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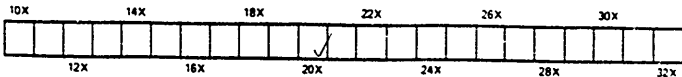
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THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

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

Of all the members of the Royal family living at present none is so deservedly popular and beloved as the Princess of Wales. Always affable and entirely unselfish, Her Royal Highness sets an example that might be profitably imitated by many less exalted members of society.

Her influence with the Queen has always been considerable, and on one occasion the Princess persuaded her mother-in-law to allow her to remove an enormous quantity of craps which loaded the royal banquet contrary to all canons of good taste, and, if I may be allowed to add, sense also.

The death of the Duke of Clarence was a terrible blow to the Princess of Wales, but with her usual gentle consideration for others, she sought in every way to hide her grief, and to assuage it by ministering to others.

A pretty and very pathetic story is told of her in this connection, and as it may be new to many of my readers, I give it here.

One day, while walking with one of her ladies in the lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman crying bitterly and tottering under a load of packages.

On inquiry it appeared she was a carrier and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But such loads are too heavy at your age," said the Princess.

"Yes, you are right ma'am; I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy, ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack? He's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The Princess hurried on drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears. A few days later a neat little cart and a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She was never told the rank of the friend who had tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.

Always have your gowns fitting well at the back," says one of the characters in "Lillian Bell's Book" "The Underside of Things." "Every clever woman has her gowns to fit perfectly in the back so as to disarm the people who know. It can defend that but how is one to know what is going on behind one's back?"

True. Which of us has not at one time or another felt the agony of wondering what the people behind us know. If only it were anything the matter with our backs, any imperfection that they could take hold of and use as a handle wherewith to commence the task of pulling us to pieces.

Perhaps the most interesting thing that can happen to a tidy woman is to go out shopping all the afternoon in a well made skirt and immaculate shirt waist and to find upon her return that the two articles are in the contrary direction to such an extent as to render the duty of the neat leather belt an obvious failure.

Then some waists have a tiresome habit of getting baggy at the back, and making one look as if they were not quite so tight as they really are. They are tied down, they will persist in creeping up until you look as though you were the possessor of a respectably sized hump.

And the worst of it is one can never see what is the matter with one's back. You may stand before a window and satisfy yourself that your appearance is irrefragable as far as the front view is concerned, but you cannot see what wrinkles abound in the neck and shoulder so get an observation of the effect in the rear. I have seen women give a satisfied smirk at their reflection in a large plate glass window, and proceed upon their way as happy and contented as the best of them, that their waists were crooked behind and their skirts showing rather more of the hand than is generally considered tasteful or desirable.

It would never do to follow the unfortunate victims of an invisible back, and point out their deficiencies. One would be regarded with a haughty stare as an impudent busybody who had no business to see anything wrong. The moral would be of course to see and say nothing. But a far more difficult matter is to keep one's back perfect. We can easily keep our front, and keep it in such good order that nobody can find any fault with it, but when one comes to what I may term the back of one's moral attributes, it is not so easy. There are a hundred and one little things we say and do that can be easily defended when we are there to do it in person, but which, when we are really speaking, turn our backs, and the other side immediately presents itself, with all the little crookedness and imperfection we are so profoundly unconscious of.

St. Paul's Garden Party in the House of Providence grounds on Aug. 8th promises to be a most enjoyable affair. The League of the Sacred Heart will have a booth, and as this is the first time they have organized one they hope their friends will encourage them with their usual liberal patronage.

Several handsome and useful articles will be raffled for, notably a pretty rocking chair, a fine framed photo of Rev. Father Hand, a beautiful opal picture, an oil painting, and a nickel plated tea set, with other things too numerous to mention.

The House of Providence grounds are especially adapted for picnics and garden parties, being level and spacious and

provided with plenty of shade so desirable in the boiling days of July and August. There will be plenty of attraction in the way of music, and the moderate price of tickets, only ten cents, renders it possible to participate in the fun and help the church at the same time.

There will be a post office, where love letters, notices and notices, requests for interviews, proposals, etc., may be obtained for the small charge of 5 cents.

Mr. Bayley, M.P., recently inquired if dogs could remain in a public house unharmed. The query brought the following excellent epigram from Sir Walter Lawson the great temperance advocate:

"A dog in a public can't take any harm. He keeps perfectly sober, cool, quiet and calm. And I own for myself that I feel rather puzzled,

To discover a reason why dogs should be in a public house, when they are in a public house in danger whenever he enters. A place where all evil and drunkenness, So I trust, Mr. Bayley, you'll think of."

Let the dog go unmuzzled, and muzzle the man."

That's very good, quite as good as Sheridan's famous consolatory epigram to Lady Erskine, upon her husband calling a wife a sin carter tied to a fellow's tail:

"Lord Erskine at morning prestaming to rail, Calls a wife a tin carter tied to one's tail. And the fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on, Seems hurt by his lordship's degrading comparison. But who's degrading? considered aright, A canister's polished, and used and bright, And should dirt its original purity hide. Thus the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

TERESA.

Gracie Og Machree. (SONG OF THE "WILD GEESE").

I placed the silver in her palm, By Inny's smiling lips, And when the summer time came on, To claim her as a bride.

But when the summer time came on, I dwelt beyond the sea; Yet still my heart is ever true To Gracie Og Machree.

O bonnie are the woods of Targ, And green thy hills, Rathmore, And soft the sunlight ever falls On Inny's smiling face.

And there the eyes I love—in tears Shine ever mournfully, While I am far, and far away From Gracie Og Machree.

When battle steeds were neighing loud, With bright blades in the air, Next to my inmost heart I wore A bright tress of her hair.

When she was sleeping on my lap, To lips, with soldier gold, One toast I always fondly pledged, 'Twas Gracie Og Machree.

Oh I may never, never clasp Again her lily hand, And I may find a soldier's grave Upon a foreign strand;

But when the heart pulse beats the fast, A death-knell rings of me, One word shall part my dying lips, Thy name, 'Astor Machree."

NEARLY DISCOURAGED.

The Experience of Mr. Ralph Giberson, Who Suffered Greatly From General Debility. From the Advertiser, Montreal, N. B.

Ralph Giberson, postmaster at Monkton, Carleton Co., N. B., is also known as a prosperous agriculturist and an enthusiast in his line. Now, stalwart and rugged, weighing 250 pounds, he scarcely would be recognized as the man who six months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility. He was run down in health, suffered much from dizziness, almost blindness, general dullness and depression of spirits. He had a poor appetite and such food as he ate gave him great distress. He was incapacitated for the work that fell upon him and was well nigh utterly discouraged.

The symptoms bordered on to those by which typhoid fever is manifested. Through reading the Advertiser he learned of the particular benefit that several of his friends in this vicinity had received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the hope held out by their testimonials he secured a supply and took them according to directions. The result was almost magical; immediately his symptoms began to become less disagreeable, and he steadily gained until now he is perfectly free from months ago was the picture of one suffering the terrible symptoms of general debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. The genuine can only be had in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

St. Joseph's Court, No. 370, C.O.F.

One of the old pioneers of Peel Township passed peacefully away on Sunday the 3rd July, in the person of Patrick Cannon at the age of 84 years. An Irishman by birth, Canada by adoption, loyal to the altar and deeply attached to the former, an honest man (the noblest work of God) and a good neighbor, what wonder that the news

of Patrick Cannon's death cast sorrow over every house in Peel. He leaves a large family well provided for, who thank him fervently for his industry and energy on their behalf, and for the excellent education he procured for all of them at the little separate school of which he was such a good supporter. His widow is a fine old Irish lady that you could not meet without being edified.

Morten J. Cannon of St. Joseph Court No. 370, is a son of deceased and one of the most advanced and deserving of the Order of Foresters. At the meeting of Court No. 370 on the 14th July the members did everything they could to comfort Mr. Cannon and lessen his trouble. Mr. Mogan read an appropriate resolution of condolence conveying the sympathy of the court to their distressed brother and his family.

Position of the Priest in Italy.

The following paragraph appears in the Birmingham Gazette: "The condition of the poor priest in Italy has been forcibly illustrated during the recent visit of Count de St. Germain, formerly struck curate not unknown in the Church of England, but it is not too much to say that each of them compared with the Italian cleric, is in an affluent and comfortable circumstance. At a religious feast in Italy, the clergy are divided into two classes—the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates, and the poor priests. The latter assume a superiority over laymen, but is entirely without foundation. As to the latter. During his training career, he is disgracefully underfed. Summaries in Italy receive young men intended for the priesthood at the rate of less than £1 a month. How can you feed them for that sum? and a foreign Priest, not a wealthy Italian Cardinal who spent much of his income in training priests. The Cardinal replied: "When they come to me, what did you eat at home?" "Polenta and onions," they reply. "Very good," the Cardinal said, "shall have polenta and onions here." Polenta is a paste made of boiled maize flour, and forming the staple food of the Italian lower classes. If he be lucky the priest may obtain an appointment to a curacy. In Italy a priest who is not he makes the best living that he can by travelling from church to church and singing stray Masses at the rate of a franc a day. What wonder that he should rebel against his position in his country, and be a source of unrest of which both Church and State are afraid.

Commenting upon the foregoing The Liverpool Catholic Times asks: "Is it true?" and says: "We have no personal knowledge of the actual conditions under which priests live in this country, but without doubt at any rate we think that, if it is false, the assertion should not be allowed to pass without contradiction. Perhaps some of our numerous readers in Italy will be kind enough to furnish us with the facts of the truth or falsehood. Of course we must bear in mind that the value of money in Italy is not the same as in England, and that owing to its greater purchasing power, a man can live there on a sum of £200 in this country he would starve. But we are sure that the statement in the concluding sentence of the paragraph, viz., that the priests here rebel against their position in their country, is undoubtedly true. In the writer of the brochure entitled "Lo Stato e la Pace Religiosa," who has been generally identified with Baron Sonnino, admits that the clergy to a man are faithful to the Holy See and to the interests of the Church. He would be loath to imagine this to be the case were the conditions of clerical life such as the writer describes. Nor can we believe his statements regarding the food provided for students in the seminaries, which would hardly give us information which may enable us to set this unpleasant charge at rest."

A Tragic Tale of Tea.

"The Beetle was blind, and the Bat was hinder, And they both took tea with the Scissors-grinder. The Scissors-grinder had gone away Across the river to spend the day, But he'd tied his bell to the grapevine swinging."

And the Beetle heard it ring, And neither Beetle nor Bat could see Why no one offered them any tea. So, polite and patient, they are waiting yet For the cup of tea they expect to get.—Carlyle's Wives in August St. Nicholas.

To open the gates of Paradise two must turn the key. The younger the wealth, the stronger its pinions.

Raised . . . From a Bed of Sickness . . .

SIMCOE, Jan. 18th, 1897. Messrs. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Gentlemen,—For over five months I was confined to my bed not being able to move. The best medical advice I received was to get me for catarrh of the stomach, but to no avail. I could not eat the most simple food without being in agony. After spending a large sum in medical advice, I was advised to try a box of Dr. Chase's Liver Pills, and one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills. I was not able to eat a morsel of food, but I was able to take a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills, and I was able to eat a morsel of food. My appetite has been fully restored. I consider myself perfectly well, and feel as well as when a young woman, although I am 60 years old at present. I was almost a shadow, now I am as fleshy as before my sickness. I have used only one box of Dr. Chase's Liver Pills, and one box of Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills. I can do my house work as usual. I am positive that my marvellous cure (which I have not described) is due to the medicines which I have used. I can honestly recommend the same to any persons suffering from symptoms similar to mine. Wishing you every success.

Yours truly, Mrs. ANN CHURCHILL, Sr.

LIFE AND WORK OF BISHOP MACDONELL.

In a chapter which Very Rev. Dr. Harris contributes to the second volume of Mr. Castell Hopkins's Encyclopedia of Canada, the following references are made to the late Bishop Macdonell and the Scotch Catholic settlers of Glangarry.

We now come to one of the most interesting periods in the early history of Catholicism in our Province. About twenty-five years ago a Scottish laird, a man of Canadian birth, and of considerable importance in the country, stated at a public banquet at Montreal "that more Gaelic is spoken in Canada in one week than during a month in the Highlands of Scotland." He referred no doubt to the Maritime Provinces, but especially to Glangarry, the home of the "Ch'lanadh Nan Gael" in Upper Canada. In 1778 a party of Scotch Highlanders on the invitation of Sir William Johnson settled on the banks of the Mohawk River, New York State, then a British Province. The Catholic immigrants were allotted lands in Schenectady County, where they cleared the forest and built for themselves comfortable homes. When the Revolutionary War broke they remained loyal to the British Government, and were denounced as Tories, Baptists, and friends of English tyranny. The notorious John Jay, after the proclamation of the Quebec Act of 1774, granting to Catholics freedom from the pains and penalties of the Penal Laws, began a crusade of bigotry and fanaticism. The storm of social and political persecution swept down upon the Scotch settlers, and drove them over the border line into Lower Canada.

Before leaving they were disarmed by General Schuyler, and in the autumn of 1776, accompanied by their pastor, Father McKenna, began their westward journey. They numbered about 800, and on their way to Montreal suffered severely from hunger and exposure, subsisting at times on roots and bark, the flesh of horses and even of dogs. In Tetu's "Les Ecreques du Quebec" it is stated that Montgolfier, Visar-General at Montreal, had in 1776 conferred missionary faculties on Father McKenna, who "had been charged to accompany a colony of Scotch Highlanders on their way to settle in Upper Canada, where they hoped to enjoy the Catholic religion without molestation."

Soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, in 1786, almost an entire parish in the north of Scotland, numbering 626 souls, arrived at Quebec on the 7th of September in that year, accompanied by their priest, the Rev. Scotus Macdonell. They continued their journey on to Glangarry, where they established the parish of St. Raphael, and with the assistance of their priest built the first church, known as the "Blue Chapel." The success and prosperity of the colony produced a favorable impression on the Scotch at home, and in 1802 the Rev. Alexander Macdonell made application for lands to the Home Government on behalf of the members of the Scotch Glangarry Peninsula Regiment. This corps was mustered for service in 1794, and was the first distinctively Catholic regiment organized since the Reformation, and for the first time since that period the British Government had recognized a Catholic priest as one of its military chaplains. In March, 1808, Chaplain Macdonell obtained from the Home Government a grant of land for every officer and soldier of the Glangarry Regiment who wished to settle in Upper Canada. They reached Quebec in 1808, and almost immediately proceeded to the Glangarry clearings. At this time (1804) there were in all Upper Canada one stone and two frame churches, and only one or two Catholic priests. The Rev. Bishop Denaut, of Quebec, it is recorded that in 1801 His Lordship visited Kingston and Detroit, and on his return called at the parishes of St. Andrew and St. Raphael, where he was most hospitably received by the Catholic Highlanders. During this pastoral visit, the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to two thousand souls, four hundred of whom belonged to Detroit. This appears to be a very large number, but when it is remembered that this was the first Episcopal visitation since that of Bishop Pontbriant to Detroit in 1756, the number may be as all surprising.

The Rev. Alexander Macdonell, who led the third immigration of the Scotch Highlanders, may in a sense be styled the Father of the Catholic Church in Upper Canada. For ten years he was practically alone, facing the difficulties of his position with the traditional stoicism and heroism of his race. For more than thirty years his life was devoted to the missions of Upper Canada, and to any one at all familiar with the difficulties of travel in those early days, the hardships of bush life, and the severity of the winters, it will not be necessary to dwell upon the endurance of the settlers and emigrants led, that those I had to encounter among the savages themselves, in their miserable hanties, exposed on all sides to the weather, and destitute of every comfort. In this way I have been spending my time and my health year after year since I have been in Upper Canada,

and not clinging to a seat in the Legislative Council and devoting my time to political strife, as my accusers are pleased to assert. The erection of five and thirty chapels, great and small, although many of them are in unfinished state, built by my exertion and the zealous services of two and twenty clergymen, the major part of whom have been educated at my own expense, afford a proof that I have not neglected any spiritual functions, but the care of the souls under my charge; and it that be not sufficient, I can produce satisfactory documents that I have expended since I have been in the Province no less than thirteen thousand pounds of my own private means, besides what I received from other quarters, in building churches, chapels, presbyteries and schoolhouses, in rearing young men for the Church and in promoting general education."

To record the history of this great man would demand a bulky volume, for his martial figure was conspicuous in the ecclesiastical, political and military life of this Province for more than thirty years after its separation from Quebec. Ever vigilant and observant for the interests of religion, he noted in whatever part of the vast diocese a group of Catholics settled, and made provision for their spiritual wants. In recognition of his loyalty he obtained from the Government of Great Britain liberal grants of land in trust for churches, and to his wisdom and foresight the Catholic Church in Ontario is deeply indebted. In 1880 the Bishop visited Scotland and died there in the eightieth year of his age. In 1861 his remains were transferred to Kingston, and were consigned to their last resting place in the Catholic Church of that diocese. "With the maintenance of British connection in Canada," writes J. S. Macdonell in his "Sketches of Glangarry," the name of Bishop Macdonell must ever be indelibly associated. While he was a pillar of the Catholic Church—almost its pioneer in Upper Canada—he was a bulwark of the Throne. By precept and example again he proved his stern, unflinching loyalty, and drew from the highest authorities repeated expressions of gratitude and thanks. While the nature of his sacred profession debared him from taking part in actual fighting, he nevertheless took good care to see that it was well done. It was a favorite saying of his that every man of his name should be either a priest or a soldier, and had he not been a priest he would have had the attributes of one. His stature was immense and his frame herculean. He stood six feet four and was built in proportion; he had undaunted courage, calm cool judgment, resolute will and a temper almost imperturbable—although it was best not to arouse it. He had the endurance of his race, fatigue and privation were as nothing; he was a man of great natural ability, great parts and of a personality which impressed all brought in contact with him; he inspired confidence, admiration and respect, but above all he was a born leader of men. The gain of the Church was great, the loss to the army correspondingly great when he was ordained at Valladolid."

I have nowhere in my researches come across a passage why Lord Dorchester, when he divided Upper Canada in 1788 into four Districts, gave to each an unmistakably Dutch name, Mckenburgh, Lunenburg, Nassau and Hesse. During the War of Independence large numbers of Hollanders who had settled in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York immigrated to this country. They were chiefly Anabaptists, Quakers, Mennonites, Tunkers and Moravians, and as their religious principles would not permit them to bear arms, they were practically driven from their homes by their American neighbors who demanded that they should fight in defence of "liberty" or leave their country. These thrifty and industrious people, numbering many thousands, were offered homes in Canada, and was probably in compliment to their universal strength, as much as to the Hanoverian dynasty then reigning in England, that Lord Dorchester named the Districts. Not till 1886, however, did the Catholic Germans take root in our soil. This pioneer settlers came to our country from Upper and Lower Alsace, and opened farms in Waterloo County. They were soon joined by others of their countrymen from Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria and the Rhine Provinces. As they progressed and multiplied they were given the names of Brocks, Huron and Perth, and number today (1897) 1,638 families, or close on 8,000 souls. These Catholic Germans yield to no class of our people in sobriety, intelligence and industry. They are loyal and patriotic, and as a farming community are probably superior in education to any similar section of Canadians. They are exemplary and devout Catholics, having their own College, Convents and Schools, imparting to their children lessons of honesty, industry and sublime morality. They type the immortality of their Church, for while the Anabaptists, Quakers and Mennonites once so numerous in our land have disappeared, and are now absorbed by other religious bodies, the Bavarian and Alsatian German settlers remain their religion, handing it down to their children as they received it from their sires, with every article untouched and every dogma entire.

"With evening hands and toiling feet We dig and hew, lay stones on stone, We bear the burden and the heat Of the long day and wish 't were done."

Not to the corners of light we turn All we have built can man discern."

"The splendid self devotion of the early Jesuit missions," writes Parkman in his "Old Regime," "has its record, but the patient toils of the missionary priest rest in the obscurity which the best of human virtues are buried from age to age." As Catholic emigrants began to come into the country their first enquiry was for a settlement where there was a church and priest. Like the primitive rocks which arrest and fix geological deposits, the Church and priest caught the human tide, and the Catholic part of the tossing flood invariably settled around them. On the 10th February, 1887, Bishop Macdonell celebrated his Golden Jubilee. Fifty years before he had been ordained at Valladolid, Spain. For ten years after his arrival at Glangarry, in 1804, he was practically alone, yet at the time of his death he had administered the sacrament of Holy Communion to more than 100,000 souls. His life had been a life of self-denial and sacrifice. He had been a laborer thirty years, most of whom had been educated at his own expense, were ministering to their scattered flocks. Answering an attack made on him in the House of Assembly, 1886, by William Lyon Mackenzie, in which his character was assailed and questioned, the Bishop in a letter to Sir Francis Bond Head dwelt with pardonable complacency on the hardships he had been called on to endure in the discharge of his sacred office, and of his subsequent efforts on behalf of religion.

"I had the honor of a pastoral duties" he wrote. "I had the whole of the Province in charge, and without any assistance for ten years. During that period I had to travel over the country from Lake Superior to the Province line of Lower Canada, carrying the sacred vestments sometimes on horseback, sometimes on my back, and sometimes in Indian birch canoes; living with savages without any other shelter or comfort but what their fires and their furs and the branches of the trees afforded; crossing the great lakes and rivers, and even descending the rapids of the St. Lawrence in their dangerous and wretched craft. Nor were the hardships and privations of the journey less than those of the emigrants led, that those I had to encounter among the savages themselves, in their miserable hanties, exposed on all sides to the weather, and destitute of every comfort. In this way I have been spending my time and my health year after year since I have been in Upper Canada,

Chats with the Children

POEM COMPETITION.
MY PET DOG.

I have a little pup
And I've named him Lion,
Among my pretty pets
He's the finest of the fine.

He can hop, he can skip,
He can jump, he can run,
And with him at the pond
I've the finest of fun.

When I throw in a chip,
He is off at a bound,
O! but when he returns
How he spreads spray around.

He runs in a circle
Until he gets all dry;
If you'd a Cousin Flo,
You'd laugh until you'd die.

FRED C. MURPHY,
400 Adelaide St.
Toronto, Ont.

WHAT IS A FLY GOOD FOR?

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his little fat fingers went patting over the glass until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go," said the fly.

"I won't," answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You hurt me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly is not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I can do some wonderful things, I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy.

"What can you do?"

"Let me walk up the wall," said the fly.

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could get out.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall, and then down again.

"My," said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly; and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too; I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for anything. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. We flies eat up the unseen particles of food which the broom and the brush do not reach. If we did not reach them they would decay and poison the air. If we flies had not been round in the summer to keep the air pure, you and baby and mamma might have been sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel, and it is bad to hurt them. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," answered Tommy, soberly. "I won't do it again. I'll never hurt a fly as long as I live, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly; and off he walked across the ceiling.

MISSING WORDS.

An old lady was crossing the . . . when she saw a . . . coming; she stopped . . . was knocked down by a . . . but was not . . .

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JULY 14th.

CHARADES.

1. Bed-fellow.
2. Sewing-machine.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fairy-airy. 1
Smile-miles. 2
Fall-all. 3
Clean-lean. 4

TRANSFORMED WORDS.

Wine, vine, fine, kine, pine, mine, line, nine.

MARKS.

B. Boland, 1; Mary Smith, 10; F. McCarthy, Hamilton, 3; S. J. Murphy, 4; B. S. Doyle, 3; E. J. Duggan, 8.

Right Rev. Dr. Sweeney is now Dean

CHINA AND JAPAN.

I suppose you all remember the war between China and Japan. Did you read much about those two strange countries and the still stranger people that inhabit them? China is called the antipodes of the European countries and the Chinese do many things upside down. For instance, they take their shoes off instead of their hats, shake hands with the left instead of the right hand, and when they write they commence at the bottom right hand corner and write across the paper in an exactly opposite direction to ours. They wear white instead of black for mourning, and do many other things that seem very ridiculous to us. They begin dinner with the sweets, and end with meat. They never use a knife and fork but eat with two sticks called chop-sticks, with which they throw the food into their mouths.

Girls are not welcomed by the Chinese, they don't think anything of them, only boys are considered as being worth the trouble of bringing up, and they used to have a cruel custom of throwing girl babies into rivers and ditches to get rid of them. That is not so general now, however.

The Japanese are in some respects similar to the Chinese, but they are a very different kind of people. They do not think very much of girls, but they never kill them, they are too fond of children.

Japanese houses are built of bamboo covered with thick paper, and the walls are so constructed that they can be drawn aside like sliding doors leaving almost the whole of the house

Farm and Garden

"This," says Mr. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, "is going to be a record year, so far as fall wheat is concerned in Ontario. The best returns for a period as far back as our reports go were secured in '91, when 850,000 acres gave up an average yield of 25.7 bushel per acre, or \$1,872,000, all told. Last year the average yield was 25.2 bushels per acre, and a total yield of a little less than 24,000,000 bushels. This year the crop will certainly average 25 bushels to the acre, at the least, and I expect as good an average as we had even in the banner year of '91. It is certain, too, that the area exceeds that of last year, when 950,322 acres were planted. So that our total yield will in any case be the biggest on record. Spring wheat, although set back a little during June, also promises better than it did last year."

Mr. James is inclined to be conservative rather than otherwise in his estimates, and from what he says it will not be surprising if Ontario this year produces between twenty-six and twenty-seven million bushels of fall wheat.

Farm and Fireside: Nothing should be so highly prized upon the farm as a supply of pure water. It is remarkable that impure water is so frequently found where purity could be easily maintained. Household, stock-raisers, dairymen, all should see to it that the source of drinking water for both human and brute use be beyond suspicion.

In the great majority of cases, according to chemical tests, the pollution may be traced to the barn yard, and the cause may be the filthy condition of the place, the location of the well, or both. The well located in the barn yard, except in the most rare instances, becomes in a short time a natural cesspool from which is pumped liquid manure of greater or less strength, according to the porosity of the soil, the amount of rainfall, and the nearness of the well to the manure pile. Such water should be used for irrigation and for no domestic purpose. The well should always be located at a safe distance from possible sources of pollution; the brickwork should be set at least as far down as the ground water line, in cement impervious to water; the top of the well should be raised about a foot above the surface of the ground and be provided with a tight cap to keep out the wind, and the surroundings should be kept free of all substances that might pollute the water.

PUZZLES.

DIAMOND ACROSTIC.

A letter, a domestic animal, a distant country, a graceful wild animal, an industrious insect, a letter. Centres give the name of a much beloved land.

DECAPITATION.

Behold something cold and white and leave at the present time.
Behold hypocrisy and leave an insect.
Behold vessels and leave a grain.
Behold an actuality and leave to perform.

C. S. Plumb, of Purdue Experimental Station, in Country Gentleman: With the purpose of studying the effect of skim milk diet on the young growing chickens, an experiment was conducted at the Indian Agricultural Experiment Station, in which two lots of chickens were under observation. There were ten chickens of two breeds in each lot, ranging from four to six weeks of age at the beginning of the experiment. Each lot received the same food, care and treatment, excepting that one was fed all the skim milk wanted, while the other was given only the whole milk. The diet consisted of two parts straw corn, one part bran, and one ground oat. They were also fed cracked bone, cabbage and lettuce. When the experiment began, the total weight of one lot of chickens was only one half an ounce more than the other. The experiment lasted from July 11 to Sept. 6. The results of the feeding show that the chickens fed milk and grain ate considerably more grain than did those receiving no milk. The results also show that the chickens of lot 1, receiving no milk, made an average weekly gain of 2.02 ounces, while those fed milk, made a gain per week of 4.46 ounces, or over one-fourth pound. The chickens fed milk made a more rapid and uniform gain than those fed grain only. The general results of the feeding, in every way seemed to show the superior influence of the skim-milk on the growth of the birds.

Here is another good old tradition gone to smash. In the early days we all thought "mealy" potatoes, the ones which burst in a dozen places and showed a beautiful white meal when boiled in their jackets, were the best. But now a French scientist comes along and tells us this idea is all wrong. He says: "It was supposed, formerly, that the cracking or breaking apart of potatoes was indicative of an especially large percentage of starch, the starch swelling up and breaking the skin. According to the latest investigations, this is erroneous, the percentage of albumen being responsible. If a potato is comparatively rich in this substance, it will keep its shape on boiling; a cracking and falling apart indicates a deficiency of albumen." The potatoes containing most albumen being the most nutritious, everybody can determine the worth of a potato by boiling it. The best varieties are those which do not fall apart, but remain whole, on cooking."

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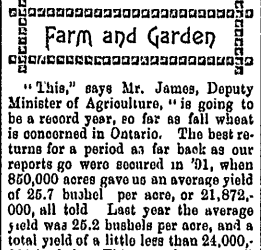
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In the old frontier days, and the days of pioneers were tortured and persecuted by the stake by cruel Indians. The tortures endured by these martyrs were something horrible. There are thousands of men to-day who are being slowly tortured to death by the state of disease. Their bodies cry out in a language that the sufferers themselves can hear. When a man is suffering in this way his body cries out in a language that his mind and body muscles that are lax and lazy, a brain that is dull, a stomach that disdains food and nerves that will not respond to a wise man will heed these warnings and will resort to the right remedy before it is too late. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative Discovery makes the appetite keen and hearty. It invigorates the liver. It promotes the natural process of secretion and excretion. It makes the digestion and assimilation perfect. It purifies the blood and fills with the life-giving elements. It tears down old and worn-out tissues and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissue of new growth. It is the best nerve tonic and flesh-builder. It is the best cure for all cases of consumption, coughs, weak lungs, influenza, influenza cough and kindred ailments. All medicine stores accept no substitute that may be represented as "just as good." It is just as good and doesn't effect cures like the following:

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would die. I was told that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. C. Ives, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pennsylvania. "I tried a family remedy called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and an still in the land and am well today."

Don't suffer from constipation. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and indigestion. They never gripe. All good dealers have them.

France Honors St. Anne.

Britanny is classic land in matters relating to St. Anne. In the district of Morbihan, her Breton shrines are in full animation. The inhabitants of Auray in the Finistere are making active preparations for the influx of people expected at the famous pilgrimage to St. Anne d'Auray, and in Auray, indeed, need not go so far in order to fittingly celebrate the feast of her who has been called the "Tabernacle of the Immaculate Conception." Paris has the beautiful though still unfinished church dedicated to St. Anne. It is in the Rue de Valenciennes. The Feast of St. Anne is to be celebrated there with great solemnity. In this celebration the Bretons of Paris will have the places of honor, their part in it being in a sense like that of children in a paternal home. But the Catholics of Paris are not to be left outside. They claim their part in the cultus of St. Anne, having entertained a special devotion to her for centuries, and having nursed this devotion with an unbroken continuity. It is to be extinguished. M. Ollivier, founder of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, believed that what he asked of St. Anne he was sure to obtain. "The Queen, Anne of Austria, children for more than twenty years, was sterile. She asked for a son, and when the heir to the throne was born, thanked St. Anne by sending to the great shrine of the patroness of Britanny a statue of the saint in solid silver. Coming to the time of the forty years had soon a splendid revival of the time-honored devotion to St. Anne, and the closing years of the century see the movement accentuated. This remark holds good, however, with respect to the devotion to St. Anne, as our saint's miracles seem more numerous and helping hands from Heaven more ready than they must have seemed to even Catholic grand-parents of the present generation. This is one of the reasons why St. Anne is a religious saint. The association known as the "Syndicat de l'Aiguille," with the Rev. Pere du Lac, S.J., at its head, will be represented at the approaching celebration in Paris in honor of St. Anne. The reason of St. Anne's being chosen as patroness of needle-workers may be sought for in the moral certainty that she ministered to housewifely duties and the fashioning of garments the infant hands of her who was to say, All generations blessed. It is honorable as the pencil or the pen, seems to be coming into repute, and the woman of Solomon's time famed for her handiwork, seems to be living in our midst. We have our needlework associations where the rich and the cultured work for the poor and the unlettered. The Superior of the religious of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, beneath the shadow of Notre Dame, would have difficulty in encouraging the needle of clothes who work for the poor, made by ladies of wealth and position. There may be a dash of fashion in all this, but there is real solid work in it as well. The Association of the "Syndicat de l'Aiguille," with the Rev. Pere du Lac at its head, and placed by him under the patronage of St. Anne, is calculated to place in honor the needle as an instrument of honest livelihood. The able Jesuit knew the hardness of the lives of these "virtueros" of Paris. He knew that in the height of the Paris season some hardly broke their fast before returning home near midnight that they incurred untold dangers in the Paris streets, and that numbers, reduced by overwork and the food they ate, were to be seen on the streets. Hence the Homes he has been the means of organizing where hundreds of them may find food and lodging and means of the celebration in honor of St. Anne. Pere du Lac will address from the pulpit a large number of needle-workers. Their motto virtually is "Honour to the needle under the patronage of St. Anne."

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



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St. Mary's Commandery No. 210 Knight's of St. John, met at Cameron Hall on Thursday July 14th, and the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the father of our esteemed president, Sir Knight Boland.

Therefore, be it resolved that this Commandery do extend to our respected President Sir Knight Boland, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of his beloved parent.

And be it further resolved that this resolution be spread on the minutes of this Commandery and forwarded to The Ontario Registrar and Knight's of St. John for publication.

Wm. J. Hogan,
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THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

- July 28 - S. Nazarius and Comp 28 - S. Martha. 29 - S. Germanus. 31 - S. Ignatius Loyola.

Since our last issue the announcement has been made that we are to have a two-cent postage rate both on domestic letters and on letters to England and the sister colonies.

For nearly a year English political feeling has shown a marked change in favor of the Liberal party. Tory majorities have been reduced in various parts of the country, whether the candidate called himself a Unionist or a Conservative.

The pronouncement made last week on the divorce subject by the Anglican Bishops composing the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury is characteristic of the general indecision and weakness of the Established Church of England on pretty nearly all vital questions of doctrine.

The United States regular troops comprised in the Fourth Army Corps at Tampa, commanded by Major-General J. J. Coppinger have by this time arrived at Porto Rico.

Special interest attaches to Major-General John Joseph Coppinger, who is to command the American expedition to Porto Rico. He has had a romantic career, having served first as an officer in our Army, then in the Irish Papal brigade which fought for a lost cause when Garibaldi carried all before him in the early sixties, and finally on the Federal side in the great Civil War of the United States.

Mr. Gerald Balfour is rapidly establishing the reputation of being the most difficult man in the British House of Commons to carry on a discussion with.

difficult man in the British House of Commons to carry on a discussion with. It is not long since he asked the Irish members whether they demanded champagne and a trip to the Riviera for the starving peasants of Galway; more recently he insulted an old and respected member of the House, Mr. Broadhurst, by telling him in his face that he was 'absolutely ignorant.'

The twelfth of July in Belfast was observed by the customary Orange practice of riotous conduct by mobs of roughs. Drumming parties paraded the Catholic quarters of the city, and when a chance offered attacked individuals. The police are the pet Orange aversion and there were some spirited encounters between baton parties of the constabulary and Orange paraders.

If there were more Orangemen of this sort the character of Orangemen would not be so ugly a blot upon the civilization of modern Ireland. But this style of Orangeman is unappreciably of rare occurrence.

Orangemen of this style. The annual expense caused to the public by their views on this subject is considerable, whether they succeed in upholding the ascendency principle or are defeated in the attempt.

This last year held out some hope that a new era was about to dawn when the Orange leaders took the platform with Nationalists in demanding redress for Ireland. Even on the twelfth they resolved to persist in that demand, although it certainly meant backing up the Home Rule case to some extent.

The dilemma in which the Orangemen find themselves would be laughable, if it did not show its sad Irish side, the perennial blood-spilling and the abuses of government, which adhere to a disordered social condition.

The value of Mr. John A. Ewan's letters to The Globe from Santiago are, we feel sure, appreciated by the readers of the paper. He has not been carried away, or affected at all, by the attractions of the occasion and place to throw off abundant qualities of mere sensational writing that makes up by flights of imagination for poverty in regard to facts.

elves exposed the whole day to the fire of Capron's battery. It deserves to be handed down as a piece of determined and persistent heroism without many parallels.

Six or eight weeks ago we exchanged views with Rev. Dr. Lambert, of New York, on the probable fate of Cuba after the American conquest, the certainty of which we assumed.

Is there glory for the United States in "black villainies" such as Mr. Ewan describes? Will hypocrisy, or cant, or even jingoism, cover them? Cant, we know, is now on tap in every so-called religious paper in America.

The strongest opposition to the priests was expressed by the spokesman of the Parnellites party. Mr. Hayden declared that the Irish priests had abused their privileges and united against the liberties of the people.

hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty. . . . Hobson will be for all time. . . . It is not that victory has been won, but that it has been won in such a way.

This sort of thing ad nauseam. We told you after work in dozens of paper like The Observer that the Spanish sailors of Corvera's fleet were drunken Sabbath-breakers but American soldiers and sailors all go into action armed with a copy of the Bible and a temperance hymn.

Penal Clause in the Irish Local Government Bill.

In our last issue we referred to the fact that the cable reports of the discussion in Parliament over the Irish Local Government Bill omitted to mention the clause which excludes clergymen from the County and District Councils.

The prohibitionist is a busy, optimistic, joyous fellow these days. He is settling in advance all that shall be done when a Dominion law makes him master of the situation.

of Irishmen against their presence in county or district boards is a thing that admits an extraordinary perversity of reason. Mr. Hayden is an intelligent man who should know better; but he was no doubt merely expressing the narrow political view of a faction that is anti-Catholic because that plank is all the Parnellites now have to keep aloft upon.

Mr. Gerald Balfour's contribution to the debate was like many other efforts of his in Parliament to prove some essential difference in the public mind as it is seen in England and Ireland.

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The Prohibitionists.

The prohibitionist is a busy, optimistic, joyous fellow these days. He is settling in advance all that shall be done when a Dominion law makes him master of the situation.

We quote this from The Guardian; but if we desired to follow it over the barriers that stand between profanity and the intelligent discussion of public questions, we would ask why it is not content to accept the number of Commandments as the Lord gave them?

state. They are the sole judges of the situation both on earth or in heaven. Listen to this:

Idols and intoxicants! Away with them. Let the State stand clear. Perseverance will win.

The Guardian is convinced that the Canadian population to a man will respect prohibitionist zeal even as a divine mission. Perhaps so. Except for the reputation of the Scott Act the Canadian people have displayed a decidedly submissive respect in the past for temperance and all its apostles, including the Prohibitionists. The prohibitionist is now, however, acting on the confident expectation that the country is ready to learn wisdom only from him. If the people are acting under his guidance strictly the proposition must carry with it the claim that only for his watchful stewardship they would make beasts of themselves. No one should try to convince him that the Canadian people are temperate through more reasonable causes than the public influence of the Prohibition Party. If the climate or the standard of public intelligence help to save men from the drinking habit the prohibitionist will not acknowledge it. It is unquestionably true that in the aggregate the Canadian people are as sober as any in the world. And the question is shall the prohibitionist, receiving all the credit for this satisfactory state of affairs, be allowed to prosecute his self-appointed work to its ultimate conclusion? But it is really conceded that the small per capita consumption of drink in Canada is owing to the persistent agitation for prohibition? Take Toronto as an example. Licensed drinking places are not half as numerous here as first class hotels are. There are not half a dozen places in the city that deserve description as bar-rooms. It would be interesting to have it definitely understood whether this fact is to be attributed to the local residence of the leading spirits in the prohibition agitation. The people of Toronto themselves would be the last to admit that the few prohibition agitators who live here have helped the cause of temperance appreciably. Ninety-nine people out of every hundred will say that Toronto is a sober city because the struggle of life here is keen and the man who drinks cannot long hold his place among his fellows. Neither the summer nor the winter climate allows the indulgence of the toper. This is being found out more and more surely by every new generation. All that the prohibitionists have ever done for the cause of temperance in the city is to import professional ranters from the United States, and parade the example of Kansas and other woolly western parts as the proper models for our citizenship to form itself upon. But if we were to adopt Kansas morals, laws and rules for our better government, our progress might turn into a rather questionable direction. Kansas is the state in which it is proposed to teach nothing but Kansas history in the public schools. The "chosen people" in the Good Book were never commanded to learn any history but their own; and the Kansas reformers will tell you that what was good enough for the children of Israel is all that the chosen people of Kansas want. It is precisely the same argument The Christian Guardian uses when it proclaims the dual prohibition of idols and intoxicants, as if not another word could be said on the subject after the Mosaic law had been invoked. Those of us who are suspected of being drunkards simply because we do not belong to the Prohibition party, may also be adjudged guilty of idolatry. It is not at all a new experience for Catholics to find themselves publicly charged with the latter sin.

Catholics and the Mail and Empire.

One of the intelligent staff writers of The Toronto Mail and Empire informs the readers of that paper of the reason why the alien population in the United States is a despised factor. The alien population in the United States is largely Irish and Romanist.

brought it into the contempt of Canadian Catholics. It is idle to ask what the motive may be. It is beneath the dignity of intelligent men to protest against it. We know that hundreds of Catholics in this city and province believe that the disease from which the Conservative organ suffers is political. On the other hand we have the assertion of Conservative politicians that under the old regime, before Sir John Macdonald found it necessary to publicly denounce the paper, there was some reason for believing that the money of both political parties was going into the pocket of the man who was supposed to be all along responsible for the offensiveness towards Catholics. That assertion may be wild or well-founded; we only mention it by way of indicating the facility with which Conservatives scrape off their own clothes the slime of the "old pulp tower." They will not hesitate to say that the paper may have any sort of underground connection with the party whose politics it professes to oppose. We confess, however, that we fail to see anything more than ingenuity in the explanation. The fact remains that The Mail and Empire is nominally the organ of the Liberal-Conservative party. A still more astonishing fact also remains, that the men who were chiefly instrumental in restoring it to the position from which Sir John Macdonald cast it off were not only Conservatives but Catholics. So that the paper stands a greater puzzle today than ever before; retaining the old venomous stung it has been brought back into the Conservative camp by Catholics, Irish-Catholics indeed, whose race and religion it has never missed an opportunity to vilify; and this necessarily to the personal injury of every Catholic wage-earner who has to seek employment in a business community such as is found in the great majority of cities and towns throughout Ontario. Snake charmers are in the habit of extracting the fangs from the reptiles they perform with. A snake that has once misbehaved itself should never be left in the enjoyment of its teeth. This is good sound philosophy. But the Catholic capitalists the snake-charmers who restored The Mail and Empire to the Conservative party organization do not appear to have been troubled at all by the past experience with the paper. We are not politicians; but this much we can say to those Catholics who may know the true inwardness of The Mail and Empire's mission, that the time is long past when Catholic electors will allow themselves to be insulted with impunity by the ignorant scribblers of a party organ, no matter what "Catholic" connection it may claim in its directorate.

John Kenait's Mission.

The now famous John Kenait, the man who made an unseemly disturbance in an Anglican Church in London, on Good Friday, and was fined £3, continues to be the hero of the Evangelical Conscience in England. Kenait's wish was to die "a Protestant martyr." He expected that the Ritualistic congregation would have stained the carpet of St. Cuthbert's church with his blood; but as a matter of fact they did nothing more sensational than to call in a policeman, who took Mr. Kenait into the open air by the nape of the neck. The magistrate at West London police court read Mr. Kenait a lecture on conduct, and let him off with the fine already mentioned. But Mr. Kenait appealed. He appealed both to the Evangelical Conscience and to the higher court. From both tribunals he has received the utmost comfort and satisfaction. In the public press, on the platform and in Parliament, not to speak at all of the various representative Protestant assemblies of Churchmen and Non-conformists, his name has been blessed and applauded as a pillar of Protestantism; and throughout the length and breadth of England the cry has gone forth that the nation must stand by Kenait. No wonder that the court of appeal has remitted the fine of £3. The case came before the court last week. The evidence showed that on the morning of Good Friday, the service called "veneration of the Cross" at St. Cuthbert's was attended by Mr. Kenait. He went there as a member of the parish to "stop the idolatry," and he had invited a select company of ladies to see him do it. He had also made all possible preparations to "die a Protestant martyr"; and perhaps the

invited ladies had taken the forethought to provide themselves with numerous pocket handkerchiefs to have ready when the idolatrous Ritualists should make a bloody end of him. The programme did not work out as expected. This is the evidence:

After a considerable number of the congregation had gone to the cross and returned, Mr. Kenait and his friends left their seats and made their way to the chancel. Mr. Kenait took up the cross in his hands and, raising it above his head shouted, "I protest against this idolatry." Mr. Westall the vicar, approached him and took the cross from him. The appellant, who was surrounded by his followers, was shouting "Murder, murder! I die a martyr to the Protestant faith." A constable was then called, and Mr. Kenait and his friends were twined out of the church.

The courts having now vindicated Mr. Kenait's right to put down "idolatry," it is understood that he will undertake a long series of performances similar to that described at St. Cuthbert's. The country is with him, and Parliament, too, invested as it is with the power of making or breaking the Established Church, at least to a considerable extent. The probable result cannot help to keep men and women who try to worship God according to their conscience within the church of England.

Peace Prospects Improving.

There will be a feeling of general relief that the lapse of another week has brightened in the most practical way the prospects for a restoration of peace between the United States and Spain. Spain is directly suing for peace, and it is to be hoped the United States will not allow the negotiations to drag but will meet the vanquished foe half way. For the Monarchy the outlook is dark enough, and the Republic can have but little more to gain by continuing the war. What is done is done; and if Spain has lost Cuba and the United States is determined to hold and govern it, the island will doubtless be a better place to live in or visit during the future. The Americans will clear the cities of yellow fever, they will build modern hotels for tourists, and capital may be introduced with time to develop the land. The idea of giving the Cubans possession of the island no longer holds favor. Whether they may fare better under the Americans than the Spaniards is a question; but that the place will be made more safe and attractive for all who are not Cubans goes without saying. If the Americans are determined to have Porto Rico also, they will have it. The pity of it is that the change of rulers should cost so much blood.

Ominous rumors come from the Far East. The novelty of the American position in the Philippines may account for the dragging of events in Cuba. While a large discount must be allowed upon the sensational cable despatches that represent serious danger of a rupture between Russia or Germany and the United States; the increasing activity of all the interested parties is not without very great significance, wherever the real point of danger may lie. The new naval programme announced for England during the past week by Mr. Goschen may be no more than a concession to the jingoes, who have for months been yelling for ships enough to meet the world. At the same time Mr. Goschen's reference to Russia is significant, and may be intended by him to have a bearing upon whatever is now going on behind the scenes of European diplomacy. If we could put aside such terms as "Anglo-Saxon" as well as all the nonsensical gush that has passed for a hope of a definite alliance between England and the United States, we could fairly discern in recent events a most desirable improvement in the style of Anglo-American interchanges. But it cannot be forgotten that England's jingoes when they ask for more and more ships may probably be providing as much against the fear of a great American navy as the Russian fleet of Mr. Goschen's speech. That the Americans will set to work without delay to bring their navy into the very first class is something that does not require stating. And whatever the near prospect may be for international peace, based upon better relations between England and the United States, the span of the next generation will be a period when the exercise of tact and caution in the intercourse of these two nations will become increasingly necessary. The peace of the more or less distant future is a much larger thought than the existing fear of complications in the Philippines to-morrow or next day.

'Long Comes 'Liza with the Broom.

Just as soon 's I get to playin' Noah's ark 'n' train cars Out there in a nice warm kitchen, Trouble 's in for us—my stars! 'Long comes 'Liza with the broom, 'I look out now, I've lots to do, Clear your studs out of my way— Can't be botherin' here by you!"

Then I think 'I'll try the stoop, So I move as neck 's a lamb, Get to playin' nice as ever— Out comes 'Liza's broom, her-sham! 'Com now, boy—you 're in my way! 'Out she flies, 'I've got to sweep!" My Noah's ark, my cars, and no All go tumblin' in a heap.

"Want to sweep me off the earth?" That 's how I talk back to her; But 't 's not a bit of good— 'Liza comes with such a whir, Sweepin' dust right in my face, That I have to cut an' run, Glad to hurry from a place, Where there 's not a bit of fun!

When I have a little boy, He shall play just like he likes, Littlerin' up the kitchen floor All he wants to, makin' kites, Pastin' scrap-books, playin' cars— Jolliest place in all the town; That shan't be a 'Liza then 'Always bossin' my boy round!"—St. Nicholas.

Knights of St. John.

The organizing of the Ladies' auxiliary in connection with St. Paul's commandery of the Knights of St. John held in Richmond Hall on Sunday last, was a grand success, and it reflected much credit on the committee who had the affair in hand. There was a large attendance of ladies, and seventy-five knights in their handsome uniforms. The Rev. Father Rohleder was present, as were the ladies of St. Patrick's Auxiliary. The Rev. Father opened the meeting with prayer after which he delivered a short address on the benefits of the auxiliary, also advising the young people to practice economy and to lay up for the future. He said that these societies had a tendency to reduce the number of mixed marriages, which were only too frequent. He hoped that in the near future the Catholic societies of the city would have a hall of their own in which they could meet. Toronto though well provided with Catholic institutions lacked a Catholic hall. He closed his remarks with best wishes for the success of the auxiliary.

Sir Knight Bro. Dawzy then moved that a vote of thanks be tendered to Father Rohleder. He was heartily seconded and the motion was carried unanimously. Then the vote of the ladies was taken on various subjects such as the time of meeting, the initiation fee and monthly dues. They also decided to call upon the Rev. Father Finnegan to be their chaplain. A recess of 15 minutes was then taken for the signing of the minutes and the election of officers was the next important business transacted. The absence of the ladies was as follows: Spiritual Director, the Rev. Father Finnegan; President, Miss O. Giro; 1st. Vice President, Miss E. Bostin; 2nd. Vice President, Miss Julia Hallinan; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lillie Duffie; Financial Secretary, Miss L. A. Mollon; Treasurer, Miss McCarty; Messenger, Miss Annie Masson; Guard, Miss Daisy Holding; Board of Trustees, Mrs. Farley, Mrs. Katie Hissar, Miss Dot Holding, Miss Susie Masson and Miss Lena Hudley.

It was then moved, seconded and carried that the charter be left open for three months in order that the young ladies who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, could do so. The board of trustees were instructed to secure a hall for the regular meetings. The meeting then adjourned to meet again on the 7th of August in Richmond Hall, the meeting to be an open one. All ladies are cordially invited to attend.

Death of a Learned Priest.

MONTREAL, July 25.—A very humble though learned priest passed away in the person of Rev. Abbe Auque, rector of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, who died at Oka on Friday. He was aged seventy-eight years. Deceased was a native of France, but came to Canada shortly after his ordination to the priesthood in 1848, and lived here ever since. The greater portion of his life was passed at the Indian mission of Oka, with which he identified himself from the very beginning of his ministry. In the early days of his priesthood, after he had become familiar with different Indian dialects, he also held missions in different northern sections of the country, and at intervals he taught for short periods in the Montreal College. Abbe Auque was learned in classics, while in the different dialects of the North American Indians, of which he made a life-long study, he was a recognized authority. Many years ago, he published a valuable book on this subject, relating certain views and theories advanced by the famous Renan, which attracted the attention of the scientific world. Abbe Auque was also the author of several grammars, text books and translations, in Iroquois and other dialects. Abbe Auque was the first preceptor of Chief Joseph of Oka, who afterwards became a Protestant minister and died some years ago. The old priest asked to be buried in his loved mission of Oka, and his funeral took place there this morning.

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Funeral of the Late Bishop Lafache. THREE RIVERS, Que., July 18.—The funeral of the late Monsignor Lafache, which took place here this morning, was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of respect at the loss which Canada has suffered by the death of this venerable bishop.

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Metropolitan Railway POPULAR EXCURSIONS. Every Evening cars leave G. P. R. Crossing, Yonge St., at 7:45 o'clock, for RICHMOND HILL and Intermediate Points: Victoria Park, 25c; Oakville, 40c; Actonville, 50c; Richmond Hill, 75c. On Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon Excursion rate to Richmond Hill and return is 25c; child, 15c. On Wednesdays, 5:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. On Saturdays, 1:30 p.m. to 4:45 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. to 9:45 p.m. Last car returns from Richmond Hill at 10:30 p.m. Special arrangements for Private Parties and Sabbath School Picnics on application. Telephone 5102.

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indeed Hermann. It has been recorded that from the moment he took the rescued girl in his arms, the fear of death left him. It was succeeded by a wondrous tranquility of mind.

A cloud seemed to have been lifted from his soul; and, with that intense activity of the consciousness which comes to the drowning, the whole panorama of his past life whirled before his mental vision. Childhood, innocent and wondering; manhood, with its questioning doubts and rebellious pride, flashed before him in a succession of vivid images.

Suddenly he realized all that he had lost in abandoning his ancient faith; and, for the first time in many years, he made the sign of the cross upon his breast, and knelt down trembling upon the slippery deck. He invoked the saints to intercede for him. He called upon the sweet name of Jesus, pleadingly, passionately; and, behold! the little wail smiled once more upon him, and he rose up strengthened, comforted.

In the meantime the vessel had been borne by the waves and wind far into the interior of the country. It was passing over the verdant tract of meadow-land that once stretched along the southern shore of the Meuse, from the harbor of Dordrecht to Gorcum, where it struck with a violent shock upon the submerged dyke that formed the river bank. Then he sprang with the child onto the mast. As he clung rocking to and fro upon the bending rod, he realized that eternity yawned beneath him. Not far off a pale rose above the flood, which he might have reached by swimming, but this would have necessitated his abandoning the child. Several boats were already approaching to rescue the half-drowned wretches that clung to it, but he resolutely turned his face from them, and held closer to his burden.

"Nay, little one," he muttered, "I'll not desert thee! We'll live or die together."

Then came Joan's sisk, threatening destruction; then that great, green hill of water that wrecked his bark and wrenched him from the mast. Down, down he went, and then up, up again, until the water grew from dark to yellow-green, and he arose struggling to the surface.

St. Christopher! Then who didst bear the child Jesus over the flood, pray for me!" he cried.

And lo! Wonder of wonders! The face of the little wail suddenly became radiant. It fluttered its tiny hands above the howling billows, and it was no longer a burden that he bore in his arms, but a sustaining spirit. At this instant a cloud passed over his mind, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was sitting in the stern of a boat, bounding over the waves toward Gorcum, with the child sleeping tranquilly in his arms. "I have had a beautiful dream," he thought, "such visions come to the drowning."

On drawing nearer to Gorcum, he noticed that a great number of small boats had put out from the place, and were flying hither and thither across the watery expanse on the merciful errand of life-saving. He noticed, also, that the crews that manned them consisted of the Spanish soldiery that garrisoned the town. "Taught to believe that in the breasts of these men fanaticism and cruelty had usurped the place of every gentle passion, he was surprised to see them now animated with a generous humanity. They were not merely succoring their enemies, they were risking their own lives to save them. Indeed, the men who had effected his own rescue were his enemies, the Spaniards.

On arriving in the town, he observed that the inhabitants were panic-stricken. The streets were inundated, and they had been driven to the upper chambers of their houses, where they could be seen hanging out of the windows, wringing their hands and weeping. As he was rowed along between the buildings, he passed by several other boats that had just returned from the submerged district, crowded with fugitives whose loud lamentations for lost relatives and friends were heartrending.

Some of the poor creatures were almost naked; others were garments which had been given them by their rescuers. A few, delirious from fatigue and fright, laughed, prayed and raved by turns. In one boat was a greying miser, rendered idiotic by the loss of his hoard; in another, a young mother, wild-eyed and haggard, pressing the dead body of her first-born tenderly to her breast.

Poor Joan was so changed by grief and exhaustion, that Hermann did not know her; yet his heart was touched by her distress. Looking down upon the little wail, who was gurgling and crowing in his arms, he murmured: "You, sweet innocent, have, perhaps, lost brothers, sisters, father, all, as I ye are happy. Ah what a blessed state is thine!"

into the rooms above to make this offer of hospitality good.

When the boat reached the monastery, two monks appeared in an arched window on a level with the water, and received its occupants cordially. Hermann observed that their faces were refined and austere. It was evident that they lived in strict accordance with their rule. He had been taught by the ranting gossippers, that monks were idle and dissolute; but he was soon to see that there existed among them a spirit of generous emulation as to who could excel the other in piety and good works.

They were conducted into a large, airy apartment, that served as the recreation room of the Friars in inclement weather, where their immediate needs were provided for. They were then furnished with dry garments, out of the stock of clothing which the Franciscans always had in store for their poor, and were taken to another part of the building to be presented to the guardian.

He was pacing back and forth in a spacious chamber, furnished with shelves and drawers, in the interstices of its Gothic windows, and curiously carved chairs and tables grouped round the columns which supported its gilded ceiling. One glance at the manuscripts and folios that filled the shelves, sufficed to inform them that it was the convent library.

The guardian hastened to meet them as they entered the chamber, and, after congratulating them heartily on their marvellous escape from the flood, bade them be welcome to everything the house afforded, adding that they were to consider themselves masters of the place, and him and his brethren their servants. He beamed upon them so benevolently that Hermann felt encouraged to take him at his word.

"Good sir," he said, "I have a child in my charge whose mother has doubtless perished in the flood. Could you not find me some good woman to look after him while I rest?"

The guardian bowed the little form that he held in his arms, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Poor little unfortunate!" he murmured. "Rest content, sir. I'll see what can be done."

He then requested Hermann to be seated, while he went in person to inquire into the matter.

God, I could bear it without a murmur."

And Hermann replied: "You have been patient and forbearing with me, little wife. I have been rash and headstrong in my wicked zeal, yet you have never murmured. I know well how earnestly you have prayed for my repentance, and it has not been in vain. God has heard your prayers, dear. He has vouchsafed me a great and wondrous enlightenment, and I will straightway make my peace with Him, and beg absolution from the good Father Guardian."

Then he related to her all of his adventures in the flood, not forgetting to emphasize the black despair that filled his soul before his rescue of the infant, and the wondrous peace and light that descended upon him afterwards.

"It was a marvellous conversion," cried Joan, when he had finished. "God has indeed heard my prayers. Aye, and in taking to Himself our little Paul, He has granted what I asked. that the burden of your penance might be borne by me. But now, in His mercy, Hermann dear," she added with a smile, "He has given me back my little Paul in this lovely babe. May God be forever praised!"

A SIX WEEK'S TRIP.

(CONCLUDED.)

Padua was celebrating its great Feast and holding its annual Fair, when Father Cruise arrived on the scene. The streets were alive with the 150,000 people who had gathered from the surrounding country to participate in the event. Booths and stalls were everywhere, and in them the fruits of sunny Italy and her many tinted light wines were expeted for sale. Hero was heard the cry of the vendor mingled with the rumbling of passing waggons, the tramp of moving feet, the note of the organ, the twang of the harp and the chatter of the ever-increasing crowd. The women with their black eyes, white teeth, olive skin, picturesque head-dresses and brilliant costumes; the men with animated and ever-ubiquitous countenances, luxuriant of gesture and volubility of tongue; the whole presenting a pleasing and lively picture. But while attending to the sale of their wares and the treasures of their maseque, they did not forget the occasion of it all, and on St. Anthony's Day and the following, the attenda- at the Messes was enormous. St. Anthony's great church with its mosque-like domes and minarets was the principal rendezvous, and here on the morning of Padua's Patron, Father Cruise had the pleasure of saying Mass. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament before the doors of which stand the famous bronze gates, its altar adorned by the wondrously magnificent bronze candlesticks, was placed at the disposal of our pilgrim, and here he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice and distributed the Bread of Life to the gathered multitude. Next came Perugia, interesting as being for so many years the See of Nim, who now claims the world as his domain; Perugia, old and picturesque, nestling away off among the hills, and in whose ancient cathedral our traveller officiated. On the way to the old city the historic Lago Trasimeno is passed. Here the scenery is most picturesque and impressive, the lake with its triple islands, the olive-clad slopes, the gradually rising hills, the shores along which the wild fowl play, are all here, while a touch of melancholy interest is given by the remembrance of the fierce and sanguinary battle, which was fought on the spot, and in which the Christian King, the illustrious King of Rome, the Emperor, the Pope, and the Roman consul Flaminius, who with 15,000 of his men pursued The small brook Sangunetio falling into the lake, memorializes the event. At Genoa Father Cruise visited three young men, in whom, as they are all from Toronto, the people of this city are interested. These were Father Richardson, ordained on the 4th of last month, and expected in Toronto shortly, Mr. Wm. Cullen and Mr. Fraser, who are still pursuing their studies. At Tortona, Father Cruise had one of the greatest pleasures afforded him by his trip, namely meeting with his brother who is at college there. Rome only occupied one day. This was mostly passed in the company of Mons. Merry del Val the popular ambassador to Canada. As this gentleman is a personal attendant on the Pope, he has apartments near those of His Holiness. In the sitting-room a picture of Toronto's Archbishop hung on the wall, and was conspicuous, as being that of the only prelate so honored. Mons. Merry del Val told Father Cruise that Archbishop Walsh is held in the highest regard by the Sovereign Pontiff. In great St. Peter's usually viewed as the acme of art, and the point towards which all tourists travel, is not looked upon with favor by our present narrator. Though it looks like strong heresy to say so, yet Father Cruise does not like St. Peter's, the rules of art as regulated in his mind are here art is found by him in this much praised and world renowned temple. Turin was also visited, but too late for the Exposition of the Suedone, or Winding Sheet, in which the body of Our Lord is said to have been wrapped. The wonderful results from the photographing of this much revered relic, are still

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the subject of comment. At Venice old St. Mark's was entered, and the doves which flocked round in thousands, were fed. To be near Assisi, and not see the home of St. Francis would not do, so our traveller climbed to the old town and visited the spots revered for seven hundred years as the scene of the life and labors of the gentle founder of the Little Brothers. There everything spoke of him who preached to the birds and looked upon all creatures with love. Here is the great church of Our Lady of the Angels, in the nave of which is the Portico of St. Francis, called by the people the Holy Chapel. Speaking of St. Francis said: "This place is holy; whatever you ask for fervently here shall be granted to you; never abandon it; if you are driven out by one door enter by another; let the holiest of my Friars live here." Another object of interest is the rose garden of St. Francis; with this the following beautiful legend is connected. One wintry night St. Francis being tempted to lay aside some of his usual mortifications, threw himself into a bed of thorns and briars; these at once were converted into fragrant and thornless roses, the leaves of which were spotted with blood. Next angels visited our saint and wrapping him in a white mantle, they carried him to his much loved Little Portico, where he was met by Our Lord accompanied by His Blessed Mother, and a great choir of angels. St. Francis was then assured by his Divine Visitor that his petition so long craved, of having a special indulgence attached to his Little Portico, was granted. Some of the rose leaves from this interesting spot now lie before me, and as though testifying to the truth of this story, they are dotted on the underside with dark brown spots, as though blood had been sprinkled upon them.

To see for himself the "dead hand" Father Cruise went to the Franciscan Convent at Foligno, and there plainly in evidence was the hand with its outstretched fingers, looking as if it had been hurled into the panel of the door with red hot iron. The story of the hand in short is this: Sister Teresa Gesta one of the Order, died suddenly on Nov. 4th, 1850. Two days later a sister who had taken her place as Sacristan was appalled on entering the sanctuary to hear moans, and cried out: "Jesus! Mary! What is that?" She was answered in the voice of the dead God, who exclaimed: "Oh! my God, how I suffer! The chapel became filled with smoke, and the sister was seen to approach the door, and placing on it her hand, she said: "Behold a proof of the mercy of God." The community were at once alarmed, and prayed without ceasing for her suffering sister. Two days after she again appeared, and in a voice hurried in the "I died on a Friday, the day of the Passion, and behold on a Friday I enter into eternal glory." The hand on the door has been proved to correspond in every particular with that of the dead religious.

The first Mass after his return to Canada was said by Father Cruise at our own miraculous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and on July 4th, looking just as of yore, he again entered St. Helen's sanctuary followed by the welcoming glances of his people.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tom McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I am a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS ECCLETTIC for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. THOMAS ECCLETTIC Oil three or four times a day, or whenever the cough spells render it necessary.

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DEAN HARRIS AND THE VET- ERANS OF '66.

St. CATHARINES, July 26.—The Vet- erans of '66 of St. Catharines have reason to be proud of the success of their camp-fire yesterday. It exceeded all the expectations of many, and had it not been for the rain the demonstra- tion would have been unprecedented. The streets were crowded during the afternoon and the hotels packed; while one wondered where the people in the park came from. It was the best natured crowd that ever congregated and it was the sole object of the local vets to give to their guests a good time. They succeeded. A large re- freshment tent was erected in the park and veterans were treated to all they could eat and drink without price.

During the afternoon the three splendid bands played in the pavilion and band stand. The ladies attracted a large number of people all afternoon, and the two city bands also pleased many people with the excellent quality of music they provided.

It was about 9 o'clock when the programme was begun. Rev. Dean Harris spoke from a bench in the pavilion and interested a large crowd of people for some time. He said: "I deeply appreciate the compliment which your committee has paid me in requesting that I should address you to-day, and I recognize this honor not solely that you have paid me the compliment of inviting me to participate in your festivities this afternoon, but chiefly because I deem it a great privilege to be permitted to publicly give expression to the feelings of respect and veneration which move me to speak of your illustrious dead. It is an act not alone of piety, but of policy, also, to resurrect every few years from the graves in which time has laid them, the memories of our great men. There is something at once noble and sublime in the spectacle of a people assembling in their strength to give voice to the reverential feeling of affection and attachment which binds them to the forgotten dead of other days. It is a law of our nature that great men are never alien to any people nor absolute to any age. The qualities which make them conspicuous above the men of their time are such as appeal to all humanity. In the midst of turmoil and distraction a few quiet, Titanic men have stood undaunted. No thunder of threatened calamity could daunt them, no tidal wave of momentary passion sweep them from their feet, no whirlwind of the soul could carry them from the rock of honor on which they stood. But, while this is true of the few who have gone down to their graves, what of the moulding of the many who remain, what causes course to produce—not indeed greatness in a nation, for greatness is the heritage of the few—but the stability of character and fixity of purpose in the many which conspire to produce a great and permanent nation. I think I am not passing the limits of permissible prediction when I assert that no great nation began its course under happier influences or brighter hopes than our own. Never in the history of the world did the human elements conspire more auspiciously to produce a great and heroic people, than when they set in motion the tidal wave of im- migration which brought to our country the stalwart method of Scotland, Ireland and England and collected them into a united people. To the enthusiasm and marvellous brilliancy of the Irish and Scotch, England contributed its Norman and Saxon stability; which fused with the impetuous Gallic nature, added manly vigor, strength and a restraining influence. Still none of these national elements may claim priority or precedence in the up-building and foundation of our great Dominion. That place belongs of right to our French-Canadian fellow-citizens, who also belong to the indestructible Celtic race. They were the first to put the brambles aside, and look into the darkness and shadow of our forest. They won Canada from a wilderness, and redeemed it from the savage. They consecrated our soil in tears and blood, and moulded it by the devotion and heroism of ten generations. Their valleys are crowded with the figures of knightly men and saintly women, of martyrs faithful unto death and of dauntless explorers, fearless as those who centuries ago set out in quest of the golden fleece. In the presence of heroic men like Oartier and Champlain, of warriors like Maisonneuve and Dulac, of explorers like La Salle and Verendrye, of martyrs like Lalle- mant, Jogues and Brebeon, and soldiers like Montcalm, Frontenac, De L'Isle and De Salaberry, we stand to day with uncovered heads. And yet the race is still full of its old vitality. All Canada honors judges like Routhier, poets like Fréchetto, orators like Chapleau, statesmen like Laurier, patriots like Joly, historians like Garneau, and writers like Chauveau and the Abbe Casgrain. Perish the hand and mute be the tongue that would attempt to separate these people from us, and strong may be the hand and loud the voice that makes for the eternal union of these people with ourselves! I speak to-day on behalf of national

unity, and with the poet I plead for national oneness, so

Let us be strong and united, One country, one flag for us all; United, our flag shall be freedom, Divided, we each of us fall.

Bear with me for a moment if I raise my voice in behalf of religious toleration. No nation, no common-wealth, no country may hope to be prosperous if the spirit of religious bigotry and religious intolerance animates its national body. The history of other days proclaims aloud this one and emphatic prediction, that the only hope for the prosperity and develop- ment of a great people lies in the practical good sense of a nation that proclaims aloud and acts that a man's conscience is above all civil and political law, and that his religion is a matter of such tremendous seriousness that it rests only between his God and himself. For thirty years I have labored to break down religious animosities, and have publicly protested against opening graves in England, Ireland or Scotland and calling up the spirit of animosity and intolerance which should have been permitted to return to the dust with the bones with which they were interred.

Your common hope is God's great love, Your Saviour, too, is mine; And of us from His throne above Looks down His love divine.

If we stand by these great principles of national unity and religious freedom no power on earth can make us slaves, for in the language of the Scotch poet: "We stand a wall of fire Around our dear loved land."

The utterances of the Dean were received with prolonged applause.

Spain Sues for Peace.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—The Spanish Government has sued for peace, not directly through the great powers of Europe, but by a direct appeal to President McKinley. The proposition was formally submitted to the President at 8 o'clock this afternoon by the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, who had received instructions from the Foreign Office at Paris to deliver to the United States Govern- ment the tender of peace formulated by the Spanish Ministers. At the conclusion of the conference between the President and the French Ambassa- dor, the following statement was issued from the White House:—"The French Ambassador, on behalf of the Government of Spain and by direction of the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, presented to the President this afternoon at the White House a message from the Spanish Govern- ment looking to the termination of the war and the settlement of terms of peace." This was the only official statement made public, but it sufficed to put at rest all conjecture and to make clear and definite that at last Spain has taken the initiative toward peace.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the religious interests and external remedies—Dr. PROCTOR, Existence—do not, so far as known, exist. The testi- mony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for neuralgia and rheumatic complaint, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Obituary.

William Healy, who had been for some weeks suffering from pleurisy, died at his residence, Macpherson avenue, on Sunday last. Mr. Healy was very popular amongst his acquaintances in North Toronto, and his death at the youthful age of 37 has caused all who know him very sincere sorrow. He was by trade a marble-cutter, and when taken ill was doing business in that line on Lombard street. His funeral took place on Tuesday. It was large and representative of the men of which Mr. Healy was not an unworthy descendant. Father Francis Walsh said the Requiem Mass at St. Basil's, the solemn services being joined in by many sympathizing friends. After the obsequies the remains were conveyed to St. Michael's Cemetery, where they were interred. May they rest in peace.

Two Cent Postage

OTTAWA, July 22.—The Imperial two-cent postage rate will, it is expected, go into effect on January 1st next, and simultaneously there-with Canadian inland postage will be reduced to two cents per ounce. The loss in revenue to Canada will at least be three-quarters of a million per annum.

The 48th Highlanders.

M. J. Parks: How long are the 48th Highlanders in existence—who is their Colonel, and has he been their only one?

The regiment was formed in 1891, 1st Colonel, John I. Davidson; present, A. M. Cosby.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot be effected. The principal cause of this is indigestion. Ferme's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown Ont., writes: "Ever since I was taking the lead against me, I have taken which I have in stock."

When you tell your friend a story and he doesn't laugh, wait until he tells it and have the laugh on him.

Leo XIII. and the War.

The Rome correspondent of The Catholic Times, Liverpool, gives the following account of the reception of the Spanish naval disaster off Santiago.

The news of Admiral Sampson's victory at Santiago and of the complete destruction of the Spanish fleet has, naturally enough, produced a great impression at the Vatican. The first rumors were disbelieved, and up to the last it was thought that the newspaper versions of the battle were, if not another canard, at least greatly exaggerated. When, therefore, on Tuesday morning Cardinal Rampolla communicated the official announce- ment of Admiral Cervera's total defeat to the Holy Father, Leo XIII. appeared to be greatly moved, and im- mediately wired to the Queen-Regent, offering to do all in his power for Spain in her present critical position, and exhorting the Queen to place her trust in Providence. Since then an active interchange of telegrams has been going on between the Vatican and Madrid, and it is certain that the Pope is striving to bring about a speedy termination of the war. The Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, Marquis Raphael Merry del Val, has had several interviews both with the Holy Father and with Cardinal Rampolla, and is in continual communication with his Government. The Queen Regent assured his Holiness that should any honorable overtures tending to the speedy cessation of peace be made by Europe, they would be received with favor in Spain. Leo XIII. immediately acquainted the Emperor of Austria and the President of the French Republic with the situation, and it is hoped that, as the result of all this diplomatic activity, an armistice will soon be concluded which will practically mean the beginning of the end. The Pontiff, while deploring the war between two Christian nations, has never, during its whole course, de- parted from the line of strict neutrality adopted by the Holy See, and has im- parted very precise orders to the clergy on this matter. The Supreme Pontiff is in the position of a father who sees two of his sons fighting; the fact itself is sufficient to grieve him intensely. He would the victory of either combatant be a source of pleasure to him, but if the idea be worsted, and the father be accused of undue partiality if he strives to stop the unnatural fight and appeal to his other children that they, too, may intervene and bring about reconciliation and peace?

Dewey's Canadian Connection.

The grave of Mrs. Laura Dewey Day, a kinswoman of the hero of Manila, is near Ottawa.

Respecting this lady, Mr. Henry J. Morgan, the Ottawa historiographer, has written to a contemporary: "In a letter appearing in your column respecting the family of Rear Admiral George Dewey, reference is made to his descent from Thomas Dewey, who came from England to Boston, Mass., in 1688, becoming a freeman of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in the following year. It may interest some of your readers to know that a member of the same family lived for many years in the province of Lower Canada. Some years ago I copied the following inscription from a tombstone which is still standing in the Protestant cemetery, situated on the Alymer road near this city: To the memory of Laura Day, who died Sept. 16, 1848, aged 65 years. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." In this faith she died.

"This lady, whose maiden name was Dewey, was descended also from the aforesaid Thomas Dewey, the Admiral's branch descending from Josiah Dewey, who was the second son of Thomas Dewey; while Laura Dewey was descended from the fifth or young- est child of the same. The family came originally from Sandwich, County Kent."

Church of the Sacred Heart, Rome.

The following pages were omitted from Miss Margaret L. Hart's sketch of the places visited by Rev. Father Cruise while in Europe this year:

While in Rome the Church of the Sacred Heart was visited. In connection with this, is the association for the relief of the souls in Purgatory. By means of its monthly review the objects of this society are cast abroad of a hundred. The order of the watchful devotion of this shrine has lately been greatly increased by a most singular manifestation. It happened that on the 2nd July of last year, the Feast of the Visitation, that a fire broke out at one of the altars, the lace, embroidery, flowers, and other inflammable material were at once destroyed, but on the fire being extin- guished instead of the beholder being confronted by a blackened and charred expanse, something at least phenom- enal was seen. The picture which formed the centre piece was surrounded by an aureole of flames, and as the altar has for its background a pro-theo face, rising amidst fiery red and yellow rays, touching all hearts by its piteous appeal, the eyes raised in supplication, words of the lips seem to come the words "have pity on me, have pity on me, at least on my friends, have pity

on me." The picture in its lurid and flame-like setting has been photog- raphed and is the object of much wondering comment. Many eminent men have viewed the scene, but as yet no judgment has been given of the miraculous nature or otherwise of the singular event. Among the visitors who came away greatly impressed were Mgr. Merry del Val and Arch- bishop Langevin. As this circum- stance is but recent, Father Cruise has probably been the means of its first publication on this continent.

Lord Minto to be Governor-General.

LONDON, July 25.—The Earl of Minto has been appointed Governor-General of Canada in succession to the Earl of Aberdeen. Gilbert John Elliot Murray Kymmooll Elliot, fourth Earl of Minto, was born in 1815, has been in the Scots Fusilier Guards, was a volunteer in the Egyptian campaign, and commands the south of Scotland volunteers, with the rank of Colonel. He is a Liberal and retired from the army in 1870.

The Elliots are borderers of Teviot- dale. Minto, from which the family takes its name, is a little village of Roxburghshire, near Jedburgh. In the days when every borderer of note lived in his keep and talked over his battle- ments to the harriers and rangers of rival families Teviotdale was the most disturbed part of the border country, and the King's writ was something less powerful than the word of a Scotchman or a Howe. It was in this country that "Jeddard justice" had its origin, and men were hanged first and tried afterwards. Since civilization and law came to confine the borderer's amusement at home to over-strait limits the Elliots have gone far over the world to find an outlet for the restless spirits of the borderer.

Minto is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Teviotdale, Scot- land, and is mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's "The Lay of the Last Min- strel."

E. B. A.

St. Helen's Branch No. 11, Toronto, continues in a very prosperous condition as shown by this Quarterly Report. And the meetings are well attended, the members taking great interest in the work of the Association, fully discussing all questions laid before them. And under the order of "Recreation" have several members capable and willing to make this a pleasing feature of each meeting. The membership is also steadily increasing there being two initiations at the last meeting and two at the previous one, and good prospects for the future.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. The members of St. Helen's Branch having been invited to the funeral of the death of the mother of one of their members, unanimously adopted the following vote of condolence. Whereas it having pleased Almighty God to call from this life the beloved mother of our respected Brother, William F. Heaslip, Resolved—That we the members of St. Helen's Branch No. 11, E.B.A. do hereby tender our worthy Brother our most sincere sympathy in his sad and very sudden affliction. And we pray that the ever Blessed Virgin will obtain from him the grace to bow in humble submission to the Divine will. May her soul and the souls of the faithful departed through the great mercy of God rest in peace.

Resolved—That a copy of this resolu- tion be entered on the minutes and sent to Brother W. F. Heaslip, and to the G.S.T. for mention in the official organ. W. LANE, S.T.

To all who find themselves with health gradually slipping away, Kidneys and Liver so disorganized that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous waste material, Stomach Distended, Biliousness, Headache, Aching, Back Pain, take Dr. Casso's Kidney-Liver Pills. The quick way they help you back to health will surprise you.

LATEST MARKETS

Toronto, July 26, 1898. On the curb in Chicago at the opening to day September wheat was quoted at 67 3/4; at the close September wheat was quoted at 67 1/2; puts on September wheat 67c, calls 68 1/2; puts on September corn 3 1/2; calls 3 1/2.

Receipts of farm produce on the street market here to-day were small; prices were generally unchanged. Wheat white standard . . . 75 \$ 00 do red 80 81 do 80 80 Barley 30 33 Oats 30 32 Rye 41 00 Buckwheat 45 00 Potatoes 67 00 Hay 7 00 00 do new 5 50 60 00 Straw 5 50 60 00 Hog new 6 00 60 00 Dressed hogs 6 50 67 50 Butter, lb rolls 13 14 do tubs, dairy 11 18 Cheese 11 11 Eggs 11 11 Turkeys 8 10 Potatoes (new, bush) 6 70 Beef (quarter) 7 00 8 00 do fore 6 00 60 Lamb 8 00 Mutton 5 7 Veal 6 7

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