Club in London.**  
The Duke of Norfolk laid the foundation stone of the new Catholic Hall and Club, Westminster Bridge road, which is to be erected and fitted as a social and recreative institute in connection with St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. Hitherto this side of the work in connection with the cathedral, has been carried on at the Catholic Institute and Newman House Society. Some time back a plot of land in Westminster Bridge road, and close to the cathedral, was secured by the Oshier, and it was decided to erect an institute upon the site in which the work done by the existing institute and society could be carried out. The total cost of the building, etc., when erected, will be about £14,000, of which sum £7,000 will be a debt upon the contract.

**The Catholic University Question.**  
The views of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London in favor of a Catholic University for Ireland are supported by opinions from other members of the Anglican Episcopal Bench published in The Sunday Times.

**The Bishop of Hereford writes:**  
"Believing, as I do, that the one true way of turning Ireland into a loyal, contented and happy portion of the Empire is by the method of Home Rule in all internal affairs, I hold that the ought to be given a university which will satisfy the common sentiment of her people. Moreover, I know no influence so likely to promote the growth of a reasonable and tolerant frame of mind among Irish Roman Catholics as that of a university education, and consequently I desire the removal of any obstacles which stand in the way of such an institution. In this connection, and I do not consider it either just or politic to impose our will upon the Irish people, over-riding their own in such a matter. So far as I can judge, many English people who are not very familiar with university life and influences seem to be unduly alarmed by this proposal to give the Irish the kind of university they desire. It may reassure them to read a definition of such a university by the greatest Roman Catholic Englishman of our day—Cardinal Newman. 'A university,' he said, 'in its idea and in its purpose is a place in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonistic activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries are made and perfected, and rashness is rendered innocuous, and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind and knowledge with knowledge.' As I understand Mr. Dalrymple, his aim would be to establish an institution which would correspond in some degree to this description, and if he succeeds in the attempt, and it becomes a real Alma Mater of the Irish Roman Catholics, he will have conferred a great boon upon Ireland and done good service to the Empire."

The Bishop of Rochester says: "I quite agree in the main with the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury which you quote on the subject of a Roman Catholic University for Ireland. I think that the proposal is

just because it accords with the feelings and principles of the great majority of the population of Ireland, and I think it is politic because one of the great mistakes of the past has been to throw the priests and the leaders of the Roman Catholic community into a necessary alliance with the opponents of the Imperial Government."

The Bishop of Manchester says: "I entirely agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury with respect to the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland."

The Bishop of Wakefield states that he is "in entire agreement with the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury with regard to the Roman Catholic University."

### SCOTLAND.

**St. Patrick's Day in Scotland.**  
The Irish national festival was this year duly honored by Irishmen all over Scotland, but more particularly in the West. At Dunbarton a large meeting of Irishmen and women was addressed by Mr. P. A. Mollugh, M.P. Mr. Jeremiah Jordan spoke to a great gathering of Celts in Paisley. In Partick, for the first time for many years, the Irishmen foregathered, and a happy evening was spent. On this occasion the people of Partick presented the Very Rev. Canon McFarlane, the pastor of the parish, with an address and substantial testimonial, for which he returned his heartfelt thanks. The Ounan has just returned from an extended tour on the Continent, whither he had gone in search of health. In Glasgow there were several gatherings, the principal being that held under the auspices of the Ancient Order ofibernians Benefit Society. On Wednesday evening Councillor John Ferguson delivered a lecture on "The Boyne to Vinegar Hill" in the City Hall. Mr. Michael McCartan, M.P., presided, and delivered a stirring address on the '98 celebrations.

## FROM PAIN TO HEALTH.

### THE REMARKABLE CASE OF JOHN HENDERSON, OF DESERONTO JUNCTION.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism, the Effects of which Threatened His Constitution—He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach by the Deseronto Tribune.

It will be remembered that during the past winter a sensational case was made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that very little hope was entertained of his recovery as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market on the above named road, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Having had his recovery attributed to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy, who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napawan. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved, or he would not have undertaken such long drives to and from the mill. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct; his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The rheumatism attended him all day long and would for a time succeed in relieving the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—no cure was gained, and at last despairing of life he was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to bed. At this juncture, Mr. Henderson's attention was attracted to the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, and recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he accordingly sent for a quantity of Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Wager procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box, but with little noticeable effect. He, however, continued on until the pills and after taking six boxes found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily. The pain disappeared, he regained strength, and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to do about the same kind of work as I used to do, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson expressed his vigorous thanks, and he is now a strong, healthy man, whose case is a most striking proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

## ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN

Preaches to an Irish Regiment on St. Patrick's Day.

**HALIFAX, March 17.**—This was probably the greatest celebration Halifax has ever had of St. Patrick's Day; not in many years have we had a parade of an Irish regiment, never before has so many green ribbons and shamrocks been worn; never before has there been such crowds on the streets, and never before have the Irish societies turned out in such force. It was Irishmen's day in every sense of the word.

The day dawned dull, but the weather remained fine until after the procession got in church, when there was a snow storm. But the walking was uncommonly good for the season of the year, the warm weather of late having dried up the streets.

From early morn the shamrock was conspicuous on the streets; there were an immense number of the green emblems, and there was such a demand that the shops did not have a sufficient supply. Green ribbons were worn on many breasts, and thousands of the fair sex displayed Ireland's national color, many houses were decorated with green, and flags were flying from many households. The crowds on the streets were very large, and after the Leinster arrived at St. Mary's there was a blockade for several minutes.

Long before 9 o'clock this morning crowds began wending their way up Göttingen street toward the Wellington Barracks to "escort" the Leinster Regiment to church. Early this morning everything was in readiness for the parade to St. Mary's Cathedral. At 9 o'clock the whole strength of the regiment formed in the Barrack Square, and at 9.15 left the barracks, the band playing St. Patrick's Day. The march to the Cathedral was enlivened by the bright tunes of the brass band and life and drum corps. All along the route large crowds had gathered to see the parade. Every available window and doorway was filled. The route taken by the regiment was Göttingen to Gogswell to Brunswick to Jacob to Barrington and Spring Garden road. Among the several airs played by the band were: "Harp That Once," "The Wearing of the Green," and "Branigan's Band." The life and drum corps played several Irish airs. The two bands played alternately, and as soon as one band finished one air the other band would commence another.

Col. Glanville led the parade on horseback. At Gogswell street the two companies which are stationed at the Glacis Barracks fell in behind and thus lengthened the procession. Every man in the parade wore in his cap a shamrock sent from the old country. The band-major's staff and the instruments of the bands were trimmed with green ribbon.

As the regiment passed St. Mary's Hall the St. Mary's Young Men's Society, who were forming up, opened ranks and the regiment passed in the centre. The regiment was met at the Cathedral by Gen. Montgomery-Moore and staff.

Chaplain Morgan, of the Leinster Regiment, officiated at Low Mass and Archbishop O'Brien preached the sermon.

### ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN'S SERMON.

The Leinster Regt. had the honor of being addressed by Archbishop O'Brien, who delivered a most eloquent sermon, and was listened to with rapt attention. His sermon was not a panegyric on St. Patrick, though incidentally referring to Ireland's patron saint, but his address was most appropriate to the military gathering, full of beautiful similes, and was delivered in the Archbishop's usual able manner.

The following was the full text of the sermon:

"The life of man upon earth is a warfare." (Job. vii. 1.)

More than 3000 years ago the words of my text were spoken; and although during the interval many and far-reaching changes in the social, political and religious life of nations have taken place, these words of Job are as true to-day as when first uttered. The nature of man remains essentially the same, despite accidental changes, the more or less of polish and refinement cannot destroy the link which binds together the human race, nor break the circle within which all human lives must be run. The rude savages and dwellers of distant ages, the nomadic tribes that pastured their flocks in the dawn years of the world, had the same nature, and were made for the same end as the most cultured inhabitants of our greatest modern cities. This is a fact which we too readily forget, and hence we come to think that words spoken of human nature, or laws of restraint applicable to centuries ago, may be disregarded to-day. In this we fall into a grievous error. Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow human nature is the same; the same danger confronts it, it is assailed by identical temptations, and it requires the same sustaining power of grace to conquer in the warfare, for it is true in more senses than the one that "the life of man upon earth is a warfare."

Let us consider for a few moments what is involved in the fact of our existence. We find ourselves on this

earth to-day; but we know that a few years ago we were not here; and we are absolutely certain that in a few years hence we shall be here no longer. We did not come into this world through any act, or choice of our own, and we shall be obliged to quit it whether we wish it or not. The regularity with which men come and go proves to us that a law, not chance, must govern their movement. If there is a law, there must be a law giver, and we thus at once apprehend the fact that we are subject to a higher power than our own. In other words, we are under orders—marching orders, if you will—and should obey the well understood wishes of the great and universal Law Giver, or the Almighty God.

Not only as regards man are the workings of law visible; they are seen throughout all creatures on the earth, in the sea, in the air and in the wonderful movement of the stars and planets. If therefore law prevails to regulate all things, good or evil, birth and death, as well as all the parts of visible creation, there must also be a law by which the actions of our lives should be moulded and guided, for surely in intelligent actions should not be the only disordered ones in this law-governed world. As a matter of fact there exists such a law, a precise and definite one. It was first written by God on the human soul and spoke through the voice of conscience; it was more fully written out later on, on tables of stone, and spoke through the commandments, finally the fulness of perfection was given to that law by the teachings of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and it speaks to the world to-day through the organization instituted by our Lord to preach His message to all mankind. He fitted that organization for this sublime destiny by ensuring it a perpetual succession of authorized ministers, with one visible head whom He constituted His Vice-Regent on earth, to whom He guaranteed immunity from doctrinal error and victory over all the powers of hell. It was a living organization compared by St Paul to a human body which has many members, but only one head; thus it has unity of teaching, with adaptability of action and permanence of life, developing and growing, but always on the same line, and in the same spirit. Hence it constitutes a grand army, with its companies, its battalions, its regiments, its divisions, its officers of various grades and its Commander-in-Chief. It is set forth in battle array, armed and equipped for the world-embracing campaign. But it does not fight with turret ships and huge cannon; rifles and bayonets are unknown to it. Its sword is the word of God; its breastplate is justice; its belt is truth, and its shield is faith. The life of all its members is a warfare, but a warfare against evil. It preaches war, not against individuals or nations, but against the rulers of the world of this darkness; against the works of wickedness in high places. (Eph. vi. 12.) It reminds men of the words of Job's words, that his life upon earth is a warfare, and it offers him in the sacraments and its other aids the means of conquering in this life-long fight.

Through the organization founded by Christ, and endowed by Him with such powers and prerogatives, the law by which mankind should shape their lives, govern and regulate their actions, and thus show forth a moral order, was to be promulgated. As a matter of fact we find how it began at once to fulfil that duty; how the apostles and their successors went forth boldly proclaiming God's message, teaching and baptizing and adding new companies and regiments to the nucleus of the army first organized by Christ. Growth and development were not infrequent; but in doctrine, in morality, in obedience to the Commander-in-Chief, there never was, and there never will be change—for change in these would mean dissolution of that army, and Christ has guaranteed that there shall be no dissolution thereof.

Amongst those who labored and toiled to carry the spiritual warfare into lands not subjected to Christ was St. Patrick, whose memory and deeds we celebrate to-day. Having been duly commissioned by the Pope of Rome, the Commander-in-Chief of Christ's kingdom on earth, he went to Ireland, kindled the light of Faith, which has never been extinguished; taught God's law, which has ever been held in reverence; organized parishes and dioceses, like so many companies and regiments, and set over them pastors, priests and bishops, who have through trial and persecution ever stood true to their colors, have ever been loyal to their commanding-officer, the Pope.

All admit it was a worthy and a noble act on the part of St. Patrick to evangelize Ireland; and St. Patrick all admit that it was praiseworthy on the part of the people of that day to accept his teachings and to become enrolled in the grand army of the church. Shall it not be noble and praiseworthy in their descendants to continue to hold his teachings in supreme reverence, to direct their conduct by them, and to pay a ready obedience to their spiritual head on earth, as St. Patrick enjoined on them? He was a true soldier in God's earthly kingdom; he knew the value of obedience; he knew that it was not only a duty, but also, the only safe-guard in the spiritual warfare which Christians

are called upon to wage. For the religion of Christ is essentially one of authority, whilst there is not and cannot be any contradiction between it and science yet its truths are not the deductions of science; they are not theories assumed, by some scientific demonstrations. Its code of morality is not a digest of facts, nor are its sacraments the devices of a priestly order. Let it be well understood—the Christian religion is not one of compromise, not of "I think"; nor "in my opinion, nor I hold, nor has it been left to teach man to make it for himself, nor has any choice been left to mankind in its regard. It has been imposed upon the world by the will of God, and is propagated by the voice of authority speaking in God's name, and endowed with a divine power. "as the Father hath sent me, I also send you" (John xx, 21) and elsewhere "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark xvi. 15-16). These words and many similar ones spoken by our Divine Lord, clearly establish the fact, that Christianity is founded on authority, is propagated by it, and by it alone expounded.

For this reason St. Patrick strongly impressed on the Irish people the duty and necessity of unquestioning obedience to the commands and decisions of the Roman Pontiff. He pointed out that as successors of St. Peter, the Popes succeeded to the headship of the Church, just as the heir to an earthly throne succeeds to the rights and prerogatives of his predecessor. Men die but principles live on; with the death of a general neither the right of commanding nor the obligation of observing discipline ceases; another takes his place and wields the same authority. What the position and power of the Pope were in Christ's grand spiritual army St. Patrick taught by showing what St. Peter had done. To him our Divine Lord gave the plenitude of spiritual power and the fullest authority to rule, saying, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever thou shalt bind on earth it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatever thou shalt loose upon earth it shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. xiii. 18-19.) This was the charter of power and privilege given by the King of Kings to the Commander-in-Chief of his kingdom on earth. No human power can make that charter void. Rightly then did St. Patrick teach that disobedience to the authority was spiritual treason, and the punishment spiritual death. The unwavering loyalty of the Irish nation to that authority shows how that teaching took deep root in the hearts and consciences of the people.

It is only meet and right that you Irishmen to-day should honor the memory of St. Patrick. Through him your ancestors and yourselves have been imbued with a knowledge of God's law by which you have been taught how to become victors in the fight for an eternal crown of happiness. As soldiers, too, he claims your admiration, for he was a noble leader, a true soldier, a faithful patriot. Night and day he labored for a nation; tears and prayers, and penance he counted as nothing to that he might win to Christ. By word and example he unloaded the duty of self-restraint, of sobriety, of purity of life, of obedience, of inviolable Faith in God's revealed word.

You are here to-day to honor his memory. That is well, that is praiseworthy. You have made a grand parade, you wear the Shamrock, you assist at Mass. All this is indeed praiseworthy. But my dear friends, this is not enough. The Saint seeks God's glory in your lives; and that you can give only by practicing faithfully and manfully the religion he taught. You belong to the glorious army of Christ, the spiritual kingdom; you belong also to the army of a grand earthly Sovereign. In this latter army obedience is the primary duty of officers and men.

"Thou art to reason why, Thine but to do or die."

And what is the penalty of desertion, or betrayal in the face of the enemy? Death—a traitors death. Now as soldiers in Christ's army you are in a continual warfare against evil. There is no truce, not even for an hour. You must have on your spiritual armor day and night, and must be ever standing by your colors. You are always in the face of the enemy. Hence every fall from virtue, every disorder in thought, or word, or action, is desertion and betrayal of God's cause in the presence of the enemy. Think of this, and surely the thought will move you to beg of God grace and strength to do right. The Apostle cries out; "Desober and watch, because your adversary the devil goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Whom resist ye strong in Faith." (1 Peter v. 8, 9.) Yes, strong in Faith; through it alone can men find grace and strength to conquer the devil, the world and the flesh.

THE SOCIETY'S PROCESSION.  
The society made a grand turnout of between 700 and 800 men in line, and with the bands of music, the handsome banners, the members in



black clothes, silk hats, adorned with shawls, and wearing green and gold sashes and badges, it made a most inspiring display.

The procession formed up at the Drill Shed, and at about 10.30 marched off in the following order:

Marchal—Wm. Brodyck.  
Aids—R. Taplo, J. Brown.

ST. PATRICK'S BAND.  
Brian Boru Sword, carried by John Kounedy.

Charitable Irish Society.  
Carriage containing Thomas Shaw, oldest member of the Society, 98 years of age.

Marchal—Thos Grady.  
Aids—W. Power, G. Power.

GB BAND.

St. Patrick's C. T. and B. Society.  
Marchal—Thos. Walsh.

Aids—W. Spavin, A. Murphy.

HIBERNIAN FEEL AND DRUM CORPS.

Harp carried by Jas. McDonald.  
St. Mary's Young Men's C. T. and B. Society.

The Charitable Irish Society turned out more members than for some time. St. Patrick's also had a large number while St. Mary's had the largest representation in the procession. With Irish airs by the bands and banners flying, they proceeded along Harrington, St. Paul's, Argyle, Jacob and Brunswick Streets to St. Patrick's where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Daly, with Rev. G. Murphy as deacon, Rev. Father O'Le, subdeacon, Rev. Father Forbes; master of ceremonies, Rev. Fathers Underwood and Daly, deacons of honor; Archbishop O'Brien was present.

Rev. Father McCarthy preached a panegyric on Ireland's patron saint, one of the best heard in years. He delivered a thoughtful address on the life and labors of the Apostle of Ireland, giving an impressive account of the mission of the Apostle to that country. The most important work accomplished by that devoted man and his followers was described, and the high stage of civilization and religious culture attained by the Irish people through the efforts, made that country envied and praised among all the states of Europe. The varied programs of suffering and prosperity presented by different stages of Irish history were dwelt upon, special mention being made of the severe penal laws which had so depressing an effect on the people, the famines by which the unhappy country had on several occasions been visited, and the baleful and obnoxious system of the land laws, which still had their marked and injurious effects upon the well being of the people. He sketched the life of St. Patrick, and asked all to practice the virtues of Ireland's apostle. It was a most brilliant effort and listened to with rapt attention.

The procession afterwards reformed and proceeded through the principal streets to the Drill Shed, where they dispersed after giving cheers for the Queen, Ireland and Nova Scotia.

The Charitable Irish Society dinner was largely attended, and among the guests were Gov. Daly, Gen. Moore, Archbishop O'Brien, Premier Murray, Mayor Stephen, Atty.-Gen. Longley, Rev. Dr. Murray, Rev. Dr. Gordon, Col. Clarke, Col. Colborne, Col. Irvine, and others. The Leinster Band and the Irish pipers were present.

A Notable American Convert.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Another notable convert to the faith has been made in the person of George M. P. Brown, who was formerly a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church and whose conversion is said to be the direct result of a recent mission to non-Catholics held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Fifty-ninth street and Columbia avenue.



It is warm and pretty warm that the woman who is under the microscope of a doctor's eyes, and who is surrounded by a big family, and who has a lot of hands of women whose husbands are only in moderate circumstances have to bear this hardship uncomplainingly. If a woman is in thoroughly good health, it does not come so hard, but when, as is frequently the case, the poor woman is suffering from the pains, nervousness, debility and ill-health that are a result of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, the task is too much.

Under these circumstances, unless the right remedy is used, the poor woman will break down completely and fill an early grave. Over 90,000 women have testified to the marvelous merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of their names, addresses, photographs and experiences have been published by permission in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the woman's burden. It makes them well and strong. It builds up the nervous system. It makes weak, sickly, nervous, fretful women strong, healthy, amiable wives. All medicine dealers sell it.

The Domain of Woman

"Watch ye therefore, any pray, for at an hour ye know not the Son of Man cometh." In the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, besides the application that is usually accepted, there is one that is generally overlooked, the oil of prayer. If prayer is not constantly and almost unceasingly used to fill the lamp of faith, the lamp goes out, or burns but dimly. Constant watching is necessary if we would keep our lamps burning brightly, and preserve our faith from the assaults of the evil one, especially in these days of too great laxity and carelessness. Well enough if we keep our minds and hearts prepared for the coming of the Great King for Whom all Christians worthy of the name are waiting and longing. But is there nothing else that we should do besides watch and pray? If we know that a great prince intended at some time to visit our house and we were uncertain of the time of his coming, should we not be anxious to keep everything neat and clean, to have all our belongings looking their best; should we not polish our silver, and wash our ornaments, and sweep and garnish and decorate in honor of the expected guest? If humiliated we should feel if the noble visitor found everything in disorder, no preparation made for his coming, perhaps no chair for him to sit upon, nothing to show our respect or esteem!

And yet, how often does this happen in Catholic families! They are likely at any moment to be visited by a guest greater than all the kings and princes of the earth, before Whom every knee shall bow, and every heart tremble when he comes in majesty in the glory of the heavens, to gather His elect together and to seat them at the wedding. O, God! how can any of us, sinful, miserable creatures that we are, think of that terrible day without trembling? And yet, that very judge comes almost daily to our houses, comes in love and mercy, and to us, who are so far from His Sacred Body and Blood for His last day appeared before the tribunal of God. What should be our preparations to receive Him? The whitest, finest linen; the costliest lace; silver and gold to wear in His Majesty, before Whom the glory of the angels in darkness. How do we receive Him? Alas! there is but too often little or nothing in our preparations to show that we even remotely consider the greatness of our guest.

The priest, His bearer and ambassador, who would fain give his Divine Master, is distracted by half a dozen small needs and omissions that must be remedied before the sacraments can be duly administered to the plate, perhaps dying, person. When the preparations are at length complete, how small and inadequate they appear; we seem to have put pewter vessels before a guest who is accustomed to silver! God forbid that I should say that any person is understood as degrading the poverty and bareness of the poor; few know better than I what poverty means. The lowliness of the dwelling is nothing to the Saviour Who was Himself the lowliest of men. He who, as He is, is as glad upon the barest of the plate as upon the richly furnished altar in the chamber of the well-to-do; surroundings are nothing to Him, He sees nothing, knows nothing but the soul He has come to save. But is that any reason why we should neglect to make every preparation in our power to do honor to honor to our great Guest? I am sure not one of us thinks so, not one of us but would gladly welcome any means by which we could be always ready, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose. There is such a means, within the reach of all, even of the poor; a set of exquisite beautiful articles in silver plate, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose. There is such a means, within the reach of all, even of the poor; a set of exquisite beautiful articles in silver plate, always prepared for our Prince's coming, with an altar worthy of Him, with a seat wherever He may repose.

Another French Literary Convert.

Another literary Frenchman, M. Edmond Haranquet, is, like M. Coppee and M. Hervey, supposed to be desirous of permanently making peace with the Church. M. Haranquet, who wrote the poetic "Princesse Lointaine" for Sarah Bernhardt, and tried his hand at a new version of the old story of "Don Juan." His recent conversion to the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, in order to compose the concluding portion of his play wherein he shows the libertine tamed by remorse and anxious to save his soul in the quietude of a cloister. The play has, doubtless, a deep religious significance, but it is introduced with "trimmings" only too palpably intended to pander to sensual tastes. M. Haranquet calls his play "Jean de Haranquet," so distinguish it from "Don Juan de Haranquet," a production so meretriciously satirized by "Phalotery in his 'Paris Sketch Book.'"

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Domestic Reading

It has long been a common saying that no woman can be a lady who washes and scrubs. Well, if purpose gives character to a nation (and we all agree that it does), then if it is uncleanly to wash and scrub, it must be much more uncleanly to have clean dishes, clean houses, or clean clothes. O, Prude! what a blind liar you are!

Let all who have a devotion to the Immaculate Conception put themselves in a special way under St. Anne. It was St. Anne who opened, in the secret solemnities of that avowed mystery, the everlasting jubilee of Jesus, and it was within her womb that God granted the first and completest plenary indulgence in the world.—Father Faber.

Even immoral people have an innate respect for real piety; they detest only sham religion. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate show, pretence, selfishness, when they are veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate guinea in piety; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar which should be a sanctuary only for the wretched and the good.

A formal politeness chills the affections and repels those who would naturally be drawn together; so also does an assumed manner which is insincere. The courtesy which ranks so highly, and the lack of which is often deplored, is the natural and graceful expression of a kindly feeling. But it is tender and easily crushed; it is delicate, and must be cherished, and cherished, and the rude storms of life will sweep it away. Let us protect and honor it as it deserves, and it will in its turn protect and preserve for us some of the dearest and best possessions that life has to offer.

Beware of three women—the one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unwelcome trait. As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman "is fit for a woman, stratagems upon that; but for a woman intent on those ten thousand things worse than any man could lay, for Men may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but after all, the prattle every womanly woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew, and, in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife or sweetheart's lips. They may laugh, too, at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength; but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit of gardening. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex, and boldly avow it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- April 7—Maundy Thursday. 8—Good Friday. 9—Holy Saturday. 10—Easter Sunday. 11—S. Guthrie. 12—S. Felix. 13—S. Hermenegild.

The Ontario Educational Association will meet in Toronto on Tuesday, the 12th, for the annual convention, which will continue three days. There are many very important subjects on the agenda paper; but the most important, to our mind, is one by Dr. John A. MacOabe, of Ottawa, on "The Personality of the Teacher Re-appearing in the Pupil." If Dr. MacOabe, with his characteristic thoroughness, goes into the depths of the problem suggested by the title of his paper, he cannot fail to interest every parent in Ontario and every advocate and critic of our public school system.

American exchanges contain lengthy notices of the lectures of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, who is making a tour of the principal cities on the other side, speaking on the present state of American literature. There is no doubt that Dr. O'Hagan's mature views on a subject which is one of considerable pride with the Americans, have completely captured them. The newspapers are all appreciative and the lectures well attended. Twenty-five of the series have already been delivered in the principal cities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Kentucky.

An honest man is the noblest work of God; and all men are jealous of their patent of nobility in this respect. What, then, must be the feelings of honest men in the employment of the Government at Ottawa, after the extraordinary discussion that arose one day last week in the House of Commons over a proposition to bring government employees, or civil servants, under the law as applied to the "common people" for recovery of debts. The sum of the talk flung across the floor of the House represented the civil service as a body of "hills," men, indeed, who must have lost not only the manly virtue of honesty but also the shame of dishonesty; and all in the vain and ridiculous effort to keep up the appearance of "fashion." That is just about what was said. It hits the honest men among them severely; but, after all, the discussion was simply in line with the doctor's act, which exempts government wages from the legal process to which all other wage-earners are liable. Mr. Fitzpatrick went the length of suggesting an "implied contract" between the government and its employees that the latter are, by some time-honored custom, a privileged class. That means privilege in the eye of the law to be dishonest. Without entering at all upon the righteousness of distress and imprisonment for debt, the Ottawa civil servants who are paying their way like men must feel aggrieved by the implication of dishonesty contained in their exemption from the law governing debtors, and, although some of them may deserve it, they ought to feel doubly aggrieved by the character of last week's discussion in the House of Commons.

Mr. Mulock has introduced in the House of Commons a bill to restore postage upon newspapers. No doubt the measure will pass. It abolishes one of many inexcusable phases of government subsidizing of newspapers in Canada. There is no reason why the product of the newspaper presses should be carried free of charge in the mails in preference to the output of the shops and stores. It is said that the "favor" has helped the public to obtain larger supplies of useful knowledge; but this is easily disproved. There is a heavy rate of postage in England; yet English newspapers are larger and cheaper than Canadian publications. Subsidizing the Canadian press has not elevated or improved it. But a still worse form of the house evil, as far as newspapers are

concerned, has been retained in the form of advertising "patronage" for exclusively partisan sheets. There are scores of papers simply living upon government pickings, which means that they are quartered upon the people, just like the gang of charter-mongering capitalists who, in return for campaign funds supplied to a political party, would grab all the undeveloped resources of the country. It is our opinion that if the postage rate affected only the partisan sheets it would not be imposed. It will mean, we are told, a reduction in the rate on letters from 3c. to 2c. That is an indication of how the common people are taxed for the maintenance of partisan fighting forces.

Mr. Mulock should be called upon to give absolutely convincing reasons why the rate of interest on deposits in the Government Savings Banks to be reduced, as he proposes. The Post office Savings Bank deposits represent the thrift of the working people; and the more that is encouraged, and the more the amount of those deposits increases, the safer stands the credit of the country and the stability of social order in the state. This is a very important matter, and is most important in Canada for various reasons. There is little in the manner of living adopted by the great majority of our people to promote the virtue of national thriftiness. The general run of clerks and business men live up to their last dollar, and carry all the "style" that that dollar can purchase, if they do not go head over ears in debt. Canadians catch this vanity from their American neighbors. The Canadian workman who is putting by a little money for old age or the advancement of his children, deserves every encouragement on account of the peculiar difficulties he has to contend against. There is much reason to fear that the threatened intentions of the Postmaster General will have a bad effect. There are a hundred and one ways in which the Government can save more money than it will raise off by contracting the rate of interest allowed upon the deposits in the Post-office Savings Bank of the money of the industrious working class. Mr. Mulock should be given a hot half hour when he brings his proposition into the House.

Generally speaking the newspapers are pretty reliable. There is no reason why they should not be so. A trained reporter is a trained listener, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is an impartial recorder. It may happen in rare instances that he is entirely ignorant of the subject of the lecture, speech, or discussion which it is his business to report. But even in that case his trained intelligence helps him to pick out all, or nearly all, of the interesting statements of the speaker or speakers. Newspapers are sometimes in the habit of taking reports from amateurs, and much of the inaccuracy to be complained of happens in that way. The amateur is occasionally known to bring a motive to bear upon the opportunity given him by the paper. Last week we made a reference to a report of a lecture by Prof. Clark, where there was no room to imagine anything like a motive for misrepresentation, even if the report was the work of an amateur. Our criticism has brought out more than one contradiction of the newspaper report; but it is not strange that the report itself would otherwise not have been corrected at all? We are quite confident that every intelligent Catholic who read it formed, at once, an opinion unfavorable to Prof. Clark, although he has been regarded always as a liberal-minded and cultivated Christian gentleman. It seems odd enough that a sharp criticism should secure the contradiction, when the harm had all been done by the report upon which the criticism was alone based.

We are assured that Prof. Clark in his lecture did not speak of "Romanism," or the "decline of Romanism." If he, himself, did not read The Mail and Empire, the extraordinary misrepresentation of his words could not have escaped the notice of all his friends and admirers who heard the lecture. But if he, or they, read they did not take the trouble to correct. A critic comes along and declares that such phraseology in the mouth of Prof. Clark would stamp him a vulgar speaker. Then they see the effect of the incorrect report. Immediately more than one contradiction is forthcoming. We hardly need the reminder that Prof. Clark is not in the way of speaking disrespectfully of the Roman Catholic Church—we like to use both the titles, to proclaim the central as well as the universal sphere of the One Apostolic Church. Our correspondent continues: "Prof. Clark did not speak of 'William the Silent' as an opponent of the Roman Catholic or any other Church, but specially as contending for religious liberty." However, it would further appear that "William the Silent" is beside the question altogether, as the lecture was simply on "History and Literature." The Mail and Empire must be suffering from some strange delusion. It is clearly haunted by "William the

Silent," and declines to keep silent about him. On Monday last it was at it again, declaring for the second time that Prof. Clark lectured on "William the Silent." The World gives a totally different account of the lecture from its title to its conclusion, so that we are driven to sympathize with Prof. Clark, who seems to be the victim of a persistent, practical joker. For ourselves we cannot think that we have not done Prof. Clark a genuine service. It is not possible to question and verify everything in the newspapers before making comment upon some point affecting public or religious sentiment.

A note, which we take to express Prof. Clark's conviction, informs us that he is in agreement with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, whose declarations in favor of a Catholic University for Ireland were quoted in THE REGISTER last week. This is only what we would expect. If a man believes in higher education for the betterment of the world, how can he advocate the application of it upon lines involving religious exclusion? At most the entire Anglican episcopal bench gives public support to the demand of the majority of the people of Ireland for just treatment in the matter of university education. We can conceive of no reason why professors of Trinity College, Toronto, being posted on the question—as Prof. Clark with his old country experience, no doubt, is—should hold different views. Nor is there any reason why, holding those views, they should not give public expression to them. If Prof. Clark would give a lecture on the history of university education in Great Britain and Ireland, we have not the slightest doubt that it would be duly appreciated by the public and would improve local public opinion touching an important question of the day—the just demand of the Catholics of Ireland for the establishment of a university that would be Catholic in the sense that Trinity College, Dublin, is admitted by its own professors to be Protestant.

French and Irish in Canada.

Several correspondents have written to the editor with regard to the recent attack of Israel Tarte's paper, La Patrie, upon the Irish clergy and people, to which reference was made in last week's REGISTER. The general opinion seems to be against dropping the incident, and in favor of war against the Tartes. It might, perhaps, serve a useful public purpose to take a hand in what The Globe is fond of styling the "persecution of Mr. Tarte"; but even if we had the time and the available space for pursuing in our columns the record of the Minister of Public Works, we would still consider the occupation beneath us. The issue raised by Mr. Tarte's paper cannot be said to have any merits. Mr. H. J. Oloran, of Montreal, in his reply to La Patrie, hit the nail upon the head when he said that the statements made in that paper "reveal a latent power of race prejudice, which is simply astounding, and if nursed in any degree would certainly prove most injurious to the best interests of a mixed community, such as ours." Mr. Oloran is quite of our mind when he goes on to say: "I should, however, fail to notice the cruel injustice and calumny exhibited in this outburst if it were not that it is the editorial utterance of a newspaper which passes for the official mouthpiece of the Liberal party in the Dominion of Canada."

We can quite understand Mr. Oloran reacting with pride the past relations of Ireland and France. But Ireland and France of the present time are on a somewhat different footing. Although the present Irish colony in Paris—composed as it is of Irishmen born as well as the descendants of the old exiles of the days when France gave an asylum to the hunted Gael—is numerous, influential and patriotic in the highest sense of the word, nevertheless Ireland as she now stands before the world is not the Ireland of 100 or 150 years ago. Granted the strength of the mutual ties between France and Ireland, retained (and greatly strengthened of late) by societies in Paris like the "Franco-Irish Committee," the "Association Artistique et Littéraire de St. Patrice," by the Irish College and by the social power of contemporary celebrities of the French Republic of Irish descent, who are held in the highest respect by the French nation. Such fraternal links between France and Ireland can never be broken. But the moral strength and growing power of the Irish race outside the British islands is no longer prominently associated with the Irish colony of France, great as it is, or with the

sister colonies in Austria and Spain. The hope of Ireland depends on the sea divided Gaels of the British colonial empire and the United States of America. We do not criticize the institutions of government in continental Europe, but we believe that the advancement of true democracy is essentially the work of the British colonial empire and the American republic. No one questions—because the proof is before all men's eyes—how great is the influence of the Irish race in this movement. Therefore, although Irishmen love and respect the noble French nation, their national relations have permanently been altered by the progress of events, and by the modern direction of political thought. But the newspaper-writer in Canada who pretends to say that this evolution has awakened enmity between the Irish and the French, or, as La Patrie puts it, made the Irish in religion and politics the worst enemies of the French, does not know what he is talking about. Mr. Oloran is right in putting it down to malice, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as reported in the press, is right in endorsing Mr. Oloran's words.

The Pope's Influence for Peace.

It must depend upon the American people whether they are to be spared the misery of a war with Spain by the good offices of Leo XIII. The victory might be but a question of time with the Americans; yet it would be a miserable war even for the victors, no matter how long or short the duration of hostilities. There is only one opinion held concerning the nature of the Pope's intervention. It is, or ought to be, entirely satisfactory to two nations who cannot be suspected of any reckless wish to engage in war, and between whom European courts cannot with good grace come in. The Spanish Government openly hails the action of the Holy Father with pleasure, and the whole world believes that President McKinley and his Cabinet are honestly solicitous for peace. Formerly people used to complain that when kings fell out they called upon their subjects to do the fighting, instead of going into the ring themselves. Not all wars are the work of kings; but as a general rule when the people of a nation force on the fighting they are moved by a high and generous sentiment. That is the case with the people of the United States. They have been led to believe that Spanish rule in Cuba is bloody tyranny, and they want to see the Cubans free. They, or the Senators and Congressmen who speak for them, think they cannot trust Spanish promises to give the Cubans as free a government as England has bestowed upon her colonies. The intervention of Pope Leo should relieve them from the necessity of having to trust in Spain. There is no man living who is a more devoted lover of liberty—of true democratic liberty—than the great Pontiff who now sits in the chair of Peter; and there is no nation in the world where this truth ought to be more widely known than the United States. If time for thought and an honest effort to arrange a permanent peace is now allowed, the American people will not be placing their trust in Spain but in Leo XIII. This is the aspect of the Pope's mediation that should recommend it in the United States. This is the advantage the Holy Father possesses over any sovereign among the European courts.

John Redmond's Hopes for Ireland.

Mr. John Redmond has an article in the April number of The North American Review, on "Ireland Since '96," which is dignified by the clear presentation of a great mass of telling facts. After stating that "the immediate result of the insurrection, as it had been the undoubted object of its real authors, was the union of 1800," he quotes the declaration of Charles Kandal Bubs, afterwards Chief Justice of Ireland, that the union was "the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation for an intolerance of her prosperity." The greater part of Mr. Redmond's article is taken up with showing that the intolerance by which the union was carried worked its purpose to the full. The political, social and financial importance of the country was destroyed, and Ireland was effectually barred from participating in the progress of Europe. The adverse conditions imposed upon her held her back, whilst

England, Belgium, France and Norway marched onward. But in spite of every adversity there has been some little progress, corresponding with the slow way that has been made politically by reason of the sacrifices and labors of the men of '48, '65, '67 and contemporary statesmen. Mr. Redmond thinks there is no room for despair; and certainly if his own later policy remained in line with his faith in the triumph of his country's cause, the reasons upon which his confidence rests would appear brighter and more immediate than they actually look. One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Redmond's article treats of the century's struggle for religious equality. Catholics were promised emancipation under the union, but the promise was deliberately broken by its authors. "They not merely neglected to effect emancipation, but they actively opposed it. Nor did their successors change their tactics till the very last, when the fear of civil war, as the Duke of Wellington himself admitted, compelled them to do so."

A Guardian of Its Own Follies.

The Christian Guardian makes what we are bound to declare an unfair reference to our answer to its yarn about the alleged Mexican "Raffis for Soule." It professes to find the reply too long, and quotes it in such a way as to nullify the force of what we said. Our object in replying to The Guardian was to reach its readers. We expected that it would in due course tell the Methodists of Canada that there is no such place in Mexico as the city in which the "Raffis" was declared to have taken place. There is plenty of reason to suppose that the mis-spelling of the name was not an accident. We also expected The Guardian to credit us with having said that the language of the notice alleged to have been read out publicly in church was plainly satirical and malicious. Both these points have been carefully suppressed. What are we to think of The Guardian?

Is War Inevitable?

The latest news from Washington forecasts the temper of President McKinley's message, in terms that would admit of little hope for the preservation of peace, unless by a complete submission on the part of Spain to the will of the American Republic. It is scarcely to be expected that the Spanish Government can tacitly admit the right of the United States to banish its power incontinently from the Cuban colony. If, as is reported, the policy of President McKinley favors armed intervention, it means that Spain will be put in a corner from which escape is quite incompatible with dignity. This is too bad an example for a democracy like America to give mankind. The American people should be the friends of peaceful arbitration. They see Spain willing to give way as far as possible, willing to submit the whole question to the Cuban people themselves, or to an international commission. Naturally enough the Americans can have little knowledge of kings and courts, and their sentiments might meet with scant sympathy indeed from any European ruler available as a mediator. But they have no reason whatever of that kind for distrusting Pope Leo. The policy of Spain all along has made it evident to the world that the Cubans may be made a free people without further resort to arms. The moral power of America is sufficient to free them; and it is the duty of America to score a moral rather than a savage victory under all the circumstances.

China in Evil Flight.

According to the statement made in the House of Commons on Tuesday evening by Mr. A. J. Balfour, England has quite abandoned her notion of preserving the territorial integrity of China, and is now trying to pick up lost time by making grab for grab with Russia and Germany upon the property and belongings of the Celestial empire. Mr. Balfour, with tears in his voice, said that England had tried to persuade Russia of the iniquity of robbing the poor Chinaman without excuse or provocation; but Russia could not be made to see any wickedness in it, seizing upon Port Arthur, the maritime approach to Peking, and practically placing the brand of the Bear upon the entire division of Manchuria. "Thereupon," said Mr. Balfour, "we secured Wei Hai-Wei to balance matters." It is to be hoped

that the charming consistency of this transaction will not be lost upon the abandoned believers in Confucius. If their effeminacy never taught them that two wrongs make a right, the example of Christian England will at last strengthen their understanding. The morality of the case is as simple as A B C. Suppose you should find a robber throttling an old man by the way-side, and pulling away his wallet, and you should waste quite a sermon on honesty upon the footpad, what would then be the next thing for you, as a Christian defender of right, to do for the relief of that unfortunate old man? Why, go through his pockets, of course, after the robber had taken himself away! This is exactly the sort of "relief" which England has afforded to China. And the end is not yet. The Celestial is still in the way of two or three more representatives of European justice. France will come along in a little while, and, finding China's wallet and loose change gone, will strip off the yellow jacket; then Italy will further relieve the distressed Tartar of his red shirt, and probably Austria will skin him for his hide and tallow. Certainly; because according to Mr. Balfour's convincing argument it is absolutely essential that things must be balanced somehow.

New Books.

We have just received from the publishers a copy of Walter Lusk's latest work, "Pere Monnier's Ward," a novel. The plot of this tale takes one into three changes of scene. We have the quiet life of Pere Monnier's presbytery among the Adirondacks. We are introduced to the glens of the North of Ireland, and again made acquainted with the scenes of street life in New York, and the schemes of the ward politicians. The part of the book which has the greatest charm for the reader is that which describes the simple and beautiful life of the venerable Pere. A certain spell of holiness and peace hangs over the old presbytery which one is unwilling to shake off, and the swift transition to street jargon upon the nerves. The writer had surely some oft-regarded scene before his vision when he wrote: "The house and church were surrounded with trees; the lordly pine that winter could not rob of his fiery; the common but lovely maple; the deep blushing mountain ash; and here and there the laughing lilacs vying with one another which should be most lavish of loveliness. Birds had here found a restful nook, and returned each year, the swallow to the eaves, the robin to fill the maples with song; the pale yellow bird to taunt with his wailing notes, the blue jay with his lay with the harmony of the woods."

The best work of the author is found in the picturing of this quiet nook—in the character of the lovable Pere Monnier—and the skillful touches with which he gives us Napoleon the "man of all work" about the house; Anna, the talkative but motherly old house-keeper; and Genevieve, the pretty little ward of the Pere, who afterwards comes so near to breaking his heart by her willfulness. To appreciate this the reader should see the book itself. We are tempted to believe that in his sketch of the Pere and of his quiet home the writer was unconsciously giving us a new picture of himself and of his own home, as embodied in the swelling Adirondacks. The reader will be glad to meet in this book some old acquaintances in the persons of Cagy and the inimitable Billy Buttons.

In his change of scene to Ireland the author is evidently not at home, and not knowing well whereof he speaks, the picture we get of the old land is neither well-painted nor attractive. Indeed the question rises in one's mind, why should we get at all this long digression to Ireland, giving the whole history of a man who has nothing whatever to do with the thread of the story, except that he happens to be father to the villain of the plot. Of course the sketch we get of Fortune Bunsie gives the author a chance to hit very hard at the Irish-American ward politicians, and the bosses who while yet obscure, and needy are extravagantly Irish in their ideas to catch the popular vote; but when they rise above the need of it, suddenly they turn their backs on their deluded followers, affect style and Anglomania, and looking to their family records, suddenly discover themselves to be Scotch-Irish, and not of mere Irish extraction after all.

The picture we get of Irish-American politicians is by no means flattering to them, and we hope for their sakes it is a little bit exaggerated. On the whole, we prefer Walter Lusk's in his short "Adirondack Sketches," to Walter Lusk in all the glory of a thirteen-chapter novel. He is evidently an amateur at this last and hasn't enough genius in detail to compensate for a rather commonplace plot, not over-skillfully handled. However, it will do anybody good to make the acquaintance of Pere Monnier. The author is to be congratulated on his push and energy, and his efforts have been successfully seconded by





Chats with the children

A QUER LITTLE COBBLER. Sat stitching and stitching the whole live-long day. "It is very hard work, but no matter," quoth he:

THE HAND OF MERCY.

I am sure all the cousins are fond of animals, and that they are always kind to them. Who does not love a cute little puppy, with his loving, wheedling ways, his fondness for romps, and his queer habit of getting scared at nothing, just for all the world like a baby afraid of the dark.

And a soft, fluffy little kitten, tearing around after spoons of cotton, dancing up the legs of the table with her paws turned them, running after her tail; or cuddling up on her little master or mistress's shoulder, purring her pleasure and delight at the warmth and caresses; is there any little boy or girl who has never had such a pet, or who would be cruel or neglectful to either?

I hope no many. Certainly none of the cousins would be cruel to their pets. I am sure, or ill treat the tiny, helpless little beings who are so sensitive to pain, and so loving and grateful in return for kindness.

But there are, I am sorry to say, very many grown up people who are cruel to animals. They do not care how much pain they inflict upon the poor dumb creatures who cannot retaliate upon their persecutors.

Now I do not want any of my little cousins to grow up like that, selfish and thoughtless men and women, who cannot see anything beautiful or lovable in God's dumb creatures, whom He has given to us to help us in doing our work, and to make the world happy and joyous, and whom He intends us to treat kindly and mercifully.

Those who wish to be enrolled must send me their names and addresses, together with five cents in stamps for a badge. The badge is very pretty, and makes a nice brooch or buttonhole ornament. It should be worn to school and all enquiries about it answered by explaining it smearing, you will thus get others to join.

The members residing in Toronto will have the chance of competing for a handsome silver medal every year, and those living in other towns will have a competition for a beautiful book; either "Black Beauty," or "Beautiful Joe" whichever they choose.

Hurry up, cousins, and send your names in, the more names we have the sooner we can start these competitions. You are not obliged to send for a badge but if you wear one you can get your schoolmates to join, and I will give a story book to every boy or girl who sends me ten new names.

I hope the teachers will help by explaining to those of their pupils who may not have seen this. The competition for the silver medal will result in a sum of money for the church in the parish of which the successful competitor resides. Members need not necessarily be subscribers to the "Register," all information will be sent to the various school teachers who can inform their pupils of what is going on. The first girl or boy who sends his or her name for enrolment, and for a badge, will receive a handsome jewelled card for their prayer-book.

OUR CAT. Many years ago, while residing at the "North End," Boston, I was the possessor of a cat, which my brother, who was prevailed upon me to give him, and just before sailing passed was taken on board of the vessel then lying at one of the wharves not far away. Several weeks elapsed, when one day that cat appeared on our kitchen

wind-sill, and upon being admitted gave many evidences of joy at being once again at home. My first thought was that my brother had arrived with his brig, and puffy, recognising the old land marks, had found her way back to us, but a diligent search along the wharves failed to discover any signs of the vessel, and it was not till several weeks had passed that I heard of her arrival at Portland, Maine.

Upon interviewing my brother in regard to the cat he informed me that he lost her while in Havana, and was much surprised to learn that she had returned to Boston. But the mystery seemed to be explained by his recollection that there was a Boston bound vessel lying near by, in which puss had probably taken passage. O. G. D. in Our Dumb Animals.

AN ARABIAN PROVERB. He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He that knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him. He that knows, and knows that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He that knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him.

PUZZLES. WORD REBUS. Death takes the puzzle. ACROSTIC. A country we all love; a city in the same; another city; what this puzzle will be if you don't find it out; another city; a city; something you do not know; a city. Initials read downwards give the name of a famous old voyager.

DECAPITATION. Decapitate to decapitate and leave a legal agreement, decapitate again and leave comfort.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, March 24th.

ANIMETHEMATICAL PUZZLE. The labyrinth put two guests in room No. 1; then she put guest 8 in room 2; guest 4 in room 3; guest 5 in room 4; guest 6 in room 6; guest 7 in room 8; guest 9 in room 9; guest 11 in room 10; guest 12 in room 11; then she went back to room 1 and fetched guest 18 and put him in the last room, so she accommodated 18 guests in 12 rooms, each with a separate room.

PUZZLE. Catholic Register. CONUNDRUMS.

1. A Donkey, because it would always come in 96 feet ahead.

MARKS. One cousin who sent four correct answers gave no name and address, so they could not be registered.

Lotie Omsom 2; Florence McCarthy 3; Marina McGuffey 5; Jennie O'Malley 8; Mary G. Murphy 1; J. A. Doyle 2; (I will look through your letters and make it right) S. J. Murphy 8; T. Boland 2.

Another letter from the cousin who gives no name; I cannot record these marks.

What has become of the boys? They will be left behind if they don't look out.

Oakley and Wife Become Catholics.

On Friday, the feast of the Annunciation, ex-Mayor and Mrs. A. Oakley Hall of New York, were formally received into the Church, in the church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Columbus avenue, by Rev. Father George M. Searle.

The Church in South Africa. The development of the Catholic Church in South Africa proceeds steadily. In the Natal Vicariate, which is under the jurisdiction of the Right Rev. Bishop Gilbert, O.M.L., there are as many as thirty convents—sixteen of Trappistine nuns, four of Augustinian nuns, three of Holy Cross nuns, two of Dominican Sisters one of Sisters of Nazareth, and one of "Daughters of Jesus." The work done in these convents is invaluable.

A DINNER PILG. Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a hearty nutriment becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Farnese's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Pol Plancon and Others

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

[The following article was written a couple of weeks ago.—Ed. C. K.]

In high spirits, despite the dark clouds above and the damp sidewalks below and the wet weather everywhere, we sallied out for the Armories. Were we not about to hear the great Plancon, the world's great basso, and would that not be recompense sufficient for any number of moon-veniences arising from the ill-humor of Pluvius? The unstable god of the upper regions? So on we hurried until the lighted windows of the Armories looked in sight. Here we found the square bordered with carriages, each depositing its burden of the fair and the brave. Around the door, only one side of which was open to admit the eager waiting throng, was crowded a mass of people pushing and jostling each other in their eagerness to enter, though why they should push and jostle was a mystery, when, as one man was heard to remark, each had his ticket, and his seat reserved. However, by degrees, the anxiety was rewarded, and each entered the charmed precincts. Entering the bare hall, where our tickets were hurriedly checked, we removed our wraps, and found ourselves still out off from the main hall by dark curtains which confronted us gloomily; these were raised and the crowd surged through. Seats were found, in many cases amidst great confusion, and we could now look about at our leisure; our Meosa was gained at last.

And what was the scene on which our eyes rested? We found ourselves in a vast barrack-like edifice, the red brick walls of which stretched straightly and barely before us. At regular intervals, and in regular rows, were lines of doors below and lines of semi-circular windows above, with a line of openings, looking like small port-holes in the side of a ship, between. Over each door, with mechanical precision, was the motto "Grenadier K" or "31 blander J," the whole being very suggestive of the different quarters in which the accommodations, and perhaps the character, of the above-named bodies are lodged. Above the electric lights shone white and glisty, and chill blasts from the many open doors were rioting everywhere. Row after row of plain wooden chairs ranged on the plain brick floor were taking up their tone from our environment the mercury perceptibly fell, and one almost shivered. However, remembering the treat that was sure to come, we braced up and tried to see the bright side; to find the oasis in the desert. We found it, right in the centre of the longest side of the building, and right before where we fortuitously found our seats was the platform, flanked by velvet hangings, crossed here and there with the Union Jack, and garnished round the balcony with a pattern in red and white. Opposite to this, but behind us, was what, I suppose, we may call the Government box, since Sir George and Lady Fitzpatrick were in it, and this also had a valence of red, white and blue adorning it. These were the only bright spots, but we made the most of them.

Having attended other functions, held under military auspices, in other lands, the glamour of which was not yet dead, we had raised up visions of similar glories here. We remembered two walls draped from ceiling to floor with soft hangings of bright and varied hue, the large stately stair with carves of gold improvised for the occasion for the bright bayonet; we saw the striking background for these formed from the luxuriant palmetto and other tropical foliage, and we saw in fancy the military coat of scarlet with facings of blue and epaulettes of gold, whose owners moving midst the more somberly attired civilians, brightened the scene everywhere. We heard the musical crash of the martial band, as the deep-throated brass instruments gave forth their tones, and all and everywhere was pleasurable excitement. But here all this was lacking. We had forgotten that we were no longer in a tropical climate, but rather guests of "Our Lady of the Snows;" and we had forgotten also that the dark green uniform of the Queen's Own through neat and smart, falls to carry with it the decorous and gallant air of the coat of red. While disillusioning ourselves, the crowd was gradually being seated. And what a motley scene! Men with overcoat and hat on away off in the galleries; men with overcoat and hat off in the more sacred seats in front of the stage; women with all kinds of head gear, and women without any save nature's adornment arranged in most becoming or grotesque fashion; women with handsome costly silks sweeping the dusty brick floors, and subsiding into the cheap wooden chairs, drawing their wraps, beautiful or otherwise

over their bare shoulders and covering with them the dainty bodies and flowers that took so long in the arranging. But appearances had to be sacrificed at the demand of the obliquely presiding deity, and even the men in many instances re-donned overcoats and sometimes re-donned hats.

After much confusion in finding seats the audience was at length placed, not however, before the performance had begun, for when the first chords of the nocturne—Chopin—were struck, the crowd was still surging down the aisles. We heard little intermittent tinklings and purrlings from the piano, saw the musician rise, bow and disappear, and the first man was over. Next, a tall, graceful lady, Madame d'Alvigny, appeared on the platform looking very lonely amidst the surrounding void. "Though she must have felt cold, she rose to the occasion and sang in a warm sympathetic voice, between a contralto and mezzo-soprano, two songs, "Les Deux Speck of Me" and "Le Adieu." The artist was applauded and recalled, though not rapturously. The audience were not yet in the proper receptive temperament. A violin solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise," by Hausen, was then given by M. Ernest du Dumaime. This was the first thing that brought that "silence deep as death," which proclaims that the performer commands his hearers. This was beautiful. We know nothing of technique, but we know that the brilliant runs and delicate flutings, like the piping of little birds, gave great pleasure and the clever player had to give another exhibition of his skill. After this came the star, the expected one, Plancon—the only Plancon—stood before us. And what did we see? A man of massive physique and grand proportions confronted us. We remembered reading somewhere that this man had a shaggy head, and we therefore looked for the long locks, and what is generally recognized as the poetic appearance; but no, nothing loose or shaggy here. Massive is the word that describes him. Massive head, massive chest, and when we had heard him sing, we added massive voice. In evening dress, with vast expanse of white vest and lavender kid gloves the great Frenchman appeared smiling and bowing before us.

"One of Delmonico's waiters," murmured the cynical one at my side. Blushing at this irreverence I again turned my attention to the stage. The great voice had begun to pour forth its tones, and like a mighty diode or prayer for pardon, rolled out Gounod's song, "La Valon." We knew not what the words were, all the school French of the united party—and we thought we had quite a stock—failed to enlighten us. Nevertheless, we knew it was grand and sublime. This was followed by "Complet de Vulcan," and in response to a grand recall, the master gave "The Palms." This was a great favorite, and as one of our party tersely explained, "The palms? Oh, you know; it tells all about Palm Sunday." So we heard the sublime music and imagined the hosannas and benedictions. When the applause which followed this had subsided, Miss Beverly Robinson, with Mrs. Blunt at the piano, and a soldiered as trumpet, gave the military hymn, "The Soldier Boy of England." We never heard Miss Robinson sing better. She sang with spirit and clear enunciation and her upper notes especially were very musical. In response to a decided encore she gave the beautiful and ever-popular "Killarney."

In the second part of the programme M. Ernest du Dumaime and Madame d'Alvigny gained fresh laurels, while Mr. Hubert de Blanck won the first part. In his Rhapsodie No. 2, from Liszt, he drew from the piano great chords, bell-like chimes and wonderful chasing of notes in a frantic race. He was enthusiastically recalled. Miss Frances World, evidently a great favorite, gave in a full, rich soprano voice, two songs for which she received a recall and a handsome bouquet of roses.

Twice in this part the great basso appeared. In "Le Voyageur" and "Complet Baechique" his great runs and wonderful trills were a revelation, and here, how we wished we were French if only for a night. Away amongst the crowd we saw Monsieur our own singer, with face illumined and hands clapping high above his head like a pleased child, and we knew that he understood and we envied him. Did you catch any of the words? I asked one at my side. I thought he said something about la bonne sour, did you hear that? "I did not hear that at all" was the answer I received with emphasis on the "that." We hated to think we had been deceived, and yet how account for this diversity of opinion; it would be heresy to think the enunciation of the great singer at fault, so we therefore attributed the misunderstanding to the acoustic properties of the building, though to do them justice they are said to be very good.

But it was in the great finish, when Plancon in "Les Deux Grenadiers" gave "La Marsillaise," that we were repaid in full. What the great singer had an attitude bespeaking every noble emotion that can inspire the patriot, with hand raised at the last in great, grand dramatic climax, and with the most glorious of voices sang this national song, then this great magnificence appeared at its fullest, and audience

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# The Girl He Left Behind Him

The good ship Tamar was bearing up Channel before a brisk south-wester wind. The passengers were gathered on deck, conversing in little groups, as they gazed watching the green English shores, lying bright and still in the afternoon light. But one stood apart from the rest, leaning over the stern taffrail, gazing with fixed eyes and thoughtful face. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, of somewhat spare build, with an ample brown beard, and bronze-tanned cheek. A near scrutiny would have revealed something of sadness in his eyes at the moment, as though the prospect of again setting foot on his native land, from which he had been absent for many years, was not wholly one of pleasure. It was not only the green English shores that he saw as he gazed from the vessel's deck; all day, ever since the ship had passed Plymouth, a vision, and more a thought, of the memories which the thought of that town brought back, had been floating before his eyes. He saw a cottage on the outskirts of the town, with a garden sloping to the sea. In the soft twilight of the June day, two figures, a youth and a girl, stood in the garden beneath the lime-trees. They were bidding each other farewell with many protestations of undying love and constancy, spoken from the heart in the case of both. Circumstances were sending the youth from his home to try his fortune in a far-away land. But he would return, and take the girl, his accepted wife, back with him, and accept of her as she would contentedly, assured of the strength of his constancy and her affection. He had gone away, and—well, events had not turned out quite as the youth and the girl had intended. George Herder had then looked forward to returning to England with something different feelings from those which he was at present experiencing. Instead of thoughts of wedding-bells, he was coming back with no deeper sentiment in his heart than a desire to see once more the friends and home of his childhood before finally settling in the country of his adoption. Where he had found his younger days, he thought, than any that now existed for him in the land of his birth. And yet a dimness gathered in his eyes as the past came back upon him, and his memories were neither gloomy nor misanthropic. On the afternoon of the following day the Tamar dropped anchor off Gravesend. Most of the unmarried men on board went on shore at once, and amongst them George Herder. On reaching London, he took a cab, and gave the man the address to drive to. He was set down in Hereford road, Baywater, at a house in a terrace. He gave the servant who opened the door his name, and following the maid, he entered the room into which she showed him. As he did so, a man rose from the table at which he was seated, glanced for a moment at the stranger, and then came quickly forward and grasped him by both hands.

"George, old man, it is you. Welcome back to England. But I can't tell how I feel at seeing you again, old fellow!"

"Did you get my telegram?" asked Herder.

"Yes, I got it. I have been talking to my landlady, and she can let you have a bedroom here, if you like, and we can share this room in common. The arrangement is just what you need for the present, at any rate. What do you say?"

"It will do capitally," answered Herder. "It will be convenient our being together, for I have much to say to each other. I'll need to be piloted about London, too; I've forgotten my way greatly, and I find many of the places changed."

"I thought of that too. I'm not very busy just now, so we can have a good deal of time together. I shall be free every afternoon by four o'clock."

Fred Hammond held a position of some responsibility in the Civil Service. Next day, George Herder's time was chiefly occupied in looking up the few friends in London with whom he had kept up an acquaintance by correspondence. Hammond and he had finished dinner in their lodgings, and had produced their pipes, when the former said: "I've got an engagement for this evening, which it's too late now to think of getting off. Some very good friends of mine, who live in a square close by, have a sort of musical party and conversation. I am on quite such terms with them as to be able to use the freedom of taking you with me, if you care to go. I can't promise that you will be greatly interested among a lot of people who are strangers to you; but we need only stay an hour or so; and you will be less dull than staying here by yourself. However, if you don't feel inclined for it, you must try and find something to amuse you until I come back, and I'll get away as soon as possible. There are two or three of this month's magazines on the table yonder."

"I don't mind going with you for a short time, if you can use the liberty of introducing me to your friends," said Herder.

"All right, then; we will finish our pipes, and it will then be about time to fix ourselves."

Mrs. Norcott entertained a sufficient number of guests that evening to fill her drawing-rooms comfortably with-

out crowding. Music, conversation, and cards for the more elderly of the company formed the staple of the evening's amusements. The host and hostess received Herder with agreeable geniality; but as the people about him were all entire strangers, it could hardly be otherwise than that George should every now and then feel somewhat at a loss with to do with himself. He had exchanged a few commonplace with an old Indian officer to whom he had been introduced, and was standing in a corner of the room gazing rather aimlessly about him, when Hammond came up to him and said: "I'm afraid this isn't very lively for you, but I think we need not stay any longer. I've explained matters to Mrs. Norcott. I just want you to hear this lady, and then we'll go. She is one of the best amateur pianoforte-players I know, and I always consider it a treat to hear her. You remember the name of music; I think you'll like this."

The piano stood at the opposite end of the room. While Hammond was speaking, a lady seated herself at it and began playing. As Herder looked at her he started so evidently, that it did not escape his companion's notice. Was it possible that he knew that face and figure? The lady was middle-aged, of rather small and slight figure, with a face not regularly moulded, but soft, refined, and expressive; brown hair, with a ripple in it, and brown eyes. The face has lost the rounded curves of girlhood, and all the color has somewhat faded; and there were not wanting lines upon the brow; but surely George could not be mistaken. The light from a bracket above the piano fell upon the player, and revealed her face and figure in clear outline. She played an arrangement of Irish melodies, old and familiar airs of all them, but so delicately and sympathetically played, that the whole room was hushed to listen. Conversation ceased for the time; and several of the card-players from the adjoining room, abandoning their game, came forward and stood at the door while the music continued. It was evident that the girl could perform; and she was well known to the company. Herder listened with rapt ears. The music was stirring old memories in his heart, reviving them with a strange power. If anything had been needed to confirm him in the recognition of the performer, the music she had happened to choose would have done so. Were not some of these airs once his chief favourites, airs that used to haunt him for days together, and that still came back upon him now and then? The music ceased; a murmur of applause went through the room, and the performer rose and left the piano.

"That was played admirably," observed Herder to his companion, "with an effort to appear calmer than he really felt."

"Ah! I thought you would like her," answered Hammond. "The music is simple enough; but whatever Mrs. Vallance plays is played in a way you don't often meet with."

"Vallance! Are you sure that is the name?" asked George, and the disappointment in his voice was evident.

"Perfectly," replied Hammond a little surprised, "I know her very well. Why do you doubt it?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence. I was in a mistake; but it's very strange. The last part of Herder's sentence was spoken in an absent, half-musing way, as though the speaker had grown suddenly unconscious of his companion's presence.

"What is strange?" said Hammond.

"You seem greatly interested in Mrs. Vallance, George. What is the mystery?"

"Have you known Mrs. Vallance long, Fred?"

"Yes, and I have the pleasure of knowing her very intimately. There is somewhat of a little history connected with her."

"Is there? Would you mind telling it to me, if it is not a private matter?"

"Certainly, if you wish; it is no secret. But we can't talk here. Let us find Mrs. Norcott, and make our adieu."

"I can tell you what I know of Mrs. Vallance," began Hammond, and the two men had reached their lodgings, and were again seated, each in an easy-chair, at the open window, for it was summer-time, "in a few sentences, for it is after all a simple enough story. When Mrs. Vallance was a girl of twenty, she was engaged at Plymouth, where she resided, to a young fellow a few years older than herself. Unfortunately, however, he had not the wherewithal to keep a wife, and with the hope of increasing his worldly circumstances more rapidly, he resolved to emigrate to Australia. He was to return in a short time and take the girl out with him. In Australia he started sheep farming, I believe; but his success was by no means so rapid as he had hoped for. Years passed on, and still there seemed no prospect of his being soon able to return to England. At last the girl received a letter in which her affianced lover—whose name I never happened to hear—stated that he could not possibly say when he would be in a position to fulfil his promise

to her. Under these circumstances, he could not ask her to wait any longer for him; and he therefore released her from her engagement. Well, the girl was sad, and depressed enough for a while, they say, but by-and-by she seemed to get over it. About this time, Mr. Vallance, an old friend of the father's, came a good deal about the house, and it was soon evident that he was attracted by the daughter. Mr. Vallance was a partner in a long-established mercantile house in London, and was reputed to be rich. He was a kind-hearted and estimable man in many ways. The parents looked favorably upon his suit, and when he proposed for the daughter's hand, she accepted him. They were married. Mr. Vallance took a handsome house in London, and made a kind husband and a generous son-in-law. But this prosperous condition of things did not last long. In little more than two years after his marriage, the house to which Vallance belonged, to the astonishment of the mercantile world, stopped payment. The affair made a considerable talk in the city at the time. Nobody seemed to have anticipated the firm's failure, and I don't think Mr. Vallance could have had any thought of the possibility of such a change in his circumstances when he married his wife, from the way he took the matter to heart. He never recovered from the shock, and in a year after the firm had suspended payment he died. His widow was left almost entirely dependent on her own exertions for the support of herself and her two young children. She removed to Plymouth again, began to give music lessons, and in this way has maintained her own and family ever since; and she very nobly she has done it. It was shortly after her husband's death that I first came acquainted with her. I have given you the most favorable version of her story. As regards the engagement with Mr. Vallance, there were not wanting people in Plymouth who hinted their doubts at the time as to whether she had ever received such a letter as I have mentioned from the young fellow in Australia. Gospeps said that she lent a willing ear to Mr. Vallance's addresses."

"Was that the general report?" asked Herder.

"Well, it was not uncommon to hear the matter talked of in that way."

"And what is your own opinion?"

"There is no lady of my acquaintance for whom I have a greater respect and liking than for Mrs. Vallance," answered Hammond; "and I would not believe anything unworthy of her. But it is perhaps too much to expect from average human nature, and I don't claim anything ideal for Mrs. Vallance, that a woman should be able to keep up a strong affection for a man away in Australia for a number of years, and under the cheerless conditions I have described, with nothing to feed it on but an occasional letter. No doubt, the girl's sentiment lasted longer than the young man's. Possibly, she may not have received such a letter; and what Mr. Vallance could offer her, everything that is pleasant and attractive to a woman, may have had its effect. Her father's may have latterly not in a very prosperous state, would very likely have an influence in the matter."

There was a short pause, during which the two men puffed their pipes in silence. Then Herder said: "I think a life spent as mine has been has at least one advantage over yours, Fred—it is not so apt to make a man become so rapidly sceptical about everything, as one passed in cities; not so prone to think that people are much the same everywhere, or so content to assign the least noble motives for human action. Now, in this case of Mrs. Vallance, I am able to inform you that both common report and my own investigation, at least in one important respect. Miss Vallance was the young lady's maid-mammy. I think, though you did not mention it—did receive such a letter as you describe, from her friend in Australia; a letter, too, that released her completely from her engagement."

"And how on earth do you know all this?" asked Hammond.

"For the simple reason, that I am the young fellow that went to Australia."

"You, George?" exclaimed Hammond, starting from his chair, and staring in his companion's face. "How is it I never heard a word of this before? I thought we knew most of each other's affairs, as young men."

"Well, Fred, for a year before I became engaged to Miss Maurice, you were in Germany with your mother and sister; and I was away, you know, before you came back. I never mentioned my acquaintance with Miss Maurice to you; I was rather a shy and shamefaced fellow, somehow about that sort of thing, and I did not tell even so close a chum as you about it, though I was on the point of doing so when I started so suddenly for Australia. After that, I felt the less inclined to write about the subject; my prospects were so vague and uncertain in every way."

"It was rather strange, George, that I never heard your name mentioned in the matter, and there was nothing to make me think of connecting you with Miss Maurice's friend. You knew Mrs. Vallance again, then,

to-night? I could not think what made your manner so odd."

"Yes, I know her. She is much changed, of course, though not more so, I suppose, than was to be expected. I left behind me a girl of twenty, with a bloom on her cheek like a June rose, and eyes like sunshine. Both the rose-red and the light in her eyes have faded; but she is still Kate Maurice, the same sweet-looking woman I know long ago. One thing only made me hesitate to-night as to whether I was not mistaken, after all, and I don't understand it yet. I heard in Australia that the man Miss Maurice married was a Mr. Ewing; but I suppose there was some mistake about the name."

"That was a mistake," said Hammond; "but I can see how it probably occurred. The title of the firm of which Mr. Vallance was a junior partner was Griffith & Ewing. Your informant must have heard that Miss Maurice married the junior partner, and concluded that it was Mr. Ewing, or the story got mixed up in some such way."

"Yes; the more easily as it had passed through several mouths by the time it reached me."

"And I suppose that letter of yours expressed the real state of things with you at the time?"

"Exactly; you have got the gist of the letter quite correctly. When I wrote that, I saw no prospect for years to come of being able to marry. When things did at length take a turn in the right direction with me, I made fair progress. And now, though I am not a wealthy man, I have as much as I have any right to expect."

"Well, George, how is this little story of yours to end?" and as Hammond spoke, he looked quietly into his friend's face, but with not little curiosity.

"Oh, how?" answered the other, and the friend again for a while relapsed into silence.

"Is Mrs. Vallance staying in London for any time, do you know?" inquired Herder presently.

"She has been paying a short visit to Mrs. Norcott, and is to return home in a day or two, she told me," replied Hammond. "When do you think of going to Plymouth yourself?"

"This is Wednesday; I think I shall go on Friday or Saturday. When I have got my things out of the ship, and arranged one or two small matters of business, I shall have nothing further to keep me in London, and I am anxious to see my old aunt. She is almost my only relative now left. I was a favourite of hers, you remember."

"I think you are perfectly right in visiting her at once," Hammond answered quietly.

The Friday evening following found Herder at Plymouth. Early next morning, he visited his aunt, and one or two old friends, and then made his way in the direction of the house in which he had spent his boyhood. It lay two or three miles out of the town, among fields and low hills, and Herder found it again without difficulty. A few villas had sprung up in the neighborhood, but otherwise the place and the surroundings were little altered. Time had been less busy in this part of the vicinity of Plymouth than in most others. George walked round the house, stood gazing over the low garden wall for a while, and then strolled away in the direction of the hills in the rear. By-and-by he came upon a stream flowing between grassy banks and shaded by willow trees. The recollections of the place came fully back upon him now, and he recalled point after point in the landscape. 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The Local Member for West Peterborough.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—Permit me to call your attention to the following editorial which appeared in THE REGISTER of 24th Feb., just previous to the general elections.

PUBLIC OPINION AND PARTY FEELING. Among the candidates in the field in the provincial campaign there are many broad minded men, who stand ready for fair play and equitable dealing than for more slavish party fidelity. Among these there are such men as Mr. Stratton, of West Peterborough. Political contests are always dignified by appeals to broad public opinion rather than party feeling.

Having known Mr. Stratton from his boyhood I know well the correctness of the above complimentary reference to our able and popular representative. Allow me to refer to the vacancies in the Ontario Cabinet owing to the defeat of two of its ministers and in this connection to respectfully name Mr. Stratton for a portfolio. It must now be well known that Mr. Stratton's popularity, ability and faithful representation have placed and maintained West Peterborough, naturally a strongly Conservative constituency, in the list of rising sending government supporters. And it is not so well known, I have personal knowledge that his influence and efforts have had no little share in retaining adjacent constituencies in the same position, and I have no doubt that if circumstances had permitted Mr. Stratton entering the Victoria at the last election they would not stand as they do now. It is an open secret here that the factious opposition he met in West Peterborough—for there was no hope that he would be defeated—was for the purpose of keeping him out of neighboring constituencies, so much do even his political enemies respect his influence, capacity for organization and platform effectiveness. In this respect and in view of the fact that it is generally conceded that the circumstance of the eastern and central portion of the province not being more fairly provided with cabinet representation accounts for the lesser the government sustained in the recent elections in this section. For this reason Mr. Stratton's appointment to a portfolio would be a source of strength to the government, for he is an admirable campaigner. But there are other and more important reasons why Mr. Stratton's selection as a Cabinet Minister would be in the interests of the province. He is well equipped in business ability, parliamentary experience, executive faculty and energy to fill the position. A man who has made the most painstaking, most capable representative this riding has ever had, would, since his possession of the province, not being more fairly provided with cabinet representation accounts for the lesser the government sustained in the recent elections in this section.

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PETERBOROUGH, April 4th, 1898.

A Successful Mission.

St. Andrew's West, April 4.—(Special).—A very successful mission, given by the Redemptorist Fathers, Seanan and McPhail, closed on Sunday, March 27, having opened on the 20th. The announcement had been made in due time by the worthy pastor, Rev. Father William Macdonald. Despite the bad state of the roads the opening was largely attended, and with the good weather prevailing the whole long week, gave the desired privilege for all. Far and near the people availed themselves of the faith and blessings promised them, by faithful attendance at the sermons, morning and evening. The large, spacious church was always well filled. The instructions so ably given by the Fathers were most impressive. To hear the first sermon would create a desire to hear all, if possible, as is invariably the case. Sixteen years ago a successful mission was held in St. Andrew's by the Redemptorist Fathers, when Rev. Vicar-General Corbett was parish priest here. Large numbers took the temperance pledge and the temperance society then successfully established flourishes to-day. The parish of St. Andrew's goes by the name of the "grand old parish," on account of its antiquity, as it was the first Mass was celebrated in Upper Canada, what is now the Province of Ontario, when Dr. Bergin and his flock, who were the nearest missionary representatives for the last eighteen years, were men of marked

ability, the former being the prime mover in securing the great improvement in the Cornwall canal and also the Ottawa and New York railroad. A station of the road is in St. Andrew's West, three miles from the Church. I did not intend mixing in this letter religion and politics; but I want to point out the moral influence of the noble, fair-minded Hon. Philip Vanhook, who defended the right of the great and good bishop to a voice on the council of his country. Coming from a non-Catholic, as he was, gave him claim to high estimation in which the people of all religious convictions regarded him.

READER OF THE REGISTER

Testimonial Winners.

Following are the testimonial winners for the month of March in St. Mary's School: Form IV.—Excellent—J. Deo, E. Olaney, F. Kelly, W. Osker, F. Olaney, Madigan, E. Walsh, J. McGarrigle, R. Murray, Good—H. Haines, J. Connors, J. Barri, O. Smilie, C. O'Brien, A. Drohan. Senior Form III.—Excellent—J. Donovan, A. Landreville, W. Lynch, A. Grossi, A. McDonald, Good—A. Herbert, F. Murphy, H. Lavelle, T. Cain. Junior Form III.—Excellent—E. McCaffrey, F. Brosnan, J. Hagerly, T. Hanson, J. Clancy, G. Roe, T. Omerly, Good—W. Wylie, T. O'Hanley, F. Dyer, J. Moriarty, E. Zeagman, J. Kyle, E. Moisyoy, J. O'Donohue, A. Murphy, J. Lynch. Form II.—Excellent—M. Keating, F. Walsh, P. Murphy, E. Fennell, J. Madigan, L. Chappelle, W. Bennett, Good—M. Grossi, E. Cahley, W. Blake, J. Murray, M. Tobin.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

Form IV.—Excellent—E. Kelly, J. Traoy, T. Donovan, T. Macknamara, F. Mulhall, Good—E. Ward, J. Harris, J. Lister, R. Turner. Senior Form III.—Excellent—J. Cooney, F. Hurley, W. Black, Junior Form III.—Excellent—E. Ryan, V. Beno, E. Traoy, G. T. Boland, E. O'Donnell, J. Gray, J. Redden, J. Reevon, D. Plantrose. Junior Form II.—Excellent—J. W. Pegg, G. Franco, L. Glynn, E. McCarthy.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Form IV.—Excellent—N. Schreiner, J. Costello, G. Laverty, J. Adamson, W. Tobin, J. McCandlish, W. Hanna, Good—J. O'Reilly, G. O'Donoghue, F. Flanagan, M. Dumphrey, Senior Form III.—Excellent—E. Mehan, J. O'Hearn, J. Halloran, J. Ryan, E. Osegrove, Good—B. Roche, W. Hanna, F. Moran, G. Ghiona. Junior Form III.—Excellent—A. Finnigan, A. Schreiner, Good—W. Warren, J. Tobin, L. McDonald. Form II.—Excellent—G. Gillin, B. Wells, E. Gallagher, O. Gallagher, Good—Nicholas Lohrsto, F. Corrigan, J. Barrett, E. Halloran, J. Tobin, F. Lynch.

Toronto's Separate Schools.

The Separate School Board met on Tuesday night in De La Salle Institute, with Vicar-General McEann in the chair.

The finance report recommended the payment of accounts amounting in all to \$688.32. The Standing Committee on Management recommended that a new building be erected on the site of the Oser-Howell school. The present building is somewhat shaky and dilapidated. Light can only be had for a two-roomed school. The report was referred to the Sites and Buildings Committee for recommendation. On the item regarding the heating of St. Paul's school, the committee will be asked to report, with estimates of expense and ideas as to the best systems. Numerous complaints of the very poor heating accommodation of this school have been received. Mr. James Ryan was granted three months' leave of absence. It was reported that a sale has been effected of \$50,000 20-year debentures at 4 per cent., realizing \$2198 over par value.

St. Joseph's Church Concert.

St. Joseph's Church annual concert and social will take place on Easter Monday night April 11th, in Dingman's Hall, Broadview ave. and Green St. The committee in charge are making every preparation for the accommodation of the large crowd expected to be present. Alderman Richardson will act as chairman, and the concert will commence at 8 o'clock. The following are among the artists taking part: Misses Annie Foley, Theresa Flanagan, Ellen Kenney, Mrs. Green, Miss McNulty, and Messrs. Gorman, Wickert and Phillips.

Have You Any of These?

Palpitation, Fluttering of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Swelling of the Ankles, Nightmares, Spells of Hunger and Exhaustion. These are most pronounced symptoms of Heart Disease. Dr. Agnew's cure is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a cure in 30 minutes, and will effect a speedy cure in most stubborn cases. It is vegetable, is liquid, it is harmless, it is wonderful.

Cardinal Taschereau Reported Dying

QUERBEC, April 4.—Cardinal Taschereau is gradually sinking. The last rites of the Church were administered to him this morning.

C. O. F.

St. Paul's Church, Power street, is one of the finest edifices dedicated to divine worship in the province, and a monument to the memory of our late Bishop O'Mahony. It was due to his untiring efforts and perseverance, with the co-operation of the parishioners, that a magnificent building was raised, which he himself helped with a very considerable sum. On Sunday March 27th, a large portion of the congregation composed of members of the central city courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters assembled in this church for grand musical Vespers. The different courts assembled at St. Ann's Hall, Power St., at the invitation of St. Joseph's Court 870. After exchanging friendly greetings the members formed up and proceeded in a body with their Chief Rangers and other officers to the church. It was indeed edifying to observers to see such large numbers. The musical part of the service was under the leadership of Mr. Harry Troman and the magnificent new organ was presided over Miss Katie Rigney. The following programme was rendered: "Dixit Dominus," (Gorza), choir; Flute solo, ("O Sacred Heart," Mr. Elton; "Laudate Dominum," (Gorza), choir; sacred solo, "Calvary," Mr. F. Morgan; "Magnificat," (Lambiotte), choir; "Ave Maria," (Millard), Miss T. Tymon; "O Salutaris," (Verdi), Miss Annie O'Donnor; "Tantum Ergo," (Rossi), choir.

Rev. Father Finigan ascended the pulpit and took for his subject "Prayer," ably demonstrating to his hearers the necessity of frequency in prayer. He then lauded O. F. who he said, had become well known for their charity, benevolence and integrity. This grand Order has enrolled many holy priests, the Archbishop of Chicago, their high spiritual adviser. The pastor of St. Paul's Church always takes an active interest in it. He and myself had joined recently St. Joseph's Court. After paying a tribute to the choir for the excellence of the music the Rev. Father gave his blessing. St. Joseph's Court held their regular meeting on the 10th, with good attendance. M. J. OANNON.

Mr. Morley on Home Rule.

Mr. John Morley spoke at Leicestershire before the National Liberal Federation on March 23rd on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland. He said:—Gentlemen, it may be—and it is—foolish to hide it from ourselves that the particular chapter in the relations of the Liberal Party in Ireland—the particular chapter which opened in 1886—may now be approaching its last page (hear, hear). Well, the Irish are about to receive a Bill extending Local Government in their country, which they regard as a good Bill in itself, and which they expect will lead pretty directly and pretty rapidly to a further concession in the way of Irish Local Self Government (hear, hear). They are right, in my view (hears). They are not bound, because of any of our party ties—they are not bound to reject what they regard as a boon (hears). When the time comes for a further demand to be made and to be pressed English Liberals will not, I am sure, forget the arguments which from 1886 to 1893 brought them to Home Rule as a measure of high policy; they won't forget that those arguments, the foundations of that high policy, are not shaken by paltry squabbles or by perversity of tactics. The arguments both from Ireland itself and from the millions of Irishmen all over the world are as strong ever were. Gentlemen, I would put it in this way, if the Irish demand persists—and what man in his political senses doubts that it will and must persist—and that demand is presented—as Mr. Parnell deliberately shaped and accepted it in 1886, for a strictly subordinate legislative body, in my belief British Liberals will be no more inclined to retreat, will be no more inclined to retreat, from the compulsion of the arguments which pressed themselves upon them from 1886 to 1889, than their Liberal forefathers two or three generations ago believed they had any right at any stage of a thirty years' battle to drop the cause of Catholic Emancipation (hears). The Irish question cannot at any rate be at the mercy of English electoral calculations. Gentlemen, how many memories does all this recall to us? The chairman referred to it and so.

THE GREAT LEADER OF OURS WHO FIRST AWOKE THE CONSCIENCE OF ENGLAND

to the strength of the Irish case. Ah, what stirring and unalterable affection do we all feel to-night, as we think of him, overtaken in the evening of that long day of so many interests, so many glories, so many triumphs, so many grand public services—overtaken by sufferings and by pain;—how he has elevated politics, how in the Irish question, and every other, to individual responsibility, individual convictions, individual conscience, his appeal has always laid (hears). We can bring him little succour as he lies, but let us at all events, lay to heart his grand and splendid lessons which his last days have taught us (hears). Gentlemen, I am touching upon different topics one after another. Home rule all round—it seems to me that HOME RULE ALL ROUND IS A GOOD WORD. I am not sure that many of those who use it are quite sure what they mean.

Now, I have the honor to be a Scottish member, and I know the strength, I recognize the strength, of the feeling in the country at the state of things which allows a measure desired by a decisive majority in Scotland, and only affecting Scotland, to be thrown out because it is not desired in England. I know, too, of the strength of the same feeling in Wales (hears) as to the land and as to the Church (hears). What we need for these cases is some form of devolution, to enable Scotch and Welsh representatives to determine what needs to be done in matters affecting the particular area or division of the United Kingdom, and that this determination should be accepted by Parliament—Lords as well as Commons—as a matter of course. Depend upon it, the question of devolution in the case of Scotland and Wales is not a question of windling, but of growing importance. The Irish case is different, because the historic, economic, and social traditions and conditions of Ireland have been and are absolutely different. There you have an inveterate malady, needing a different remedy, and to say that the self-same remedy will cure the mischief which is seated in a different organ, and which have arrived at different stages of development—that is in politics what it would be in medicine—it is quackery (loud cheers). If Home Rule all round is a scheme and not a phrase, if it means the extension all over the four divisions of the United Kingdom of our Irish propositions of 1886 and 1893, I hope that I shall not be "right presumptuous if I say bluntly and plainly that I regard it as impracticable, and as going altogether beyond the necessities of the case (hear, hear)"

At Home.

The Young Ladies of St. Michael's Sodality will hold their semi-annual At Home in St. George's Hall, Elm St., on Monday April 11th. It promises to be an exceptionally brilliant affair. St. Michael's is one of the most Sodalities in the city, and the members will extend a cordial welcome to all the friends who come to partake of their hospitality.

Syrian Catholics in Ontario.

Rev. Father Macarios Nasr has just completed a tour of the cities of the Province, during which he ministered to the spiritual needs of the Syrian Catholics scattered throughout Ontario. He administered the sacraments to more than 200 of his people in all.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For several years I could not get many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in the stomach. I took Parnelle's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia' or 'Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

LATEST MARKETS

Toronto, April 6, 1898. The receipts of wheat in Liverpool during the past three days were 300,000 cwt., including 132,000 cwt. of American. Receipts of corn, 115,000 cwt. of American.

LOCAL MARKETS. The receipts of grain on the street market were large; prices for oats were easier; other grains were steady. Wheat—Steady; 800 bushels selling at 78c to 80c for red; 80c to 82c for red winter, and 82c to 84c for good. Barley—Steady; 300 bushels selling at 50c. Oats—Steady; 100 bushels selling at 50c. Beans—Steady; 800 bushels selling at 55c to 56c.

Hay and Straw—The receipt were not large, there was a good demand, and the market was steady; 25 loads of hay selling at \$7.50 to \$8, and 6 loads of straw at \$5.50 to \$6. Dressed Hogs—The receipts were quite liberal and the market was lower at \$5.75 to \$5.80.

Wheat white standard ..... 80 75 80 88 do red-winter, extra ..... 82 80 85 90 do good ..... 82 80 85 90 Barley ..... 0 38 0 00 Oats ..... 0 31 0 32 1/2 Beans ..... 0 55 0 68 Hay ..... 7 50 0 00 Straw ..... 5 80 0 80 Dressed hogs ..... 5 75 0 80 Eggs ..... 0 17 0 00 Butter, lb rolls ..... 0 17 0 00 do tubs, dairy ..... 0 14 0 16 Chickens, per cwt. ..... 0 85 0 85 Turkeys, per cwt. ..... 0 12 0 00 Potatoes ..... 0 09 0 20 Yearling lamb ..... 0 09 0 10 Spring do ..... 4 50 0 80 Beef, fore ..... 4 00 0 06 do hind ..... 5 50 0 80 Veal ..... 7 50 0 80

LIVE STOCK QUOTATIONS. Milch cows, each ..... \$25.00 to \$40.00 Exporter cattle, per cwt. .... 3 75 to 4 40 do red-winter, extra ..... 5 50 to 7 70 Butcher's good cattle, cwt. .... 3 25 to 3 30 Butcher's cow, cwt. .... 2 90 to 3 00 Bulls, per cwt. .... 2 75 to 3 85 Steers, per cwt. .... 3 50 to 3 75 Stockers, per cwt. .... 3 20 to 3 30 Export sheep, per cwt. .... 3 25 to 3 75 Butcher's sheep, each. .... 8 50 to 3 80 Yearling lamb, per cwt. .... 5 25 to 5 80 Spring lamb, each ..... 6 00 to 6 00 Calves, per head ..... 2 00 to 3 00 Choice bacon hogs, per cwt ..... 4 60 to 4 88 Light hogs, per cwt. .... 4 25 to 4 38 Thick do ..... 4 00 to 4 25 Pigs, per cwt. .... 3 00 to 3 25 Stags, per cwt. .... 3 00 to 2 25

The Derivation Order.

News has just reached the Dominicans that the Pope has solemnly approved of the Order of Blessed Innocent V.

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CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, Senator, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President. WM. T. KIELY, JOHN FOX, EDWARD STOOK. SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C.

Deposit Received from \$100 upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon. Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures. Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Vacation Fee charged for insuring property. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

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Here's an opportunity for the choicest in new Gloves at very remarkable prices.

- Jay's "Le Sacchet," Fine French Kid Gloves, 2 large clasp, embroidered backs, gusset fingers, special..... \$1 35
Alexandra's "Eugenie," 2 large French Kid Glove, in all the newest dress shades, special..... 1 35
Perrin's "Olga," 2 large, gusset fingers, embroidered self and combination, modes, greens, blues, reds and black, special..... 1 25
Perrin's Newport, 2 large white pearl clasp, pretty combination embroidery, gusset, in modes, tans, browns and black, special..... 1 48
Courville's "Laguna," 4 large pearl buttons, wels and embroidered to match, tans, brown, green, special 1 25
Pewny's "Adrienne," 4 pearl buttons or 2 clasp, French Kid, gusseted fingers, in all dress shades, special..... 1 00
All of these goods are warranted perfect in fit, and wear guaranteed.
Our 2 Large Pearl Clasp Viola at 98c cannot be equalled, a splendid fit, and wear guaranteed, in brown, tan, modes, green, blue, red, and black, special..... 75c.

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