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The Catholic Register

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VOL. X. No. 23

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Martinique Disaster

(For The Catholic Register.)
It would be late in the season to now attempt any appreciation of the terrible event which shocked the world during the early part of May last and which lasted for all time a whole city of thirty thousand inhabitants. Since the fatal eruption of Mont Pelée and the effacement of St. Pierre, Martinique, the press of the civilized world has trembled with accounts of the disaster, and to-day every individual who reads a newspaper, knows all about the details of that event. It was natural also that immediate help should be sent to the survivors. Especially was it so in the case of the St. Vincent eruption—because, as far as the city of St. Pierre is concerned, there was only one survivor, and he was a criminal saved from death by being confined in a dungeon. But at St. Vincent the sufferings were much greater, and the aid, so abundantly sent in, was much more needed. In fact, so great was the sympathy felt and the generosity displayed, that the subscriptions surpassed the needs of the occasion and they had to be discontinued. This speaks exceedingly well for the heart of the world at large and for the spirit of sympathy that fills the bosom of society. We recall these facts, not as news, but simply to enable us to accentuate more strongly the more surprising fact that we desire to mention.
In all the reports of sympathy expressed, of aid rendered, and of charity displayed, we noted that there was an absence of any reference to the dead, to the souls of the departed. The first intimation given to the public of any thought of those who had fallen victims of the great eruption, was in a despatch from Paris telling of the imposing ceremonies held in the church of Notre Dame. A solemn requiem was there sung for the repose of the souls of the departed-citizens of St. Pierre. The Bishop of Martinique officiated, and Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, pontificated and presided at the Libera. The concourse was so great that thousands could not be admitted to the church, consequently the entry was by ticket of invitation. Some eight thousand invitations had been issued and the old temple was thronged. We need not pause to describe the funeral arrangements, suffice to say that all were upon the grandest and most imposing scale that was possible. During the Mass a collection was taken up for the relief of the sufferers in the different localities affected by these volcanic upheavals.
There is a very serious lesson to be learned from these events. The aid of a temporal nature was happily wedded to the spiritual assistance rendered, but the fact remains that the Church did not forget the souls of the departed. As far as this life is concerned no human aid could avail those victims, and the world stops, generally, at the portal of the tomb. There is nothing more that can be done, or that would be of any use, either to save or to protect life, and there is no further thought given to those who are no longer of this earth. But the Catholic Church alone follows

her children beyond the confines of time, keeps track of them even in eternity, and cherishes both their memories and their souls, while she lends them the only assistance that can, in any way avail them, under their present circumstances. It is on such occasions as this that we notice the truly maternal power and love of the Church. Her memory is ever green, it is immortal like herself, and it is all-embracing. She knows each one of her flock by name, and she never loses sight of any—from the humblest to the most exalted. When the Angel of Death comes down and sweeps away thousands, as did that same dread messenger of God cut down the hosts of the proud Assyrian, men are astonished; they feel a great terror overcome them; they regret the sad event, they pity the victims, but they soon forget all about the men and women and children that have perished, and merely recall the mighty convulsion of nature that laid them low. Otherwise is it with the Church. She forgets nothing; not even the most insignificant and least known of the victims. She follows them individually and collectively into eternity and she assists them through all the stages that lead to the ultimate enjoyment of God's glory.
It might not be out of place to, here remark that as the ordained priest of the Catholic Church is a priest "unto all eternity," so is it that the Church of which he is a consecrated minister has no ending. The faithful live in the bosom of the Church militant here below, but as soon as death comes they do not leave that Church; they simply pass into the Church suffering in Purgatory, and when they still remain, even more than ever, if such were possible, in the Church, for they simply pass into the ranks of the Church Triumphant in Heaven. Hence it is that the Church in her immortality and in her vast reach beyond the limits of time, away into the cycles of eternity, is ever present, and existent for the faithful, while they are ever and forever the objects of her solicitude and care.

Cardinal Martinielli

Rome, June 9.—The Pope was present at the consistory held this morning. He was borne to the Sistine Chapel in the sedia gestatoria, surrounded by cardinals, and formally bestowed red hats on Monsignors Martinielli, formerly Papal Delegate in the United States; Prince Archbishops, including Very Rev. William Prince-Bishop Von Prozyrna of Cracow.
The Pontiff also appointed several bishops, including Very Rev. William J. Kenny, Vicar-General of Jacksonville, Fla., as Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla. (in succession to the late Bishop Augustin Vrot), and Very Rev. Philip J. Garrigan, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, as Bishop of Sioux City, Iowa. Subsequently, at the secret consistory, the Pontiff delivered a short allocution.
After thanking God for preserving his life to attain the Pontifical Jubilee, the Pontiff expressed his gratification at the Pilgrimage to Rome, and deplored the acts of the enemies of the Catholic faith in seeking to de-Christianize Italy and attack Rome by spreading and protecting heresy, Protestantism and pornography by writings, speeches and theatrical presentations.
All the cardinals in Rome, numerous bishops, prelates, diplomatists, Roman nobles, the Pontifical court and a host of privileged spectators attended the consistory. The Pope, who was in excellent health, was everywhere received with enthusiastic acclamations.

Death Of Father Healy

Though expected for some time, the news of the death of Rev. Thomas Healy, at San Antonio, Texas, was received at St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday last with great regret. Father Healy, who was ordained in 1898, came to Toronto from Thurles, Tipperary, in November of that year. He fell into consumption about a year afterwards and went south for the benefit of his health. For some months he knew he was dying, and waited for the end with Christian resignation. He was a devout and earnest young priest, strong in missionary spirit. During his ministry in Toronto, he was in the Cathedral parish, and went into its hard work with unwearied earnestness, relinquishing it with sorrow, when it had told upon his constitution only too plainly and he was ordered to the south in the hope of improvement.
The body was brought to Toronto on Wednesday, and at the time of going to press it had not been decided whether the interment should take place here, or in Norwich, Conn., where a married sister resides.
Father Healy was in his 30th year. May his soul rest in peace.

Death of Bishop Grandin

St. Albert, June 4.—Bishop Grandin, Catholic Bishop of St. Albert, died yesterday at St. Albert, after a long illness. His See included the entire territory of Alberta, and he was the senior bishop in Canada, having been consecrated in 1859. He came to the Northwest about the year 1851, and has travelled the entire north country, including the Mackenzie River district, on snowshoes, and by dog trains. He was most popular with his people.

His Lordship, Mgr. Vital Justin Grandin, O. M. I., was the dean of the Catholic bishops in Canada. He was seventy-four years of age, and in the fiftieth year of his rigorous life as a member of the Order of Mary Immaculate, known as the Oblates. For forty-eight years he has been a priest, and was in the forty-third year of his episcopate. He was one of the first missionaries to preach the Gospel to the Indians on the banks of the Mackenzie River. He was appointed titular bishop of Safala, on November 30, 1859, and afterwards appointed coadjutor to the late Mgr. Tache, of St. Boniface. In company with Mgr. Faradud, he went over the immense territory of the missions, founding churches and parishes in different sections of the country. The principal parish established by him is that of La Nativite, on the banks of the great Lake Athabasca. Some years later, when Mgr. Tache found that the extent of the missionary diocese was so great that he could no longer control the whole of it, the Holy See appointed Mgr. Grandin as bishop of the new diocese, Saint Albert, a parish founded by his old missionary companion, Father Lacombe, was chosen as the site of the bishopric, and the residence of the bishop. The life of the late bishop had been one of zeal, devotion and self-sacrifice. His memory will live forever among the people of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. His loss is a great one to the Church in Canada, which always looked up to him as a model and an example of the virtues which should adorn the episcopate. The deceased bishop was a native of Laval, France, and studied in the small seminary of that town. He joined the Oblates at an early age, and was ordained a priest by Mgr. de Mazenod, the founder of the Order. The funeral will take place at Saint Albert Cathedral on Tuesday next. It is altogether likely that Mgr. Langvin, bishop of St. Boniface, will officiate. Father Lacombe, the veteran missionary of the western country, was in the city when the news reached here, and expressed the deepest sorrow at the death of his old friend and bishop.

MONEY FOR NEW SEPARATE SCHOOL.

The Separate School Board has agreed to accept an offer from the North British & Mercantile Insurance Company to lend \$25,000 for five years at 4 per cent., to build a new separate school in Parkdale. The board has decided to hold the entrance examinations on June 23, 24 and 25, and to close the schools for the mid-summer holidays from June 25 to September 3, inclusive. The average attendance at the separate schools during May, out of a registered number of 4,358, was 3,673; highest, 3,990.

"By the way, Miss Quickstep," said the young man, brightening up a little, "I am asked to take the part of the foolkiller in a charade. How ought I to dress for the part?" Suppressing a wild desire to tell him it would be suicide for him to act such a part, she merely replied, with a despairing glance at the clock: "I don't know, Mr. Longstay. I don't believe there is any such person."

Banner Desk



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Four Per Cent. Per Annum accrues from the date on which the money is received by the Company.
Write for further information.

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OFFICES, Toronto St. TORONTO

Murray-Warrington Nuptials

(From The Belleville Intelligencer.)
The marriage of Miss Regis M. Warrington of this city and Captain W. P. Murray of Toronto, which took place this morning at St. Michael's Church, created, of course, an extraordinary flutter among local femininity. The threatening weather, no doubt, prevented many from attending, but the sacred edifice was well filled when the ceremony took place, and a large crowd stood outside to watch the bridal party as they drove up.

Miss Warrington is well known as one of Belleville's most popular society belles. In local musical circles, she will be much missed, her dulcet voice being heard with delight on many occasions in recent years. The groom, Capt. Murray, is a popular officer in the 9th Field Battery of Toronto, and is also a veteran of the South African war, he having served with distinction with the second Canadian contingent.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Treacy of the Cathedral, Toronto, assisted by Rev. Father O'Brien of St. Michael's, this city. The maid of honor was Miss Bertha Murray of Toronto, the bridesmaid, the groom; Mr. Charles Jansen of New York was groomsmen, and the ushers were Messrs. Charles Murray of Toronto, Z. H. Jarman of New York, A. J. Hughes of Toronto and E. J. Butler of this city.

Arrived at the altar, the ceremony was performed by the pleasant-faced divine from Toronto, who also celebrated the nuptial Mass, during the course of which Miss Katie Bawden, in beautiful voice, sang, "O, Wondrous Love." The Mass over, the happy couple, with the maid of honor and best man, retired to the vestry, as Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" filled the church, and so ended the nuptials of Miss Regis M. Warrington and Capt. W. P. Murray.

The bride's dress was of white duchesse satin, trimmed with old point lace and pearls. She wore the traditional veil and orange blossoms, and carried a splendid bouquet of bridal roses and lilies of the valley.

The maid of honor was gowned in white liberty tulle, trimmed with lace and pearls. She wore a hat trimmed with lilies of the valley.

Mrs. Warrington, the bride's mother, looked very well in an embroidered gown of pearl grey voile, over pink silk, trimmed with old point lace. She wore a hat of imported lace.

After the ceremony, the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was served. The house decorations were in excellent taste. The table decorations were in white and green, the centerpiece being a large horseshoe of Marchal Neil roses.

After the breakfast was over, the bride received in the large bay window of the drawing-room, under a

HUNT-McCARTHY.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Aymer on Tuesday morning, when George Harcourt Hunt, of this city, was united in marriage to Joanna Maude, daughter of Mr. J. J. McCarthy. The ceremony, which took place in St. Paul's Church, was performed by Rev. M. J. Jephcott. The bride was newly attired in a traveling suit of blue cheviot, with hat to match, and was attended by her sister, Miss Hattie McCarthy. Mr. John A. Hunt, a brother of the groom, was best man. After a trip on the upper lakes Mr. and Mrs. Hunt will reside at 767 Euclid avenue, Toronto.

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Now is the time to use it in your house cleaning. It is not expensive. It holds Prof. Ellis' Certificate and two World's Fair Gold Medals.

ALONZO W. SPOONER
Laboratory Feet High, Ont.

bell of white roses and carnations. The happy couple leave this evening for special cars, at 5:10 o'clock, for the Atlantic, where they will spend their honeymoon. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue voile, embroidered in black and white, with large black hat.

The presents were simply magnificent, enough, almost, to take one's breath away. The groom's present to the bride was a cheque; to the maid of honor, a Marguerite brooch of pearls and diamonds, to the best man, a diamond stick pin, and to the ushers, pearl stick pins. The bride's mother's gift to the happy couple was a Crown Derby dinner service and hand-painted dessert plates, also furniture.

The guests from a distance were: Toronto—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Murray, Miss Kathleen Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Murray, Major and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John Dryan, Major and Mrs. Bert Lee, Mrs. M. French, London, Eng.—Mr. Duncan Warrington.

Detroit—Mr. and Mrs. George Eyre, Piattsburg, N. Y.—Mrs. Laforce, Miss Milton Laforce.

Montreal—Hon. James McShane, uncle of the bride; Mrs. McShane, Miss Kathleen McShane, Mrs. Fred. H. Warrington, Miss Warrington, Mr. and Mrs. Malbin.

After the honeymoon, Captain and Mrs. Murray will take up their residence on St. George street, Toronto.

McKENNA-RADEY.

On Monday, June 2nd, a very pretty, though quiet wedding, was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, when Miss Elizabeth Radey was married to Mr. John J. McKenna. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann and Rev. Father O'Leary was present in the sanctuary during the Mass. The bridesmaid was Miss K. Radey, sister of the bride, while Miss Maggie Hagarty, of Parker, Ont., filled the office of maid of honor and Mr. Martin Radey, brother of the bride, supported the groom. The bride, who was given away by her father, was gowned in steel gray, trimmed with cream lace and bebe ribbon and wore a veil and wreath of natural roses. The bridesmaid wore a dress of crushed straw-berly and carried a shower bouquet of carnations, while the maid of honor was gowned in white silk and carried pink carnations.

During the day guests to the number of sixty-five and amongst whom were Mr. W. Haggerty and Miss K. Hagarty, of Parker, Ont., partook of the hospitality of the parents of the bride at their home, Brookfield street. The many presents to the bride showed the esteem in which she is held, and congratulations from a large circle of friends were offered. Mr. and Mrs. McKenna are residing for the present at 46 Brookfield street.

HIBBIT-FITZHENRY.

A pretty wedding took place in St. Paul's Church, Power street, on Tuesday morning, when Miss Emma Helena, youngest daughter of the late Richard Hibbit, became the wife of Thomas J. Fitzhenry, of Gooderham & Worts, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Hand. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Potts. The bride wore a dress of blue voile over silk. Miss Aggie O'Leary was bridesmaid, and Mr. M. Fitzhenry acted as groomsmen.

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Heintzman's special in a Housed Piano made in Germany. The instrument is feet 4 inches high, is a beautiful walnut case, 21 octaves, 3 pedals. It is a broad array of tones, which manufacturers would charge \$275. We make it special at \$200—\$10 cash and \$90 a month.

A fine of this piano, a hand some stool and scarf and pay freight to any point in Ontario with special rate to more distant points in Canada.

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Blessing of Chapel At House Of Providence

On Tuesday morning of this week a most interesting ceremony was witnessed at the House of Providence, when His Grace Archbishop O'Connor formally blessed the chapel of the institution, thus putting the finishing and spiritual touch to the work of renovating and redecorating, which had for some time past been in progress. Promptly at 9:30 His Grace and attendant priests entered the sanctuary and then made the round of the chapel, their course being accompanied by the prayers and ritual proper to the occasion. High Mass was then sung by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, assisted by Rev. Fathers La Marche and O'Donnell, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, with Rev. Father Williams as master of ceremonies. His Grace in cope and mitre being seated in the Sanctuary. Other priests present were Rev. Fathers Brennan, C. S. B.; Frachon, C. S. B.; Murray, C. S. B.; Cherrier, C. S. B.; Stuhl, C. S. R.; McEntee, C. S. R.; Gannon, C. S. R., and J. Minnehan. The singing during the Mass was Plain Chant sung by the Sister's choir, with a devotional arrangement of the "Ave Maria" at the Offertory.

After the Gospel the Archbishop, speaking from the altar, gave a short address explanatory of the occasion and attendant ceremonies. The blessing before Mass was not that of dedication, the chapel having been previously dedicated, but simply the blessing of the work lately completed, thus placing the chapel in its entirety to the service of God. His Grace then referred to the "good Christian women" who had been inspired to the charitable work of completing the appointments and beautifying the interior of the chapel. In doing so they had worked not for the praise of men, but for the honor of God, and to benefit those of the House of Providence. After this His Grace dwelt for some time on the meaning of the Mass and the dignity of God's House, ending with an earnest exhortation to his listeners to avail themselves frequently of the great privileges attached to the dwelling place of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and the rich gifts for the "poor in spirit" who earnestly seek him in His tabernacle. At the close of the Mass the Forty Hours were inaugurated, the whole ending with the prayers and chants proper to the opening of this beautiful devotion.

The appearance of the chapel called forth unstinted praise from the large number present, and while the new and beautiful altar of gold and white and the newly-decorated walls were perhaps the chief features for general admiration, the taste and skill in the arrangement of the minor details were not without their part in giving to the whole the pleasing harmony which satisfies our sense of the fitness of the place and things set apart for the service of God. The seats lately renovated are roomy and comfortable with oak finishings. The main and side altars were poetic in their simple yet exquisite in arrangement of lights and flowers. The white lilies and glowing carnations formed a striking background for the many soft lights from the waxen tapers; the rich red of the carpeted floor, the blue of the ceilings' dome, the brocaded vestments of the officiating priests, the scarlet folds of silken lining here and there visible, the Sanctuary lamp with its cluster of red lights and shower of crystal garniture, the Archbishop clothed in cope of gold and glittering mitre surrounded by his white surplined priests, combined to form a picture almost oriental in its warmth and coloring, and when a moment before the Elevation, the electric lights, like large mellow pearls, flashed forth above the altar, outlining the stained windows and arched walls, the effect was surprising and beautiful.

The procession which took place after Mass as the initial step in the devotion of the Forty Hours was somewhat unique and afforded a scene rarely witnessed outside of convent walls, owing to the greater number of the processionists being made up of the Sisters of the house in their sombre black and white with shrouding veils covering their bowed heads and all with lighted candles in their hands. Before the Blessed Sacrament, carried by His Grace the Archbishop, walked a number of tiny boys, dressed in cassock of scarlet and white and carrying dainty baskets from which they scattered generously the beautiful June blossoms in the path of the great and divine guest.

As the beauty of the scene and the order and perfection of the surroundings made themselves evident, the

thought came to one to wonder if the great Bishop Charbonnel when founding this house for "poor wanderers," of whom he styled himself one, had ever, even in his most sanguine moments, imagined the lion when the sick and forsaken, the maimed and destitute, should have in the house which owed its being to his charitable care, a spot so satisfying and worthy of its mission, a spot to which each could feel was his own, where he was ever welcome, even though no other spot on earth had ever borne for him the sacred name of "home." Doubtless the spirit of the saintly prelate partook in the rejoicing of the day, and on loving wings his prayers and blessing were waited to those benefactors who so generously completed his work, and to all who now find a place in this home.

For the beautiful new main altar the House of Providence is indebted to Mrs. Kieley, at present absent in Europe, while the entire work of frescoing and otherwise decorating the walls and ceiling is due to the generosity of Mrs. Hugh Ryan. The ceiling, with a groundwork of light blue studded with stars, is interspersed with symbols and monograms in keeping with the sacred character of the place, while the dome above the altar is enhanced by medallions bearing designs from the symbols of Our Lord's Passion and the Sacrifice of the Mass. The walls are of buff, relieved by ornamentation of varied harmonious coloring. Two stained windows have also been lately added. One, the "Good Shepherd," in memory of Bishop O'Mahoney, the other the Annunciation, to the memory of Mr. Hugh Ryan.

The architect of the chapel was Mr. Connelly, the contractor for the decorating Mr. Mogan, and the artist Mr. Cantwell. To these gentlemen the work in its entirety must be highly satisfactory, as it has proved so pleasing to the Rev. Mother and Sisters of the institution, as well as to all who have had the pleasure of seeing the chapel as it now stands.

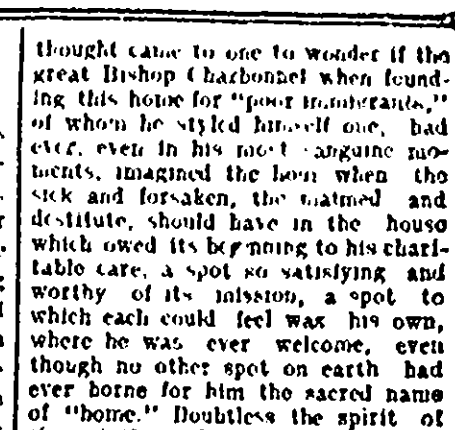
M. L. HART.

A WILD IRISH LEGEND OF CHRISTIAN DE WET.

In his new book, "The Boer Fight for Freedom" (Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers), Michael Davitt refers to a legend that, incredible as it may seem, has gained considerable currency. This is the great Boer general, Christian De wet, is none other than Charles Stewart Parnell. Mr. Davitt says: "There is a transient likeness to Mr. Parnell in De Wet, when the face is seen in profile, with the hat on, and covering the large head and broad forehead which was not conspicuous features in the physical structure of the Irish leader. The head and face are more powerful and massive than Mr. Parnell's, but possess none of the refinement or handsome lines which gave to the latter's looks, previous to his illness in 1887, their well-remembered impress of dignified attractiveness."

FATHER DEVINE GOES TO NOME

Montreal, June 10.—Rev. E. J. Devine for a number of years connected with St. Mary's College as editor of The Sacred Heart Messenger, Director of the Catholic Free Library and founder of the Loyola Club, will have next week for Cape Nome, to devote himself to missionary work.



Jewel Gifts

What more fitting than Diamonds as a gift to the bride.

It may not be an extravagant present; we show Diamond Ornaments at \$10, and many others at gradually increased prices.

Our newly received Art Nouveau Brooches are most attractive in design. The prices range from \$12.00 to \$50.00.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

In connection with the Institute of the Irish Christian Brothers...

It was on the 10th of October, 1890, that their house in the Via Firenze...

On that occasion the schoolroom was adorned with special care...

In the programme of the exercises of the pupils there are included the singing of choruses...

When the programme was exhausted His Eminence Cardinal Moran addressed a few words in Italian...

In distant Australia, which said His Eminence, is now the furthest extremity of the Christian world...

nence announced that he would award a gold medal to the scholar who merited it most during the year...

It is understood that a similar offer has been made by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Haran, Secretary of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney...

As a specimen of the class of work accomplished by these admirable educators in difficult circumstances...

When the Christian Brothers came here they opened their school with about two hundred names entered on the roll...

Every facility is afforded by the Colonial Government for a thorough elementary education...

Besides the three establishments already mentioned there is also a large and splendidly-appointed day college for the higher course of studies...

This is a marvellous outcome of success Twenty-four years ago the education of Gibraltar had all the hampering influences...

When the Christian Brothers set to work they had to contend against the antagonistic elements already in possession...

TO— (From The Westminster Gazette.) She is enshrined in my heart...

When hoar frost decks the trees, and all is purest white below...

And when spring comes with all its flowers And birds for gladness sing...

'Tis sweet to be remembered— I wonder if she knows, And where this memory will go...

O holy love that sanctifies Our common earthly lives, It is thy power that death defies...

Chats With Young Men OLD GORDON GRAHAM'S BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY

Baron Munchausen was the first traveling man, and my drummers' expense accounts still show his influence...

Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself...

It is the fellow who thinks and acts for himself, and sells short when prices hit the high C and the house is standing on its hind legs...

Pay day is always a month off for the spendthrift, and he is never able to realize more than 60 cents on one dollar that comes to him...

If you give some fellows a talent wrapped up in a napkin to start with in business, they would swap the talent for a gold brick and lose the napkin...

I always lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who has to break open the baby's bank for car fare towards the last of the week...

THE MARRYING AGES

In Germany the man must be 18 years of age before he can legally marry, says The New York Herald...

In France the man must be 18 and the woman 16. In Belgium the same ages.

In Switzerland men from the age of 14 and women from the age of 12 are allowed to marry.

In Austria a "man" and a "woman" are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the age of 14.

In Turkey any youth and maiden who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious services, are allowed to be united for life.

In Hungary, for Roman Catholics, the man must be 24 years old and the woman 12; for Protestants, the man must be 18 and the woman 15.

In Russia and Saxony they are a little more reasonable, and the youth must refrain from entering into matrimony till he can coast 18 years, and the woman till she can count 16.

JUNE MEMORIES.

Do you remember, my sweet absent one, How in the soft June days, forever done, You loved the heavens, so warm and clear and bright...

SUCCESS IS NATURAL TO MAN.

Activity is as natural to man as harmony to music. His whole anatomy was made for achievement. Every nerve and fiber in him, every brain cell, every function, every faculty, is fitted for high purposes...

We are success-organized, success-tuned achievement-planned. The Creator never made a human being to live in poverty or wretchedness...

In this land of opportunity, it is a disgrace for a healthy man to live in abject poverty. It is a libel upon his character, a disgrace to civilization.

DON'T SAVE MONEY AND STARVE THE MIND.

How many there are who have been very successful in saving money, but whose minds are as barren of anything beautiful as is the hot sand of the Sahara Desert!

We know men who started out as bright, cheerful boys, with broad, generous minds, who have become so wedded to money making, so absorbed in their business, that they cannot find time for anything else.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIER?

Of two young men, one of whom belongs to a Catholic society and goes to the Sacraments once a month, the other of whom has no use for church, drinks, frequents low theatres, and goes with vicious company...

THIS WILL REMIND YOU THAT THE PAIN OF STAINS, BRUISES AND SPRAINS...

THE GREAT STRUGGLE, HOWEVER, WHICH WILL DECIDE THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE OF THE GAELIC MOVEMENT IN IRELAND MUST, M. DUBOIS POINTS OUT, BE FOUGHT ON THE QUESTION OF THE TEACHING OF IRISH IN THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF THE COUNTRY...

BAD CATHOLICS.

It is unreasonable and unjust to judge the holy Catholic Church by the bad lives of many unfaithful members. Catholics are bad in as far as they do not live as Catholics. The Catholic Church is a good tree, and as such can bring forth only good fruit...

A French View of Ireland

M. Dubois then proceeds to explain the programme, the policy, the methods of the Gaelic League. A hopeful sign for the future in Ireland, where he says—every movement which has the support of the priests is assured of success...

OUR ARGUMENT

OUR ARGUMENT NO OBJECT in your buying a poor wheel —after you've paid the repair bill it will prove the dearest. A good wheel means comfort. The difference in cost from the other kind isn't worth considering. Perfect is a good wheel—it's made right—looks right—sells at the right price. Wheels from \$25 to \$80, according to the model. 34 KING STREET WEST CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO. LIMITED TORONTO

of the ill-tempered ebullitions of "ill-lustre savant J. P. Mahony," who committed himself to the statement that outside religious works there is not an Irish text which is not either indecent or silly; and of Professor Atkinson, who is responsible for what M. Dubois describes as "the truly extraordinary statement in the mouth of a philologist, that "every kind of folk-lore is, in reality, filthy." The effect produced by these declarations was, M. Dubois points out, not exactly what their authors expected. As Professor Zimmer, Professor of Celtic Language and Literature in Berlin, said in reply: "Their absence even of moderation destroyed their value; and it would be doing them too much honor to refute them." M. Dubois recognizes that the hostility of the Mahanys and the Atkinsons is not so much to the Irish language itself as to the Gaelic movement with which it is identified, and which threatens to completely upset their pet project of Anglicizing Ireland.

Educational St. Michael's College (in affiliation with Toronto University.) Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Directed by the Basilian Fathers, Full Clerical and Scientific and Commercial Courses Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. Terms when paid in advance: Board and Tuition per year \$100 Day Pupils per year \$25 For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TIEFF, President. Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, &c., may be had by writing LADY SUPERIOR, WALKERSON PLACE, TORONTO. School of Practical Science ESTABLISHED 1874. Toronto. Admitted to the University of Toronto. This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mechanical Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architectural Engineering, 5-Civil and Applied Chemistry. Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the School for giving instruction in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Analytical, 3-Mining, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing. The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. For full information see Circular, or write to the following: For full information see Circular, or write to the following: L. D. STEWART, Secy.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street. The course of instruction in this Academy embraces every branch necessary to the education of young ladies in the Arts and Sciences, and is adapted to the requirements of the University of Toronto. Pupils on completing the regular course and passing a successful examination, conducted by the Board of Examiners, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas in the Department of Practical Instruction. For the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University, the School is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates. The school is equipped with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates. The school is equipped with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA. Through instruction in the Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, special attention is given to the German and Polish Languages. Sixty per centum pays all necessary expenses except books.

Loretto Academy The usual High School studies are continued as BOND STREET, in addition to a Special course for Office Work, including Bookkeeping, Business Correspondence, Shorthand and Typewriting. There is also an Academy for Boys under twelve years of age.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC COLLEGE STREET. DR. EDWARD FISHER, Manager Director OF THE HIGHEST EDUCATIONAL STANDARD AND STRONGEST FACILITY IN CANADA. Pupils may enter at any time. School of Literature and Expression. A strong, efficient Faculty. Calendars and Syllabus Free.

OUR MAIL COURSE IN Wireless and Sound Telegraphy Now has many students. Nothing like it ever given. The cost is nominal. The results are good. Write for particulars. Address: Telegraph Department, CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

LOYOLA COLLEGE MONTREAL An English Classical College, Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior boys and a Special English Course for such as may prefer to follow the ordinary curriculum. Prospectus may be obtained on application to THE PRESIDENT.

MUSIC AND Musical Instruments of Every Description. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Let us make three tabernacles, one in the feet, one in the hands, and one in the forehead, and in this last may I watch and rest, eat, drink, and do my whole work in life.—Donatista.

Table with columns for date, feast name, and liturgical details. Includes 'SIXTH MONTH 30 DAYS', 'June THE SACRED HEART', and '1902'. Rows list various feast days like 'Second Sunday After Pentecost' and 'Third Sunday After Pentecost'.

Indulgence Prayer: "Heart of Jesus, burning with love of us, inflame our hearts with love of Thee." Indulgence of 100 days, once a day.

HOME CIRCLE advertisement with decorative border and the text 'The HOME CIRCLE'.

TO THE GRADUATE. The same fair June with its roses red. The same wise words to the young hearts said; The same deep sea and the same blue sky.

BEFORE THE ALTAR. (By Rev. P. H. McCauley) I come, O Sacred Heart Divine, Before Thy lowly, hallowed shrine.

SACRED HEART DEVOTIONS. Such is the general intention for June of the Sacred Heart League. In regard to the name The Messenger says that the word devotion, in its theological sense, has various meanings.

TRIBUTE TO GIFTED SOUTHERN AUTHORESS. Under the heading, "A Kentucky Novelist," Mr. Charles J. O'Malley contributes an interesting article to one of our contemporaries on Anna C. Minequo, several of whose stories have appeared in the Catholic press.

ran in the magazine more than eight hundred letters commending it were received by the publishers. The interest evoked was so phenomenal that the publishers referred to it in a lengthy statement in print. So far as known, no other American Catholic magazine has had a similar experience.

SELF ADMIRATION. What President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, has to say to college girls is of pertinent interest to every young woman, especially to that large class the self-unfortunates of the temptation to undue self-consciousness this college president says:

"It is a temptation to make the point of view of life too personal. Of course, each of us greets the day through the window pane of his own chamber. Our point of view must be personal but in the personality of our vision we are not to forget that every person also has a pair of eyes, and the light which comes to every other pair of eyes is just as clear a light as that which comes to ours, and the revelation which every other pair of eyes beholds is just as dear as that which we ourselves receive.

A RECOGNIZED REGULATOR. To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Paro's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

DOOLEY ON WOMEN AS WRITERS. But lithraochor is th' great life-wurk iv th' modern woman. Th' contrail is passin' into th' hands iv th' fair sect, an' th' day will come when th' wurrd book will mane no more to an abled-bodied man than th' wurrd gusset. Women write all th' romantic novels that ar- any good. That's because iv'ry woman thinks he's James K. Hackett. A woman is sure a good, athrong man ought to be able to kill any number iv bad, weak men, but a man is always wonderin' what th' other lad w'd do. He might have th' punch life in him that w'd not get th' money. A woman niver cares how many men are kilt, but a man believes in fair play, an' he'd like to see th' polis interfere about Chapter Three.

MANLINESS. It is a common mistake of the young to regard as manliness a mere precocity in vice. Young men are made popular idols and favorites because they are thought to be "such fine, manly fellows," when really the mark upon their forehead is unbridled license—selfish indulgence in amusements, and the giving up on all occasions their duty for pleasure.

PAINS, LIKE THE POOR, ARE ALWAYS WITH US.—That portion of man's life which is not made of pleasure is largely composed of pain and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in eating bodily pain, and a safe, old and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

When Henry W. Longfellow was only nine years he wrote the following poem. We think many of our little readers could do better than this:

Mr Finney had a turnip, And it grew behind the barn, And it grew, and it grew, And it never did any harm. And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grow no taller, When Mr. Finney pulled it up And put it in the cellar.

And it boiled, and it boiled, As long as it was able, When his daughter Lizzio took it, And put it on the table.

Mr Finney and his family, They all sat down to sup, And they ate, and they ate, Till they ate the turnip up.

THE THREE GIFTS

Once upon a time there lived a king and he had three sons. Their names were James, John and Richard. When the princes were old enough and ready to go out into the world and enter the battle of life the king summoned them before him.

"My sons," said he, "you are about to enter upon a terrible struggle—the battle of life. It is my will that you be well equipped and have all that you desire. My friend, the Wizard Wiseman, has promised that each of you shall have his wish. What do you desire?"

James, the eldest prince stepped forward. "Tell him I want riches—gold. Give me wealth and I shall go forth and conquer the universe."

"You shall have your wish," then he turned to his second son. "John, what do you want?"

"Give me power," said John. "I want to be a great ruler. Give me power and I will bring the nations of the world to my feet."

"I shall be as you say," said the king. Then he turned to his youngest son. "Richard, what is your wish?"

"Nor power nor wealth do I want," said the gentle Richard. "Give me only the gentle heart of making friends."

Then the brothers went forth into the world. All that James touched was turned to gold. He became rich beyond his wildest dreams, but he was the unappetizing man in the kingdom. He married, but his young wife left him because of his arch cruelty.

His only son grew up a spendthrift, and after James had died—in misery and alone—squandered the wealth his father had garnered after many years of effort.

The second son, John, went forth into the arena and became a mighty despot. Nations trembled at his nod. His power was unquestioned, but he was unloved, and one day his courtiers formed a plot and assassinated him.

As for Richard he wandered blithely into the world. Everybody who went near him became his friend. He was neither rich nor powerful, but everybody in the kingdom loved him. One day his father, the old king, sent for him.

"Richard," he said, "you chose wisely. Wealth is wonderful and accomplishes much, power is great and earns a great reward, but the gentle art of making friends brings happiness."

And Richard married a beautiful princess and they lived happily ever after.—A fable by S. T. Stearns.

MANLINESS. It is a common mistake of the young to regard as manliness a mere precocity in vice. Young men are made popular idols and favorites because they are thought to be "such fine, manly fellows," when really the mark upon their forehead is unbridled license—selfish indulgence in amusements, and the giving up on all occasions their duty for pleasure.

and yields. The unmanly person is a reflection and not a reality, an echo and not a voice. Young men resist their evil passions and resist difficulties, striving through them as a man strides through the gossamer threads which hang upon the grass on a summer morn.

Courage is absolutely necessary—not merely physical courage which is exceeding common, for few young men are cowards—but moral courage, a certain violence of truthfulness, and a certain impetuosity of honor. True manliness necessitates, too, self-mastery, which involves self-sacrifice. It requires God's own gold to make a true man, and if young men would be true men they must live not for the indulgence of self. They must remember that all the inspiration which comes to our humanity at all comes from the great tragedies of human life.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Doctor Burgess Supt Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of "The D & L." Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

SWEET BREATH OF LILACS. Oh, the sweet breath of the lilacs, In the twilight brings to me Recollections of a childhood, From all care and trouble free. I can see a quaint old homestead, Standing half-way up the hill, With the dusty road below it Stretching far away, until It is lost amid the shadows. In the valley, where the stream Flows beneath the bridge, where of ten

In my youth I used to dream Like a ghost, the well-sweep clumsy Points afoot, and just out here Is the garden that mother Planted thick with flowers each year.

She is near me in my fancy, And I seem to hear her speak, Astute sweet breath of the lilacs Blooms so softly o'er my cheek. And the open door is guarded By tall lilacs, whose perfume Is as fresh as though the blossoms Lay beside me in the room. Ah! a hundred sweet dream-faces, 'Mid a silence as of death, Smile on me, as o'er my senses Steals the lilac's perfumed breath. L. C. Bishop.

A NAGGING COUGH drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balsam, which relieves hard breathing, pain in the chest and irritation of the throat. Give it freely to the children.

SOME FASHION POINTS FOR SUMMER. The bolero has lost none of its popularity. Cloth skirts are made up unlined, even in the medium and lightweight goods.

Filet lace in appliques and all-overs claim chief attention for use on dainty gowns of satin foulard, India silk, pongee, etc.

The collarless fancy bodice will be much seen this summer. The new box-flattened Eton is especially becoming to slight figures.

The newest lace applique designs are composed of medallions to be applied singly or otherwise in connection with insertion and fagoting stitch. White will be seen more than colors this season.

Smart gowns for summer evening wear are made from Brussels net black or white, with a foundation of silk and a slip of chiffon to be worn between the net and silk.

Motie has the post of honor for light coats, especially for children. Mercerized goods will enjoy a great vogue for mid-summer outing suits.

The lavish use of lace is the most striking feature of warm weather toilettes. The little protection collars of lace, batiste and even linen have now cuffs to match; they are usually adorned with embroidery.

Chrysanthemum straw is the favorite for summer hats, the majority of which are flat and low.—From the June Delineator.

"What, Foadick! Surely you are not sweating so soon after making your New Year's resolutions?" "Well, what makes all the tradesmen send in their bills on the first of the month?" In January they ought to wait until the end."

MONUMENTS advertisement for The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Located 1115 & 1117 YORK ST., (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route), Telephone North 1944, TORONTO.

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL Awarded LABATT ALE AND PORTER Surpassing all Competitors

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc. ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE RENOWNED BRANDS "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT"

OUR BRANDS. The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Limited TORONTO. THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale. Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.

White Label Ale advertisement with image of a bottle and text: The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

Account Books Stationery Office Supplies Leather Goods Binding and the largest Fountain Pens THE BROWN BROS. LIMITED 21 St. Wellington Street West, Toronto.

What One of Canada's Leading Business Men Thinks of Our Paper. Toronto, March 8, 1902. The Catholic Register Co., City: We have been using the columns of the Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory.

MONUMENTS advertisement for The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Located 1115 & 1117 YORK ST., (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route), Telephone North 1944, TORONTO.

Good Serviceable Rugs. TORONTO RUG WORKS. 93 QUEEN ST. EAST.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HOUSEHOLD ART GLASS. Robert McCausland, Limited 86 Wellington St. W., - - Toronto.

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

F. ROSAR Undertaker. 320 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 3084.

MCCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS. Telephone Main 88 222 QUEEN ST. EAST.

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER. Telephone Main 679 340 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

D. Mann & Co. UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS. 507 Yonge St. Telephone North 2284.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1902

THE BANK OF MONTREAL

Seeing that the business community of Canada looks with as much interest into the annual reports of the Bank of Montreal as into the yearly budget of the Finance Minister at Ottawa, we think the country must be congratulated upon the statement made to the 84th meeting of the shareholders of the bank last week.

Mr. Clouston, speaking with his usual conservatism and caution, traced in outline the expanding prosperity of the Dominion. He said: "Generally speaking, the past year has been a prosperous one for Canada, and so far the hand of the commercial barometer still stands at 'fair.'"

BIBLE LITERATURE

The Tablet, of Baltimore, has just published a remarkable "Bible number," containing articles by many renowned Churchmen of the day.

FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, does not believe that Imperialism alone can carry the United States onward to a safe and glorious future. Imperialism is but the fashionable raiment of the hour.

COLONIES AND DOWNING STREET

Mr. Chamberlain is believed to be working for free trade with the Colonies. But the other side of the question is, do the Colonies want free trade with England?

speaks, means an open door in the Colonies as in China. And once the door is opened it will never be closed again.

CHRISTIANDOM ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXI

The Register has received from William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, two volumes under the above title, professing to be a presentation of Christian conditions and activities in every country of the world at the beginning of the twentieth century.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In the list of recent ordinations by the Archbishop of Dublin, at the Pro-Cathedral in that city, is the name of Rev. Andrew Traynor for the Archdiocese of Kingston, Canada.

An Australian officer, writing to The Bulletin, of Sydney, charges that the Australian officers were not alone in the practice of killing their Boer prisoners.

We are informed that a still more anti-Clerical Ministry than that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has taken up the task of governing Catholic France.

A letter has been read in the Catholic Churches of London from Cardinal Vaughan, giving permission to Catholics to attend the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

One of the cable correspondents drops a hint that Mr. Chamberlain has tricked the Boers in the Vereeniging treaty.

The Register regrets to hear of the death of Mr. Edward Harrington, ex-M. P., editor of The Kerry Sentinel.

If the only blaze the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce, assembled in Toronto last week, was able to kindle, was the conflagration that destroyed the Pavilion, then the city should no grumble.

Now that the new Westminster Cathedral is well nigh completed, the old church in Kensington, High Street, London, which has hitherto been known as the Pro-Cathedral, will bear the title of Our Lady of Victories.

NEW KING'S COUNSEL

The Lieutenant-Governor in Council (the Ontario Government) makes a new list of King's Counsel, in which the names of several Catholic members of the Bar are included.

It is bad enough when capitalists are charged with making war for the sake of trade; but when missionaries are indicted on the ground of advocating conquest for better business openings, the reflection on our Christianity is black indeed.

Toronto, and J. A. McBreid, Toronto. The names are representative of the Province as a whole, and whilst the distinction has been concerned equally for political reasons and standing at the Bar there will be no disposition to question the Catholic selections for either cause.

In the course of an address on "Altruism and Charity" before the conference of National Federation of Corrections and Charities in Detroit the other day Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, referred in strong terms to improvident marriages, saying: "Reckless and senseless marriages are an inexhaustible source of evil."

He referred to the tremendous influence of women and said: "If they were more serious, larger minded, intelligent and loving, three-fourths of the depravity and sin which make life a curse would disappear."

The newspapers inform us that Mr. Rockefeller alone is standing in the way of a settlement of the great coal-miners' strike in the United States.

The Register regrets to hear of the death of Mr. Edward Harrington, ex-M. P., editor of The Kerry Sentinel.

MR DEVLIN IN DUBLIN. We observe in our Irish exchanges that Mr. Charles Devlin, the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration, was chosen to move the first resolution by the public meeting of the parishioners of the Holy Family Church recently when the enlargement of the church was under consideration.

That whereas this Church is not spacious enough to afford the accommodation now demanded by the increased population of the parish, this meeting do resolve that its enlargement is a duty of urgent necessity which can be no longer postponed.

When they looked around this district, he said, and considered the many increasing wants served by this Church, when they saw on every side the evidence, if not of wealth, certainly of comfort, prosperity, and growth, who would gainsay the statement that the time had come for the improvement and extension of this building?

There was a large attendance on Friday morning at the funeral. The floral designs were many and included offerings from Hon. J. R. Stratton, Mr. James J. Walsh, the Toronto Rowing Club, Mr. O. E. McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cosgrove, Mr. Frank Lee, the registry office, Mr. James McConvey, Mr. Peter Small, Mr. and Mrs. William Clarke.

SUDDEN DEATH OF DENIS NOLAN Denis Nolan, for the past eight years a member of the fire brigade, died suddenly in a vacant building at 98 Front street east, on Sunday. He went there to look around the premises, and was stricken down soon after he arrived. Dr. Simpson was called.

Denis Nolan was the son of James Nolan, and was 33 years of age. He was injured at a fire on Linden street on March 15 last, and had been unfit

for duty since that time. He tripped while carrying hose at the corner of Sherbourne street, and struck his head against the curb. His wife died some years ago and he leaves three children.

MR JOHN MOORE, TORONTO. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord."

"Time rolls its ceaseless course, and once again Death, the stern destroyer, has laid his cold hand on the brow of an old and respected resident of Toronto, in the person of Mr. John Moore, who breathed his last on Thursday evening, May 22nd at the ripe old age of 81 years.

The late Mr. Moore came to this country from Ireland over fifty years ago, and settled in Toronto, where he resided up to the time of his death.

The funeral took place from his residence on Niagara street, on Sunday at 1 p. m. at St. Michael's Cemetery, where the remains were interred with all the impressive rites of the Catholic Church, and a very large number followed the funeral cortege as a tangible manifestation of their sorrow.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Richardson, Cavanagh, Kerney, Boudreau, Murphy and Smith.

Mr. Moore is survived by two daughters and four sons, viz.: Mrs. James Kerney and Mrs. John Coleman, Toronto, Robert Moore, Gravenhurst, Thomas and William Moore, Toronto, Michael John Moore, Montreal.

To these sorrowing friends, we tender our sincere sympathy in their time of bereavement, and pray that God may give them strength to bear their cross with Christian patience and resignation.

On Monday, May 26th, a High Requiem Mass was sung at St. Mary's Church, for the repose of the soul of Mr. John Moore, by the Rev. William McCann, who also preached a sermon, speaking in feeling terms of the zeal and devotedness of the deceased.

May the soul of this estimable gentleman see the light of eternal glory.

KEEP YOUR MEMORY BUSY. Memory does not "fall" except in loss of all the faculties; it simply gets weak and languid for want of use.

People often say, "My memory is failing," when it is really as good as ever, if they would give it a chance.

A word, a date, a name, an incident comes up - or, rather, fails to come up - when you want it. There seems to be no possible way of remembering it.

You make two or three efforts, give it up, and say, "There's no use; it's gone from me."

Nonsense! It hasn't. It is there just as much as it ever was, only there are a lot of things over it. Keep at work; bring your will to bear upon it, try and try and try, and after awhile you can get it.

And better, you will find that the exercise required in remembering it will help you the next time, and that a little toil and determination put together will accomplish wonders in the whole range of the faculties.

Look over your memory, see where you are most deficient, and exercise it in that respect. You can do it any odd time - while you are walking, riding, resting after a day's work, or listening perforce to a dull speaker. Don't let a few failures discourage you.

WHY lock your money up in a bank to bear an insignificant rate of interest when you can purchase our Debentures which are issued for one, two, three, four or five years, and bear interest at five per cent. per annum.

Half yearly interest coupons, made payable to bearer, are attached to these Debentures.

The Debentures are transferable. Remember your money is safe here. There is absolutely no chance for loss. Write us for further information.

THE STANDARD LOAN CO. 24 Adelaide Street East TORONTO

W. S. DINNICK - MANAGER.

S. Columba, Abbot

SAINTE COLUMBA, the Apostle of the Picts, was born at Gartan, in the County of Tyrconnell, A.D. 521. From early childhood he gave himself to God. In all his labors—and they were many—his chief thought was of heaven, and how he should secure the way thither. The result was that he lay on the bare floor with a stone for his pillow, and fasted all the year round; yet the sweetness of his countenance told of the holy soul's interior serenity. Though austere he was not morose; and he was untiring in good works throughout his life.

After S. Columba was made Abbot his real offended King Dermot; and in 565 the Saint departed for Scotland, where he founded a hundred religious houses, and converted the Picts, who in gratitude gave him the Island of Iona. There S. Columba founded his celebrated monastery, the school of apostolic missionaries and martyrs, and for centuries the last resting place of Saints and Kings.

On the day of his peaceful death, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, surrounded in choir by his spiritual children, the 9th June, 597, he said to his disciple Dermot, "This day is called the Sabbath, that is, the day of rest; and such will it truly be to me; for it will put an end to my labors." Then kneeling before the altar he received the Viaticum, and sweetly slept in the Lord. His relics were carried to Down, and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of S. Patrick and S. Bridgid.

Four years before his death S. Columba had a vision of angels, who told him that the day of his death had been deferred four years, in answer to the prayers of his children; whereas the Saint wept bitterly, and cried out, "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged," for he desired above all things to reach his true home.

HAPPINESS VILLA.

BY A. DE LAMOITHE.

"Eh! eh! business has not been so bad this year!" exclaimed Athanaso Polydore Le Comte, wholesale and retail dealer in chiffons, entering, on the last day of December, 1897, the little salon—rather dark, although it was eighty-six steps above the pavement of Rue Childebert—of the tiny apartment occupied by him as tenant of the unfurnished house No. 218. "Yes, not at all bad," he added, rubbing his hands after throwing his hat on the green damask sofa near which his only daughter, Lilla, Palmire, a tall slip of fourteen, her hair hanging down her back, was perched upon a piano stool, executing a series of exasperating scales, while her mother, Mme. Elodie Polydore, a plump little woman bordering on fifty, was reading near the window a novel in octavo leaning on its greasy back the imprint of the most fashionable circulating library in Maubert Place.

"A clear gain of 22,587 francs 63 centimes on the sale of white and colored chiffons is not bad! not bad!"

And, with his hands in the pockets of his black and grey checked trousers, the consequential little trader began to walk up and down, humming a popular air which he interrupted only to plant himself squarely in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, in front of his wife to whom he said once more:

"A fine profit, eh? What do you say to it, Elodie?"

Instead of answering, Elodie dropped her book on her knees with a discouraged air, and heaved a sigh powerful enough to turn a windmill. Athanaso Polydore nevertheless maintained a half stooping position which made him not unlike an interrogation point.

"What's the good of it?" murmured the afflicted beauty, slinking back in her armchair and relinquishing her hold on the novel, which slid to the floor.

"What's the good of it?" repeated Palmire like a plaintive echo, running her short, thick fingers over the sobbing piano.

"What's the good of 22,587 francs, 63 centimes!" exclaimed the dealer, drawing himself up with the majesty of a dancing master who takes the third position at the first squeak of the bow; "but are you well aware that, added to the rest, it represents 418,000 francs 12 centimes of capital, or, at the present rate of interest, 20,157 francs 8 centimes of income!"

"Oh! what do figures matter to poor victims obliged to waste away in the obscurity of a dark dungeon!" sobbed Elodie.

"Waste away! Waste away!" exclaimed Polydore with bitterness. "It does not appear to me that you are in such bad condition; you weigh 230 pounds, and in spite of your fifty years you are as red as—"

"It is on the mantelpiece behind you," answered the sweet young girl, crossly. "It is not worth my while to get up."

The merchant had resumed his promenade. At the third turn he halted and said: "In short, what will satisfy you?" "Oh! nothing, absolutely nothing!" she replied. "I am so happy!"

"See here, that is no answer," said he in an almost supplicating tone. "What do you want?"

"Nothing, sir, since you have decided to keep us always shut up in a dungeon, unless that you would not add insults to ill-treatment!"

"Truly, dear Elodie, you are unjust. It was you who selected this dungeon a dozen years ago, at Michicamas, a fine apartment, convenient, well-arranged, a perfect gem, which I have always kept in repair, handsome papers, carpets, mirrors, clocks, and everything; a salon facing south with a balcony covered with flowers, a light and roomy kitchen, two domestics—"

"Oh! certainly, a real earthly paradise, an Eden, is it not?" interrupted the prisoner, with a doleful laugh. "This is an excellent description to give of a horrible lodging which can only be reached by means of a frightful staircase! As to the balcony, one cannot go out on it without becoming dizzy, and the pure air one breathes there is nothing but an infected and pestiferous breeze laden with emanations from filthy sewers! You know that I am not hard to please, sir; you are not ignorant of the privations of every sort which I impose upon myself, but to lower myself to the point of allowing you, in my presence, to call a lodging which I cannot enter without blushing a charming apartment—oh, no! that is impossible."

"Great heavens! my dear, I do not claim that the house has no inconveniences," replied the merchant, moderating his voice. "Still, I do not in the least understand why you should blush at it!"

"Ah! you do not understand! Really, I am amazed at that. Have you never read the ignoble inscription over the door of your offices on the ground floor?"

"I have never seen anything but our sign there—"

"And have you read that sign?"

"Why, certainly I have even had it regilded not three months ago, and it produces an excellent effect at a distance, I assure you, with these words in large letters:

"Chiffons at wholesale, Maison Polydore Le Comte."

"That is precisely what ought to fill you with confusion and makes me die of shame. Listen it was only the other day that I was coming in with Palmire, we had been to a baptism, the baptism of the youngest child of Mme. Haymbaud, a fashionable lady. Of course, we were obliged, contrary to our usual custom to be a little careful about our dress; I had my yellow silk robe with currant-colored trimmings and my green bonnet with white feathers. Assuredly, that is simple enough, or I do not understand such things. A young man passing very near us with two ladies, and I do not say it to boast, but I heard with my own ears that gentleman ask one of the ladies: 'Do you know who that elegant and distinguished person is?'"

"Oh!" said the impertinent thing, with a sarcastic laugh, "that is the wife of M. Le Comte. You will see her go into her mansion presently."

"Ah! are there any mansions in this street?"

self," and she pointed to your offices. "There is the palace of M. Le Comte de la Chiffonerie," and all three of them laughed."

Mme. Elodie hid her head in her hands and her bosom heaved with sobs. "If this insult recoiled only upon me," she murmured between her fingers, "I could endure it, but to think that it falls back upon our only child, upon that dear Palmire, so timid, so artlessly sensitive, it breaks my heart!"

All this time the too sensitive Palmire was pounding out on her piano the stupid melody of the song "Ah! I will tell you, Mamma"—this clever notecard and her scales comprising the whole of her musical repertoire.

Less philosophical than his daughter, Athanaso listened pitifully to his wife's complaints. The poor man did not know what to do. He was unable to resist her tears, and madame, who knew the power of her lamentations, had opened all the floodgates of her woe. The unfortunate Athanaso did not even pretend to struggle against this inundation, the water was gaining on him, he lost his footing and begged her pardon.

Madame only wept the harder, making her little calculations very coolly all the while. The motto of this sensitive heart was "Woe to the vanquished!"

Her big, good-natured husband, weak, like all men of his sort, grasped at every twig by which he might hope to save himself. As basis for a truce he offered all that he supposed might calm the aggrieved beauty.

A voluminous shag of the most beautiful black. A dress of the newest style of silk a box at the Hobino Theatre. A fortnight in the country on the banks of the Morne. A season at Trouville. A journey through Switzerland.

Nothing availed. The sensitive creature was bound to die. The more alluring the propositions, the more disdainfully did she reject them. What was the good? Death alone could put an end to her moral tortures!

"What the deuce can she want?" wondered the defeated man, ruffling his thick whiskers, and he went on magnifying his offers:

"An apartment on the Chaussee d'Antin! It is a little dear, if, however—"

"No, it is useless! I want nothing, and an apartment in this horrid Paris less than anything else."

"Well, then, a cottage at Chatou or Passy."

"We are not rich enough," sighed she.

"But if we hired it for three months—"

"Another lodging!" cried she, in a suffocating voice. "I will not have one!"

And her voice died away in a sob so deep that M. Polydore hastily unfurnished some hooks, fearing that she would strangle him.

Elodie allowed herself to fall fainting into the arms of her tormentor.

"What do you want, my dearest? Tell me I will give you everything!" cried he, in consternation.

"I want a house of my own," she said, in a voice so feeble that one would have thought it the last sigh of a dying woman.

"Consent to live and I swear that you shall have it, my adored angel!" said he, totally beside himself.

What a charming arrangement! The cook could go to market every morning, madame and mademoiselle visit their friends and do their shopping. As to M. Athanaso, from his garden gate to the boat and from the quay to his offices, he had not a kilometre to walk. One could not be otherwise than happy under this roof covered with varnished tiles.

The first week was really delightful, the weather was superb, the newly planted flowers enamelled the borders, beautiful ivy twined around the lancelated bars of the grille, madame, in a filmy muslin wrapper and a broad-brimmed hat of Italian straw, shepherdess fashion, distributed blue water from her fountain to the blue periwinkles, and biscuit crumbs to the gold-fishes in a pond a trifle larger than an ordinary bath-tub.

Palmire was not less enraptured, and M. Le Comte de Sevres took his new abode as well as his new title seriously.

A house within reach of everything is so charming!

The following Sunday the proprietors of Happiness Villa were able to appreciate this. Madame de Sevres hid issued invitations for that day to a few intimate friends—a very few, you understand, because the garden was not large and the dining-room very small. It would only accommodate eight at table; with nine one was crowded, and, as was remarked by Athanaso, who took a place and a half by himself, where there is a crowd there is no pleasure.

The dejeuner was to be at ten. At eight the omnibus stopped at the grille, Madame was finishing a cream and was not dressed, Palmire in short petticoats, was scraping potatoes and the Comte de Sevres, energetically brushing a boot in which his arm was plunged up to the elbow.

This was scarcely aristocratic, but in the absence of the cook, who had been sent to market and had not returned, Mme. Zenobie had too much to do to pay attention to all the details.

Some one rang the garden bell. "Go and open the gate, Palmire," cried Elodie. "Doubtless it is Irene."

And she went on whipping her cream. Polydore, meanwhile, under the veranda, continuing to brush with a flourish of the arm.

It was not Irene the cook. The door, on opening, gave ingress to the fashionable Mme. Raymbaud, an affected lady with a stately figure, followed by two loves of children, Richard and Isabelle M. Raymbaud, a grave, self-contained man in a white cravat, black coat, and unvarnished pumps, closed the procession.

Surprised in her cruel undress, the bony Palmire screamed and took to flight, but not so quickly that her mother, irritated by the cook's delay, had no time enough to advance, her dish of cream in her hand, crying in

a sharp voice: "It is ridiculous to come so late and leave me to do all the work I ought to do! Oh! Madame, a thousand pardons! Really I am in such a state! . . . I am confused . . . My cook . . . Will you not enter? . . . You are too kind . . ."

Embarrassed by her dish of cream, she could neither salute them nor beat a hasty retreat, and she reddened to the whites of her eyes.

"Why, no, dear Madame, on the contrary, it is charming—quite the local color," slurred Mme. Raymbaud, inwardly delighted at the scrape in which she had caught her excellent friend. It is I who ought to excuse myself for arriving at such an unseasonable hour, but the truth is I was impatient to hear the nightingales singing in your park."

she added, looking with a mean air of hypocritical admiration at the three leafless plane trees, with trunks about the size of a broomstick, which might have been mistaken for the slottespikes on which laundresses support their heavy lines. "It is a real Bois de Boulogne in miniature. Do you know that in Paris people talk of nothing but the new park of M. Le Comte de Sevres?"

While this rattling discharge of ironical comments was going on, the unhappy count, his right arm still entangled in his boot and his left trying to conceal the brush, was trying to back out of sight. This bold manoeuvre would doubtless have succeeded but for an unlucky tub of water into which the misguided servant had placed a pile of china plates intending to restore them to their pristine brilliancy.

A scraping on the ground, followed at once by a misstep, drew the attention of the visitors to the fugitive just as he sat down, more than precipitately, in the tub, sending up jets of water around him in all directions, accompanied by the clatter of broken china.

(To be Continued)

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The Team of the Marquise

BY LEON DE TINSHAU

I.

A squadron of chasseurs was sent for the autumn manoeuvres of 1883 to the little town of G—, situated in the middle of an immense barren tract of Morbihan, between Pontivy and the sea.

— does not pique itself upon being the home of progress. It is nearly forty-eight miles from the railway, and if the telegraph is there, it was established only in the face of a unanimous vote of the city council refusing the five hundred francs demanded of it by the State as its quota of the expense.

"We don't want Paris spying upon us," said these worthy Bretons. —, however, has nothing to conceal. At most, sundry packets of smuggled tobacco, sundry blows a trifle too vigorous on the nights of the "Pardons" in years when the cider crop has been good.

Of course, this distrustful city has kept its ancient ramparts, whose talus slopes, hired out to butchers who raise their own mutton, supply the chief revenues of the municipal strong box. The lighting has remained stationary, and the committee on public highways is somewhat remiss in its duties. After eight o'clock in the evening the infrequent passerby takes care to keep in the middle of the street, for certain details of the interior service of the houses are not accomplished through the windows—not a very serious inconvenience in a region where it rains on an average three hundred days in the year.

At the time of the Revolution, out of its two thousand souls — counted twenty-five noble families whose hereditary titles are still to be seen on the sombre granite of their house-fronts. The greater part of these families has disappeared, flown towards the sunlight of a more active civilization, or are lying in endless sleep under the flags of the old church or in the vault of Quiberon, some leagues away. Four or five are dying out where they are, wrapped haughtily in a pride of name which covers their poverty and suffering as with a mantle, and thus managing to exist at the end of the nineteenth century on what would already have been insufficient eighty years earlier.

With the exception of the four privates and the brigadier of the county police, no cavalry had been seen at G— since the risings of 1833. The chasseurs were received with feelings that wavered between curiosity and resignation, but never assumed the shape of enthusiasm. For that matter, the soldiers themselves, and especially the officers, went there as one goes to Purgatory, glad to think that the manoeuvres would keep them all day long in the open country, far from a town of black granite and looking like a monastery, where everybody talks of "as-breton," even to the very tavern signs.

The first day, the squadron entered — towards seven in the evening, half dead with hunger and fatigue. The seven or eight officers dismounted in front of the Goaziou hotel, which had taken charge of their mess. After dinner most of them went to bed in the houses where they had been billeted on the inhabitants. They needed rest before the "surprise" to be attempted by the "enemy" according to programme, at about half-past two in the morning.

"With whom do you lodge, d'Avricourt?" asked a comrade of the lieutenant bearing that name. "Really I do not know," he answered, "and I confess I do not care much."

Then, drawing a paper from the pocket of his dolman: "The Marquise de la Meaugon! That sounds well. I will send her my card when I go to her house."

"You are the fellow for luck in your lodgings!" "Oh! luck! because my countrywoman is a marquise! You may be sure that she would not be living in a hole like this. Well, good-night! Our crazy general would have done well to do the night alarm to nine o'clock in the morning."

"Yes, and let us be driven forming — by the enemy instead of leaving us here for a week as victors."

The Marquise lived on the public square in a house built in the days of the Quinze, but not inclining the least by any architectural ornaments. It cost too much to chisel Breton granite into mouldings, spandrels, and volutes. Even time had given up trying to indent it.

Raoul d'Avricourt had only to push the leaves of the heavy oaken door in order to gain admission to the mansion of his noble hostess. The light that caught his eye in the courtyard at the fading twilight was so strange that, in order to see it better, he condescended himself behind a clump of weebay that flanked the entrance to the inside.

An old-fashioned, superannuated chariot, widowed of horses but not of a coachman—for a white-haired old man sat on the box as proudly as if he had under his whip a pair of horses worth five hundred louis—was drawn up in front of the perron. An old woman, leaning upon two younger ones, came down the steps and made ready to enter the vehicle. Before taking her seat she accosted the broken-coachman in a thick and honky voice:

"Are you holding your horses well, Thegonnet?" "Madame has nothing to fear," answered the man in a very loud tone, removing his hat as he did so. "Good, my friend, be careful. You know what a poltroon I am in a carriage."

Madame de la Meaugon sat down on the back seat of the carriage and her two companions on the front one. Two maids in caps raised the monumental step, and one of them opened the leaves of the porte-cochere. Meanwhile the old coachman, descending noiselessly from his seat, made an authoritative gesture to which two vigorous fellows, hidden in an angle of the wall, responded by coming obediently to take their places at the swingle-trees. Thegonnet was at the head of the polo, the two maids were at the back, ready to push.

From the inside of the carriage came the voice of the Marquise commanding: "To the house of Madame du Faouet!" At once the human team stiffened its muscles, the equipage shook, crossed the threshold, and disappeared in the street. The lieutenant might well have believed himself the only human being left behind. But, as he was wondering how he was to find his way to his room in this deserted dwelling, a sound of hobnailed boots became audible in the dark court.

"Is that you, Moreau?" called the officer.

"Yes, lieutenant, I was waiting to take you to your room."

Five minutes later Raoul was making his night toilette in a chamber so vast that the single wax candle only succeeded in casting an uncertain glimmer. Lost in the immense space, the scanty furniture, the whole of which, saving the colossal bed, could have been stowed in a garret, seemed still more scanty. In striking contrast, on the chestnut table, darkened by years, glittered the silver, crystal, and ivory of the elegant dressing-case of a man of fashion.

"Oh, come!" said the lieutenant, while faithful Moreau was pulling off his boots, "what sort of a phantasmagoria have I just been looking at? Are these people fools, or is it the custom of the country to substitute coachman for the horses? You are not the man to have been here for the last two hours without learning something of the history of the hour."

"As to that," replied the soldier-valet, "I think I am pretty well up in it, thanks to the fact that old Thegonnet talks French or something near it. We are in the house of the Marquise de la Meaugon, retired here with her two granddaughters."

"That does not tell me why she is so careful of her horses?" "Her horses, lieutenant? They have been dragging the stage-coach of Auray for the last two years. But the old lady is blind and three-quarters deaf, and she does not suspect it. She had a son-in-law, Comte de Pordic, who invested all his money in a big bank. The only trouble was that one day there was a —"

"A crash!" "That's it, lieutenant. Then everything was cleaned out. The Comte died of vexation, and to prevent their grandmother from doing the same his two daughters have been bamboozled her, saving your presence, for the last two years. You saw the carriage act, for me, I saw the dinner act."

"What do you mean?" "I had to go into the kitchen to get lukewarm water for Faanclube, and I kept an eye on the servant, without letting them suspect it, and I saw through the trick—a very simple one, anyway. A chicken wing for the old lady and buckwheat cakes for the young ones. It is a tale of poverty in four volumes."

"But how are all those servants paid?" "Thegonnet and the two maids are all that belong to the house, and it does not cost much to feed servants in this country. As to their wages — no danger, but what they spend them—you understand me? As for the two polemen, they are nephews of the coachman who come to give their uncle a hand after their day's work is over."

"What amazes me is that the Marquise has not dispensed herself from lodging soldiers. She has the right?" "She would not. The old lady has courage and pride as high as a mountain. All the same, a little more income would be better. My lieutenant needs nothing more!"

"No, go to bed. You must wake me to-night at two o'clock. Take care that some one notices these ladies, so that they may not be frightened if they hear anything."

The little procession passed in front of the clausures, who presented sabres, while their horses, champing their bits, seemed to be smiling at the sight of the strange conger "horse cars, withers and croup formed a horizontal line, and whose light-colored mane almost touched the ground.

The lieutenant had saluted with his sword as the host went by. But when the beautiful blonde young girl passed him the shining blade was again lowered to the ground, as if he also were paying homage to this Christian virgin.

And, in the silence scarcely broken by the choir-boy's bell and the knell that was tolling in the distance from an invisible steeple, Raoul d'Avricourt, contemplating the unknown with ecstasy, so far forgets himself as to murmur half audibly:

"It ought to do one good to die under the glance of eyes like those!" The red which sprang to the cheeks of the young girl showed that she had heard these words. Presently the sacred procession disappeared at a corner of the road, while the horsemen, the sabres returned to the scabbards, continued their march in the opposite direction.

There was not one of these men who had not become more serious. As to the lieutenant, the meeting with these two supreme consoler, religion and woman, on the way to fulfill their sacred mission, had suddenly thrown him into a train of such thoughts as do not usually find lodgment under the kepi of an officer of twenty-eight years.

Once more he saw a death-bed that of his mother, a priest was blessing the dying woman. He heard the faint words of her whom he had tenderly loved: "My son, I hope that God will give you a good wife!" Then, like a living response to the wish of the dead woman, the mysterious apparition of a moment since returned to his mind with strange persistence. Who was this unknown young girl whom charity was conducting to the death-bed of a pauper? Certainly she was a good woman, and how beautiful she was!

III.

The Viconte d'Avricourt was the son of a noble of ancient lineage and an enormously rich citizen's daughter. Like an intelligent fellow, he had appropriated from this alliance its best parts, taking from his father his name, character and sentiments, which were those of a man of good blood, and from his mother, who died young two very handsome dark eyes and one or two solid millions. But, if he made use of his eyes—and very good use, for that matter—he had as yet merely the reversion of the millions. While waiting for his father to leave them to him, he lived on his pay of two hundred and sixteen francs a month, without incurring more debts than were becoming true, to this somewhat meagre sum the Comte d'Avricourt had the good habit of adding a monthly subsidy of three thousand francs. It is a system which fathers who have sons in the inferior grades of the army would do well to adopt.

Raoul was the best-hearted fellow in the world. Worn out with want of sleep, he lay down between the sheets of a marquise whose granddaughters had not the wherewithal to buy meat. Hence he slept badly. When Moreau came to wake him, Raoul was dreaming that the Marquise, accompanied by her grand-children, was driving in the Bois in a victoria for which he had paid himself.

IV.

At the hour appointed, the enemies, represented by two or three companies of the line, attempted the surprise, but they were received in good style and hotly pursued into their positions with the alternatives of defeat or success. At ten in the morning they were still fighting. A platoon performed at a gallop a turning movement in a sunken road.

"Halt!" commanded d'Avricourt, who led the little troop. The twenty-five chasseurs drew rein. The tired horses stopped at once, though continuing to drive away flies by kicks which made the sheaths of the sabres ring against their dripping flanks.

"To the left, in line of battle!" cried the officer again. The manoeuvre was performed; the platoon drew up in a double line, leaving a narrow enough space between the horses' heads and the talus of earth surmounted by chestnut trees which bordered the other side of the road.

"What!" grumbled a veteran, "Isn't the day over? What an invention those grand manoeuvres are! I'll bet these flint-hearted souldards are going to fire on us again from under cover. And how mean that is, in such roads as this!"

"Come," said a non-commissioned officer, "shut up, you fellows, don't make so much disturbance! This is nothing! It is only the good God Who is going to pass on the right side."

In fact, a procession was seen approaching which was in striking contrast with the motionless platoon. A young fellow marched in front, holding in one hand a lantern fastened to the end of a staff, and ringing with the other a copper bell. Then a Breton in a short jacket, breeches with flaps hanging down to the calf, a large black hat under his arm, his grey hair flowing on his shoulders, led by the bridle a pony with shaggy mane and tail which might have measured four feet across the withers. On this peaceful mount an old priest in a surplice was going to give the Viaticum to some dying person in a neighboring thatched hut. Seven or eight peasant women of all ages followed, reciting their rosaries, and making with their lighted candles and their high caps of the time of Duchess Anne the effect of one of those processions which artists of the sixteenth century loved to paint on the church windows of the period.

The rearward was formed by a servant-maid in a costume more modern but not richer, accompanying her mistress, a graceful young girl with an aristocratic profile, whose carelessly put on black veil covered her admirable hair of pale gold. Her steady, clear blue eyes possessed, on account of the infinite depth of their gaze, that startling attraction usually exercised by darker ones. They revealed both purity and tenderness, devotion and poetry, melancholy and courage, but above all the glorious radiance of a loyal and intrepid soul. Assuredly this beautiful personage would have attracted attention anywhere. But in the depths of this Breton desert, in the mystic frame of this auster landscape, by the dim light shed through the thick foliage on this strange scene, the apparition shone out with the charm of the unexpected and in the harmony of a decoration which seemed to have been made especially for her.

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Yes, though Raoul d'Avricourt once more, one would be happy to die if wept for by those tender and faithful eyes, and beholding that compassionate hand!

Presently the platoon came in sight of the lonely farmhouse where a formidable breakfast had been ordered the day before for the officers of the two armies. Everybody knows how two or three dozen oysters and several glasses of chablis develop the dispositions of a nature already good of itself. Hardly had he returned to his quarters when d'Avricourt made an extremely careful toilette which transformed the dusty warrior into a cavalier of lofty mien. Then he went to ask the Marquise if he might have the honor of being received by her. How far we are already from the simple visiting card which the lieutenant had deemed sufficient the previous evening!

"Parion, Mademoiselle!" he said, at last, "it seems to me that we met this morning."

"Yes," she replied, delighted to turn a badly embarrassing conversation. "Do you know, grandmother! Those soldiers whom we found in the Kergrist road were under Monsieur's command. How fine it was, all those armed cavaliers in battle array, lowering their sabres before a poor priest who seemed the image of peace!"

"And before you, who seemed the angel of charity, Mademoiselle. I see that you do not dread fatigue when doing good is in question."

"Alas! it could not fatigue me to return to the house of poor Annie, who leaves little children without bread or shelter."

"You will deign to receive my aims for your protegee?" said Raoul, drawing out his pocketbook.

"Oh!" cried the young girl, her eyes shining with joy, "how good you are! How the dear little things will bless our meeting! They have gained bread for the whole winter from it!"

"And I," said Raoul softly, feeling once more the emotion of the night before, "have gained from it memories which will last longer than the winter."

Yvonne made no answer, and for a moment silence reigned in the salon of the Marquise.

"Madame," the officer said at last to his hostess, who with tense neck and watchful ear was waiting for the sequel of the conversation. "I see that it is unfortunately impossible to accompany your grandchildren in their promenades."

"My health will not permit it. All I can do is to get into the carriage three times a week to go and spend the evening with an old neighbor still more to be pitied than I, for she is paralyzed and does not leave her armchair."

The conversation continued for some time. The Marquise spoke to the young man of his family. It seemed they had alliances in common.

"Well," said Madame de la Meaugon, "since we are relatives, or nearly so, you must dine with me to-morrow evening. I had a chef who has left me, and whose place has been vacant ever since. But a soldier in the field accommodates himself to everything, and these little ones will do their best to prevent you from famishing."

"This time the 'little ones' became pale with terror, and four great beseeching eyes were raised to the officer, as if to say:

"We hope you will not have the cruelty to accept."

But he seemed not to notice. "Madame," said he, "a person more discreet than I would feel bound to refuse. For my part, I accept only, since this is war-time, you must permit me to impose my conditions. My orderly, who could give you Val de Pointe, will take possession of your ovens, and you will share our booty."

"Fie! sir officer, Booty! Can you be conducting yourselves like Prussians or Cossacks?"

"Not at all, although imitation is the order of the day. We made hecatombs of game in our cavalry charges and I brought back my holsters full of it."

It was the young man's turn to blush at a falsehood which did not deceive Mademoiselle de Pordic in the least. Wounded pride was plainly evident in their glances. But in rising Raoul laid his finger on his lips and then pointed to their grandmother, smiling with pleasure in her easy-chair. They understood the gesture, and by a spontaneous movement each offered her hand to the lieutenant. On withdrawing, the latter had a long conference with Moreau, who was an adept in contrivances of all sorts.

That evening, while they were brushing their hair in their common room, Jeanne de Pordic, the brunette, said to her sister, continuing a conversation begun much earlier:

"This Viconte d'Avricourt is really very good-looking. Did you recognize him at once?"

"The minute he came in. But if you knew how much better he looks on a horse, at the head of his men, not so polished, not so well brushed—more like a soldier, in fact. And then, with all that, such a soft voice!"

"What! Such a soft voice for a commander's squadron?"

Yvonne blushed, but she did not think it more timely now than in the morning to relate what Raoul had said of her eyes.

"How good he is!" she went on, without replying. "One hundred francs! Those poor children are quite rich—richer than we are," she added, with a sad smile. "Ah! in spite of everything, this meeting, almost beside a death-bed, frightens me a little. Who knows whether we shall not regret it?"

"Superstitious! Why should we regret it? I never saw a man who inspired confidence so quickly. He made grandmother smile again—is not that enough to make me adore him?"

"And he will love you. He will take you and I shall remain alone. You will see whether I am wrong, people always say I have the second sight."

"You don't know your trade. If he loves one of us, it will be you. You are blonde, you are of the Gaelic type and your name is Yvonne, how do you suppose a Parisian could resist all that?"

"There! You have the faculty of laughing at everything. Think that to-morrow we are going to dine on the bounty of this man!"

"You will have to get used to it when you are his wife. You will have, between you, an income of one hun-

dered thousand and five hundred francs, for his gringa told Thegonnet that he would have one hundred thousand on his side.

The discussion continued for some time longer; then everything was silent in the two white beds. But in the eye that could pierce the shadow, might have seen that, under the mysterious pinion of the Dream, it was the face of Yvonne, the saddened beauty, which now was smiling.

(To be Continued.)

A French View of Ireland

The Irish Literary Revival forms the subject of an interesting article from the pen of M. Paul Dubois, which occupies no fewer than thirty-two pages in the current issue of *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The writer displays an intimate knowledge of his subject, a sympathetic interest in the progress of what he calls "La Renaissance Gaelique," and a close personal acquaintance with events that are passing in Ireland. His promises may at times be open to question, and his conclusions may not invariably be warranted, but as a survey of the situation in regard to the language revival, and an expression of the views of an intelligent outsider anxious about the truth, the article is decidedly suggestive, and is to be welcomed as an evidence of the interest that is taken in Ireland by thinkers and politicians in other lands.

M. Paul Dubois traces the origin of the "Renaissance Gaelique" to "the ideas sown from 1842 to 1845 by that apostle of Young Ireland, Thomas Davis, and the ardent poet of the 'Nation'." Adopting the statement of W. B. Yeats, "one of the masters of poetry in the English language," that the final object of all politics and of all government is "the formation of the individual—the making of character," he proceeds to point out that the final object of the English Government and of English politics has been to mould the Irish Celt in the Anglo-Saxon type; in other words, to make the Irishman an Englishman.

The process was not an easy one. Up to the time of Cromwell, instead of the Irish becoming Anglicized, it was Ireland herself which had absorbed and assimilated the English or Anglo-Norman colonists and made them more Nationalist than the Nationalists. *Hibernia Ipsi Hiberniores*. Nothing could have stopped this process of "Hibernization" were it not for the brutal persecutions of England, the Plantations and the Penal Laws of the 18th century, which for a long time destroyed all strength of resistance, all capacity for development in the Irish people. M. Paul Dubois fixes the beginning of the work of Anglicization in Ireland at the close of the 18th century. Then it was the British society and British culture represented in Ireland by the English and Protestant garrison, began to draw towards them and to exercise an influence over the Irish aristocracy, and also over the clergy of the middle classes, who little by little were losing their mother tongue.

The more enlightened class, too, seeing the splendid efforts of Protestants like Grattan and Plunkett to vindicate the claims of Catholic Ireland, began to imbibe the hope that in a rapprochement with England they would find the freedom and safety of their country. Then came O'Connell, who based his political movement on the English language, to the exclusion of Irish. These influences reacted on the people, who fell under the influence of the Anglicizing process, partly through the direct and designed effect of the system of primary education organized in Ireland in 1831 by Stanley (Lord Derby) and the Anglican Archbishop

Whately, a Jesuit, who was objecting, doubtless, to the spread of any national language among the children of the State. The result of the work was effected in the most cruel and most effective manner. A school teacher in a village of the West of Ireland had to know the Irish language, but was forbidden to instruct children who knew nothing of English. "I must first of all be drilled, 'spend a year in writing the Irish out of them.' After that, the story told by the State is that on a certain island on the west coast—with the exception of some coast-guard's—there is not one individual who cannot speak Irish, and that is the schoolmaster! Even at the present time, this French writer observes there are not many men or women such a terrible trial as Mr. R. Draper of this place. Mr. Draper says: 'About four years ago I was taken ill with what I thought was Gravel. I was suffering great pain so I sent for the doctor, he gave me some medicine and said he would call again. He came twice more and charged me fifteen dollars. I was a little better but not at all well, and in a short time after I took another bad spell. Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother. I thought I would try them and I got a box and commenced to take them right away. In the first week after I had taken the first dose, I passed a stone as large as a bean, and in four days afterwards passed another about the size of a grain of barley. This gave me great relief and I commenced to feel better at once. The improvement continued and I gained strength very rapidly until in a short time I was as well as ever. I have not had four years ago, and I have not had the slightest return of the trouble since, so that I know that my cure was an absolute and permanent one.'

Commenting on this, M. Dubois writes: "Notice the vulgar brutality of the expression and compare it with the sweetness of tone and the delicacy that are the distinctive traits of the old Celtic speech. In the change of language the Irish peasant inevitably loses little by little that instinctive dignity, that courtesy, that self-respect with which, even still, tourists in the poorest villages in the West are so strongly impressed, and which made Ireland in days gone by like Spain of old, a nation of gentlemen."

M. Dubois has a vigorous and wholesome contempt for Shoneenism and Anglomania. The creed of the Anglomania he condenses into a sentence: "Ours is what is respectable there is nothing of any value, everything that is English is respectable; nothing is respectable save what is English." A humorous illustration is given to this "respectability" in a story about Mr. George Moore. Mr. Moore went into a shop in Grafton street to get certain articles of Irish manufacture, when the shop assistant informed him that the article in question was never asked for by the "respectable classes," as they only wished for the English brand. Mr. Moore's energetic reply must have somewhat startled the shop assistant. "Oh, damn the respectable classes," said he, "they are the disgrace of Ireland! So it is in small things as in great. The Shoneen grafts an English accent on his Irish brogue. Fashionable manners, sports are copied from England. In the theatre we only hear the 'latest London novelties.' In the music halls, songs and monologues, in which the stage Irishman acts the ignorant buffoon, Irish girls are no longer called Kathleen or Bridget, but Mabel or Gladys. M. Dubois complains that even the English newspapers, however anti-Irish they may be in politics, are written and conducted in the English style, "with this difference, however, that there is more wit and ability in *The Freeman*, for example, than in three-fourths of the British journals."

Whist M. Dubois admits the force and progress of the influence that have been tending towards the Anglicization of Ireland, he sees clearly that the attempt to make Englishmen of the Irish is foredoomed to failure. The people might become "West Britons." They could never become English. Ireland's anglicize; mais l'Irlande, le *outrage-elle*, *pourrait-elle* James devener anglaise? C'est ce dont on peut douter. "A nation," he proceeds, "cannot by any sort of metaphysical take into itself some fine day the soul of another people, and the moment it leaves its own peculiar pathway of progress and its innate possibilities in order to copy after a neighboring nation, it disqualifies and condemns itself. For nations, as for individuals, can never become a province of England, an Englishshire like the so-called 'Ireland' can be reduced until it is nothing more than a geographical expression, but as Irish cannot become English in consequence of being they will not in any manner Anglicize without giving them a new civil state, will leave them in the condition of mongrels, of the unclassified, lost children of history without a future as without a past. For Ireland in day Anglicization can only signify decay."

(Continued on page 8.)

REUBEN DRAPER

Few Men have had such a Thrilling Experience.

A Quebec Gentleman who Relates an Interesting Story of a Narrow Escape—Happy Deliverance Just in the Nick of Time.

Bristol, Que., June 9.—(Special)—There are not many men or women such a terrible trial as Mr. R. Draper of this place. Mr. Draper says: "About four years ago I was taken ill with what I thought was Gravel. I was suffering great pain so I sent for the doctor, he gave me some medicine and said he would call again. He came twice more and charged me fifteen dollars. I was a little better but not at all well, and in a short time after I took another bad spell. Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother. I thought I would try them and I got a box and commenced to take them right away. In the first week after I had taken the first dose, I passed a stone as large as a bean, and in four days afterwards passed another about the size of a grain of barley. This gave me great relief and I commenced to feel better at once. The improvement continued and I gained strength very rapidly until in a short time I was as well as ever. I have not had four years ago, and I have not had the slightest return of the trouble since, so that I know that my cure was an absolute and permanent one."

(Continued on page 8.)

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Mark

Money and Dreams.

He settled himself in his roomy chair in his big, old house, where he had lived so long that the city had grown up away and beyond him, leaving the house, which had been in a fashionable neighborhood, so far down town that there was little more than the hum of business to be heard all day around it.

He had so many nephews and nieces to look after his comfort. Some every day in town all summer, to be near him. When the first of them came to go away for a little rest in the hot weather he would say:

"Rest! Who wants rest? If you let money rest it rusts—rust! Turn it over, keep turning it over; it grows! it grows!" And he would add that the summer was the best time of all for work.

He closed his eyes. He felt such a strange sense of oppression. No, he was not dizzy. It happened so often that he was dizzy. He dreamed once more, and it was his last dream. It was summer—yes—but it was nearly fifty years ago. The dust and roar of the city gave way to the scent and quiet of an old garden; the heat to the dew of a country evening; its breeze, lightly moving the leaves of the trees and fluttering the ruffles of a girl's muslin frock, with its pattern of summer blossoms upon it.

A boy—such a boyish country boy—took the silver ring, then new and shining, from his pocket and put it on the hand of the girl in the flowered muslin frock. Then they kissed each other, and the girl felt sobbing with her arms about her companion's neck, and he spoke:

"Never mind, dear; Annie, dear. I am going away to make a fortune, and I am coming back for you, and we will be married, and I will take you away to the city, and you will be rich and have everything you want."

"But I don't like the city. I should be so afraid and so confused, and you might not love me there as you do now here in the country. People in the city forget each other so."

"No, they don't; not if they really love each other, and I love you. Nothing can ever make me forget you. See, not as long as you come to me after the May and the stars come with it."

They kissed each other again. The ring came back to him in a letter with a flower he no Annie's grave. Never once did he go to seek the grave to rest by it a moment. Work became his love and gold the star that guided him.

Now he clasped the silver ring tight in his right hand, and he gasped and fell forward. His clasp relaxed; he awoke once, a deep sigh, then lay there quite still. And later they found him as Margaret Klein in the New York Herald.

Could Not Endure The Suffering Of Itching, Bleeding Piles—A Distressing Case That Was Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment

Mr. F. Mann, machinists, with the Canadian Locomotive Works, and who lives at 24 Dufferin street, Kingston, Ont., states: "Dr. Chase's Ointment As, I believe, the most effective treatment for piles that is to be obtained. I have used it, and it cured me of bleeding piles of a most aggravated form. Only sufferers from piles can understand what I went through. The misery caused by them was something awful, and I don't believe I could endure the same torture again. At nights especially I suffered dreadfully, and could not get rest or sleep. I found a positive cure in Dr. Chase's ointment, and gladly recommend it to others."

There is no disputing the merit of Dr. Chase's Ointment and its effectiveness as a cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. In nearly every community are to be found people who have been cured of this wretched disease by Dr. Chase's ointment. It is for sale by nearly all druggists, at 60 cents a box, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, by Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

EXPENDITURE MUCH LESS.

REVISED BRITISH FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The Expenditures Estimated at \$170,350,000 as Compared With \$103,100,000 Before Peace Was Proclaimed—The Returns of Heavens Better by \$4,050,000.

London, June 10.—A Parliamentary paper issued to-day presents the revised financial statement for 1902-03. It is estimated that the expenditure will total \$170,350,000 (\$891,793,000), and that the revenue will amount to \$162,435,000 (\$762,175,000). The deficit will be met out of the proceeds of a consols loan of \$23,920,000 (\$140,000,000), leaving \$5,999,000 (\$29,950,000) available for contingencies and the redemption of part of the national debt.

When delivering his budget speech on the 14th of April last, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, estimated the total expenditure for the financial year at \$193,100,000, made up of \$129,150,000 for ordinary expenditure, \$45,450,000 for war, and \$18,500,000 to bring home troops, etc. The estimate then given of the revenue was \$147,785,000, leaving an estimated deficit of about \$45,000,000.

FUTURE POLICY OF BRITAIN. A. R. Colquhoun's Paper Before the Colonial Institute.

London, June 11.—Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's paper, read last night before the Colonial Institute, was an able and comprehensive survey of the future policy of the British Empire as essentially a colonial policy. It was not an alarmist paper, but a cool, well-reasoned argument, pointing to the conclusion that the empire must be bound together by federation.

He discussed the project of a British Zollverein and preferential duties within the empire without committing himself to any definite scheme, and contended that Parliament was overwhelmed with routine business and that an Imperial Council was indispensable, since fresh impulses from the colonies were needed in order to invigorate national policy.

He described Britain as ill equipped for the desperate struggle for existence now going on among nations, and asserted that colonialists must come forward and contribute to the expenses of the Imperial household. Mr. Colquhoun's paper was closely followed, and his warnings against one-sided free trade in a protection world, and against the annexation of British shipping lines by American capitalists, when Germany was in a position to command a maritime alliance, were warmly applauded.

Colonel Delmon presented his argument for levying a war tax on all imports in all British ports with force and lucidity, as replied both by Mr. James Bryson and Mr. John Morley's arguments against the bread tax.

The discussion was continued by several eminent colonial representatives, and was a most animated one. It was a significant demonstration of the fact that while Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has proclaimed that the British Empire cannot be sacrificed for the sake of the colonies a combination for business and defence has become the great issue in English politics.

HURRYING TO VENEZUELA. German Cruisers Leave St. Thomas Under Muffled Orders.

St. Thomas, D.W.I., June 10.—The German cruiser Falke sailed for La Guayula, Venezuela, yesterday, and the German cruiser Gazelle sailed for the same port to-day, under hurried orders from Berlin.

NEW FRANCE MINISTRY. Announcement Formally Made in the Chamber of Deputies.

Paris, June 10.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day, after a speech by the President M. Bourgeois, on assuming the Presidency, the Premier, M. Combes, made the Ministerial declaration. It was on the lines of the synopsis already cabled and was received in silence by the Moderates and Right, while by the Radicals and Radical Socialists it was warmly applauded. The Chamber decided to discuss the Government's programme on Thursday, and then adjourned.

OFF TO THE COVOVATION. Governor-General, Provincial Premiers and Military Contingent.

Steamship Parlatan, St. Lawrence River, June 7.—"The great question of the age is transportation." This sentence kept time to the rhythm of the machine, which propelled the good ship Parlatan down the broad St. Lawrence River towards the quaint old City of Quebec, where the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the convocation contingent are waiting to embark. Thanks to the courtesy of the officials of the Allan Line, I have obtained possession of one of the passenger lists specially prepared for the historical voyage, of the "Atlantic" vessel so long known as the blue ribbon boat of the Allan Line.

The Sense of Humor.

He was an ordinarily mild and inoffensive little gentleman who had lived for many happy, uneventful years in farther Chelsea, when a volume of theatrical anecdotes came into his hands. In this he read of delicious practical jokes played with unflinching success by Vivier and Botham, and of how that great comedian, J. L. Toole, brought confusion to a baker's shop employing in the window a sign, "Bread is supplied" by requesting that three girls and a boy should be sent round as soon as possible.

"This," he said, "is the exercise of true wit." Then he went out, still chuckling. In farther Chelsea, where custom is drawn by hailpenny from the needy, the stationer for a certain house which endeavors to attract the hungry by pasting on its front this dubious message, "Everything as nice as mother makes it."

"The very place," said the little gentleman, and entered. "I can have a meat?" was his first query. "Yes—straight through," said the woman behind the counter, pointing to an inner partition of the shop. "Any everything as nice as mother makes it?" he asked.

"That 's in the window," "But how nice does mother make it?" "Jim," said the woman, calling into space, "here's a cove wants to know how nice mother makes it," and she laughed.

"Garn," came a beery voice; "must be balmey on the crumpet. Turn 'em out!" Nothing daunted, the little man went on: "Supposing she doesn't make it very nasty, what then?" "No answer. The woman went on frying onions, but her eyes gleamed.

"What if I don't remember any mother? What if she never made anything at all? What if—?" He got no further, but found himself thrust violently through the door to the pavement outside, while a voice admonished him: "Ere, you, don't come interfering 'ere—if yer wants a sausage and mashed, say so. If not, get out!" And he, recoiled hastily, though with dignity, the voice followed faintly: "Bedlam—that's the place for the likes of you—Bedlam!"

The discomfited little gentleman had walked nearly a mile before his recovery was completed by a sign, hung over a boot shop, which caught his eye. "Wear Parkinson's Boots," ran the legend. The little man fairly leaped into the shop.

"Why?" he asked, in mild enquiry. "Beg pardon, sir," said the assistant who had hurried forward to greet him. "Why should I wear Parkinson's boots?" "Because they are the best, sir. We use nothing but the best leather."

"What's the matter with my own?" The assistant glanced down. "Uppers want mending and heels leveling, sir. Do you a perfect boot for fifteen shillings."

"But supposing Parkinson's don't fit me?" "We keep all sizes, sir." "Yes, but I don't know that I care about wearing another man's boots."

"Of course, sir, if you prefer to go on buying boots like these you've got on; but, with a depreciatory smile, we can turn you to a much better article for fifteen shillings."

"But my name is Pettigrew, and I don't think it would be legal for me to wear Parkinson's boots—it looks like robbery."

"Robbery?" said the assistant sharply. "Our prices are as low as they can be for such wearing qualities. If there's nothing further to-day, sir," holding open the door, "good morning!"

"Some people," said Pettigrew to himself, as he waited for his homeward bus, "have no sense of humor. I wonder how Toole managed it?"—"Punch."

A Useful Helpmate. The editor of the Crispville "Telegraph," after spending six years without a break, in the editorial harness, felt himself entitled to a vacation, and went away to the mountains for a month's hunting and fishing, leaving his wife in charge of the paper.

On his return he was astonished to find his office overflowing with potatoes. Everything that could be turned into a receptacle was filled with them. Each pigeonhole in his desk contained a potato. The drawer of his editorial notes, which he had buried in the bottom of a chest, was lined with papers, were filled and heaped with them. There were potatoes in the coal-bucket, in the ashpan, and even in the stove itself.

They were so small potatoes, either. Every one of them was as big as his fist, and some were as big as two fists. The collection would have taken a premium at a county fair. "Lucy," he said, after the greetings were over, "what does all this mean?" "Oh," she almost sobbed, "I wanted to do something original, and so I announced, in the first number of the paper, I printed after you went away, that the 'Telegraph' would be sent for one year to the person sending us the largest potato raised in this county, for six months to the person sending the next largest, and for three months to the person sending the third largest. The potatoes began coming right away, and they've been coming ever since. Some persons, I am afraid, have tried to get all three of the prizes. I have begged the people not to send any more, and I do believe they are doing it now for a joke. We can't announce any prizes all they quit coming, and they are some of the other people with their pockets bulging with them right now, and—Oh, Cyrus, what shall we do?"

"Do?" said the editor, with a grin on his face. "Do? The right thing to do would be for me to go away for another month, and let the other people do the paper. Potatoes are worth a dollar a bushel, and you have got enough of them here to pay all the expenses of my trip, and all they cost us is a dollar and seventy-five cents worth of 'telegraph.' If you want an appreciation, just consider me in line for the job."

THE SUPREME COURT.

Prospects of the Early Retirement of Sir Henry Strong.

Ottawa, June 10.—The latest rumor in political circles is that Sir Henry Strong is to retire from the Supreme Court at an early date and be succeeded as Chief Justice by Hon. Justices Taschereau. It is also said that Mr. Justice Armour will be made a Judge of the Supreme Court. Who would get the Ontario Judgeship vacated by such a shuffle does not appear. Sir Henry Strong would not, according to report, retire immediately to private life, but would take the Chairmanship of the commission to revise the statutes at a handsome remuneration. The Globe correspondent heard of the possibility of these changes in a reliable quarter, but is unable to give them as official. He was assured some days ago, however, that important developments were soon likely to take place in regard to Sir Henry Strong's retirement. The question as to who would succeed Sir Henry Strong in the event of his withdrawal from the Bench has often been discussed, and the general opinion seems to be that precedent must govern. If this view is correct, then Mr. Justice Taschereau would be called upon to preside by virtue of seniority, and it would be the first time since its formation that the court has had a Chief Justice of French-Canadian descent.

It will be under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, and the direction of the Rev. D. A. Twombly, P.P., Tweed, Ont., to whom all communications as to rates and time limits may be addressed. Further particulars in a later issue of The Catholic Register.

Monday, July 22nd.

THE MARKET IMPORTS. Wheat is Firmer.—The Cheese Trade—Live Stock Active.

Tuesday Evening, June 10. Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The receipts of grain were light on the street market this morning. Prices were as follows:—Wheat—Was steady, 1 load of goose selling at 62 1/2c per bushel and 3 loads of feed wheat at 60c per bushel.

Cheese Markets. Campbellford, June 10.—There were 1,035 boxes of cheese boarded to-day. Sales were as follows:—Alexander, 250 at 9 1/2c; McGrath, 500, and Drexton 200 at 9 1/2c; Victoria, June 10.—At our cheese market to-day—twelve factories offered 1,048 boxes of cheese for sale. The market was very active, and prices were generally an advance of 1/4c to 1/2c over last week's prices.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, June 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; good to prime steers, \$1.25 to \$1.75; poor to medium, \$1.25 to \$1.75; stockers, \$1.25 to \$1.75; calves, \$1.25 to \$1.75; hogs, \$1.25 to \$1.75; sheep, \$1.25 to \$1.75.

London, June 10.—Close—Wheat, on passage heavy and depressed. Malta, on passage rather easier. Wheat—English country markets of yesterday easy, French country markets quiet but steady.

Paris, June 10.—Close—Wheat, tone dull; June 22 4/8, September and December 206 1/2. Antwerp, June 10.—No. 2 red winter, 17 1/2.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Cash. Sept. Cash. Sept. Chicago, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25. Toledo, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25. Duluth, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25. Minneapolis, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25, \$1.25. Milwaukee, 2 1/2, 7 1/2, 7 1/2, 7 1/2. Detroit, 2 1/2, 7 1/2, 7 1/2, 7 1/2. St. Louis, 2 1/2, 7 1/2, 7 1/2, 7 1/2.

A DREADFUL TORNADO. Ten Persons Killed and Nine Houses Wrecked. (Associated Press Despatches.) Lake Park, Minn., June 10.—A tornado swept through the county twelve miles north of here yesterday afternoon, cutting a path two miles wide and three miles long. Nine farm houses were destroyed and ten persons are reported dead. The church at Spang was demolished. Further details have not yet reached here.

Ulen, Minn., June 10.—A tornado formed five miles west of this place yesterday, and swept over an area of a half-mile wide and probably twenty miles long. It killed four persons, injured many more, and demolished numerous buildings. Reports from various sections show that many persons were badly injured. Hundreds of head of stock were killed.

Advantageous Terms. "I hear that you have compromised your suit for damages against the P. D. and Q. Railroad Company." "Yes." "Advantageously?" "Very." "What were the terms?" "They paid my lawyer's bill."—"Tees Topics."

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

AFTER SHAVING TONY EXTRACT. COOLS, COMFORTS AND BEINGS THE SKIN. BRINGS THE MOST TENDER FACE TO FIND A MOST SENSITIVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS. Avoid dangerous, irritant fragrances. Beware of cheap imitations. Tony's Extract, which easily and gently removes all traces of a beard, is a really pleasant.

Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. The annual Ontario Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre (below Quebec) will take place, this year, on Tuesday, July 22nd.

It will be under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, and the direction of the Rev. D. A. Twombly, P.P., Tweed, Ont., to whom all communications as to rates and time limits may be addressed. Further particulars in a later issue of The Catholic Register.

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Allen's Lung Balm. The best Cough Medicine. ABSOLUTE SAFETY should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine for any of its safety depends on a life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALM contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs. Try it, and you will be convinced.

DEATHS. NOIAN—Suddenly, on Sunday, June 8, 1902, Denis J. Nolan of the Yongo street fire hall.

PURITY REFRIGERATOR. gives entire satisfaction. It keeps provisions perfectly without any commingling of flavors—uses very little ice and never becomes foul or rusty. Call and see it.

McDonald & Willson, 187 Yongo St., Toronto.

OUR ICE WILL NOT MELT until you get double your money's worth out of it in comfort and convenience. Order your supply now and be happy.

Bella Ewart Ice Co. Office: 13 Mellada St. Telephone—Main 14,1947, 7933.

"My Valet" FOUNTAIN THE TAILOR. Dress Suits to Rent. 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074.

How Cheerful the House is where Cowan's PERFECTION Cocoa is used. It is absolutely pure, very refreshing and nourishing.

Toronto, May 7, 1902. To the Advertising Manager Catholic Register: Dear Sir—In renewing my advertisement for the current year, I feel obliged to compliment you on its merit as an advertising medium.

I have decided to double the space used last year, which speaks for itself. Yours, H. C. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery.

The "D.L." Emulsion Will Give You an Appetite! TONE YOUR NERVES! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!

JAS. J. O'HEARN House and Sign Painting. Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging, etc., etc. SOLICITS A TRIAL.

Typewriters. All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month. CREAMER BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. Toronto.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE 4 TRIPS DAILY (Except Sunday). STRS. CHICORA AND CORONA. On and after JUNE 2nd. Will leave Yonge Street Dock, East Side at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. For Niagara, Quebecon and Lewiston.

A BUILDER—ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?—"The D. & L." Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

THE OPINION OF AN ADVERTISER. Dear Sir—It gives me much pleasure to state that the advertisement which I have in The Catholic Register has well paid me. As a rule I find it difficult to tell from which source trade comes through advertising, but on several occasions I know good patrons have come to me through your paper.

Yours, E. McCORMACK, 31 Jordan street, Toronto.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE KÖNIG MED CO. 9 Franklin St. Chicago. Sold by Druggists at 25¢ per bottle, U.S.A.

The Highest Type of Excellence in Musical Instruments is Exemplified in BELL ART PIANOS and ORGANS.

Every facility for investigating the merits of the high-grade instruments is offered by the BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO. LIMITED. QUELPE, ONTARIO. Toronto Warehouses 146 Yonge Street Catalog No. 164 for the asking.

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