

**UNION ST. JOSEPH.**

**Its New Building, Blessed by the Archbishop Fabre.**

His Grace Archbishop Fabre, blessed the new building of the Union St. Joseph, in rear of its old quarters, corner of St. Catherine and St. Elizabeth streets Sunday. His Grace was accompanied by the chaplain of the Society, Abbe Cousineau of the Bishop's Palace, and the Rev. Father Dequire, parish priest of St. James Church, and the guests present were Mayor Desjardins, Mr. L. O. David, President St. Jean Baptiste Society, and representative of the Artisans Canadiens, Francaise Union St. Pierre, Union des Commis Marchand, Union St. Vincent, Union St. Joseph, St. Henri, Mr. J. I. Turie, M.P., and Mr. Frs. Martineau, M.P.P. The decorations were done by Jos. Robichaud, secretary of the Society, and were very pretty.

Mr. Joseph Lamarche, president of the Society, read an address to the Archbishop, expressing the devotion of its members to the church.

His Grace, in replying, stated that he had been the first chaplain of the Society, at a time when it was not customary for such societies to have a priest in their midst. He was glad to see that the Society had lived and prospered. He warned his hearers that there were, perhaps, too many foreign societies establishing themselves in Montreal, and he urged them to reserve their support for such a good home and Catholic institutions as the Union St. Joseph.

After the religious ceremony, Mayor Desjardins expressed himself as in accord with the Archbishop as to what he had said about foreign societies. Why should they join these secret Orders? Was it not in the French-Canadian character to meet openly and to transact their business loyally in the face of the world? French Canadians did not like secrets; and they did not like foreign control. The Union St. Joseph opened wide its doors to men of all callings.

Mr. J. Israel Turie, at the close of his speech, applied for membership. In the course of his remarks, he said it was time that our public men should say openly what they were. There had been so much said of late that it was time they should know whether or not they lived in a Catholic province. He had read many untruthful things that were printed about them in other provinces, but the most unfounded of all these things was that they were an inferior race, because they were Catholics. This old province of Quebec was still the mainstay of Confederation. Its inhabitants were more truly loyal to our institutions, it contained more elements of progress and of strength than any of the other provinces.

Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. F. Martineau and L. O. David.

The principal officers of the St. Joseph's Society are: Jos. Lamarche, president; Chas. Lavigne, 1st vice-president; Ovis Beauchamp, 2nd vice-president; Jos. Robichaud, recording secretary; Oct. Rollin, assistant recording secretary; J. A. Martel, corresponding secretary; Alp. Gosselin, 1st treasurer; Gaston Legrand, 2nd treasurer; Jos. Corbeil, Oct. Gosselin, J. O. A. Thibaudau, Z. Normandin, J. Jubinville and E. Vigeant, collectors; Ars. Mirault, 1st marshal; Alf. Blais, 2nd marshal. Besides there are twelve visitors for sick members.

The founder, Mr. Louis Leclaire, now resident of Bordeaux, Back River, was to be at end, but on account of severe illness was unable to be present.

**TOWER OF PIUS IV.**

**Chosen By the Pope for His Summer Home.**

The tower of Pius IV., chosen by Leo XIII. for his summer retreat, has been recently restored and separated from the ramparts built by Leo X. four centuries ago in defence of the Leonine city and the Vatican Palace. During these sixteen years of self-imposed imprisonment His Holiness is said to have suffered severely for lack of the bracing mountain air of Perugia, the city where he lived for so many years. And it was for the purpose of escaping from the oppressive heat of his Vatican kingdom—which is in reality a little city within the Eternal City, offering all the inconveniences of an overpopulated centre—that he sought the cool shade of the isolated tower beyond the green fields and shady trees of his garden. The Pope has always taken a great interest in his garden—in the cultivation

and tillage of the land; but his interest especially centred in the olives and vineyards which he had planted, and he watches anxiously, following with unaffected pleasure the ripening of his grapes and the gathering at vintage time. He traced himself on a map the avenues which he had made to enlarge the circuit of his daily drives, and he turned and twisted them about so that he might pass through the different plantations and enjoy a variety of scenery. At the extremity of these extensive grounds there was a very high wall, measuring some 400 yards in length, and flanked at each end with two colossal round towers. It was a desolate spot, abandoned to wild plants and rank weeds, which alone flourished in the perpetual damp shade of the great mass of brickwork, with its ruined battlements, bearing marks of the cannon balls fired by the soldiers of the French Republic in 1849 and by the Italians during the siege of 1870. The Pope ordered that this wall should be demolished, and in its place a sunny avenue now divides the two round towers, which stand isolated with gravel walks, bordered with flowers and shrubbery, leading to them. The western tower was turned into a meteorological-astronomical observatory. The other tower has been made a comfortable summer resort for the Pope. There are three large rooms in it, the one above the other. His Holiness occupies the central one, which has three windows. As the walls are four yards wide one of the windows was closed, and the deep embrasure has been turned into a dressing-room. From the two southern windows there is a beautiful view of the Villa Pamphily and the Apennines.

In the middle of the room stands the Pope's large writing table of ebony, inlaid in ivory, and before it an imposing high-backed, red damask armchair. Round the room are a few smaller red silk chairs with gilt carvings, in the artistic style of sixty years ago, which have evidently been hauled out of some forgotten garde-meubles. In the recess of one of the windows there is a small iron bed covered with red silk and hidden from view by a curtain of the same material. Here is also a little stairway built in the thickness of the wall which leads to the building of two stories, recently constructed near the tower, in which there are two or three rooms for the servants and a small kitchen.

When Leo XIII goes to pass the day at the tower he is accompanied by his cameriere participante—gentleman (prelate)-in-waiting—an officer and two Noble Guards. He is carried from his apartment in a sedan chair through the loggie of Raphael and the museums to the entrance to the Vatican gardens, where his carriage awaits him. The prelate-in-waiting seats himself opposite His Holiness, and the Noble Guards mount their horses and escort the garden he alights at the door of the tower, dismisses his cameriere and guards, who return to the Vatican with the carriage, having received orders to come for him at 4 or 5 o'clock.

At the tower, ready to attend to his personal wants, he finds his groom of the chambers, Signor Centra—an important personage in the Papal household—and three other servants. An amusing occurrence, to which the Pope submits with more or less patience, is the inevitable presence of the head gardener, a clean-shaven, shrivelled little man in a frock coat and tall hat, who meets him every morning at the door to offer a stiff, old-fashioned nosegay, and remains kneeling while His Holiness enquires about his olives and his grapevines. Then the door is closed, and the Pope retires to his room, where he remains alone from 9 o'clock till noon, when his dinner is brought to him. It does not take much food to preserve in life the diaphanous frame of the elderly Pontiff; and, in fact, he seems to consider eating a troublesome superfluity. The simplest kind of food and the least expensive is what he prefers. A light soup, the wing of a chicken, rice cooked in broth and a light entree of some sort constitutes his midday meal, which lasts about twenty minutes. Sometimes during his dinner he has a little chat with his servant, Centra, who waits upon him. Then he lies down upon his little couch for an hour to rest. It is in the tower that he receives the Cardinal Secretary of State; but the daily audience rarely lasts over an hour, and no one else is allowed to disturb his solitude.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

**BISHOP NEUMANN AND THE QUAKER.**

**Honoring God and Relieving the Poor by Church Building.**

A charming biography of the late Rt. Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann fourth bishop of Philadelphia, Pa., edited by Marc F. Vallette, LL.D., is now appearing in the Ave Maria. Bishop Neumann, as readers of the Pilot know, was a man of extraordinary sanctity. Indeed, so well has this been attested that the process of his canonization is now advancing at Rome, and he will doubtless be the first saint whom the United States has given to the Church.

We quote from the sketch above referred to the following anecdotes of this modern and ready-witted blessed one:

"I noticed," says a priest who often accompanied him on visitations, "that the Bishop was very gay and sociable whenever we dined simply and without pretence; he would jest and enliven us all by a thousand anecdotes. But when the table was elegantly served, and the dishes numerous and costly, he was taciturn, and left as soon as possible. One day we were entertained in the house of a wealthy Catholic; the viands were of the choicest, the wines of the best vintage; all that money could procure was made to minister to the entertainment. The Bishop was remarkably grave, and scarcely touched his food. Next day we dined in the block house of a poor Irishman; the food was coarse, there was no drink but water; and the only thing that abounded was the cordial welcome and hospitality of the good host, who could not control his delight at receiving such an honor from his Bishop. The latter was all affability and condescension, and delayed much longer than usual over the repast. No greater contrast could be found to the grave, dignified prelate of the preceding day."

He wished to retain the habit of his order; but as it was explained to him that this might cause misrepresentations, he gave it up and contented himself with wearing it whenever he stayed with his religious brethren. His Bishop's soubriquet was of the poorest kind, and gave little token of his dignity. A Redemptorist Father who had lately arrived from Europe, to whom Dr. Neumann was personally unknown, met him one day in the house of the Congregation in Philadelphia, in familiar conversation with the Fathers. "Very odd," he thought, "that they should allow such common-looking people to bear such a footing in the community." What was his surprise to hear that the meanly-clad person he was reflecting on was the venerated Bishop of the diocese.

His extremely simple mode of life enabled Bishop Neumann, notwithstanding his narrow income, to give abundant alms. His purse was always open to the poor and needy; nothing in the house was secure from his generosity. If he had no money to give, he would seize on whatever he could find; new clothes, linen and shoes were seldom long in his possession. One day a priest met him as he was about to enter a church where the Forty Hours' Adoration was in progress. The holy Bishop wore such a shabby coat that the priest remonstrated with him on his appearance. "My Lord," he said, "this is Sunday; for goodness' sake put on a more respectable coat!" "How can I?" was the laughing reply. "I have no other." In fact, he had given his best coat to a poor man that same day.

Still, his observance of poverty never interfered with the pomp necessary for divine worship, and which is dear to every true bishop's heart. Of this the splendid buildings he erected bear proof; and while building them he still found many ways of aiding his beloved poor. When the facade of the Cathedral was being constructed, the Bishop went over one day to speak to the workmen and inspect their progress. The enormous blocks of stone lying about arrested the attention of a respectable Quaker who was passing, and aroused his indignation. "Friend," he said, addressing the prelate in the peculiar phraseology affected by the sect, "would thee not do better to give the money to the poor than to erect this magnificent building?"

"We are precisely giving it to the poor," the calm retort. "We employ these poor laborers, and pay them good wages every Saturday. Is not that better than giving money to idlers and vagabonds?"

"Certainly. Thee may be right look-

ing at the matter from that point of view," replied the disconcerted critic, who withdrew in confusion.

During his five years' episcopate, Bishop Neumann opened fifty churches.—*The Boston Pilot.*

**The New Viceroy of India.**

The fact that the new Viceroy of India is a son of the eighth Lord Elgin, our Governor General, from 1847 to 1855, gives a special interest in the appointment. Lord Elgin is a man in the full prime of life, a trifle over forty four years of age. He was Treasurer of Her Majesty's household for a brief period, and married, in 1876, Lady Constance Mary Carnegie, second daughter of the Earl of Southesk, K. T., by whom he has several children. Lord Elgin's lineage carries us back far into the history of Scotland, and the family has owned some distinguished members. Both his father and his grandfather were men of mark. His grandfather, the seventh Earl, brought from Athens those renowned marbles now known as the "Elgin marbles"—which Mr. Frederic Harrison thinks that we ought to return to Greece. It should be said that the removal of these priceless treasures was not contemplated by Lord Elgin when he was first appointed to the embassy to the Ottoman Porte, but they were suffering such constant injury at the hands of the Turks that he was induced to bring them over. The propriety of the action was a good deal called into question, and a host of accusations was gathered up, and found their most exaggerated expression in Byron's "Curse of Minerva." But is it seriously questioned at this day that Lord Elgin was supremely well advised, in the interests of civilization, bringing the sculptures of the Parthenon to England? The present Earl's father was Governor of Jamaica, Governor General of Canada, went on two special missions to China, and succeeded Lord Canning as Viceroy of India. He was a fluent writer and an effective speaker. Lord Elgin's father-in-law, the Earl of Southesk, has published some curious volumes of verse, which are not so well known as they deserve to be.

A lecturer was giving a practical lesson on fish-cookery. "First you take the fish and wash it well," he said "and then—" Adult Pupil interrupting "How absurd. Just fancy having to wash a fish, and after it has spent all its life in water, too."



*Clifford Blackman*

**A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life**

**By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.**

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

**Could Not Open His Eyes.**

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Because of the wonderful good it did my son." Anne T. Blackman, 2333 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.